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FIRESIDE STUDIES.
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BY HENRY KINGSLEY.



IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

London:
CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY.
1876.

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TO THE
EARL OF PEMBROKE AND MONTGOMERY.

MY LORD,

To use the words of another, "I bring you here
a nosegay of a few Culled Flowers, with nothing of
my own but the String which binds them."

HENRY KINGSLEY.

Attrees, Cuckfield,
Feb. 6, 1876.

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NOTE.

SOME of the following sketches have been published anonymously, only one with the Author's name; but the larger portion of the book has never appeared before. Such errors as there may be have not arisen from want of diligence in the collation of authorities.

H. K.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

	PAGE
THE FATHERS OF THE SPECTATOR . . .	I
TWO OLD SUSSEX WORTHIES, . . .	129
AN OLD-FASHIONED MEMBER . . .	180
THE MASTER OF THE "MERMAID" . . .	264

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of a particular date, telling why we selected that one, afterwards. Observe in reading the letter, the wonderfully absurd air of haste and impatience about it, as compared with the magnitude of the subject. We cannot say who was the beginner of this form of fun, whether Steele or Addison, but it is found in the letters to the *Spectator*, more often in those of Steele than those of Addison.

“ *Mr. Spectator,*

“ I desire that you will print this in italic, so as it may be generally taken notice of. It is designed only to admonish all persons, who either at the bar, pulpit, or any public assembly ‘whatever,’ how they discover their ignorance in the use of the similies. There are in the pulpit itself, as well as in other places, such great abuses of this kind, that I give this warning to all I know. I shall bring them for the future before your Spectatorial authority. On Sunday

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last, one who shall be nameless, reproving several of his congregation for standing at prayers (instead of kneeling), was pleased to say 'one would think, like the elephant, you had no knees.' Now, I myself saw an elephant, at Bartholomew fair, kneel down to take on her back the ingenious Mr. William Penthymen."

The paper, which precedes the letter, is signed T. "Tickell," and is not a very remarkable one in any way. The letter, we should say from internal evidence, was straight from the hand of Addison, if not from one of his pupils. The most miserable Budgell at last came to write like his master, and so we are often deceived. Steele taught Addison to write in this way, and Addison taught many others. No one could teach Addison to speak, that was beyond the power even of Sir Richard Steele.

This paper in the *Spectator*, the main part of which we have attributed to Tick-

ell, was the last published before the half-penny stamp duty was put on. That tax on knowledge gave great trouble to the fourth estate. Swift, having nothing else particularly to curse on this occasion, says, "The *Observer* is fallen; the *Medleys* are jumbled with the *Flying Post*; the *Examiner* is deadly sick; the *Spectator* keeps up, and doubles its price."

The *Spectator* might have at this time quadrupled its price. Like George Eliot's or Dickens's novels, it had become a necessity to the public, but the price was merely doubled. It fell, however, in the December of that year, and was resumed, under less happy auspices, about eighteen months after. The last issue of the old *Spectator* is December 6th, 1712, the next is June 18th, 1714. That number is the first of the too well known eighth volume, of which we say nothing here. Let it rest in peace, beautiful as it is.

It shows one thing : that Addison, with all his amazing genius, could not get on without Steele. There was an amount of verve, and if we may be allowed a vulgarity, "go," about Steele, which Addison never had. Steele was always the originator ; had they never been brought together, Addison would have passed away in the crowd of eighteenth century politicians, as a man who had done nothing ; a bankrupt, in what Carlyle calls the bankrupt century, which committed suicide ; Steele saved him from that ; Addison will live among our educated people, as long possibly as Walpole, Bolingbroke, or even the elder and younger Pitt ; it is a question whether Addison will not be remembered as one of the greatest men in his century. Why ? asks the reader ; we cannot in any way satisfy the reader on that point ; we only challenge him to deny the fact.

Most curiously, at a most unexpected

time, the "Life of Mr. Dickens," by Mr. Forster, shows us certain things which we never knew before. The characters in Mr. Dickens's novels were taken from life, and developed. If we are to believe half which we are told, Mr. Micawber was one real person and Mr. Nickleby was another. Addison and Steele were extremely cool with personal sketches, though they never brought their fathers into fiction, save in a pious manner; they copy greatly from life, however, and we shall in the proper place give the originals of their most celebrated characters. Let us, however, give some notice of the two men, Steele and Addison, who directly or indirectly, either with their own pens or those of their pupils, have given almost as much innocent entertainment as any two men who ever worked together. Let us take Steele, the originator of the idea, first: and we shall speak of the *Spectator* as representing better than anything

else the friends' mutual work. Their friendship was healthier and more useful to posterity than that of possibly the more celebrated one existing between Beaumont and Fletcher.

Human life is a mere inheritance of regrets: those who have no hope for the future often commit suicide, like Londonderry and Romilly, or go mad, like Swift. The most successful of men, if they have any conscience left, live only to deplore the fact that they have not done one-half what they could have done under other circumstances, and that those circumstances were, nine times out of ten, after the first success, potentially of their own creation. Sir Richard Steele, not entirely an unsuccessful man, must have thought somewhat with us when he took *his* inheritance of regrets to Caermarthen, and lay down to die—when he, as Swift says, with his cruel untruth,

“ From perils of a hundred gaols,
Withdrew to starve and die in Wales.”

That the above lines are utterly untrue we need hardly say. When the Dean was offended he grew angry ; when he grew angry he remained so ; when he was in a permanent state of anger he was probably one of the most unscrupulous men who ever lived. Steele went to Caermarthen to die, but hardly a beggar ; his creditors were almost paid, and a balance left for his daughter. Regrets and failures he had for his portion, beyond the portion of most men ; but his end was tolerably peaceful, considering that he was a disappointed man. It is possible that most of our readers would elect to die like Richard Steele, and not as his bitter enemy, Jonathan Swift ; there is a difference between dying mad with baffled ambition like Swift, and sinking quietly down like a tired child as did Steele.

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Their quarrels are finished now, and let us hope that their regrets for them are over also; light lie the earth over both their hearts, for with all their faults and errors they are dear friends to every one speaking or reading the English language. Out from the confused dark night of early childish recollection two white hands are stretched towards us before all others. One points to gigantic figures upon the wall, when the nursery light is growing dim, and we perchance are getting frightened: there is no need to fear—it is only the hand of Lemuel Gulliver, and the Brobdingnagian on the wall is only the shade of the watching nursemaid. Where does this other hand point, while we sit up in our cribs, with the Lilliputians crowding over our bed, and binding us with cords not to be loosened until the earth goes on our coffin? This second hand points downstairs, where the Christ-

mas music is playing, and our sisters are footing it in the dance with Sir Roger de Coverley. Gulliver and Sir Roger are almost our earliest friends, when all is said and done. In the paper which follows this we shall hear Sir Roger himself speak from the tomb: he was the friend of our boyhood, Gulliver of our childhood. Human life is made up of regrets, we repeat, and many of those regrets arise from the death or estrangement of early friends; many die and are forgotten, others by no means develop into what we in our boyish ardour expected; and with regard to others again, we wonder how we ever could have believed in them for a moment. Sir Roger and Gulliver, however, are among the few ideal friends who keep their own place: of Sir Roger we still believe that he is the most charming old gentleman in existence, and that paper 410, perhaps, was written by Tickell and not by Steele; of Gulliver we

retain the opinion that he was a gentleman of agreeable manners, combining strong political and social opinions with the modesty which is the inseparable accident of all great travellers. We defend neither on all points; Sir Roger frequently laid himself out to misconstruction, and Gulliver's behaviour on one occasion, at the court of Lilliput, was ill-considered. Certainly in compassing his political ruin it was rather hard of his enemies to rake up an old statute against him, but the St. Pancras Vestry are doing exactly the same in raking up an act of the godly Charles II. against Sunday traders: on all details we are not answerable for either Gulliver or Sir Roger, but they are certainly among the first, and, with few exceptions, the most lasting of our friends, and Steele was his father, though Addison was his godfather.

There was a wild delusion afloat in our youth that "Gulliver's Travels" and the

Spectator were both "British classics," and might consequently be put into the hands of childhood; from that cause, probably, we so early made the acquaintance of Sir Roger and Mr. Gulliver. We can only say that more people must have talked about those books than have read them: there is a coolness about parts of both which we will not discuss in an age when Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" are elegantly published *in extenso*, and only not read because a great majority of people are puzzled at the dialect. But it must be said, as a general rule, as regards both Swift and Steele, that the flies can be put on one plate and the butter on another: both are capable of being Bowdlerised; a Bowdlerised Smollett would be rather dull reading. Mr. Thackeray goes as far as to say that "Humphrey Clinker" is "surely the funniest book ever written;" will any one undertake to read the "fun" at a

penny reading, before working-men's wives? It is extremely strange that both Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray, two men whose writings were so singularly pure, should have quoted Smollett as such a witty writer, and have considered him, or affected to consider him, their master; it would puzzle any one to find a witty passage in Dickens or Thackeray with a *double entendre* in it; it would puzzle any man to find a funny passage in Smollett without one.

Sir Roger is peculiarly the creation of Steele, though greatly developed by Addison; they worked on him almost alternately, Steele writing one-third of the papers and Addison nearly two-thirds; Budgell and Tickell wrote three or four. The unfortunate paper, No. 410, must either have been written by Steele at a time when he could write to his wife this rather singular letter,

“DEAR PRUE,—Sober or not, I am ever
yours,

“RICHARD STEELE.”

“Feb. 16, 1716”—

or by Tickell; we are unlikely to find out the truth now, but we are almost afraid that we must father it on Steele.

Possibly a short account of Sir Richard Steele himself claims our first attention. For one who knows the real life of Sir Richard Steele a dozen know the imaginary life of Sir Roger de Coverley; a vague impression which seems to prevail in the cheap literature of forty years ago is, that Steele was a trooper in the Life Guards, perniciously given to drink, who by some mysterious means got into the House of Commons, and was promptly expelled. The cheap literature of the present day, written as it is by scholars and gentlemen, is somehow scarcely fair to him; let us try to be

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so, never omitting to mention his faults, or on the other hand, to sneer at his virtues, though the temptation to do the latter is strong at times. He was particularly connected with many great men, literary and other : standing as he does between two of our greatest heroes of literature, he is in an unenviable position. From all that we can gather, he was as virtuous regarding women as Swift himself, though he had neither a Stella nor a Vanessa ; with regard to liquor, he found himself in excellent company, including at one time Johnson. It was a drinking age, and he drank. Steele's drinking, on examination, seems to have been tolerably harmless, as far as such a vice can be harmless ; it only led to an illimitable and almost inconceivable muddle of his pecuniary affairs. Yet he left the world when the world was in his debt, and the worst vices he exhibited were those of silly profusion in private matters, and a

habit of pig-headed stupid honesty in public ones.

Steele was an Irishman. It is no use disguising the fact, but he was as much an Irishman as Swift, Goldsmith, Curran, Grattan, Wellington, Palmerston, or O'Connell. It is perfectly idle to write at the end of your advertisements "No Irish need apply;" the Irish always do apply; and so persistently that they generally get listened to, after the manner of the importunate widow; once put an Irishman into a place, however, and you find that he is about the most diligent and conscientious man you can get; shrewd, mobile, and dependent, he will do your work as well as any Englishman or Scotchman. When he has to originate work for himself, the genius of his nation is apt to lead him into flights of fancy, which are not easily followed by pig-headed English or Scotch; though even the other two nations have

done some rather alarming things in the financial way with other people's money. Steele was an Irishman, so he was always looking for support elsewhere; and an Irishman again in his habit of indomitable pluck. No insult or disappointments troubled him long; he was up again to his work as soon as he was out of the last trouble. In another point, that about women, he was the true Irishman; he pinned his faith and love on one woman, and he tenderly courted her to the day of his death. She was very stupid and very ill-tempered at times, but it made no difference to him; she certainly had, like the late Mrs. Pecksniff, "a little property," but it is hard to believe that it had much influence with him. If he had been the reckless fellow which some have tried to make him, he would have shaken himself free from her, instead of always praying her to stay with him and merely keep her

temper ; it is not much for a man to ask, but we are afraid that he asked it in vain sometimes.

He was born, as some say, in 1671, at Dublin, the son of a barrister of good family. His mother was a Gascoigne, of whom we know very little. He lost his father very early—a loss which has produced possibly one of the most perfect pieces of writing known. It is familiar to most, but so exquisite that we must ask our readers to allow us to write it down again :

“The first sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age ; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding *why nobody was willing to play with me*. I remember I went into the room where the body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin, and calling ‘Papa !’ for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms—almost smothered me in her embraces—and told me in a flood of tears, ‘Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again.’”

Enough. "Shall I go on?" says Sterne, in his death of Le Fevre, "No." We quite agree with Mr. Sterne; Le Fevre is pathetic, and the dead donkey is tolerable, but Mr. Sterne never wrote anything comparable to this story of the battledore and the coffin, for the simple reason that he had not got it in him.

Steele went to the Charterhouse, now removed into the Surrey hills. To name the wonderful men who have come from Charterhouse would require quite as large a volume as that which is required to give the school roll of Harrow or Eton. On comparing notes, one discovers that a vast number of the scholars of all the great public schools have succeeded in making a considerable mess in the councils of the nation; Sir Richard Steele did his best in this respect, but only succeeded in making a rather tolerable mess of his own affairs, the nation being left comparatively un-

injured. Here he made the acquaintance of Addison, and formed a life-long friendship, that is, until they fell out late in life, and used extremely strong language to one another. Doctor Johnson, by a (for him) rather foolish mistake, makes Addison speak of Steele as "little Dicky;" the fact being that the "little Dicky" spoken of by Addison was a dwarfish actor, who played Gomez in Dryden's "Spanish Friar." This long friendship between Steele and Addison lasted nearly through everything; they were not enemies at Addison's death, though Steele had tried his gentle temper rather sorely at one time; he borrowed a thousand pounds of him, and that he paid; he then borrowed a hundred pounds, and the use he made of it exasperated Addison so that he recovered it by law. Still the friendship went on. Lord Macaulay, in accounting for this action of Addison's, finds no excuse for it in his own mind, and

so creates what he confesses to be a purely imaginary story; his lordship need not have written a scene from a novel to account for it. The simple fact is that Addison, who was very poor, thought that Steele could pay him, but would not; he therefore gave Steele a very proper lesson, though we are of opinion that he forced Steele to rob Peter in order to pay Paul. Steele and Mr. Micawber have a great deal in common as regards their monetary transactions; the difference between them is that Steele always had some money, and Mr. Micawber never had any.

From the Charterhouse Steele went to Oxford, and like his more famous school-fellow, Thackeray, left Oxford, as Thackeray did Cambridge, without taking a degree. He wrote a comedy at Oxford, and some verses of his are dated 1695, which would be certainly damned for the Newdegate in any ordinary year. They are certainly in-

comparably inferior to Heber's "Palestine," or Mr. Edwin Arnold's "Belshazzar." We doubt if the theatre at Oxford, with all its loyalty, would stand the following lines, even about Queen Victoria:

" I see her yet, nature and fortune's pride,
A sceptre graced her hand, a king her side ;
Celestial youth and beauty did impart
Ecstatic visions to the coldest heart."

Steele was not a poet; he thought that he would like to be a soldier, and he went as cadet in the Horse Guards. His position was practically that of a trooper until he had thoroughly learned his duty; but then his next move out of the ranks would have been not *corporal* or non-commissioned officer, but *ensign*, or non-commissioned officer. Therefore it is somewhat incorrect to say that Sir Richard Steele, M.P., was ever a *trooper*; he had to do stable guard, and such duties *with* troopers, but it is very doubtful if he ever messed with them.

Any man who has been in certain services knows, as well as we do ourselves, the vast difference between a cadet and a trooper ; the one is received in the drawing-room, the other never passes the kitchen ; what were the rules of the service in Steele's time we do not know. Likewise, from comparing various biographies of him, we remain completely puzzled as to the various regiments in which he served. He certainly enlisted as a volunteer in the Life Guards, which consists of cavalry. Then we find him in the Coldstreams, which is now a foot regiment, under Lord Cutts. Then he was ensign, and afterwards captain, in the Fusiliers, under Lord Lucas, at which time he was secretary to Lord Cutts, "the vainest old fool alive," says Swift. Did Lord Cutts or his secretary write.

“ Only tell her that I love,
Leave the rest to her and fate :
Some kind planet from above

May perhaps her pity move.
Lovers on their stars must wait.
Only tell her that I love.

“Why, oh, why should I despair?
Mercy’s pictured in her eye.
If she once vouchsafes to hear,
Welcome hope and welcome fear.
She’s too good to let me die ;
Why, oh, why should I despair ?”

We suspect that this very pretty balderdash is straight from the noble hand of Lord Cutts. Steele, when, like Silas Wegg, he “dropped into poetry,” never wrote such extremely pretty verses or such illimitable nonsense combined.

At this time Steele seems to have been divided between his extreme satisfaction at the enjoyment of the pleasures of this wicked world, and a very strong opinion that there was a next one. He was very much dissatisfied with himself: he was very fond of eating, drinking and sleeping, but he felt that there was something higher and nobler than the mere discharge of physical

functions in a way which produced the contentment of a fattening hog, in clean straw, in a warm sty. When men get into this state of mind they mostly seek a formula, by which to express, to themselves firstly, and to God afterwards, their desire of a higher life. Men generally seize the first formula which comes to their hand—a fact by no means unknown to our friends the Jesuits or to our friends the Methodists; the former would lead a man into slavery as dark as that of Comte (we are only quoting Mr. John Stuart Mill), the latter would leave a man nearly perfect political freedom. It was rather fortunate for Ensign Steele that when he found himself “awakened” there was not a Romish priest handy; he was perfectly ready for one, and a great convert has been lost. Sensitive and—we will not write the second epithet—natures like his are utterly abroad without religion. Steele took to religion with the formulas which

were most familiar to him, and what is more, he stuck to his religion with all his faults. The key to the whole man's life is, that he created a high standard for himself, and was eternally vexed that he could not attain it. Addison never erected any particular standard ; he could not *help* being good ; Becky Sharp says that anybody could be good with three thousand a year. We doubt that, because we have seen a great many people who were extremely naughty on four times the money. But we say that Addison was good, because he had a perfect temper, unswerving honesty, and a heart and soul entirely incapable of wrong-doing in any shape or form. A world of Addison's would be so perfect that any improvement on it would become an unnecessary impertinence : poor Ensign Steele had Addison and William the Third in his mind's eye when he wrote " The

Christian Hero” and dedicated it—to Lord Cutts!

The effects of this work were not by any means encouraging. We knew an old lady once, who, in a fit of absence of mind, said grace before sitting down to a rubber of whist. A traditional sporting parson is said to have given out from the reading-desk, “the Collect for the Sunday next before the Derby.” Steele’s “Christian Hero” was received by the mess of the Fusiliers very much as though a gentleman were to propose to read prayers at Tattersall’s the night before the St. Leger. It was all as good as—as—Addison, but it would not do; the fact was that he was not in a position to preach; his comrades might quote against him :

“Some parsons are like finger-posts,
I’ve often heard them say.
They never go to heaven themselves,
But only point the way.”

A doctor who will not take his own

medicine inspires little confidence; but when a man preaches and does not practice he does an infinity of positive harm. There is no set of men who have served the State better, or done more to raise the moral tone of their associates, than the religious soldier, such as a Gardiner, a Havelock, or a Lieutenant Willoughby; but then they showed the fruit of their teaching in their own lives; we fear that Steele did not.

About this time he fought a duel: two officers quarrelled, and Steele made the peace between them with such success that the one with whom he had used his strongest efforts was persuaded that Steele was in the interest of his antagonist, and challenged the peace-maker. Steele was only just recovering from an illness, but was forced to go out, and wounded his man very severely. Adams seems to think that this duel arose indirectly from the badinage which Steele received about the "Christian

Hero :” he certainly was in a fair way of never hearing the last of that most ill-timed publication. To save his character he wrote a play, which being very successful, he was forgiven. He had now the character which Mrs. Quickly gives to John Rugby. “No tell-tale nor breed-hate. His worst fault is, that he is given to prayer ; he is something peevish that way ; but nobody but has his fault. Let that pass.”

The writing of a play at that time was a rather audacious change from the “Christian Hero” style of literature : the stock argument of most plays was conjugal infidelity of the most shameless kind. Lamb, in defending such plays as were written by Wycherly and Vanbrugh, says that they pretend to no morality because they were written by men who merely created an imaginary picture of society in which morality was a mere matter of philosophical speculation : not by any means a

powerful defence, from the most dearly loved essayist of England after Addison : the fact was that Lamb could not help admiring the great constructive powers and the brilliant wit of these plays, and so he made the best he could of them ; he had much better have let them take care of themselves. On certain grounds they are hideously immoral : a Jacquerie or a Reign of Terror would be perfectly justifiable if the morals of the reigning class were so atrocious as they are described in the plays of the Restoration and those immediately following it. Aphra Behn can be pretty strong, but she is generally considered to write on the side of virtue : in the majority of plays at the latter end of the seventeenth century, the popular hero was the adulterer. Lord Macaulay lays all this to the credit of the Puritans ; Leigh Hunt is rather more feeble in his excuses than Charles Lamb for these astounding plays. The fact lies

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in a nutshell; both Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt saw with their exquisitely critical eyes points of construction and brightness of dialogue rarely equalled in any age; the plays were condemned for their immorality, yet they were so good in particular ways that something had to be said for them. The blacker the Ethiopian, the more whitewash is required, and certainly Lamb and Hunt daubed them with somewhat untempered mortar.

Steele wrote a respectable play. Jeremy Collier, in 1698, had published his attack on the English stage. He had won, having beaten even Congreve. Steele's play, "The Funeral, or Grief à la Mode," was acted in 1702, and Steele had the benefit of seeing the change in public opinion. "The Funeral" is respectable, but surely extremely dull reading, in spite of Sydney Smith, who being, like Dickens and Thackeray, far higher than the men he

pretended to adore, used them as clothes-horses. The women are rather idiots, are they not? Why anybody wanted to marry any of them is rather a mystery; they did not seem to know anything; they required a great deal more winning than they were worth: they are intolerably affected and dictatorial before marriage; what they were after one can only guess.

The theory which underlies this play, and one half of the more tolerably virtuous plays and novels which followed, is this. A man is determined to marry a particular woman, and she at once puts on every air of silly coquetry of which she is mistress; the more silly and petulant she is, the more he is supposed to be determined to gain her. Swift, in one of his nameless hideous horrors, has satirised this supposed habit of women in a way which makes one inclined to assist Mr. Calcraft in hanging him. But is the fact true with

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the majority of women, or was it ever true?

Men don't want women to rush into their arms; but a woman who keeps a man at bay too long, through sheer humbug, may gain an ardent lover, but will find herself linked to an exceedingly suspicious husband—a husband who watches for her to make up the arrears of that confidence which she lost in her pre-matrimonial childishness.

Steele's women are the women of mediocre eighteenth-century comedy: and they have at times a rather alarming family likeness to Lady Steele and Lady Warwick, as far as we can judge of those two ladies from the extremely small means at our command. Both Addison and Steele seem to have suffered from the same domestic trouble. Addison, his detractors say, used to take refuge from the wife of his bosom at Button's; he could not always stand

Lady Warwick. Steele was in the same trouble. We find him writing—

“DEAREST BEING ON EARTH,—Pardon me if you do not see me till eleven o’clock, having met a schoolfellow from India, by whom I am to be informed in things this night which extremely concern your obedient husband,

“RICHARD STEELE.”

We hope for the sake of peace Lady Steele was asleep when he got home, and that he remembered to take his boots off before getting into bed ; a bullying wife is apt to make a lying husband, and we do not believe in the schoolfellow from India. Addison took a certain amount of wine to make him talk brilliantly—he could never speak in Parliament—but Steele was generally fuddled before Addison began ; consequently, the suggestion about the boots is not out of place. Is it not wildly pos-

sible that Lady Warwick and Lady Steele might have kept their husbands at home by a different course of treatment, and not driven them to taverns for the sake of society, by simply assisting to entertain their husbands' friends at home, and listening to the best conversation of the century?

The play of the "Tender Husband" followed, and then the "Lying Lover." The latter play was unsuccessful; it is possible that Steele attended to Jeremy Collier's strictness too closely, for he is not only dull but preaches. Of this play he told a startled House of Commons years after, "it was damned for its piety."

The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great William might have been drunk pottles deep by Steele but for "the little gentleman in black velvet," who brought a sudden end to that monarch's career. The king's horse stumbled on a mole-hill, to the great satisfaction of some

of the Tories, and to the great dissatisfaction of Defoe and Steele : Steele, however, was an Irishman, and managed, though entirely honest, to keep right side uppermost. A very singular thing is told which we should like to see verified ; it is said that Steele's name was the last ever written down for preferment by William the Third, and that the fact was discovered after his death. The story has been told in various ways, but it seems to come from Steele himself, who on matters of this kind was no liar ; it is in the highest degree probable, but is worth historically about the same as an *ex parte* state paper from Fetter Lane ; that is to say, not worth the paper on which it is written.

He fared better than he expected : it is possible that Addison used his influence, now recognised, from his remarkable talents and blameless life, to get Steele appointed gazetteer ; he was also made gentleman-

usher to the Prince Consort. He left the army and married ; his income at this time is difficult to calculate. He had three hundred pounds as gazetteer, and something from other sources ; his wife, who lived only a few months, had a property in Barbadoes, which he inherited. We, however, do not find his name on the list of estates on that island forty years later, and it does not seem to be known among the traditions of that very aristocratic dependency. The lady having died suddenly, Steele very soon looked about for another helpmate, also with a little property. The second lady was Miss Scurlock, of Llangunnor, Carmarthen, heiress to four hundred pounds a year. *Veni, vidi, vici*, Richard Steele might have said of himself. He was then a handsome fellow of thirty-six, thirty-two, or thirty-one. Nobody seems to know, and therefore we do not pretend to decide. A Richard Steele was born in 1671. If

that was the man, he was thirty-six in 1707, at which time he married Miss Scurlock, after a wonderfully short courtship. His statement of his income to her mother is as follows ;—

Barbadoes estate (let with negroes) .	£850
Gazetteer office	300
Gentleman-usher	100
	£1250
Deductions :	
Interest of £3000 debt	180
Tax for employment	45
	£1025

Steele's marriage was for some reason private. Mrs. Steele married without her mother's consent, and awaited it until she would come to him, by some process of reasoning which we confess ourselves unable to follow. He appears to have protested against it at first, but then, as afterwards, she appears to have made him do nearly as she chose. He writes to her still as Mistress Scurlock :

“MADAM,—Being very uneasy when absent from you, I desire you would give me leave to come to your house. Pray let Mrs. Warren be in the way to admit your obliged humble servant,

“RICHARD STEELE.”

Ten days after this he is still asking for her mother's consent, and concealing the fact that they were married. He compliments his wife on her filial virtue in only consenting to come to his arms with her mother's blessing. It is very probable that Mrs. Steele's sudden accession of filial piety after marrying without her mother's leave had something to do with the old lady's power of administering the property. It is evident, however, that everything was soon comfortable as far as Mrs. Scurlock was concerned, and they shortly after started housekeeping on a scale which would have required about double their

income, had the income even existed, which it did not. Steele scarcely saw six hundred pounds cash in reality: he was certainly in debt when he married. During his mother-in-law's lifetime he only got from the Welsh estate what she chose to give him, and on this he and his wife started a style of living which would take nearly three thousand pounds a year now. His excuse was that it was necessary for him to keep up appearances. This laudable effort to advance his fortunes by display only gained him one eminent acquaintance, that is to say, the Sheriff of Middlesex: when he ultimately got out of debt, or nearly so, he died. He started with a town-house, a country-house at Hampton Court, near Lord Halifax, a carriage and pair, sometimes with four horses, a riding-horse for Mrs. Steele, and everything else in proportion. Addison lent him a thousand pounds, which he, as we have said before,

repaid ; but nothing could keep such extravagance from continual trouble. Why Mrs. Steele allowed it is a question which is easily answered : she was not in possession of facts. Steele did not know the state of his own affairs, and believed in the most agreeable view of them ; this he magnified and decorated to make himself agreeable to his wife, with whom he was utterly in love. She developed into a “screw,” but can we, on the whole, blame the poor lady because she was not a Mrs. Micawber, and had not the charming habit which that lady had, of believing, with a splendid devotion, in the financial ability of an entirely thriftless husband ?

Starting almost at the very first, it becomes obvious from Steele’s letters to his wife that he was in difficulties, and that she gradually had got the habit of facing facts, and of letting him know, sometimes with very little gentleness, that he was not

(financially) the man she took him to be. She was devoted to him in the most proper manner, but her devotion took the form of such extreme anxiety about his well-being that the domestic hearth seems to have been warmed with something stronger than sea-coal; that is an elegant way of saying that she made the house too hot to hold him. No novelist, as far as we are aware, has as yet attempted to sketch the character of an invisible woman from the letters of her husband; it is highly probable that no person alive would be likely to succeed in giving the world a detailed character from almost purely one-sided evidence, except perhaps one, who is capable of anything. The only attempt ever made in that way was by a Frenchman in the "Famille Benoiton." In that piece, the woman, who has been the ruin of the family by neglect, is never seen, and only heard of periodically by the fact that she

is not at home. "*Où est Madame?*" is asked continually. "*Elle est sortie,*" is the answer. At last, at the *dénoûment*, when she might have been of some use, the question is asked, but is answered with a slight difference. Madame has been at home, but is once more gone out. Mrs. Steele, or Lady Steele, is practically as unreal a person as Madame Benoiton: she never appears. A parallel between her and the French lady holds only partially good, however; the author, whether of novel or play, who would sketch the relations between Steele and his wife, must draw on his imagination so far as to represent fact—a very difficult thing, only to be accomplished by a very first-rate hand. Our imaginary author would have to represent a perfectly doting husband, doting to imbecility, who is eternally making excuses for not coming home; and a wife who is continually wanting him to come home

soon, and then making his home so so excessively disagreeable that he is glad to get out of it again. The (we hope) imaginary wife of Albert Dürer was not more disagreeable at times than Lady Steele; it would take the pen of a Scheffer to describe her. Only a nagging woman is capable of driving an honest fellow like Steele into such mean subterfuges to avoid her company unless he could be assured of her temper. The woman was disappointed in her husband's finances; she on the whole behaved well, but hers was not a bosom on which he could lay his head, find peace, and start again diligent and newly strung for fresh effort; the encouragement he got was from his friends: Addison was Steele's wife. They quarrelled, it is true, and Steele was in the wrong; but Addison was the dearest friend which Steele ever had, and Steele's friendship for Addison outlasted everything.



Lord Macaulay, in one of his essays, declares that Steele never did any good without Addison's assistance. Surely there is a slight moral inaccuracy here ; yet practically there is very much truth in it, like many other of the critical bulls originally issued from Buccleugh Place, Edinburgh. N.B. It makes one angry until we see the partial truth contained in it. Steele had no home, and he was partly lost without the guidance of his real better-half, Addison ; but to say that he was powerless without him is to speak inaccurately. Lord Macaulay desired to prove that Addison would, in a future state, sit at the head of all the Whigs in heaven, himself included ; nobody ever doubted the fact except sinners and Tories, but in proving it Lord Macaulay goes a little out of his way in running down Steele. Steele had to write against time, with a wife continually demanding money ; he did a vast number of things

without any assistance from Addison at all ; and he certainly as an originator beat Addison hollow. It is idle to say that we should have had Sir Roger de Coverley without Steele, though Addison has developed the character in its most tender and ornamental points ; or that Steele's best papers were not written with the dread of the invasion of a scolding woman into his study. Steele's home was not happy, and so his best papers were written at his office or at worse places. Lord Macaulay does not allow for a foolish woman or an unhappy home.

One fragment of a letter from Mrs. Steele to her husband is extremely sad. The poor lady and he had been quarrelling, and very likely he was in the wrong ; the chances are about even that he was. She writes, " It is but an addition to our uneasiness to be at variance with one another. I beg your pardon if I have offended you.

God forgive you for adding to the sorrow of a heavy heart. That is above all sorrow, but for your sake.”

Ah, Mrs. Steele! half a dozen such letters as that, and your lover, who wrote to you as a lover to the end, would have been at your feet, not as a lover but as a husband; you would never have had him write to you about “your rival A—s—n” (Addison). We may misjudge the woman, and we hope that we do; we can go no further with her. She had lived a peaceful life before she married him, possibly, though not a fine one. She had at first a grand time of it with her carriage, and then things went badly. She seems never to have exerted herself, and to have made her home uncomfortable, not through unkindness, but through simple petulance. That she could act bravely on what most women would consider a great matter there is no doubt. Steele confessed to her that he

had an illegitimate daughter. She took the young lady into her house and treated her in a way which made her own children jealous. To intending novelists we may mention that the young lady was lovely and accomplished; that Steele intended to marry her to Richard Savage, with a dowry of one thousand pounds (where the thousand pounds was to come from does not appear); that Steele, discovering the real character of Savage, broke off the arrangement; that the young lady married a tradesman below her and became a saintly person, while Richard Savage followed the path which he had chalked out for himself early in life, and went to the devil. If a young novelist cannot make a tale out of that, he or she had better quit the business at once.

The *Tatler*, one of the greatest English classics, is but rarely read now. Steele originated it, without the least idea that it

was to live as long as the language is spoken. Addison, not long gone to Ireland, backed him up, certainly as early as the eighteenth paper. Steele says about Addison, "I was undone by my auxiliary. When I had once called him in I could not subsist without dependence on him." Addison wrote forty-one papers out of two hundred and seventy-one. Steele originated it, and also brought it to an end, in a way which is not satisfactorily accounted for. It is certain that he made a great deal of money, both by the original publication and the republication in volumes.

The *Spectator* followed at once; that collection of essays and stories, a large portion of which many of us have had to translate into Latin prose for about six years of our life. The sentiments are transcendent, the English prose absolutely incomparable; but whether for virtuous sentiment or admirable English, Addison

reigns supreme, though Tickell, Steele, and Budgell, run him hard at times. We doubt very much if the *Spectator* is greatly read now, save for the adventures of Sir Roger de Coverley and Will Honeycomb, both creations of Steele. We have just read the inimitably witty and pathetic love story of Hilpa and Shalum, and it appears to us exactly the same as it was thirty years ago; the more often you read it the more the judgment of your early insight is confirmed. It has been translated into many languages, and those who say that it is the most outrageous piece of twaddling balderdash in the language are entirely wrong; there are many worse. The sentiments are of the most virtuous kind, absolutely faultless: the only question which could possibly arise in a degraded mind is this: whether the young lady was worth all the trouble? To say that Hilpa had the remotest resemblance to Lady Warwick is to

say more than we dare; yet the paper goes to the world with Addison's name, and the circumstances are not entirely dissimilar.

The *Spectator* was brought to a close in 1712. Addison published a supplementary volume in 1714 without Steele's help. Therefore the story of Hilpa and Shalum was written two years before his marriage with Lady Warwick. Steele meanwhile had started the *Guardian* in 1713, with a new set of characters and a new set of writers. Addison, as usual, came to his aid, and wrote forty-one papers to Steele's eighty-two, the rest, numbering forty-two, were written by the great Bishop Berkeley—who wrote fourteen—Alexander Pope, and John Gay, Philips, and Rowe: it is possible that no paper has ever had such a list of great classical names among its contributory before or since. This will hardly be disputed when we add to the names above mentioned those of Hughes, Budgell,

Tickell, Parnell, Wotton, and Young ("Night Thoughts"). It seems incredible that such a paper should come to an abrupt end, but it most undoubtedly did so, and left Steele in a heavy quarrel with Swift. It was a very ugly thing to quarrel with Swift, and there is little good in raking it up. Steele charged Swift with being the *Examiner*. Swift denied it to Addison, saying that he had saved Steele from ruin by his political power: Addison showed the letter to Steele: Steele wrote to Swift, laughing at his claim of having saved him: Swift's reply is grinding and terrible. He could be inexorably harsh, and was a master of a certain kind of fence; Steele was no match for him in the Dean's own peculiar manner. The Dean had a point, and that was that he had certainly pleaded for Steele to Harley; he made the most of this; but Steele knew, or thought he knew, that the Dean was lying hard about his connection

with the Tory paper, the *Examiner*. The Dean was this kind of man—a man rather uncommon, though there are a few in rather eminent positions even now: he loved power; he loved to hold a card in his hand against a man, and let him know that he held it. He held such a card against Steele and thought that he should smash him by playing it. Steele *made* him play it, and then laughed in his face, asking him what was the next card. There was no other. Steele, the soldier, the playwright, the Bohemian, stood simply on his own legs, and said, “Here am I, Richard Steele: *you*, Jonathan Swift, can’t say or do anything against me which has not been said and done before: you have no more to say against me; I have my friends, you have yours; let us see who’s the best man.” Nothing in this world is so dangerous as driving an honest man, of good ability, into a corner; Swift tried it, and Swift came out second best: but he never

forgave Steele. The wretched man wrote envenomed personal attacks on Richard Steele, which Steele never could by any chance have read, and when he was quite happy. In the country once we heard one man say to an eminent author, "You caught it in the — last week." "Did I?" said the other. "As I never see that paper I do not particularly care."

One of the things which half ruined Steele for some time was the publication of a now celebrated number of the *Guardian* on the demolition of the works at Dunkirk. The sentence which gave most offence was, "The British nation expects the immediate demolition of Dunkirk." This would be about equivalent to saying now, "The British nation expects that her Majesty will see the treaty with Russia carried out in its integrity." A most harmless sentence, but one which was thought by those who chose to think so, among others by Swift,

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to be a deadly insult to her Majesty. In this year he was elected to the borough of Stockbridge, at the nomination of the Duke of Newcastle; a petition was lodged against him for bribery, but was never pursued; his enemies intended to inflict a much more serious blow on him than the mere loss of an election. He was duly elected in August, 1713, and took his seat the next March, having meanwhile written a very violent Whig pamphlet, *The Crisis*, and three papers in the *Englishman*, which contained some pretty strong reflections upon Queen Anne. His first parliamentary experience was the extremely unpleasant one of having to defend himself before the House on a charge of sedition. Sir Robert Walpole spoke for him, as did also Horace Walpole, with Lords Lumley, Hinchinbroke, and Finch. Lord Finch had reason to speak in Steele's favour, for when his sister had been attacked by the *Examiner* for

knitting in church "in the immediate presence of God and the Queen" (Write God first, we venture to add after Dogberry), Steele somewhat savagely defended the lovely sinner, who was afterwards Duchess of Somerset. Young Lord Finch had never spoken before, and when he got on his legs he found that he could not say one word. "I can't speak for the man, but I'd fight for him," blundered out the honest young nobleman, sitting down. The House was so pleased with his modesty and pluck that they forced him on his legs again, on which Lord Finch suddenly found his tongue, and astonished the House by a most capital speech. Steele, however, was expelled the House by a vote of 248 against 154. Hallam says that it was the first instance in which the House of Commons so identified itself with the executive administration independently of the sovereign's person as to consider itself libelled

by those who impugned its measures. There is no appeal against Mr. Hallam, and so we are safe in writing down his account of the matter.

Steele now retired into private life, except as far as literature was concerned. He writes to his wife exhorting her not to be dismayed, and also that some one has paid in three thousand pounds to his account. He was but a short time under a cloud; Queen Anne died on the 1st of August, and the tables were completely turned.

“DEAR PRUE,—I have been loaded with compliments by the Regency. I am assured of something immediately. I desire you to send me a guinea. I shall have cash in the morning.

“RICH. STEELE.”

The licence for Drury Lane Theatre having expired, it was renewed, Steele being patentee, and receiving about a thousand pounds a year from Colley Cibber

and the other managers. He was made Surveyor of the Hampton Court Stables, a magistrate for Middlesex, and deputy-lieutenant. He was also elected to Parliament for Boroughbridge and took Prue for a jaunt to York, when he went to his election, at which place she stayed, he going on to Boroughbridge alone, and promising her faithfully not to get drunk. But poor Prue was not long to remain Mrs. Steele: a grand banquet was given by the deputy-lieutenant of Middlesex to the lord-lieutenant, Lord Clare, and an address to the King was drawn up. Richard Steele, Esq., M.P., wrote it for them, and became Sir Richard Steele, while poor honest Prue, for whom the close of all earthly honours and all earthly vexations was approaching, became her ladyship. The event was celebrated by a splendid banquet to two hundred persons, with all kinds of wine. Addison wrote some lines of exquisite wit, which were spoken after dinner, and which

gave the character of Steele in so perfect a manner that his history is complete : all Steele's projects and mistakes are touched on with a loving hand, and at last the guests are informed in confidence that their host intends to convert the Pope immediately.

Steele was only moderately rewarded for his sufferings in the cause of party, which, however, had not been very great. Walpole sent him five hundred pounds as a present, and he must have made a tolerable sum by literature. The Rebellion of 1715 came on, and Steele became a commissioner of forfeited estates. About the end of August, 1716, Lady Steele left him with the children, while she went for about a year to her mother's at Caermarthen. There seems to have been no quarrel, but Steele seems to have been most miserably poor for some reason : he writes, " We had not, when you left us, an inch of candle or a pound of coal in the

house, but we do not want now." Steele's letters to his wife thus far are rather wearisome, for Lady Steele seems to have generally been in a bad humour, and once complains that he owes her eight hundred pounds, advising him to take care of his soul ; he gives her the same advice and denies the debt. Old Mrs. Scurlock died, and there may have been some amelioration of their affairs ; but Steele was bound to make his fortune to please his wife, and in order to gain that end, threw away a large sum of money in a plan for bringing fish to London alive. Salmon was then about five shillings a pound when it could be got in the Thames ; the attempt was to bring it from the Irish rivers, but the fish dashed themselves to pieces in the transit, and the thing was a failure : it shared the fate of his early efforts after the philosopher's stone.

Lady Steele, to whom we hope we have done justice, returned to him, and they seem

to have been happy together. Steele had previously been in Edinburgh, where he had been well received. In 1718, we find him at Blenheim with the Duke of Marlborough; on the 20th of December, 1718, Lady Steele died, he having, with all his faults of commission and omission, been as much a lover as a husband to her until the last. She was only forty when she died, he being about forty-eight; much as she may have had to undergo from her husband's carelessness in money matters, he never gave her one moment's uneasiness on the score of jealousy.

The loss of the woman he loved so dearly was quickly followed by the estrangement of the dearest friend he had ever known. Lord Sunderland introduced a bill limiting the number of the House of Peers, that is to say, preventing the creation of fresh peers by the sovereign for the purpose of carrying any political measure through the Upper House. Steele was furious at the

measure, and published a paper called the "Plebeian," in which he argued that the limiting of the number of the peers gave them an almost overwhelming power, for they became an oligarchy almost under the power of the court : whereas, by giving the sovereign the power of creating a majority in their chamber, they were more dependent on the will of the nation, as represented by the sovereign. Addison took an entirely opposite view from Steele in the "Old Whig." The end was a quarrel, in which we think Steele, though he was right in his argument, was wrong in his conduct : he should have been more respectful to Addison. The bill was lost, and the privilege of the Crown remains ; but it was a bitter victory for Steele, living as he did by the breath of the ministry. His persecution by the Duke of Newcastle, his loss of fortune, his quiet retirement to Caermarthen, where he forgot his quarrel with

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Dennis, with Addison—everything—in a quiet and peaceable end, our space gives us no room to narrate. At the end he had no enemies save Swift and Dennis. Vast sums of money for those times must have passed through his hands. Adams considers that the loss of his patent as Governor of the Comedians amounted to a fine of £10,000! In 1722, when his “Conscious Lovers” was acted, the King sent him £500. Little seems to have remained. The early mass of debt was too overwhelming.

A good man, and a very clever one. He had one great blessing in life, the friendship of Addison; he had one great misfortune, a posthumous reputation greater than his own. He lived with Addison, worked with Addison, and is always spoken of in comparison with him. Addison was so greatly his superior, that Richard Steele will suffer for all time by enforced comparison with a much grander man.

We now pass on to say something of the remarkable English gentleman who, as Steele himself confesses, "undid him by his superiority."

One or two characters in the *Spectator* will outlive any of those in Smollett or Fielding. Let us take for example, Will Wimble. He was a real person (Mr. Thomas Moncrieff in fact, younger son of a Yorkshire baronet), but developed. What man who ever has lived in the country does not know him: the officious, gentle man, and gentleman also, who was always so eager to oblige his neighbours. We knew Will Wimble well, but our Will Wimble was a retired military officer with nothing to do but acts of neighbourly good nature. He was not, like his great original, dependent on his brother, for he had a little fortune of his own and he had no brother. He could make a fly with any one, and as for his nets, he not only made

them, but kept them until they were rotten, so that all the fish got out amidst execrations at the moment of projection. Tulips he did not carry about in his pockets, but he was great in anemones, and would allow none in the country to yield to his, which was a fiction on his part. The great jack which Will Wimble caught, was nothing to the jack which our Will Wimble "knew of," and when he did catch a large one the neighbours were had in to see it. He had his theories, none possibly so amusing as that the *Spectator* had killed a man, and that it was that which made him so silent and reserved. The real Will Wimble, when the *Spectator* asked him to get over a stile before him, demanded whether he, the *Spectator*, thought that they had no manners in the country? Our Will Wimble was even more ceremonious, when approaching a stile in company with a lady, he would pass her, bow low, get over him-

self, and look steadily in another direction, lest she should show her ankles. This he told us was the etiquette in his father's time, and that he did not know what the country was coming to when such obvious proprieties were neglected. Will Wimble was the entire creation of Addison, and no one else meddled with him. He came to an end early in the *Spectator*, at No. 131. Addison got tired of him; we certainly never shall.

Let us take Will Honeycomb too. He was Major Cleland, an old guardsman, whose son was a very powerful political writer. As the *ancien militaire* he ranks with Major Pendennis. He is introduced in the account of the *Spectator* Club by Steele, who wrote the second paper about him. Steele took to him first, in papers four and forty-one, then the paper seventy-seven was written by X., (and X. in the *Spectator* is a signature which still puzzles

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us, in spite of the matter having been "cleared up" fifty times over); 105, 131, 186, 265, 311 (where Will Honeycomb says that for twenty years of his life, when he heard of a rich and childless widow, he always pulled on his boots, called for his horse, and went after the widow), were by Addison; 325 was by X., 352 was by Tickell, ("until the latter end of King Charles the Second's reign, there was not a rascal of any eminence under forty," is the sentiment which distinguishes that paper). No. 359, that horrible misogynist one, was by X., we fancy possibly Budgell: 410 we cannot father. It is signed T., but Steele has got the credit of it. About Sir Roger de Coverley in this paper Addison said, "I will kill him myself, for fear any one else should slaughter him." He did so: 499, the one in which Will Honeycomb writes at last a *Spectator* for himself, is by Addison. Guelphus III, besieges

the Duke of Bavaria in Hamburg, allows the women to come out with all they can carry, and every woman appears carrying her husband on her back. The emperor bursts into tears and makes peace. But Will Honeycomb has a dream about this, and conceives the London of 1712 besieged in a similar manner with the same conditions for the women coming out. Here we get Addison in his wildest and liveliest mood. Swift and Addison were both hard on women, but with what a fearful difference ; Addison rebuked, Swift abused in a manner which makes every man who has known a good woman hate him. None of Addison's women bring their husbands out of the besieged London, they bring things which they like better, and judging what we know of the husbands of that time in London, they might have done worse for themselves. If one can believe literature, domestic fidelity was a common subject of

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jocularity from the time of the restoration of Charles II., to the time of the accession of Queen Victoria. Addison handles this matter as lightly as possible, the admirers of Swift would say too lightly.

We must, however, dismiss Will Honeycomb and the rest of them at the same time. Honeycomb is a character, but like Sir Roger de Coverley he passed through too many hands. Addison allowed him to be used as a kind of peg, on which any contributor might hang his ideas. Honeycomb was a man who, in the slang of sixty years later, had a knowledge of "the sex." This misogyny, which seems to have begun with Ben Jonson, has only just died now, and will possibly end in a re-action; in Addison's time it was at its height. Honeycomb was the character which it suited Addison to use, when he was exasperated by women: he is a half-developed Major Pendennis, with half a

dozen hands on him, and not one. In the hands of Addison alone he might have been another Major Pendennis ; but Addison could not manage him, and left him to others. Addison knew nothing about women, had he done so he would never have married Lady Warwick.

Addison was a perfectly virtuous man, orthodox, and entirely sincere in his religion ; consistent in his politics, correct to a penny in his monetary affairs, filially pious, and charged with a never-failing supply of the most admirable moral sentiments, which he dispenses freely on most occasions ; a perfect man of business, and an almost pedantic scholar ; a man who can see no beauty in the Alps, and who considers the cathedral at Sienna, a “barbarous building” : such a man surely has all the elements of one of the greatest prigs which the world has ever seen—must be a man to make virtue detestable and vice

agreeable to an ordinary mind, and compete with a certain British king for the sovereignty of boredom.

Addison was all that we have described above, but strangely enough he was neither a bore, nor a prig ; on the contrary, he is in his writing what he was in his life (to those in his confidence), one of the gentlest, most genial, most kindly, and most witty men with whom we have ever met. After reading what is possible about Addison, and examining his works, what strikes one most is the intense overwhelming *love* which he had for his fellow creatures. He laughs at them and their follies, and in doing so uses a wit which is entirely his own ; but even while he rebukes he never wounds. In an extremely corrupt and licentious age, his hands were always pure and his morals unimpeachable ; yet he was one of the most popular and influential

men of his day. Although he had a commanding person and perfect manners, he was reputed to be dull in mixed society, where flashy brilliance was everything, and where shallow-brained, half-educated women cackled the intolerable frivolity which we read in the plays of the time; he was not fitted to shine in the drawing-rooms of the day, and he did not. He could not make a pretence of speaking in Parliament, and so was absolutely useless as a debater, yet the firm faith which those in authority had in his ability and honesty entirely counterbalanced the want of social success and brilliancy of speech—two of the most important requirements in those days for a nearly penniless politician with no family connexions. Addison, by the mere power of his personal virtues, first, and his literary ability, secondly, found himself in one of the highest offices of state, kindly assisting the meanest and least

grateful of those whom he had known in the old times, when without fifty pounds in his pocket he bullied the great Duke of Somerset, and won the battle. He came to a singular end after all. He married Lady Warwick. Alas! for the vanity of human wishes!

Of his personal appearance we have at least two portraits by good hands. Before us are three carefully engraved portraits of him, but there is a great dissimilarity between the three, except in the wig. Sir Godfrey Kneller painted one of these portraits, which is entirely unlike the two others; let us, however, give Sir Godfrey the credit of the best picture, and judge Addison's appearance from that. The wig almost prevents our judging the shape of the head, yet it seems very high behind. The forehead is very lofty, the sort of forehead which is called "commanding" by those people who do not know that some

of the least decided men in the world have had high foreheads. The eyebrows are delicately "pencilled," yet show a vast deal of vigour and expression; they are what his old Latin friends, who knew so well the power of expression in the eyebrow, would have called "supercilious"; and yet the nasal end of the supercilium is only slightly raised, and it droops pleasantly at the temporal end, so that there is nothing Satanic or ill-natured about it; the eyebrow of Addison, according to Kneller, seems to say, "You are a greater fool than you think yourself to be, but I would die sooner than tell you so." The eye, which is generally supposed to convey so much expression, but which very often does not, is very much like the eyes of other amiable and talented people. The nose is long, as becomes an orthodox Whig; quite as long, we should say, as the nose of any member of Peel's famous long-nosed minis-

try, and quite as delicately chiselled. The mouth is very tender and beautiful, firm, yet with a delicate curve upwards at each end of the upper lip, suggestive of a good joke, and of a calm waiting to hear if any man is going to beat it. Below the mouth there follows of course the nearly inevitable double chin of the eighteenth century, with a deep incision in the centre of the jaw-bone, which shows through the flesh like a dimple. On the whole a singularly handsome and pleasant face; wanting the wonderful form which one sees in the faces of Shakespeare, Prior, Congreve, Castlereagh, Byron, or Napoleon, but still extremely fine of its kind. Decidedly that of an *ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν*.

But there is another portrait of him infinitely more valuable than the other three; there is a portrait, or, to be more correct, a sketch, by Hogarth, of "Mr. Addison at Button's," which is probably one of the

very best things he ever did. In that you get the great dreamy speculative face at its best. It is like an ideal note of interrogation: Addison is thinking of what the last man was saying, and what he would say when he would finish. He is obviously going to give a qualified "no" to the other man, but in the gentlest manner. The sketch is one of the most beautiful things in art, and tells us something which no biographer has done. Hogarth was always correct, and it is evident from that sketch that Addison was both narrow and shallow in the region of the chest. There was scarcely room for the lungs to act.

To write his political life within limits like ours would be entirely impossible; we shall merely sketch it as we proceed to show, as well as we can, what Addison was and what he did. He was a Whig, and consequently Lord Macaulay has written his life and has demolished his enemies:

not Addison's enemies particularly, because it may be almost said that he never had any, but the enemies of Lord Macaulay and of the Whigs; that is to say, those people who declare that you cannot sit on two stools at the same without coming to the ground. Lord Macaulay finished up those fellows for us here and elsewhere most handsomely. Still something is left to be said of Addison, even after Lord Macaulay.

Addison was born in the Anglican communion, almost at the foot of the altar; it would be as easy to disconnect Bardolph from a tavern as Addison from a church. From almost the first thinking moment of his life, the magnificent solemnity of the reformed Anglican ritual, debased as it was in the latter end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, seems to have taken possession of his mind. Pure and high-minded as he was, he faltered

when asked to take holy orders—considering himself unfit for them. No thinking man ever exalted the office of priest higher than he did ; no man ever denounced the abuses of that office more freely and more honestly. With a bitter and never-failing contempt of the Papacy on the one hand, and an equal, though less bitter contempt of Sectarianism on the other, he passed through his life with the belief that the Anglican compromise was the only one possible between Christianity and the advancement of human knowledge.

His father was Dr. Lancelot Addison, who, had he been a turncoat in politics, would certainly have been a bishop. His mother, Miss Gulston, was daughter of a doctor of divinity, and sister to the Bishop of Bristol. Lancelot Addison, after his residence in Barbary, well known to the readers of "Pinkerton's Travels," became Rector of Milston, and afterwards Arch-

deacon of Salisbury and Dean of Lichfield.

With such an overwhelming mass of family tradition and influence, it is not difficult to understand why Addison, though a very bold Whig in politics, was a most orthodox man in point of religion. To a mind like his, only three courses were open as regards spiritual matters : to swear by the compromise in which he had been reared ; to join the Church of Rome, and believe everything ; or to pitch the whole question of religion to the winds, as a mere invention of statesmen and priests for the purpose of entrapping and enslaving cowardly women, and of bringing their influence to bear on men. He chose to adhere firmly to the traditions of his family, but by no means without thought or reason. No man was ever more true and firm in his friendships, but the high-flying Churchman, Dr. Sacheverell, (whose

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design at bottom was the singular one of an Erastian Papacy), the "dear Harry" of his youth, is by no means the "dear Harry" of his middle age. Addison had detected him for an ass, and what is more, went as near telling him so as ever he did with any man.

With such a bringing up as he had, it seems at first sight wonderful that he should not have been a Tory among Tories, yet, from some passages in his "Italian Travels," we see that he was at one time more than a Whig, almost a Radical; he seems to breathe freely in the first real republic he ever saw, that of San Marino; he revels in the virtue and diligence of the free people of the mountains, as contrasted with the sloth and degradation of the inhabitants of the more fruitful plains, and declares that the most splendid court is always co-existent with the largest measure of popular misery. The first glimpse he ever had of

the history of a free country was that which he got in reading the "History of the Roman Republic," the second, that which he had in reading the "Histories of the Greek Republics." The belief in republicanism never left him : it was crystallised in "Cato." So the upper classes send their sons to school to learn the classics ; fortunately for the state of things, they are taught in an antique language, because a young nobleman construes more seditious republicanism in a week than Mr. Bradlaugh utters in a year. It sticks to some of them all their lives, as it did to Addison ; with others it merely passes in at one ear and out at the other ; land and beeves cure them of it rapidly. Addison had such an intense love for his kind, that he could no more help being a *social* Radical than the worst Conservative of this day : in spite of his Oxfordism he was a most hearty Whig ; no Whig, either in politics or religion, made

the great compromise, with Divine Right in the former or Erastianism in the latter, better or more logically than Addison. No man was ever more true to his religious or political faith; to speak of his trying to sit on two stools at once, like an ordinary Whig, is to talk nonsense. There was an almost invisible rope erected between the two stools, on which he walked with the ease, dexterity, and calm courage of a Blondin or a Doctor Johnson.

He was born at Milston, near Amesbury (or as it was called, Ambrosebury), in 1672. It is situated on the river Avon, just three miles from Stonehenge, but on the other, or east side of the river. When you climb the height you are on Salisbury Plain, and Stonehenge, that ghastly, barbarous piece of heathenism, stands between you and the setting sun in the short winter evenings, as though to blot it out :

“ And straight the sun was flecked with bars—
Heaven’s Mother, send us grace !—
As if through a dungeon grate he peered
With broad and burning face.”

We must now follow him to the Charterhouse and to Oxford. Wild stories are told of his youth, such as his running away into a wood and living on berries and roots; whether blackberries or nightshade berries, whether turnip-roots or mandrakes, we are not informed; we do not happen to believe the story. At the Charterhouse he first made one of the great friendships of his life, if not the greatest, that of Richard Steele, who not only gained his confidence but that of his father, who was extremely anxious that the two noble youths should continue their friendship. That friendship was hardly ever interrupted, and Steele contributed enormously to the making of Addison’s fortune. The *Tatler* and *Spectator* papers put Addison in a position such as he would scarcely have attained

without them; how many lines of them should we ever have seen had it not been for the busy and audacious Steele? Steele supplied to Addison exactly what Addison wanted—confidence in himself. Nothing in the history of literature is more beautiful than the unswerving admiration which two men like Steele and Tickell had for Addison; no great literary man had such singular good fortune as had Addison when he met with Steele. The world is fearfully apt to take a man at his own valuation; had the world taken Addison at his own valuation we should have heard but little of those of his works by which he will live for ever. Steele, the bold originator and speculator, made himself his *impresario*; never for an instant comparing himself to his acknowledged master, but following him with brave and noble humility; no jackal, but a true English mastiff. Our space will prevent us from recurring to the story of this beau-

tiful friendship again, and we have nothing more to do with Sir Richard Steele except in the way of passing allusion. Some, however, will be glad to hear that after further looking into the matter we incline to disbelieve the story of Addison having put an execution in Steele's house for the sum of £100 owing to him. Lord Macaulay's "probable story" about the matter seems to have little or no foundation in fact; he seems to have known uncommonly little about Sir Richard Steele altogether. He says that Addison frequently assisted him when he had "drunk himself into a fever or diced himself into a sponging-house." As for Steele drinking himself into a fever, we have no evidence of the fact, though he drank a great deal too much; as for his "dicing himself into a sponging-house," the accusation is rather too absurd. Steele went about in terror of having his nose slit by his consistent denunciations of

gambling. That he was absurdly speculative and wildly extravagant no one will ever deny. The "probable story" of Lord Macaulay's assertion about "dicing and drinking" is that they both begin with a "d," and so round off one of his charming periods.

Addison went to his father's college, Queen's College, Oxford, where he applied himself to the writing of Latin verses so diligently and with such good taste, that he was in two years* elected a "demy" of

* Tickell says "two years," Macaulay "a few months." Tickell and Mrs. Aikin seem right, Lord Macaulay seems wrong. The Rev. Mr. Magrath, of Queen's, kindly informs me that the Latin poem which attracted the notice of Dr. Lancaster, and which made him exert himself to get Addison his demyship at Magdalen, was one entitled "Inauguratio Regis Gulielmi, 1689," and that Addison's actual migration to Magdalen must have taken place at the end of that year or the beginning of the next ; that is to say, about two years after his removal from Charterhouse in 1687. It is a very sad thing to say, but it is necessary to verify Lord Macaulay wherever it is possible ; he certainly belonged to the ante-Freeman school of history.

Magdalen (scholastic slang for *semi-communarius*, as the word "codd" at Charterhouse is for *condiscipulus*.) Among those elected with him on this occasion, when Magdalen had regained her freedom, was that singular lunatic Sacheverell, whose impudence rises to the height of genius, and of whom Addison was very fond, as no doubt we should have been ourselves. Magdalen claims Addison as her own, though he certainly learnt or taught himself to write his Latin verses at Queen's. At Magdalen he was admitted as full fellow in 1698, at a rather late age—twenty-six. He seems to have lived on his demyship, his fellowship, and private tuition, for one gentleman is handed down to posterity as his pupil in these days, Sir John Harper. At Oxford, it is said that he was very nervous, that he kept late hours, and that he always studied after dinner. His favourite walk, as every Oxford man knows, was up and down the

Cherwell, between the deer park and the mill, and generally among the meadows, about the mouths of the disemboguing sewers of Oxford, which to a mind like Addison's suggested pastoral thoughts, but which to the more practical mind of Dr. Acland suggest typhoid fever. Still we should have liked to see the handsome calm youth walking down the meadows by Iffley and Sandford, in such a wilderness of wild flowers as England can scarcely show elsewhere — fritillaries, cowslips, oxlips, and orchids. One of the Realistic school of artists might find a worse subject for a picture than Addison, with his hand full of flowers, bending over some still dark pool to pick a *Butomus umbellata*, and with that singular ignorance of all physical exertion which was the characteristic of himself and others at that time, thinking that he had distinguished himself as much as one of Lord Cutts' guardsmen.

When he was little over twenty years of age, that is to say, five years before he got his fellowship, he wrote the first piece of his in English which we have. We are honestly of opinion that for feeble exaggeration it is nearly unsurpassed. Mr. Dickens's naval officer, Captain Swosser, says that if you make pitch hot you can't make it too hot. The curt sentiment is admirable; by following such we retain the empire of the ocean: still, if you are going to butter a man, is it not possible to lay it on too thick? Dryden was an excellent and most melodious poet: Addison, who was as perfectly melodious as a musical snuff-box, and had not one halfpenny-worth of humbug about him, calls on us to believe that Virgil, Horace, Persius, and Juvenal, were all, as the Americans say, "a fizzle" to Dryden.

“Thy lines have heightened Virgil's majesty,
And Horace wonders at himself in thee;
Thou teachest Persius to inform our isle
In smoother numbers and in clearer style;

And Juvenal, instructed by thy page,
Edges his satire and improves his rage.
Thy copy casts a fairer light on all,
And still outshines the bright original."

We leave our readers to judge the above lines for themselves ; it was very kind of Addison to write them to a poor broken-down old fellow like Dryden. We love him better for doing so ; they show more to make one love him than anything which that savage, ill-bred little wretch, Pope, ever wrote at his best ; but they are sad nonsense, and Pope never wrote nonsense. Speaking of a man whom we thoroughly dislike, we are afraid that we must say a very bold thing of Pope : his lines are distinguished by such terrible genius, that we believe that we could recognise most couplets of his as easily as we could a line of Shakespeare's. It is lamentable to have to confess that the man Pope, for whom we have the deepest pos-

sible dislike, was a very great poet; while the man Addison, whom we love and admire beyond most men, was very little more a poet than Smollett. Possibly Campbell was right when, in that astounding work "The British Poets," he omits him altogether. But then Campbell omits Shakespeare, and does some other singular things in his wonderful book; to Milton, as a British poet, he gives three pages; to Pope two pages: they did not happen to be Scotchmen, for he gives to Thomson four pages, to Allan Ramsay six pages, and to Smollett four! Addison wrote very bad poetry, but he never got down to the level which Smollett attains in the "Ode to Lochleven."

We had better possibly pass on to the rest of Addison's poetry (always leaving "Cato" to its proper place) at once, so as to have done with it. The "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" is an improvement on the

verses to Dryden ; we have no poet now who could get it published, unless he paid the cost himself. Let us say that the fault lies in the publishers.

“ For ever consecrate the day
To music and Ce-cil-i-ay—
*Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of Heaven we have below !”*

We should have thought differently. We must proceed, however, to the poem which greatly helped to make Addison's fortune, “ The Campaign,” a poem which we must mention out of its place. The battle of Blenheim was fought in August, 1704. When the news arrived, Godolphin, it is said, met Halifax, and asked him, as a man knowing more about polite literature than he did himself, whether he knew any one who could write a decent poem on the subject. Halifax replied that he knew of such a man, but that he would not ask him to write for a ministry who so grossly neg-

lected gentlemen of parts of learning. Godolphin said, with good humour, that the gentleman selected by Halifax should never regret it. Halifax then mentioned Addison, which nomination may be considered to be what is called in some public schools a "shot," because there were certainly some others who might have done the thing as well. Halifax insisted on Godolphin sending to Addison himself. Godolphin wanted Addison for more than one purpose; he agreed readily, and, not being inclined to do the thing by halves, got Boyle, the chancellor of the exchequer, to go to Addison, and inform him, first that he was made commissioner of appeals in the excise, and secondly, that he wanted a poem written.

That is one accepted story of the liar Budgell. Tickell, who was an honest man, tells a totally different one (Preface, p. xi.) He seems to think that Addison began the

poem *proprio motu*, and he says, "The Lord Treasurer Godolphin, a fine judge of poetry (?), had a sight of the work when it was only carried on as far as the applauding smile of the angel, and approved the poem by bestowing on the author, a few days after, the place of commissioner of appeals, vacant by the removal of *the famous Mr. Locke* to the Council of Trade." We are rather inclined to take good Tickell's account of the matter ourselves.

The poem itself is in the nature of a university prize poem, and not remarkably good, judging it from that standard. There is a calm coolness of statement pervading it in parts, which strikes a modern reader with awe. Speaking of Queen Anne's court, he says :

"Thy favourites grow not up by fortune's sport,
Or from the crimes or follies of a court ;
On the firm basis of desert they rise,
From long-tried faith and friendship's holy ties."

There never was any one called Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who had saved enough to give Childs a cheque for £700,000* to fight the Bank of England; as for Mrs. Masham, no such person ever existed.

“ Big with the faith of Europe ”

is a line almost repeated in “ Cato ”—

“ Big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome—”

which is almost always quoted by critics and parliamentary orators as if it was all one line, and went thus :

“ Big with the fate of Cato and of Rome—”

but this in passing. Let us come to our noble ragamuffins, who won the day for us;

* This story seems certainly true, though the actual income of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, as we find from other sources, was only about £70,000 a year from perquisites and places, *exclusive* of the estate of Blenheim. There must have been some tolerable pickings somewhere, economical as they were.

God bless their very gallant hearts we say.

“ Our British youth, with inborn freedom bold,
Unnumbered scenes of servitude behold,
Nations of slaves, with tyranny debased,
Their Maker’s image more than half defaced,
Hourly instructed as they urge their toil,
To prize their Queen and love their native soil.”

The fact being that the “ British youth ” were, after the failure of an attempt at conscription as unconstitutional, represented by “ such able-bodied men as have no lawful calling or employment, or visible means for their maintenance or livelihood.” A more glorious set of blackguards was probably never before hurled into astonished Europe ; the last thing which they could possibly wish for was to come home again ; so we accuse Addison of straining poetic licence rather strongly. But these immortal gaol-birds could fight, though we doubt whether the army of Marlborough would have simultaneously burst into tears like

that of Alexander on hearing of the death of their sovereign. In our youth we used to make a foolish joke, or "sell," by running into the class-room and announcing as the latest news, "Queen Anne is dead!" Marlborough's rank and file would have been as little affected by the intelligence as we were. Queen Anne was not a woman to inspire profound sentiment; she ate—the sweet-tongued Duchess of Marlborough tells us—three heavy meals the day her husband died, and seems to have been rather a foolish person.

In spite of their "anger and disdain" at the burnt villages in the track of the French troops, our men were set on by Marlborough to do the same devilish work on a perfectly unoffending peasantry in a more effectual way. The devastation of Bavaria was a very horrible thing. Sir William Napier says, "The laws of war, rigorously interpreted, authorize such ex-

amples when the people take arms." Exactly; Prince Frederick Charles swore that he would burn down the village of Audun la Tige because some Wurtembergers had been attacked by the villagers. The moment he had it pointed out to him by M. Brasseur of Luxemburg that it was done by the *gardes champêtres* and *douaniers* in uniform he said nothing more about it, and yet the Germans were hard enough on the French. Marlborough's action was without excuse: he writes to Sarah, "there having been no war in this country for sixty years, the villages are so clean that you would be pleased with them." Addison, the gentlest of human beings, palliates this atrocious act in the most fulsome way; in prose he would have died sooner than do such a thing; in adulative poetry nothing was too hot or too heavy for him to swallow.

Again, the battle of Plentheim, or Blen-

heim, was won by English, Dutch, Danish, Hanoverian, and Hessian troops, numbering thirty-six thousand, and Prussians, Danes, Austrians, and troops of the Empire under Prince Eugene. The English fought better than any one else, as they always do, and Marlborough had the largest share of the command ; but from reading Addison's poem a youth would certainly imagine that there was not a single man on the side of Marlborough except the English, which is pretty cool as it stands. A celebrated and often-quoted line in this poem,

“ Rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm,”

does not, as most half-informed people believe, refer to the Deity, but to that splendid rascal the Duke of Marlborough.

With “ Rosamond ” we rather gladly leave Addison's minor pieces. We can see very little merit in it ; but a far better

judge than we can pretend to be, Dr. Johnson, speaks well of it. It was unsuccessful on the stage, as the music to which it was set was atrociously bad ; at all events Addison could find half a dozen men in this present uneventful year for poetry who could beat him hollow at such work. The libretti to our operas are too hopelessly bad to be noticed. "Rosamond" is better than any of them which we have seen, but still not worth reproduction.

Addison left Oxford to travel on a pension from the King, obtained by Lord Somers. He declined to take orders, but was allowed to retain his fellowship notwithstanding, and this liberty was granted to him, it is said, by the influence of Montague. When he left Oxford he was one of the finest Latinists of his or any other day, but deficient in Greek. Both Johnson and Macaulay prove that he was by no means a first-rate Greek scholar, and indeed

scholars far less ripe than either of them might have guessed it by his almost persistent habit of avoiding Greek in his writings when it was possible. Miss Aikin, who admires him as much as we do—but we most humbly think with less discrimination—tries to make out that he was a good Greek scholar because he was partly engaged in a translation of Herodotus with Bogle and Blackmore, which Lord Macaulay seems to think a pretty bad one. Miss Aikin must have known that Herodotus is an extremely easy book, which most undergraduates, designing for nothing but a pass, have to know at a very early period of their career. Of Addison's Latin verses much is to be said ; they are undoubtedly very beautiful, even to those who only retain one Latin poet, Horace, as their familiar friend. As a matter of course, we admire the ode to Burnet most, and those captious people who hint at it as

an "Horatian cento," had better set to work and write something half as good themselves.

"Nudus liquentes plorat æther nives,
Et mox liquescent ; ipse adamantinum
Fundit cacumen, dum per imas
Saxa fluunt resoluta valles."

Thomson, who possibly never read the above, has written something rather like it :

"From Penmaenmawr, heaped hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs, while Snowdon's verge,
Instant dissolving, yields its weight of snows."

Addison at this time either could not or would not write an English letter, even to a great man, when every care was taken, which would not condemn him to any school board for the place of national schoolmaster now-a-days. The easiest way to prove this is to write one in his own language, let us say to Lord Lawrence.

“ MY LORD,

“ I have bin detained at Callice in my Travails through a Feaver, and employed one of ye French Physicians, who are as Cheap as our English Farriers and generally as Ignorant. I should have went back to Maudlin College before but for this Accident. I woud write the account of my Disasters in Rhyme, including my voyage to Dover, during which I lost a Cloath hat, but I have bin too Sick to appeal to you to become my Benefactour still less to write Rhimes. My Ability's are all at your I'dships Service. I h'ant yet seen the Account of these Controversys with the Sectarians, in Spight of looking eagerly for ye news. The Lanskip of England is indeed pleasant after so much foreign Travail.

“ I am, my Lord,

“ Your Lordships most dutiful

“ And most obedient Servant,

“ J. ADDISON.

Addison never wrote a letter of that length containing so many oddities at once, though they are every one authentic ; but long after he took his master's degree he spelt in this manner, writing " bin " for " been," everywhere in his earlier letters, we mean those written up to twenty-six years of age. When he was a renowned and acknowledged scholar, he continued to use such solecisms and archaisms as would most certainly condemn him did he apply for a very inferior post, during the present somewhat alarming march of intellect. He would have stood not the wildest chance against Mr. Bradley Headstone or Mr. Charles Hexam. Yet the letters in which these eccentricities occur are possibly some of the most exquisitely written pieces in our language. In his published things none of these oddities occur, in his later correspondence they are wholly wanting, and we frankly confess that we miss them.

In his first letter to Halifax he confesses his ignorance of the French language, and he very wisely determined to live for a time at Blois, where he could not hear a word of English. This resolution served him in an odd way many years afterwards, at least so it is said. While Walpole could only communicate with George the First by such Latinity as he had retained from his school education, Addison could speak French to him. The Abbé Phillipeaux writes of him at Blois, "He would rise between two and three in summer, and lie between eleven and twelve in winter. He had masters generally at supper with him, and kept very little company besides. He had no amour while he was here, and I think I should have known if he had." We should think it highly probable also, but Addison's love affairs are involved in mystery, for the simple reason that he never had any. He writes once to a friend

to say that he had lost an estate in the Indies, and what is worse, his mistress ; but nothing seems to be known about the estate or the mistress, save that the latter, by comparison of dates, and by subsequent events, was certainly not Lady Halifax. No woman's name is in any way mixed up with Addison except that of his wife.

While we are on that subject we had better go on to another, and finish with it once for all. Addison is said to have been accused of drinking too much. We cannot find the ghost of evidence of the fact. If the fact were proved we could palliate it ; could explain that he was of a delicate constitution, and that in those terribly drunken times it was nearly impossible for a man to join in society at all without taking large quantities of wine ; but we simply repudiate the accusation. In writing of Steele, we partially accepted the matter, but on a

more careful examination we dismiss it with the scorn it merits.

Addison, like most great geniuses, was a very absent man. Abbé Phillipeaux tells us that he has entered his room, and that he has been there for five minutes without Addison speaking to him ; he had, doubtless, odd ways. Had the late Dr. Johnson appeared in Fleet Street under the present police *régime*, previous to Mr. Belt's disaster, he would certainly have been "run in" by the first conscientious policeman, though he never took wine for years. The motto on the cover of a certain magazine is, " 'Sir,' said Dr. Johnson, 'let us take a walk down Fleet Street.'" By all means, we should say, but don't let us roll in our gait, count the posts, say " Boo, boo, boo," from time to time, or tell an impertinent waterman that his mother, under pretence of keeping a house of ill-fame, was a receiver of stolen goods. All these

things Dr. Johnson did, and Addison never did, yet no one says that Johnson was a drunkard. The main charges against Addison are two: first that Steele was generally far too convivial before Addison began to be brilliant; and secondly, that Voltaire once saw him in a beastly state of intoxication in England. We will take the second charge first. Voltaire never saw Addison drunk, because he never saw him sober, in short, he never set eyes on him in his life, in England or elsewhere; he never arrived in England until seven years after Addison's death. Take the charge about his drinking more wine than Steele. There is no proof that he did, to begin with; but even Steele, though he might have taken too much to walk steadily, does not seem to have taken too much to be witty. He was getting into a coach one night, with a view of going home, and the mob were shouting, "Down with the

rump!" "Up with the rump!" cried Steele, "or I shall never get home!" It is very likely that Addison could *not* talk until Sir Richard had taken his more clumsy and demonstrative wit home to bed. Towards the small hours, it was universally admitted that there was no company comparable to Addison's. He liked to be uninterrupted and listened to; then the nervousness which prevented his speaking in the House was gone; then with a few faithful friends he would open the storehouse of his mind, to the delight of every one who would hear him, and gave that splendid little viper Pope the opportunity to say, that he only talked among his satellites at Button's. Yet neither Pope, Swift, nor Dennis, the then most foul-mouthed men of the day, ever bring a charge of habitual intoxication against Addison; we have very little doubt that they would have done it if they could.

Swift says that on one occasion he saw him take too much; that is almost the only authority we have, and that is Swift's! We are asked to believe that the best writer in the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, the author of "Cato," the eminent, diligent, and most incorruptible statesman—the man trusted by both parties, in an age of party, for his unimpeachable moral character, was a drunkard! We can believe a great many things in this age of credulity, but not that.

Of all Addison's letters from France, the most interesting to us now is that to the Bishop of Lichfield after seeing Malebranche and Boileau. One hears the dead people, a generation older than Addison, speak to one in his tongue, with his voice, familiar to us almost from infancy, as the voice of one of our own family. The *Spectator* saw and talked with these two men. Let us hear what they said to him, putting Addi-

son's familiar English into the English of the day.

“Père Malebranche has a particular esteem for the English nation, where I believe that he has more admirers than in his own. The French don't care for following him through his deep researches, and generally look upon the new philosophy as visionary or irreligious. He showed me a very pretty hypothesis of colours, which is different from that of Cartesius or Mr. Newton; they may all three be true. He very much praised Mr. Newton's mathematics, shook his head at the name of Hobbes, and told me he thought him a *pauvre esprit*.

“Among other learned men, I had the honour to be introduced to Mr. Boileau. He is a little old and deaf, but talks incomparably well in his own calling. He heartily hates an ill poet, and throws himself in a passion when he talks of any one who has

not a high respect for Homer and Virgil. I don't know whether there is more of old age or truth in his censures on the French writers, but he wonderfully decried the present, and extols very much his former contemporaries, especially his two friends Arnaud and Racine. I asked him whether he thought 'Télémaque' was not a good modern piece. He spoke of it with a good deal of esteem, and said that it gave us a better notion of Homer's way of writing than any translation of his works could do; but that it falls short, however, of the Odyssey; for Mentor, he says, is eternally preaching, but Ulysses shows us everything in his character and behaviour that the other is still pressing on us by his precepts and instructions. We commonly find (continued Boileau) the man who makes the best friend is the worst enemy. Corneille was a good poet, but not among the best of tragic writers, for that he declaimed too frequently,

and made very fine descriptions when there was no occasion for them. He instanced in his 'Pompey,' where, in the first scene, the king of Egypt runs into a very pompous and long description of the battle of Pharsalia, though he was then in a very great hurry of affairs, and had not himself been present at it."

Having now perfected himself in the French tongue, he was selected to attend Prince Eugene's army as secretary for William III.; the sudden accidental death of the King, however, upset, not only the calculations of Defoe and Steele, but also those of Addison. He returned from his travels a poorer and a wiser man, and only first got employment after writing "The Campaign."

But advancement rapidly came. He was made under-secretary, then he was made secretary to Lord Wharton, the lord-

lieutenant of Ireland.* We do not care to follow him through the career of well-deserved services which preceded his early death ; the history of his successive posts may be seen with perfect correctness in the most unambitious biographical dictionary.

In an age of gross corruption he was incorrupt, pure and clean-handed ; the Tories tried to buy him, but, as the man they set on him said, "*He was not a man to be talked to.*" At a period when the press had been set free by the Revolution, and when a literary man was of necessity a politician ; when literary tigers, wolves, and jackals, like Swift, Pope, and Dennis, were abroad to fight for the last shreds of a man's reputation, his remained intact. In politics he served his friends faithfully and without even a suspicion of jobbery ; in literature he stood absolutely supreme, as

* What a splendid tongue Wharton must have had. When the *twelve* new peers were pitchforked into the House of Lords by Anne, he rose and asked them if they were going to vote through their *foreman*.

much through sheer goodness as through overpowering ability; for the most foul-mouthed could only give abuse for abuse, while every one of the writers of the time, short of the maniac Dennis, seemed fearful of making the gentle Addison angry. When a woman takes to scolding, her influence is gone; she has played her last card, and after all, scolding breaks no bones. The terrible woman is the woman who never scolds, but who might; the *gentle* woman is the one whose anger you dare not face. It is so among men: a general officer may call a man all the names in creation, but he has done that to the last man, and will probably do it to the next; *n'importe*. But one look of rebuke from a man like the late Mr. Maurice has more power than the fiercest denunciations. A youth listens to an ordinary "wiggling" with mingled feelings of irritation and amusement; the silently expressed anger of a Maurice or an

Arnold, even over some neglected task, is far more terrible. Dennis once howled madly at Addison ; Pope ventured to enter the lists on Addison's side, without leave ; Addison gave Pope a quiet rebuke which he never forgot.

Previous to his first advancement he certainly was poor, but always honourably so. Few things are more amusing than his cool treatment of the haughty Duke of Somerset, and the story shows the man so well that it is worth repeating. He was selected to attend the army of Prince Eugene, but the death of the King of course put an end to his pension and hopes for the time being. He was thrown pretty nearly on his own resources, but what those were he gives us very little information. He was still in debt at Oxford, after the manner of those times and of some more recent ; it is most likely that he had nothing at all but his fellowship. If Tickell

knew anything of his affairs at this time, which is improbable, it would not be at all likely that he would publish them ; the pecuniary affairs of the late Right Hon. Joseph Addison, husband of the Countess of Warwick, would best be left alone by his literary executors. Swift writes :

“ Thus Addison, by lords caressed,
Was left in foreign lands distressed.
Forgot at home, became the hire
Of travelling tutor to a squire ;
But wisely left the Muses' hill ;
To business shaped the poet's quill,
Let all his barren humours fade,
Took up himself the courtier's trade ;
And grown a minister of state,
Saw poets at his levee wait.”

This is a beautiful specimen of Swift ; every line is as false as the man who wrote it. Addison was not forgotten by Halifax and Somers, because they gave him the mission to Prince Eugene ; he did not desert poetry and literature, because he at once took to it and made his fortune by it ;

he was not travelling tutor to a squire, because he coolly and contemptuously repudiated the terms so degradingly offered to him by one of the richest and most powerful men in England. The Duke of Somerset wrote to Tonson to find him a travelling tutor for his son, Lord Hertford. Tonson at once suggested Addison, who he knew would be very likely to accept any offer consonant with his dignity. The Duke writes to Tonson: "Mr. Mainwaring tells me that you had received a letter from Mr. Addison, in which he seems to embrace the proposal, but wishes to know the particulars." The Duke writes in another letter; "As to what you say of Mr. Addison—I should have been much more satisfied had he made his own proposals. I desire that he may be more on the account of a companion in my son's travels than as a governor, and as such I shall account him. No expenses shall cost him sixpence, and

over and above that, my son shall present him at the year's end with *a hundred guineas* as long as he is pleased to continue in that service to my son, by taking great care of him, by his personal attendance and advice." Such was the offer. Addison replies that he will attend "My L^d Marquess of Hartford in his Travails," but that he has lately received one or two advantageous offers of the same nature, "so I can't think of taking the employ from any other hands. As for the recompense that is proposed to me, I must take the liberty to assure your Grace that I should not see my account in it, but in the hopes to recommend myself to your Grace's favor and approbation." The Duke was very angry, and broke off the negotiation most abruptly.

While passing over, as a mere matter of current and popular history, Addison's political and public advance, there is a

small storm in a tea-cup about which a great deal more has been written than need have been : Addison's great and singular interest in the boy Warwick. Some say that he was his tutor, but there is no evidence for that, though Johnson seems to think so. Thyer says that he was his travelling companion in Italy ; if so, Addison must have been attended by a wet-nurse for the baby's refreshment, as Lord Warwick happened to be in arms at that time. It is puzzling at first to find an under-secretary of state writing to a young cub of ten years old as " My dear Lord," and telling him that he has been hunting after birds' nests for him. Is not the simple and probable truth this : that even at that time Addison was contemplating a future union with Warwick's mother ?

We now approach the subject of Addison's great tragedy, " Cato." It seems at first likely that Lord Macaulay is right

when he says that he got the first idea of it from an absurd play which he saw acted at Venice ; though on the other hand Tickell places the origin of it at a much earlier period, and Tickell ought to know best. At any rate he had the first four acts by him for a very long period, possibly fourteen years : it came out in 1713. It was, as all the world knows, a very great success, and was translated into every European language. To us it seems wonderful that the man who has *infinitely* distanced every man who ever lived in his social essays—that a man who in his *Tattlers* and *Spectators* has written paper after paper of the most genial and admirable wit, could have produced anything so hopelessly dull. Every character not a prig is a villain, and the women are worse prigs than the men. Some people lately have taken exceptions to a certain great character as being too prosy for human nature to

stand ; to such people we could reply in the words of Polonius :

“ He is for a jig or he sleeps.”

But Cato really does go too far for human patience. He is so horribly better than all his neighbours (except Juba, a young gentleman of colour, who has “ caught ” Roman virtue from him as ordinary mortals take the small-pox, without apparent reason), that fallen human nature enlists itself in a solemn league against him, and is glad when he stabs himself, hoping that he is dead, and that there is an end of him. Not a bit of it. When Mr. Pecksniff gets so drunk that he has to be carried to bed, Jenkins supposes that he will stay there ; but no, Mr. Pecksniff appears on the landing in his shirt, charged with new moral sentiments. It is so with Cato ; after his cowardly act of suicide he

re-appears on the stage to die, and is just as virtuous as ever.

Forgive, blessed shade of Addison, our laughter! Conceive the man who wrote the ninety-third *Spectator* writing "Cato"! Why did you, nearly the most pure and perfect wit of your century, *ever publish it?* Why *did* you listen to Steele, Tickell, and others about such a great matter, and not use your own judgment, which was in reality the correct one, as far as regards posterity? *You* distrusted it, and you were right. It would not in the least degree have mattered if any one else had written it; it would have sunk or swum, would have been applauded at the time, and have sunk into obscurity afterwards; but a man with Addison's reputation was ill-advised when he published a fifth-class play, and that a dull one. From one end to the other there is not one ghost of an approach to the tender and exquisite grace

which we find everywhere in his *Spectator*. Hogarth was of opinion that he could paint great historical subjects, and he tried, and thought he had succeeded; but in venturing out of his *métier* he never did worse than Addison did in "Cato." It might be thought impossible that such a genius as Addison's should wholly fail where there is an opportunity for soft human sympathy to have its play; but no! Cato's son Marcus is killed; the whole scene is remarkably good, except that that dreadful negro Juba will insist on uttering moral sentiments worthy of a debating club in Liberia, which may be compared to Cato and water. On meeting his son's corpse, Cato very nearly forgets the Whig in the father:

"Cato meeting the corpse—

"Welcome, my son! here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count these glorious wounds.
How beautiful is death when earned by virtue!

Who would not be that youth ! What pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country.
Portius ! behold thy brother and remember,
Thy life is not thine own when Rome demands it.
“ *Juba.*—Was ever man like this ?”

We should say not, ourselves, and most profoundly hope not ; but we no more pretend to emulate Cato’s virtues than we intend to say that, according to Addison’s showing, Cato was a heartless old fellow. The triumph of Roman Whiggism over common human affection in Addison’s Cato is very singular, coming from a man like Addison, the gentlest of his race.

Addison lives among us, and will live as long as our language is spoken, by his papers in the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. Praise has been lavished on those works a hundred times before, but the praise grows on what feeds it ; no praise can possibly be too high. For their origin we said enough for our purpose on Steele ; but it is impossible to understand what we have

written about Addison's status without knowing something of the history of his time, and so we have spoken of it. Tickell is naturally the most trustworthy man, as he must have known much which no one else could; but unless some new discoveries are made we come to the sad conclusion that we know all about our gentle friend's social relations, at all events which can be known at present. What Fetter Lane may still do for us we cannot say. We can only say that we have no life of Addison which is in any way satisfactory, or one which does not leave a hundred points on which we should wish for information.

Addison did not originate the school of essayism of which he is the brightest ornament; he did more, he formed it. To the strange dissonances made by such utterly different men as Steele, Tickell, Budgell, nay, even Pope, Young, and Swift, he gave

the key-note in style, and the noisiest birds whistled to his tune ; what was best in them he developed, what was worst he discouraged ; so that we even find that detestable creature Budgell writing nearly as well at his best as his master and benefactor did at his worst. Steele acknowledges this heartily, and even “the unhappiest man who ever lived,” not to mention the most cruel and unscrupulous, Swift, gets nearly pathetic when Addison is angry with him. Even that adder Pope is clearly afraid of him, and shows the manliest part of his nature in trying to prove that he is not so. The man’s life was so splendid and pure that he inspired fear ; so gentle that he never inspired hatred save in such men as the unhappy Dennis ; even Budgell believed in him when he ended his unhappy career by suicide. We have no good biography of Addison ; it remains to be written ; and it would be extremely valu-

able, because his is the most perfectly pure and consistent life of which we know. Let us not here question an old story. When Addison was dying, he sent for the wild young Lord Warwick, and said, "See how a Christian can die." We would rather say, Study Addison's life, and "see how a Christian can live."

As George Herbert says :

" Only the perfect soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
But when the whole world turns to coal,
Then chiefly lives."



TWO OLD SUSSEX WORTHIES.

THE ordinary traveller from London to Brighton by the express train is probably entirely unaware that he passes through some of the wildest and most beautiful country in the three kingdoms; he may, particularly about the Balcombe station, get glimpses of almost unrivalled forest scenery which remind him strongly of the run into Namur through the Ardennes, but he does not know, or does not care to inquire, anything about it. The Weald of Sussex is a weald or wild

still for fifty or sixty thousand acres ; and within thirty-five miles of London you get a country as primitive and almost as lonely as that of the Adirondack, the paradises of New York, though on a less extensive scale. A man might lose himself still in the combined forests of Ashdown, Tilgate, and St. Leonards, and should he meet with an accident, not be found for many a year. It was one of the very last parts of England to receive Christianity, which was introduced here by Wilfred ; and to this day you will find farming worse than nearly any in Devonshire, twelve bushels to the acre being occasionally ready for the inspection of a horrified Mechi.

We had two great Sussex battles, Hastings and Lewes, but the interior of the county has been very little wasted by war, though it lies directly between Paris and London ; the reason of this is that there is

hardly a tolerable harbour on the coast, and the weald is a very difficult country for troops to traverse, so difficult that probably even now the volunteers, backed up by the great wealth of the resident proprietors, would be sufficient to hold the larger portion of it without imperial assistance. The moment you are north of that noble range of maritime hills, the South Downs, the traces of Roman occupation are few and far between ; no man can tell to this day where the great city of Andereda stood ; the probability is that a vast number of Roman remains are covered by the exuberant vegetation natural to the county, which everywhere off the chalk takes the form of copse wood, more dense than we have ever seen out of Germany. The remains of two great Sussex industries, the iron works and the glass works, are now obliterated by the hand of nature, with the exception of the magnificent ponds,

some sixty or more acres in extent, which still stud the forest in every direction. These are works in every way worthy of the ancient Romans, storing countless thousands, nay, million gallons of water; their mighty dams are as sound now as when they were made; their *raison d'être*, the working of the iron hammers, has long passed away, since iron came to be smelted in the sixteenth century by pit coal, and not by the charcoal which these forests afforded. The forest has grown in upon them again, but the great embankments are there.

We have never been able to find any trace of the habitations of the iron workers (who made, among other things, the railings lately removed from St. Paul's Churchyard); but these vast sheets of water are there still to gladden the eye of the solitary pedestrian who wanders into the dense woodland, in search of rare fossils, rare flowers, or, forgive the bathos, trout.

We cannot say whether the Romans worked iron in Sussex. At all events, their principal manufactories were in Gloucestershire. Our object is merely this, to show the general reader that there was in and about the two places we are about to speak of, a very busy trade now utterly extinct.

In 1573, one Backer complains to the council about the waste of wood in the making of iron, and in the next year, Ralph Hogg, who had one furnace at Buxted, complains of the infringement of his patent given by the Queen, for the exportation of ordnance by the iron manufacturers of Kent, Surrey, and Sussex. This had the very interesting effect of getting a statement of all the iron furnaces and forges in Sussex, worth a passing notice. They must have been many hundred in number, and very profitable, for we find among owners, Lords Abergavenny, Buckhurst, Dacre, Derby, Montague, Northumberland, and Surrey,

besides, Bowyers, Culpeppers, Finches, Gages, Pelhams, and other names still known in Sussex.*

The trade seems to have dwindled steadily and certainly, after the concession to the Duke of Newcastle to smelt iron with pit coal. In 1740, England made 17,000 tons of iron, about enough for two ironclads ; and Sussex only made 1000. In 1796, Sussex had but one furnace left, which produced only 173 tons. Since then we have no data ; her last “fordge” is cold for ever in the silent forest.

Horsted Keynes and Cuckfield were never very eminent in the iron trade. I discover but two furnaces in Horsted Keynes in 1573, belonging to Mr. Berrington and Mr. Morley, and but one named in Cuckfield, belonging to Ninian Chaloner ; the pond belong-

* The magnificent works in St. Leonards forest seem to have been the property of the Queen exclusively. There still are the forest ponds.

ing to another is now *one* of the finest sheets of water even in this county of ponds, it is fifty acres in extent, and unlike most of the other great dams, is not approached by the forest at any point.

There was a time then in the history of this beautiful county, after the iron workers had nearly left it, and before the Brighton railway began, scornfully, to shoot iron meteors through it twenty times a day. It must have been a very sleepy time, when echoes from the world were few and far between, and came "like footsteps upon wool." Scarce anything outwardly is changed, the churches stand there at Horsted Keynes and at Cuckfield now, the county families are mainly the same. The names of the peasantry are very little altered, you meet Godsmarks and Buttenshaws as well as Culpeppers and Burrells, but the habits of life are changed. The tombs of the men of old time are still in the churchyards

and on the church walls ; one wonders what manner of men they were, and how they lived : is there any possibility of knowing ?

In two cases certainly yes. Two most invaluable diaries have come down to us, which we shall attempt to illustrate ; they are such unmistakable voices from the dead, that although written without much attempt at ornament, they show us the men themselves better than many a practised literary hand could do. I must premise also that both the men who wrote them were scholars and gentlemen.

We come to the very troubled year 1655. Cromwell, the most tolerant of English rulers, the man who would have tolerated Popery itself had it not been for political reasons, was reigning, but not as yet governing. Parliament was still absolute ; Cromwell's time of veto was limited to twenty days ; Parliament was playing the fool with Cromwell, a game which

foreign nations found dangerous now and after ; they thwarted him by appointing a committee to inquire into what was " faith in Jesus Christ " and what were damnable heresies ? Cromwell was at this time in close accord with Archbishop Usher, his dear friend. Few people knew and very few care to know how deep a friend to the Established Church Oliver Cromwell was ; he would probably have given more license to the Established Church than the Court of Arches dares do now. This greatest of Englishmen understood the English nation. We hope we have given no offence by saying this, but a man, absolute governor of one of the most powerful states in Europe, who could sympathise with Archbishop Usher on the one side, and George Fox the Quaker on the other, holding strong religious opinions of his own at the same time, can scarcely be called a religious tyrant : in fact, the battle of Dunbar says something in his

favour that way. He dissolved his Parliament, telling them that they had made more mischief in five months than had been previously been made in five years. Any one would suppose that his revolutionary violence would have been felt in every village in England. By no means. He desired that things should go on as far as possible as they went before; he had only in 1653 passed an ordinance to the effect that public preachers should not be weak, scandalous, popish, or disaffected, an ordinance to which none of us could very much object in these days. Cromwell's Church of England parson was to be in Cromwell's English, "a person for the grace of God in him, by his (God's or the parson's?) holy and unblamable conversation, as also for his knowledge and utterance, able and fit to preach the gospel." The clergyman named by the patron of the living had to go up to Whitehall to

pass the Board of Examiners. The number of them was thirty-eight, nine black balls was the least number which could exclude. We have scarcely such toleration now.

Or the Rev. Giles Moore would never have been rector of Horsted Keynes under Cromwell. He was an openly convicted Royalist, and had been with Essex's horse. He had been taken prisoner of war, but either before or after that time had entered into holy orders. Mr. Michalborne gave him the living of Horsted Keynes. He went up to Whitehall and "passed" a sound man, and came down to take possession of his living under the tyrant Cromwell, who never in any way troubled this red-hot Royalist in person, though he did in pocket somewhat. If a Parliament will not vote money, what are we to do? Giles Moore paid, and did not grumble much: he had the parsonage of Horsted Keynes over his head, which

was more than some of the great families could say.

His predecessor had been Mr. Pell. Mrs. Pell, the widow, was evidently a persistent woman, of remarkable powers of mind. She buried her husband, and continued to draw the tithes, which was very neat of her; in these degenerate days nothing of the kind could have been done: the tithes would have been sequestered on the death of the incumbent. We hear nothing of dilapidations either. Mrs. Pell left the rectory (with half a year's tithe) in such a state that Mr. Moore had to spend two hundred and forty pounds before he could put his head inside it. Mrs. Pell would not play that game successfully now. However, Giles Moore was obviously only too glad to get his head in anywhere. He got rid of Mrs. Pell with his blessing, and a prayer to his successor that he would treat his widow, Mrs. Moore, as kindly as he had treated

Mrs. Pell. The woman Pell disappears. We would give something to know what became of her.

The Rev. Giles Moore took possession and behaved exactly as if the King was at Whitehall instead of Cromwell, and there seems to have been nothing to prevent his doing so. If he had any opinions of a decisive kind, he would probably have been in far more serious trouble under Charles II. than he was under Cromwell. From his own mouth you can hear how this violent loyalist was left in perfect peace under the Commonwealth. In the time of Charles II. an Oates or a Bedloe might have hung him. He puts all his loyal treason into very tolerable hexameters—*e.g.*, after paying 19s. to “His Highness the Protector, as his share of the six monthly assessment on Hiersted Keynes,” he writes—

“Hoc regimen fore longævum vix credere possum,
Justus enim Deus est qui non permittit iniquos.

* * * * *

Donec ad redeat caput unde corona fugata est,
Hereditique suo descendat jura paterna."

Poor fellow ! if Cromwell plagued him with whips, Charles II. *redux* plagued him with scorpions, and gave him nothing for his money. Here is his entry for the 24th of May, 1660, when Charles was approaching Dover, and renaming the ships, converting the "Dunbar" into the "Henry," thus ignoring one of the most splendid and patriotic of English victories, and listening to the queer stories of that "Merry, droll Thomas Killigrew," as Pepys calls him.

"This being the Thanksgiving day for the admission of King Charles II., I gave the ringer 3*d.*, and I afterwards gave 3*lb.* of powder to the parish on their rejoicing day, 3*s.* ; I also gave the parish boy towards their buying a drum, 9*d.*"

In 1670, he had to pay, instead of 48*s.*, nearly nine pounds. But Cromwell kept

no mistresses. His dearly desired king wrung even from him the groan, "Grandis quidem abusus et oppressio."

Giles Moore settled comfortably at Horsted Keynes, and attended pretty closely to the *res angusta domi*, taking care of his own interests, but exercising a very liberal charity. Beggars were an institution in the land, and he did his best for them; an old and destitute soldier (Chelsea Hospital, Charles's only good work, not being founded as yet), was pretty safe of his benevolence. Probably he remembered the times when he had been a poor young prisoner of war himself. But his charities were peculiarly various: the distressed Protestants in Bohemia and Poland, the rebuilding of St. Paul's Cathedral, the redemption of poor prisoners, all shared his money. Some of his kindnesses are very quaint, *e.g.*, "To the redemption of Thomas Ward, out of Horsham jail, 5s." "To Widowe Ward's

daughter for getting her catechise so well, 6*d.*" (This would be the Assembly's shorter catechism from the date.) "To William Shore, newly married, 5*s.* to begin the world with." "To a poor scholar, 2*s.* 6*d.*" "This being Charles II coronation day, I gave Moore's daughter, that married, 10*s.* and the fiddlers, 6*d.*" "To a Highlander, 6*d.*" (How did *he* get to Horsted Keynes?) Then, "to a begging Welshman and a bagpipe player, 6*d.* each." About overcharges even for poor rate, he was not submissive, however: "This time, through Field's malignity with Cripp's concurrence, I paid 12*s.* 6*d.* extraordinary; the next poore book, however, I got it down again." Again, "to the howling boys, 6*d.*" That is scarcely a charity, however, but a tax which still has to be paid. The apples in Sussex will not bear even now, unless on New Year's Eve, the boys dance round them, and sing

“Stand fast root, bare well top,
Pray the God send us a good howling crop,
Every twig, apples big,
Every bough, apples enow,
Hats full, caps full,
Good quarter sacks full.”

What will the school board say to this when they come this way? We doubt that they will hardly stop it.

Mr. Moore was a tolerably prosperous man, but there was no such thing as tithe commutation in his days, he had to commute for himself. He preferred cash to kind in his dealings with his parishioners, but he had to take his tithes pretty much as he could get them, and sometimes go without them, which was very inconvenient under the fearful imposts of the Restoration. In the month of October in one year we find that he had given him five pigs, one large, a rabbit, a piece of pork, and three bottles of mead, an *embarras de richesses*, reminding one of the late Mr. Barkis's presents during his courtship. These things

could not have been consumed in an almost childless family like his, but would have to be bartered away or sold for cash to pay my Lady Castlemaine's taxes. There were offerings "over and above the allowance," to the extent of, say, £5 a year; for example, in one year he had 25 shillings from Mrs. Board and Mrs. Culpepper. The number of communicants was very large, larger than it is now, as it was practically enforced, so the offertory could not have been inconsiderable for those times. His own offerings were from threepence to sixpence on this occasion, and taking the average number of communicants at 170, three times a year, and averaging them at the lowest, you get to six pounds or thereabouts, which would be more than half enough to pay the Duchess of Portland and Tom Killigrew in a very moderate year. Funeral sermons and marriages also dropped in, and we have

every reason to believe that Mr. Moore was practically quite as well off as his present successor, who has £342 a year. The worry and dispute about tithes was very great under the old system, the parson was in continual more or less mild antagonism with his farmers on the subject, a most mischievous state of things : take an instance, " Old Chamberlayne " and Mr. Moore could not agree as to what the former was to pay, and agreed on Mr. Wyatt as an umpire, he decided that Chamberlayne was to pay six shillings for three acres of bad wheat, or two shillings an acre and four shillings an acre for a field of better wheat : the whole transaction probably not covering twenty-five shillings. The life of a parson in those days must have been one of unpopular pettifogging : one can see how unpopular a vast number of them were from the literature of the time. Sometimes the discontent took the

form of personality. William Payne forgot his manners in a most undignified manner.

“18th July (1677).—Wm. Payne came together with Ned Cripps to pay his tythe : he layed down twenty shillings on the table, which he told, and I took up for the tythe of 1674-75 ; at which time hee sayd that I was a knavish priest, and that hee could prove mee to bee so. Edward Cripps being all the while in the hall, and Mary Holden in the kitchen, who distinctly heard him.”

There were other small troubles, however, beside the collection of tithes. Scientific tippling had not then been brought to perfection, and the reverend gentleman once miscalculated the effect of alcohol on the human nerves : he gives us the account of his accident modestly in Latin :

“Hac nocte circà horam novam et decemam” (remark the masterly vagueness,

so true to nature), "ita obnubilatus eram potatione cum pyris confectà, cujus sim nunquam prius noveram, quod in oratione meà cum familiâ captà abrupto desinere coactus fui." We had not the least idea that perry, to which liquid he ascribes his disaster, was intoxicating ; possibly he was bilious, so had been taking something stronger previously : he, however, insists that he got tipsy on the innocent perry. To quote Theodore Martin, " Bless your soul, it was the salmon ; salmon always makes him so."

He was no glass-breaker, nevertheless, but a very honest and hard-working parish parson, in an age when the clergy were by no means what they might have been. One of his most singular troubles was this, he had to keep, at his own expense, a volunteer, and the volunteers of Horsted Keynes and Lindfield were not quite so trustworthy as the members of the 2nd

Sussex are in the present day. Mr. Moore's volunteer (for the time being), he had from first to last five, seems always to have been a singularly unfortunate young man : as Mr. Moore had to pay for that young man we must really pity him, because the King's mistress's taxes, added to those of Tom Killigrew and others, were bearing very heavily.

After the restoration of the King, the national militia was put on a new basis, feudal tenure having been abolished. There is no necessity to trouble the reader with the business : the object of the King was to put the military power of the country into the hands of the richer classes. No man was to find a horse-soldier unless he had £500 a-year, and no man a foot-soldier unless he had £50 a-year. It was all the old story of "a stake in the country," and we are far from saying that it was not dictated by good policy. The companies

were drilled four times a year for two days. Battalion-drill once a year for four days, every man to bring half a pound of powder, half a pound of bullets, and three yards of match. It was what Mr. Carlyle calls potential battle, but only potential. Charles wanted troops, but liked to feel safe with them. The militia might come to be useful, but they had better be kept on paper, and the country gentlemen had better find safe-going men for the service.

John Ward was the first young man sent by the Rev. Mr. Moore to the service of his beloved King, and I must leave it to my readers' intelligence to discover what happened to that young man. His political opinions were doubtless sound or he never would have been sent. The first entry about him is this.

“ I payed John Ward for one day's service in bearing my arms 2*s.*, the drummer 6*d.*, powder 4*d.*”

But see this instantly afterwards.

“I gave to Thomas Butcher and Edward Marshall for arresting William Field, the sergeant, 2s., and he for attendance on the prisoner when they took him to jail, £1 4s. And to Edward Marshall I gave 5s., for the wrong done him at Horsted Keynes, by the soldiers kicking him and ill-treating him for arresting the sergeant. The wrong were done him at Horsted Keynes, on Shrove Tuesday.”

Immediately after comes the entry. “I paid John Ward, in ready money, at the parsonage, 10s., for having gone out in my arms four days. For the harm he received in my service at the muster I gave him 5s.”

What is the history of all this? Mr. Dyce would have guessed, but Mr. Dyce is dead. I have a dim and wild idea that “the sergeant” was an old Parliamentary man, and that he had brought some of his comrades with him. That John Ward had

been too ostentatiously royal, it being Shrove Tuesday, and that the Parliamentary old soldiers had properly or improperly kicked the militiamen, and that the Rev. Giles Moore loyally paid for shin plaster.

John Ward cost £5 4s. 6d. for his military duties next year, and got into no trouble. The capitation grant for a nearly perfectly trained and armed volunteer under Queen Victoria is £1, and she has 150,000. Thomas Seaman succeeded John Ward as soldier in ordinary to Mr. Moore in 1665. He blazed away 5 lbs. of powder in twelve days, and broke the dog spring of his musket. This must have been at the time when the Dutch were off Lowestoft, but Mr. Moore does not mention the fact. His other young men were scarcely more fortunate than the first, but we have scarcely space to write down their delinquencies, or Mr. Moore's lamentations over them.

Mr. Moore was rector of Horsted Keynes in 1665, and had been in the habit of riding to London at least twice every year. We look, therefore, with great interest on his diary for that horrible year, the year of the Plague. He was in London on the 23rd of April, before the deadly heat had set in : he bought his servant a new hat and a new pair of stockings ; he likewise, under the splendid steeple of Old St. Paul's, the highest in the world, bought a few ecclesiastical books, little dreaming of what was to come—how that spire was to stand for months like a monument in a silent graveyard, and then topple down, a pyramid of flame. He went back to Horsted Keynes, and only incidentally mentions the plague in December : “gave at the fast for the sicknesse one shilling,” adding that this was *annus memorabilis* (how the expression reminds one of the “*Annus Mirabilis*” of Dryden !), for only two people were buried at Horsted Keynes, and those of ordinary ma-

ladies. This is the only shadow which the Great Plague of London, the horror of the world, left on a village thirty miles distant!

What has he to say of the fire? The fire began on the 2nd of September, and Mr. Moore rode there on the 25th. He must have seen the disaster at its best or worst. The tottering walls could scarcely have fallen; all around St. Paul's, where he had bought his books last year, there were merely hundred after hundred of acres of still smouldering ruins; the grandest cathedral in the world, in its way, had been destroyed; but "sensation" was not in vogue in those days. Here is the entry in his diary.

"25th September.—I took a journey to London, for the buying of such things as were necessary to my housekeeping. I returned the 28th, having spent occasionally in board, &c., 3s. 10d." Naught else is mentioned, except in October. "To the building of London after the fire I gave

£1." The "Wen" seems to have been of less importance to Mr. Moore than it was to Cobbett; for the latter could actively hate it, and not treat it with the cool contempt of Moore.

So he lived on in his microcosm, caring little for the great world, which to him represented imposts. Shortly before his death he rode to London, and he writes down simply—"I saw the king and queen." No more. Grinding wasted taxes in a poor house are a remarkable curative for enthusiastic loyalty, and we doubt whether the bell-ringers of Hersted Keynes would have got five shillings out of him in 1780, for the King's sake, directly after his sight of his most religious sovereign, which matter he dismisses with so much brevity; he is far more diffuse over a matter which touched him more closely.

"For a pig which I sent to Mr. Hely I gave my daughter 1s. 6*d.*, which pig was

so hurried by Morley that it smelt, which he falsely said smelt upon receipt." This is the last injury which he received at the hands of his flock, for he died and was buried a little more than a month after, and only speaks to us from the peaceful grave under the waving beeches, through his quaint and pathetic diary. Requiescat! (if Bishop Bickersteth will allow us to say so.)

"Thee nor carketh care nor slander,
Nothing but the small cold worm,
Fretteth thine enshrouded form,
Let them rave.
Light and shadow ever wander,
O'er the green that folds thy grave,
Let them rave."

The innumerable tiny trout streams which rise in the weald, go southward over the slope of the Hastings sands, to form three respectable ship-bearing rivers, the Ouse, the Arun, and the Adur, they force their way through the mighty rampart of the South Downs, through three valleys of depression at Newhaven, at

Shoreham, and at Littlehampton, passing a country which must be seen to be believed in. On the rib which divides the infant Adur from the infant Ouse, stands Cuckfield, from the hill above which you can see sixty miles, south, south-west, and south-east; or turning back and looking northwards, you can see St. Leonards, Tilgate, and Ashdown forests, hanging like a purple cloud with gold and green openings. It lies lower than Horsted Keynes, from which place it is distant about five miles, and is supposed to be the healthiest town in England, particularly by the inhabitants. Coming to the summit of the steep little street, on the old London road, the traveller sees the rather steep little street drop suddenly below him, and in the distance over the tops of the houses the pearl grey wall of the downs, between him and the sea, cut almost to the zenith by the tall spire of the church. Reaching the churchyard he finds

that he is at the edge of a vast thickly wooded valley, about nine miles broad, bounded on the farther side by the long high mass of the downs, rising to heights of over eight hundred feet; far to the left is the back of Beechy Head, far to the right the hills beyond Chichester. The church is *one* of the most beautiful in England, cared for like a jewel, and the wondrous old houses abutting into it would be highly remarkable elsewhere. In short, there are few places like Cuckfield churchyard; but still more remarkable than church or churchyard is Cuckfield Place, close by, with the finest lime avenue of its length in England, its Tudor house, and its deer park, most artistically broken into glade and lawn: the dearly loved haunt of Shelley, and the original of the "Rookwood" of Harrison Ainsworth. Even more interesting than even Cuckfield Place, however, is Ockenden, also a beautiful Tudor house, the back premises of

which are actually in the town, but whose south front, fenced by a great terraced garden of flowers, of great length, gives upon the park of Cuckfield Place. From this house another singular voice out of the grave comes to us, and begins to speak almost when that of the Rev. Giles Moore leaves off.

To give the pedigree of the Burrells would be to write the histories of the counties of Northumberland, Sussex, and Devon, with accounts of more of the great families into which they have intermarried, than we care to undertake ; enough to say that they have been great county people for many centuries. and seem likely to be so as many more ; one of them, however, has left a most singular and interesting diary.

Timothy Burrell, descendant of Gerrard Burrell, the Archdeacon of Chichester, and "Vicar" (surely in 1446, Rector) of Cuckfield, was seventh son of Mr. Walter Burrell, and

was born in 1623, educated at Trinity, Cambridge, went to the law, succeeded in it, and at the age of forty years, became a country gentleman, with an interest still in the law courts. He took possession of Ockenden, probably at first a mere appanage of the great Burrell family, possibly bought by Gerard, the Vicar, in 1446, and he there commenced housekeeping in 1683, and soon began his diary, a few years after the conclusion of that of Mr. Giles Moore, of whom he probably never had heard.

Mr. Burrell was a scholar (with a tendency to Latin very similar to that of the Reverend Giles Moore), a gentleman, and, we suppose, a politician. He was also a rather noted lawyer. Would it not be interesting to analyse him, politically, and, taking him as the Sir Roger de Coverly of the day, examine his opinions.

That is very easily done. Timothy Burrell expresses no political opinions whatever, yet

Charles died soon after, and on the 6th of February, 1685, the Papists were upon us hard and heavy again. The Revolution went on, and he says nothing; on the 10th of September, 1690, he gives one shilling for King William's return (from Ireland). He is evidently a Protestant from his various donations to the distressed Protestants on the Continent, but otherwise he makes no remarks. In fact, talking or even writing politics just in his time was not very general. The Stuarts were gone, certainly, but Divine Providence only knew when they might come back again, and it was just as well to have as little treasonable matter as possible lying about. Mr. Burrell was old enough to remember that Algernon Sidney was principally condemned on the grounds of certain classically Republican opinions which he was never proved to have written, but which were found among his papers. Mr. Burrell was evidently a sound Protestant,

and contented with the rule of William, Mary, and Anne, but he evidently was one of those who studied the text—"Curse not the King, even in thy chamber, lest a bird of the air carry the matter."

His charities were very large, both occasionally and regularly. In a place such as Cuckfield was in his time, there was but little change from the times of Shakespeare. The "Mad Tom" of Lear comes very singularly into Mr. Burrell's diary. Mad Tom is probably one of the finest studies which Shakespeare ever made, and one which has been most peculiarly neglected. That the character, in a dramatic point of view, cannot be excused, we do not deny; it was improbable that a young nobleman, like Edgar, should have been able to represent the wandering lunatic so well. But Shakespeare gives you the man with a fidelity of detail, the truth of which is only to be proved by study. The

licensed madman, whom God had afflicted, who was whipped from tithing to tithing, who ate cow-dung for sallets, was an extremely real person: sometimes a pretender, sometimes a real lunatic. He came singularly often to Mr. Burrell's door, and never was neglected. There is something pathetic about this entry, for instance, as if Burrell could hide his half-stealthy and inconsiderate kindness from God and his conscience, by writing it in Latin—

“Willo Goring, mente lapso et per orbem diù jam vagabondo dedi, *6d.*”

And again—

“Johanni Burt, mente capto dedi tunicam et femoralia.”

This reminds one of the old Scotch song—

“If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
Every night and all;
Sit thee down and put them on,
And Christ receive thy soul.”

But doing is death, according to Moody

and Sankey : let us however hope that the madman's clothes will be set down to Timothy Burrell's last account. Who was Mad Parson Perkins, to whom he gave 2s. 6d. ? Was he a swift eager High Churchman, who banged at Ockenden doors to say that the country was lost unless the Stuarts returned? Or was he a solemn Calvinist, who stood in the gate like Mordecai, telling Timothy Burrell every time he came out that a very hot place was ready for him in consequence of his episcopalian tendencies. He may have been merely a common lunatic, but he took the half-crown and departed. We should have liked to know more about Mad Parson Perkins, he might have illustrated history ; and this allusion to him in the diary shows the increase in the value of money very curiously, because a mad parson cannot be bought off for half-a-crown now.

Mr. Burrell was peculiarly unsuccessful with his coachman ; that young man was as

great a plague to him, as the Rev. Giles Moore's volunteers. Mr. Burrell, we must mention, illustrated his diary by drawings; and he never makes any entry as regards his coachman without drawing a large pot of beer on the margin. We are afraid that such was the case.

The reader, however, must judge for himself. He had £6 in cash, with coat and breeches. In his first year he received 2s. 6d. for catching moles; another year he received part of his wages in money and part in wool. But further on we get this singular entry about him: "Paid John Coachman, in full of his half year's wages, to be spent in ale, £2 6s. 6d. I paid him for his breeches (to be drunk) in part of his wages, 6s." This is obviously ironical. Mr. Burrell began to understand his man, though he was kind to him, for the next entry is: "Paid to John Coachman, in part of his wages, to be fooled away in cyder or lottery, 5s."

There was no use trying to do anything with the man. "Paid Gosmark for making cyder one day, while John Coachman was to be drunk with the carrier's money by agreement; and I paid 2*d.* to the glashyer for mending John's casement, broken at night by him when he was drunk and could not waken Goldsmith to let him in." Once more: "Paid John Coachman, that he may be drunk all Easter week, £1. Then for a periwig for John 14*s.* So he has had in all £6 2*s.* 6*d.*, in full of his year's wages, and 2*s.* 6*d.* over; and I gave him notice that I would not allow him any longer for the livery, being over two years since 'twas all spent on drunkenness." So again, "I paid the saddler for John Coachman falling drunk off his box, when he was driving to Glynde, in part of his wages, £1 7*s.* 6*d.*"

"But at length this dire deboshing
Grew unto an end."

Here is the end of John: "Paid the saddler for plasters, ointment, pectorals, and purges for John's head, eyes, wrist, knee, foot, and lung, 14s. 11d." He had upset the family carriage and died. The long-suffering and kindly Mr. Burrell pathetically draws a pot of beer on the margin of his entry, and John Coachman goes to the land where there are no public houses. There must have been good about him, or even Mr. Burrell would not have tolerated him so long.

Mr. Burrell's marginal illustrations are sketched in with considerable ability and facility. We fancy that he was a man who had the habit of drawing sketches with his pen in court, when not otherwise employed. Some of them are absurdly expressive. One entry is, "Paid my nurse two guineas, in part of her year's wages." Opposite this, he has drawn a pot of beer, as in the case of John Coachman; but after

consideration he has erased it. He obviously suspected that she drank, but charitably gave her the benefit of the doubt; and, as far as he is concerned, acquits her. "Paid the first window tax" (October 16, 1696). Here he has relieved his mind by drawing a window *with a dagger in one compartment*. For whom the dagger was intended *in that particular year* we decline to speculate. Coincidences, however, are extremely curious. Possibly when Mr. Burrell drank the king's health, he passed his glass over the water jug; but we have no proof of Jacobite tendencies. That he bought oranges we have his own testimony; but he never, as far as we can gather, caught the eye of a Whig neighbour and offensively squeezed the contents of one into a wine glass; that would have involved immediate personal combat, and he was a peaceable man, well contented

enough with the Revolution at all events at first.

His hospitality was splendid, particularly to his poorer neighbours, whom he used to have to dinner two days every Christmas. The more one studies his diary, the more one sees how extremely true to life the character of Sir Roger de Coverly is. Reading it you seem to think that Sir Roger himself is speaking to you, and wonder why the names of his familiar friends do not appear: when you read, "I gave Jennings for a pike, which weighed 20lbs., 5s. 9d.," you seem to know that Will Wimble caught it in one of the hammer ponds, and that having been fishing without leave, he had given it to Jennings to prevent inquiries. The Squire of Ockenden had, like Sir Roger, a great idea of making his poor guests comfortable: here is the bill of fare for one Christmas dinner. "Plum pottage, calves head and bacon;

goose, pig, sirloin of beef, loin of veal ; a second goose, boiled beef, two baked puddings, three dishes of minced pies, two capons, two dishes of tarts, two pullets." Plum pottage was apparently eaten three times in the course of the dinner ; it was an extremely refined sort of plum pudding, containing wine and spices, the receipt for which is before us : the above is most excellent fare, but somewhat heavy ; but it was only for the *dura ilia messorum*, and they, probably, were the better for it. It is noticeable that there was neither fish, soup, nor game ; they were reserved for the grand dinner-parties to county people, like the Sergisons, and others. They had pease pottage (pea soup unstrained), haunch of venison, salad, cutlets, venison pasty, lemon pudding, and Scotch collops, leg of mutton, cutlets, venison pasty ; then, for second course, roast chickens, Scotch pancakes, kidney pies, gooseberry tart, fried plaice,

raspberry cream, imperial cream, flummery, plain cream, and, lastly, codlings (apples). There is no mention of "pippins and cheeze to come," as in the immortal dinner-party at Windsor a hundred years before, nor any mention of "cheeze" at all on festive occasions, though Mr. Burrell used much of it on ordinary occasions : possibly Mr. Page only had it as a delicate national attention to Sir Hugh Evans, for Falstaff vilipended it greatly. After such excellent fare, we are not astonished to read an entry like this : "Bolum ex Rhubarbo confectum deglutavi" (sic) (we hope that it went down whole, but, we think there is a slip in the latinity), "pro dolore colico." This even was insufficient on the present occasion, and another remedy had to be resorted to : "quis, Deo Gratias, requiem mihi aliquantum dedit."

The principal liquors which were drunk seem to have been ale (the effects of which

we have noticed on John Coachman), cider, perry (the effects of which we have noticed in the case of the Reverend Giles Moore, when he was unable to proceed in his family worship), French and Rhenish wines, and sack (Xeres sec, or dry sherry). There seems to have been very little drinking in the country amongst gentlemen at this time : it seems to have been considered a vice of the vulgar, though we know that it was very prevalent before and after. Tobacco is scarcely mentioned ; the Reverend Mr. Moore certainly on one occasion made Mrs. Moore a present of three pennyworth of it, but had smoking been very frequent, we should have heard more of it : tea, too, is hardly heard of, and that at enormous prices. Coffee drinking, also, is apparently unknown, and seems, like the public discussion of politics, to have been confined to the towns.

The supply of sea-fish, even so near the

coast, was obviously very precarious : but the cultivation of fresh-water fish was part of a gentleman's occupation : there seems to have been little discrimination as to the kinds required : the loathsome carp, the bony roach, the eatable pike, seemed to have nearly the same value with the delicious tench or trout—nay, carp seems to have been nearly as popular as any other fish. The ponds were stocked and farmed as carefully as they are now in France and Belgium, being drained, and sown with a crop so many times in a number of years. Trout were apparently not more abundant than they are now, for increased game preservation always has a tendency to increase that fish. Game was not very abundant, as compared with these times, which is not to be wondered at, but woodcock and snipe were much more so, as drainage was but little known, in fact not known at all.

Mr. Burrell's charities were, as we have

before mentioned, very large. For example, he gave very liberally to the great English fund for the Protestants expelled by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which amounted in all to £40,000; but he had also presents in kind, of little value, though large in number, for all of which he accounts. In the time of limited communication, when a man could not run up to London by train, and bring back, at a comparatively trifling cost, any produce of the world, good will was shown by the interchange of luxuries more or less rare. The list of the presents which Mr. Burrell had is curious, but would be tedious to write down. These are some of them:—Venison, claret, mead, lobsters, two days' work with horses, oysters, woodcock (potted after the old Norfolk fashion), butter, honey (here he draws a bee), a peacock, two dozen of pigeons, loaf sugar, chocolate, Adam's Map of England, cider, oranges

and lemons, a buck from Sir John Shelley (ancestor of the poet), a bottle of whisky, sturgeon, small birds, beans and carrots, pears, swans, a loin of pork, brandy, verjuice, pike, perch, and eels, a cerk and a fieldfare, a turkey, tea (once), a silver "Te" pot, tobacco, snuff and box, pheasants, "two old conies, and some dead muddy carps, from R. Hayles," wild ducks, bullocks' sweetbreads, partridges (in the middle of June), salmon, "erysipelas" medicine, asparagus, and a coffee mill.

His life until the last seems to have been very happy, a continued effort of benevolence without any quarrelling or misunderstanding with any of his neighbours; his average expenditure was somewhat between £300 and £400 a year, sometimes below the former sum, never exceeding the latter; yet with such an expenditure he distributed considerable sums to the deserving and undeserving. It is

evident therefore that the prices of things were very different in his day to what they are now, or he could not have made the appearance in the county which he did. We find that a pair of coach horses cost £35, they would probably cost £200 now; his carriage cost him £28 (say now £180; wheat was 6s. a bushel, breaking a horse 15s., eleven acres of mowing, 18s. 9d. To his footman, 30s. per annum; a heifer three years old was £4, a fat cow, twenty stone a quarter, £8! a chord of wood, 6s. 6d. (now 36s.); wheat again 25s. a quarter.

Mr. Burrell was childless until somewhat late in life; his first wife was a daughter of Sir Harry Goring, his second a daughter of Sir Job Charlton, and his third Mrs. Chilcott. By his third wife he had a daughter to whom he was completely devoted, though he ended his life in deep

sorrow for her. His young wife died in her confinement, and the poor girl never knew her mother. Everything which money could buy was at the child's service, as may be seen from Mr. Burrell's accounts. It would have been well for her had she been contented to wait until he was dead, and seen him quietly to his end instead of leaving him, but she must needs make a brilliant marriage, and it was not a very happy one. She married when she was nineteen, Mr. Trevor, afterwards Lord Trevor, and she died leaving an only daughter, afterwards Duchess of Marlborough. Lord Trevor seems to have treated his wife unkindly, for Mr. Burrell withdraws a codicil in his will, made in favour of Lord Trevor, in consequence of his treatment of his (Mr. Burrell's) daughter. Mr. Burrell transferred his love to his granddaughter, afterwards Duchess of Marlborough, but he did not long survive

his daughter, Lady Trevor. The whole tenour of the man's life may be summed up in one entry in his diary :

“ The poor man is a sacred person.”



AN OLD-FASHIONED MEMBER.

FEW patriots, whether Conservative or Liberal, few members of the Church of England, whether high, low, or broad, read the history of the reign of Charles the Second without an almost hopeless feeling of disgust: the Liberal says, "Look to what a depth of infamy we had fallen after the glorious reign of Cromwell, when we won the respect and dread of Europe." The Conservative says, "Look how our principles were brought into contempt by that heartless scoundrel and his satellites;" the High

Churchman of these days, who dislikes the influence of the State, sees his Church utterly degraded, laid by such men as Parker at the feet of a court so licentious as to astonish even Hamilton; the Broad Churchman sneers at a hierarchy which could give the title of "religious and gracious" to such a man as Charles Stuart the younger: while the Low Churchman has his indignation aroused by seeing the author of one of his best-loved books of devotion, Baxter, hunted as if he were a wild beast.

The time seems absolutely hopeless in its degradation, the worst time of our history; yet, as Hallam wisely remarks we owe much to Lady Castlemaine and Nell Gwynne. That is true; for they helped to open the eyes of the nation, yet we paid a terrible price for our experience: some have compared George the Fourth to Charles the Second; one was personally

nearly as bad as the other, but one will be more easily forgiven than the other, for during the regency and kingship of George the Fourth we were the most dreaded nation in Europe : under Charles II. we were the most despised.

Turn from Clarendon to Pepys, from Evelyn to Grammont, turn where you will, you find no comfort at all. Charles was sent for to bring order and prosperity, both which things the nation seems to have had in some degree even under that feeble and excellent man, Richard Cromwell. Charles was to have brought back the nine Muses and the three Graces, followed by all the great gods of Olympus : he came certainly and brought gods, Bacchus, Venus, and, if Hamilton is to be trusted, worse gods still.

It is a wonder to some how after three years he escaped the fate of his father, a most respectable gentleman, as virtuous a

man as Louis XVI., but with ten times his brains. It is commonly said that the toleration granted to Charles II. was in consequence of the revulsion of the nation from Puritanism. We very much doubt that it was entirely in consequence of that : we think that the English people then were very much the same as they are now, devoted to some settled form of government without the risk of any great change. They tolerated Charles the Second as they did George the Fourth, because he represented stability. Ashe, the Presbyterian, burst into tears of joy on being presented to his Majesty, and Baxter did little short of it, though they must have guessed that he hated them. The "residuum" were pleased with Morris-dances, May-poles, and ale : the court with rather filthy plays and the plunder of the nation : only the *bourgeoisie*, a large number of them Puritans, were left to shake their heads and wonder where

it would all end. They were loyal enough, but they could not help wondering when the finish would be. It ended in 1688, that singular Revolution, when the granddaughter of Charles's faithful, though somewhat unscrupulous, minister, Clarendon, revenged the abandonment of her grandfather by the repudiation of her father.

We have, however, more to do with the subservience and corruption of parliament than with the temporary decadence of the nation: and to give the reader a short reminder of the surroundings and temptations through which the subject of our notice passed unscathed.

The Convention Parliament of 1660, when they proclaimed Charles II., practically accepted him without any conditions at all, and so put in peril everything which had been gained for liberty during twenty years. They placed the customs and ex-

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cise, the two great modern sources of revenue, at the absolute disposal of the king.

The parliament which followed was, if possible, still more subservient, until the patience of the more honest of them became utterly exhausted by the continued embezzlements of Charles, who had no shame or hesitation in taking no less than £136,000 of the public money, in one year, to supply the Duchess of Portsmouth's fancies. Pepys gives us a glimpse, amusing as usual, of what parliament and king were like in in 1665; by that time the king had made away with two millions, and Charles was more than suspected of having embezzled £400,000 of the Dutch war money to spend upon his private vices. The more honest part of the parliament had plucked up courage to ask for a commission to examine into accounts. Charles determined to send out a "whip" to the faithful members of his

party. "The king," Pepys tells us, "has given orders to my Lord Chamberlain, to send to the playhouses and brothels to bid the parliament men that were there go to the parliament presently." This precious "brigade," who might have called themselves the king's own, were generally sufficient to turn the scale in favour of the court.

The admirably witty Lord Shaftesbury is generally thought to have given us a description of parliament, in 1671, too good to be lost. He begins by saying that his friend, to whom he is supposed to be writing, is scandalized by their slow and confused proceedings, but that if he were in parliament himself for half a day, he would understand it. "We consist," he goes on to say, "of old cavaliers, old round-heads, indigent courtiers, and true country gentlemen; the two latter are the most numerous, and would in all probability bring matters

to some issue, were they not clogged with the humorous uncertainties of the former. For the old cavalier, grown aged, and almost past his vice, is damnable godly, and makes his 'doting piety more a plague in the world than ever his youthful debauchery was." He would be content to keep the civil government weak, so long as he could give the church more power; the round-head, however, does not care what additional power the king receives, if only the hated church is crippled. "The round-head had rather enslave the man than the conscience, the cavalier rather the conscience than the man;" there being thus a sufficient stock of animosity to work upon. "Upon these, therefore, the courtier usually played, for if any anti-court motion be made, he gains the round-heads, either to oppose or assent by telling them if they will join him now, he will join them for liberty of

conscience ; and when any affair is started on behalf of the country, he assures the cavaliers, if they will then stand by him, he will then join them in promoting a bill against the fanatics. Thus they play on both hands, that no motion of a public nature is made, but they win on one or other of them ; and thus by this act gain a majority against the country gentlemen which otherwise they would never have ; wherefore it were happy that we had neither round-head nor cavalier in the house, for they are each of them so prejudicate against the other, that their sitting here signifies nothing but their fostering their old venom and lying [at catch to snap any advantage to bear down each other, though it be in the destruction of their country." The same writer goes on to describe the "indigent;" their votes "are publicly saleable for a guinea and a dinner every day in the week, unless the house be upon money or

a minister of state, for that is their harvest, and then they make their earnings suit the work they are about, which inclines them most constantly as clients to the court ; for what with gaining the one and saving the other," (gaining the money, saving the minister) "they now and then adventure a vote on the country side, but the dread of dissolution makes them straight tack about."

Such is a brief sketch of the parliament which sat for eighteen years, from 1661 to 1679, probably the most degraded and corrupt House of Commons which our country has ever seen. At its beginning it was unanimously madly loyal, apparently willing to accept Lucifer himself, if he would only give them a settled constitution, foreign glory and domestic freedom had no charms for them comparable to that ; the people of England, in fact, were determined

to have a king, and Providence sent them a Saul, in more ways than one.

This parliament was frequently prorogued, but never dissolved: that was the sword which Charles always kept hanging over the heads of the "indigent members," who were occasionally unruly, probably to enhance their price; but even a brigade of soulless scoundrels is no defence in the end against a growing bitterly averse public opinion, and the end of that parliament came. To political banditti one man's gold is as good as another's, and the longest purse won them: the bribable brigade, which had pulled Charles through so much was as manageable at the end as at the beginning, but on the marriage of William and Mary, Louis the Magnificent, greatly enraged, not only stopped Charles's wages of sin, but used a smaller proportion of the same cash in bribing Charles's own parliament. There was no honour among

thieves in this case. While French money was on his side, Charles could hold his own, when it was turned against him the game was over. He dissolved at last, only to find that the better part of the nation, though not tired of the monarchy, was hopelessly sick of the disreputable transactions of the monarch. The second long parliament was no more.

One man had sat in that parliament from its beginning to its end, and of that man we design to speak. He was not a rich man in this world's goods, and yet so rich in honesty that the wealth of the world could not make him lie. He was not an eloquent man, judging from one of his few recorded speeches—that in favour of Milton when Milton was blind and obscure and in penury. This man was a Royalist, and yet he satirised Charles II. in a way that no other man dared to do. Men in those days lost their heads for one-half what our

member said. What saved the man who so systematically and continuously denounced Charles II. at the time when Charles himself was getting uneasy and ready for any new rascality which the evil powers might suggest to him ?

The reason of our member's safety is not far to seek. The "merry monarch" had still the power of laughing left him, one of his very few remaining good qualities. He had a considerable sense of humour, and was almost always indifferent as to who was made ridiculous, so long as he got his laugh. Then he rarely resented satire against himself, unless it took such a peculiarly odious form as that for instance of Sir John Coventry, which evidently was *taken* to convey an imputation against Charles, which his very worst enemies never made; and there is not the least proof that he was accessory to the Coventry outrage. Our member taxed his

patience sorely, and yet Charles could forgive and laugh at extreme personal attacks from him on himself, because they were made with such exquisite art and such admirable common sense. With the exception of Rabelais, no man so persistently gibed at the powers that be as did the member for Hull, and kept himself safe. An account of the career of a wit, poet, and true patriot in such times must of necessity be interesting, however ill performed.

Andrew Marvell was born at Winestead, a small village in the South division of Holderness, county York, now a station on the North Eastern railway. Almost every biography of him begins with the remarkable mistake of saying that he was born in Hull, and it is one of the legends of that town that such was the case. Winestead, however, is the place which has that honour, and Mr. Grosart has actually taken a photograph of his baptismal register, which settles the

matter for ever. He, however, was not the discoverer of the fact, for I find it in a book written eight years before his. It is extremely amusing to get hold of nearly every available biography and find the error staring you in the face.

His father, like the father of very many eminent men, was a man of no mean ability. He was born at "The Marvells," an Elizabethan post and peltry manor house, in the parish of Meldreth in Cambridgeshire, on the river Cam, six miles from Royston. He entered the famous Emanuel College at Cambridge, and therefore it may be surmised, from the selection of that College, from the side he took in Church politics, and from his afterwards holding the place of "lecturer," that he came of a slightly Puritan stock: and though like his son a consistent Churchman, yet one who would now be called of a somewhat Evangelical type. He took his degree

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as Master of Arts in 1608, and, having entered holy orders, served at Flamborough and at Winestead. His life would be almost as well worth writing as that of his more famous son, had we the materials; and he certainly ranks high as one of the worthies of Kingston-upon-Hull. It does not appear whom he married, we only know of the lady that her name was Anne. She gave birth to the celebrated Andrew Marvell at Winestead; and for the sake of the curious in such matters we borrow from Mr. Grosart the entry in the register which he, with pious diligence, has had photographed.

“Annus 1621. Andrewe, ye sonne of Andr: Marvell, borne Martji ultimo, being Easter-even; was baptised April 5^{to}.”

Mr. Marvell moved to Hull in 1624, so Andrew was nearly four years old before he went there. He was elected master of the grammar school there, and shortly afterwards to the lectureship of

Trinity Church. He very soon gained the admiration and respect of every one by his fearless and splendid preaching, and by his diligence and self-devotion to his duties. During the years 1638 and 1639 the plague came to Hull, and desolated the town so that the grass began to grow in the streets. But Mr. Marvell stayed at his post, and over the dead and amidst the dying and the terror-stricken preached in high clear tones the gospel of salvation. He himself escaped the agonies of the plague. God designed to take him by a swifter and less painful death. Fuller says of him : "He was a most excellent preacher, who never broached but what he had new brewed, but preached what he had pre-studied some competent time before. Inasmuch as he was wont to say that he would cross the common proverb which called Saturday the working-day and Monday the holiday of preachers." Yet wise as this is, it is not

of universal application, for from personal knowledge we have known some of the most splendid sermons not finished when the bell began to ring.

The death of Mr. Marvell is so variously related that on the collation of the various narratives we are obliged to give only the indisputable facts; and we fancy that Captain Thompson comes nearest the truth. We cannot for a moment allow that there was anything supernatural in the matter at all. He was about to cross the Humber to Barrow, with a handsome young couple just *going* to be married, not a *newly married couple*, as some would have it. The young lady was anxious to get back to her mother, as she feared that lady would be anxious at her absence. Like Walter Scott's Rosabel she said :

“Tis not because Lord Lindsay's heir,
To-night at Rosslyn leads the ball,
But that my noble mother there,
Sits lonely in her castle hall.”

The watermen were extremely averse to going, Mr. Marvell did his utmost to persuade her, but, like many women who have been kept from all dangers and accidents, she was incredulous about them: Mr. Marvell considered that it was his duty to go with her, and having gone through greater dangers in the plague, allowed himself to be overpersuaded, and as he stepped into the boat cast his gold-headed cane on shore, crying out, "Oh, oh! for heaven ay! ho!" To heaven he went: the boat disappeared into the storm, and was never heard of again: the swift racing tide of the Humber carried the bodies of all who were in the boat out into the North Sea. His son's friend, Milton, might have written of him, as he did of White:

- "Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more:
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor,
So sinks the day star in the ocean's bed."

We leave Mr. Marvell with the greatest regret, which is lessened, however, by the thought that he left behind him a son worthy of him : materials for his biography do not appear to exist : yet a hand such as that which wrote " Scenes of Clerical Life," or the " Schönberg Cotta Family," might give us a fiction about him which would be more valuable than fact. We have rather anticipated, however, in mentioning his death at this point.

Andrew Marvell was educated by his father at the Hull grammar school ; of the quality of the education given there under the elder Marvell one may judge, as far as regards latinity at least, by the Latin poems of the son, pronounced by a most eminent judge, to be nearly equal to those of Milton. At the age of either thirteen or fifteen, he became a member of Trinity College, Cambridge : he was *entered* there in 1633, but when he went to reside is a

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matter of some doubt. His residence must have been somewhat long, if he went there in the year before mentioned, and only took his B.A. degree in 1639. But what does it matter? why do people, writers and non-writers alike, trouble themselves about a month or two, when the future history of a great soul, like Andrew Marvell's, was to be changed for better or for worse? Chronology sinks into insignificance before great and undeniable facts, such, for example, as this one: Andrew Marvell, the independent champion of the Puritans, the wit, the scholar, was at one time a Jesuit. He was seduced from Cambridge by Chillingworth, and recovered by his father in a "bookseller's shop," says one, "in a librarian's," says another. What does it matter? How much does the boy's age concern us? He was very young when he passed from reason to implicit faith, and then came back to that happy

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combination of the two, which Father Newman (from Oxford, not from Rome) points out to us.

“Now,” says Father Newman (from Oxford), “in attempting to investigate what are the distinct offices of Faith and Reason in religious matters, and the relation of one to the other, I observe, first, that undeniable though it be, that Reason has a power of analysis and criticism in all opinion and conduct, and that nothing is true or right, but what may be justified, and, in a certain sense, proved by it; and undeniable, in consequence that, unless the doctrines received by Faith, are approachable by Reason, they have no claim to be regarded as true; it does not, therefore, follow that Faith is actually grounded on Reason, in the believing mind itself.”

Most true and most admirable! What sin has the Church of England committed that she should lose such a man? “All religion,”

says Arminius, "rests on a *petitio principii*." John Henry Newman denies that, and goes into first principles (at Oxford, to Rome we cannot follow him).

Young Marvell had to think the matter between faith and reason for himself, with no John Henry Newman to guide him. Then there came in his mind the struggle between responsibility and non-responsibility. Romanism or Calvinism were prepared to give him the latter: Calvinism, by some modification of the doctrine of election; Romanism, by the doctrine of works of supererogation and implicit submission. Neither arrangement suited him: after examining matters for himself, he came back to his father's faith, and never wavered from it.

After his father's death, he ceased to keep terms, and although he took his B.A. degree he fell into irregular habits, (although there is no charge of dissipation against

him) and was given three months to make his peace with the college, a thing he never did, which gave Dr. Parker the power of saying that he was expelled, which, however, was totally untrue, as it is evident that he need not have left unless he liked. With him in the same case at the same time was no less a person than the famous or notorious Thomas May, whose career afterwards was so singularly chequered. He was practically Poet Laureate to Charles the First, though he never nominally held the office. Whether through disappointment or conviction, he became parliamentary secretary and historian, and ended his life by going to bed intoxicated and tying his night-cap too tight. His death was celebrated in a querulous poem by Andrew Marvell, by no means one of his best. May shared with Cromwell and Blake the honour of having his remains dug up after death, and subjected to the

same nameless barbarities as his two mighty colleagues.

Andrew Marvell travelled four years in Holland, France, Italy, and Spain, taking with him admirable powers of observation and one of the keenest wits which ever came out of England. At Rome it seems almost perfectly certain that he must have missed Milton, and so the story that two of the most powerful English anti-papists of the day, Milton and Marvell, met and made acquaintance in the shadow of the Vatican, has no foundation. Freeman, Carlyle, Froude, and Masson have with their ceaseless diligence destroyed many pretty legends, we wish this one had been left; it would have made a good subject for an historical picture, Milton discoursing with Marvell in the ruins of the Coliseum.

At Rome he met Flecknoe, though he missed Milton. This man, a very wearisome poet, was the subject of a very cruel

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satire by Andrew Marvell, differing from his usual skill by want of art and intense bitterness; besides there is a passage in it which not even the licence of the age can excuse, and indeed the admirers of Marvell must regret that the poem was ever written. The "Character of Holland" also is hardly up to the mark of his later poems; it was written *circa* 1683, when he was only thirty-three. It is greatly admired by an eminent writer, but for our part we cannot see in it any promise of the great genius which afterwards produced such pieces as "Clarendon's House-warming," and the dialogue of the "Two Horses."

All the obstinacy of Charles the First and all the debaucheries of Charles the Second were not enough to cure Marvell of loyalism, he never was at heart a Republican, though he served Cromwell as tutor to his nephew, and had the highest opinion of Richard. He became tutor to Miss

Fairfax, daughter of the great Fairfax, which lady afterwards became Duchess of Buckingham, about 1650, and continued in that capacity for a little more than two years; he then applied to Bradshaw for post of assistant Latin secretary, which called forth from Milton a most splendid letter, from which we quote, because such testimony as that of Milton's is worth having, and from such a character as this given by Milton to Marvell, there is no appeal. The letter is to Bradshaw :—

“ MY LORD,—

“ There will be with you to-morrow, upon some occasion of business, a gentleman whose name is Mr. Marvile; a man, whom, both by report and the converse I have had with him, is of singular desert for the State to make use of; who also offers himself, if there be any employment for him. His father was the minister of

AN OLD-FASHIONED MEMBER.

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Hull ; and he hath spent four years abroad, in Holland, France, Italy, and Spaine, to very good purpose I believe, and the gaineing of those four languages ; besides he is a scholar, and well read in the Latin and Greek authors, and no doubt of an approved conversation, for he comes now lately out of the house of the Lord Fairfax, who was generall, where he was intrusted to give some instructions in languages to the lady his daughter. If upon the death of Mr. Weskerlyn the councill shall think that I need any assistance in the performance of my place (though for my part I find no encumbrances of that which belongs to me, except it be in point of attendance at conferences with ambassadors, which I must confess, in my condition * I am not fit for), it would be hard for them to find a man soe fit every way for that purpose as this gentleman ; one who, I believe, in a

* Milton was getting blind.

short time would be able to doe them as much service as Mr. Ascan." [This is Anthony Ascham, who was sent on a mission to Spain by Cromwell, where he was assassinated by English Royalists. We see how loosely Milton spelt, better however than Addison.] "This, my Lord, I write sincerely, without any other end than to perform my duety to the publick, in helping them to an humble servant: laying aside those jealousies and that emulation which mine own condition might suggest to me by bringing such a coadjutor; and remaine, my Lord,

"Your most obliged and faithful servant,
"JOHN MILTON."

Andrew Marvell did not get the appointment at that time, but it was of no consequence to him in a pecuniary point of view, as he was in all probability tolerably well off, through a legacy from Mrs. Skinner,

the mother of the young lady who was drowned with his father. He did not get the appointment at the departure or death of Mr. Weskerlyn, but on the occasion of Mr. Meadows being sent to Denmark five years later in 1657. Nearly at the same time he was appointed tutor to young Mr. Dutton, Cromwell's nephew ; his letter to the Lord Protector about this young gentleman seems to have a fascination for most biographers of Andrew Marvell, which we are at a complete loss to understand. It is a manly letter enough, and shows that he took pains to study the character of his one pupil. We have seen a much better letter from more than one learned schoolmaster who had to study intimately the characters of at least two hundred. It simply advises Cromwell that he was doing what he was paid for (as most people serving Cromwell *had* to do or skip), and concludes—

“I have no more at present but to give God thanks for your Lordship, and to beg grace of Him that I may approve myself.

“Your excellency’s most humble and
faithful servant,

“ANDREW MARVELL.”

Fancy any one in these days of unbounded loyalty, addressing the most august person in the world, the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, with a pious prayer to the Creator of the Universe that he may—as the servants say—“give satisfaction.” There are republics and republics, as we have seen lately: the inherent national quality, or inseparable accident of adulation, seems to have remained steadily in ours while we had one.

Oliver Cromwell, the most brutal, stupid, hypocritical scoundrel who ever lived, according to some people; the greatest statesman, the most pious man, and the greatest general which England ever produced, ac-

ording to others, died September 3rd, 1658, the anniversary of Dunbar and Worcester. What Andrew Marvell thought of him we can gather by his "Poem" on "the death of his late highness the Lord Protector." The main part of it is absolute rubbish.

"If he Eliza* loved to that degree,
(Though who more worthy to be loved than she).
If so indulgent to his own how deare,
To him the children of the Highest were!
For her he once did nature's tribute pay:
For these his life adventured every day.

We dislike writing down such miserable doggerel from a hand which could do so much better. It is the fashion to grumble at Mr. Tupper; *he* never wrote anything so bad as the above: he goes on—

"Valour, Religion, Friendship, Prudence died
At once with him, and all that's good beside;
And we, death's refuge, nature's dregs confin'd,
To earth some life, alas, are left behind."

Then he regrets that he and others will

* Lady Claypole, whom some will call Lady *Elizabeth* Claypole, which she could never have been.

no more press about Cromwell's chamber door, and compares him to Mars issuing from the "double gate" of Janus, a simile which strikes an outsider with awe and wonder ; because at the very least Oliver Cromwell would have had to walk backwards and forwards at one and the same time. Marvell might certainly have got partially out of his Mars-Janus simile by likening Cromwell to Bunyan's " Mr. Facing-both-ways."

The man's wings were not fledged as yet, and yet even in this poem he gives enormous promise. Will anybody believe that in such a miserable farago of verses, which would have no chance of gaining the prize poem at either University, one comes across such a passage as that which we are about to quote, verses worthy of any poet who ever lived.

Marvell saw Cromwell after death ; how or when we cannot say. In the following

lines you see the first light of a magnificent genius :—

“ I saw him dead : a leaden slumber lies,
And mortal sleep over those wakefull eyes ;
Those gentle rays under the lids were fled,
Which through his look that piercing sweetness shed :
That port, which so majestic was and strong,
Loose and deprived of vigour stretched along ;
All withered, all discolour'd, pale and wan,
How much another thing, no more that man !
Oh humane glory tame ! Oh death ! Oh wings !
Oh worthless world ! Oh transitory things !
Yet dwelt that greatness in his shape decayed,
That still though dead—greater than death he layed.”

You must take down most of the books in your library to beat that, with all its faults. The line which contains the words “ Oh death ! oh wings,” is open to censure from a purely realistic point of view, but most will see the profound beauty in it. The one which the present writer admires, more than any other, is the one—

“ How much another thing, no more that man !”

but will of course bow to his readers' deci-

sion. We cannot pass this picture without a few more words ; we hope not idle ones.

Marvell, looking into the face of the dead Protector, did actually believe what he has tried to say in his verses, that one of the greatest Englishmen of all time was dead. The past was a blank, the future was a blank. England had begun a new life under the Cæsarism of the man who lay dead and cold before him. Would the gentle, amiable, and feeble Richard be able to keep in order the machine which his father had set going, or would they have to bring back the rather disreputable young prince from Breda? Marvell knew that one period of English history had come to an end, and he wrote his first real piece of poetry with the dead face of Cromwell always before him. Then he nerved himself to the task, which he never laid aside : the task of speaking for real liberty,

under a constitutional monarchy. He, we may imagine, put back the face-cloth on the dead face of Cromwell, and went away a convert to Cromwell's faith—we cannot help the bathos—a whig among whigs.

The term was not invented then, not until twenty years after. But if ever there was a whig, it was Andrew Marvell. He was, by a preponderance of testimony, though his epitaph contradicts the date by one year, elected to Richard Cromwell's parliament, for Hull, and continued to serve that town in parliament for about twenty years, and began his pleasant relations with the old borough, which erroneously calls itself his birthplace, at this time. Various causes must have combined to make his election an easy and popular one—his family connection—the memory of his noble father—the marriage of his sisters there to two citizens of renown: Popple and Blaydes—the high family con-

nections of his stepmother, whom his father had married seven months after the death of his mother—his own unsullied character—his education in the town—the height to which he had raised himself by his talents—the interest of such a man as Fairfax, were all combined to assist him.

He now began one of his most singular and agreeable pieces of work ; from 1660 for eighteen years, he sent to his constituents nearly every day a careful account of the day's sitting in the house ; such a *compte rendu* was possibly never made before or since : he most certainly earned his salary, that is to say, two shillings a-day as a borough member (a county member got four) ; and this mention of his salary leads us to the contemplation of what would now be considered an extremely strange state of things, justifying completely the title which we have given to this paper.

Members were entitled by law to be paid

by their constituents, and also had the right of suing them in case of non-payment : the Recorder of Colchester had sued the town for the arrears of his wages, and Andrew Marvell tells us that many other members had threatened to take the same course, unless they were promised re-election ! Conceive a modern member going down to his borough on the eve of a dissolution, and threatening to put all the voters, favourable and unfavourable, in the county-court, if they failed to elect him ! One has to sit down and think of such an astounding situation before one can realize it. In some cases, however, boroughs prayed to be *disfranchised*, as they cared neither for the trouble of electing a representative, or of paying him after. Other more patriotic boroughs, on the other hand, insisted on nominating and electing men who hated going to parliament, and who resisted their elections with obstinacy and vivacity. The

constitutional question arises, is a man bound to serve in parliament as he is for sheriff? or is a borough or county bound to elect a member? In both cases, we believe, the answer must be given in the affirmative.

Of the corruption of this parliament, which we attempted to describe at the beginning of this paper, Andrew Marvell gives us abundant proofs. One can perfectly well understand why Andrew Marvell depended on the honour of his constituents not to show his letters about, and why on one occasion they were most eager to disclaim ever having done so, when he mentions such facts as these about a parliament which was, for a long time, the mere tool of a court whose bravos were ready to steal the crown jewels, slit Sir John Coventry's nose, or hang the Duke of Ormond. "They" (the parliament), "have signed and sealed ten thousand a-year

more to the Duchess of Cleveland" (Charles' mistress, or, as Cromwell once put it about Lucy Waters, her predecessor, "the lady of pleasure"), "who has likewise near ten thousand a-year more out of the new form of the country excise of beer and ale, five thousand pounds a-year out of the Post Office, and, they say, the reversion of all the King's leases, the reversion of all places in the Customs, and indeed, what not? All promotions, spiritual and temporal, pass under her cognizance."

In short, this lady got so much, that it is a wonder what there could have been left for the French woman, the Duchess of Portsmouth; and yet she did even better: the state of things was indeed fearful: he writes (not to his constituents this time): "The King, upon pretence of great preparations of his neighbours, demanded three hundred thousand pounds for his navy (though, in conclusion, he hath not

set out any), and that the parliament should pay his debts (which ministers would never particularize to the House of Commons). Our house gave several bills. You see how far things were stretched beyond reason, there being no satisfaction how those debts were contracted, and all men foreseeing that what was given would not be applied to discharge the debts, which, I hear, at this day are rizen to four millions; but diverted as formerly. Nevertheless, such was the number of constant courtiers increased by the apostate patriots, who were bought off for that turn, some at six, some at ten, one at fifteen thousand pounds in money, beside what offices, lands, and reversions to others, that it is a mercy they gave not away the whole land and liberty of England."

All this for the sake of a few women of bad character, and of them all Nell Gwynne, the disreputable little actress, of whom the

Duchess of Portsmouth said, "you may see that she has been an orange wench by her swearing," seems to have been the best. A story is told of this dame what concerns us. It is said that when she lived at Highgate, she seeing the king in the garden, brought the child she had by him to an upper window, and declared that she would throw him out if the king did not give him a title. "Do not throw out Lord Burford," said the king with ready wit, and the boy lived to be the founder of a highly respectable family, who have done the State a considerable number of modest services. We give this story because it happened next door to one no doubt highly edified, Andrew Marvell; as Miss Gwynne was his next door neighbour; he might have seen it himself, if not his servants would have told him of it. Andrew Marvell lived in a house standing where Sir Sidney Waterlow's

now does, Nell Gwynne in the house adjoining higher up the hill, while Cromwell had previously occupied the red-brick house opposite, now Dr. West's convalescent home in connexion with the sick children's hospital.

The country between Highgate and London is not so very safe now, many people dislike walking across Parliament Hill in the dark without a good stick. Andrew Marvell must with his temperate and active habits have often walked over that hill to Westminster at all hours of the day and night at the time when there were no policemen, and when Kentish, or more correctly Cantilupe, Town, which lies at the foot of it, was only the country village so often alluded to by Ben Jonson. Totten Court, in Ben Johnson's time, and probably in Andrew Marvell's, was a lonely country house, occupying the position of the large public house at the end of the Tottenham

Court Road, opposite Messrs. Moses' tailoring establishment, at the point where the tramway now starts for Kentish Town, and the bottom of Highgate East Hill. Andrew Marvell's route from Highgate would have led him through very lonely fields, over Parliament Hill, and he would not have got really among houses until he made Montagu House, now the British Museum, so he would go through the village of St. Giles' past St. Martin's in the Fields, Trafalgar Square, (then the king's mews), by Charing Cross to Westminster. Parliament Hill, still in grass under an unexpired lease, with seventeen years to run, is a high knoll of London clay, only separated from the Bagshot sands of Hampstead Heath by a fringe of plastic clay which is now undergoing the usual Middlesex integration into bad bricks. It gets its name from the fact that it is the nearest of the northern heights from which Westminster can be

seen, and that on the great fifth of November, the popish conspirators were assembled there waiting to see the houses of Parliament go aloft, so that they might ride northward with the news. That affair never took place, but in all human probability Andrew Marvell thought of that fact a hundred times in crossing it to go down to the house. Should they blow up the houses of Parliament now they would probably carry the news by the Midland railway, the terminus of which, one of the finest and most expensive buildings of modern times, is almost at your feet.

Many friends warned Andrew Marvell of the extreme danger he incurred by habitually trusting himself alone in such a wild country. He, however, had a carelessness of life, or a want of the fear of death which made him write to a friend who warned him : "magis occidere metreo quam occidi ; non quod vitam tantà æsti-

mem, sed ne imparatus moriar." His courage was undoubted, but we never hear of his fighting. He could handle his weapon we have every reason to believe, because he himself mentions that he was taught fencing in Spain. A well-made, temperate, handsome man, careless, as we said before, of death, would not have been an agreeable enemy. It is not to be supposed that because a man has never fought that therefore he cannot fight. The Prussians had scarcely fought for forty years when they began to carry everything before them on the Continent. It is asserted that not one of Von der Tann's Bavarians had ever seen a shot fired in anger three weeks before Sedan. Andrew Marvell had the credit of being a dangerous man, and he was left alone. He was supposed to be slightly Puritan; he had been a friend of red-nosed Noll, of Huntingdon, and on the whole was best not meddled with.

He had a temper. His first co-member, Ramsden, in the borough of Hull (over whose father Mr. Marvell, senior, had preached a funeral sermon during the plague), was succeeded by a Colonel Gilby, with whom, in 1661, he had a violent personal quarrel. He plainly says that there is not the least chance of their ever acting together again, yet his great anxiety is that the interests of his constituents should not suffer, and hopes that their unlucky falling out may only have the effect of making them more keen rivals for their approval. He will not say what the affair was, but goes on: "I could not tell you any tales, because there are nakednesses which it becomes us to cover if it be possible. As I shall, unless I be obliged to make some indications, by any false report or misinterpretations. In the mean time pity, I beseech you, my weakness, for there are some things which men ought not and

some which they cannot bear." It is *most* noticeable in this quarrel that Marvell shows no sign of the wit which he afterwards undoubtedly possessed, he seems totally unconscious that he has such a weapon in his armoury.

The King seldom wanted a Parliament, unless the French money had failed, or some equally untoward event had taken place, and when he did there seems occasionally to have been great difficulty in getting one, certain members almost setting Parliament at defiance in their absenteeism. The most terrible threats were held out to them, and they were threatened with double taxes, but men of this kind seem to have had a most invincible repugnance to getting into hot water for twelve shillings a week. Oddly enough Andrew Marvell, the most diligent of members, was also one of the most striking of absentees. He was once absent for about two years in Holland, and

Lord Bellasis, having recommended his constituents to choose another member, they sent for Andrew Marvell to Frankfort, and he instantly returned. He was afterwards absent for a year, with the full consent of the electors, in the train of Lord Carlisle, to Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, as ambassador extraordinary.

His acquaintance was large and varied, ranging from the blind Milton on the one hand, to Prince Rupert and some leading Royalists on the other. The latter was accustomed to call Andrew Marvell his tutor, while Marvell's admiration for Milton approaches idolatry; he was as wild in friendship as in language. The man who could speak boldly for his proscribed blind friend Milton, could also accuse James Stuart of compassing the murder of his brother. He writes to Charles :

“ Let not thy life and crown together end,
Destroyed by a false brother and false friend ;

One drop of poyson or a Popish knife,
End all the joys of England with thy life.
Brothers, be true, by nature should be kind,
But a too jealous and ambitious mind,
Bribed with a crown on earth and one above,
Harbours no friendship, tenderness, or love.
See in all ages what examples are,
Of monarchs murdered by the impatient heir."

More savage still are his attacks in the "Advice to a Painter" on James, Duke of York, Danby, Petre, and the Earl of Peterborough. That on the Duke of York in this poem is too terrible to be set down here ; and Lord Bellasis, who tried to unseat him for Hull, gets most unmercifully handled. Such a man must either be bought or killed. Danby tried the former process, and the story is well known. Danby going to Marvell's humble lodging, and presenting himself, Marvell told him coolly that he had lost his way. Danby, after conversation, offered him a note for £1000. Marvell told him that his dinner was provided for, as he had the remains of

a shoulder of mutton which he could broil, and refused it. He continued to write just the same with unabated vigour, and it is no wonder that when he died suddenly, in the midst of his labours, at the age of fifty-seven, there should have been very strong suspicions of foul play, which are by no means dissipated even now.

Having now given an account of this faithful servant and heroic politician to the best of our ability, it becomes necessary to look shortly at his poems before we finish by giving an account of probably nearly the wittiest book ever written, the "Rehearsal Transposed."

Marvell shone most brightly as a poet in political satire, yet with a weighty, solemn subject he could write in a lofty style; witness the following, on Milton's "Paradise Lost:"

"When I beheld the poet blind yet bold,
In slender book his vast design unfold,

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Messiah crowned, God's reconciled decree,
Rebelling angels, the forbidden tree,
Heaven, hell, earth, chaos, all the argument,
Held me awhile misdoubting his intent :
That he would revive (for I send him strong)
The sacred truths to fable and old song ;
So Samson grasped the temple's post in spite,
The world o'erwhelming to revenge his sight."

Yet it is in such brilliant *jeux d'esprit* as "Clarendon's House-warming," and the dialogue of the "Two Horses," that he is most at home : a specimen or two of the latter will not be amiss.

An equestrian statue of Charles II. was set up by Sir Robert Viner, at Wool-Church, and one of Charles I., at Charing Cross, by Lord Danby. Marvell, after giving as precedents the bull of Phalaris, the head of Friar Bacon, Balaam's ass, and many other inarticulate things which have spoken, supposes that the two kings have dismounted, and gone away to their own devices at night (Charles I. has gone for a visit to the ghost of Laud, Charles II. has

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gone—we had rather not say where), and that the two horses converse and argue that part which relates to the court, and the allusions to Dames Portsmouth and Mazarine is a little too broad for us. Here, as elsewhere, Andrew Marvell makes very liberal use of a certain word which Mrs. Quickly confused with the genitive case plural of *Hic*. We may take up the story where he makes the horses speak of his brother-members of parliament :

“CHARING.

That traitors to the country, a bribed House of Commons,
Should give away millions at every summons.

WOOL-CHURCH.

Yet some of these givers, such beggarly villains,
As not to be trusted for twice fifty shillings.

CHARING.

No wonder the beggars should still be for giving,
Who out of what's given do get a good living.

WOOL-CHURCH.

That bondage and beggary should be in a nation,
By a curst House of Commons and a blest Restoration.

CHARING.

* * * * *

We ought to be wary and bridle our tongues,
When the ass so boldly rebuked the prophet,
Thou knowest what danger had like to come of it,
Though the beast gave his master ne'er an ill word,
Instead of a cudgel Balaam wished for a sword.

WOOL-CHURCH.

But canst thou divine when these things shall be mended?

CHARING.

When the reign of the line of the Stuarts is ended."

This is pretty plain speaking; a man's character must indeed be high, when he can write like this and escape. The above poem; of which we have quoted a very small proportion can be nearly exactly dated by the internal evidence of one line—

"Then Charles thy late edict against coffee recall."

It was written between November 1675 and January 1676, as that was the duration of the closing of the coffee-houses: these were sad times. Baxter was being hunted

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from one house to another, utterly beggared, not having yet found "the Saints' Rest," seized by one warrant for coming within five miles of a corporation, and five more out against him for £190, for preaching five sermons. Evelyn at the same time describes the lodgings of the Duchess of Portsmouth, in Whitehall, as being ten times finer than those of the Queen, and the extravagance at the court was so vast that very general suspicions were abroad that Charles had sold himself to France, as indeed he had.

Some of our readers will, probably, like a specimen of his Latin versification, which has been so highly praised by every scholar who is familiar with Marvell. They will remember a superb ode of Horace, beginning :

"Jam satis terris, mors atque diræ,
Grandinis misit pater," &c.

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Andrew Marvell has written an imitation
of this :

“ Jam satis pestis, satis atque diri,
Fulminis miset pater, et rubenti,
Dexterâ nostras jaculatus arces,
Terruit urbem.

Cum scholæ latis genus hæsit agris,
Nota quæ sedis fuerat bubulcis,
Cum togâ abjectâ pavidus reliquit,
Oppida Dirtres.

Vidimus Chamum fluvium retortis,
Littore a dextro violenta undis,
Ire plorantem monumenta pestis,
Templaque clausa.”

Such is a small specimen of the ode :
our readers must forgive us if we go a little
out of our way to call attention to the sin-
gular grace and dignity of the translation
of the above, made by the Reverend Mr.
Grosart, the most recent and most diligent
of Marvell's biographers :

“ Enough by that of plague and lightning pale,
Our sire has sent this way, who from his red
Right hand the hallowed merely did assail,
And thrilled the town with dread.

When the broad meadows felt the scholar's tread,
 Where erst the simple herd in peace lay down,
 When casting off his robes the doctor fled,
 From the deserted town.

We saw the mudded Camus vehement,
 With waves driven backwards on Midsummer plain,
 Rush mourning many a plague-built monument,
 And shut up college fane."

Here's another piece of Andrew Marvell's Latin verse, more entirely original; he observes elsewhere in an English poem, that if Colonel Blood, who disguised himself as a simple priest, had only put on the priest's cruelty with the priest's vestment, the crown would have been lost. This is the same idea in Latin:—

"Bludius ut ruris damnum repararet aviti,
 Addicit fisco dum diadema suo :
 Egregium sacro facimus telavit amictu :
 (Larva solet reges fallere nulla magis) :
 Excidit ast ausis tactus pietate profuna,
 Custodem ut servet, maluit ipse capi.
 Si modo sævitiam texisset pontificatem,
 Veste sacerdotis rapta corona foret."

His pastoral poetry, his Chloe, Amaryllis, and piping swain business is not toler-

able beside his friend Milton's. We propose entirely to pass it over. In the ode "Musick's Empire," he gets exceedingly happy and melodious, *e. g.* :—

"Jubal first made the wilder notes agree,
And Jubal tunèd musick's jubilee,
He called them echoes from the sullen cell,
And built the organ's city where they dwell.

Each sought a concert in that lonely place,
And virgin trebles wed the manly base,
From whence a progeny of numbers new,
Into harmonious colonies withdrew."

We now approach that wonderful book, one of the finest of British classics, which we have mentioned before. The "Rehearsal Transposed," is one of the greatest mines of English wit, in which the facile diamond-pointed stylus runs swiftly on from page to page, and never falters; if that stylus is sometimes (forgive the classical error) dipped in vinegar, it is never dipped in vitriol; it gives us Andrew Marvell at his best, and shows him to be one of the most

perfect masters of thorough honest fence, which England has ever seen. Swift is superb, but at times he gets too misanthropically savage, and while making you laugh gives you almost always the idea of not being able to laugh kindly himself. His laughter is apt to remind you very unpleasantly of the kind of laughter mentioned by Mr. Swinburne, in the most luridly powerful of his "dreadful" poems.

" Like a man's laughter heard in hell,
Far down Faustine."

Although you laugh from one end of the "Rehearsal Transposed" to the other, you never shudder ; honest general laughter is the only thing possible over such a passage as this : "He (Bishop Parker) had the misfortune to have two friends, who being both also out of their wits, and of the same though somewhat a calmer phrenzy, spurned him on perpetually with commendation." We

have opened nearly at random, but it matters not where you open ; three hundred pages on we make another random opening under the certainty that we shall light on a good thing ; in an instant we read " I cannot now but take some notice of another argument, your (Bishop Parker) threatening me here and in several other places with the loss of my ears, which, however, are yet in good plight, and apprehend no other danger but to be of your auditory." We have selected these two random gems as a specimen of our jeweller's stock, as Marco Polo and his uncles showed their few matchless emeralds, before they dazzled the eyes of Venice with their other incomparable treasures. A few words of reminder about Bishop Parker, remembered mostly in certain quarters in consequence of his demolition by Marvell, may not here be amiss.

He was a " high churchman," but a high

churchman such as Mr. Machonochie or Mr. Stanton would probably denounce in no measured terms, 'as an impudent and very blasphemous Erastian, and we think with the greatest propriety. He says in one place, " unless princes have power to bind their subjects to that religion they apprehend most advantageous to public peace and tranquillity, and restrain those religious mistakes which tend to their subversion, they are no better than statues and images of authority ;" and then he goes on " It is absolutely necessary to the peace and happiness of the kingdom that there be set up a more severe government over men's consciences and religious persuasions than over their vices and immoralities, and that princes may with less hazard, give liberties to men's vices and debaucheries than to their consciences."

In these days, when anything like persecution for religious opinion generally

unites friends and enemies against the common foe, when even the formulas of an endowed State Church are stretched to the utmost for the sake of the consciences of three parties existing in it, and when the *administrators* of the law are striving not to notice discrepancies in ritual and doctrine, but to find a common basis of action and belief for all three, such words as those of Parker sound absolutely ridiculous; in the days of Charles the Second they were not ridiculous, but real, terrible, and dangerous: look at the fearful sentences executed on Nonconformists, and see what a fire was behind this smoke. The present Pope—he who seems to have inherited the accumulated virtues and none of the vices of his predecessors—has assumed a power to himself which seems absurdly arrogant, but he has distinctly refused to go the length of Doctor Parker.

Parker was a man who conceived that

the English people would tolerate an English Torquemada, and against his high sounding pretensions a voice was raised ten times more powerful than his own, the voice of Andrew Marvell, no more to be silenced than that of the noble monk Bartholomew Diaz against Ferdinand del Soto. We have ventured to compare the two great Protestants together, the Romish Protestant Diaz and the Anglican Protestant Marvell. We are very particular in using the word because it has been much abused lately : the Papist takes precedent of the Anglican in one respect, Diaz is never led into coarseness as Marvell sometimes is. We will now proceed, and from this time drop into the mere position of master of the revels.

Parker had published his "Ecclesiastical Polity" in 1670, but in 1672 he published a preface to a posthumous work of Bishop Bramhall, in which he was more acrimo-

niously offensive than ever against the Nonconformists ; they brought out Marvell at once, and dubbing Parker, Mr. Bayes, out of Buckingham's play of the "Rehearsal," he began on him in this style, though we have not selected the exact beginning :—

“ Is it not a great pity to see a man in the flower of his age and the vigour of his studies fall into such a distraction that his head runs upon nothing but ‘ Roman Empire’ and ‘ Ecclesiastical Polity ?’ This happens by his growing too early acquainted with Don Quixote and reading the Bible too late ; so that the first impression being the most strong and mixing with the last as more novel, have made such a medley in his brain-pan that he is become a mad priest which of all the sorts is the most incurable. Hence it is that you shall hear him anon instructing princes like Sancho how to govern the island ; as he is busy at present in vanquishing the

Calvinists of Germany and Geneva. Had he no friends to have given him good counsel before his understanding were quite unsettled? or if there were none near why did not men call in the neighbours and send for the parson of the parish to persuade with him in time, but let it run on thus till he is fit for nothing but Bedlam or Hogsden?" (Hoxton).

There now follows a passage so often quoted that we will omit it; it describes Parker's life as a nobleman's chaplain, how he elevated himself in prayer so that he cracked his skull against the chapel ceiling; he then wrote his "Ecclesiastical Polity." "And when his book was once come out," goes on Marvell, "and he saw himself an author; that some of the gallants of the town lay'd by the New Nine to quote some of his impertinencies; that his title page was pasted and posted at every avenue next under the play for the afternoon at

the king's or the duke's house; the vain glory of this totally confounded him. He lost all the little remains of his understanding, and his cerebellum was so dried up that there was more brains in a walnut. This gentleman straggling by Temple Bar in a massey cassock and surcingle, and taking the opportunity to admire the title-page of his book, a tall servant of his, one J. O.* that was not so careful as he should be, lets fall another book of four hundred and fifty leaves full upon his head, which meeting the former fracture on his cranium has utterly undone him, and in conclusion his madness has turned into a lycanthropy, he doth so severely believe himself a wolf that his spirit is all turned into howling, yelling, and barking."

Bishop Parker says in his "Ecclesiastical Polity" the following things :—

"It is absolutely necessary to the peace

* Dr. John Owen, who answered Parker.

and government of the world that the supreme magistrate of every commonwealth should be vested with a power to govern and conduct the consciences of subjects in affairs of religion.

“A Prince is endued with a power to conduct religion, and that must be subject to his dominion as well as all other offices of state.

“If Princes should forget their sovereignty over men’s consciences in matter of religion, they leave themselves less power than is absolutely necessary.

“The supreme government of every commonwealth, wherever it is lodged, must of necessity be universal, absolute, and uncontrollable in all affairs whatsoever that concern the interests of mankind, and the ends of government.

“He, in whom the supreme power resides, has authority to assign to every subject his proper function, and among others those of

the priesthood. The exercise thereof, as he has power to transfer upon others, so he may, if he please, reserve it to himself."

We pause to remark that the most extreme Erastian never went so far as this "High" Churchman. Lord Palmerston did some cool things, but he never used such language as this. We return to Doctor Parker.

"Our Saviour came not to unsettle the foundations of government, but left the government of the world in the same condition he found it."

Many men, we may remark, including Gibbon, have thought differently. Very noticeably a young citizen, in a state of distraction, more than a hundred years later, who, not in the terror of death, but in the sorrow of leaving life, spoke of the "bon sans-culotte, Jesus Christ." The man's name was Camille Desmoulins.

"The government of religion was vested

in princes by the antecedent right of Christ.

“ If princes will be resolute (and if they will govern so they must be) they may easily make the most stubborn conscience bend to their resolutions.

“ Princes must be sure to bind on at first their ecclesiastical laws with the straitest knot, and afterwards keep him in force by the severity of their execution.”

We have now exhausted our own patience, and most likely that of our readers, by these quotations from this wonderful divine ; we, however, thought it necessary to make them because we wished the reader to see to some extent the original text on which Marvell preached. He, however, sums the matter up very succinctly thus :—

“ First. The unlimited magistrate.

“ Secondly. The public conscience.*

* Parker says, “ in cases of public concernment, private

“Thirdly. Moral grace.*

“Fourthly. Debauchery tolerated.

“Fifthly. Persecution recommended.

“Lastly. Pushpin divinity.

“As I am obliged to ask pardon,” begins Andrew Marvell, “if I speak of serving things ridiculously, so I must now beg excuse if I keep to discourse of ridiculous things seriously.” He then tears to pieces the assertion of the supremacy of the chief magistrate over the human conscience, and then comes to the assertion that the sovereign may assume the priesthood.

“But one thing I must confess is very pleasant, and he hath past a high compliment upon His Majesty in it; that he

men are not to be determined by their own wills, but by the commands of the public conscience; if there be any sin in the command (of the chief magistrate) there is no sin in he that obeys it. The danger of error is outweighed by the duty of obedience.

* All religion must of necessity be resolved into enthusiasm or morality. The former is mere imposture, and, therefore, all that is true must be reduced to the latter.

may, if he please, reverse the priesthood and the exercise of it to himself. Now this indeed is surprising; but this only troubles me how His Majesty would look in all the sacerdotal habiliments and the pontifical wardrobe." (Marvell assumes that the King would have to wear all the various vestments of the different offices one over another at the same time.) "I am afraid the King would find himself incommoded.

"But one thing I doubt Mr. Bayes did not well consider; that if the King may discharge the function of the priesthood, he may (and with all the reason in the world) assume the revenue. It would be the best subsidy that ever was voluntarily given by the clergy." Another time he winds up by saying that the King is a great deal more respectable and fit for the holy office than a great many of them, Charles at this time being one of the most scandalous people in his own dominions.

“The next is public conscience. For as to men’s private consciences he hath made them very inconsiderable, and reading what he hath said of them I only found the new and important discovery and great privilege of Christian liberty that ‘thought is free.’ We are, however, obliged to him for that, seeing by consequence we think of him what we please.” But Marvell argues there can be no freedom of thought while there is persecution for the expression of thought, because by fifty ways you can force a man’s thoughts from him besides making him commit himself by a series of exhaustive negatives. Parker intimates that if he obeys the public conscience against his own “my obedience will hallow, at least excuse my action.” Marvell suggests that when he gets his bishopric he should not be *consecrated*, but *excused*.

This is the place to pause, and to reflect against what Marvell was fighting. Prac-

tically against James Duke of York, the Jesuits, and, as he believed, the Inquisition. Sanction Parker's monstrous proposals towards passive obedience, and on Charles's death there was nothing to prevent the worst horrors from recurring, as the Duke's proceedings in Scotland had shown.* All this might come again, and partially did after Marvell's death, when Pope Innocent XI., to his great honour, through his agent Count d'Adda, pled with James and Louis for the wretched French Protestants.

We are the more eager to recall these facts, because if any of our readers should be induced to examine Marvell through

* In reading old prosecutions under the Inquisition, you always find a magnificent simplicity of procedure. "Do you believe that any bread or wine remain in the paten or chalice after consecration?" was frequently the only question asked, at least, in Mexico, and at Seville. Three courses were open to you—to say yes, to say no, or to remain silent. If you said yes, or remained silent, you were burnt; if you said no, you only underwent a short term of imprisonment.

any recommendation of ours, we may entreat them in some passages which may appear a little too ferocious to think of the time in which he lived, and the time which he foresaw coming. We will now return however, to the "Rehearsal."

The third of his heads is Moral Grace. "I can make no more or no less of it, but that it overturns the whole fabric of Christianity and power of religion. If grace be resolved into morality, a man may as well make God too only a national and moral existence.* Why may I not too bring out my shreds of Latin as well as he ?

' Quesitum ad fontem solos deducere servos,
Nullum numen abest, si sed prudentia.'

" But I must so far do Mr. Bayes right, that to my best observation, if Prudence

* The reader must remember that every arrow of this goes into the clout, *as against a divine of the Church of England*. If Marvell himself had been a Mohammedan the shot would have told as well.

had been God, Bayes had been a most damnable atheist; or perhaps only an idolater of their number of whom he adds in the next line—

‘ Sed te,
Nos facimus, fortuna, deum celoque locamus.’

“ However, I cannot but be sorry that he has undertaken this dangerous vocation, when there are twenty other honest and painful ways whereby he might have got a ‘living’ and made fortune propitious. This is foreign to my judicature and I leave him to be tried by a jury of divines; and that he may have all right done him, let one half be school divines, and the other moiety systematical; and so God send him a good deliverance. But I am afraid he will never come (get) ‘off.’ ”

“ Debauchery tolerated ” is an easy theme for Marvell : he is extremely angry and serious about it ; he accuses Parker of

indirectly encouraging debauchery at a time when the country was being ruined by it. For one war caused by religion or fanaticism, a hundred have been caused by the selfish ambition of princes, more have sprung from the contention or ambition of the clergy, "but the most of all from the corruption of manners and always fatal debauchery. It exhausts the estates of private persons and makes them fit for nothing but the highway or an army. It debases the spirits and weakens the vigour of any nation; at once indisposing them from war and rendering them incapable of peace," and "where the horses are like those of the Sybarites, taught to dance, the enemy have only to learn the tune and bring the fiddle" as the French and Dutch did, he might have added.

"Persecution recommended," is treated in Marvell's best style. "Only in God's mercy that Mr. Bayes is not emperor."

How he inveighs against trade! That whilst men's consciences are actuated by such peevish and ungovernable principles, to erect trading combinations is but to build so many nests of faction and sedition." Lay up your ships my masters, put bills upon your shop doors, shut up the custom house, why not adjourn the Term? Mure up Westminster Hall, leave ploughing and sowing, and keep a dismal holiday throughout the nation, for Mr. Bayes is out of humour.

Parker tries to prove that the Nonconformists are a small and weak body; that there are only a few rich men among them, and he says that he is content "that they only should be exposed to the pillories whipping-posts, galleys, rods, and axes, and to all other punishments, provided they be severer than those that are inflicted on men for their immoralities." Marvell replies "Oh, more than human clemency," that is to say,

he argues that men guilty of the horrible vices attributed by St. Paul to the Ephesians should be better treated than "a well-meaning zealot." Parker had said that such a man "was of all villains the most dangerous" ("even more dangerous it seems," says Marvell, "than an ill-meaning one"). He then goes back to the unfortunate statement of Parker that a prince is bound to enforce upon his subjects the religion which he apprehends to be most advantageous to public peace and settlement. The Turk has most undoubtedly done this, and therefore he must have won Parker's admiration: Parker has recommended the extreme punishment of those who commit errors and abuses against the religion ordained by the sovereign. The Christians in the Turkish galleys have done so, therefore Parker entirely approves of the persecutions of the Christians in

Algiers. The wretched man is left without a hole to creep out at.

There is something always so horrible to us in this passage: it is prophetic, for the times of Defoe and Tutchin had not come as yet. "The Nonconformists have suffered as well as any men in the world, and could do so still if it were his Majesty's pleasure; their duty to God hath hallowed, and their duty to the magistrate has excused, both their pain and their ignominy. To die by a noble hand is some satisfaction."

What were these Nonconformists doing that they were hunted in this manner? They were doing nothing: we appeal to history to make the accusation precise against them. The Nonconformists of these times were the best of citizens. The Pilgrim Fathers were gone to America, to reproduce there a religious intolerance more ghastly and more hopeless than that of the Church

of Rome : the shores of England were cleared of these men. The Nonconformists who remained were very well affected both towards Church and State. Baxter only asked that he might be let alone and preach the gospel. Pope Innocent XI. had afterwards to plead for the Protestants ; in short, such utter want of tolerance was never seen, save in the reigns of the two last Stuarts. In Charles II.'s reign no Papist was safe ; in James II.'s reign no Protestants, save Quakers, who were held harmless, because they declined to meddle in politics.

The last division of Andrew Marvell's is that of Push-pin Divinity, which we may very briefly dismiss. Parker has said that if you take a *pin* out of the Church, the fabric is in danger : Marvell shows how many pins have been taken out already, without any bad result, but he is not quite

so happy as usual at the end of this part of his work.

We have essayed above to give a specimen of Marvell's method, which may be roughly described as *reductio ad absurdum*, combined with *argumentum ad hominem*. The former we have seen in the passage where he proves that Parker abets the persecution of Christians by the Bey of Algiers. We cannot give the best specimens of the latter, although we have given some. The most utterly absurd is at the beginning of the second part of the "Rehearsal," after Parker explains his having delayed his reply in consequence of indisposition, and Marvell speculates, through page after page, as to what has been the matter with him. It is obvious that there was something about Parker's private life which prevented his answering some of the extremely coarse gibes of Andrew Marvell.

Before concluding, we will pick out a

few more gems of argument and wit. Parker has been more than usually offensive in his Basilolatry (if we may coin a word), and Marvell says, "His Majesty" (it would seem) "may lay by his *Dieu*, and make use only of his *mon droit*. He hath a patent for his kingdom under the broad seal of Nature, and next under that and immediately before Christ is over all persons, and in all causes, as well ecclesiastical as civil (and over all men's consciences) within his Majesty's realms and dominions, supream head and governour. 'Tis true the author sometimes, for fashion's sake, speaks in that book of religion of a Deity; but if his principles do necessarily, if not in terms, make the prince's power paramount, and if he may by his uncontrollable and unlimited universal authority" (the words which Parker had used) "introduce what religion he may, of consequence" (he may) "introduce what Deity he pleases."

This is a singular thought. "The body is in the power of the mind, and, therefore, corporal punishments never reach the real offender, but the innocent suffers for the guilty." The tendency of this time is strongly *against* mental punishment; we punish the servant (the body), and spare the master (the mind). On the chances of another civil war, he says: "It is very seldom seen that, in the same age, a civil war, after such an interval has been raised again upon the same pretences; but men are also wary, that he would be knocked on the head that should raise the first disturbance of the same nature. *A new war must have, like a book that would sell, a new title.*" Here is a sly allusion to Charles I., a man whom Marvell admired: "A man who will do the clergy's drudgery must look for his reward in another world."

We feel that we have scarcely done justice to this book, but hope that we have

said enough to induce some, at all events, of our readers to examine Andrew Marvell's work and life for themselves. One who admired him, writes of him :

Farewell true heart gone to thy rest at last,
Thou wert not for thy times, nor they for thee.
Sleep quiet, dreaming that these times are past,
When the Erastian Adultery
Polluted all the land and Christ's flock was not free.

Thou liest between the minster and the river,
Betwixt the carved stone and the rushing tide,
And as thy grave is so thy life was ever,
Here stone-cut dogmas, but on the other side
Free thought, like a mighty river sweeping onward, wild
and wide.



THE MASTER OF THE MERMAID.

HE is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him (especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth); a dissembler of all parts which reign in him; a bragger of some goods that he wanteth; thinketh nothing well but what either he himself or some of his friends or countrymen have said or done; he is passionately kind and angry; careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but, if he be well answered, at

himself. For any religion, as being versed in both; interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst. Oppressed with phantasy, which hath ever mastered his reason—a general disease in many poets. His inventions are smooth and easy; but, above all, he excelleth in translation.”

Such is the character of “Rare Ben Jonson” given to him by the gentle Drummond of Hawthornden, after his most unfortunate visit; a visit nearly the most unlucky ever known, leading to nothing but abuse and misunderstanding. What Drummond said of Jonson behind his back, immediately after writing to him, “There is nothing I wish more than to be in the calendar of them that love you,” we have seen above. Drummond having ventured to give his opinion on Jonson, Gifford finds it necessary to vilify Drummond by calling him every name he could lay his tongue to. He, the gentle Drummond, was a “bird of

prey ;” he “sought to injure a man whom he had decoyed under his roof ;” “he was of a very depraved mind ;” and so on, scolding Drummond and others on Ben Jonson’s behalf to that extent that the most incautious reader, from sheer instinct, and without inquiry, takes part ’gainst Ben Jonson, and not for him. Scolding is an utter mistake. When a woman takes to scolding, her intimates know that, if she does not scold about one thing, she will about another, and so no one takes any practical action with regard to it. When a critic or biographer takes to the same method of action, he is never much attended to ; and so it comes that people, reading such a biography as Gifford’s, splendid as it is, are generally sure to seek others.

With regard to Ben Jonson’s life and character, we shall be necessarily very brief ; we shall only, so to speak, remind our readers of what they doubtless knew

before. Our object is to see what is the value of those works which this rough and uncouth man left behind him. Personally one of the best-abused men who ever lived, he has come down to us with a reputation almost next to that of Shakespeare.

He was a Scotchman, though he never was but once in Scotland, and then he had far better have kept away. His grandfather was a man of gentle repute in Annandale, but went to Carlisle. His father was a minister of the Gospel, apparently a Puritan, for he was deprived of his property under Queen Mary. At the time during which we are writing, there is a claim for the peerage of Annandale by a Johnstone, who is evidently a clansman of the great Benjamin. The Johnstones have made no small mark in border history, but they will possibly be like the Tichbornes, best known to posterity through the most eccentric member of their family. Few

families have done better for the parent state, in their way, than the Johnstones, but they have not been so successful as the Campbells ; and their greatest man is certainly the remarkable Benjamin.

Born in 1574, after his father's death, he entirely missed that moulding which a man can only get from a father ; a moulding which in some cases is as much more valuable than the forming of a mother as the stamping of a guinea is than the casting of a coiner. A father leaves a much more certain mark upon his son than the best of mothers can. The merest common sense, the most ordinary knowledge of the world, proves that fact so clearly that it is hardly worth ink to write it down. At the turning point of every great man's life occur things which he could never speak to his mother about ; if he did, she could not understand him. On the other hand, a father, who gains his son's confidence, can advise, per-

suade, and warn. The loss of a good mother is bitter enough, in all conscience : the loss of the one woman who precedes the wife, and who in some points has an authority higher than the wife herself, is irremediable. But the loss of the father, the dear friend, the tender, gentle companion, from whom nothing is concealed ; the man who understands you beyond all others ; the man in whose broad, kindly bosom you bury secrets of disappointed love, of idleness, of carelessness, of a thousand things only known to men, and which, while forgiven by the mother, cannot be sympathised with ; that loss—the loss of the father—is more than irremediable ; we have no word for it ; it must pass as nameless.

Jonson had no father. He was, in our opinion, the very man of all others who should have had one. He was essentially a man's man ; and there is a curious undercurrent of mysogyny in his writings which

seems at times as strong as that of Swift. "Why does Nature waste her time in making such things?" he says once. A good father would have given him more experience of the excellence of women than he ever seems to have had; but he sinned in that respect with a large school, which is not quite extinct yet.

While he was a baby, his mother married again, so, practically, he had no mother. No blame can be attached either to her or to the master bricklayer whom she married, for Jonson had a good private education at a school at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and from thence went to Westminster, to receive a sound classical education under no less a man than the great Camden. Every man who has put pen to paper knows these facts, but no one seems to care to deduce from them. Ben Jonson had no domestic life; he was a child of the pedagogues; not by any means of Jesuit pedagogues, who care-

fully excerpt everything objectionable from the classical authors, but of free Protestant schoolmasters, who teach a boy Latin, and turn him into the library with Xenophon, Petronius, Ovid, Virgil, and Juvenal all ready to his hands. Good people who shiver and shudder at the nameless horrors of "Volpone," must really remember that the child Jonson's first knowledge of the world was gained through books, some of which most certainly would bring the author into serious trouble now-a-days, if it were possible to find a publisher for them. It is true that we are carefully trained to read such books now, but it is bad for a lad to do so without the indefinable atmosphere of a pure and intellectual home around him. Jonson had not this ; he was a child of the schoolmasters, and they are more proud of him than we are. He from the first looked at life through classical spectacles, and we have the result before us. His tragedy is

like Euripides, his comedy like Terence. When he looks straight from his own eyes on what surrounds him, he is invaluable, as giving us a hint of the manners of the times, but he is apt to be dull. Of the delicate little touches of domestic life which we find alike in Shakespeare, Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot, and which will make men read them for all time, he had no knowledge. He lived in books, not in life. He must have known, as we all have, Mrs. Quickly, Rebecca Sharp, Miss Betsy Trotwood, and Aunt Glegg, but he never had the power of seeing them. He is never natural; he would have made Mr. Glegg jealous of Bob Jakin, and would have given us to understand that there was more in the matter than Mrs. Glegg chose to say. He never could keep the *juste milieu* in fiction; like Victor Hugo, he must be on the stilts or in the mud, for his own satisfaction; but, unlike Victor Hugo, he is utterly incapable

of those middle tones, which, when we are laughing heartily at Victor Hugo's worst absurdities, make us put down the book in awe, and revere him like a great man. For example, in the two children playing with the kitten, Eponine says :

“Vois-tu, ma sœur, cette poupée-là est plus amusante que l'autre. Elle remue, elle crie, elle est chaude. Vois-tu, ma sœur, jouons avec. Ce serait ma petite-fille. Je serais une dame. Je viendrais te voir et tu la regarderais. Peu à peu tu verrais ses moustaches, et cela t'étonnerait ; et tu me dirais : ‘ Ah ! mon Dieu ! ’ et je te dirais : ‘ Oui madame, c'est une petite-fille que j'ai comme ça. Les petites-filles sont comme ça à présent. ’”

No living man except Victor Hugo could write that, and few dead ones. Certainly not Ben Jonson. Take Dickens again, in one of his most exquisitely nonsensical passages, which we quote to show that Dickens was Victor Hugo's master in the art of child's babble. The question is, What do sea-side lodging-house keepers do out of the season ?

“Whether they pretended to take one another’s lodgings, or to open one another’s tea-caddies for fun? Whether they cut off slices of their own beef and mutton, and made believe that it belonged to somebody else? *Whether they played little dramas of life like children do,* and said, ‘I ought to come and look at your apartments, and you ought to ask two guineas a week too much; and then I ought to say that I must have the rest of the day to think about it, and then you ought to say that another lady and gentleman with no children in family had made a better offer, and that you were just going to take the bill down when you heard the knock.’”

These fancies about children make us laugh as happily and heartily as any thing can. The three greatest of our recent writers of prose fiction, in truth, infinitely the best writers of prose we ever had, treat children with an amount of respectful study which would have rather astonished the overrated novelists of the last century. To Ben Jonson they were a sealed book. The question arises, “Was Ben Jonson ever a child himself? Did he ever know much of that domestic life which leaves such a strong imprint on the nature of most men?” If he

did not, we are saying more to excuse him on certain points than a thousand infuriated Giffords could do.

He went to St. John's College, Cambridge, for a short time; for how long it is not easy to determine. His mother and his step-father, who had already done all they could for his education, were unable to maintain him in a university career, and he was fetched home to work at the trade of his stepfather. And in the name of confusion, why not? What on earth is there degrading in the matter? There is a certain sort of kid-glove critic to whom the fact seems to be horrible: we can only say that he was much better employed at bricklaying than he was in writing certain parts of his plays. This part of his life seems extremely negative. He was certainly not tutor to Sir Walter Raleigh's boy, because the boy was not born. He did not do a great many other things attributed to

him, but he certainly left his trade and went as a soldier to the Low Countries. Here he served one campaign, and then returned to England, his stepfather being dead, but his mother still living, Jonson being now about nineteen. He was probably at that time a handsome and well-formed youth, though the great length of his chin and the size of his nose would prevent his having ever, like Volpone, played the part of Antinöus. The magnificence of his eyes, and the stern, almost cruel set of his forehead, would at all times have prevented his face being commonplace. He now took to acting, apparently in inferior parts; and if any of our readers wish to get into the hottest of hot water we should recommend them to take a side in the controversies about Ben Jonson's life: no person except Mary Queen of Scots ever caused so much quarrelling after his death. Professor Masson, the most cautious, the most kindly, and the

most diligent of our biographers, has mentioned him in his "Life of Drummond;" even *he* will not escape. As for ourselves, we feel that we are walking among red-hot coals.

He certainly (or uncertainly) killed a man in a duel, was accused of murder, and turned Roman Catholic. He was released and married. Very shortly after we come to the first dramatic piece which he is known to have written without assistance: "Every Man in his Humour." This was first acted in 1598, when Jonson was twenty-two years old, and has lived to this day, and will probably live for ever, though it is impossible to get it acted without throwing three companies together. It was first acted at the Globe, and in our opinion is by no means such a powerful piece as "Volpone," or "The Devil is an Ass." It was a great success. Henslowe and Alleyn (the founder of Dulwich Col-

lege) brought it forward, though Alleyn seems not to have taken any part. The actors were, John Duke, C. Beeston, T. Pope, J. Hemings, W. Sly (brother of Christopher?), W. Kempe, H. Cende, A. Phillips, R. Burbage, and, last, not least, William Shakespeare.

What part did HE play? Tradition assigns him the part of the Elder Knowell, but there is no proof of that; let us look at the play itself and see what it is like, and inquire whether there is not a more probable part for Shakespeare. Shakespeare being now an extremely handsome young man of thirty-two, we should think it far more probable that he took the easy and elegant character of *Young* Knowell, and as such we shall mention him, having an instinct that we are right.* The play was

* Shakespeare born, April . . . 1564.
Jonson 1574.
"Every Man in his Humour," 1596.

brought forward very much by his influence, it was the making of Jonson, and Shakespeare was at this time, as we have said, thirty-two.

Old Knowell is what is irreverently called on the stage the "heavy father." He has a son with whom he is half angry for his love of poetry and for cultivating the society of the wits. He has also a kinsman, Stephen, the country gull, a most amusing quarrelsome ass, though like most of Jonson's fools, *videlicet* Coker, in "Bartholomew Fair," very overdrawn. One comes across his delicious idiotcy in the first scene, where he tells Old Knowell, "I have bought me a hawk and a hood, and bells and all, and I lack nothing but a book to keep it by." Stephen is another Slender, but incomparably inferior. While Old Knowell is bullying him for his folly, a servant arrives with a letter directed to his son, Young Knowell (Shakespeare?), who

is still in bed ; it is from a mad-cap young friend, young Weliborn ; the letter, innocent enough as times were, is horribly indiscreet, and makes hopeless fun of the father, who by reading his son's letter hears a few words about himself which makes his ears tingle. He comes to the conclusion that his son is in bad company with his friend Wellborn ; but he makes a singularly wise resolution not to check him, but to shame him from the vice, which, as it happens, is purely imaginary. He sends the letter on to his son by the fantastic clever servant, Brainworm, telling him not to say a word of his having opened it. Brainworm at once tells his young master all about it, which sets his suspicions at work. The main part of the letter is an invitation to a party of fantastics, and he determines to add his cousin Master Stephen to the number of the assembled fools.

In the next scene we are introduced to

Mathew, the town gull, as great a fool as Stephen, but in a different way. He seeks the great Captain Bobadil, who lives as lodger with Cob, the water-carrier, and Tib, his wife, and has got into their debt to the amount of forty shillings, "by sixpence at a time." He is discovered in a crapulous state, having been horribly drunk and poorly overnight, as is shown by hinted details which would not be tolerated for an instant by the gallery of the Victoria Theatre now. Our first introduction to this world-famous character is his calling for a cup of small beer, like Christopher Sly; but as soon as he has shaken the sleep from his eyes, he comes out as the ignorant, clever, shallow bully, which has made him a household word. He finds, in teaching Mathew some fencing with the bedstaff, that he has two shillings and that his breakfast is secured.

The next scene opens at Kately the mer-

chant's house in the Old Jewry. Kitely is nearly the replica of Ford, in the "Merry Wives," the jealous husband. He has married the sister of Downright and Wellborn, half-brothers. She is much younger than he is. Wellborn has taken possession of his house as brother-in-law, and is holding rather disreputable revelry there ; of which Kitely complains to Downright. He lets out his jealousy by telling Downright that he would punish Wellborn, but that the world would say that he was jealous of the attentions of his companions to his wife. (Wellborn, it will be remembered, was the young gentleman who wrote the highly indiscreet letter to Young Knowell opened by his father.) While Kitely and Downright are discussing the matter, Bobadil comes blustering in to ask for that ne'er-do-well, Wellborn, and without the remotest reason calls Downright a scavenger, and rushes away. The absurdity of this scene

and the honest grief of Downright, are worthy of any hand. Kitely tries to pacify him, and try persuasion with his brother Wellborn for Bobadil's impudence, but without avail.

Cob, the water-carrier, comes in, makes a very unproduceable remark to Kitely, who chides him for being late, and sets Kitely musing on his jealousy against Wellborn's companions and their opportunities with his wife; he determines to watch her. She comes in with her sister Bridget. She is so gentle and honestly affectionate about his headache that he is disarmed, and determines to be more of a man.

Now, the amusing rascal Brainworm, Old Knowell's servant, appears on the scene in Moorfields, disguised as a maimed soldier, intercepting Young Knowell and Master Stephen, who do not recognise him. Brainworm, in spite of Young Knowell's protests, manages to sell Master Stephen an old

sword for a real Toledo. Then, in another part of the field, enters Old Knowell, who soliloquises about his son's degeneracy in keeping company with men who would dare to write such an impudent letter as that of young Wellborn. He does not wonder at it in the case of other fathers, who sacrifice their sons' respect by exhibiting their vices ; but in his case no such excuse can be made. While he is in this humour, Brainworm, his own man, meets him disguised, and begs of him. He is so well disguised, that Knowell is much taken with him, and actually hires him as his servant. This is rather straining a point in probability ; a man would scarcely be taken in so far as to hire his own groom. Still, we must remember that Shakespeare is said to have acted this character of Old Knowell, if we are not wrong, and so was contented with it.

Then we get to the " Windmill Tavern "

with Mathew (the town gull), Wellborn, and Bobadil. Bobadil begins to bluster about Downright, but is quietly stopped by Wellborn, who will not allow him to speak rudely of his brother ; it is noticeable that Downright's original offence was only asking him, in a short manner, if he heard what had been said. Young Knowell and Master Stephen (the country gull) come in. Young Knowell (Shakespeare acting ?) acquaints Wellborn with the awful fact that his letter was opened and read by his father. He laughs off the accident, and introduces the two pieces of absurdity, Matthew and Bobadil, whom he had brought for Young Knowell to laugh at. Mathew and Stephen befool one another beautifully, and Bobadil being remarked silent and asked the reason, begins to lie with the volubility of Falstaff, but without a grain of his immortal wit. Bobadil, however, knows a sword when he sees one, and

points out to Stephen that the sword he has bought of Brainworm is not worth two-pence. While Stephen is vowing vengeance, in comes the irrepressible Brainworm, who coolly confesses the cheat, but so dexterously that Stephen is obliged to accept his apology. He declares himself to Young Knowell, and tells him that his father is at his heels. A scene follows, in which Kately tries to make up his mind to tell his jealous fears to his confidential clerk, Card, but he cannot do it. After he is gone out of the house it is filled by the characters to whom he so much objects, and although the plot does not advance the play is amusing for those who care about antiquarian slang. Cob goes to Justice Clement's house, and tells Kately; his jealousy is once more aroused, and he gets as absurd as Ford, until Cob informs him that there are no ladies. Then, however, he gets worse than ever, because he thinks that the ladies will

have come in to the gentlemen, and that he will be in time to catch them. This part of the play is rather poor stuff, at least, in most modern eyes. Judging from plays, there was a period in our history, extending over about two hundred years, when the violation of the marriage vow was considered as probable an event as running up milliners' bills unknown to the husband, and when the jealous husband was as ordinary a character on the stage as the careless one is now ; but to resume. The merry Justice Clement now appears on the stage: a capital character, with which Shakespeare might have done much. Cob comes to him for a warrant against Bobadil for beating him, but as Bobadil only did so because Cob abused tobacco, Clement threatens to send him to gaol for abusing tobacco. Clement, having sent Cob about his business with a warrant on Bobadil, comforts Knowell about his

son, showing him that he is a good young fellow, but like himself, mirthful.

Then comes a scene between Downright and his sister, Mrs. Kitely. He blames Mrs. Kitely for allowing Wellborn's riotous companions in the house. She defends herself. There is a good scene, in which Mathew, Bobadil, and the other objectionable characters come in, and Downright flings out of the room in disgust at the folly of Mathew's verses, and returns only more infuriated than ever at the fantastic company which is gathered in his sister's house. He abuses his half-brother Wellborn so roundly that there is a furious riot, and they draw on one another. When the servants have come in and everything is perfectly safe, Bobadil is taken with a violent desire to run Downright through the body, and is with difficulty prevented. Kitely appears on the scene and the rioters go out. The ladies stand up for Young

Knowell, particularly Mrs. Kately. Kately at once sets him down for her lover. Then the scene changes, for no particular reason, to Cob's house, where he and his wife exchange some purposeless blackguardisms. Here Young Knowell tells Wellborn that he loves his sister Bridget, and Wellborn promises that he shall marry her. We come again to old Knowell, and find him with his own servant Brainworm, whom he has again hired in disguise, it will be remembered, not knowing him to be his own groom. The cross-purposes are, of course, very amusing. Brainworm, in his character of Fitzsword, tells Old Knowell that his son is to meet a woman at Cob's house. Knowell determines to prevent this. He having gone, Brainworm gets hold of Formal, Justice Clement's clerk, and cheats him. Next we have Bobadil lying furiously with his astonishing plan for killing forty thousand of the enemy every year by the prac-

tice of duelling. He expresses his intention of beating Downright, but on the appearance of that gentleman, turns out to be an arrant coward. Downright beats him, and exit, leaving his cloak. Master Stephen takes it, saying that he will say he bought it. Kitely gets more absurd, and fancies that he is poisoned. Brainworm enters, disguised in the clothes of Formal (Justice Clement's clerk); he gets Kitely to go out on a false errand, and then Wellborn causes him to make an appointment with Young Knowell to meet his sister Bridget and himself at the Tower. Mrs. Kitely hears her husband talking of Cob, and Wellborn persuades her that he has an assignation there. She goes after him; he returns in a rage at having been sent for to Justice Clement's for nothing, and finds her gone. He follows, furious, Wellborn having told him whither she is gone. Then Mathewand Bobadil meet Brainworm

disguised as Formal, and try to get a sum of money out of him for a warrant to arrest Downright, but they have only twopence between them. Mathew gives him his money, and Bobadil his silk stockings.

There is a general rendezvous before Cob's house. Old Knowell comes there after his son, Mrs. Kately after her husband, and Kately after his wife. She spies her husband, and flies at him, accusing him of coming there for no good, and calling him every name she can lay her tongue to. He, thinking her a lost woman, tells her so. But the absurdity of the situation lies in the fact that the virtuous and innocent Old Knowell is charged by the jealous Kately as having met his wife there by appointment. They move off to the justices. Meanwhile all kinds of absurdities occur from Stephen having stolen and worn Downright's cloak. Stephen is taken to the justices for theft. Here all the charac-

ters are at last assembled, and the explanations are given, and every one is satisfied. Instead of following the last scene to the end, we will, with the reader's leave, do exactly what most old playgoers do as soon as they see how matters will end, take our hats and go out, leaving the curtain to come down.

We have been purposely prolix over the play for more than one reason. In the first place it was Ben Jonson's unaided effort, and it made his fortune. In the second place it is the least painful of his plays ; and in the third, it represents him at his best as a writer of *acting* comedy. "Every Man in his Humour" may be said to be the best constructed of all his plays, with the exception of "Bartholomew Fair," that strange medley of farce and of something we do not name now. We see, in spite of the wild lurid effort of "Volpone" and the delicious absurdity of the "Alchemist," a

steady decadence in *construction* from the first of his plays. His career was very much like that of some other authors: he suddenly made a great name, and then wrote carelessly; he found that his reputation was waning, and made furious efforts to retrieve it. He tried the styles of other people, as in "Sejanus"; it was no good. He tried to revert into his own first style; that was no good either—it was too late.

"The tender grace of a day that is dead
Shall never come back to me."

In "Every Man out of his Humour," we find some really powerful writing, though apt to grow bombastic. We have (we suppose) the bad taste to admire this passage beyond measure:

"Would to Heaven,
In wreck of my misfortunes, I were turned
To some fair water-nymph, that, set upon
The deepest whirlpit of the ravening seas,
Mine adamantine eyes might headlong bale
The iron world to me, and drown it all."

Oh, Rare Ben Jonson, indeed, when you write like that!

“Cynthia’s Revels” and the “Poetaster” bring on one of the greatest quarrels of Jonson’s life. In the former piece Marston and Decker considered themselves held up to ridicule in two characters, and headed an attack on Jonson, the rank and file of which consisted of all whose vanity or ill-conscience made them consider that they were alluded to. Jonson at once gave battle, and, that there should be no mistake in the matter, introduced his two enemies into the “Poetaster” as Crispinus and Demetrius, while Decker answered with an attack on Jonson in “The Satiromastix.” These pieces may once have been lively in consequence of their personal scurrility, but the key is lost to all but a very few, and they are very dull reading to the general world. The same, we think, may be said of a great deal of “Sejanus,” by most people

considered to be Jonson's greatest effort ; he wrote it because he had become disgusted with comedy : not only because he began to be unsuccessful in it, but because it led him into such continual quarrels. We are afraid, in spite of all Mr. Gifford may say, that Jonson was an extremely quarrelsome person. Tragedy at first smiled upon him no better than comedy, for "Sejanus" in the beginning was a failure ; afterwards, however, it was re-written, and given to the world in its present form : it is greatly better than Addison's "Cato," and has some splendid passages—for example, the description of the mutilation of the corpse of Sejanus has been rarely surpassed in lurid horror and magnificence.

What shall we say of "Volpone"—of the brain which dreamt the hideous dream, and of the hand that penned it, with all its *entourage* of dwarfs, eunuchs, and worse and worse? In the prologue he tells us

that it was written in five weeks ; for it appears that some of his enemies had condemned some of his previous plays because he had " been a year about them." A singular reason for condemnation, indeed ! Volpone is the worst wretch ever depicted on the stage ; he is handsome, has much wealth, and pretends to more. In his private life among his favourites he revels in luxurious vice, is a Domitian or a De Retz, but gives out to the world that he is dying. As he is childless, every parasite in Venice hopes to be his heir, and overwhelms him with favours. Mosca, his favourite rogue, assures each in turn that he is the fortunate one, and never hesitates at anything ; the gulls are quite as unprincipled as the cheat, and at last the jealously honourable merchant, Corvino, is led to consent to a piece of rascality which cannot be hinted at here. At length Volpone goes, for his own purposes, to the length of sham-

ming dead, and making Mosca, his creature, the heir : Volpone enjoying, concealed, with fiendish delight, the disappointment of his parasites, and the way in which Mosca taunts and insults them with the sight of their own presents to his supposed late master. But Volpone cannot now come to life again, and having made over his property to Mosca, is utterly in that rogue's power. In the last scene, when Volpone, disguised, has by his very extravagance of useless mischief got himself in danger, Mosca can serve him by recognising him, but refuses in a whisper to do so under one-half of the property, then under three-fourths, then refuses altogether. Volpone, seeing himself ruined, discovers himself, confesses, and drags the false Mosca down into a ruin ten times more hideous than his own—Mosca to the galleys for life, the luxuriously soft-living Volpone to end his life heavily ironed in the filthy dungeons of the Incurables.

The "Alchemist" is the best known of Jonson's plays, and is to a certain extent on the same plan. A gentleman, frightened at the plague, goes away and leaves his house in town ; his servant left in charge, assisted by the Alchemist, Subtle, a charlatan, use it for every kind of chicanery, and swindling. Everything goes well until their schemes are sent to the wind by the arrival of their master. It is very fine when Lovewit, the owner of the house, arrives. His neighbours tell him that his house has been the resort of hundreds of people, and, on knocking at it, it is opened by his own butler, who swears that not a soul has been near it, but that he has shut it up for the plague. By degrees matters are explained with great fun, and of the two rogues the butler is forgiven and the Alchemist escapes.

It would be useless for us to follow Jonson's plays much further. " Bartholomew

“Fair” is not only witty, but tolerably well constructed; it is, however, infinitely coarser than the coarsest thing which Smollett ever wrote, which is going pretty far. It was written in 1614, and soon followed by “The Devil is an Ass,” which describes how a young inexperienced devil gets leave from Satan to go to London to try his tricks upon Christians. He, however, finds them not only more wide awake, but rather worse than himself. It is not a very dull play; and you can read it through without any great difficulty for a second or third time; whereas we honestly confess that it is possible to stick fast in the “Staple of News,” after two attempts with a long interval between them. The last play we shall notice, is “The Tale of a Tub,” the last piece which Jonson ever brought on the stage. It is, in our opinion, by no means his worst, but very readable, utterly wanting, however, in the marvellous wit of

Swift's satire with the same name. Oddly enough, the scene is in the country, between what is now King's Cross, the end of Tottenham Court Road, and Kentish Town. The priest is Vicar of St. Pancras; the various characters come from Kilburn, Belsize, and Hampstead. The Kentish Town mentioned so often in Ben Jonson is probably that part called now the Grove, which must have overlooked the Fleet stream, as one gathers from the local names—"Angler's Lane" and "Fleet Road." The upper parts of Kentish Town, towards Kenwood and Dartmouth Park, must have been very beautiful; indeed, Millfield Lane, on the upper borders of it, is one of the most beautiful spots within many miles of London at the present day.

To return to Jonson's life very shortly. Shakespeare died in 1616, at the age of 52; and we know, when all is sifted, not much of Jonson's relations with him. He

told Drummond little or nothing apparently; if he did, Drummond kept it carefully to himself. But we have no intention of entering into the exasperating Drummond-Jonson squabble : Professor Masson, who possesses the singular talent—a talent, nowadays, which seems to belong only to him, that of being at one time exhaustive and amusing in his treatment of a subject—has told us all we shall ever find out about the celebrated Hawthornden visit. He excuses Drummond as far as he can. We are rather inclined to side with Gifford and Barry Cornwall. At all events, Jonson exhibited no malignity against Shakespeare, and we doubt if he felt any. We suspect that the truth about Jonson's enemies lies in a nutshell. He was ill-tempered, coarse, and rude, as great a bully in conversation as his namesake Samuel, and though many people hated him there is no proof whatever that he hated anybody. He thought

certain people fools, and he told Drummond so, not to mention many other people quite as indiscreet as Drummond ; he thought himself a far greater man than he was, as far as regards dramatic writing, for, like most geniuses, he was most tender on his weakest point. If he had claimed to be a great lyric poet, no one would have denied it, but he insisted on being what he never was, a great writer of plays ; he vilipended other play writers, but there is no proof that he hated them. Honest to a fault, he would certainly have shown his hatred of Shakespeare had it existed. We are coming to the things which no one reads now, but by which Jonson should stand or fall, his poems, containing exquisite snatches, but sadly unequal. Among these, is any more exquisite than this ?

“ This figure that thou here seest put
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut.
Wherein the graver had a strife
With Nature, to outdo the life :

O could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass as he hath hit
The face, the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass ;
But since he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture but his book."

This simply shows, what has been shown a dozen times before, that Jonson not only had no envy of Shakespeare, but was proud of him. We have quoted it in preference to the other ode on Shakespeare, as it does not happen to be known to every school-boy. The longer ode, for fulsome flattery, overtops everything which we could say of the greatest man of all time, or that Addison could say of the Duke of Marlborough, which is going a long way.

Jonson's life after Shakespeare's death is singularly uninteresting. He had the usual ups and downs of a literary man somewhat given to pleasure, probably more of the downs than the ups, but the world did not treat him so very badly after all. He was "careless either to gain or keep," as Drum-

mond remarks with his Scotch shrewdness, but in spite of wretched health, and writing against time on a steadily falling reputation, he seems to have kept a house over his head, and according to Howell, "a year before his death, had good company, excellent cheer, choice wines, and a jovial welcome" at a solemn supper to which Howell was invited. Ben Jonson went to his grave with no great case against the world !

He was great as a tavern bully ; not by any means a Bobadil, a Hilting, a Cutting, or any other of his favourite cut-throat cowards, but an interminable talker to a circle of admirers. No doubt that there were splendid times at the " Mermaid," but we are rather glad that we were not there after Shakespeare had left ; because we are very much afraid that Ben Jonson, without Shakespeare to keep him in order, would have been a sad bore, and it seems that no one ever contradicted him. Unless he could

talk twenty times more brilliantly than he ever wrote, he must have been dull at all times—save and except always in the case of the slang of the day. There we, who cannot follow half his allusions, can see that he was even Shakespeare's master in mere detail. For instance, Shakespeare gives us an exquisite little crystal of the combined wit and slang of Miss Tear-sheet, when she calls Falstaff "a tidy little Bartholomew boar pig" (that, by the way, is one of the wittiest things ever said, it is exactly what Falstaff was *not*, and there are inner lights in it which we could not analyse). Jonson takes the Bartholomew pig and writes a play upon it, containing all the slang of the day; at least there cannot be much more than is contained in 'Bartholomew Fair.' Half a dozen words of Shakespeare's were worth fifty of Jonson's. Nay more: a very clever and not badly-constructed play is written by

Jonson on Bartholomew pigs ; and yet there is not one line or passage in it which makes one laugh like the one saying of Miss Tearsheet, "a tidy little Bartholomew boar pig." Jonson knew more of the low London life than Shakespeare, but he revels in it, and is so diffuse that he misses his aim ; Shakespeare knew enough of it, and crystallized it. "I got him in Paul's, he is gone to buy me a horse in Smithfield : now if I could get me a wife in the Stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived !"

Ben Jonson, then, was a second-rate comic writer, and a third-class tragic writer. He had no idea of guiding his life, such as he would have got from a good father ; he had none of those indescribable graces, thoughts, sensations, which almost always come from the habitual company of a good mother, at the time when the mind is most plastic for good or evil. He was quarrelsome, vain, and disparaging of others ; with

ten times the classical learning of Shakespeare he made not half the use of it in anything that has lived. Amiable? yes, to those who would flatter him. Generous? we have no record of it—he was too profuse to be generous. Only a bear with genius. So we come to the end of Ben Jonson's character, according to Malone, Decker, Aubrey, Whalley, and the host of writers who so infuriate Mr. Gifford. But we always read his memoir of Ben Jonson with the impression that he (Mr. Gifford) was tearing the hair out of his head in anger while he wrote. Mr. Gifford and Barry Cornwall make little better of him after all. Shall we end, then, by saying that Ben Jonson was all *this* and no more?

What, then, makes one's face redden and one's eyes glisten when his name is mentioned? Why, a certain fact which his biographers all omit to state, and leave it for us. The fact is this: turn from the

general view of his plays to particular passages in his masques and poems, and you find that Ben Jonson was occasionally—very seldom, we allow—one of the most exquisite poets who ever wrote in our or any other language. To read his poems is like walking in an English meadow in May time; here a cowslip, there a fading primrose, now a bold oxlip, now a purple orchid; you find a dull-coloured, half-toned green at one time, at another a tall, flaunting spike of loose-strife or a golden caltha. Above and over this natural garden fly thoughts and fancies, some like heavy-laden bees, some like vague gaudy butterflies.

He was a brute, says Drummond! But can *he* match this?

“ Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver?
Or swan’s-down ever?

Or have you smelt the bud of the briar ?
Or the nard on the fire ?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee ?
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she !”

The Princess of Wales had no better
welcome, if as good, as this to his Queen :

“ What charming peals are these,
That while they bind the senses do so please ?
They are the marriage rites,
Of two, the choicest pair of man's delights,
Music and poesy,
French art and English verse here wedded be.
Who did the knot compose,
Again hath brought the lily to the rose,
And with their charmed dance
Re-celebrates the joyful match with France.
They are a school to win
The fair French daughter to learn English in ;
And graced with her song
To make the language sweet upon her tongue.”

Many other beautiful passages might be added, but we only give one or two which are least familiar. To sum up all, Jonson sinks immeasurably beside Shakespeare, and was as incapable of writing “ *Lycidas* ” or the “ *Christmas Hymn* ” as we are. He

has got a reputation infinitely beyond his merits, and that on wrong grounds ; at one time one praises him, at another time one puts down one's pen in disgust. On the whole, the best thing we can liken him to is an English meadow, with a flower here and there ; when you do get a flower, however, it is a real gem.

The greatest gems are probably to be found in his "Masques." Perhaps it would not be uninteresting to give a slight notice of some of them. The introduction to the "Masque of Blackness" gives us a very good idea of Ben Jonson's stilted prose with its learning, and its eternal self-consciousness and self-assertion.

"The honour and splendour of these spectacles was such in the performance, as, could those hours have lasted, this of mine now had been most unprofitable work. But when it is the fate even of the greatest and most absolute births to need and

borrow a life of posterity, little had been done to study the magnificence in these, if presently, with the rage of the people, who (as a part of greatness) are privileged by custom to deface the carcasses, the spirits had also perished. In duty, therefore, to that Majesty who gave them their authority and grace, and no less than the most royal of predecessors deserves eminent celebration of these solemnities, I add this later hand to redeem them as well from ignorance as envy, two common evils, the one of censure, the other of oblivion."

What the above means we never exactly made out, in spite of Gifford,—it may be subtle, but the key is lost.

Before each Masque Ben Jonson gives us an elaborate account of the scenery, dresses, and stage directions and machinery, which shows that the stage carpenter and costumier's art had advanced with rapid strides in twenty years. We could, from

his description, not very much surpass some of the transformation scenes now, *ex unâ disce omnes*, or nearly so.

“The masquers were placed in a great concave shell, like mother-of-pearl, curiously made to move on those waters, and rise with the billow. The top thereof was stuck with a cheveron of lights; on the sides of the shell did swim six huge sea-monsters, varied in their shape and disposition, bearing on their backs the twelve torch-bearers who were planted, there in several Graces, so as the backs of some were seen; some in purple (profile) or side: others in face, and all having their lights burning out of whelks or murex shells. The scenes behind seemed a vast sea, and united to this which flowed forth; from the termination or horizon of which (being on the level of the state which were placed in the upper end of the hall) was drawn, by the line of prospective, the whole work

shooting downward from the eye—to which was added an obscure and cloudy night-piece, that made the whole set off. So much of the bodily part, which was of Master Inigo Jones' design and art."

This masque cost the Court, or rather the Exchequer, £3,000, and was played on Twelfth-night, 1605, at Whitehall. Now, who were the masquers described above in the splendid shell, some with their backs towards you, some in full face, some in profile? They left the shell and came dancing on shore before the audience; again, who were they? Were they the children of the Royal Chapel? Were they the boys from the taverns about Blackfriars, or who were these antic performers who came dancing in couples on the stage, waving boughs and drums, and putting naked feet on a river? "Here they danced with their men several measures and corantos." Were they Nautch girls? Hold

your breath : they were the Queen of England, the Countess of Bedford, Lady Herbert (of Cherbury), the Countess of Derby, Lady Rich, and the Countess of Suffolk ! Whitehall saw another sight forty-four years after, when Charles the First—now a child of five, watching his mother dancing—was led out of that hall to die. One is perforce reminded of poor Marie Antoinette and the theatricals at the Petit Trianon, although the parallel does not quite hold good, for the Queen of England did not suffer in her own person, but in that of her son.

There is nothing in the libretto of this Masque which is worth preserving ; the song which the Queen joins in after the dance is such sad rubbish that we really do not care to write it down.

There is something horrible about a certain fact in the “Masque of Beauty.” At one point twelve of the greatest ladies in the land come on the stage in fantastic

dresses to be received by Æolus, Boreas, Belzebub, or some one whom the weariness of memory cannot recall. Who are the first two who come tripping in, hand in hand, mincing and ambling? Why, Anne of Denmark and *Lady Arabella Stewart*. The irony of history can go no further: did the poor imprisoned lunatic at intervals of her raving ever remember the time when she had held herself in this mummery with the Queen of England posturing before her wretched husband? She had her revenge on the Queen.

“Spretà uxore, Ganymedes amore.”

It is said wickedly that this Queen's father made her husband drunk, and that he never succeeded in getting sober again.

Here is the Irish dialect of those days, a specimen of which may not be uninteresting,—it is from the “Irish Masque.”

“Phat is te meaning o' tish, Donnell?”

Didsh tou not shay a Gotsh name, I should tell by tale for tee? and entreat me come to te court, and leave me tare at shiede and seven?" (we do not make the last few words out) "by Got! ish true now?"

We like our beloved Peggy O'Dowd better, when she tells us about her "gould repayther with a tone aqual to a cathay-dral, given to me by me fawther as I stip-ped into the carge after me marge;" or when she says that "Jarge was a wicked divvle." It is possible that neither Shakespeare nor Jonson knew the Irish dialect of that time as well as we do that of the present, through Lever, Glover, Thackeray, and some Irish members.

If the "Masque of The Honour of Wales," had its additions made 1619, Jonson must have been familiar with both Fluellin and Sir Hugh Evans. We can, therefore, compare his Welsh with Shakespeare's, and say that although he knew

Welsh (as he did every other language) better than Shakespeare, yet he was unable to conceive a Welsh character so well. We give all praise to Evan, but he is not up to the man he was copied from ; there is the same fussy irritability, but somehow he is not the same man, or one nearly as good. Evan has been insulted in fun by another Welshman before King James I.

Evan. " Well, I can be patient I trust, I trust ; it is in a presence," (he is before the King) " I presume, that loves no quarrels, nor replies, nor the lies, nor the challenge, nor the duels : but—— I will do my byssiness now, and will make this a byssiness for another days hereafter—— please youre Madestee—— By Got ! I am out of my tempers terribly well, Got forgive me, and pyt me in my selvè again. How does your Highness—— I know not a oord or a syllable, what I say : is do me dat vexatious."

That is very good ; Ben Jonson has caught the hurried, heated, Celtic way of thinking and arguing, which the Welsh have ; more observable when they are speaking in English, that is to say, thinking in one language and speaking in another. But under this clever imitation of Shakespeare, there underlies no such character as Sir Hugh Evans, or Fluellin. Ben Jonson was sentimentally incapable of understanding Sir Hugh Evans ; the man who was always in a state of simple, kindly, and yet sometimes irritable, wonder, at the folly of the people at Windsor ; the man who was eternally trying to make peace among the English savages ; to whom Sir John Falstaff was a great fact, which he could not master ;—why go on ?—the puzzled relations between Sir Hugh Evans and Sir John Falstaff were utterly beyond Ben Jonson's reach.

And, again, however good Ben Jonson's

Welsh is, we miss that marvellous undistributed middle term of Fluellin, of which Shakespeare makes so much. Jonson's few Welsh characters are absurd, but they are soulless fools. Shakespeare's two will retain the reverence and love of Saxons for all time. We can laugh at Fluellin, when he casts logic to the winds, and ends an argument by saying in defiance of all laws of argument, "there is a river in Macedon and a river in Monmouth, and there is salmons in both;" but we are obliged to say—

"There is much care and valour in this Welshman."

Ben Jonson's Welshmen are idiots. We will give some verses out of the Masques, those which please us best, not generally quoted.

From the "Gipsies Metamorphosis."

"The faery beam upon you,
The stars to glister on you;

A moon of light,
In the noon of night,*
Till the fire-drake hath o'ergone you,
The Wheel of Fortune guide you,
The boy with the bow beside you.
Run aye in the way,
Till the bird of day
And the luckier lot betide you."

In the "Hue and Cry after Cupid," there are many very pretty verses ; the Epithalamium is beautiful in its way, but so hopelessly coarse that we cannot find one verse which would not give offence. The hopeless immodesty about it is not entirely Jonson's fault, any more than the utter paganism. The Duke of Lennox, Lord Arundell, and eight other noblemen and gentlemen, sang verses composed by Jonson, so erotically suggestive that we cannot reproduce them. The Masque was on the occasion of Lord Haddington's marriage ! there were engaged in it five English noble-

* Cribbed by Byron—

"When in the noon of night their pibroch shrills."

men, and seven Scottish. It cost them
£300 a man.

From "Pleasure reconciled to Virtue :"

" An eye of looking back were well,
Or any murmur that would tell
Your thoughts, how you were sent
And went
To walk with Pleasures, not to dwell.

" These, these, are hours by Virtue spared,
Herself, she being her own reward,
But she will have you know,
That though
Her sports be soft, her life is hard.

" You must return unto the hill,
And there advance
With labour, and inhabit still,
The height and crown,
From whence you ever may look down,
Upon triumphed chance."

We can only hope, in conclusion, that our readers will not be very angry with us when we say that we hope that we have not made our readers so heartily tired of Ben Jonson as some abler persons than ourselves have confessed themselves to be.

We have tried to do our best by him, but after balancing the judgments of very many critics, we are forced to the conclusion that his current reputation is far beyond his merits. Practically, as a familiar British classic, he is dead.

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