ENGLISH LITERATURE

FOR UNIVERSITY AND SUPPLEMENTAL EXAMINATIONS

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

GOLDSMITH'S CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

1882-3

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EXTRACTS

FROM

THE SYLLABUS.

The following extracts from the recent Syllabus of the University of Toronto define the scope and character of the examinations in English literature and composition:

POETICAL LITERATURE.

The object of the papers for both pass and honors will be to determine whether the candidate understands and appreciates the author's meaning. This involves the careful study of the form in which the author expresses himself. Paraphrasing, derivation, synonyms, proper names and historical points, figurative language, sentence and paragraph structure, and metrical form, will all be considered solely from this point of view. The biography of the writers and the history of the periods in which they lived, will be dealt with in this connection only in so far as they may have affected the meaning or the form of the texts prescribed. The candidate will also be expected to have memorized the finest passages.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION AND PROSE LITERATURE.

For pass and honours: the framing of sentences and paragraphs; paraphrasing of prose; expansion and contraction of prose passages; synonyms; correction of errors; the elements and qualities of style; themes based upon the prose literature prescribed; the critical study of the prose literature prescribed, involving the study of the merits and defects of the author's language, sentences and paragraphs. On this subject no special paper will be submitted for honors, but in the pass paper there will be for honors a few questions of a more difficult character than some of those set for pass.

THE

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE, CRITICAL INTRODUCTION,

MAP OF SCOTT-LAND,

AND

NOTES.

BY

J. E. WETHERELL, B.A.

SELECTIONS

FROM

GOLDSMITH'S CITIZEN OF THE WORLD,

WITH

ANNOTATIONS AND LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

BY

T. C. L. ARMSTRONG, M.A., LL.B.

REQUIRED FOR UNIVERSITY AND DEPARTMENTAL EXAMINATIONS, 1888-9.

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PREFACE.

How shall English literature be taught is one of the most important questions now under the consideration of educationists. Although to such a question there can be no final answer, still there is a marked approach towards unanimity among those who have revolted from the almost profitless methods of the past, and who are seeking to exalt English literature to its proper place as a branch of knowledge and as a means of culture. Instead of regarding the masterpieces of our language as a fine field for grammatical and philological exercitation, the new vogue regards them as the outpourings of genius and the expressions of art, and directs attention, firstly and chiefly, to the author's message; secondly, to the striking features and devices of the artistic medium that conveys the message; and thirdly, to the remote and the immediate causes that developed or influenced the author's literary genius, thus affecting the cast and the coloring of his message. What the author has to say to us is, of course, the main thing for consideration; but how he speaks to us, and why he speaks to us, are questions of vital importance, if we wish to enjoy the full effects of his message.

This edition of Scott's "Lay," it will be seen, follows the new line of literary study which has been prescribed by the University of Toronto and adopted by the other Universities and the Education Department of the Province. Different masters will no doubt use the book in different ways, but whatever modes of treatment may be adopted, all, as far as our schools are concerned, must tend to the object defined in the Syllabus of the University.

The biographical chapter contains a full account of the causes that led to the development of the romantic poetry of the present century, and examines the literary, political, social and moral environment of the poet up to the date of the production of the "Lay." It would be well for the pupil to give this chapter a careful perusal before he reads the poem itself, in order that he may have a general notion of the conditions under which the work of art was produced. It will be necessary thereafter to make frequent use of the biographical chapter, whenever an examination of the poet's environment will throw light on the text.

The explanatory notes which usually run hand in hand with the critical notes have, in the present edition, been assigned to a separate place. These expository and historical notes are intended for the use of the pupil in his first reading of the poem.

The Critical Introduction is intended mainly for the use of the teacher. In the detailed analysis of the finer passages of the poem, the various topics considered in the twenty-eight sections of this Introduction will need to be discussed. When the pupil has been brought to see the poet's art in the poem itself, a reference to the Critical Introduction will serve to fix his knowledge and to familiarize him with the rhetorical nomenclature. When the study of the poem has been completed, the pupil's critical knowledge may then be systematized by reading the Introduction in course.

An exhaustive critical study of the opening lines of the poem has been attempted in order to show one way in which the Critical Introduction may be employed by the teacher. It will be neither possible nor desirable to treat many passages so exhaustively.

The Questions and Opinions will be found serviceable at various stages in the pupil's progress through the poem.

THE

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL,

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE, CRITICAL INTRODUCTION,

MAP OF SCOTT-LAND,

AND

NOTES.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE.

Poeta nascitur non fit has had immemorial acceptance, and yet it is a most fallacious adage. Without the poetic instinct no one, it is true, has ever become a poet, but to ascribe everything to native genius is to belie the literary history of all the great poets of the world. Birth counts for much, but the environment and the epoch are of equal importance. We shall see this strikingly exemplified in the case of Scott. The stars were propitious at his birth, but the favorable surroundings of the "poetic child" in the plastic period of youth, and the powerful literary impulses that had sway at the close of the last century must not be overlooked, in studying the evolution of those metrical romances of which "The Lay" was the first in the order of production, as it is perhaps the first in the order of literary merit.

In the following brief sketch of the poet's life, only those circumstances will be noted that throw light on his poetry, or that influenced the growth and bias of his poetic powers. As Scott's character in all its main features was formed and finished very early, a due share of attention will be devoted to his boyhood.

Scott was born in Edinburgh on the 15th of August, 1771. He was connected with ancient Scottish families, both on his father's and on his mother's side. His great-grandfather was Walter Scott, well known in Teviotdale by the name of *Beardie*, whose great-grandfather was another Walter Scott, *Auld Watt* of Harden. The poet had thus a good genealogy for a Border Minstrel.

Scott's father was a "Writer to the Signet,"—much the same as an English attorney. His mother was Anne Rutherford, eldest daughter of Dr. Rutherford, professor of medicine in Edinburgh University. His father was a man of high spirit and lofty principle, regulating his household in religious matters with all the formality of a Presbyterian precisian of the old school. The elder Fairford in "Redgauntlet" is a thin disguise of Scott's own father. The popular notion that a son's

characteristics and distinctions are to be ascribed to a mother's qualities, receives some confirmation from the case of Scott. His mother had a light and happy temper, a devout spirit, and a cultured mind. She was noted for her skill in story-telling, and for her extensive acquaintance with English literature, especially in the fields of poetry and fiction.

Walter was the ninth of twelve children, only five of whom lived beyond early youth. Several of the family appear to have had unusual talents, the eldest son, Robert, having a strong turn for literature. Walter shewed every sign of health and strength till he was about eighteen months old, when a fever brought on a lameness which never left him. In his third year the boy was sent for free air and exercise to the country to live with his paternal grandfather, at Sandy Knowe on the Tweed, near Kelso. The boy spent several years in this romantic district, where "every field has its battle and every rivulet its song." To this happy period the poet refers in "Marmion" (Int. III.):—

"And feelings roused in life's first day,
Glow in the line and prompt the lay.
* * * *
Yet was poetic impulse given,
By the green hill and clear blue heaven.
It was a barren scene and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green.
* * * *
And ever by the winter hearth,
Old tales I heard of woe or mirth;
Of lovers' sleights, of ladies' charms,
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms;
Of patriot battles, won of old
By Wallace wight, and Bruce the bold;
Of later fields of feud and fight,
When pouring from their Highland height,
The Scottish clans in headlong sway,
Had swept the scarlet ranks away.
While stretched at length upon the floor,
Again I fought each combat o'er,
Pebbles and shells in order laid,
The mimic ranks of war displayed;
And onward still the Scottish lion bore,
And still the scattered Southron fled before.
* * * * *
For I was wayward, bold and wild,
A self-willed imp, a grandame's child;
But half a plague and half a jest,
Was still endured, beloved, caressed."

In these early days his grandmother and his aunt, Miss Janet Scott, had charge of him, and to them we are indebted for fostering the "poetic impulse." Up to the age of seven or eight, Walter lived at Sandy Knowe, making occasional excursions to Edinburgh, and spending part of a year in Bath for his health. We learn much about the literary predilections of this youthful prodigy in the opening chapters of "Waverley," which Scott himself tells us contain many reminiscences of his own boyhood. He was allowed to learn as he pleased, what he pleased, and when he pleased. He drove through the sea of books like a vessel without a pilot or a rudder. He read Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton. He dived into the earlier dramatists and the old historical chronicles. He was carried away by the dazzling and heart-stirring descriptions of Froissart. It may be thought that these pursuits of young Waverley must surely belong to a later period in the life of Scott, perhaps to the Kelso days, or even later. However this may be, the poet tells us in his autobiography that before he was seven years old he read aloud to his mother Pope's translation of Homer, and he expresses the opinion that children derive powerful impulses from hearing and reading things which they cannot entirely comprehend. He tells us, further, that the wonderful and the terrible in Pope roused his childish enthusiasm, and that, without intending it, he got by heart a large number of the passages he liked most.

After his seventh year Scott lived, till his marriage, with his father in Edinburgh. In 1778 he entered the High School, which he attended for four or five years. His school reputation was one of irregular ability. He tells us that he glanced like a meteor from one end of his class to the other. He made a brighter figure in the yards than in the class. His uniform good nature and his tales, which were largely the product of his ready imagination, made him very popular with his classmates. Much of the time of the boys was devoted to classical study. Scott never took kindly to Greek; in fact, he tells us that in after life he could not say the alphabet: but in Latin he attained a high degree of proficiency. He could read any Latin author of any age so as to catch the meaning without difficulty. His teachers frequently praised him for the unerring precision with which he caught the meaning and spirit of the text. His Latin course led him through Cæsar, Livy, Sallust, Virgil, Hor-

ace, Terence. In his last year at the High School he made some very successful translations from Horace and Virgil.

During his High School course Scott spent six months with his aunt, Janet Scott, at Kelso. It is perhaps to these days that many of the references in "Waverley" apply. All his time, with the exception of a few hours each day in the Grammar School of Kelso, was given to English literature. History, poetry, voyages, travels, fairy tales, eastern stories, romances, were devoured with avidity. Ossian and Spenser in these days were his delight. "I could have read Spenser forever," he tells us. "The quantity of Spenser's stanzas I could repeat was marvellous." Scott's phenomenal memory gave him an early command of language. With him, to like a passage of poetry, a play-house ditty, or a Border-raid ballad, was to remember it.

It was about this time that Scott became acquainted with that wonderful book, Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry,"—a book whose influence on English literature, and indeed on Continental literature, can never be estimated. Scott himself gives us a lively account of the effect that the first reading of the "Reliques" had upon him. "I remember well the spot where I read these volumes for the first time. It was beneath a large platanus-tree, in the ruins of what had been intended for an old-fashioned arbour. The summer day sped onward so fast that, notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, I forgot the hour of dinner, was sought for with anxiety, and was still found entranced in my intellectual banquet. Henceforth I overwhelmed my school-fellows and all who would hearken to me, with tragical recitations from the ballads of Bishop Percy. The first time, too, I could scrape a few shillings together, I bought unto myself a copy of these beloved volumes; nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently or with half the enthusiasm."

During this happy period at Kelso, Scott became acquainted with the novels of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett. To this period also the poet afterwards traced the awakening of the delightful feeling for the beauties of external nature, whose sway he always continued to feel. The neighborhood of Kelso was one of the most beautiful in Scotland. From this time forward the love of natural beauty, especially when associated with ancient ruins, became with Scott an insatiable passion.

In his thirteenth year Scott was sent to the College of Edinburgh. Here, strange to say, he made the greatest progress in mathematics, ethics, philosophy, and history.

In his fourteenth year he entered his father's office as an apprentice. He tells us that his desk usually contained a store of miscellaneous volumes, especially works of fiction. During his early apprentice days he and his friend Irving used to compose romances for each other's amusement. These were read during their walks among the most solitary and romantic districts in the vicinity of Edinburgh. Even their holidays were spent in this odd pastime. About the same time Scott began to collect old ballads. These two or three years had no small effect in directing his imagination to the chivalrous and the romantic in poetry and prose. His researches led him to a knowledge of French, Spanish and Italian. He became familiar with Froissart, with Cervantes, with Tasso, Ariosto, and Dante. He "fastened like a tiger" on every collection of old songs that he stumbled on in whatever language.

It was in his sixteenth year that Scott met and was noticed by Burns, for whom he ever afterwards retained a deep feeling of reverence. It is somewhat remarkable that no clear trace of Burns's influence can be detected in Scott's poems; as, however, it was Burns who in the north raised the taste for simple poetry to something like a passion, Scott's simple style may owe something to him.

His five years' apprenticeship with his father ended in 1789, the date of the outbreak of the French revolution. The next three years he devoted to legal studies, attending the regular lectures in law at Edinburgh University, where David Hume was then the regular lecturer on Scotch law. After three years of "stern, steady, undeviating industry," Scott assumed the advocate's gown at the age of twenty-one.

To an early affection belonging to this period we owe some of the tenderest pages of "The Lay," and of "Rokeby." The heroine in each of these works has certain distinctive features "drawn from one and the same haunting dream." After four years of self-deception, his dream was dispelled by the marriage of Miss Margaret Stuart Belches to another. A sentence from "Peveril of the Peak" may be quoted here:—"It is these little passages of secret history which leave a tinge of romance in every bosom, scarce permitting us, even in the most busy or

the most advanced period of life, to listen with total indifference to a tale of true love."

In his twenty-third year he began what he called his "raids" into Liddesdale. For seven seasons in succession he visited this romantic district, exploring every rivulet and every ruined peel, observing the wild manners of the natives, and noting down every anecdote and every ballad that he heard. Liddesdale has been called "the nursery-ground of his genius." At any rate, to these rambles we owe the "Minstrelsy of the Border." "He was *makin' himself* a' the time," as a friend of his said, "but he didna ken may be what he was about till years had passed: at first he thought o' little I dare say but the queerness and the fun."

Already in Edinburgh some interest had been excited in the rising literature of Germany. Just before he began his "Liddesdale Raids" he had joined a German class, and had soon been able to taste in the original the beauties of Goethe and Schiller. The ultimate determination of his literary ambition was mainly due to the example of the great founders of the German drama and romance. In his twenty-fifth year he translated Bürger's "Lenore," and in the following year his "Wild Huntsman." About the same time he versified some lyrical fragments of Goethe.

In 1797 the fears of a French invasion were becoming every day more serious. The shock of the French revolution had disturbed all Europe; and England, having joined the monarchical alliance, which aimed at compelling France to restore the old order of things, now feared an invasion of revenge. "The revolutionary movement, which had been a few years before an inspiration to Wordsworth and Coleridge, now stirred up re-action in Scott." He regarded the revolution with aversion, as it seemed to him "merely vulgar and levelling." He had been before only a poetical Jacobite; he now became a full-fledged and fervent Tory. With all the spirit of a moss-trooper he formed the project of organizing a corps of mounted volunteers. The organization was effected, with himself as quarter-master, and the corps was accepted by the government under the designation of "The Royal Edinburgh Light Dragoons."

This was the year of Scott's marriage. On a summer tour he met at Gillsland, in Cumberland, a lively beauty who fixed his matrimonial fate. Charlotte Margaret Carpenter (or Charpen-

tier) was the daughter of a French royalist of Lyons. Meeting in August, they were married at Christmas. Scott's domestic life was a happy one, although his wife, having no great depth of character, gave him neither inspiration nor support in his literary work.

In 1798 Scott hired a cottage at Lasswade on the Esk, about six miles from Edinburgh, in the midst of some of the most romantic scenery in Scotland. The Esk region is described in "The Gray Brother":

> "Sweet are the paths, O passing sweet,
> By Esk's fair streams that run,
> O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep
> Impervious to the sun.
>
> Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
> And Roslin's rocky glen;
> Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,
> And classic Hawthornden."

In this delightful retreat were produced those original ballads which laid the foundation of his poetic fame. It was his residence at Lasswade and his consequent intimacy with the noble family of Buccleuch that gave form and color to his first great romance.

In 1799, through the aid of Lewis, who was the author of the romance called "The Monk," and who had been largely influential in stimulating the young poet's ambition in the direction of romance, Scott gained publication for his version of Goethe's tragedy, "Goetz von Berlichingen." The attempt was favorably received by the critics. "Goethe's tragedy was the first fruit of the passionate admiration for Shakespeare, which at that period made such a marked impression on the imaginative literature of Germany." The influence of Goethe on Scott seems to have been very great. As Percy's Reliques impelled him to edit the old ballads of Scotland, so "Goetz" had much to do in influencing him to attempt in his later works a more extensive treatment of the wild traditions of these ballads.

To the same year belong the poet's first serious attempts in original verse,—four beautiful ballads,—"Glenfinlas," "The Eve of St. John," "The Gray Brother," and "The Fire King."

In this year, too, Scott was appointed Sheriff of Selkirk, with £300 a year. The territory was in great part the property of the Duke of Buccleuch, through whose influence the position had been secured for the poet. As the duties of the

office were light, Scott devoted himself with renewed vigor to the editing of the Scotch ballads. This work formed his chief occupation in 1800 and 1801, his attendance at the bar and his shrieval duties sharing his attention. About this time Scott met a brother poet, James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," a son of genius, though a rude peasant.

In 1802, when Scott was thirty-one, he published the first two volumes of "The Border Minstrelsy." These volumes included about forty traditional ballads never before published, along with some of his own imitations of the old ballad poetry. The "Minstrelsy," which first introduced Scott to the English public as an original writer, was received with admiration by the critics.

Scott had intended to introduce in the third volume of the "Minstrelsy" a long poem from his own pen,—"a kind of romance of Border chivalry in a light-horseman sort of stanza." This refers to the first draught of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." The "Lay" outgrew the dimensions originally intended, and the third volume of the "Minstrelsy" was issued without it in 1803. In this volume appeared a poem, "Cadyow Castle," containing many stanzas of high poetic merit. The projected romance, however, was not given to the world for nearly three years. The poem made progress at intervals, mostly when he was in quarters with the troop of horse, and necessarily *without his books of reference!*

The resumption of the war in 1803 after the peace of Amiens gave renewed animation to the volunteers which the repeated threats of invasion of the next two or three years did not allow to die. The feeling against the French was intense. In 1804 Scott wrote:

> "For fiercer than fierce Hengist's strain,
> More impious than the heathen Dane,
> More grasping than all grasping Rome,
> Gaul's ravening legions hither come."

Thus the "Lay" grew up amid the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," which Scott declares always gave him poignant and pleasing sensations. In the battle scene of "The Lady of the Lake" the poet reveals himself:

> "To hero bound for battle-strife,
> Or *bard of martial lay*,
> 'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
> One glance at their array!"

Scott was by blood a man of martial feelings. To him there was sublimity in the rush of cavalry and the thrill of military music. Those anonymous verses that introduce one of the chapters of "Old Mortality" give us the key to Scott's personal and poetic character:

> "Sound, sound the clarion! fill the fife!
> To all the sensual world proclaim,
> One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an age without a name."

It was during the autumn of 1803 that Scott first met Wordsworth. The English poet and his sister Dorothy had just completed their tour of the Highlands. On a morning of September the two poets met at Lasswade. Wordsworth tells us that Scott partly read and partly recited, some times in an enthusiastic kind of chant, the first four cantos of "The Lay." "The novelty of the manners, the clear picturesque descriptions, and the easy glowing energy of much of the verse greatly delighted me," writes Wordsworth. It may here be said that the English poet always regarded "The Lay" as the finest of Scott's poems.

In 1804, on account of the duties of his shrievalty, Scott moved from Lasswade to Ashestiel, on the south bank of the Tweed, near Selkirk, in a wild pastoral country, a beautiful situation for the residence of a poet.

In the first week of January, 1805, at the age of thirty-four, Scott published his first great poem, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." The wonderful enthusiasm it evoked decided that he was to devote his life to literature. Some interesting incidents in connection with the inception of the "The Lay" will be given separately.

By long study, by collecting traditions, by mixing with men of all ranks in society, by brooding over poetic thoughts and imaginative visions, Scott had now ready at hand almost all the materials on which he was to continue to work for over a quarter of a century. After delighting the world for some years with his metrical romances, of which the finest are "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," and "Rokeby," he turned to the field of prose romance, where he gained unrivalled fame by his Waverley Novels. A review of this period of varied and marvellous production need not be given here, since our main business is with "The Lay," and since all has been told that the British

public knew, or could know, of the poet when his first great poem came fresh into their hands in 1805.

THE HISTORY OF "THE LAY."

Scott himself has given us the literary history of "The Lay." Let him tell his own story :—

"Accident dictated both theme and measure. The lovely young Countess of Dalkeith, afterwards Duchess of Buccleuch, had come to the land of her husband with the desire of making herself acquainted with its traditions and customs, as well as its manners and history. . . . . Of course, where all made it a pride and pleasure to gratify her wishes, she soon heard enough of Border lore ; among others, an aged gentleman of property communicated to her ladyship the story of Gilpin Horner, a tradition in which the narrator, and many more of that country, were firm believers. The young Countess, much delighted with the legend, and the gravity and full confidence with which it was told, enjoined on me as a task to compose a ballad on the subject. Of course, to hear was to obey ; and thus the goblin story, objected to by several critics as an excrescence upon the poem, was, in fact, the occasion of its being written.

"A chance similar to that which dictated the subject, gave me also the hint of a new mode of treating it. We had at that time the lease of a pleasant cottage, near Lasswade, on the romantic banks of the Esk, to which we escaped when the vacations of the court permitted me so much leisure. Here I had the pleasure to receive a visit from Mr. Stoddart, who was at that time collecting the particulars which he afterwards embodied in his remarks on Local Scenery in Scotland. . . . He made me better acquainted than I had hitherto been with the poetic effusions which have since made the Lakes of Westmoreland, and the authors by whom they have been sung, so famous wherever the English tongue is spoken. I was already acquainted with 'Joan of Arc,' the 'Thalaba' and the 'Metrical Ballads' of Mr. Southey, which had found their way to Scotland, and were generally admired. But Mr. Stoddart, who had the advantage of personal friendship with the authors, and who possessed a strong memory with an excellent taste, was able to repeat to me many long specimens of their poetry which had not yet appeared in print. Amongst others was the striking frag-

ment called 'Christabel,' by Mr. Coleridge, which, from the singularly irregular structure of the stanzas, and the liberty which it allowed the author to adapt the sound to the sense, seemed to be exactly suited to such an extravaganza as I meditated on the subject of Gilpin Horner. As applied to comic and humorous poetry, this mescolanza of measures had been already used by Hall and others; but it was in 'Christabel' that I first found it used in serious poetry, and it is to Mr. Coleridge that I am bound to make the acknowledgment due from the pupil to his master.

"I did not immediately proceed on my projected labor, though I was now furnished with a subject, and with a structure of verse which might have the effect of novelty to the public ear, and afford the author an opportunity of varying his measure with the variations of a romantic theme. On the contrary, it was, to the best of my recollection, more than a year after Mr. Stoddart's visit, that, by way of experiment, I composed the first two or three stanzas of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.' I was shortly afterwards visited by two intimate friends whom I was in the habit of consulting on my attempts in composition, having equal confidence in their sound taste and friendly sincerity. As neither of the friends said much to me on the subject of the stanzas I showed them, before their departure, I had no doubt that their disgust had been greater than their good nature chose to express. Looking upon them, therefore, as a failure, I threw the manuscript into the fire and thought as little more as I could of the matter. Some time afterwards I met one of my two counsellors, who inquired, with considerable appearance of interest, about the progress of the romance I had commenced, and was greatly surprised at learning its fate. He confessed that neither he nor our mutual friend had been at first able to give a precise opinion on a poem so much out of the common road, but that as they walked home together to the city they had talked much on the subject, and the result was an earnest desire that I would proceed with the composition. He also added that some sort of prologue might be necessary to place the mind of the hearers in the situation to understand the poem, and recommended the adoption of such quaint mottoes as Spenser has used to announce the contents of the chapters of the 'Faery Queen.' I entirely agreed with my friendly critic in the necessity of having some sort of pitch-pipe, which might make readers aware of the object, or rather the tone, of the

publication. But I doubted whether in assuming the oracular style of Spenser's mottoes, the interpreter might not be censured as the harder to be understood of the two. I therefore introduced the old minstrel as an appropriate prolocutor, by whom 'The Lay' might be sung or spoken, and the introduction of whom, betwixt the cantos, might remind the reader at intervals, of the time, place, and circumstances of the recitation. This species of *cadre*, or frame, afterwards afforded the poem its name of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.' The work was subsequently shown to other friends during its progress, and having received their *imprimatur*, it was soon finished, proceeding at about the rate of a canto per week. There was indeed little occasion for pause or hesitation, when a troublesome rhyme might be accommodated by an alteration of the stanza, or where an incorrect measure might be remedied by a variation in the rhyme. It was finally published in 1805, and may be regarded as the first work in which the writer, who has been so voluminous, laid his claim to be considered as an original author.

"It would be great affectation not to own frankly that the author expected some success from 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.' The attempt to return to a more simple and natural style of poetry was likely to be welcomed at a time when the public had become tired of heroic hexameters, with all the buckram and binding that belong to them of later days. But whatever might have been his expectations, the result left them far behind; for among those who smiled on the adventurous minstrel were numbered the great names of William Pitt and Charles Fox. Neither was the extent of the sale inferior to the character of the judges who received the poem with approbation. Upwards of thirty thousand copies of the 'Lay' were disposed of by the trade; and the author had to perform a task difficult to human vanity, when called upon to make the necessary deductions from his own merits, in a calm attempt to account for his popularity."

It would be interesting to know what "deductions" the poet made. In accounting for the phenomenal popularity of "The Lay," we must look beyond the intrinsic merits of the poem. The fact that "The Lay" has retained for nearly a century a large measure of its original popularity, proves that it has genuine excellencies. But what special causes produced the rapturous applause with which the poem was originally received, and gave it an immediate popularity previously unequalled in

the history of literature? Circumstances must have favored the advent of such a poem.

It has been customary to trace the influences of the French Revolution in all the literature of the revolutionary epoch. The thrilling scenes of the great upheaval in France stirred all Europe:

> "Not favor'd spots alone, but the whole earth,
> The beauty wore of promise—
> . . . . The inert
> Were roused, and lively natures rapt away!"

The poets, as might be expected, were the most sensitive to the new ideas of liberty, equality and fraternity. In England, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey all joined in "the pæans of delivered France." English statesmen discovered very early, and the poets not long after, that French liberty was spurious, that the extreme of democratic licence was as terrible as the extreme of grinding despotism. Although Wordsworth and his friends soon abandoned their republican sentiments, they never returned to "the meagre, stale, forbidding ways of custom, law and statute," from which they had revolted in the realm of literature. In 1798, Wordsworth and Coleridge published their "Lyrical Ballads" "as a protest against the prevailing artificial literature of the period." In these ballads the two poets eschewed the refined and sentimental style of verse, with its elegant and polished diction, which was then in vogue. The false and unnatural diction of contemporary literature, its general inattention to the beauties of external nature, its want of sympathy with the ordinary events and common feelings of mankind, came under the condemnation of these literary reformers. The British public neither appreciated their strictures on their brother poets, nor admired their own original work. In 1800, Wordsworth published his famous Preface, throughout which we can detect a tinge of the animosity which disappointment engenders. He says:— "A multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the discriminating powers of the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are *the great national events* which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities where the uniformity of their occupation produces *a craving for extraordinary incident* which the rapid communication of intelli-

gence hourly gratifies. To this tendency of life and manners, the literature and theatrical exhibitions of the country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder writers are driven into neglect by frantic novels, sickly and stupid German tragedies, and deluges of idle and extravagant stories in verse."

It was to a constituency thus described by the greatest poet of that age that Scott addressed himself in 1805. His genius was ripe and the times were ripe for his genius. The poet and the spirit of the times met each other. Although the "Lay" was incomparably superior to the fictitious literature that had come under Wordsworth's ban, its freshness and vigor and simplicity satisfied the cravings of the popular appetite.

Enough has been said to account for the remarkable popularity of the "Lay." If the poem had been published at any time within the twenty years that terminated the last and opened the present century it would have been received with rapture. But of these twenty years, the year 1805 was the best year for such a poem to appear. "England was then in a heroic mood. Napoleon was thundering at the gates. We were in the heat of a struggle for existence. Branksome Hall, with its warriors keeping watch day and night in complete mail, was a picturesque image of the England of 1805."

SCOTT'S PREFACE.

Scott gives us the design of "The Lay" in his own preface: "The poem now offered to the public is intended *to illustrate the customs and manners which anciently prevailed on the Borders of England and Scotland.* The inhabitants, living in a state partly pastoral and partly warlike, and combining habits of constant depredation with the influence of a rude spirit of chivalry, were often engaged in *scenes highly susceptible of poetic ornament.* As the *description of scenery and manners* was more the object of the author than a combined and regular narrative, the plan of the ancient metrical romance was adopted, which allows greater latitude in this respect than would be consistent with the dignity of a regular poem. The same model offered other facilities, as it permits *an occasional alteration of measure*, which, in some degree authorizes the *change of rhythm* in the text. *The machinery*, also, *adopted from popular belief*, would have seemed

puerile in a poem which did not partake of the rudeness of the old ballad or metrical romance.

"For these reasons, the poem was put into the mouth of an ancient minstrel, the last of the race, who, as he is supposed to have survived the revolution, might have *caught somewhat of the refinement of modern poetry*, without losing *the simplicity of his original model.* The date of the tale itself is about the middle of the sixteenth century when most of the personages actually flourished. The time occupied in the action is three nights and three days."

Several statements in this preface call for special attention: (*a*) Scott admits that the customs, manners, scenes, incidents and sentiments of the poem are largely ideal when he admits that he has employed "poetical ornament." The Borderers of "The Lay" never lived. "If we turn from ballads to the actual story of the frontier raids, it is that common tale of unholy ravage and murder which deserved rather the curse than the consecration of poetry. Scott has brought out the solitary virtue —dauntless bravery—into the foreground, and has thrown the crimes into the shade." The artificial trappings with which the poet decks his Borderers are not Scottish: they are taken from mediæval romance, probably from the pages of Froissart. No such grandeur as that of Branksome Hall was ever seen in Scotland. Never moved such knights and squires "on Scottish mold." To say then that Scott was a rebel against the narrow poetic laws of the eighteenth century, as some have done, is misleading. Scott's nature and habits were conservative. His conceptions of poetic art are those of the eighteenth century. He was not entirely clear of the influence of Pope's literary canons. "Poetic ornament" is everywhere at work. However much the novelty and energy and picturesqueness of "The Lay" delighted Wordsworth, Scott's theory of the poetic art was radically at issue with the English poet's. Wordsworth says: "Poetry is the image of man and nature. There is no necessity to trick out or to elevate nature. No words which the poet's fancy or imagination can suggest are to be compared with those which are the emanations of reality and truth." Thomson, Gray and Burns, the immediate predecessors of Wordsworth, had discovered only in part the extent and significance of the doctrine that Wordsworth incessantly preached and practised, that truth is the first law of poetry. Scott, then, belonged to the old rather than to the new school of art, but instead of the dreamy reflec-

tion, the tranquil sentiments, and the too frequent monotony of his predecessors, he substituted stirring action, thrilling emotion, and pleasing variety.

(*b*) The reference to "the refinement of modern poetry" demands some explanation. If we read the later version of the ballad of Chevy-Chace in Percy's Reliques, beginning :

> "God prosper long our noble king, our lives and safetyes' all ;
> A woeful hunting once there did in Chevy-Chace befall,"

and then turn to a characteristic passage of Pope, such as those lines in Windsor Forest, beginning :

> "Ye vigorous swains ! while youth ferments your blood,
> And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,"

we shall find that Scott's diction lay half-way between the rudeness and energy of the old ballad and the highly wrought and ornamental style of the eighteenth century. Scott did not eschew poetic diction altogether as Wordsworth claimed to do, but he was no slave to it. While on the one hand he carefully avoided the crudities and vulgarities of the early ballad poetry, on the other he steered clear of that over-refinement which roused Wordsworth's ire.

(*c*) It has been already said that Scott took the first hint of his metre from Coleridge's "Christabel." In the preface to "Christabel" we read : "The metre of the 'Christabel' is not, properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its being founded on *a new principle* : namely, that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four. Nevertheless this occasional variation in the number of syllables is not introduced wantonly, or for the mere ends of convenience, but in correspondence with some transition in the nature of the imagery or passion." This "new principle," which by the way we find in English verse as early as Chaucer, Scott adopted with enthusiasm. He carried the principle of variety much further than Coleridge. The accents vary in number from three to five. Innumerable changes are rung upon the rhymes. Everywhere, however, as with Coleridge, variety is the result not of mere wantonness but of a keen sense of poetic harmony.

(*d*) What Scott called the "machinery" of the poem is that over which the critics of "The Lay" have had their fiercest

fight. Jeffrey, the critic of the "Edinburgh Review," passed judgment as follows: "The magic of the lady, the midnight visit to Melrose, and the mighty book of the enchanter, which occupy nearly one-third of the whole poem, and engross the attention of the reader for a long time after the commencement of the narrative, are of no use whatsoever in the subsequent development of the fable, and do not contribute in any degree, either to the production or explanation of the incidents that follow. The whole character and proceedings of the goblin page, in like manner, may be considered as merely episodical; for though he is employed in some of the subordinate incidents, it is remarkable that no material part of the fable requires the intervention of supernatural agency. The young Buccleuch might have wandered into the wood, although he had not been decoyed by a goblin; and the dame might have given her daughter to the deliverer of her son, although she had never listened to the prattlement of the river and mountain spirits." . . . "The goblin page is the capital deformity of the poem. He is a perpetual burden to the poet and to the reader: it is an undignified and improbable fiction, which excites neither terror, admiration, nor astonishment; but needlessly debases the strain of the whole work, and excites at once our incredulity and contempt. He is of a servile and brutal nature, and limited in his powers to the indulgence of petty malignity, and the infliction of despicable injuries. Besides this objection to his character, his existence has no support from any general or established superstition. We entreat Mr. Scott to take advantage of any decent pretext he can lay hold of for purging 'The Lay' of this ungraceful intruder." The "intruder," as Jeffrey called him, was never banished. In his introduction to "The Lay" written twenty-five years after the first publication of the poem, Scott accounts for the presence of the goblin. This defence has already been quoted. The student would do well to consider Jeffrey's attack in detail. The critic who nine years later greeted Wordsworth's greatest poem,—"The Excursion"—with the famous salute,—"This will never do!" can hardly be taken as a safe literary guide.

CRITICAL INTRODUCTION.

The purpose of this Critical Introduction and the mode in which it is recommended that it should be employed in tuition have been indicated in the Preface.

The principle that has dictated the order in which the topics have been introduced may be easily seen. The Vocabulary of the poet is the subject of section I.; the Sentence in its various aspects, of sections II.-VI.; the Paragraph, of VII. The commonest of the Figures are explained and exemplified in VIII.-XII. Some of the Qualities of Style receive attention in XIII.-XVI. Sections XVII.-XXVI. deal with the principal devices, characteristics, and themes of poetry. Sections XXVII. and XXVIII. give a brief treatment of Taste and Beauty.

It will be noticed that the sections are not mutually exclusive. There is necessarily much overlapping, especially in the latter portions, the same things being touched upon in more than one place, but from different points of view.

1.

Vocabulary.

At the outset of studies in style it is well to consider the nature of the poet's vocabulary,—

(1) As regards origin,
(2) As regards the employment of archaisms,
(3) As regards the use of words having a distinctively poetical cast.

(1) Our best writers use about eight words of classical origin in every forty. Wherever there is any marked variation from the normal usage in respect to the proportion of classical words, the cause of the variation should be ascertained. By comparing I. 7, with I. 8, it will be seen that the abundant use of classical words (fifteen out of forty) at the beginning of I. 8, is clearly intentional.

(2) Account for the employment of so many obsolete words and forms in the poem, such as "dight," "wight," "ladye."

(3) Examine any of the finer passages (*e.g.* VI. 2), and select words that belong almost exclusively to poetic diction,—"meet,"

"sires," "strand," "bereft." Account generally for the use of such words.

Two other questions may be dealt with here: (*a*) Is the poet's vocabulary pure? (*b*) is it rich? and in dealing with what themes does he display the greatest verbal wealth?

II.

Order of Words: Metrical Emphasis.

Order plays an important part in poetic diction. A fine study in order will be found in VI. 25. Inversion prevails throughout the stanza. Notice how the verbs, adverbs, and adverbial combinations secure an initial position. Show in each case whether the order is decided by metrical convenience, by a desire for emphasis, or by a leaning towards the unusual.

In prose the positions of emphasis are the beginning and the end of the clause or sentence. In rhyming verse, the rhymes, on account of their terminal position and pleasing sound, gain a factitious emphasis. Of necessity it thus frequently happens that a word of little sense importance secures the powerful emphasis of the rhyme. This is a disadvantage inherent in the very nature of rhyming verse,—a disadvantage that the heroic measure of our language is not burdened with.

III.

Number of Words.

Condensation and energetic brevity are often employed as devices of style. But in poetry terseness is not always a virtue. Amplification and iteration frequently contribute to the poet's object,— to give pleasure. Canto IV., 1--3, will serve to illustrate the matter in hand. "No more"—"no longer"; "all"—"all"; "all is peaceful"—"all is still"; "retains each"—"retains each"; "my"—"my"; "why"—"why"; "enough"—"enough"; "he died"—"he died"; "wide and far," are all modes of iteration.

There are many modes of repetition and verbal enlargement, such as *tautology*, *pleonasm*, *patilogia*, *epizeuxis*, *anaphora*, etc.

Wherever justifiable diffuseness occurs its causes may be examined under these heads:—(1) Is it to prevent ambiguity? (2) Is it the result of strong feeling? (3) Is it for emphasis?

Various devices of condensation are found in poetry, of which two may be named here: (1) The use of the *co-ordinating epi-*

thet, as "swelled his *old* veins" (II. Epilogue), *i.e.* swelled his veins though they were old; (2) The use of the *proleptic epithet*, as "his *ready* spear was in his rest" (III. 4), *i.e.* his spear was in his rest, and so ready.

IV.

The Period and the Loose Sentence.

Examples of the perfect period are hard to find in Scott. In the Introduction (45-59) the sentence from "when" to "pride" is periodic, but when the old man is represented as beginning to talk, the strain becomes artistically loose. There is a fine example of periodic structure in the last six lines of the section,—"would the noble Duchess," to the end.

As the loose sentence has the advantage in regard to naturalness and simplicity, we are not surprised to find it the prevalent form in Scott who never elaborates his sentences.

What is the rhetorical purpose in the studied use of the periodic style?

V.

Balance.

The balanced structure is a mannerism with Scott. The balanced swing of his couplets is characteristic; in fact, it is almost a necessity of the rhyming tetrameter. The very first line shows the device of symmetry: "The way was long, the wind was cold."

The effect of the balance may be studied in individual cases. It is always an aid to simplicity and clearness, and it usually contributes to energy of expression. It sometimes gives a shock of agreeable surprise by the ingenuity of arrangement, as in the epigrammatic line, "For love is heaven, and heaven is love" (III. 2.)

Balance is always pleasing to the ear, and thus it aids the memory. As the members of each couplet are themselves in metrical balance, and as structural balance is very common in Scott's poems, we need not wonder that whole stanzas are carried in the heads of many who have made no effort to learn them.

VI.

Length of Sentences.

As short sentences produce lightness and vivacity, we should

expect the abundant use of such sentences in Scott's animated poetry. In the first five stanzas of Canto I. the sentences are apparently long, each occupying a whole stanza; but on examination it will be seen that this is due to the peculiar punctuation, the sense divisions being in reality quite short. A comparison of I. 19, with I. 21, will show that Scott is not at all consistent in the matter of punctuation.

VII.

Paragraph Structure.

From what has been said in the preceding section it is plain that the stanzas of the poem are not exactly equivalent to the paragraphs of prose, and if an attempt be made to apply the paragraph laws it must be remembered that verse has many limitations, and that the primary object of poetry is to express not thought but feeling. Doubtless a careful search will discover here and there a stanza that will submit to a critical handling in respect to the laws that govern the prose paragraph. It is, however, important constantly to note the arrangement and interdependence of the thought that each topic embraces. This part of the literary analysis should always precede the more minute study of each passage, otherwise the meaning of the passage as a whole may be missed.

VIII.

Similitudes.

As one of the three great functions of the intellect is *agreement*, or the appreciation of similarity, we must expect similitudes to play an important part in language. Comparisons may be either literal or figurative, the literal having the least and the figurative the greatest rhetorical value. These are the commonest sorts of similitudes :—

(1) The similitude of literal comparison, as

> " For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
> Like him of whom the story ran,
> Who spoke the spectre-hound in man " (VI. 26.)

(2) The simile, as

> " And spears in wild disorder shook,
> Like reeds beside a frozen brook " (III. 26.)

(3) The metaphor, as

(*a*) " The dew was balm," (III. 24)
(*b*) " Had oft roll'd back the tide of war " (I. Int.)

There can be no more interesting language study than an in-

vestigation of the purposes and effects of similitudes. The following questions arise in dealing with a similitude:—(*a*) Is it to aid the understanding? (*b*) Is it to arouse the emotions? (*c*) Has it mixed effects?

It will be found in poetry that nearly all similitudes, even literal comparisons, have an emotional tinge.

IX.

Contrasts.

As another great function of the intellect is *discrimination*, or the appreciation of difference, we are prepared to find contrasts everywhere in speech. In contrasts, as in similitudes, the emotional element may be present in a greater or in a less degree. We have a very fine example of an elaborated emotional contrast in the Introduction,—the contrast between the minstrel as he is and as he was. Compare this with such a simple antithesis as:—

"It is not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls."

Almost every page of poetry is studded with similitudes and contrasts.

X.

Contiguities.

The third great function of the intellect is *retentiveness*. Now, memory works largely by means of the association of ideas. The devices of language that correspond to this peculiarity of memory are the figures of contiguity. These figures name something either by some important adjunct or accompaniment (*metonymy*) or by some important part (*synecdoche of contiguity*). Examples of these figures are very numerous. In I. 19, "Even bearded knights—Star" we have five different examples crowded together: "arms" (for "war"), "hearts" (for courage"), "steel" (for "armor"), "Unicorn" (for "the Kerrs"), etc.

Among the figures of contiguity is the *transferred epithet*, as

"Those iron clasps, that iron band.
Would not yield to *unchristened* hand." (III 9.)

Here the ephithet is shifted from the person to the "hand."

XI.

Interrogation and Exclamation.

The rhetorical question is a favorite artifice of Scott's. He frequently gives dramatic force to a passage by asking a question

and then answering it (See I. 6, 8, 12). The following passages may be studied with a view to discover the effect of this device:—III. 1, 25; IV. 2, 30, 35; V. 11; VI. 15, 31.

Another figure of intensity is *exclamation.* Scott uses this figure in excess. Often, however, he uses the mark of exclamation as a mere mechanical device after an energetic statement or an expression strongly emotional: See, Int. I., "Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!" "He tried to tune his harp in vain!"—"with all a poet's ecstasy!"

The following passages will afford good studies in exclamation:—I. 7, 8, 11; II. 10, 23, 30, 31; III. 1, 20; IV. 1, 23; V. 20, 22.

What traits of Scott's character are revealed by his frequent use of interrogation and exclamation?

XII.

Personification and Personality.

As the world of man is one of the two great fields in which the poet works, humanity and human sentiments make up a very large part of the interest of poetry. In a thousand various ways the poet touches our feelings. The love interest, character interest, action interest, are all familiar modes. Our interest in humanity is so keen that to cater to our human sympathies the poet attributes human feelings to the lower creations. This process in its intensest form is styled *personification.* More frequently it appears in milder forms, as in the *personal metaphor*; but in one form or another poetry teems with personality. Almost any passage of the "Lay" will furnish apposite examples.

In dealing with the personal metaphor it must be noticed that the personal interest gained by the figure is not the whole value of the poetical device. It has an intellectual as well as a rhetorical value. To ascribe to things the attributes of persons is to furnish an aid to the mind as well as a stimulus to the emotions. When the poet says: "Distant Tweed is heard to rave" (II. 1), both the feelings and the understanding are affected.

XIII.

Simplicity and Clearness.

A consideration of the qualities of style must begin with those that relate to the understanding. The most essential of the in-

tellectual qualities are *simplicity* and *clearness*. Simplicity or intelligibility is opposed to abstruseness. Clearness or perspicuity is opposed to ambiguity or confusion. The latter quality has to contend with the vagueness and ambiguity of many of our vocables.

What militates against simplicity in II. 9; IV. 22; V. 29?

What obstacles are there to clearness in I. 21; VI. 30, "and ever in the office close, etc."?

XIV.

Impressiveness.

"Impressiveness is the art of stamping a thought on the mind so that it cannot be easily forgotten." It is an intellectual quality, but it usually has an emotional effect as well. Canto VI. 1, will serve for illustration. The intense impressiveness of this stanza has fixed it among the treasures of the language. Observe the various means that produce the abiding effect—the interrogative exclamation, the various terms and metaphors, the keen contempt approaching sarcasm, the startling contrast, the terrific doom pronounced by the iteration of the negative prefix "unwept, unhonored and unsung," the energetic swing of the rhythm. The emotion of pleasure that patriotic strains always engender has a rousing effect. The glowing application (in the next stanza) of the patriotic sentiment to the minstrel's own land makes the general handling of the topic more impressive. To all this must be added the isolation that the passage receives from having the initial place in the canto.

XV.

Strength.

An examination of the qualities of style that relate to feeling will begin with strength. Under the general name of *strength* many variations find a place:—animation, vivacity, liveliness, rapidity, brilliancy; nerve, vigor, force, energy, fervor; dignity, stateliness, splendor, grandeur, magnificence, loftiness, sublimity. Between animation and sublimity there is a vast difference, but they all agree in describing a quality of style that produces *active* pleasurable emotions. The vocabulary of strength is made up of the words that name powerful, vast, and exciting objects, effects, and qualities.

Certain conditions are necessary for genuine strength: (1) There must be originality; the thoughts should not be common-

place nor the figures trite. (2) The language and the subject should be in keeping, one not being above the other. When this condition is not observed,—when the language is more elevated than the thought, the result is *bombast*. (3) There should be variety, as in the use of terms, in the structure and length of sentences, in the alternation of bold figures with those of a milder kind.

The mode of strength that prevails in Scott is animation: it runs through the poem from beginning to end. The higher modes are seldom met. Studies in strength may be found in II, 4; VI. 25.

XVI.

Pathos.

The difference between strength and pathos is like the difference between motion and rest, pathos being the quality of style that produces *passive* pleasurable emotions,—emotions that compose rather than excite the mind. The vocabulary of pathos includes all words that arouse the tender feelings of love, pity, benevolence, humanity, etc.

The same conditions are necessary for pathos as for strength, viz., originality, harmony and variety. When the condition of harmony is not observed,—when the language is more elevated than the situation described, the result is mere *sentimentality*.

Studies in pathos may be found in I. Int., and I. 9, 10.

XVII.

The Redemption of Pain.

As poetry has for its main object the pleasure of the reader, all painful elements in a poem must in some way be redeemed. The painful side of things, however, must have a place in poetry, else our feelings would be unpleasantly affected by the total absence of an important element in human life. Moreover, the description of suffering is not altogether painful to the reader, especially if the suffering is merited or in the circumstances necessary.

The emotional power of pathos is one of the commonest means employed to redeem painful effects, the tender feelings being a rich source of pleasure. Charms of style are often in themselves sufficient to obviate painful effects.

Discover how pain is redeemed in these instances:—

(*a*) In the Introduction and Epilogue of C. I., and in IV. 2—the miseries of the wandering harper.

(*b*) The death of Lord Walter, I. 9.
(*c*) The sufferings of Margaret.
(*d*) The bloody conflict between Deloraine and Cranstoun. (III. 6.)
(*e*) The slaughter of the Beattisons. (IV. 12.)
(*f*) The poet's death. (IV. 35.)
(*g*) The death of Musgrave. (V. 22.)
(*h*) The death of Rosabelle. (VI. 23.)

XVIII.

The Music of Poetry.

The musical element of poetry may be considered under the heads of *melody* and *harmony*.

Melody may be considered under two aspects:—

(1) The laws of melody require the avoidance of all unpleasant, difficult, and harsh combinations of letters and syllables.

(2) In poetry the melody of metre and rhyme is superadded to other melodious effects.

Good studies in melody may be found in I. 15; II. 25; III. 24; IV. 1.

In the "Lay" the melody is very unequal, but the verse always flows with such force that even the harsh effects are redeemed.

Scott's rhymes are often bad. The rapidity with which the poem was written is the only excuse that can be offered for such rhymes as "void," "supplied;" "rejoined," "behind;" "emprize," "boys."

In connection with melody must be noticed the metrical ornament called *alliteration*. Scott uses it frequently but not excessively. We have a fine example in the Introduction in the passage beginning "No more." Here we find "prancing palfrey," "light as lark," "courted and caressed," "high in hall," "lord and lady." We have much *concealed alliteration* too in this passage, *i.e.* the recurrence of the same letter not in the initial place, or the crowding together of letters of the same order.

Harmony is of various kinds:—

(1) The sound of words may echo natural sounds, as in I. 13, 14; II. 3 (sixth verse); VI. 3 (last three verses).

(2) The movement and the metre may imitate slow or rapid motion, easy or difficult labor, variations of mood, etc. See I.

15 (at end), and II. 26, for imitations of rapidity. See II. 18 (verses 3 and 4), and II. 31 (last two verses) for striking imitative contrasts. See also III. 15 (first verse); IV. 7 (verses 9, 10). Compare I. 23, with I. 24.

(3) The melody as well as the rhythm is often harmoniously adapted to the sentiment. See III. 2; VI. 23.

XIX.

Picturesqueness.

The picturing or describing of scenes and objects is a quality partly intellectual and partly emotional. This quality appears in poetry in many different phases, from the formal attempt to rival a painted picture by "word-painting" to the single stroke picturesque, as in the picturesque epithet or picturesque simile. In the "Lay," we have no fine example of the purest type of word-picture, although the poem has many picturesque passages. "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake," abound in scenic descriptions pursued with some method.

Picturesqueness may be studied best under the heads of still-life and action. Studies in still-life will include, (1) nature, including all living creatures below man; (2) man, his portraiture and appearance; (3) the products of man's hand (see Canto II. 1). Studies in action will include, (1) nature, as in the raging of the elements; (2) man in activity, which is the staple in such poems as the "Lay."

The vocabulary of the picturesque makes up a very large part of language. It includes the names of concrete objects and all words indicating form, size, position, light and color. The words indicating motion, resistance, sound and odor, may also be said to belong to the vocabulary of the picturesque. Sound and odor, however, are only suggestive of the picturesque.

XX.

The Sensuous Emotions.

To the vocabulary of the picturesque, it has been said, belong words indicating light, color and sound. This class of words merits separate consideration, as they make up a very large part of the interest of description.

Whether the higher senses, sight and hearing, furnish intrinsic sources of pleasure apart from their emotional associations, or the charms which these senses impart are entirely due to the association of ideas, is a question that cannot be determined

here. The two higher senses are, in whichever way, copious sources of pleasure, principally in nature, and secondarily in the arts of painting and music respectively. Even the imperfect medium of language is capable of conveying to us the effects that these senses arouse.

A careful examination of any canto will show how abundantly Scott avails himself of the vocabulary of color and of sound. For studies in sound, see I. 13, 14; III. 28: in light and color, III. 29; VI. 23: in sound, light and color, VI. 25.

XXI.

Nature Studies.

Nature, whether in repose or in action, is one of the favorite themes of poetry. It is interesting to examine the different ways in which Scott deals with nature.

(1) The purely descriptive method is not found in the "Lay." In this connection it would be well to read the description of the Trosachs in the "Lady of the Lake," and of Loch Katrine in the same poem.

(2) The expression of the simple and spontaneous delights produced by out-of-door life and scenes is found in III. 24.

(3) We have many examples in the "Lay" of the employment of nature as a background or setting for human action or emotion. In this connection may be viewed the illustration of actions and emotions by striking similes from nature. See I. 12–18; II. 8, 24; III. 5, 14, 26, 29; V. 14. Compare II. 25, with III. 24.

(4) The poet sometimes looks at nature through the light of historic events which it has witnessed, and with which some particular spots have become associated. See IV. 1.

(5) Sometimes the poet gives to nature a coloring derived from the emotion by which he is swayed. There is a very fine example of this tendency in Canto V. 1., "They do not err, who say that when the poet dies, etc."

XXII.

Studies of Man.

Studies of man will include portraiture, dress and accoutrements, modes of action, character, and feelings.

Scott's portraits are all extremely vague. In particular, the "Lay" is almost destitute of portraiture. A few picturesque

and suggestive terms suffice to describe the principal actors. What does the poet say of the features of the Ladye, of Margaret, of Cranstoun, of Deloraine?

The mode of description most prevalent in the "Lay" is that which deals with man in action. In nearly every canto we have action at full swing. It is this that stirs the blood as mere word-painting cannot do. Studies in action may be found in I. 25—31; III. 3—7; 28—30.

Character may be described by the methodical or by the incidental method. In a story the character is usually developed by the actions and speeches of the persons. In the higher kinds of poetry character-criticism is by no means elementary work, but in so transparent a poem as the "Lay" no subtle analysis is needed. In this poem the development of character receives but scant attention; still a gathering together from the whole poem of all the fragments of character-description pertaining to the respective actors will prove a useful exercise.

Descriptions of the feelings play a very unimportant part in the "Lay," which is largely a romance of incident. A few examples occur, as in I. Int.; I. 9; II. 20, 24; IV. 2, 25; V. 1, 2.

XXIII.

Poetic Uses of Epithets.

There is nothing more characteristic of poetry than the profusion and expressiveness of the epithets. Eliminate the epithets from any fine narrative or descriptive passage and the main elements of force and beauty are gone. In picturesque passages sometimes all the salient features are in the epithets.

Besides the ordinary prose use of the epithet as qualifying or limiting a noun, we find several uses peculiar to poetry. The coordinating epithet, the proleptic epithet, and the transferred epithet, have been already noticed. In IV. 7, "was but lightly held of his *gay* ladye," the epithet is merely ornamental, not calling attention to the gaiety of the lady at all. In the frequently recurring expression, "Deloraine, good at need," we have the descriptive epithet, after the Old English manner and resembling Homer's compound adjectives. A peculiar form of phrase-epithet, occurring so often as to be a mannerism with Scott, is found in "knights of fame," "knights of pride," "squires of name," "hearts of pride," "many a word of boast," etc.

XXIV.

Concreteness and Combination.

As objects in the concrete are more easily conceived than their abstract properties, we find *concreteness* a characteristic of poetry. Canto I. 2—7, well illustrates this device.

Cumulation, or *combination*, is another poetic device as common as concreteness and often accompanying it. Isolation is as rare in poetry as abstraction is. The poet multiplies and combines objects, situations, characters, incidents, images, to produce a harmonious and effective whole.

Roslin on fire (VI. 23) exemplifies both concreteness and combination. See also IV. Epilogue; and III. 30.

XXV.

Poetic Harmony.

The very essence of fine-art effects is to produce harmony. The various kinds of *musical* harmony have already been referred to in section XVIII.; but the word has a much wider scope than this. These additional conditions of poetic harmony must be considered:—

(1) The language and the subject should support each other. Compare III. 2, with III. 3. The dignity of the language and the melody of the rhythm harmonize with the sentiment in III. 2. In III. 3, the poet dashes along regardless of any fine effects.

(2) Scenery and incident should harmonize. Studies may be found in I. 17; II. 25; III. 24.

(3) In the development of character there should be no want of harmony, no inconsistencies. Everything that each person says and does should have a uniform bearing.

(4) Harmony should be observed in the incidents and in the plot. In this connection may be examined the presence and doings of the goblin page.

XXVI.

Ideality.

A poem, especially a romantic poem, is a sustained hyperbole. Exaggeration and unreality are everywhere;—in the verbal descriptions, in the characters, in the introduction of the marvellous and the supernatural.

The characters in romantic fiction are all idealized. The ladies are all beautiful and charming. The knights are all brave

and chivalrous. The hyberboles of love are a necessary element in romance, one of the commonest forms of ideality being the constant triumph of love over all obstacles. The commonplaces and the miseries of life are passed over or redeemed in fiction. Poetic justice is meted out to all.

Examples of exaggeration and ideality are thickly scattered over the pages of the "Lay." We find a striking example at the beginning of Canto I., where we have a description of "Knights of more than mortal mould."

(XXVII.)

Taste.

"Taste is the kind of artistic excellence that gives the greatest amount of pleasure to cultivated minds." The artistic judgment that produces this quality has also the same designation. The terms "polish," "refinement" and "elegance," are almost synonymous with artistic taste.

There are in taste a permanent element and a mutable element. Regarding certain matters of style there can be no discussion. It is conceded by all that elegance of style demands strict conformity with the well understood rules of composition and rhetoric. Besides this permanent element there is an element that varies with ages, countries and individuals. It is largely variety in taste that causes such diversity in literary judgments.

Determine whether Scott ever violates these canons of taste:

(*a*) Mannerisms should be avoided.

(*b*) Negligence must have no place in a good style.

(*c*) There should be no display of learning.

Taste may have reference to plot as well as to expression. Discuss in this connection the propriety of the following:

(*a*) The introduction in Canto IV. of the long list of Border worthies;

(*b*) The minstrel's account of his preceptor (IV. 34, 35);

(*c*) Deloraine's lamentation over Musgrave (V. 29);

(*d*) The character and proceedings of the Goblin.

(XXVIII.)

Beauty.

Beauty is a word of somewhat vague signification. As it is one of the qualities on which taste exercises itself, the conception

of what constitutes the beautiful must vary according to the taste of the individual. Beauty is one of the most copious sources of the pleasures of poetry, as it is one large part of the vocation of the poet to bear witness to the beauty that is in the world around him, and to the noble thoughts and affecting sentiments that give us pleasures of a placid kind. The term beauty is applied not only to objects that please the eye and the ear and to thoughts and sentiments, but also to the artistic language that gives a vivid and attractive expression to all these things, and even to the melody and harmony that accompany these graces of writing.

Beauty is not one of the strong features of the "Lay"; still here and there some pretty stanzas may be found. A brief study of Canto IV. 1, will serve to illustrate some of the applications of the term. "Sweet" puts us at once in the proper attitude for enjoyment, as it gives us the key to the poet's attitude towards his subject, and we sympathetically follow him. One of the most romantic objects in nature is here described,—a river winding with silver tide between wild, wooded banks, past hill and dale. Not only is the scene a beautiful one, but all its suggestive associations tend to stir our gentler emotions,—the perfect peacefulness of all nature, the progress of the river towards "Tweed's fair water, broad and deep," the fascinating accompaniment of pastoral music. The sublime reference to the birth of Time and the striking contrast of the peaceful present with the martial past enhance the effect of the whole. In examining the passage for *literary* beauty there is a more important matter to consider. The poet has chosen a suitable subject for the exercise of his art, and he has brought various poetic devices to his aid; but he has also clothed his description and his sentiments in pleasing language, and the melody of the whole stanza is agreeable, especially that of the liquid verses "Along thy wild and willowed shore," and "All, all is peaceful, all is still."

CRITICAL STUDY.

Introduction, ll., 1—26.

(The Roman characters refer to the sections of the Critical Introduction.).

(I.) *Well-a-day* is archaic, and thus harmonizes with the general coloring of the passage. *Palfrey* and *morn* are poetic, and

so are *tresses* and *caroll'd* as they are used in the text. Observe the poet's skilful variety of appellation in designating the old man,—"Minstrel," "Bard," Harper."

(II.) *Tresses grey.*—This collocation always has a poetic air. The "Lay" is full of it, *e. g.*, "mettle true," "harness bright," "grace divine."

The last of all the bards was he.—In respect to strength compare this with the different variations that may be made by changing the order of the words.

His tuneful brethren all were dead.—Show that metrical necessity has produced an effective order of words.

High placed in hall.—Compare this with "Throbb'd high with pride" (I. 18), as to normal order.

A number of words here receive more or less of a factitious emphasis. In the first couplet the metrical emphasis and the sense emphasis coincidently fall on "cold" and "old." In the second couplet "day" deserves less emphasis than "grey," but a full oral expression of the rhyme robs something from "better" and adds it to "day." Other cases of this tendency may easily be found in this passage. This tendency furnishes a very simple illustration of the fact that when music is wedded to thought it is often at the expense of the thought; the loss, however, is more than made up by the superior emotional effect.

(III.) Energetic brevity characterizes the passage. There is scarcely a touch of diffuseness. Justify the partial tautology in the nineteenth line.

(IV.) As the style is simple and natural, there is no artistic use of the periodic structure.

(V.) The first line and the nineteenth line are good examples of balance. There is something of the nature of balance in the use of all kinds of couples: (*a.*) in words,—"infirm and old," "neglected and oppressed," "courted and caress'd," "lord and lady," (the last two having the additional charm of alliteration); (*b*) in phrases,—"withered cheek and tresses grey," "with them and at rest," "from door to door"; (*c.*) in the rhymes.

(VI.) The shortness of the sentences (or clauses) adds animation to the style.

(VII.) The most important of the paragraph laws are here observed. The backward reference is sufficiently explicit; the first four lines indicate the theme; the passage has a certain unity; there is close affinity among the contiguous sentences.

(VIII.) We have two marked examples of emotional similitudes :

(*a*.) "He caroll'd, light as lark at morn." (Simile.)

(*b*.) "The bigots of the iron time." (Metaphor.)

There are implied metaphors in many of the words,—"withered," "fled," "rest," "pour'd." In "His *cheek* seem'd to have *known*," we have something like a personal metaphor. In "begg'd his bread," the species is put for the genus,—a figure called "the synecdoche of similitude." The poetic use of the singular for the plural, as in "lord and lady," and in "peasant," has something of the value of this kind of synecdoche.

(IX.) The elaborated contrast between the minstrel's happy past and wretched present is the most striking feature of the passage. Antitheses in individual words and phrases of necessity abound.

(X.) We have here numerous figures of contiguity : "A better day," for "a better time" (synecdoche) ; "joy" the passion for the object that causes it (metonymy) ; "date" for epoch of minstrelsy, or time of existence (synecdoche) ; "times" for certain characteristics of the times (metonymy). In "door" and "ear," and partially in "day" and "times" above, the impressiveness of the original metonymy, through frequent use, has passed away. "Filled the throne" is a phrase-metonymy for 'enjoying the royal prerogatives.' "Tuned the harp" is another figure of the same kind ; with which compare "tried to tune his harp" in line 70. In the line "Had called his harmless art a crime," the "harmless art" is a metonymy for each successive instance of the practice of the art, or else we must look for an impropriety in the use of the word "crime."

(XII.) The passage is stocked with the personal element almost without the use of personal figures. The profusion of the human element evokes our interest at the outset. We have the old minstrel and the orphan boy in the opening picture ; then follow the references to his "tuneful brethren," to the "lord and lady gay," to the "stranger" monarch, to "the Stuarts," to the "bigots" who despised minstrelsy.

(XIII.) The passage fairly illustrates Scott's usual simplicity and clearness. However, the couplet,—

> "The bigots of the iron time
> Had called his harmless art a crime,"

is not very lucid. See explanatory note.

(XIV.) These verses have many of the elements of impres-

siveness. The first twelve lines in particular are stamped upon the memory of all readers of Scott, being the *arma virumque cano* of the poem. The impressiveness is enhanced by the subsequent lines which go on to say more of the "neglected" minstrel and his "better day," amplification being an aid to the memory. The elaborated contrast adds to the effect. The whole passage is charged with gentle pathos which is always impressive.

(XV.) As the passage touches the passive side of our nature, it is pathetic rather than forcible.

(XVI.) This is a fine illustration of genuine pathos. The tender emotions are stirred by the pitiable condition of the aged bard. Observe the added touches by which the poet draws out our pity. The bard is the last of his class. He has an "orphan" for a companion. He is "neglected and oppressed," although his art is "harmless." Further, it will be noticed that the poet plays upon our feelings by continually passing to and fro between the happy past and the melancholy present, thus intensifying the pathetic situation.

(XVII.) The miseries of the harper are partially submerged under the emotional influence of pathos and the various devices of poetic style. The full redemption of the painful effects is accomplished before the minstrel begins his lay.

(XVIII.) The musical qualities of the passage require no special remark. The abundant use of alliteration has been noticed in the Critical Introduction.

(XIX.) The first six lines are a study in picturesqueness. The poet has seized a few central features and has given us his picture in a few effectual strokes. The words that belong to the vocabulary of the picturesque are few,—"minstrel," "withered cheek," tresses grey," "harp," "boy." The associated circumstances do much in helping us to form the mental picture,—the long way, the cold wind, the infirmity and the age of the bard, the mention of a happier past, the old man's love for his harp, and the orphanhood of the boy, all aid us to fill in the details.

(XXI.) The illustrative simile from nature,—"light as lark at morn"—is all that need be noticed here.

(XXVI.) We have a touch of ideality in the "unpremeditated lay." Scott romantically ascribes the same talent of improvisation to Ellen, "The Lady of the Lake";

> "Till to her lips in measured frame
> The minstrel verse spontaneous came."

In the "Vision of Don Roderick" the poet does not depart so far from the actual when he places his *improvisatori* in

> "Romantic lands where the near sun
> Gives with unstinted boon ethereal flame,
> Where the rude villager, his labor done,
> In verse spontaneous chants some favored name."

The practice of singing improvised verses is not unknown in Southern Europe, but the productions of these *improvisatori* when subjected to the most ordinary tests are usually found to be quite mediocre.

In all romance there is something of the nature of ideality in the selection of what is unusual or unique. The selection of an aged minstrel with all the pitiable accompaniments described, including the orphan boy who is himself an object for commiseration, gives us an unusual case. The case becomes unique when the poet makes his bard the very last of the long line of Border minstrels.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

INTRODUCTION.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His wither'd cheek, and tresses grey,
Seem'd to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry;
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppress'd,
Wish'd to be with them, and at rest.
No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroll'd light as lark at morn;
No longer courted and caress'd,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He pour'd to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering Harper, scorn'd and poor,
He begg'd his bread from door to door,
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

He pass'd where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
No humbler resting-place was nigh:
With hesitating step, at last,
The embattled portal arch he pass'd,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar

Had oft roll'd back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess mark'd his weary pace,
His timid mien, his reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well:
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb.

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride;
And he began to talk anon,
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,
And of Earl Walter, rest him, God!
A braver ne'er to battle rode;
And how full many a tale he knew,
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch;
And, would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtain'd;
The Aged Minstrel audience gain'd.
But, when he reach'd the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wish'd his boon denied:
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease
Which marks security to please;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
He tried to tune his harp in vain!
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee

Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls;
He had played it to King Charles the good,
When he kept court in Holyrood;
And much he wish'd, yet fear'd, to try
The long-forgotten melody.
Amid the strings his fingers stray'd,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face and smiled;
And lighten'd up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along:
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot:
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

CANTO FIRST

I.

THE feast was over in Branksome tower,
And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower;
Her bower was guarded by word and by spell,
Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell—
Jesu Maria, shield us well!
No living wight, save the Ladye alone,
Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

II.

The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all;
Knight, and page, and household squire,
Loiter'd through the lofty hall,
Or crowded round the ample fire:
The stag-hound, weary with the chase,
Lay stretch'd upon the rushy floor,
And urged, in dreams, the forest race,
From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor.

III.

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome Hall;
Nine-and-twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds to bower from stall;
Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
Waited, duteous, on them all:
They were all knights of mettle true
Kinsmen of the bold Buccleuch.

IV.

Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
With belted sword, and spur on heel:
They quitted not their harness bright,
Neither by day, nor yet by night:
They lay down to rest,

With corslet laced,
Pillow'd on buckler cold and hard;
They carv'd at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd.

V.

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
Waited the beck of the warders ten;
Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
Stood saddled in stable day and night,
Barbed with frontlet of steel, I trow,
And with Jedwood-axe at saddle-bow;
A hundred more fed free in stall:—
Such was the custom of Branksome Hall.

VI.

Why do these steeds stand ready dight?
Why watch these warriors, arm'd, by night?—
They watch to hear the blood-hound baying:
They watch to hear the war-horn braying:
To see St. George's red cross streaming,
To see the midnight beacon gleaming;
They watch, against Southern force and guile,
Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's powers,
Threaten Branksome's lofty towers,
From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.

VII.

Such is the custom of Branksome Hall.—
Many a valiant knight is here;
But he, the chieftain of them all,
His sword hangs rusting on the wall,
Beside his broken spear.
Bards long shall tell,
How Lord Walter fell!
When startled burghers fled, afar,
The furies of the Border war;
When the streets of high Dunedin
Saw lances gleam, and falchions redden,
And heard the slogan's deadly yell—
Then the Chief of Branksome fell.

VIII.

Can piety the discord heal,
Or stanch the death-feud's enmity?
Can Christian lore, can patriot zeal,
Can love of blessed charity?
No! vainly to each holy shrine,
In mutual pilgrimage they drew;
Implored, in vain, the grace divine
For chiefs their own red falchions slew:
While Cessford owns the rule of Carr,
While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,
The slaughter'd chiefs, the mortal jar,
The havoc of the feudal war,
Shall never, never be forgot!

IX.

In sorrow o'er Lord Walter's bier
The warlike foresters had bent;
And many a flower, and many a tear,
Old Teviot's maids and matrons lent:
But o'er her warrior's bloody bier
The Ladye dropp'd nor flower nor tear!
Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,
Had lock'd the source of softer woe;
And burning pride, and high disdain,
Forbade the rising tear to flow;
Until, amid his sorrowing clan,
Her son lisp'd from the nurse's knee,—
"And if I live to be a man,
My father's death revenged shall be!"
Then fast the mother's tears did seek
To dew the infant's kindling cheek.

X.

All loose her negligent attire,
All loose her golden hair,
Hung Margaret o'er her slaughtered sire,
And wept in wild despair.
But not alone the bitter tear
Had filial grief supplied,
For hopeless love, and anxious fear,

Had lent their mingled tide:
Nor in her mother's alter'd eye
Dared she to look for sympathy.
Her lover 'gainst her father's clan,
With Carr in arms had stood,
When Mathouse-burn to Melrose ran
All purple with their blood;
And well she knew, her mother dread,
Before Lord Cranstoun she should wed,
Would see her on her dying bed.

XI.

Of noble race the Ladye came,
Her father was a clerk of fame,
Of Bethune's line of Picardie:
He learned the art that none may name,
In Padua, far beyond the sea.
Men said, he changed his mortal frame,
By feat of magic mystery;
For when, in studious mood he paced
St. Andrew's cloister'd hall,
His form no darkening shadow traced
Upon the sunny wall!

XII.

And of his skill, as bards avow,
He taught that Ladye fair,
Till to her bidding she could bow
The viewless forms of air.
And now she sits in secret bower,
In old Lord David's western tower,
And listens to a heavy sound,
That moans the mossy turrets round.
Is it the roar of Teviot's tide,
That chafes against the scaur's red side?
Is it the wind that swings the oaks?
Is it the echo from the rocks?
What may it be, the heavy sound,
That moans old Branksome's turrets round?

XIII.

At the sullen, moaning sound,
The ban-dogs bay and howl;

And from the turrets round,
Loud whoops the startled owl.
In the hall, both squire and knight
Swore that a storm was near,
And looked forth to view the night;
But the night was still and clear!

XIV.

From the sound of Teviot's tide,
Chafing with the mountain's side,
From the groan of the wind-swung oak,
From the sullen echo of the rock,
From the voice of the coming storm,
The Ladye knew it well;
It was the Spirit of the Flood that spoke,
And he called on the Spirit of the Fell.

XV.

RIVER SPIRIT.

"Sleep'st thou, brother?"—

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

—"Brother, nay—
On my hills the moonbeams play.
From Craik-cross to Skelfhill-pen,
By every rill, in every glen,
Merry elves their morris pacing,
To aërial minstrelsy,
Emerald rings on brown heath tracing,
Trip it deft and merrily.
Up, and mark their nimble feet!
Up, and list their music sweet!"

XVI.

RIVER SPIRIT.

"Tears of an imprisoned maiden
Mix with my polluted stream;
Margaret of Branksome, sorrow laden,
Mourns beneath the moon's pale beam.
Tell me, thou, who view'st the stars,
When shall cease these feudal jars?

What shall be the maiden's fate?
Who shall be the maiden's mate?"

XVII.

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

"Arthur's slow wain his course doth roll,
In utter darkness round the pole;
The northern Bear lowers black and grim;
Orion's studded belt is dim;
Twinkling faint, and distant far,
Shimmers through mist each planet star;
Ill may I read their high decree!
But no kind influence deign they shower
On Teviot's tide, and Branksome's tower,
Till pride be quell'd, and love be free."

XVIII.

The unearthly voices ceast,
And the heavy sound was still;
It died on the river's breast,
It died on the side of the hill.
But round Lord David's tower
The sound still floated near;
For it rung in the Ladye's bower,
And it rung in the Ladye's ear.
She raised her stately head,
And her heart throbb'd high with pride:—
"Your mountains shall bend,
And your streams ascend,
Ere Margaret be our foeman's bride!"

XIX.

The Ladye sought the lofty hall,
Where many a bold retainer lay,
And with jocund din, among them all,
Her son pursued his infant play.
A fancied moss-trooper, the boy
The truncheon of a spear bestrode,
And round the hall right merrily,
In mimic foray rode.
Even bearded knights, in arms grown old,

Share in his frolic gambols bore,
Albeit their hearts, of rugged mould,
Were stubborn as the steel they wore.
For the grey warriors prophesied,
How the brave boy, in future war,
Should tame the Unicorn's pride,
Exalt the Crescent and the Star.

XX.

The Ladye forgot her purpose high,
One moment, and no more;
One moment gazed with a mother's eye,
As she paused at the archèd door:
Then, from amid the armèd train,
She call'd to her, William of Deloraine.

XXI.

A stark moss-trooping Scott was he,
As e'er couch'd Border lance by knee;
Through Solway sands, through Tarras moss,
Blindfold, he knew the paths to cross;
By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds:
In Eske or Liddel, fords were none
But he would ride them, one by one;
Alike to him was time or tide,
December's snow, or July's pride;
Alike to him was tide or time,
Moonless midnight, or matin prime;
Steady of heart, and stout of hand,
As ever drove prey from Cumberland
Five times outlawed had he been,
By England's King, and Scotland's Queen.

XXII.

"Sir William of Deloraine, good at need.
Mount thee on the wightest steed;
Spare not the spur, nor stint to ride,
Until thou come to fair Tweedside;
And in Melrose's holy pile
Seek thou the Monk of St. Mary's aisle.

Greet the Father well from me ;
Say that the fated hour is come,
And to-night he shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb :
For this will be St. Michael's night,
And, though stars be dim, the moon is bright ;
And the Cross of bloody red,
Will point to the grave of the mighty dead.

XXIII.

What he gives thee, see thou keep,
Stay not thou for food or sleep :
Be it scroll, or be it book,
Into it, Knight, thou must not look :
If thou readest, thou art lorn !
Better hadst thou ne'er been born !"—

XXIV.

" O swiftly can speed my dapple-grey steed,
Which drinks of the Teviot clear ;
Ere break of day," the warrior 'gan say,
" Again will I be here ;
And safer by none may thy errand be done,
Than, noble Dame, by me :
Letter nor line know I never a one,
Wer't my neck-verse at Hairibee."

XXV.

Soon in his saddle sate he fast,
And soon the steep descent he past,
Soon cross'd the sounding barbican,
And soon the Teviot's side he won.
Eastward the wooded path he rode,
Green hazels o'er his basnet nod ;
He pass'd the Peel of Goldiland,
And cross'd old Borthwick's roaring strand ;
Dimly he view'd the Moat-hill's mound,
Where Druid shades still flitted round ;
In Hawick twinkled many a light ;
Behind him soon they set in night ;
And soon he spurr'd his courser keen
Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.

XXVI.

The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark :—
"Stand, ho! thou courier of the dark."—
"For Branksome, ho!" the knight rejoin'd,
And left the friendly tower behind.
He turn'd him now from Teviotside,
And, guided by the tinkling rill,
Northward the dark ascent did ride,
And gained the moor of Horsliehill;
Broad on the left before him lay,
For many a mile, the Roman way.

XXVII.

A moment now he slack'd his speed,
A moment breathed his panting steed;
Drew saddle-girth and corslet-band,
And loosen'd in the sheath his brand;
On Minto-crags the moonbeams glint,
Where Barnhill hew'd his bed of flint;
Who flung his outlaw'd limbs to rest,
Where falcons hang their giddy nest,
Mid cliffs, from whence his eagle eye
For many a league his prey could spy;
Cliffs, doubling, on their echoes borne,
The terrors of the robber's horn;
Cliffs, which, for many a later year,
The warbling Doric reed shall hear,
When some sad swain shall teach the grove,
Ambition is no cure for love!

XXVIII.

Unchallenged, thence pass'd Deloraine
To ancient Riddel's fair domain,
Where Aill, from mountains freed,
Down from the lakes did raving come;
Each wave was crested with tawny foam,
Like the mane of a chestnut steed.
In vain! no torrent deep or broad,
Might bar the bold moss-trooper's road.

XXIX.

At the first plunge the horse sunk low,
And the water broke o'er the saddlebow;

Above the foaming tide, I ween,
Scarce half the charger's neck was seen ;
For he was barded from counter to tail,
And the rider was armed complete in mail ;
Never heavier man and horse
Stemm'd a midnight torrent's force.
The warrior's very plume, I say,
Was daggled by the dashing spray ;
Yet, through good heart, and Our Ladye's grace,
At length he gained the landing place.

XXX.

Now Bowden Moor the march-man won,
And sternly shook his plumèd head,
As glanced his eye o'er Halidon ;
For on his soul the slaughter red
Of that unhallow'd morn arose,
When first the Scott and Carr were foes ;
When royal James beheld the fray,
Prize to the victor of the day,
When Home and Douglas, in the van,
Bore down Buccleuch's retiring clan,
Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood dear
Reek'd on dark Elliot's Border spear.

XXXI.

In bitter mood he spurrèd fast,
And soon the hated heath was past ;
And far beneath, in lustre wan,
Old Melros' rose, and fair Tweed ran,
Like some tall rock with lichens grey,
Seem'd, dimly huge, the dark Abbaye.
When Hawick he pass'd, had curfew rung,
Now midnight lauds were in Melrose sung.
The sound, upon the fitful gale,
In solemn wise did rise and fail,
Like that wild harp, whose magic tone
Is waken'd by the winds alone.
But when Melrose he reach'd, 'twas silence all :
He meetly stabled his steed in stall,
And sought the convent's lonely wall.

HERE paused the harp; and with the swell
The Master's fire and courage fell;
Dejectedly, and low, he bow'd,
And, gazing timid on the crowd,
He seem'd to seek, in every eye,
If they approved his minstrelsy;
And, diffident of present praise,
Somewhat he spoke of former days,
And how old age, and wand'ring long,
Had done his hand and harp some wrong.
The Duchess and her daughters fair,
And every gentle lady there,
Each after each, in due degree,
Gave praises to his melody;
His hand was true, his voice was clear,
And much they longed the rest to hear.
Encouraged thus, the Aged Man,
After meet rest, again began.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day,
Gild, but to flout, the ruins grey.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruin'd pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

II.

Short halt did Deloraine make there:
Little reck'd he of the scene so fair;
With dagger's hilt, on the wicket strong,
He struck full loud, and struck full long.
The porter hurried to the gate—
"Who knocks so loud, and knocks so late?"—
"From Branksome I," the warrior cried;
And straight the wicket open'd wide;
For Branksome's Chiefs had in battle stood,
To fence the rights of fair Melrose;
And lands and livings, many a rood,
Had gifted the shrine for their souls' repose.

III.

Bold Deloraine his errand said;
The porter bent his humble head,

With torch in hand, and feet unshod,
And noiseless step the path he trod;
The archèd cloister, far and wide,
Rang to the warrior's clanking stride,
Till, stooping low his lofty crest,
He enter'd the cell of the ancient priest,
And lifted his barrèd aventayle,
To hail the Monk of St. Mary's aisle.

IV.

"The Ladye of Branksome greets thee by me;
Says, that the fated hour is come,
And that to-night I shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb."—
From sackcloth couch the monk arose,
With toil his stiffen'd limbs he rear'd;
A hundred years had flung their snows
On his thin locks and floating beard.

V.

And strangely on the knight look'd he,
And his blue eyes gleam'd wild and wide;
"And, darest thou, Warrior! seek to see
What heaven and hell alike would hide?
My breast in belt of iron pent,
With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn;
For threescore years in penance spent,
My knees those flinty stones have worn;
Yet all too little to atone
For knowing what should ne'er be known.
Would'st thou thy every future year
In ceaseless prayer and penance dree,
Yet wait thy latter end with fear—
Then, daring Warrior, follow me!"—

VI.

"Penance, father, will I none;
Prayer know I hardly one;
For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,
Save to patter an Ave Mary,
When I ride on a Border foray.

Other prayer can I none ;
So speed me my errand and let me be gone."—

VII.

Again on the Knight look'd the Churchman old,
And again he sighed heavily ;
For he had himself been a warrior bold,
And fought in Spain and Italy,
And he thought on the days that were long since by,
When his limbs were strong and his courage was high :
Now, slow and faint, he led the way,
Where, cloister'd round, the garden lay ;
The pillar'd arches were over their head,
And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.

VIII.

Spreading herbs, and flowerets bright,
Glisten'd with the dew of night ;
Nor herb, nor floweret, glisten'd there,
But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair.
The Monk gazed long on the lovely moon
Then into the night he looked forth :
And red and bright the streamers light
Were dancing in the glowing north.
So had he seen, in fair Castile,
The youth in glittering squadrons start ;
Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
And hurl the unexpected dart.
He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,
That Spirits were riding the northern light.

IX.

By a steel-clenched postern door,
They enter'd now the chancel tall ;
The darken'd roof rose high aloof
On pillars lofty, and light, and small :
The key-stone, that lock'd each ribbed aisle,
Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille ;
The corbells were carved grotesque and grim ;
And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts so trim,
With base and with capital flourish'd around,
Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

X.

Full many a scutcheon and banner riven,
Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,
Around the screened altar's pale;
And there the dying lamps did burn,
Before thy low and lonely urn,
O gallant Chief of Otterburne!
And thine, dark Knight of Liddesdale!
O fading honours of the dead!
O high ambition, lowly laid!

XI.

The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliage tracery combined;
Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand,
In many a freakish knot, had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Show'd many a prophet, and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed:
Full in the midst, his Cross of Red
Triumphant Michael brandishèd,
And trampled the apostate's pride.
The moonbeam kiss'd the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

XII.

They sate them down on a marble stone,
(A Scottish monarch slept below;)
Thus spoke the Monk, in solemn tone:—
"I was not always a man of woe;
For Paynim countries I have trod,
And fought beneath the Cross of God:
Now, strange to my eyes thine arms appear,
And their iron clang sounds strange to my ear.

XIII.

In these far climes it was my lot
To meet the wondrous Michael Scott;

A Wizard, of such dreaded fame,
That when, in Salamanca's cave,
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame!
Some of his skill he taught to me;
And, Warrior, I could say to thee
The words that cleft Eildon hills in three,
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone:
But to speak them were a deadly sin;
And for having but thought them my heart within
A treble penance must be done.

XIV.

When Michael lay on his dying bed,
His conscience was awakenèd:
He bethought him of his sinful deed,
And he gave me a sign to come with speed:
I was in Spain when the morning rose,
But I stood by his bed ere evening close.
The words may not again be said,
That he spoke to me, on death-bed laid;
They would rend this Abbaye's massy nave,
And pile it in heaps above his grave.

XV.

I swore to bury his Mighty Book,
That never mortal might therein look;
And never to tell where it was hid,
Save at his Chief of Branksome's need;
And when that need was past and o'er,
Again the volume to restore.
I buried him on St. Michael's night,
When the bell toll'd one, and the moon was bright;
And I dug his chamber among the dead,
When the floor of the chancel was stained red,
That his patron's cross might over him wave,
And scare the fiends from the Wizard's grave.

XVI.

It was a night of woe and dread,
When Michael in the tomb I laid!

Strange sounds along the chancel pass'd,
The banners waved without a blast,"—
—Still spoke the Monk, when the bell toll'd one!
I tell you that a braver man
Than William of Deloraine, good at need,
Against a foe ne'er spurr'd a steed;
Yet somewhat was he chill'd with dread,
And his hair did bristle upon his head.

XVII.

"Lo, Warrior! now the Cross of Red
Points to the grave of the mighty dead;
Within it burns a wondrous light,
To chase the spirits that love the night:
That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
Until the eternal doom shall be."—
Slow moved the Monk to the broad flag-stone,
Which the bloody Cross was traced upon:
He pointed to a secret nook;
An iron bar the Warrior took;
And the Monk made a sign with his wither'd hand,
The grave's hugh portal to expand.

XVIII.

With beating heart to the task he went;
His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent;
With bar of iron heaved amain,
Till the toil-drops fell from his brows like rain.
It was by dint of passing strength,
That he moved the massy stone at length.
I would you had been there, to see
How the light broke forth so gloriously,
Stream'd upward to the chancel roof,
And through the galleries far aloof!
No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright;
It shone like heaven's own blessèd light,
And, issuing from the tomb,
Show'd the Monk's cowl, and visage pale,
Danced on the dark-brow'd Warrior's mail,
And kiss'd his waving plume.

XIX.

Before their eyes the Wizard lay,
As if he had not been dead a day.
His hoary beard in silver roll'd,
He seem'd some seventy winters old:
A palmer's amice wrapp'd him round,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea:
His left hand held his Book of might;
A silver cross was in his right;
The lamp was placed beside his knee:
High and majestic was his look,
At which the fellest fiends had shook,
And all unruffled was his face:
They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

XX.

Often had William of Deloraine
Rode through the battle's bloody plain,
And trampled down the warriors slain,
And neither known remorse nor awe;
Yet now remorse and awe he own'd;
His breath came thick, his head swam round,
When this strange scene of death he saw.
Bewilder'd and unnerv'd he stood,
And the priest prayed fervently and loud:
With eyes averted pray'd he;
He might not endure the sight to see,
Of the man he had loved so brotherly.

XXI.

And when the priest his death-prayer had pray'd,
Thus unto Deloraine he said:—
"Now, speed thee what thou hast to do,
Or, Warrior, we may dearly rue;
For those, thou may'st not look upon,
Are gathering fast round the yawning stone!"
Then Deloraine, in terror, took
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,
With iron clasp'd, and with iron bound:
He thought, as he took it, the dead man frown'd;

But the glare of the sepulchral light,
Perchance had dazzled the warrior's sight.

XXII.

When the huge stone sunk o'er the tomb,
The night return'd in double gloom;
For the moon had gone down, and the stars were few;
And, as the Knight and Priest withdrew,
With wavering steps and dizzy brain,
They hardly might the postern gain.
'Tis said, as through the aisle they pass'd,
They heard strange noises on the blast;
And through the cloister-galleries small,
Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall,
Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran,
And voices unlike the voice of man;
As if the fiends kept holiday,
Because these spells were brought to day.
I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

XXIII.

"Now, hie thee hence," the Father said,
"And when we are on death-bed laid,
O may our dear Ladye, and sweet St. John,
Forgive our souls for the deed we have done!"
The monk return'd him to his cell,
And many a prayer and penance sped;
When the convent met at the noontide bell—
The Monk of St. Mary's aisle was dead!
Before the cross was the body laid,
With the hands clasp'd fast, as if still he pray'd.

XXIV.

The Knight breathed free in the morning wind,
And strove his hardihood to find:
He was glad when he pass'd the tomb-stones grey,
Which girdle round the fair Abbaye;
For the mystic Book, to his bosom prest,
Felt like a load upon his breast;
And his joints, with nerves of iron twin'd,
Shook, like the aspen leaves in wind.

Full fain was he when the dawn of day
Began to brighten Cheviot grey;
He joy'd to see the cheerful light,
And he said Ave Mary, as well as he might.

XXV.

The sun had brighten'd Cheviot grey,
The sun had brighten'd the Carter's side;
And soon beneath the rising day
Smiled Branksome towers and Teviot's tide.
The wild birds told their warbling tale,
And waken'd every flower that blows;
And peepèd forth the violet pale,
And spread her breast the mountain rose.
And lovelier than the rose so red,
Yet paler than the violet pale,
She early left her sleepless bed,
The fairest maid of Teviotdale.

XXVI.

Why does fair Margaret so early awake,
And don her kirtle so hastilie;
And the silken knots, which in hurry she would make,
Why tremble her slender fingers to tie;
Why does she stop, and look often around,
As she glides down the secret stair;
And why does she pat the shaggy blood-hound,
As he rouses him up from his lair;
And, though she passes the postern alone,
Why is not the watchman's bugle blown?

XXVII.

The Ladye steps in doubt and dread,
Lest her watchful mother hear her tread;
The Ladye caresses the rough blood-hound,
Lest his voice should waken the castle round;
The watchman's bugle is not blown,
For he was her foster-father's son;
And she glides through the greenwood at dawn of light,
To meet Baron Henry, her own true knight.

XXVIII.

The Knight and Ladye fair are met,
And under the hawthorn's boughs are set.
A fairer pair were never seen
To meet beneath the hawthorn green.
He was stately, and young, and tall;
Dreaded in battle, and loved in hall:
And she, when love, scarce told, scarce hid,
Lent to her cheek a livelier red;
When the half sigh her swelling breast
Against the silken ribbon prest;
When her blue eyes their secret told,
Though shaded by her locks of gold—
Where would you find the peerless fair,
With Margaret of Branksome might compare!

XXIX.

And now, fair dames, methinks I see
You listen to my minstrelsy;
Your waving locks ye backward throw,
And sidelong bend your necks of snow:
Ye ween to hear a melting tale,
Of two true lovers in a dale;
And how the Knight, with tender fire,
To paint his faithful passion strove;
Swore he might at her feet expire,
But never, never cease to love;
And how she blush'd and how she sigh'd,
And, half consenting, half denied,
And said that she would die a maid;—
Yet, might the bloody feud be stay'd,
Henry of Cranstoun, and only he,
Margaret of Branksome's choice should be.

XXX.

Alas! fair dames, your hopes are vain!
My harp has lost the enchanting strain;
Its lightness would my age reprove:
My hairs are grey, my limbs are old,
My heart is dead, my veins are cold;
I may not, must not, sing of love.

XXXI.

Beneath an oak, moss'd o'er by eld,
The Baron's Dwarf his courser held,
And held his crested helm and spear:
That Dwarf was scarce an earthly man,
If the tales were true that of him ran
Through all the Border, far and near.
'Twas said, when the Baron a-hunting rode
Through Reedsdale's glens but rarely trode,
He heard a voice cry, "Lost! lost! lost!"
And, like tennis-ball by racket toss'd,
A leap of thirty feet and three
Made from the gorse this elfin shape,
Distorted like some dwarfish ape,
And lighted at Lord Cranstoun's knee.
Lord Cranstoun was some whit dismay'd;
'Tis said that five good miles he rade,
To rid him of his company;
But where he rode one mile, the Dwarf ran four,
And the Dwarf was first at the castle door.

XXXII.

Use lessens marvel, it is said:
This elvish Dwarf with the Baron staid:
Little he ate and less he spoke,
Nor mingled with the menial flock:
And oft apart his arms he toss'd,
And often mutter'd "Lost! lost! lost!"
He was waspish, arch, and litherlie,
But well Lord Cranstoun servèd he;
And he of his service was full fain;
For once he had been ta'en or slain,
An it had not been for his ministry.
All between Home and Hermitage,
Talk'd of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-page.

XXXIII.

For the Baron went on pilgrimage,
And took with him this elvish Page,
To Mary's chapel of the Lowes:

For there, beside our Ladye's lake,
An offering he had sworn to make,
And he would pay his vows.
But the Ladye of Branksome gather'd a band
Of the best that would ride at her command:
The trysting-place was Newark Lee.
Wat of Harden came thither amain,
And thither came John of Thirlestane,
And thither came William of Deloraine;
They were three hundred spears and three.
Through Douglas-burn, up Yarrow stream,
Their horses prance, their lances gleam.
They came to St. Mary's lake ere day;
But the chapel was void, and the Baron away.
They burn'd the chapel for very rage,
And cursed Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-page.

XXXIV.

And now, in Branksome's good green-wood,
As under the aged oak he stood,
The Baron's courser pricks his ears,
As if a distant noise he hears.
The Dwarf waves his long lean arm on high,
And signs to the lovers to part and fly:
No time was then to vow or sigh.
Fair Margaret through the hazel grove,
Flew like the startled cushat-dove:
The Dwarf the stirrup held and rein;
Vaulted the Knight on his steed amain,
And, pondering deep that morning's scene.
Rode eastward through the hawthorns green.

While thus he pour'd the lengthen'd tale,
The Minstrel's voice began to fail:
Full slyly smiled the observant page,
And gave the wither'd hand of age
A goblet, crown'd with mighty wine,
The blood of Velez' scorchèd vine.
He raised the silver cup on high,
And, while the big drop fill'd his eye,
Pray'd God to bless the Duchess long,
And all who cheer'd the son of song.

The attending maidens smiled to see
How long, how deep, how zealously,
The precious juice the Minstrel quaff'd ;
And he, embolden'd by the draught,
Look'd gaily back to them, and laugh'd.
The cordial nectar of the bowl
Swell'd his old veins, and cheer'd his soul ;
A lighter, livelier prelude ran,
Ere thus his tale again began.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

And said I that my limbs were old,
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor wither'd heart was dead,
  And that I might not sing of love?—
How could I, to the dearest theme
That ever warm'd a minstrel's dream,
  So foul, so false a recreant prove!
How could I name love's very name,
Nor wake my heart to notes of flame!

II.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

III.

So thought Lord Cranstoun, as I ween,
While, pondering deep the tender scene,
He rode through Branksome's hawthorn green.
  But the page shouted wild and shrill,
    And scarce his helmet could he don,
  When downward from the shady hill
    A stately knight came pricking on.
That warrior's steed, so dapple-grey,
Was dark with sweat, and splashed with clay;
  His armour red with many a stain:
He seemed in such a weary plight,
As if he had ridden the live-long night;
  For it was William of Deloraine.

IV.

But no whit weary did he seem,
When, dancing in the sunny beam,
He mark'd the crane on the Baron's crest;
For his ready spear was in his rest.
Few were the words, and stern and high,
That marked the foemen's feudal hate;
For question fierce, and proud reply,
Gave signal soon of dire debate.
Their very coursers seem'd to know
That each was other's mortal foe,
And snorted fire, when wheel'd around
To give each knight his vantage-ground.

V.

In rapid round the Baron bent;
He sigh'd a sigh, and pray'd a prayer;
The prayer was to his patron saint,
The sigh was to his ladye fair.
Stout Deloraine nor sighed nor pray'd,
Nor saint, nor ladye, called to aid;
But he stoop'd his head and couch'd his spear,
And spurr'd his steed to full career.
The meeting of these champions proud
Seem'd like the bursting thunder-cloud.

VI.

Stern was the dint the Borderer lent!
The stately Baron backwards bent;
Bent backwards to his horse's tail,
And his plumes went scattering on the gale:
The tough ash spear, so stout and true,
Into a thousand flinders flew.
But Cranstoun's lance, of more avail,
Pierced through, like silk, the Borderer's mail;
Through shield, and jack, and acton, past,
Deep in his bosom broke at last.—
Still sate the warrior, saddle-fast,
Till, stumbling in the mortal shock,
Down went the steed, the girthing broke,
Hurl'd on a heap lay man and horse.

The Baron onward pass'd his course ;.
Nor knew—so giddy roll'd his brain—
His foe lay stretched upon the plain.

VII.

But when he rein'd his courser round,
And saw his foeman on the ground
Lie senseless as the bloody clay,
He bade his page to stanch the wound,
And there beside the warrior stay,
And tend him in his doubtful state,
And lead him to Branksome castle-gate:
His noble mind was inly moved
For the kinsman of the maid he loved.
"This shalt thou do without delay ;
No longer here myself may stay ;
Unless the swifter I speed away,
Short shrift will be at my dying day."

VIII.

Away in speed Lord Cranstoun rode ;
The Goblin-page behind abode ;
His lord's command he ne'er withstood,
Though small his pleasure to do good.
As the corslet off he took,
The Dwarf espied the Mighty Book!
Much he marvell'd a knight of pride,
Like a book-bosom'd priest should ride :
He thought not to search or stanch the wound,
Until the secret he had found.

IX.

The iron band, the iron clasp,
Resisted long the elfin grasp ;
For when the first he had undone,
It closed as he the next begun.
Those iron clasps, that iron band,
Would not yield to unchristen'd hand,
Till he smear'd the cover o'er
With the Borderer's curdled gore ;
A moment then the volume spread,
And one short spell therein he read,

It had much of glamour might,
Could make a ladye seem a knight ;
The cobwebs on a dungeon wall
Seem tapestry in lordly hall ;
A nut-shell seem a gilded barge,
A sheeling seem a palace large,
And youth seem age, and age seem youth—
All was delusion, nought was truth.

X.

He had not read another spell,
When on his cheek a buffet fell,
So fierce, it stretch'd him on the plain,
Beside the wounded Deloraine.
From the ground he rose dismay'd,
And shook his huge and matted head ;
One word he mutter'd, and no more,
"Man of age, thou smitest sore!"
No more the Elfin Page durst try
Into the wondrous Book to pry :
The clasps, though smear'd with Christian gore,
Shut faster than they were before.
He hid it underneath his cloak.—
Now, if you ask who gave the stroke,
I cannot tell, so mote I thrive ;
It was not given by man alive.

XI.

Unwillingly himself he address'd
To do his master's high behest :
He lifted up the living corse,
And laid it on the weary horse :
He led him into Branksome Hall,
Before the beards of the warders all ;
And each did after swear and say,
There only pass'd a wain of hay.
He took him to Lord David's tower,
Even to the Ladye's secret bower ;
And but that stronger spells were spread,
And the door might not be opened,
He had laid him on her very bed.

Whate'er he did of gramarye,
Was always done maliciously ;
He flung the warrior on the ground,
And the blood well'd freshly from the wound.

XII.

As he repass'd the outer court,
He spied the fair young child at sport ;
He thought to train him to the wood ;
For at a word, be it understood,
He was always for ill, and never for good.
Seem'd to the boy some comrade gay
Led him forth to the woods to play ;
On the drawbridge the warders stout
Saw a terrier and lurcher passing out.

XIII.

He led the boy o'er bank and fell,
Until they came to a woodland brook ;
The running stream dissolved the spell,
And his own elvish shape he took.
Could he have had his pleasure vilde,
He had crippled the joints of the noble child ;
Or, with his fingers long and lean,
Had strangled him in fiendish spleen :
But his awful mother he had in dread,
And also his power was limited ;
So he but scowl'd on the startled child,
And darted through the forest wild ;
The woodland brook he bounding cross'd,
And laugh'd and shouted, " Lost ! lost ! lost ! "

XIV.

Full sore amaz'd at the wondrous change,
And frighten'd as a child might be,
At the wild yell and visage strange,
And the dark words of gramarye,
The child amidst the forest bower,
Stood rooted like a lily flower ;
And when at length, with trembling pace,
He sought to find where Branksome lay,

He fear'd to see that grisly face,
Glare from some thicket on his way.
Thus, starting oft, he journey'd on,
And deeper in the wood is gone,—
For aye the more he sought his way,
The further still he went astray,—
Until he heard the mountains round
Ring to the baying of a hound.

XV.

And hark! and hark! the deep-mouth'd bark
Comes nigher still, and nigher:
Bursts on the path a dark blood-hound,
His tawny muzzle track'd the ground,
And his red eye shot fire.
Soon as the wilder'd child saw he,
He flew at him right furiouslie.
I ween you would have seen with joy
The bearing of the gallant boy,
When, worthy of his noble sire,
His wet cheek glow'd 'twixt fear and ire!
He faced the blood-hound manfully,
And held his little bat on high;
So fierce he struck, the dog, afraid,
At cautious distance hoarsely bay'd,
But still in act to spring;
When dash'd an archer through the glade,
And when he saw the hound was stay'd,
He drew his tough bow-string;
But a rough voice cried, "Shoot not, hoy!
Ho! shoot not, Edward—'Tis a boy!"

XVI.

The speaker issued from the wood,
And check'd his fellow's surly mood,
And quell'd the ban-dog's ire:
He was an English yeoman good,
And born in Lancashire.
Well could he hit a fallow-deer
Five hundred feet him fro;
With hand more true, and eye more clear,
No archer bended bow.

His coal-black hair, shorn round and close,
Set off his sun-burn'd face :
Old England's sign, St. George's cross,
His barret-cap did grace ;
His bugle-horn hung by his side,
All in a wolf-skin baldric tied ;
And his short falchion, sharp and clear,
Had pierced the throat of many a deer.

XVII.

His kirtle, made of forest green,
Reach'd scantly to his knee ;
And, at his belt, of arrows keen
A furbish'd sheaf bore he ;
His buckler scarce in breadth a span,
No larger fence had he ;
He never counted him a man,
Would strike below the knee :
His slacken'd bow was in his hand,
And the leash, that was his blood-hound's band.

XVIII.

He would not do the fair child harm,
But held him with his powerful arm,
That he might neither fight nor flee ;
For when the Red-Cross spièd he,
The boy strove long and violently.
" Now by St. George," the archer cries,
" Edward, methinks we have a prize !
This boy's fair face, and courage free,
Show he has come of high degree."—

XIX.

" Yes ! I am come of high degree,
For I am the heir of bold Buccleuch ;
And, if thou dost not set me free,
False Southron, thou shalt dearly rue !
For Walter of Harden shall come with speed,
And William of Deloraine, good at need,
And every Scott from Esk to Tweed ;
And if thou dost not let me go,

Despite thy arrows, and thy bow,
I'll have thee hang'd to feed the crow!"—

XX.

"Gramercy, for thy good-will, fair boy!
My mind was never set so high;
But if thou art chief of such a clan,
And art the son of such a man,
And ever comest to thy command,
Our wardens had need to keep good order;
My bow of yew to a hazel wand,
Thou'lt make them work upon the Border.
Meantime be pleased to come with me,
For good Lord Dacre shalt thou see;
I think our work is well begun,
When we have taken thy father's son."

XXI.

Although the child was led away,
In Branksome still he seem'd to stay,
For so the Dwarf his part did play;
And in the shape of that young boy,
He wrought the castle much annoy.
The comrades of the young Buccleuch
He pinch'd, and beat, and overthrew;
Nay, some of them he wellnigh slew.
He tore Dame Maudlin's silken tire,
And as Sym Hall stood by the fire,
He lighted the match of his bandelier,
And wofully scorch'd the hackbuteer.
It may be hardly thought or said,
The mischief that the urchin made,
Till many of the castle guess'd,
That the young Baron was possess'd!

XXII.

Well I ween the charm he held
The noble Ladye had soon dispell'd:
But she was deeply busied then
To tend the wounded Deloraine.

Much she wonder'd to find him lie,
On the stone threshold stretch'd along;
She thought some spirit of the sky
Had done the bold moss-trooper wrong,
Because, despite her precept dread,
Perchance he in the Book had read;
But the broken lance in his bosom stood,
And it was earthly steel and wood.

XXIII.

She drew the splinter from the wound,
And with a charm she stanch'd the blood;
She bade the gash be cleansed and bound:
No longer by his couch she stood,
But she has ta'en the broken lance,
And wash'd it from the clotted gore,
And salved the splinter o'er and o'er.
William of Deloraine, in trance,
Whene'er she turned it round and round,
Twisted as if she gall'd his wound.
Then to her maidens she did say,
That he should be whole man and sound,
Within the course of a night and day.
Full long she toil'd; for she did rue
Mishap to friend so stout and true.

XXIV.

So pass'd the day—the evening fell,
'Twas near the time of curfew bell;
The air was mild, the wind was calm,
The stream was smooth, the dew was balm;
E'en the rude watchman on the tower,
Enjoy'd and bless'd the lovely hour.
Far more fair Margaret loved and bless'd
The hour of silence and of rest.
On the high turret sitting lone,
She waked at times the lute's soft tone;
Touch'd a wild note, and all between
Thought of the bower of hawthorns green.
Her golden hair stream'd free from band,
Her fair cheek rested on her hand,

Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star.

XXV.

Is yon the star, o'er Penchryst Pen,
That rises slowly to her ken,
And, spreading broad its wavering light,
Shakes its loose tresses on the night?
Is yon red glare the western star?—
Oh; 'tis the beacon-blaze of war!
Scarce could she draw her tighten'd breath,
For well she knew the fire of death!

XXVI.

The Warder view'd it blazing strong,
And blew his war-note loud and long,
Till, at the high and haughty sound,
Rock, wood, and river rung around.
The blast alarm'd the festal hall,
And startled forth the warriors all;
Far downward, in the castle yard,
Full many a torch and cresset glared;
And helms and plumes, confusedly toss'd,
Were in the blaze half-seen, half-lost;
And spears in wild disorder shook,
Like reeds beside a frozen brook.

XXVII.

The Seneschal, whose silver hair
Was redden'd by the torches' glare,
Stood in the midst with gesture proud,
And issued forth his mandates loud:—
"On Penchryst glows a bale of fire,
And three are kindling on Priesthaughswire:
Ride out, ride out,
The foe to scout!
Mount, mount for Branksome every man!
Thou, Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan,
That ever are true and stout—
Ye need not send to Liddesdale;
For when they see the blazing bale,
Elliots and Armstrongs never fail;

Ride, Alton, ride for death and life!
And warn the Warder of the strife.
Young Gilbert, let our beacon blaze,
Our kin, and clan, and friends to raise."

XXVIII.

Fair Margaret, from the turret head,
Heard, far below, the coursers' tread,
While loud the harness rung,
As to their seats with clamour dread,
The ready horsemen sprung;
And trampling hoofs, and iron coats,
And leaders' voices, mingled notes,
And out! and out!
In hasty rout,
The horsemen gallop'd forth;
Dispersing to the south to scout,
And east, and west, and north,
To view their coming enemies,
And warn their vassals and allies.

XXIX.

The ready page with hurried hand,
Awaked the need-fire's slumbering brand,
And ruddy blush'd the heaven:
For a sheet of flame, from the turret high,
Waved like a blood-flag on the sky
All flaring and uneven;
And soon a score of fires, I ween,
From height, and hill, and cliff, were seen;
Each with warlike tidings fraught;
Each from each the signal caught;
Each after each they glanced to sight,
As stars arise upon the night.
They gleam'd on many a dusky tarn,
Haunted by the lonely earn;
On many a cairn's grey pyramid,
Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid;
Till high Dunedin the blazes saw,
From Soltra and Dumpender Law;

And Lothian heard the Regent's order,
That all should bowne them for the Border.

XXX.

The livelong night in Branksome rang
The ceaseless sound of steel ;
The castle-bell, with backward clang,
Sent forth the larum peal :
Was frequent heard the heavy jar,
Where massy stone and iron bar
Were piled on echoing keep and tower,
To whelm the foe with deadly shower ;
Was frequent heard the clanging guard,
And watch-word from the sleepless ward
While, wearied by the endless din,
Blood-hound and ban-dog yell'd within.

XXXI.

The noble Dame amid the broil,
Shared the grey Seneschal's high toil,
And spoke of danger with a smile ;
Cheer'd the young knights, and counsel sage
Held with the chiefs of riper age.
No tidings of the foe were brought,
Nor of his numbers knew they aught,
Nor what, in time of truce, he sought.
Some said that there were thousands ten ;
And others ween'd that it was nought,
But Leven Clans, or Tynedale men,
Who came to gather in black mail ;
And Liddesdale with small avail,
Might drive them lightly back agen.
So pass'd the anxious night away,
And welcome was the peep of day.

Ceased the high sound—the listening throng
Applaud the Master of the Song ;
And marvel much in helpless age,
So hard should be his pilgrimage.
Had he no friend—no daughter dear,
His wandering toil to share and cheer ;

No son to be his father's stay,
And guide him on the rugged way?
"Ay, once he had—but he was dead!"
Upon the harp he stoop'd his head,
And busied himself the strings withal,
To hide the tear that fain would fall.
In solemn measure, soft and slow,
Arose a father's notes of woe.

CANTO FOURTH.

I.

Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willow'd shore;
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves, since Time was born,
Since first they roll'd upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor started at the bugle-horn.

II.

Unlike the tide of human time,
Which though it change in ceaseless flow,
Retains each grief, retains each crime
Its earliest course was doomed to know;
And darker, as it downward bears,
Is stained with past and present tears.
Low as that tide has ebb'd with me,
It still reflects to Memory's eye
The hour my brave, my only boy,
Fell by the side of great Dundee.
Why, when the volleying musket play'd
Against the bloody Highland blade,
Why was I not beside him laid?
Enough—he died the death of fame;
Enough—he died with conquering Græme.

III.

Now over Border dale and fell,
Full wide and far was terror spread;
For pathless marsh, and mountain cell,
The peasant left his lowly shed.
The frighten'd flocks and herds were pent
Beneath the peel's rude battlement;

And maids and matrons dropp'd the tear,
While ready warriors seiz'd the spear.
From Branksome's towers, the watchman's eye
Dun wreaths of distant smoke can spy,
Which, curling in the rising sun,
Show'd southern ravage was begun.

IV.

Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried—
"Prepare ye all for blows and blood!
Watt Tinlinn, from the Liddel-side,
Comes wading through the flood.
Full oft the Tynedale snatchers knock
At his lone gate, and prove the lock;
It was but last St. Barnabright
They sieged him a whole summer night,
But fled at morning: well they knew
In vain he never twang'd the yew.
Right sharp has been the evening shower
That drove him from his Liddel tower;
And, by my faith," the gate-ward said,
"I think 'twill prove a Warden-Raid."

V.

While thus he spoke, the bold yeoman
Entered the echoing barbican.
He led a small and shaggy nag,
That through a bog, from hag to hag,
Could bound like any Billhope stag.
It bore his wife and children twain;
A half-clothed serf was all their train:
His wife, stout, ruddy, and dark-brow'd,
Of silver brooch and bracelet proud,
Laughed to her friends among the crowd.
He was of stature passing tall,
But sparely formed and lean withal;
A batter'd morion on his brow;
A leather jack, as fence enow,
On his broad shoulders loosely hung;
A Border axe behind was slung;
His spear, six Scottish ells in length,
Seemed newly dyed with gore;

His shafts and bow, of wondrous strength,
His hardy partner bore.

VI.

Thus to the Ladye did Tinlinn show
The tidings of the English foe :—
"Belted Will Howard is marching here,
And hot Lord Dacre, with many a spear,
And all the German hackbut-men,
Who have long lain at Askerten :
They cross'd the Liddel at curfew hour,
And burn'd my little lonely tower :
The fiend receive their souls therefor !
It had not been burnt this year or more.
Barn-yard and dwelling, blazing bright,
Served to guide me on my flight ;
But I was chased the livelong night.
Black John of Akeshaw, and Fergus Græme,
Fast upon my traces came,
Until I turned at Priesthaugh Scrogg,
And shot their horses in the bog,
Slew Fergus with my lance outright—
I had him long at high despite :
He drove my cows last Fastern's night."

VII.

Now weary scouts from Liddesdale,
Fast hurrying in, confirm'd the tale ;
As far as they could judge by ken,
Three hours would bring to Teviot's strand
Three thousand armèd Englishmen—
Meanwhile full many a warlike band,
From Teviot, Aill, and Ettrick shade,
Came in, their Chief's defence to aid.
There was saddling and mounting in haste,
There was pricking o'er moor and lea ;
He that was last at the trysting place
Was but lightly held of his gay ladye.

VIII.

From fair St. Mary's silver wave,
From dreary Gamescleugh's dusky height

His ready lances Thirlestane brave
  Arrayed beneath a banner bright.
The tressured fleur-de-luce he claims,
To wreath his shield, since royal James,
Encamp'd by Fala's mossy wave,
The proud distinction grateful gave,
  For faith 'mid feudal jars ;
What time, save Thirlestane alone,
Of Scotland's stubborn barons, none
  Would march to southern wars ;
And hence in fair remembrance worn,
Yon sheaf of spears his crest has borne ;
Hence his high motto shines reveal'd—
"Ready, aye ready," for the field.

IX.

An agèd Knight, to danger steel'd,
  With many a moss-trooper came on ;
And azure in a golden field
The stars and crescent graced his shield,
  Without the bend of Murdieston.
Wide lay his lands round Oakwood tower,
And wide round haunted Castle-Ower ;
High over Borthwick's mountain flood,
His wood-embosom'd mansion stood ;
In the dark glen, so deep below,
The herds of plunder'd England low ;
His bold retainers' daily food,
And bought with danger, blows, and blood.
Marauding chief ! his sole delight
The moonlight raid, the morning fight ;
Not even the flower of Yarrow's charms,
In youth, might tame his rage for arms ;
And still, in age, he spurn'd at rest,
And still his brows the helmet press'd,
Albeit the blanchèd locks below
Were white as Dinlay's spotless snow :
  Five stately warriors drew the sword
    Before their father's band ;
  A braver knight than Harden's lord
    Ne'er belted on a brand.

X.

Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band,
Came trooping down the Todshaw-hill;
By the sword they won their land,
And by the sword they hold it still.
Hearken, Ladye, to the tale,
How thy sires won fair Eskdale.—
Earl Morton was lord of that valley fair,
The Beattisons were his vassals there.
The Earl was gentle and mild of mood,
The vassals were warlike, and fierce, and rude;
High of heart, and haughty of word,
Little they reck'd of a tame liege Lord.
The Earl into fair Eskdale came
Homage and seignory to claim:
Of Gilbert the Galliard a heriot he sought,
Saying, "Give thy best steed, as a vassal ought."
—"Dear to me is my bonny white steed,
Oft has he help'd me at pinch of need;
Lord and Earl though thou be, I trow,
I can rein Bucksfoot better than thou."—
Word on word gave fuel to fire,
Till so highly blazed the Beattison's ire,
But that the Earl the flight had ta'en,
The vassals there their lord had slain.
Sore he plied both whip and spur,
As he urged his steed through Eskdale muir;
And it fell down a weary weight,
Just on the threshold of Branksome gate.

XI.

The Earl was a wrathful man to see,
Full fain avenged would he be.
In haste to Branksome's Lord he spoke,
Saying, "Take these traitors to thy yoke;
For a cast of hawks, and a purse of gold,
All Eskdale I'll sell thee, to have and hold:
Beshrew thy heart, of the Beattisons' clan
If thou leavest on Eske a landed man;
But spare Woodkerrick's lands alone,
For he lent me his horse to escape upon."

A glad man then was Branksome bold,
Down he flung him the purse of gold ;
To Eskdale soon he spurr'd amain,
And with him five hundred riders has tae'n.
He left his merrymen in the mist of the hill,
And bade them hold them close and still ;
And alone he wended to the plain,
To meet with the Galliard and all his train.
To Gilbert the Galliard thus he said :
" Know thou me for thy liege-lord and head ;
Deal not with me as with Morton tame,
For Scotts play best at the roughest game.
Give me in peace my heriot due,
Thy bonny white steed, or thou shalt rue.
If my horn I three times wind,
Eskdale shall long have the sound in mind."

XII.

Loudly the Beattison laughed in scorn ;
" Little care we for thy winded horn.
Ne'er shall it be the Galliard's lot
To yield his steed to a haughty Scott.
Wend thou to Branksome back on foot,
With rusty spur and miry boot."—
He blew his bugle so loud and hoarse,
That the dun deer started at fair Craikcross ;
He blew again so loud and clear,
Through the grey mountain mist there did lances appear ;
And the third blast rang with such a din,
That the echoes answer'd from Pentoun-linn,
And all his riders came lightly in.
Then had you seen a gallant shock,
When saddles were emptied, and lances broke !
For each scornful word the Galliard had said,
A Beattison on the field was laid.
His own good sword the chieftain drew,
And he bore the Galliard through and through ;
Where the Beattisons' blood mix'd with the rill,
The Galliard's Haugh men call it still.
The Scotts have scatter'd the Beattison clan,
In Eskdale they left but one landed man.
The valley of Eske, from the mouth to the source,
Was lost and won for that bonny white horse.

XIII.

Whitslade the Hawk, and Headshaw came,
And warriors more than I may name.
From Yarrow-cleuch to Hindhaugh-swair,
From Woodhouselee to Chester-glen.
Troop'd man and horse, and bow and spear;
Their gathering word was Bellenden.
And better hearts o'er Border sod
To siege or rescue never rode.
The Ladye mark'd the aids come in,
And high her heart of pride arose:
She bade her youthful son attend,
That he might know his father's friend,
And learn to face his foes.
"The boy is ripe to look on war;
I saw him draw a cross-bow stiff,
And his true arrow struck afar
The raven's nest upon the cliff;
The red cross on a southern breast,
Is broader than the raven's nest;
Thou, Whitslade, shalt teach him his weapon to wield,
And o'er him hold his father's shield."—

XIV.

Well may you think, the wily page
Cared not to face the Ladye sage.
He counterfeited childish fear,
And shriek'd and shed full many a tear,
And moan'd and plain'd in manner wild.
The attendants to the Ladye told,
Some fairy, sure, had changed the child,
That wont to be so free and bold.
Then wrathful was the noble Dame;
She blush'd blood-red for very shame:—
"Hence! ere the clan his faintness view;
Hence with the weakling to Buccleuch!—
Watt Tinlinn, thou shalt be his guide
To Rangleburn's lonely side.—
Sure some fell fiend has cursed our line,
That coward should e'er be son of mine!"—

XV.

A heavy task Watt Tinlinn had,
To guide the counterfeited lad.
Soon as the palfrey felt the weight
Of that ill-omen'd elfish freight,
He bolted, sprung, and rear'd amain,
Nor heeded bit, nor curb, nor rein.
It cost Watt Tinlinn mickle toil
To drive him but a Scottish mile;
But as a shallow brook they cross'd,
The elf, amid the running stream,
His figure chang'd like form in dream,
And fled, and shouted, "Lost! lost! lost!"
Full fast the urchin ran and laugh'd,
But faster still a cloth-yard shaft
Whistled from startled Tinlinn's yew,
And pierced his shoulder through and through.
Although the imp might not be slain,
And though the wound soon heal'd again,
Yet, as he ran, he yell'd for pain;
And Watt of Tinlinn, much aghast,
Rode back to Branksome fiery fast.

XVI.

Soon on the hill's steep verge he stood,
That looks o'er Branksome's towers and wood;
And martial murmurs, from below,
Proclaim'd the approaching southern foe.
Through the dark wood, in mingled tone,
Were Border pipes and bugles blown;
The coursers' neighing he could ken,
And measured tread of marching men;
While broke at times the solemn hum,
The Almayn's sullen kettle-drum;
And banners tall, of crimson sheen,
Above the copse appear;
And, glistening through the hawthorns green,
Shine helm, and shield, and spear.

XVII.

Light forayers, first, to view the ground,
Spurr'd their fleet coursers loosely round;

Behind, in close array, and fast,
The Kendal archers, all in green,
Obedient to the bugle blast,
Advancing from the wood were seen.
To back and guard the archer band,
Lord Dacre's bill-men were at hand:
A hardy race, on Irthing bred,
With kirtles white, and crosses red,
Array'd beneath the banner tall,
That stream'd o'er Acre's conquer'd wall;
And minstrels, as they march'd in order,
Play'd, "Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the Border."

XVIII.

Behind the English bill and bow,
The mercenaries, firm and slow,
Moved on to fight, in dark array,
By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,
Who brought the band from distant Rhine,
And sold their blood for foreign pay.
The camp their home, their law the sword,
They knew no country, own'd no lord:
They were not arm'd like England's sons,
But bore the levin-darting guns;
Buff coats, all frounced and 'broider'd o'er,
And morsing-horns and scarfs they wore;
Each better knee was bared, to aid
The warriors in the escalade;
All, as they march'd, in rugged tongue,
Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung.

XIX.

But louder still the clamour grew,
And louder still the minstrels blew,
When, from beneath the greenwood tree,
Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry;
His men-at-arms, with glaive and spear,
Brought up the battle's glittering rear.
There many a youthful knight, full keen
To gain his spurs, in arms was seen;
With favour in his crest, or glove,

Memorial of his ladye-love.
So rode they forth in fair array,
Till full their lengthen'd lines display;
Then call'd a halt, and made a stand,
And cried, "St. George, for merry England!"

XX.

Now every English eye intent
On Branksome's armèd towers was bent;
So near they were, that they might know
The straining harsh of each cross-bow;
On battlement and bartizan
Gleam'd axe, and spear, and partisan;
Falcon and culver, on each tower,
Stood prompt their deadly hail to shower;
And flashing armour frequent broke
From eddying whirls of sable smoke,
Where upon tower and turret head,
The seething pitch and molten lead
Reek'd, like a witch's cauldron red.
While yet they gaze, the bridges fall,
The wicket opes, and from the wall
Rides forth the hoary Seneschal.

XXI.

Armèd he rode, all save the head,
His white beard o'er his breast-plate spread;
Unbroke by age, erect his seat,
He ruled his eager courser's gait;
Forced him, with chasten'd fire, to prance,
And, high curvetting, slow advance:
In sign of truce, his better hand
Display'd a peelèd willow wand;
His squire, attending in the rear,
Bore high a gauntlet on a spear.
When they espied him riding out,
Lord Howard and Lord Dacre stout
Sped to the front of their array,
To hear what this old knight should say.

XXII.

"Ye English warden lords, of you
Demands the Ladye of Buccleuch,
Why, 'gainst the truce of Border tide,
In hostile guise ye dare to ride,
With Kendal bow, and Gilsland brand,
And all yon mercenary band,
Upon the bounds of fair Scotland?
My Ladye reads you swith return;
And, if but one poor straw you burn,
Or do our towers so much molest
As scare one swallow from her nest,
St. Mary! but we'll light a brand
Shall warm your hearths in Cumberland."—

XXIII.

A wrathful man was Dacre's lord,
But calmer Howard took the word:
"May't please thy Dame, Sir Seneschal,
To seek the castle's outward wall,
Our pursuivant-at-arms shall show
Both why we came, and when we go."—
The message sped, the noble Dame
To the wall's outward circle came;
Each chief around leaned on his spear,
To see the pursuivant appear.
All in Lord Howard's livery dress'd,
The lion argent deck'd his breast;
He led a boy of blooming hue—
O sight to meet a mother's view!
It was the heir of great Buccleuch.
Obeisance meet the herald made,
And thus his master's will he said:—

XXIV.

"It irks, high Dame, my noble lords,
'Gainst Ladye fair to draw their swords;
But yet they may not tamely see,
All through the Western Wardenry,
Your law-contemning kinsmen ride,
And burn and spoil the Border-side;

And ill beseems your rank and birth
To make your towers a flemens-firth.
We claim from thee William of Deloraine,
That he may suffer march-treason pain.
It was but last St. Cuthbert's even
He prick'd to Stapleton on Leven,
Harried the lands of Richard Musgrave,
And slew his brother by dint of glaive.
Then, since a lone and widow'd Dame
These restless riders may not tame,
Either receive within thy towers
Two hundred of my master's powers,
Or straight they sound their warrison,
And storm and spoil thy garrison:
And this fair boy to London led,
Shall good King Edward's page be bred."

XXV.

He ceased—and loud the boy did cry
And stretched his little arms on high;
Implored for aid each well-known face,
And strove to seek the Dame's embrace.
A moment changed that Ladye's cheer,
Gush'd to her eye the unbidden tear:
She gazed upon the leaders round,
And dark and sad each warrior frown'd;
Then, deep within her sobbing breast
She lock'd the struggling sigh to rest;
Unalter'd and collected stood,
And thus replied in dauntless mood:—

XXVI.

"Say to your lords of high emprize,
Who war on women and on boys,
That either William of Deloraine
Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-treason stain,
Or else he will the combat take
'Gainst Musgrave, for his honour's sake.
No knight in Cumberland so good,
But William may count with him kin and blood.
Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword,

When English blood swell'd Ancram's ford;
And but Lord Dacre's steed was wight,
And bare him ably in the flight,
Himself had seen him dubb'd a knight.
For the young heir of Branksome's line,
God be his aid, and God be mine;
Through me no friend shall meet his doom;
Here, while I live, no foe finds room.
Then, if thy Lords their purpose urge,
Take our defiance loud and high;
Our slogan is their lyke-wake dirge,
Our moat, the grave where they shall lie."

XXVII.

Proud she look'd round, applause to claim—
Then lighten'd Thirlestane's eye of flame;
His bugle Watt of Harden blew,
Pensils and pennons wide were flung,
To heaven the Border slogan rung,
"St. Mary for the young Buccleuch!"
The English war-cry answered wide,
And forward bent each southern spear;
Each Kendal archer made a stride,
And drew the bowstring to his ear;
Each minstrel's war-note loud was blown;—
But, ere a grey-goose shaft had flown,
A horseman gallop'd from the rear.

XXVIII.

"Ah! noble lords!" he breathless said,
"What treason has your march betray'd,
What make you here, from aid so far,
Before you, walls, around you, war?
Your foemen triumph in the thought,
That in the toils the lion's caught.
Already on dark Ruberslaw
The Douglas holds his weapon-schaw;
The lances, waving in his train,
Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain;
And on the Liddel's northern strand
To bar retreat to Cumberland,

Lord Maxwell ranks his merrymen good,
Beneath the eagle and the rood;
And Jedwood, Eske, and Teviotdale,
Have to proud Angus come;
And all the Merse and Lauderdale
Have risen with haughty Home.
An exile from Northumberland,
In Liddesdale I've wandered long;
But still my heart was with merry England,
And cannot brook my country's wrong;
And hard I've spurr'd all night to show
The mustering of the coming foe."—

XXIX.

"And let them come!" fierce Dacre cried;
"For soon yon crest, my father's pride,
That swept the shores of Judah's sea,
And waved in gales of Galilee,
From Branksome's highest towers display'd,
Shall mock the rescue's lingering aid!—
Level each harquebuss on row;
Draw, merry archers, draw the bow;
Up, bill-men, to the walls, and cry,
Dacre for England, win or die!"—

XXX.

"Yet hear," quoth Howard, "calmly hear,
Nor deem my words the words of fear:
For who, in field or foray slack,
Saw the blanche lion e'er fall back?
But thus to risk our Border flower
In strife against a kingdom's power,
Ten thousand Scots 'gainst thousands three,
Certes, were desperate policy.
Nay, take the terms the Ladye made,
Ere conscious of the advancing aid:
Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine
In single fight; and, if he gain,
He gains for us; but if he's cross'd,
'Tis but a single warrior lost;
The rest, retreating as they came,
Avoid defeat, and death, and shame."

XXXI.

Ill could the haughty Dacre brook
His brother Warden's sage rebuke;
And yet his forward step he stay'd,
And slow and sullenly obeyed.
But ne'er again the Border side
Did these two lords in friendship ride:
And this slight discontent, men say,
Cost blood upon another day.

XXXII.

The pursuivant-at-arms again
Before the castle took his stand;
His trumpet call'd, with parleying strain,
The leaders of the Scottish band;
And he defied, in Musgrave's right,
Stout Deloraine to single fight.
A gauntlet at their feet he laid,
And thus the terms of fight he said:—
"If in the list good Musgrave's sword
Vanquish the knight of Deloraine,
Your youthful chieftain, Branksome's Lord,
Shall hostage for his clan remain:
If Deloraine foil good Musgrave,
The boy his liberty shall have.
Howe'er it falls, the English band,
Unharming Scots, by Scots unharm'd,
In peaceful march, like men unarm'd,
Shall straight retreat to Cumberland."

XXXIII.

Unconscious of the near relief,
The proffer pleased each Scottish chief,
Though much the Ladye sage gainsay'd;
For though their hearts were brave and true,
From Jedwood's recent sack they knew,
How tardy was the Regent's aid;
And you may guess the noble Dame
Durst not the secret prescience own,
Sprung from the art she might not name,
By which the coming help was known.

Closed was the compact, and agreed,
That lists should be enclosed with speed,
Beneath the castle, on a lawn :
They fixed the morrow for the strife,
On foot, with Scottish axe and knife,
At the fourth hour from peep of dawn ;
When Deloraine, from sickness freed,
Or else a champion in his stead,
Should for himself and chieftain stand,
Against stout Musgrave, hand to hand.

XXXIV.

I know right well, that in their lay,
Full many minstrels sing and say,
Such combat should be made on horse,
On foaming steed in full career,
With brand to aid, when as the spear
Should shiver in the course ;
But he, the jovial Harper taught
Me, yet a youth, how it was fought,
In guise which now I say :
He knew each ordinance and clause
Of Black Lord Archibald's battle-laws,
In the old Douglas' day.
He brook'd not, he, that scoffing tongue
Should tax his minstrelsy with wrong,
Or call his song untrue :
For this, when they the goblet plied,
And such rude taunt had chafed his pride,
The bard of Reull he slew.
On Teviot's side, in fight they stood,
And tuneful hands were stain'd with blood ;
Where still the thorn's white branches wave,
Memorial o'er his rival's grave.

XXXV.

Why should I tell the rigid doom,
That dragg'd my master to his tomb ;
How Ousenam's maidens tore their hair,
Wept till their eyes were dead and dim,
And wrung their hands for love of him,

Who died at Jedwood Air?
He died!—his scholars one by one,
To the cold silent grave are gone;
And I, alas! survive alone,
To muse o'er rivalries of yore,
And grieve that I shall hear no more
The strains, with envy heard before;
For, with my minstrel brethren fled,
My jealousy of song is dead.

He paused: the listening dames again
Applaud the hoary Minstrel's strain.
With many a word of kindly cheer,—
In pity half, and half sincere,—
Marvell'd the Duchess how so well
His legendary song could tell—
Of ancient deeds, so long forgot;
Of feuds, whose memory was not;
Of forests, now laid waste and bare;
Of towers, which harbour now the hare:
Of manners, long since changed and gone;
Of chiefs, who under their grey stone
So long had slept, that fickle Fame
Had blotted from her rolls their name,
And twined round some new minion's head
The fading wreath for which they bled;
In sooth, 'twas strange, this old man's verse
Could call them from their marble hearse.
The Harper smiled, well pleased; for ne'er
Was flattery lost on Poet's ear;
A simple race! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile;
E'en when in age their flame expires,
Her dulcet breath can fan its fires:
Their drooping fancy wakes at praise,
And strives to trim the short-liv'd blaze.
Smiled then, well pleased, the Agèd Man,
And thus his tale continued ran.

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

Call it not vain :—they do not err,
Who say, that when the Poet dies
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies :
Who say, tall cliff and cavern lone,
For the departed Bard make moan ;
That mountains weep in crystal rill ;
That flowers in tears of balm distil ;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply ;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

II.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
Those things inanimate can mourn ;
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those, who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song,
And, with the poet's parting breath,
Whose memory feels a second death.
The Maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,
That love, true love, should be forgot,
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
Upon the gentle minstrel's bier :
The phantom Knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heap'd with dead,
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
And shrieks along the battle-plain.
The Chief, whose antique crownlet long
Still sparkled in the feudal song,
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
Sees, in the thanedom once his own,
His ashes undistinguished lie,

His place, his power, his memory die:
His groans the lonely cavern fill,
His tears of rage impel the rill;
All mourn the Minstrel's harp unstrung,
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

III.

Scarcely the hot assault was staid,
The terms of truce were scarcely made,
When they could spy, from Branksome's towers,
The advancing march of martial powers.
Thick clouds of dust afar appear'd,
And trampling steeds were faintly heard;
Bright spears above the columns dun,
Glanced momentary to the sun;
And feudal banners fair display'd
The bands that moved to Branksome's aid.

IV.

Vails not to tell each hardy clan,
From the fair Middle Marches came;
The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,
Announcing Douglas, dreaded name!
Vails not to tell what steeds did spurn,
Where the Seven Spears of Wedderburne
Their men in battle-order set;
And Swinton laid the lance in rest,
That tamed of yore the sparkling crest
Of Clarence's Plantaganet.
Nor list I say what hundreds more,
From the rich Merse and Lammermore,
And Tweed's fair borders, to the war,
Beneath the crest of old Dunbar,
And Hepburn's mingled banners come,
Down the steep mountain glittering far,
And shouting still, "A Home! a Home!"

V.

Now squire and knight, from Branksome sent,
On many a courteous message went;
To every chief and lord they paid

Meet thanks for prompt and powerful aid;
And told them,—how a truce was made,
And how a day of fight was ta'en
'Twixt Musgrave and stout Deloraine;
And how the Ladye prayed them dear,
That all would stay the fight to see,
And deign, in love and courtesy,
To taste of Branksome cheer.
Nor, while they bade to feast each Scot,
Were England's noble Lords forgot.
Himself, the hoary Seneschal
Rode forth, in seemly terms to call
Those gallant foes to Branksome Hall.
Accepted Howard, than whom knight
Was never dubb'd, more bold in fight;
Nor, when from war and armour free,
More famed for stately courtesy:
But angry Dacre rather chose
In his pavilion to repose.

VI.

Now, noble Dame, perchance you ask,
How these two hostile armies met?
Deeming it were no easy task
To keep the truce which here was set;
Where martial spirits, all on fire,
Breathed only blood and mortal ire.—
By mutual inroads, mutual blows,
By habit, and by nation, foes,
They met on Teviot's strand;
They met, and sate them mingled down,
Without a threat, without a frown,
As brothers meet in foreign land:
The hands, the spear that lately grasp'd,
Still in the mailèd gauntlet clasp'd,
Were interchanged in greeting dear;
Visors were raised, and faces shown,
And many a friend, to friend made known,
Partook of social cheer.
Some drove the jolly bowl about;
With dice and draughts some chased the day,

And some, with many a merry shout,
In riot, revelry, and rout,
Pursued the foot-ball play.

VII.

Yet, be it known, had bugles blown,
Or sign of war been seen,
Those bands, so fair together ranged,
Those hands so frankly interchanged,
Had dyed with gore the green:
The merry shout by Teviot-side
Had sunk in war-cries wild and wide,
And in the groan of death;
And whingers, now in friendship bare,
The social meal to part and share,
Had found a bloody sheath.
'Twixt truce and war, such sudden change
Was not infrequent, or held strange,
In the old Border-day;
But yet on Branksome's towers and town,
In peaceful merriment sunk down
The sun's declining ray.

VIII.

The blithesome signs of wassel gay
Decay'd not with the dying day;
Soon through the latticed windows tall
Of lofty Branksome's lordly hall,
Divided square by shafts of stone,
Huge flakes of ruddy lustre shone;
Nor less the gilded rafters rang
With merry harp and beakers' clang:
And frequent, on the darkening plain,
Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,
As bands, their stragglers to regain,
Give the shrill watchword of their clan;
And revellers o'er their bowls, proclaim
Douglas' or Dacre's conquering name.

IX.

Less frequent heard, and fainter still,
At length the various clamours died;

And you might hear, from Branksome hill,
No sound but Teviot's rushing tide;
Save when the changing sentinel
The challenge of his watch could tell;
And save, where, through the dark profound,
The clanging axe and hammer's sound
Rung from the nether lawn;
For many a busy hand toil'd there,
Strong pales to shape, and beams to square,
The lists' dread barriers to prepare
Against the morrow's dawn.

X.

Margaret from hall did soon retreat,
Despite the Dame's reproving eye;
Nor mark'd she, as she left her seat,
Full many a stifled sigh;
For many a noble warrior strove
To win the Flower of Teviot's love,
And many a bold ally.—
With throbbing head and anxious heart,
All in her lonely bower apart,
In broken sleep she lay:
By times, from silken couch she rose;
While yet the banner'd hosts repose,
She view'd the dawning day:
Of all the hundreds sunk to rest,
First woke the loveliest and the best.

XI.

She gazed upon the inner court,
Which in the tower's tall shadow lay;
Where courser's clang, and stamp, and snort,
Had rung the livelong yesterday;
Now still as death; till stalking slow,—
The jingling spurs announced his tread,
A stately warrior pass'd below;
But when he raised his plumèd head—
Blessed Mary! can it be?—
Secure, as if in Ousenam bowers,
He walks through Branksome's hostile towers,
With fearless step and free.

She dared not sign, she dared not speak—
Oh! if one page's slumbers break,
His blood the price must pay!
Not all the pearls Queen Mary wears,
Not Margaret's yet more precious tears,
Shall buy his life a day.

XII.

Yet was his hazard small; for well
You may bethink you of the spell
Of that sly urchin page;
This to his lord he did impart,
And made him seem, by glamour art,
A knight from Hermitage.
Unchalleng'd thus, the warder's post,
The court, unchalleng'd, thus he cross'd,
For all the vassalage:
But O! what magic's quaint disguise
Could blind fair Margaret's azure eyes!
She started from her seat;
While with surprise and fear she strove,
And both could scarcely master love—
Lord Henry's at her feet.

XIII.

Oft have I mused, what purpose bad
That foul malicious urchin had
To bring this meeting round;
For happy love's a heavenly sight,
And by a vile malignant sprite
In such no joy is found;
And oft I've deem'd perchance he thought
Their erring passion might have wrought
Sorrow, and sin, and shame;
And death to Cranstoun's gallant Knight,
And to the gentle ladye bright,
Disgrace, and loss of fame.
But earthly spirit could not tell
The heart of them that loved so well.
True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven:

It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly ;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die ;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.—
Now leave we Margaret and her Knight,
To tell you of the approaching fight.

XIV.

Their warning blasts the bugles blew,
The pipe's shrill port aroused each clan ;
In haste, the deadly strife to view,
The trooping warriors eager ran :
Thick round the lists their lances stood,
Like blasted pines in Ettrick Wood ;
To Branksome many a look they threw,
The combatants' approach to view,
And bandied many a word of boast,
About the knight each favour'd most.

XV.

Meantime full anxious was the Dame ;
For now arose disputed claim,
Of who should fight for Deloraine,
'Twixt Harden and 'twixt Thirlestane :
They 'gan to reckon kin and rent,
And frowning brow on brow was bent,
But yet not long the strife—for, lo !
Himself, the Knight of Deloraine,
Strong, as it seem'd, and free from pain,
In armour sheath'd from top to toe,
Appeared, and craved the combat due.
The Dame her charm successful knew,
And the fierce chiefs their claims withdrew.

XVI.

When for the lists they sought the plain,
The stately Ladye's silken rein

Did noble Howard hold ;
Unarmèd by her side he walk'd,
And much, in courteous phrase, they talk'd
Of feats of arms of old.
Costly his garb—his Flemish ruff
Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of buff,
With satin slash'd and lined ;
Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,
His cloak was all of Poland fur,
His hose with silver twined ;
His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,
Hung in a broad and studded belt ;
Hence, in rude phrase, the Borderers still
Call noble Howard, Belted Will.

XVII.

Behind Lord Howard and the Dame,
Fair Margaret on her palfrey came,
Whose foot-cloth swept the ground :
White was her wimple, and her veil,
And her loose locks a chaplet pale
Of whitest roses bound ;
The lordly Angus, by her side,
In courtesy to cheer her tried ;
Without his aid, her hand in vain
Had strove to guide her broider'd rein.
He deem'd, she shudder'd at the sight
Of warriors met for mortal fight ;
But cause of terror, all unguess'd,
Was fluttering in her gentle breast,
When, in their chairs of crimson placed,
The Dame and she the barriers graced.

XVIII.

Prize of the field, the young Buccleuch,
An English knight led forth to view ;
Scarce rued the boy his present plight,
So much he long'd to see the fight.
Within the lists, in knightly pride,
High Home and haughty Dacre ride ;
Their leading staffs of steel they wield,

As Marshals of the mortal field ;
While to each knight their care assign'd,
Like vantage of the sun and wind.
Then heralds hoarse did loud proclaim,
In King and Queen, and Warden's name,
That none, while lasts the strife,
Should dare, by look, or sign, or word,
Aid to a champion to afford,
On peril of his life ;
And not a breath the silence broke,
Till thus the alternate Heralds spoke :—

XIX.

ENGLISH HERALD.

"Here standeth Richard of Musgrave,
Good knight and true, and freely born,
Amends from Deloraine to crave,
For foul despiteous scathe and scorn.
He sayeth, that William of Deloraine
Is traitor false by Border laws ;
This with his sword he will maintain,
So help him God, and his good cause !"

XX.

SCOTTISH HERALD.

"Here standeth William of Deloraine,
Good knight and true, of noble strain,
Who sayeth, that foul treason's stain,
Since he bore arms, ne'er soiled his coat ;
And that, so help him God above !
He will on Musgrave's body prove,
He lies most foully in his throat."

LORD DACRE.

"Forward, brave champions, to the fight !
Sound trumpets !"—

LORD HOME.

—"God defend the right !"—
Then Teviot ! how thine echoes rang,

When bugle-sound and trumpet-clang
Let loose the martial foes.
And in mid list, with shield poised high,
And measured step and wary eye,
The combatants did close.

XXI.

Ill would it suit your gentle ear,
Ye lovely listeners, to hear
How to the axe the helm did sound,
And blood pour'd down from many a wound;
For desperate was the strife, and long,
And either warrior fierce and strong.
But, were each dame a listening knight,
I well could tell how warriors fight!
For I have seen war's lightning flashing,
Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing,
Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing,
And scorn'd, amid the reeling strife,
To yield a step for death or life.—

XXII.

'Tis done, 'tis done! that fatal blow
Has stretched him on the bloody plain;
He strives to rise—Brave Musgrave, no!
Thence never shalt thou rise again!
He chokes in blood—some friendly hand
Undo the visor's barrèd band,
Unfix the gorget's iron clasp,
And give him room for life to gasp!
O, bootless aid!—haste, holy Friar,
Haste, ere the sinner shall expire!
Of all his guilt let him be shriven,
And smooth his path from earth to heaven!

XXIII.

In haste the holy Friar sped:—
His naked foot was dyed with red,
As through the lists he ran:
Unmindful of the shouts on high,
That hail'd the conqueror's victory,

He raised the dying man;
Loose waved his silver beard and hair,
As o'er him he kneel'd down in prayer;
And still the crucifix on high
He holds before his darkening eye;
And still he bends an anxious ear,
His faltering penitence to hear;
Still props him from the bloody sod,
Still, even when soul and body part,
Pours ghostly comfort on his heart,
And bids him trust in God!
Unheard he prays;—the death-pang's o'er!
Richard of Musgrave breathes no more.

XXIV.

As if exhausted in the fight,
Or musing o'er the piteous sight,
The silent victor stands;
His beaver did he not unclasp,
Mark'd not the shouts, felt not the grasp
Of gratulating hands.
When lo! strange cries of wild surprise,
Mingled with seeming terror, rise
Among the Scottish bands;
And all, amid the throng'd array
In panic haste gave open way
To a half-naked ghastly man,
Who downward from the castle ran:
He cross'd the barriers at a bound,
And wild and haggard look'd around,
As dizzy and in pain;
And all upon the armèd ground,
Knew William of Deloraine!
Each ladye sprung from seat with speed:
Vaulted each marshal from his steed;
"And who art thou," they cried,
"Who hast this battle fought and won?"
His plumèd helm was soon undone—
"Cranstoun of Teviot-side!
For this fair prize I've fought and won,"—
And to the Ladye led her son.

XXV.

Full oft the rescued boy she kiss'd,
And often press'd him to her breast;
For, under all her dauntless show,
Her heart had throbb'd at every blow;
Yet not Lord Cranstoun deign'd she greet,
Though low he kneelèd at her feet.
Me lists not tell what words were made,
What Douglas, Home, and Howard said—
—For Howard was a generous foe—
And how the clan united pray'd
The Ladye would the feud forego,
And deign to bless the nuptial hour
Of Cranstoun's Lord and Teviot's Flower.

XXVI.

She look'd to river, look'd to hill,
Thought on the Spirit's prophecy,
Then broke her silence stern and still,—
"Not you, but Fate, has vanquish'd me;
Their influence kindly stars may shower
On Teviot's tide and Branksome's tower,
For pride is quell'd, and love is free."—
She took fair Margaret by the hand,
Who, breathless, trembling, scarce might stand;
That hand to Cranstoun's lord gave she:—
"As I am true to thee and thine,
Do thou be true to me and mine!
This clasp of love our bond shall be;
For this is your betrothing day,
And all these noble lords shall stay,
To grace it with their company."—

XXVII.

All as they left the listed plain,
Much of the story she did gain;
How Cranstoun fought with Deloraine,
And of his page, and of the Book
Which from the wounded knight he took;
And how he sought her castle high,
That morn, by help of gramarye;

How, in Sir William's armour dight,
Stolen by his page, while slept the knight,
He took on him the single fight.
But half his tale he left unsaid,
And linger'd till he join'd the maid.—
Cared not the Ladye to betray
Her mystic arts in view of day;
But well she thought, ere midnight came,
Of that strange page the pride to tame,
From his foul hands the Book to save,
And send it back to Michael's grave.—
Needs not to tell each tender word
'Twixt Margaret and 'twixt Cranstoun's lord;
Nor how she told of former woes,
And how her bosom fell and rose,
While he and Musgrave bandied blows.—
Needs not these lovers' joys to tell:
One day, fair maids, you'll know them well.

XXVIII.

William of Deloraine, some chance
Had waken'd from his deathlike trance;
And taught that, in the listed plain,
Another in his arms and shield,
Against fierce Musgrave axe did wield,
Under the name of Deloraine.
Hence, to the field, unarm'd, he ran,
And hence his presence scared the clan,
Who held him for some fleeting wraith,
And not a man of blood and breath.
Not much this new ally he loved,
Yet, when he saw what hap had proved,
He greeted him right heartilie:
He would not waken old debate,
For he was void of rancorous hate
Though rude, and scant of courtesy;
In raids he spilt but seldom blood,
Unless when men-at-arms withstood,
Or, as was meet, for deadly feud.
He ne'er bore grudge for stalwart blow,
Ta'en in fair fight from gallant foe:
And so 'twas seen of him, e'en now,

When on dead Musgrave he look'd down ;
Grief darkened on his rugged brow,
Though half disguisèd with a frown ;
And, thus, while sorrow bent his head,
His foeman's epitaph he made :—

XXIX.

"Now, Richard Musgrave, liest thou here !
I ween my deadly enemy ;
For if I slew thy brother dear,
Thou slew'st a sister's son to me ;
And when I lay in dungeon dark,
Of Naworth's Castle, long months three,
Till ransom'd for a thousand mark,
Dark Musgrave, it was long of thee.
And, Musgrave, could our fight be tried,
And thou wert now alive, as I,
No mortal man should us divide,
Till one, or both of us, did die :
Yet rest thee God ! for well I know
I ne'er shall find a nobler foe.
In all the northern counties here,
Whose word is Snaffle, spur, and spear,
Thou wert the best to follow gear !
'Twas pleasure as we look'd behind,
To see how thou the chase could'st wind,
Cheer the dark blood-hound on his way,
And with the bugle rouse the fray !
I'd give the lands of Deloraine,
Dark Musgrave were alive again."†

XXX.

So mourn'd he, till Lord Dacre's band
Were bowning back to Cumberland.
They raised brave Musgrave from the field,
And laid him on his bloody shield ;
On levell'd lances, four and four,
By turns, the noble burden bore.
Before, at times, upon the gale,
Was heard the Minstrel's plaintive wail ;
Behind, four priests, in sable stole,
Sung requiem for the warrior's soul :

Around, the horsemen slowly rode;
With trailing pikes the spearmen trode;
And thus the gallant knight they bore,
Through Liddesdale to Leven's shore;
Thence to Holme Coltrame's lofty nave,
And laid him in his father's grave.

THE harp's wild notes, though hush'd the song,
The mimic march of death prolong;
Now seems it far, and now a-near,
Now meets, and now eludes the ear:
Now seems some mountain side to sweep,
Now faintly dies in valley deep;
Seems now as if the Minstrel's wail,
Now the sad requiem, loads the gale;
Last, o'er the warrior's closing grave,
Rung the full choir in choral stave.

After due pause, they bade him tell,
Why he, who touch'd the harp so well,
Should thus, with ill-rewarded toil,
Wander a poor and thankless soil,
When the more generous Southern Land
Would well requite his skilful hand.
The Aged Harper, howsoe'er
His only friend, his harp, was dear,
Liked not to hear it rank'd so high
Above his flowing poesy:
Less liked he still, that scornful jeer
Misprised the land he loved so dear;
High was the sound, as thus again
The bard resumed his minstrel strain.

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

II.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my wither'd cheek;

Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,
Though there forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

III.

Not scorn'd like me, to Branksome Hall
The Minstrels came, at festive call ;
Trooping they came from near and far,
The jovial priests of mirth and war ;
Alike for feast and fight prepared,
Battle and banquet both they shared.
Of late, before each martial clan,
They blew their death-note in the van,
But now, for every merry mate,
Rose the portcullis' iron grate ;
They sound the pipe, they strike the string,
They dance, they revel, and they sing,
Till the rude turrets shake and ring.

IV.

Me lists not at this tide declare
The splendour of the spousal rite,
How muster'd in the chapel fair
Both maid and matron, squire and knight ;
Me lists not tell of owches rare,
Of mantles green, and braided hair,
And kirtles furr'd with miniver ;
What plumage waved the altar round,
How spurs and ringing chainlets sound ;
And hard it were for bard to speak
The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek ;
That lovely hue which comes and flies,
As awe and shame alternate rise !

V.

Some bards have sung, the Ladye high
Chapel or altar came not nigh ;
Nor durst the rights of spousal grace,
So much she fear'd each holy place.
False slanders these :—I trust right well
She wrought not by forbidden spell ;

For mighty words and signs have power
O'er sprites in planetary hour :
Yet scarce I praise their venturous part,
Who tamper with such dangerous art.
But this for faithful truth I say,
The Ladye by the altar stood,
Of sable velvet her array,
And on her head a crimson hood,
With pearls embroider'd and entwined,
Guarded with gold, with ermine lined ;
A merlin sat upon her wrist,
Held by a leash of silken twist.

VI.

The spousal rights were ended soon :
'Twas now the merry hour of noon,
And in the lofty arched hall
Was spread the gorgeous festival.
Steward and squire, with heedful haste,
Marshall'd the rank of every guest ;
Pages, with ready blade, were there,
The mighty meal to carve and share :
O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,
And princely peacock's gilded train,
And o'er the boar-head, garnish'd brave,
And cygnet from St. Mary's wave ;
O'er ptarmigan and venison,
The priest had spoke his benison.
Then rose the riot and the din,
Above, beneath, without, within !
For, from the lofty balcony,
Rung trumpet, shalm, and psaltery :
Their clanging bowls old warriors quaff'd,
Loudly they spoke, and loudly laugh'd ;
Whisper'd young knights, in tone more mild,
To ladies fair ; and ladies smiled.
The hooded hawks, high perch'd on beam,
The clamour join'd with whistling scream,
And flapp'd their wings, and shook their bells,
In concert with the stag-hounds' yells.
Round go the flasks of ruddy wine,
From Bordeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine ;

Their tasks the busy sewers ply,
And all is mirth and revelry.

VII.

The Goblin Page, omitting still
No opportunity of ill,
Strove now, while blood ran hot and high,
To rouse debate and jealousy;
Till Conrad, Lord of Wolfenstein,
By nature fierce, and warm with wine,
And now in humour highly cross'd,
About some steeds his band had lost,
High words to words succeeding still,
Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Hunthill;
A hot and hardy Rutherford,
Whom men called Dickon Draw-the-sword.
He took it on the page's saye,
Hunthill had driven these steeds away.
Then Howard, Home, and Douglas rose,
The kindling discord to compose:
Stern Rutherford right little said,
But bit his glove, and shook his head.—
A fortnight thence, in Inglewood,
Stout Conrad, cold, and drench'd in blood,
His bosom gored with many a wound,
Was by a woodman's lyme-dog found;
Unknown the manner of his death,
Gone was his brand, both sword and sheath;
But ever from that time, 'twas said,
That Dickon wore a Cologne blade.

VIII.

The dwarf, who fear'd his master's eye
Might his foul treachery espy,
Now sought the castle buttery,
Where many a yeoman, bold and free,
Revell'd as merrily and well
As those that sat in lordly selle.
Watt Tinlinn, there, did frankly raise
The pledge to Arthur Fire-the-Braes;
And he, as by his breeding bound,
To Howard's merry-men sent it round.

To quit them, on the English side,
Red Roland Forster loudly cried,
"A deep carouse to yon fair bride."
At every pledge from vat and pail,
Foam'd forth in floods the nut-brown ale;
While shout the riders every one;
Such day of mirth ne'er cheered their clan,
Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,
When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en.

IX.

The wily page, with vengeful thought,
Remember'd him of Tinlinn's yew,
And swore it would be dearly bought
That ever he the arrow drew.
First, he the yeoman did molest,
With bitter jibe and taunting jest;
Told, how he fled at Solway's strife,
And how Hob Armstrong cheer'd his wife;
Then, shunning still his powerful arm,
At unawares he wrought him harm;
From trencher stole his choicest cheer,
Dashed from his lips his can of beer;
Then, to his knee sly creeping on,
With bodkin pierc'd him to the bone:
The venom'd wound, and festering joint,
Long after rued that bodkin's point.
The startled yeoman swore and spurn'd,
And board and flagons overturn'd.
Riot and clamour wild began:
Back to the hall the Urchin ran;
Took in a darkling nook his post,
And grinn'd and mutter'd, "Lost! lost! lost!"

X.

By this, the Dame, lest further fray
Should mar the concord of the day,
Had bid the Minstrels tune their lay.
And first stept forth old Albert Græme,
The Minstrel of that ancient name;
Was none who struck the harp so well,

Within the land Debateable ;
Well friended, too, his hardy kin,
Whoever lost, were sure to win ;
They sought the beeves that made their broth,
In Scotland and in England both.
In homely guise, as nature bade,
His simple song the Borderer said.

XI.

ALBERT GRÆME.

It was an English ladye bright,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
And she would marry a Scottish knight,
For Love will still be lord of all.

Blithely they saw the rising sun,
When he shone fair on Carlisle wall,
But they were sad ere day was done,
Though Love was still the lord of all.

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall ;
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
For ire that Love was lord of all.

For she had lands, both meadow and lea,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall ;
And he swore her death, ere he would see
A Scottish knight the lord of all !

XII.

That wine she had not tasted well,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
When dead, in her true love's arms, she fell,
For Love was still the lord of all !

He pierced her brother to the heart,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall ;—
So perish all would true love part,
That Love may still be lord of all.

And then he took the cross divine,
(Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
And died for her sake in Palestine;
So Love was still the lord of all.

Now all ye lovers, that faithful prove,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
Pray for their souls who died for love,
For Love shall still be lord of all!

XIII.

As ended Albert's simple lay,
Arose a bard of loftier port;
For sonnet, rhyme, and roundelay,
Renown'd in haughty Henry's court:
There rung thy harp, unrivall'd long,
Fitztraver of the silver song!
The gentle Surrey loved his lyre—
Who has not heard of Surrey's fame!
His was the hero's soul of fire,
And his the bard's immortal name,
And his was love, exalted high
By all the glow of chivalry.

XIV.

They sought, together, climes afar,
And oft, within some olive grove,
When even came with twinkling star,
They sung of Surrey's absent love.
His step the Italian peasant stay'd,
And deem'd that spirits from on high,
Round where some hermit saint was laid,
Were breathing heavenly melody;
So sweet did voice and harp combine,
To praise the name of Geraldine.

XV.

Fitztraver! O what tongue may say
The pangs thy faithful bosom knew,
When Surrey, of the deathless lay,
Ungrateful Tudor's sentence slew?

Regardless of the tyrant's frown,
His harp call'd wrath and vengeance down.
He left for Naworth's iron towers,
Windsor's green glades, and courtly bowers,
And, faithful to his patron's name,
With Howard still Fitztraver came;
Lord William's foremost favourite he,
And chief of all his minstrelsy.

XVI.

FITZTRAVER.

'Twas All-souls' eve, and Surrey's heart beat high;
He heard the midnight bell with anxious start,
Which told the mystic hour, approaching nigh,
When wise Cornelius promised, by his art,
To show to him the ladye of his heart,
Albeit betwixt them roar'd the ocean grim;
Yet so the sage had hight to play his part,
That he should see her form in life and limb,
And mark, if still she loved, and still she thought of him.

XVII.

Dark was the vaulted room of gramarye,
To which the wizard led the gallant Knight,
Save that before a mirror, huge and high,
A hallow'd taper shed a glimmering light
On mystic implements of magic might;
On cross, and character, and talisman,
And almagest, and altar, nothing bright:
For fitful was the lustre, pale and wan,
As watch-light by the bed of some departing man.

XVIII.

But soon, within that mirror huge and high,
Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam;
And forms upon its breast the Earl 'gan spy,
Cloudy and indistinct, as feverish dream;
Till, slow arranging, and defined, they seem
To form a lordly and a lofty room,
Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,
Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,
And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid in gloom.

XIX.

Fair all the pageant—but how passing fair
The slender form which lay on couch of Ind!
O'er her white bosom stray'd her hazel hair,
Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pined;
All in her night-robe loose she lay reclined,
And, pensive, read from tablet eburnine,
Some strain that seemed her inmost soul to find:—
That favour'd strain was Surrey's raptured line,
That fair and lovely form, the Lady Geraldine.

XX.

Slow rolled the clouds upon the lovely form,
And swept the goodly vision all away—
So royal envy roll'd the murky storm
O'er my beloved Master's glorious day.
Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant! Heaven repay
On thee, and on thy children's latest line,
The wild caprice of thy despotic sway,
The gory bridal bed, the plunder'd shrine,
The murder'd Surrey's blood, the tears of Geraldine!

XXI.

Both Scots, and Southern chiefs, prolong
Applauses of Fitztraver's song:
These hated Henry's name as death,
And those still held the ancient faith,—
Then, from his seat with lofty air,
Rose Harold, bard of brave St. Clair;
St. Clair, who, feasting high at Home,
Had with that lord to battle come.
Harold was born where restless seas
Howl round the storm-swept Orcades;
Where erst St. Clairs held princely sway
O'er isle and islet, strait and bay;—
Still nods their palace to its fall,
Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall;
Thence oft he marked fierce Pentland rave,
As if grim Odin rode her wave;
And watch'd, the whilst, with visage pale,
And throbbing heart, the struggling sail;

For all of wonderful and wild
Had rapture for the lonely child.

XXII.

And much of wild and wonderful
In these rude isles might fancy cull;
For thither came, in times afar,
Stern Lochlin's sons of roving war,
The Norsemen, train'd to spoil and blood,
Skill'd to prepare the raven's food;
Kings of the main their leaders brave,
Their barks the dragons of the wave.
And there, in many a stormy vale,
The Scald had told his wondrous tale;
And many a Runic column high
Had witnessed grim idolatry.
And thus had Harold, in his youth,
Learn'd many a Saga's rhyme uncouth,—
Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous curl'd,
Whose monstrous circle girds the world;
Of those dread Maids, whose hideous yell
Maddens the battle's bloody swell;
Of Chiefs, who, guided through the gloom
By the pale death-lights of the tomb,
Ransack'd the graves of warriors old,
Their falchions wrench'd from corpses' hold,
Waked the deaf tomb with war's alarms,
And bade the dead arise to arms!
With war and wonder all on flame,
To Roslin's bowers young Harold came,
Where, by sweet glen and greenwood tree,
He learn'd a milder minstrelsy;
Yet something of the Northern spell
Mix'd with the softer numbers well.

XXIII.

HAROLD.

O listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell:
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

The blackening wave is edged with white;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forbode that wreck is nigh.

Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"—

"'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle."—

O'er Roslin all that dreary night,
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie;
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle!

XXIV.

So sweet was Harold's piteous lay,
Scarce mark'd the guests the darken'd hall,
Though long before the sinking day,
A wondrous shade involved them all.
It was not eddying mist or fog,
Drain'd by the sun from fen or bog;
Of no eclipse had sages told;
And yet, as it came on apace,
Each one could scarce his neighbour's face,
Could scarce his own stretch'd hand behold.
A secret horror check'd the feast,
And chill'd the soul of every guest;
Even the high Dame stood half aghast,
She knew some evil on the blast;
The elvish page fell to the ground,
And, shuddering, mutter'd, "Found! found! found!"

XXV.

Then sudden, through the darken'd air
A flash of lightning came;
So broad, so bright, so red the glare,
The castle seem'd on flame.
Glanced every rafter of the hall,
Glanced every shield upon the wall;
Each trophied beam, each sculptured stone,
Were instant seen, and instant gone;

Full through the guests' bedazzled band
Resistless flash'd the levin-brand,
And fill'd the hall with smouldering smoke,
As on the elvish page it broke.
It broke with thunder long and loud,
Dismay'd the brave, appall'd the proud,—
From sea to sea the larum rung;
On Berwick wall, and at Carlisle withal,
To arms the startled warders sprung.
When ended was the dreadful roar,
The elvish dwarf was seen no more!

XXVI.

Some heard a voice in Branksome Hall,
Some saw a sight, not seen by all;
That dreadful voice was heard by some,
Cry, with loud summons, "GYLBIN, COME!"
And on the spot where burst the brand,
Just where the page had flung him down,
Some saw an arm, and some a hand,
And some the waving of a gown.
The guests in silence prayed and shook,
And terror dimm'd each lofty look.
But none of all the astonished train
Was so dismay'd as Deloraine:
His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,
'Twas fear'd his mind would ne'er return;
For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
Like him of whom the story ran,
Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man.
At length, by fits, he darkly told,
With broken hint, and shuddering cold—
That he had seen right certainly,
A shape with amice wrapp'd around,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
Like pilgrim from beyond the sea;
And knew—but how it matter'd not—
It was the wizard, Michael Scott.

XXVII.

The anxious crowd, with horror pale,
All trembling heard the wondrous tale;

No sound was made, no word was spoke,
Till noble Angus silence broke;
And he a solemn sacred plight
Did to St. Bride of Douglas make,
That he a pilgrimage would take
To Melrose Abbey, for the sake
Of Michael's restless sprite.
Then each, to ease his troubled breast,
To some bless'd saint his prayers address'd:
Some to St. Modan made their vows,
Some to St. Mary of the Lowes,
Some to the Holy Rood of Lisle,
Some to our Ladye of the Isle;
Each did his patron witness make,
That he such pilgrimage would take,
And monks should sing, and bells should toll,
All for the weal of Michael's soul.
While vows were ta'en, and prayers were pray'd,
'Tis said the noble dame, dismay'd,
Renounced, for aye, dark magic's aid.

XXVIII.

Nought of the bridal will I tell,
Which after in short space befell;
Nor how brave sons and daughters fair
Bless'd Teviot's Flower, and Cranstoun's heir:
After such dreadful scene, 'twere vain
To wake the note of mirth again.
More meet it were to mark the day
Of penitence, and prayer divine,
When pilgrim-chiefs, in sad array,
Sought Melrose' holy shrine.

XXIX.

With naked foot, and sackcloth vest,
And arms enfolded on his breast,
Did every pilgrim go;
The standers-by might hear uneath,
Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath,
Through all the lengthen'd row:

No lordly look, nor martial stride,
Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,
Forgotten their renown ;
Silent and slow, like ghosts they glide
To the high altar's hallow'd side,
And there they knelt them down :
Above the suppliant chieftains wave
The banners of departed brave ;
Beneath the letter'd stones were laid
The ashes of their fathers dead ;
From many a garnish'd niche around,
Stern saints and tortur'd martyrs frown'd.

XXX.

And slow up the dim aisle afar,
With sable cowl and scapular,
And snow-white stoles, in order due,
The holy fathers, two and two,
In long procession came ;
Taper, and host, and book they bare,
And holy banner flourish'd fair
With the Redeemer's name.
Above the prostrate pilgrim band
The mitred Abbot stretch'd his hand,
And bless'd them as they kneel'd :
With holy cross he signed them all,
And pray'd they might be sage in hall,
And fortunate in field.
Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead ;
And bells toll'd out their mighty peal,
For the departed spirit's weal ;
And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose ;
And far the echoing aisles prolong
The awful burthen of the song—
DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA,
SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA ;
While the pealing organ rung ;
Were it meet with sacred strain
To close my lay, so light and vain,
Thus the holy Fathers sung :—

XXXI.

HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

HUSH'D is the harp—the Minstrel gone.
And did he wander forth alone?
Alone in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No!—close beneath proud Newark's tower,
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower;
A simple hut: but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth and lattice clean.
There shelter'd wanderers, by the blaze,
Oft heard the tale of other days;
For much he loved to ope his door,
And give the aid he begg'd before.
So pass'd the winter's day; but still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Wav'd the blue-bells on Newark heath;
When throstles sung in Harehead-shaw,
And corn was green on Carterhaugh,
And flourish'd, broad, Blackandro's oak,
The aged Harper's soul awoke!
Then would he sing achievements high,
And circumstance of chivalry,

Till the rapt traveller would stay,
Forgetful of the closing day ;
And noble youths the strain to hear,
Forsook the hunting of the deer ;
And Yarrow, as he roll'd along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

NOTES.

INTRODUCTION.

Well-a-day.—An expression of woe, common in old ballad poetry :—

> "Nowe well-a-day, sayd the heire of Linne,
> Nowe well-a-day, and woe is me."
> —*The Heir of Linne in Percy's Reliques.*

A stranger.—William III. The time of the Minstrel's recitation is about 1690.

The bigots of the iron time.—In the time of the commonwealth, under Presbyterian domination, all amusements were sternly repressed, and minstrelsy gradually fell into neglect. The harper has lived through the time of the later Stuarts and, surviving the Revolution, again sees his old foes in power.

Newark's stately tower.—Newark Castle stood on the right bank of the Yarrow in Selkirkshire. It was the residence of the first Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, widow of the unfortunate James, Duke of Monmouth, beheaded in 1685. The poem is dedicated to the Earl of Dalkeith (afterwards Duke of Buccleuch), whose countess was Scott's own patroness. The ruins of Newark Castle were just outside the Park of Bowhill, in Scott's time the favorite residence of Lord and Lady Dalkeith.

Earl Francis.—Francis Scott was the father and Walter the grandfather of the duchess.

Rest him, God.—Another expression that is often met in old ballads.

Buccleuch : Buck-cleuch.—An old tradition says that the founder of the family, John Scott, to display his strength before King Kenneth, seized a huge *buck* and carried him on his back from the bottom of a deep *cleuch* or *clough*, about a milè up a steep hill and laid him at the monarch's feet. We have an allusion to this in Canto VI. 8.

The sooth to speak.—To tell the truth.

Wildering.—Perplexing. Scott is fond of this word.

King Charles the good.—Charles I. kept court in Holyrood in 1633, when he was in Scotland with Laud for the purpose of establishing the Episcopal form of worship. Holyrood was the royal palace in Edinburgh. When it was built it was dedicated to the Holy Rood (cross) which St. Margaret had brought to Scotland.

In the time of Charles I. were harpers of sufficient dignity to be admitted to the Royal presence?

Notice Scott's adoption of the epithet,—"the good." His bias towards the Stuarts was in the blood. His great-grandfather got the name of Beardie because he would never cut off his beard after the banishment of the Stuarts.

CANTO FIRST.

The action of the story begins shortly after the middle of the 16th century,—about a century and a half before the time of the Minstrel's narration.

1

Branksome Tower.—This was a border keep a few miles above Hawick on the left bank of the Teviot. The Scotts of Buccleuch obtained possession of it

in the reign of James I. Scott tells us that Branxholm was the proper name of the barony, but that he adopted Branksome as suitable to the pronunciation and more proper for poetry.

Ladye.—The archaic spelling calls attention to the use of the word as the feminine of Lord.

Secret bower.—Boudoir. Compare "Yarrow's birchen bower." (Int. 28.)

Jesu Maria, etc.—Scott acknowledges that he took this line bodily from Coleridge's Christabel, l. 54.

Wight.—Creature.

Had dared.—Would have dared.

3.

"The ancient barons of Buccleuch, both from feudal splendor and from their frontier situation, retained in their household at Branksome a number of gentlemen of their own name who held lands from their chief for the military service of watching and warding his castle."—SCOTT.

5.

Wight.—Strong, active.

Jedwood axe.—A battle axe, made at Jedburgh, used by horsemen.

6.

Ready dight.—A phrase from Chaucer,—dight=prepared.

Scroop, Howard, Percy.—As Buccleuch was the Warden of the West Marches of Scotland, so these three were the Wardens of the English Marches or Borderland. Scroop lived at Carlisle, Howard at Naworth in Cumberland, and Percy, Earl of Northumberland, at Warkworth in Northumberland. The noblemen mentioned were not all wardens at the time of the story, but the poet is not bound to be historically accurate.

7.

Lord Walter fell.—Sir Walter Scott, of Buccleuch, succeeded to his grandfather, Sir David, in 1492. His death was the consequence of a feud between the two border clans, the Scotts and the Kerrs (or Carrs). Scott gives a long account of the origin of this feud. Suffice it to say that the trouble began with the battle of Melrose in 1526.

Dunedin=Edinburgh, both meaning the "hill-fortress of Edwyn," an early king of Northumbria. *Dun* is Celtic and *burgh* Saxon. Dunedin, as the more euphonic form, is preferred in poetry.

Slogan.—The war-cry shouted by the combatants as they rush to battle. We have several slogans in the poem: "St. Mary for the bold Buccleuch!" (IV. 27); "A Home! a Home!" (v. 4.)

8.

In 1529, three years after the battle of Melrose, the chiefs of the clans of Scott and Carr, by the king's command, bound themselves over to keep the peace. As a pledge of their mutual forgiveness, the chiefs agreed to say masses at the four holy shrines of Scone, Dundee, Paisley and Melrose, for the souls of those of the opposite name who had fallen during the continuation of the feudal war.

The indenture was a "vain" one, as the feud was shortly renewed and lasted until the end of the century. It was in 1552, shortly before the opening of our story, that Sir Walter was murdered in the streets of Edinburgh.

9.

And if I live, etc.—In an old ballad, "Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night," we find:—

> "O then bespoke his little son,
> As he sat on his nurse's knee,
> 'If ever I live to be a man,
> My father's death revenged shall be.'"

Scott perhaps regarded the old ballads as everyone's property.

And if.—This is the *an if* which Shakespeare has so often. We have *an* alone in II. 32.

10.

Cranstoun.—The Cranstouns are an ancient border family. At this time they were at feud with the Scott clan. We are told that in 1557 the Lady of Buccleuch beset the Laird of Cranstoun, seeking his life. Yet this same Cranstoun, or perhaps his son, married the Lady's daughter.

Scott takes liberties with chronology when he puts the lover in the battle of Melrose which took place twenty-seven years before the opening of the story.

11.

A clerk.—A scholar.

Bethune's line.—The Bethunes were of French origin. The family Bethune or Beatoun, in Fife, produced several learned prelates, all of whom flourished about the time of our story. Lady Buccleuch was connected with this family. Being a woman of masculine spirit, and possessing much of the hereditary ability of her race, the vulgar imputed to her supernatural knowledge.

Padua.—Near Venice. It was long supposed by the peasants of Scotland that the principal school of necromancy was at Padua. In the middle ages the University of Padua was one of the most famous in Europe.

No darkening shadow.—"The vulgar conceive that when a class of students have made a certain progress in their mystic studies, they are obliged to run through a subterraneous hall, where the devil literally catches the hindmost in the race, unless he crosses the hall so speedily that the arch-enemy can only apprehend his shadow. In the latter case, the person of the sage never after throws any shade; and those, who have thus *lost their shadow*, always prove the best magicians."—SCOTT.

12.

The viewless forms of air.—"The Scottish vulgar believe in the existence of an intermediate class of spirits residing in the air or in the waters, to whose agency they ascribe floods, storms, and all such phenomena as their own philosophy cannot readily explain. They are supposed to interfere in the affairs of mortals, sometimes with a malevolent purpose, and sometimes with milder views."—SCOTT.

Is it, etc.—Compare Christabel l. 44,—"Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?"

15.

Craik-cross and **Skelfhill-pen** are two high hills on either side of the upper Teviot.

17.

Arthur's slow wain (waggon) is the Little Bear, in the end of the tail of which is the pole-star.

The northern Bear is the Great Bear, Charles's Wain, or the Dipper. *Orion* is another of the northern constellations.

Influence has its astrological meaning,—"that which flows on us from the stars," *i.e.*, the power that the stars exert over our human destiny.

19.

Moss-trooper.—The border outlaws received the appellation of moss-trooper from dwelling in the mosses, or marshes, and riding in troops together. Living on the border between the two kingdoms, they obeyed the laws of neither. See the description of Deloraine in 21:—

> "Five times outlawed had he been
> By England's king and Scotland's queen."

See Scott's fine description of the Borderers in Marmion, v. 4, beginning:—

"Not so the Borderer:—bred to war,
He knew the battle's din afar,——"

The clan of Buccleuch was not the least diligent in the hostile incursions of these wild and warlike marauders.

The Unicorn's pride, etc.—The reference here is to the armorial bearings of the Kerrs and Scotts.

20.

Deloraine.—The lands of Deloraine were joined to those of Buccleuch in the Ettrick Forest. They belonged to the Buccleuch family and were occasionally granted for border service to kinsmen, as at this time to this William Scott.

21.

Stark.—The Scottish signification of this word is "powerful."

Time or tide.—"Tide" appears to be used here in its original sense of "time": to him one time was as good as another time,—December as good as July, midnight as good as dawn. The old proverb, "Time and tide wait for no man," is not understood by one in a hundred. It is, "Time and *a time* (*opportunity*) wait for no man." Compare the use of the word in Whitsun-*tide*, Christmas-*tide*, Yule-*tide*. Compare also, "The high tides in the calendar,'—King John III, 1. In Scott's recurring "vespertide" and "morning tide" the word may have its secondary meaning, although we have "noontide."

Scott very often uses this word "tide" in its original sense: "In summer tide" (Marmion); "a spring-tide bush" (Marmion); "at this tide" (The Lay, VI. 4).

"Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
At such high-tide her savoury goose (Marmion, VI. Int.);

"But time and tide o'er all prevail—
On Christmas eve a Christmas tale" (Marmion, VI. Int.);

"Time and tide had thus their sway,
Yielding, like an April day,
Smiling noon for sullen morrow,
Years of joy for hours of sorrow!" (Last lines of Rokeby.)

"Not at every time or tide,
Nor by every eye descried" (Bridal of Triermain, II. 28.)

"In every tide, at every hour,
In mist, in sunshine and in shower." (Bridal of Triermain, III. 3.)

22.

Wightest.—Strongest or fleetest.

Melrose.—The Cistercian Abbey of Melrose on the Tweed, now in ruins, near Abbotsford. These ruins afford the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in Scotland.

St. Michael's night.—The wizard, Michael Scott, had been buried on St. Michael's night, Sept. 29th. (See Canto II. 15.) Michael Scott's "mighty book" of spells had been buried with him, to be recovered only by the chief of his clan in an hour of supreme need. Such an hour the Ladye thought had now arrived, since there was danger of a union between her daughter and a bitter enemy.

Cross of bloody red.—See Canto II. 11, 17.

24.

Gan.—This is not a shortened form of *began*, but an original A.-S. form.

Neck-verse is the beginning of the 51st Psalm; *Miserere mei*, anciently read by criminals who wished the "benefit of clergy." The clergy had freedom from

secular jurisdiction, and in process of time this "benefit of clergy "was claimed for every one who could read, all such being handed over to the ecclesiastical authorities.

Hairibee.—The place at Carlisle where Border criminals were executed.

25.

Barbican.—The defence of the outer gate of a feudal castle. "Sounding" gives an idea of resonance (See IV. 5, "echoing").

Basnet.—Basinet, a basin-shaped helmet.

Peel.—A Border tower or stronghold.

27.

Barnhill. A famous outlaw.

Doric reed.—The pastoral poems of Theocritus are in the Doric dialect. This passage alludes to a pastoral song (written by Sir Gilbert Elliot, father of the first Lord Minto) which contains the sentiment of the last line: "Ambition is no cure for love."

29.

Barded or barbed, applied to a horse accoutred with defensive armor.

Counter.—Chest.

Our Ladye.—The Virgin Mary.

30.

Halidon.—An ancient seat of the Carrs of Cessford.

Royal James.—James V., then a minor.

31.

Melros is the old form of Melrose.

Lauds.—The midnight service of the Romish Church.

Wise.—Manner. Compare with "guise."

That wild harp.—The Æolian harp, called from Æolus, the wind-god.

CANTO SECOND.

1.

Imagery.—Carved or painted figures.

The scrolls that teach.—"The buttresses along the sides of the ruins of Melrose are richly carved and fretted, containing niches for the statues of saints, and labelled with scrolls bearing appropriate texts of Scripture."

St. David.—David I. of Scotland founded the monastery of Melrose.

3.

Aventayle.—The visor of the helmet.

5.

Dree or **drie.**—Endure or hold out.

6.

An Ave Mary.—"The Borderers regularly told their beads, and never with more zeal than when going on a plundering expedition."

8.

Jennet.—A small Spanish horse.

9.

Aloof.—Aloft.

Key-stone.—Scott seems to mean the carved bosses at the intersection of the ribs of a vaulted ceiling.

Fleur-de-lys.—The royal flower of France.

Quatre-feuille.—The decorated style makes extensive use of this heraldic device,—a four-leaved flower.

Corbells.—A projection from which an arch springs in a wall,—usually a fantastic face or mask.

10.

Chief of Otterburne.—The battle of Otterburne was fought in 1388, between Henry Percy, called Hotspur, and James, Earl of Douglas. Both these renowned champions, rivals in military fame, were at the head of a chosen body of troops. The issue of the conflict is well known. Percy was made prisoner and the Scots won the day, but their gallant general, the Earl of Douglas, was killed in the action. He was buried at Melrose beneath the high altar.

Read in "Percy's Reliques" the stirring ballads, "The Battle of Otterbourne" and "The Ballad of Chevy-Chase."

Knight of Liddesdale.—William Douglas flourished in the reign of David II., and was so distinguished by his valor that he was called "The Flower of Chivalry." While hunting in Ettrick Forest, he was slain by his own god-son and chieftain, William, Earl of Douglas. He was interred with great pomp in Melrose Abbey.

11.

The east oriel.—"It is impossible to conceive a more beautiful specimen of the lightness and elegance of Gothic architecture, when in its purity, than the eastern window of Melrose Abbey."—SCOTT.

Triumphant, *i.e.*, over Satan.

12.

A Scottish monarch.—Alexander II.

Paynim.—Pagan, Saracen.

13.

Sir Michael Scott, of Balwearie in Fife, flourished during the 13th century, but by a poetical anachronism he is here placed much later. He wrote several treatises on natural philosophy and hence passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician. Many legends contain reference to this pioneer scientist, and in the south of Scotland it used to be common to ascribe any great work of antiquity to the agency of *Auld Michael*, Sir Wm. Wallace, or The Devil. Dante places poor Michael among the rest of the sorcerers in his Inferno :—

> "That other, round the loins
> So slender of his shape, was Michael Scott,
> Practised in every slight of magic wile."
> —*Cary's Translation.*

Salamanca's cave.—Spain was regarded as a favorite residence of magicians. There were public schools where magic, or the sciences supposed to be magical, were regularly taught, at Toledo, Seville, and Salamanca. In the last named city, the students met in a deep cavern, the mouth of which was walled up by Queen Isabella, wife of King Ferdinand.

Him listed.—It pleased him.

Bells would ring.—Scott tells us that once when Michael was sent as an ambassador to Paris to demand satisfaction for piracies, the king was about to refuse, when Michael besought him to suspend his resolve till the horse on which the wizard had come through the air to Paris should stamp three times. At the first stamp of the horse all the bells in Paris began to ring ; at the second, three towers of the palace fell down ; when the infernal steed raised his hoof the third time the king yielded.

Cleft Eildon hills.—Michael was once embarrassed by a spirit, for whom he was under the obligation of finding continual employment. The first task he gave him was to construct a dam-head across the Tweed at Kelso, which task was performed in one night. The second task was to divide the single cone of Eildon hill, near Melrose, into three, which are to be seen to this day. Michael

at last relieved himself of his troublesome spirit by employing him in the endless and hopeless task of making ropes out of sea-sand.

17.

Unquenchably.—The old authors who treat of magic make frequent mention of eternal lamps, especially in connection with sepulchres. One of these lamps is said to have been discovered in the tomb of Cicero's daughter.

18.

Passing.—Surpassing.

19.

Amice.—A square cloth of fine linen tied about the neck and hanging down behind

Baldric.—A belt, usually jewelled, worn transversely over the shoulder.

24.

Hardihood.—Courage.

25.

Carter's fell is on the Cheviots above Jedburgh.

29.

Ween.—Imagine, think.

The Baron's Dwarf.—The idea of the Goblin page is taken from a being called Gilpin Horner, who appeared and made some stay at a farm-house among the Border mountains. He is said to have been constantly repeating the words "Tint! Tint! Tint!" (lost), which Scott thinks may have meant that the little imp had been *lost* by his father the Devil. Some of the poet's critics, who know more than the poet himself, assert that the Goblin had been lost by his supernatural master, the wizard Michael Scott.

32.

Litherlie.—Loose, disorderly. "Litherlie," in Scotch, is an adverb, "lazily." Some would make the word here mean "lithesome," "active," "supple."

All between Home and Hermitage.—Every one on the Border, these two castles being wide apart in the Border country.

33.

Mary's chapel, stands near St. Mary's Loch, out of which the Yarrow flows. The incident here described is partly historical. Lady Buccleuch was once indicted for an attack on St. Mary's Kirk in pursuit of the Laird of Cranstoun. See note on I. 10.

Wat of Harden is described in IV. 9, "An aged Knight, etc." Our poet tells us in his autobiography that he is the great-grandson of *Beardie*, who was the great-grandson of this Wat of Harden and his fair dame, the "Flower of Yarrow."

Thirlestane as well as **Deloraine** belonged to the Scott clan.

Douglas-burn.—"Burn" is a stream.

EPILOGUE.

Blood of Velez' scorched vine.—Wine of Malaga, ripened by the sun of southern Spain.

CANTO THIRD.

4.

The crane.—The crest of the Cranstouns, in allusion to their name, is a *crane* dormant, holding a *stone* in his foot, with an emphatic Border motto, "Thou shalt want ere I want."

His spear was in his rest.—Compare with the equivalent expression in the next stanza, "couched his spear."

Debate.—The word is used in an old sense of a "contest in deed," not in word.

6.

Dint.—A blow. Compare Milton's "that mortal dint."

Lent from Scotch **lene**="give."

Jack.—A coat of mail.

Acton.—A leathern jacket worn under a coat of mail.

8.

Book-bosom'd.—Carrying the mass-book in his bosom.

9.

Glamour in the legends of Scotland means the magic power of imposing on the eyesight of the spectators so that the appearance of objects shall be different from the reality.

Sheeling.—A shepherd's hut.

Man of age.—The Goblin probably refers to the owner of the mighty book,—Michael Scott.

Mote is the old present of the past "moste," our "must," which originally meant "may" or "can."

11.

Gramarye.—Magic.

12.

To train him.—Allure. Compare Shakespeare: "I trained thee to my house."

At a word.—In short.

13.

The running stream.—"It is a firm article of popular belief that no enchantment can subsist in a living stream. Nay, if you can interpose a brook betwixt you and witches, spectres, or even fiends, you are in perfect safety. Burns' 'Tam O'Shanter' turns entirely upon such a circumstance."—SCOTT.

Vilde.—The old form of "vile."

16.

Ban-dog="a dark blood-hound" of the preceding stanza. See III. 30, where a distinction is made between the ban-dog and the blood-hound.

Fro.—An old form of "from."

Barret-cap.—Battle cap, a small cap without a brim. "Barrat" is Scotch for "battle."

17.

Kirtle.—A kind of gown or tunic.

Furbished.—Polished.

Scott tells us that the description in this stanza he borrowed from the account of Robin Hood in Drayton's Polyolbion.

20.

Gramercy.—Old French *grand merci*, "great thanks," "many thanks."

21.

Bandelier.—A band or belt for carrying ammunition.

Hackbuteer.—Musketeer.

22.

Precept dread.—See I. 23.

"Into it, Knight, thou must not look:
If thou readest, thou art lorn!
Better hadst thou ne'er been born!"

23.

Salved the splinter.—This method of surgery called "the cure by sympathy," was actually practised as late as the middle of the 17th century. The wound was cleansed and bound up, and kept neither too hot nor too cold, while the medicaments were applied to the wounding weapon.

26.

Cresset.—A lantern on a pole, or a hollow pan filled with oil or combustibles.

27.

Seneschal.—The High Steward, the chief official of a castle.

Bale.—Beacon-faggot. "The Border beacons, from their number and position, formed a sort of telegraphic communication with Edinburgh. The Act of Parliament of 1455 directs that one bale or faggot should be warning of the approach of the English in any manner; two bales, that they are *coming indeed;* four bales blazing beside each other, that the enemy are in great force."—SCOTT.

Priesthaugh-swire.—"Haugh"="cairn" or "hill"; "swire" or "swair" (IV. 13)="neck" or "shoulder" of a hill.

Mount for Branksome was the gathering word of the Scotts.

29.

Need-fire.—Beacon.

Tarn.—Mountain lake.

Earn.—A Scottish eagle.

Cairn.—"The cairns or piles of stones which crown the summit of most of our Scottish hills seem usually to have been sepulchral monuments. Six flat stones are commonly found in the centre forming a cavity in which an *urn* is placed."—SCOTT.

Law.—Mound.

Regent.—Queen Mary was only ten or eleven years old. The Regent was the Earl of Arran.

Bowne or **boun.**—Make ready (to go).

30.

Keep.—The main inner stronghold of a castle.

31.

Black mail.—Protection money exacted by free-booters. "Mail" is Scotch for "tribute." "Black" is used as in "black-guard."

EPILOGUE.

Withal.—An old emphatic form of "with," used after the object at the end of a clause.

CANTO FOURTH.

1.

Roll'd upon the Tweed.—In the first edition this was "Roll'd their way to Tweed."

2.

Great Dundee.—Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee, slain in the battle of Killiecrankie in 1689, after leading the Jacobites to victory.

3.

Pathless marsh.—"The usual refuge of the Border herdsmen on the approach of an English army; *mountain cells* or caves hewn in almost inaccessible cliffs may still be seen on the banks of the Teviot."—SCOTT.

4.

Gate-ward.—The guardian of the gate.

Watt Tinlinn.—A retainer of the Buccleuch family who had a small tower on the frontier of Liddesdale.

Warden-Raid.—A raid commanded by the Warden of the Border in person.

5.

Hag.—Broken ground in a bog.

Billhope.—In Liddesdale, remarkable for game.

Passing.—Compare "passing strength," II. 18.

Withal.—Compare with "strings withal" in Epilogue III.

Morion.—A helmet without a visor.

Enow.—Enough.

6.

Will Howard.—Son of the Duke of Norfolk, and Warden of the Western Marches. He is introduced here a few years before he actually flourished.

Lord Dacre.—The name is derived from the exploits of an ancestor at the siege of Acre under Richard Cœur de Lion. (See IV. 17.)

German hackbut-men.—In the wars with Scotland the English monarchs often employed mercenary troops.

Scrogg.—A shady wood.

Fastern.—The eve of the great Fast (of Lent), Shrove Tuesday, or the day of *shriving*. The Borderer is represented as committing his last depredations just before the sanctities of the Fast.

St. Mary's silver wave.—St Mary's Loch at the head of the vale of Yarrow. From the lake flows the river Yarrow. For a fine description of "Lone St. Mary's silent lake" see the Introduction to the Second Canto of Marmion.

Cleugh.—Cliff, or glen.

Tressured.—The *tressure* was an ornamental border around an armorial bearing.

Thirlestane.—Sir John Scott of Thirlestane, to whom James V. gave a charter of arms entitling him to bear a border of *fleurs de luce* (lilies) similar to the *tressure* in the royal arms,—with a bundle of spears for the crest.

Mossy wave.—Marsh.

9.

Without the bend, etc.—"The family of Harden are descended from a younger son of the Laird of Buccleuch, who flourished before the estate of Murdieston was acquired by the marriage of one of those chieftains with the heiress in 1296. Hence they bear merely the cognizance of the Scotts, whereas those of Buccleuch are disposed upon a *bend* dexter, assumed in consequence of that marriage."—SCOTT.

A golden field.—*Field* is the technical term for the surface of a shield; *bend*, for a kind of belt crossing the shield diagonally; *bend dexter*, from upper right to lower left.

Dinlay.—A mountain in Liddesdale.

Harden's lord.—Walter Scott of Harden (Auld Watt) who married Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow, and from whom was descended the poet himself (See note on II. 33.)

10.

Galliard.—Gay.

Heriot.—A tribute exacted by a superior on the death of his tenant. This fine was the pick of the property, generally a horse. This tribute was originally exacted probably to remind the new tenant of his feudal inferiority and duties.

11.

A cast of hawks.—As many as were let loose at one time.

Hold them, *i.e.*, hold themselves.

12.

Linn.—A deep pool.

Haugh.—A hill.

Bellenden is situated in the centre of the possessions of the Scotts, and was frequently used as their rendezvous and gathering word. In the present passage it is merely the gathering word, as Branksome was the meeting-place.

15.

Mickle or **muckle**=much ("Many a little makes a muckle").
Running stream.—Compare note on III. 13.

16.

Almayn: the old **allemanni.**—The German mercenaries have been referred to in IV. 6. See also IV. 18.

17.

Bill-men.—The *bill* was a kind of battle-axe.
Irthing.—A river of Cumberland, flowing past Carlisle.

18.

English bill and bow.—Scott is not strictly accurate in arming the English with the bow at the date of the story. Hand-guns were used in the siege of Berwick in 1521. When Edward IV. landed in Yorkshire in 1471, he had in his train Flemings armed with these weapons.
Levin.—Lightning.
Frounced.—Plaited.
Morsing-horn.—Powder-horn.
Better knee.—Scott tells us that the baring of the right knee is taken from the battle pieces of the Flemish painters.
Escalade.—The assault of a fortress by scaling the walls.

19.

Glaive.—Sword.

20.

Bartizan.—A small over-hanging turret projecting from the angles of a wall.
Partisan.—A pike or pole with a bayonet at the end.
Falcon.—An ancient piece of artillery, named from the bird of prey.
Culver.—Another ancient piece of ordnance, named from a snake.

21.

A gauntlet on a spear.—"A glove upon a lance was the emblem of faith among the ancient Borderers."—SCOTT.

22.

Border tide.—The metaphor probably represents the continuous warfare of Border troops. The use of such an odd expression as "the truce of Border tide" may be accounted for by the author's desire for alliterative effect.
Reads you swith return.—Counsels you to return quickly.
St. Mary! but.—But=if not.

23.

Pursuivant.—Herald.
Argent.—Silver.

24.

Irks.—Distresses.
Flemens-firth.—An asylum for outlaws, from *fleme* "to banish," and "*firth*," here meaning a "refuge"
March treason.—"Several species of offences peculiar to the Border constituted march-treason. Among others was the crime of riding, or causing to ride, against the opposite country in time of peace."—SCOTT.
Harried—Plundered.
Warrison.—Note of assault.
King Edward.—The story belongs to 1552 or 1553, near the end of the reign of Edward VI.

Emprize.—Enterprise, or undertaking of danger, or renown for bravery.

Cleanse him.—"In dubious cases the innocence of Border criminals was occasionally referred to their own oath."

Count with him, etc.—Show as high a pedigree.

Douglas' sword.—The honor of knighthood originally flowed from other knighthood and not from royalty. Afterwards this power of conferring knighthood was confined to generals, who created knights after an engagement. This Douglas was Archibald, Earl of Angus, the Scottish general.

Ancram's ford.—The battle of Ancram Moor was fought in 1545. The English were routed and both their leaders slain in the action. The Earl of Angus and the Laird of Buccleuch commanded the Scotch.

But.—As in IV. 22.

Dubb'd.—The word means "dress," or "invest" (with knighthood).

Lyke-wake.—Watching a corpse before burial (A.-S. *lic*, "body," and *wake*, "watch.").

Pensils.—The pensil was a streamer or banner, or a tapered flag.

28.

What make you here.—The French idiom, *Que faites-vous ici?*

Weapon-schaw.—A muster or show of military forces; a review.

29.

Harquebuss.—Hackbut, musket.

30.

Blanche lion.—The "lion argent" of IV. 23. This was the cognizance of the Howards.

Certes.—The French form of the Latin *certe*, "certainly."

32.

Parleying strain.—To "sound a parley," was to sound a trumpet as a signal for a conference with the enemy.

34.

When as.—For the origin of such a collocation as this we must go back to the period when interrogative words were made relative by the addition of a particle such as "that" or "as"; compare "*when that* the poor have cried." Julius Cæsar, III. 2.

The jovial Harper.—"An ancient Border minstrel called 'Rattling Roaring Willie.' He quarrelled with one of his own profession; there was a fight with swords, and his antagonist, the Bard of *Rule* Water (having the odd name of 'Sweet Milk'), was killed on the spot. Willie was taken and executed at Jedburg."

Lord Archibald was the framer of statutes on all points of Border warfare. He flourished about the middle of the 15th century.

35.

Ousenam, or Oxnam, the seat of the Cranstouns, near Jedburgh.

Jedwood Air.—Air=sand-bank.

CANTO FIFTH.

4.

Vails.—It avails.

Bloody heart.—"The well-known cognizance of the House of Douglas, as-

sumed from the time of good Lord James, to whose care Robert Bruce committed his heart to be carried to the Holy Land."—SCOTT.

Spurn.—Kick.

Seven spears.—Sir David Home of Wedderburne, slain at Flodden, left *seven* sons.

Clarence's Plantagenet.—At the battle of Beauge in France, the Duke of Clarence, brother of Henry V., was unhorsed by Sir John Swinton.

List.—Wish for, desire.

A Home! a Home!—The slogan or war-cry of the family.

6.

Foot-ball.—This was anciently a favorite sport all over Scotland, but especially upon the Borders.

Whingers.—The whinger was a kind of poniard, used for a knife at meals and a weapon in broils.

8.

Wassel.—Wassail, carousal.

9.

The lists.—The enclosure for combats or tournaments.

10.

By times.—Betimes, early.

First woke.—Compare with the close of II. 25.

11.

Ousenam.—See note on IV. 35.

Queen Mary.—The beautiful and accomplished Mary Stewart, Queen of Scots, at the time of our story about ten years old.

12.

For all the vassalage.—In spite of the numerous dependants.

14.

Port.—A martial piece of music adapted to the bag-pipes.

15.

The Dame her charm, etc.—See III. 23:—

> "That he should be whole man and sound,
> Within the course of a night and day."

16.

Buff.—A material made of skin so thick as to resist even a sword.

Slash'd.—Cut in such a way as to display openings of another material.

Bilboa blade.—Spanish blades were of the finest temper.

17.

Wimple.—A folded neckerchief.

18.

Like vantage.—One of the duties of the marshals was to place the combatants so that neither of them had a more favorable position for fighting than the other.

19.

Despiteous.—Despiteful, malicious.

Scathe.—Injury.

20.

He lies, etc.—Compare:—

> "Bid them defiance stern and high,
> And give them in their throats the lie."
> —*The Lord of The Isles*, II. 29.

22.

Gorget.—Armor for the throat.

24.

Beaver.—The movable mouth-piece of a helmet to enable the wearer to drink.

26.

The spirit's prophecy.—See I. 17.

28.

Death-like trance.—See III. 23.
Wraith.—The spectral apparition of a living person.

29.

It was long of thee.—Along of thee, on account of thee.
Snaffle.—A kind of bridle.
Gear.—Booty.
Chase could'st wind.—Musgrave is represented here as pursuing with blood-hounds the retreating Scottish marauders.
Alive again.—Deloraine's pity for his enemy is the echo of a sentiment common in old ballads. Compare the passage in *Chevy-Chace* :—

> "Then leaving liffe, Erle Percy tooke the dead man by the hand;
> And said, Erle Douglas, for thy life wold I had lost my land.
> O Christ! my verry hart doth bleed with sorrow for thy sake;
> For sure a more redoubted knight mischance cold never take."

Another parallel may be found in the ballad of *Sir Andrew Barton* :—

> "But when they see his deadlye face,
> And eyes so hollow in his head,
> I wold give, quoth the king, a thousand markes,
> This man were alive as he is dead."

EPILOGUE.

Stave.—Song or hymn.
Misprised.—Despised.

CANTO SIXTH.

2.

Seems as.—It seems as if.

3.

Portcullis.—A strong grating over the gateway to be dropped in case of need.

4.

Tide.—See note on I. 21.
Ouches.—Jewelled ornaments.
Miniver.—Ermine, a white fur with spots of black.

5.

Forbidden spell.—"Popular belief made a distinction between magicians, and necromancers or wizards;—the former were supposed to command the evil spirits, and the latter to serve, or at least to be in league and compact with, those enemies of mankind."—SCOTT.
Guarded.—Bordered.
Merlin.—A sparrow-hawk was actually carried by ladies of rank, as a falcon was the constant attendant of a Knight in time of peace.

6.

Heron-shew.—Young heron.

Princely peacock.—"The peacock, it is well known, was considered, during the times of chivalry, not merely as an exquisite delicacy, but as a dish of peculiar solemnity. After being roasted, it was again decorated with its plumage, and a sponge, dipped in lighted spirits of wine, was placed in its bill. When it was introduced on days of grand festival, it was the signal for the adventurous Knights to take upon them vows to do some deed of chivalry, 'before the peacock and the ladies.'"

"The boar's head was also a usual dish of feudal splendor. In Scotland it was sometimes surrounded by little banners, displaying the colors and achievements of the baron at whose board it was served."—SCOTT.

Garnished brave, *i.e.*, bravely or gaily. This is the old meaning of 'brave.' The preceding note explains 'garnished.'

Cygnet.—Wild swan.

Shalm and psaltery.—A wind instrument and a stringed instrument, as a cornet and a harp.

Hooded hawks.—When the falcon is not engaged in hunting its head is covered with a leathern hood which completely excludes the light. This keeps the hawk quiet and tractable, and prevents it from being attracted by chance bait.

Sewer.—One who serves up *sews* or dishes, a waiter.

7.

Conrad.—The leader of the German mercenaries.

Rutherford.—One of an ancient race of Border Lairds.

Bit his glove.—To bite the thumb or the glove was a pledge of mortal revenge. In Shakespeare it is a gesture of contempt: "I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them if they hear it." (R. and J. Act. I. Sc. 1.)

Lyme-dog.—A dog held in *leam* or leash.

Buttery.—Where the butts or casks of ale were kept.

Selle.—French for saddle; here, a seat.

Buccleuch.—For explanation of this allusion read note on Canto I. Introduction.

9.

Remembered him of=remembered. See IV. 15:—

"But faster still a cloth-yard shaft
Whistled from startled Tinlinn's yew."

Fled at Solway.—A large army of Scotch invaders is said to have run away when charged by some English Borderers at Solway Moss.

10.

By this.—Does it mean 'by this time,' or on 'account of this'?

Graeme.—The Scotch pronunciation of Graham.

Land Debateable.—The land between England and Scotland, claimed by both kingdoms. It was finally divided between the two countries.

11.

The burden (the even lines) of this song is taken, Scott tells us, from an old Scottish song.

13.

Port.—Bearing, with reference to the style of his song.

Roundelay.—A dancing song.

Surrey.—"The gallant and unfortunate Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was unquestionably the most accomplished cavalier of his time, and his sonnets display beauties which would do honour to a more polished age. He was behead-

ed on Tower-hill in 1546, a victim to the mean jealousy of Henry VIII., who could not bear so brilliant a character near his throne.

"The song of the supposed bard is founded on an incident said to have happened to the Earl in his travels. Cornelius Agrippa, the celebrated alchemist, showed him, in a looking glass, the lovely Geraldine, to whose service he had devoted his pen and his sword. The vision represented her as indisposed, and reclining upon a couch reading her lover's verses by the light of a waxen taper." —SCOTT.

15.

Lord William.—"Belted Will Howard" (IV. 6).

16.

Hight.—Called; here it means 'promised.'

17.

Talisman.—"A magic image on which are mystical characters as charms against enchantments."

Almagest.—"The Great Collection," an astronomical work by Ptolemy (140 A.D.).

Nothing bright.—Quite dim.

18.

Agra.—See "couch of Ind" in next stanza.

19.

Eburnine.—Of ivory.

21.

Orcades.—The Latinized form of Orkneys.

Kirkwall.—The castle of Kirkwall was built by the St. Clairs (now Sinclairs), while Earls of Orkney.

Odin.—The same as Wodan, the chief god of the Norsemen.

22.

Skill'd to prepare the raven's food.—To make slaughter so that the ravens may feast on dead and dying.

Kings of the main.—The chiefs of the Scandinavian pirates assumed the title *Sea-kings*.

Dragons of the wave.—The Scalds thus described ships.

Scald.—The Norse bard.

Runic.—Norse.

Saga.—The Norse tale or epic, especially describing the heroic age of the 10th century.

Sea-snake.—One of the wildest fictions of the "Edda." This book (Edda) contains the mythical tales of the Scandinavians.

Dread maids.—These are the *Fatal sisters* of Gray; the *Selecters of the Slain* of Norse mythology, despatched by Odin from Valhalla to choose those who were to die. They correspond to the Fates of the Greeks.

Of Chiefs.—The Norse warriors were usually buried with their arms. It was a common act of daring to rifle the tombs and to encounter the ghosts of the offended dead.

23.

Castle Ravensheuch.—A strong castle in ruins near Kirkaldy, on a steep crag, washed by the Frith of Forth. It was long one of the residences of the Barons of Roslin.

Inch.—Isle.

Roslin.—The *promontory* of the *linn* or water-fall; a lordly castle and an adjacent chapel built in the 15th century. The chapel is said to have appeared on

fire previously to the death of any of the St. Clair family.

Pinnet.—Pinnacle.

26.

Spoke the spectre-hound.—Conversed with or encountered. A soldier in Peel castle in the Isle of Man dared to face a spectre-spaniel which haunted the castle. There was a frightful struggle, and when the soldier came back he was speechless. After vainly trying to explain by signs what had happened he died in horrible convulsions.

A shape with amice.—See II. 19.

27.

Plight.—Pledge.

St. Bride.—A favorite saint of the house of Douglas, and of the Earl of Angus in particular.

29.

Uneath.—With difficulty.

30.

Cowl.—A hood.

Scapular.—A part of the habit of some religious orders with a band crossing the shoulders.

Stole.—A long narrow scarf worn round the neck and crossed in front.

Host.—The consecrated wafer used in the sacrifice of the mass in the Roman Catholic Church.

In the office close.—At the conclusion of the office or sacred service.

Dies Irae.—This famous Latin hymn of Thomas of Celano (a Neapolitan village) was written in 1230 A.D. It consists of seventeen stanzas of three lines each and another of four. The two lines quoted here begin the first stanza. Scott's "Hymn for the Dead" is a very free paraphrase of the original hymn. See Zephaniah, I. 15, 16.

EPILOGUE.

The poet here describes a cottage which was a day-dream of his. At one time Scott contemplated the purchase of Broadmeadows, a farm on the bank of the Yarrow opposite to the ruins of Newark Castle; the purchase money, however, was otherwise invested

OPINIONS AND QUESTIONS

(1.) Just after the "Lay" came out, Pitt is said to have repeated to a friend the lines describing the old harper's embarrassment on being asked to play, and to have remarked: "This is a sort of thing which I might have expected in painting, but could never have fancied capable of being given in poetry."

Examine the great statesman's notion of what constitutes the picturesque.

(2.) "Till pride be quelled and love be free."

Show that this line is of very special importance in its bearing on the whole story.

(3.) "It is an important aid in picturesque descriptions to *individualize* the picture; that is, to give it under all the conditions of a particular moment."

Apply this to C. II. 1.

(4.) "In the description of Melrose, the reader will observe how skilfully the author calls in the aid of sentimental associations to heighten the effect of the picture which he presents to the eye."

Apply this.

(5.) Goethe says of dramatic poetry that the facts should be in themselves significant, and *should lead to something further*.

Show that Scott in the "Lay" obeys this canon, using as your illustrations

(*a*) The Ladye's love for her son (See I. 9; V. 25, 26),

(*b*) The death of Lord Walter,

(*c*) The invasion of the English.

(6.) Show that much of the story of Rosabelle is in dramatic form. What is the poetical effect secured by telling this pathetic tale "without one word of a distinct narrative"?

(7.) "Rosabelle is 'young-eyed poesy all deftly masked in hoar antiquity', yet still modern art shows itself in the elaboration of the descriptions and the choice language and carefully constructed sentences."

Apply this.

(8.) Describe each of the four parts into which Rosabelle may be divided. Show how these parts are related to one another and to the main idea of the poem.

(9.) "It is the author's object in these songs (C. VI.) to exemplify the different styles of ballad narrative which prevailed in this island at different periods or in different conditions of society."

Compare the three songs in point of style.

(10.) Are the songs of the last Canto connected with the action of the poem? Notice that their respective subjects are (*a*) Love, (*b*) Magic, (*c*) Supernatural Agency.

(11.) "The Ballad is less discursive than the tale, it is generally made short and simple by rapidity in the succession of incidents, many things being merely suggested."

Illustrate from the ballads of the "Lay."

(12.) (*a*) "The sixth Canto is altogether redundant, for the poem should certainly have closed with the union of the lovers when the interest was at an end."

(*b*) "The last Canto is no more redundant than the first; it is a necessary part of the scheme of the poem."

Discuss the question here raised by this conflict of opinion.

(13.) (*a*) "The whole character and proceedings of the Goblin page may be considered as merely episodical; no material part of the fable requires the intervention of supernatural agency."

(*b*) "His pranks are not episodical, but in the main line of the action. That no part of the story requires supernatural agency is no more true of Scott's poem than of the Iliad. The supernatural element cannot be detached without destroying the whole structure."

Defend one or the other of these views.

(14.) "We do not know what lawful business the spirits of the river and the mountain could have at Branksome Castle in the year 1550."

Is the objection well taken?

(15.) "Scott's supernatural machinery may be looked at in relation to the literature of the time."

Was it a habit of the age to employ the supernatural in romance?

NOTE—At the beginning of the century the study of the supernatural for literary purposes was a prevailing fashion. Mrs. Barbauld and "Monk" Lewis brought the fashion to Edinburgh. Coleridge had written his "Ancient Mariner" and his "Christabel." The custom had its origin in Germany, and its rapid spread to Britain is a curious illustration of the fact that there is in literature something of an international unity.

(16.) (*a*) "Scott makes the Goblin page the centre of the story. He secures a unity for the poem by making the action of the story depend on the dwarf's intervention."

(*b*) "Cranstoun's love for Margaret is the central point of the poem."

Which of these is the true view?

(17.) "Under the cloak of the last of the minstrels, Scott more than once in the course of the poem speaks playfully for himself and pays graceful compliments to the countess."

Illustrate this.

(18.) "In the interludes and passionate parentheses of the 'Lay of The Last Minstrel' we have the poet's own inner soul and temperament laid bare and throbbing before us."

"Some of the most interesting passages of the poem are those in which the author drops the business of his story to moralize and apply to his own situation the images and reflections it has suggested."

Point out some instances of this "dramatic interference of the narrator."

(19.) "The time occupied in the action is three nights and three days."—SCOTT.

Examine these passages:—I. 1; II. 24; III. 24; III. 31; V. 7; V. 10; VI. 6; VI. 26.

Does VI. 28 to the end come within the prescribed time-limit?

(20.) Show that the "Lay" possesses Epic, Dramatic, and Lyric elements.

(21.) Compare the style of the introductory and concluding lines of each Canto with the style of the "Lay" itself.

(22.) Show that the introduction of the Minstrel between the Cantos always springs naturally out of the narrative.

(23.) "The chief excellence of 'The Lay' consists in the beauty of the descriptions of local scenery and the accurate picture of customs and manners among the Scottish Borders at the time it refers to."

Criticise this statement.

(24.) "The descriptions of natural scenery in 'The Lay' are not only very effective, but illustrate that peculiar perception of color rather than form which has been pointed out in the very suggestive criticism of Mr. Ruskin in the 'Modern Painters'."

Illustrate by a few striking examples.

(25.) Does Scott respect historical accuracy in making his minstrel live after the Revolution?

NOTE: "Towards the end of the 16th century this class of men (the minstrels) had lost all credit and were sunk so low in the public opinion that in the 39th year of Elizabeth a statute was passed by which 'minstrels wan-

dering abroad' were included among 'rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars', and were adjudged to be punished as such. This act seems to have put an end to the profession. In Scotland the feudal system and the institutions of chivalry subsisted longer in force than in the southern portion of the island, and for this reason the minstrels occupied a respectable footing in society longer than their brethren of the South."

(26.) Scott defines a Romance as "A fictitious narrative in prose or verse the interest of which turns upon marvellous and uncommon incidents."

Apply this to "The Lay."

(27.) "As the result of all my reading and meditation, I abstracted two critical aphorisms, deeming them to comprise the conditions and *criteria* of poetic style; first, that not the poem which we have read, but that to which we return with the greatest pleasure, possesses the genuine power and claims of essential poetry; second, that whatever lines can be translated into other words of the same language, without diminution of their significance, either in sense or association, or in any worthy feeling, are so far vicious in their diction." COLERIDGE.

What bearing have the following critical opinions on Coleridge's "aphorisms"?

(*a.*) "Lovers of Scott revert to 'The Lay' with a greater fondness than to any of his other productions."

(*b.*) "No writer of such power as Scott has furnished fewer quotations: he does not bring his idea to a consummate expression such as incorporates itself within the memory. It is in this quarter that he is perhaps most in danger from the hand of time."

(*c.*) "Scott is stronger in thought and substance than in form and expression."

(28.) "Scott's earliest works were translations from the German, though the rill of foreign influence was soon lost in a river which flowed from a more abundant spring."

Explain the metaphor.

(29.) "Scott's metre is the true English counterpart, if there be one, of Homer."

What are the advantages, and what the dangers, of the octosyllabic verse?

(*a.*) That the tetrameter has some advantages over the pentameter the opening couplets of Pope's translation of Homer's Iliad have been used to prove. In each line there are two syllables forming a superfluous word:

> "Achilles' wrath to Greece the *direful* spring
> Of woes unnumbered, *heavenly* goddess, sing;
> That wrath which sent to Pluto's *gloomy* reign,
> The souls of *mighty* chiefs in battle slain,
> Whose bones, unburied on the *desert* shore,
> Devouring dogs and *hungry* vultures tore."

Without impairing the sense the words in italics may be omitted, and tetrameter couplets are the result.

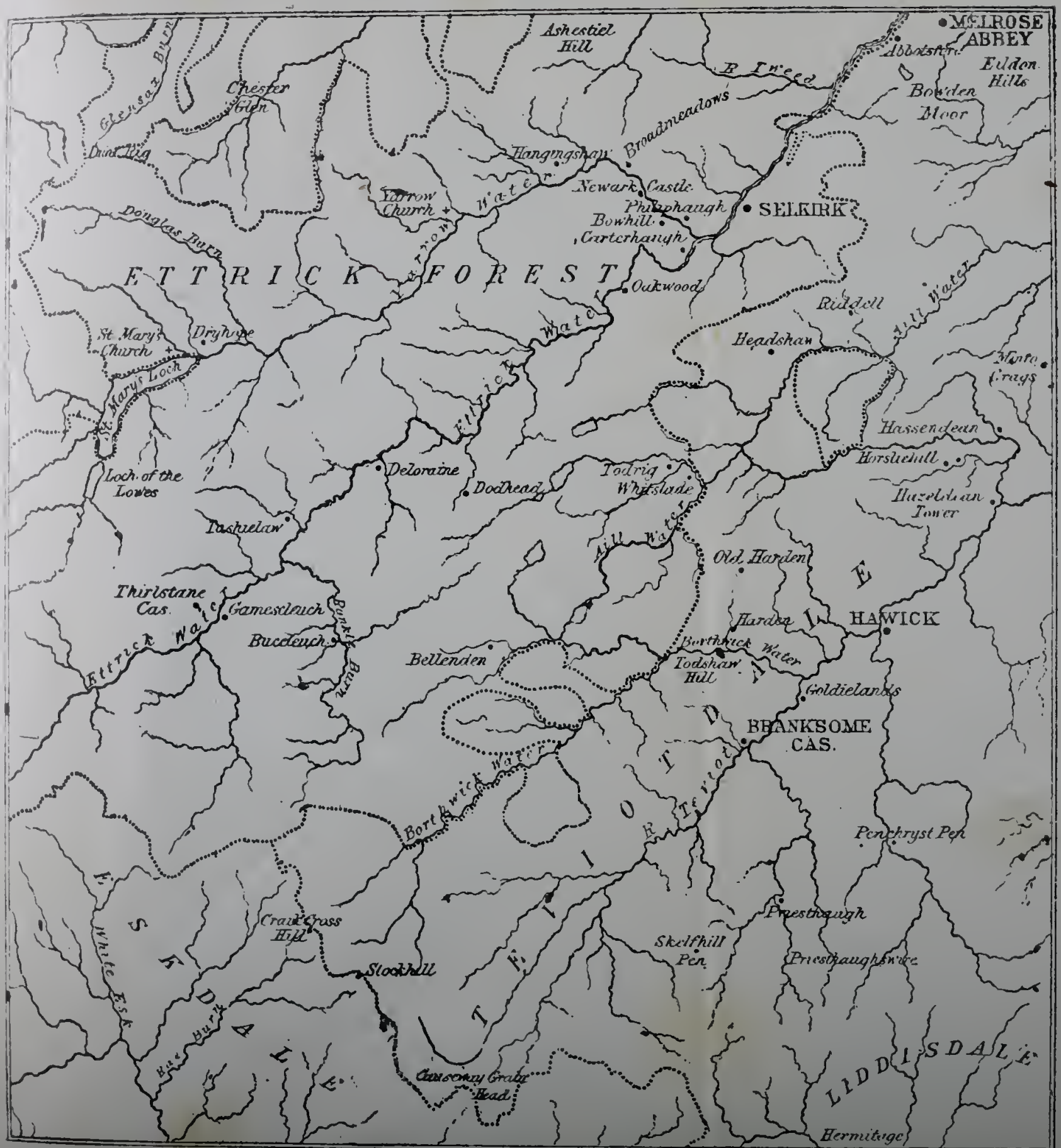
(*b.*) Scott himself says: "The extreme facility of the tetrameter couplet, which seems congenial to our language, and was doubtless for that reason so popular with our old minstrels, is apt to prove a snare to the composer by encouraging him in the habit of slovenly composition."

Shakespeare contemptuously calls the tetrameter: "The butter-woman's rate to market."

Byron refers to "The fatal facility of the octosyllabic verse."

The student without difficulty will find well exemplified in "The Lay" the strength and the weakness of tetrameter verse.

MAP OF SCOTT-LAND.



SELECTIONS

FROM

GOLDSMITH'S

CITIZEN OF THE WORLD,

WITH

ANNOTATIONS AND LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PREFACE TO THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

"Yet, upon his (the Chinese philosopher's) first appearance here, many were angry not to find him as ignorant as a Tripoline ambassador, or an envoy from Mujac. They were surprised to find a man born so far from London, that school of prudence and wisdom, endued even with a moderate capacity. They expressed the same surprise at his knowledge, that the Chinese do at ours. "How comes it," said they, "that the Europeans so remote from China, think with so much justice and precision? They have never read our books, they scarcely know even our letters, and yet they talk and reason just as we do." [Taken from Le Comte.] The truth is, the Chinese and we are pretty much alike. Different degrees of refinement, and not of distance, mark the distinctions among mankind. Savages of the most opposite climates have all but one character of improvidence and rapacity; and tutored nations, however separate, make use of the very same methods to procure refined enjoyment.

The distinctions of polite nations are few; but such as are peculiar to the Chinese appear in every page of the following correspondence. The metaphors and allusions are all drawn from the East. Their formality, our author carefully preserves. Many of their favorite tenets in morals are illustrated. The Chinese are always concise; so is he. Simple; so is he. The Chinese are grave and sententious; so is he. But in one particular the resemblance is peculiarly striking; the Chinese are often dull; and so is he. Nor has my assistance been wanting [*i.e.*, the editor's]. "In the intimacy between my author and me, he has usually given me a lift of his eastern sublimity, and I have sometimes given him a return of my colloquial ease." [He then complains of the neglect of the public, and in an imaginary dream shows the loss of his goods in going to the Fashion Fair. On awaking he complains that but for writing these he might have been famous too.] The Preface concludes: "But at present I belong to no particular class. I resemble one

of those animals, that has (have) been forced from its (their) forest to gratify human curiosity. My earliest wish was to escape unheeded through life; but I have been set up for halfpence, to fret and scamper at the end of my chain. Though none are injured by my rage, I am naturally too savage to court any friends by fawning, too obstinate to be taught new tricks, and too improvident to mind what may happen. I am appeased, though not contented; too indolent for intrigue, and too timid to push for favour. I am—but what signifies what I am." [And as far as being merely the editor, what did it signify what he was! But it was, of course, known at the time that it was Goldsmith himself that was speaking, and such personal reflections, which would not be tolerated now, were then customary.]

LETTER 1.

INTRODUCTION—A CHARACTER OF THE CHINESE PHILOSOPHER.

To Mr....., Merchant in London.

AMSTERDAM.

SIR,—

Yours of the 13th instant, covering two bills, one on Messrs. R. and D., value 478*l.* 10*s.*, and the other on Mr....., value 285*l.*, duly came to hand; the former of which met with honour, but the other has been trifled with, and I am afraid will be returned protested.

The bearer of this is my friend, therefore let him be yours. He is a native of Honan in China, and one who did me signal services when he was a mandarin, and I a factor at Canton. By frequently conversing with the English there, he has learned the language, though entirely a stranger to their manners and customs. I am told he is a philosopher; I am sure he is an honest man: that to you will be his best recommendation, next to the consideration of his being the friend of, Sir, Yours, etc.

LETTER 13.

A VISIT TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam.

1. I am just returned from Westminster Abbey, the place of sepulture for the philosophers, heroes, and kings of England.

What a gloom do monumental inscriptions and all the venerable remains of deceased merit inspire! Imagine a temple marked with the hand of antiquity, solemn as religious awe, adorned with all the magnificence of barbarous profusion, dim windows, fretted pillars, long colonnades, and dark ceilings. Think, then, what were my sensations at being introduced to such a scene. I stood in the midst of the temple, and threw my eyes round on the walls, filled with the statues, the inscriptions, and the monuments of the dead.

2. Alas! I said to myself, how does pride attend the puny child of dust even to the grave. Even humble as I am, I possess more consequence in the present scene than the greatest hero of them all; they have toiled for an hour to gain a transient immortality, and are at length retired to the grave where they have no attendant but the worm, none to flatter but the epitaph.

3. As I was indulging such reflections, a gentleman, dressed in black, perceiving me to be a stranger, came up, entered into conversation, and politely offered to be my instructor and guide through the temple. "If any monument, should particularly excite your curiosity, I shall endeavor to satisfy your demand." I accepted with thanks the gentleman's offer, adding, that "I was come to observe policy, the wisdom and the justice of the English, in conferring rewards upon deceased merit. If adulation like this," continued I, "be properly conducted, as it can no ways injure those who are flattered, so it may be a glorious incentive to those who are now capable of enjoying it. It is the duty of every good government to turn this monumental pride to its own advantage; to become strong in the aggregate from the weakness of the individual. If none but the truly great have a place in this awful repository, a temple like this will give the finest lessons of morality, and be a strong incentive to true ambition. I am told that none have a place here but characters of the most distinguished merit." The man in black seemed impatient at my observations, so I discontinued my remarks, and we walked on together to take a view of every particular monument in order as it lay.

4. As the eye is naturally caught by the finest objects, I could not avoid being particularly curious about one monument which appeared more beautiful than the rest: "that," said I to my guide, "I take to be the tomb of some very great man. By the peculiar excellence of the workmanship and the magnificence of

the design, this must be a trophy raised to the memory of some king who has saved his country from ruin, or lawgiver who has reduced his fellow-citizens from anarchy into just subjection." "It is not requisite," replied my companion, smiling, "to have such qualifications in order to have a very fine monument here. More humble abilities will suffice." "What! I suppose then the gaining two or three battles, or the taking half a score towns, is thought a sufficient qualification?" "Gaining battles or taking towns," replied the man in black, "may be of service; but a gentleman may have a very fine monument here without ever seeing a battle or a siege." "This, then, is the monument of some poet, I presume, of one whose wit has gained him immortality?" "No, sir," replied my guide, the gentleman who lies here never made verses; and as for wit, he despised it in others, because he had none himself." "Pray, tell me then in a word," said I, peevishly, "what is the great man who lies here particularly remarkable for, sir!" "Remarkable," said my companion; "why, sir, the gentleman that lies here is remarkable, very remarkable—for a tomb in Westminster Abbey." "But, head of my ancestors! how has he got here? I fancy he could never bribe the guardians of the temple to give him a place. Should he not be ashamed to be seen among company, where even moderate merit would look like infamy?" "I suppose," replied the man in black, "the gentleman was rich, and his friends, as is usual in such a case, told him he was great. He readily believed them; the guardians of the temple, as they got by the self-delusion, were ready to believe him too, so he paid his money for a fine monument; and the workman, as you see, has made him one of the most beautiful. Think not, however, that this gentleman is singular in his desire of being buried among the great; there are several others in the temple, who, hated and shunned by the great while alive, have come here fully resolved to keep them company now they are dead."

5. As we walked along to a particular part of the temple, "there," says the gentleman, pointing with his finger, "that is the poet's corner; there you see the monuments of Shakespeare, and Milton, and Prior, and Drayton." "Drayton!" I replied, "I never heard of him before; but I have been told of one Pope; is he there?" "It is time enough," replied my guide, "these hundred years; he is not long dead; people have not done hating him yet." "Strange," cried I, "can any be found to hate a man, whose life was wholly spent in entertaining and in-

structing his fellow-creatures?" "Yes," says my guide, "they hate him for that very reason. There are a set of men called answerers of books, who take upon them to watch the republic of letters, and distribute reputation by the sheet; these answerers have no other employment but to cry out dunce and scribbler; to praise the dead and revile the living; to grant a man of confessed abilities some small share of merit; to applaud twenty blockheads, in order to gain the reputation of candour; and to revile the moral character of the man whose writings they cannot injure. Such wretches are kept in pay by some mercenary bookseller, or more frequently the bookseller himself takes this dirty work off their hands, as all that is required is to be very abusive and very dull. Every poet of any genius is sure to find such enemies; he feels, though he seems to despise, their malice; they make him miserable here, and in the pursuit of empty fame, at last he gains solid anxiety.

6. "Has this been the case with every poet I see here?" cried I. "Yes, every mother's son of them," replied he, "except he happened to be born a mandarine. If he has much money, he may buy reputation from your book answerers, as well as a monument from the guardians of the temple."

7. "But are there not some men of distinguished taste, as in China, who are willing to patronize men of merit, and soften the rancour of malevolent dulness?" "I own there are many," replied the man in black, "but, alas! sir, the book answerers crowd about them, and call themselves the writers of books; and the patron is too indolent to distinguish; thus poets are kept at a distance, while their enemies eat up all their rewards at the mandarine's table."

8. Leaving this part of the temple, we made up to an iron gate, through which my companion told me we were to pass in order to see the monuments of the kings. Accordingly I marched up without further ceremony, and was going to enter, when a person who held the gate in his hand, told me I must pay first. I was surprised at such a demand, and asked the man whether the people of England kept a show? Whether the paltry sum he demanded was not a national reproach? Whether it was not more to the honour of the country to let their magnificence or their antiquities be openly seen, than thus meanly to tax a curiosity which tended to their own honour? "As for your questions," replied the gate-keeper, "to be sure they may be very right because I don't understand them; but, as for that

there three-pence, I farm it from one—who rents it from another—who hires it from a third—who leases it from the guardians of the temple, and we all must live." I expected upon paying here, to see something extraordinary, since what I had seen for nothing filled me with so much surprise: but in this I was disappointed; there was little more within than black coffins, rusty armour, tattered standards, and some few slovenly figures in wax. I was sorry I had paid, but I comforted myself by considering it would be my last payment. A person attended us, who, without once blushing, told an hundred lies; he talked of a lady who died by pricking her finger; of a king with a golden head, and twenty such pieces of absurdity. "Look ye there, gentlemen," says he, pointing to an old oak chair, "there's a curiosity for ye, in that chair the kings of England were crowned: you see also a stone underneath, and that stone is Jacob's pillow." I could see no curiosity either in the oak chair or the stone: could I, indeed, behold one of the old kings of England seated in this, or Jacob's head laid upon the other, there might be something curious in the sight; but in the present case there was no more reason for my surprise than if I should pick a stone from their streets and call it a curiosity, merely because one of the kings happened to tread upon it as he passed in a procession.

9. From hence our conductor led us through several dark walks and winding ways, uttering lies, talking to himself, and flourishing a wand which he held in his hand. He reminded me of the black magicians of Kobi. After we had been almost fatigued with a variety of objects, he at last desired me to consider attentively a certain suit of armour, which seemed to show nothing remarkable. "This armour," said he, "belonged to General Monk." Very surprising that a general should wear armour! "And pray," added he, "observe this cap; this is General Monk's cap." Very strange, indeed, very strange, that a general should have a cap also! "Pray, friend, what might this cap have cost originally?" "That, sir," says he, "I don't know; but this cap is all the wages I have for my trouble." "A very small recompense truly," said I. "Not so very small," replied he, "for every gentleman puts some money into it, and I spend the money." "What, more money! Still more money." "Every gentleman gives something, sir." "I'll give thee nothing," returned I; "the guardians of the temple should pay you your wages, friend, and not permit you to squeeze thus from every spectator. When we pay

our money at the door to see a show, we never give more as we are going out. Sure, the guardians of the temple can never think they get enough. Show me the gate; if I stay longer, I may probably meet with more of those ecclesiastical beggars."

10. Thus leaving the temple precipitately, I returned to my lodgings, in order to ruminate over what was great, and to despise what was mean, in the occurrences of the day.

LETTER 14.

The Reception of the Chinese from a Lady of Distinction.

From Lien Chi Altangi.

1. I was some days ago agreeably surprised by a message from a lady of distinction, who sent me word that she most passionately desired the pleasure of my acquaintance; and with the utmost impatience, expected an interview. I will not deny, my dear Fum Hoam, but that my vanity was raised at such an invitation: I flattered myself that she had seen me in some public place, and had conceived an affection for my person, which thus induced her to deviate from the usual decorums of the sex. My imagination painted her in all the bloom of youth and beauty. I fancied her attended by the loves and graces; and I set out with the most pleasing expectations of seeing the conquest I had made.

2. When I was introduced into her apartment, my expectations were quickly at an end; I perceived a little shrivelled figure indolently reclined on a sofa, who nodded by way of approbation at my approach. This, as I was afterwards informed, was the lady herself,—a woman equally distinguished for rank, politeness, taste and understanding. As I was dressed after the fashion of Europe, she had taken me for an Englishman, and consequently saluted me in her ordinary manner; but when the footman informed her grace that I was the gentleman from China, she instantly lifted herself from the couch, and while her eyes sparkled with unusual vivacity,—"Bless me! can this be the gentleman that was born so far from home? What an unusual share of somethingness in his whole appearance! Lord, how I am charmed with the outlandish cut of his face! how bewitching the exotic breadth of his forehead! I would give the world to see him in his country dress. Pray turn about,

sir, and let me see you behind. There! there's a travell'd air for you. You that attend there, bring up a little plate of beef cut into small pieces; I have a violent passion to see him eat. Pray, sir, have you got your chop-sticks about you? It will be so pretty to see the meat carried to the mouth with a jerk. Pray speak a little Chinese: I have learned some of the language myself. Lord! have you nothing pretty from China about you; something that one does not know what to do with? I have got twenty things from China that are of no use in the world. Look at those jars, they are of the right pea-green; these are the furniture." "Dear madam," said I, "these, though they may appear fine in your eyes, are but paltry to a Chinese; but, as they are useful utensils, it is proper they should have a place in every apartment." "Useful! sir," replied the lady, "sure you mistake; they are of no use in the world." "What! are they not filled with an infusion of tea, as in China?" replied I. "Quite empty and useless, upon my honour, sir." "Then they are the most cumbrous and clumsy furniture in the world, as nothing is truly elegant but what unites use with beauty." "I protest," says the lady, "I shall begin to suspect thee of being an actual barbarian. I suppose you hold my two beautiful pagods in contempt." "What!" cried I, "has Fohi spread his gross superstitions here also? Pagods of all kinds are my aversion." "A Chinese, a traveller, and want taste! it surprises me. Pray, sir, examine the beauties of that Chinese temple which you see at the end of the garden. Is there anything in China more beautiful?" "Where I stand I see nothing, madame, at the end of the garden, that may not as well be called an Egyptian pyramid as a Chinese temple, for that little building in view is as like the one as t'other." "What! sir, is not that a Chinese temple? You must surely be mistaken. Mr. Freeze, who designed it, calls it one, and nobody disputes his pretensions to taste." I now found it vain to contradict the lady in anything she thought fit to advance, so was resolved rather to act the disciple than the instructer. She took me through several rooms all furnished, as she told me, in the Chinese manner. Sprawling dragons, squatting pagods, and clumsy mandarines were stuck up upon every shelf. In turning round one must have used caution not to demolish a part of the precarious furniture.

3. In a house like this, thought I, one must live continually upon the watch; the inhabitants must resemble a knight in an

enchanted castle, who expects to meet an adventure at every turning. "But, madame," said I, "do no accidents ever happen to all this finery?" "Man, sir," replied the lady, "is born to misfortunes, and it is but fit I should have a share. Three weeks ago a careless servant snapped off the head of a favourite mandarine. I had scarce done grieving for that when a monkey broke a beautiful jar. This I took the more to heart, as the injury was done me by a friend. However, I survived the calamity; when yesterday, crash went half-a-dozen dragons upon the marble hearth-stone, and yet I live: I survive it all. You can't conceive what comfort I find under afflictions from philosophy. There is Seneca, and [3]Bolingbroke, and some others who guide me through life, and teach me to support its calamities." I could not but smile at a woman who makes her own misfortunes, and then deplores the miseries of her situation Wherefore, tired of acting with dissimulation, and willing to indulge my meditations in solitude, I took leave just as the servant was bringing in a plate of beef pursuant to the directions of his mistress. Adieu.

LETTER 23.

The English Subscription in Favour of the French Prisoners Commended.

From Lien Chi Altangi.

1. Yet,* while I sometimes lament the cause of humanity, and the depravity of human nature, there now and then appear gleams of greatness that serve to[2] relieve the eye, oppressed with the hideous prospect, and resemble those cultivated spots that are sometimes found in the midst of an Asiatic wilderness. I see many superior excellencies[3] among the English, which it is not in the power of all their follies to hide; I see virtues, which in other countries are known only to a few, practised here by every rank of people.

2. I know not whether it proceeds from their superior opulence that the English are more charitable than the rest of mankind; whether by being possessed of all the conveniences of

*The author closes letter 22, which gives Altangi's gloomy reflections on hearing that his son was a slave, with the following sentence:—"If this life be my all, let the following epitaph be written on the tomb of Altangi:—'By my father's crimes I received this: by my own crimes I bequeath it to posterity'!"

life themselves, they have more leisure to perceive the uneasy situation of the distressed; whatever be the motive, they are not only the most charitable of[1] any other nation but most judicious in distinguishing the[2] properest objects of compassion.

3. In other countries, the giver is generally influenced by the immediate impulse of pity; his generosity is exerted as much to relieve his own[3] uneasy sensations as to comfort the object in distress. In England benefactions are of a more general nature. Some men of fortune and universal benevolence propose the proper objects; the wants and the merits of the petitioners are canvassed by the people; neither passion nor pity[1] find a place in the cool discussion; and charity is then only exerted when it has received the approbation of reason.

4. A late instance of this finely-directed benevolence forces itself so strongly on my imagination that it in a manner reconciles me to pleasure, and once more makes me the universal friend of man. The English and French have not only political reasons to induce them to mutual hatred, but often the more prevailing motive of private interest to widen the breach. A war between other countries is carried on collectively; army fights against army, and[2] a man's own private resentment is lost in that of the community; but in England and France the individuals of each country plunder each other at sea without redress, and consequently feel that animosity against each other which passengers do at a robber. They have for some time carried on an expensive war, and several captives have been taken on both sides. Those made prisoners by the French have been used with cruelty, and guarded with unnecessary caution; those taken by the English, being much more numerous, were confined in the ordinary manner, and not being released by their countrymen, began to feel all these inconveniences which arise from want of covering and long confinement.

5. Their countrymen were informed of their deplorable situation; but they, more intent on annoying their enemies than[1] relieving their friends, refused the least assistance. The English now saw thousands of their fellow-creatures[2] starving in every prison, forsaken by those whose duty it was to protect them, labouring with disease, and without clothes to keep off the severity of the season. National benevolence prevailed over national animosity; their prisoners were indeed enemies, but they were enemies in distress, they ceased to be hateful

when they no longer continued to be formidable; forgetting, therefore, their national hatred, the men who were brave enough to conquer, were generous enough to forgive; and they whom all the world seemed to have disclaimed, at last found pity and redress from those they[3] attempted to subdue. A subscription was opened, ample charities collected, proper necessaries procured, and the poor[4] gay sons of a merry nation were once more taught to resume their former gaiety.*

6. When I cast my eye over the list of those who contributed on this occasion, I find the names almost entirely English; scarce one foreigner appears among the number. It was for Englishmen alone to be capable of such exalted virtue. I own I cannot look over this catalogue of good men and philosophers without thinking better of myself, because it makes me entertain a more favourable opinion of mankind. I am particularly struck with one who writes these words upon the paper that enclosed his benefaction: "The mite of an Englishman, a citizen of the world, to Frenchmen, prisoners of war, and naked." I only wish that he may find as much pleasure from his virtues as I have done in reflecting upon them; that alone will amply reward him. Such a one, my friend, is an honour to human nature; he makes no private distinctions of party; all that are stamped with the divine image of their Creator are[2] friends to him; he is a native of the world, and the Emperor of China may be proud that he has such a countryman.

7. To rejoice at the destruction of our enemies is a[1] foible grafted upon human nature, and we must be permitted to indulge it; the true way of atoning for such an ill-founded pleasure, is thus to turn our triumph into an act of benevolence, and to testify our own joy by endeavouring to banish anxiety from others.

8. Hamti, the wisest emperor that ever filled the throne, after having gained three signal victories over the Tartars, who had invaded his dominions, returned to Nankin in order to enjoy the glory of his conquest. After he had rested for some days, the people, who are naturally fond of processions, impatiently expected the triumphal entry which emperors, upon such occasions, were accustomed to make; their murmurs came to the emperor's ear; he loved his people, and was willing to do all

*"Gay, sprightly, land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please."—*The Traveller.*

in his power to satisfy their just desires; he therefore assured them that he intended, upon the feast of the Lanterns,* to exhibit one of the most glorious triumphs that had ever been seen in China.

9. The people were in raptures at his condescensions, and, on the appointed day, assembled at the gates of the palace with the most eager expectations. Here they waited for some time without seeing any of those preparations which usually precede a pageant. The lantern with ten thousand tapers were not yet brought forth; the fire-works, which usually covered the city walls, were not yet lighted; the people once more began to murmur at this delay, when, in the midst of their impatience, the palace-gates flew open, and the emperor himself appeared, not in splendour or magnificence, but in an ordinary habit, followed by the blind, the maimed, and the strangers of the city all in new clothes, and each carrying in his hand money enough to supply his necessities for the year. The people were at first amazed, but soon perceived the wisdom of their king, who taught them, that to make one man happy, was more truly great than having ten thousand captives groaning at the wheels of his chariot. Adieu.

LETTER 25.

The Character of the Man in Black, with some Instances of his Inconsistent Conduct.

1. Though fond of many acquaintances, I desire an intimacy only with few. The man in black whom I have often mentioned, is one whose friendship I could wish to acquire, because he possesses my esteem. His manners, it is true, are tinctured with some strange inconsistencies: and he may be justly termed an humorist in a nation of humorists. Though he is generous even to profusion, he affects to be thought a prodigy of parsimony and prudence; though his conversation be replete with the most sordid and selfish maxims, his heart is dilated with the most unbounded love. I have known him profess himself a man-hater, while his cheek was glowing with compassion; and, while his looks were softened into pity, I have heard him use the language of the most unbounded ill-nature. Some affect humanity and tenderness, others boast of having such dispositions from

*Held on the first full moon of the new year.

nature; but he is the only man I ever knew who seemed ashamed of his natural benevolence. He takes as much pains to hide his feelings, as any hypocrite would to conceal his indifference; but on every unguarded moment the mask drops off and reveals him to the most superficial observer.

2. In one of our late excursions into the country, happening to discourse upon the provision that was made for the poor in England, he seemed amazed how any of his countrymen could be so foolishly weak as to relieve occasional objects of charity, when the laws had made such ample provision for their support. In every parish-house, says he, the poor are supplied with food, clothes, fire, and a bed to lie on; they want no more. I desire no more myself; yet still they seem discontented. I am surprised at the inactivity of our magistrates, in not taking up such vagrants, who are only a weight upon the industrious. I am surprised that the people are found to relieve them, when they must be at the same time sensible, that it in some measure encourages idleness, extravagance and imposture. Were I to advise any man for whom I had the least regard, I would caution him by all means not to be imposed upon by their false pretences. Let me assure you, sir, they are imposters, every one of them, and rather merit a prison than relief.

3. He was proceeding in this strain earnestly to dissuade me from an imprudence of which I am seldom guilty, when an old man, who still had about him the remnants of tattered finery, implored our compassion. He assured us that he was no common beggar, but forced into the shameful profession to support a dying wife and five hungry children. Being prepossessed against such falsehoods, his story had not the least influence upon me; but it was quite otherwise with the man in black. I could see it visibly operate upon his countenance, and effectually interrupt his harangue. I could easily perceive that his heart burned to relieve the five starving children, but he seemed ashamed to discover his weakness to me. While he thus hesitated between compassion and pride, I pretended to look another way, and he seized this opportunity of giving the poor petitioner a piece of silver, bidding him at the same time in order that I should hear, go work for his bread, and not tease passengers with such impertinent falsehoods for the future.

4. As he had fancied himself quite unperceived, he continued, as we proceeded, to rail against beggars with as much animosity as before: he threw in some episodes on his own imaginary

prudence and economy, with his profound skill in discovering imposters; he explained the manner in which he would deal with beggars were he a magistrate; hinted at enlarging some of the prisons for their reception, and told two stories of ladies that were robbed by beggarmen. He was beginning a third to the same purpose, when a sailor with a wooden leg once more crossed our walks, desiring our pity, and blessing our limbs. I was for going on without taking any notice, but my friend looked wishfully upon the poor petitioner, bid me stop, and he would show me with how much ease he could at any time detect an impostor.

5. He now, therefore, assumed a look of importance, and in an angry tone began to examine the sailor, demanding in what engagement he was thus disabled and rendered unfit for service. The sailor replied in a tone as angrily as he, that he had been an officer on board a private ship of war, and that he had lost his leg abroad in defence of those who did nothing at home. At this reply, all my friend's importance vanished in a moment; he had not a single question more to ask; he now only studied what method he should take to relieve him unobserved. He had, however, no easy part to act, as he was obliged to preserve the appearance of ill-nature before me, and yet relieve himself by relieving the sailor. Casting, therefore, a furious look upon some bundles of chips which the fellow carried in a string at his back, my friend demanded how he sold his matches; but, not waiting for a reply, desired in a surly tone to have a shilling's worth. The sailor seemed at first surprised at his demand, but soon recollecting himself, and presenting his whole bundle, "Here, master," says he, "take all my cargo, and a blessing into the bargain."

6. It is impossible to describe with what an air of triumph my friend marched off with his new purchase. He assured me that he was firmly of opinion that those fellows must have stolen their goods, who could thus afford to sell them for half value. He informed me of several different uses to which those chips might be applied. He expatiated largely upon the savings that would result from lighting candles with a match, instead of thrusting them into the fire. He averred that he would as soon have parted with a tooth as his money to these vagabonds, unless for some valuable consideration. I cannot tell how long this panegyric upon frugality and matches might have continued had not his attention been called off by another object more

distressful than either of the former. A woman in rags, with one child in her arms and another on her back, was attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing or crying. A wretch, who in the deepest distress, still aimed at good humor, was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding: his vivacity and his discourse were instantly interrupted. Upon this occasion his very dissimulation had forsaken him. Even in my presence he immediately applied his hands to his pockets in order to relieve her, but guess his confusion when he found he had already given away all the money he carried about him to former objects. The misery painted in the woman's visage was not half so strongly expressed as the agony in his. He continued to search for some time, but to no purpose, till, at length recollecting himself, with a face of ineffable good-nature, as he had no money, he put into her hands his shilling's worth of matches.

LETTER 26.

The History of the Man in Black.

1. As there appeared something reluctantly good in the character of my companion, I must own it surprised me what could be his motives for thus concealing virtues which others take such pains to display. I was unable to repress my desire of knowing the history of a man who thus seemed to act under continuous restraint, and whose benevolence was rather the effect of appetite than reason.

2. It was not, however, till after repeated solicitations he thought proper to gratify my curiosity. "If you are fond," says he, "of hearing hair-breadth 'scapes, my history must certainly please, for I have been for twenty years upon the very verge of starving without ever being starved.

3. "My father, the younger son of a good family, was possessed of a small living in the Church. His education was above his fortune, and his generosity greater than his education. Poor as he was, he had his flatterers still poorer than himself; for every dinner he gave them, they returned an equivalent in praise, and this was all he wanted. The same ambition that actuates a monarch at the head of an army, influenced my father at the head of his table. He told the story of the ivy-tree, and that

was laughed at; he repeated the jest of the two scholars and one pair of breeches, and the company laughed at that; but the story of Taffy in the Sedan chair was sure to set the table in a roar. Thus his pleasure increased in proportion to the pleasure he gave. He loved all the world, and he fancied all the world loved him.

4. "As his fortune was but small, he lived up to the very extent of it; he had no intention of leaving his children money, for that was dross; he was resolved they should have learning, for learning, he used to observe, was better than silver or gold. For this purpose he undertook to instruct us himself, and took as much pains to form our morals as to improve our understanding. We were told that universal benevolence was what first cemented society; we were taught to consider all the wants of mankind as our own; to regard 'the human face divine' with affection and esteem; he wound us up to be mere machines of pity, and rendered us incapable of withstanding the slightest impulse, made either by real or fictitious distress; in a word, we were perfectly instructed in the art of giving away thousands before we were taught the more necessary qualifications of getting a farthing.

5. "I cannot avoid imagining, that thus refined by his lessons out of all my suspicion, and divested even of all the little cunning which Nature had given me, I resembled, upon my first entrance into the busy and insidious world, one of those gladiators who were exposed without armour in the amphitheatre at Rome. My father, however, who had only seen the world on one side, seemed to triumph in my superior discernment, though my whole stock of wisdom consisted in being able to talk like himself upon subjects that once were useful, because they were then topics of the busy world, but that now were utterly useless, because connected with the busy world no longer.

6. "The first opportunity he had of finding his expectations disappointed was at the very middling figure I made in the university. He had flattered himself that he should soon see me rising into the foremost rank in literary reputation, but was mortified to find me utterly unnoticed and unknown. His disappointment might have been partly ascribed to his having overrated my talents, and partly to my dislike of mathematical reasonings at a time when my imagination and memory, yet unsatisfied, were more eager after new objects than desirous of

reasoning upon those I knew. This did not, however, please my tutors, who observed indeed, that I was a little dull; but at the same time allowed that I seemed to be very good-natured and had no harm in me.

7. "After I had resided at College seven years, my father died and left me—his blessing. Thus shoved from shore, without ill-nature to protect, or cunning to guide, or proper stores to subsist me in so dangerous a voyage, I was obliged to embark in the wide world at twenty-two. But in order to settle in life my friends advised (for they always advise when they begin to despise us), they advised me, I say, to go into orders.

8. "To be obliged to wear a long wig when I liked a short one, or a black coat when I generally dressed in brown, I thought was such a restraint upon my liberty, that I absolutely rejected the proposal. A priest in England is not the same mortified creature with a bonze in China: with us, not he that fasts best, but eats best, is reckoned the best liver; yet I rejected a life of luxury, indolence, and ease, from no other consideration but that boyish one of dress. So that my friends were now perfectly satisfied I was undone; and yet they thought it a pity for one who had not the least harm in him, and was so very good-natured.

9. "Poverty naturally begets dependence, and I was admitted as flatterer to a great man. At first I was surprised that the situation of a flatterer at a great man's table could be thought disagreeable. There was no great trouble in listening attentively when his lordship spoke, and laughing when he looked round for applause. This even good manners might have obliged me to perform. I found, however, too soon, that his lordship was a greater dunce than myself, and from that very moment my power of flattery was at an end. I now rather aimed at setting him right than at receiving his absurdities with submission. To flatter those we do not know is an easy task, but to flatter our intimate acquaintances, all whose foibles are strongly in our eyes, is drudgery insupportable. Every time I now opened my lips in praise my falsehood went to my conscience; his lordship soon perceived me to be unfit for service; I was therefore discharged; my patron at the same time being graciously pleased to observe that he believed I was tolerably good-natured, and had not the least harm in me.

10. "Disappointed in ambition, I had recourse to love. A young lady, who lived with her aunt, and was possessed of a

fortune in her own disposal, had given me, as I fancied, some reasons to expect success. The symptoms by which I was guided were striking. She had always laughed with me at her awkward acquaintance, and at her aunt among the number; she always observed, that a man of sense would make a better husband than a fool, and I as constantly applied the observation in my own favour. She continually talked, in my company, of friendship and the beauties of the mind, and spoke of Mr. Shrimp, my rival's high-heeled shoes with detestation. These were the circumstances which I thought strongly in my favour, so, after resolving, and re-resolving, I had courage enough to tell her my mind. Miss heard my proposal with serenity, seeming at the same time to study the figures of her fan. Out at last it came. There was but one small objection to complete our happiness, which was no more, than—that she was married three months before to Mr. Shrimp, with high-heeled shoes! By way of consolation, however, she observed, that, though I was disappointed in her, my addresses to her aunt would probably kindle her into sensibility; as the old lady always allowed me to be very good-natured, and not to have the least share of harm in me.

11. "Yet still I had friends, numerous friends, and to them I was resolved to apply. O, friendship! thou fond soother of the human breast, to thee we fly in every calamity: to thee the wretched seek for succour; on thee the care-tired son of misery fondly relies; from thy kind assistance the unfortunate always hopes relief, and may be ever sure of—disappointment! My first application was to a city-scrivener, who had frequently offered to lend me money when he knew I did not want it, I informed him that now was the time to put his friendship to the test; that I wanted to borrow a couple of hundreds for a certain occasion, and was resolved to take it up from him. And pray, sir, cried my friend, do you want all this money? Indeed I never wanted it more, returned I. I am sorry for that, cries the scrivener, with all my heart, for they who want money when they come to borrow, will always want money when they should come to pay.

12. "From him I flew with indignation to one of the best friends I had in the world, and made the same request. 'Indeed, Mr. Drybone,' cries my friend, I always thought it would come to this. You know, sir, I would not advise you but for your own good; but your conduct has hitherto been ridiculous

in the highest degree, and some of your acquaintances always thought you a very silly fellow. Let me see, you want two hundred pounds. Do you want only two hundred, sir, exactly?' 'To confess a truth,' returned I, 'I shall want three hundred; but I have another friend from whom I can borrow the rest.' 'Why, then,' replied my friend, 'if you would take my advice (and you know I should not presume to advise you but for your own good), I would recommend it to you to borrow the whole sum from that other friend, and then one note will serve for all, you know.'

13. "Poverty now began to come fast upon me; yet instead of growing more provident or cautious as I grew poor, I became every day more indolent and simple. A friend was arrested for fifty pounds. I was unable to extricate him except by becoming his bail. When at liberty he fled from his creditors, and left me to take his place. In prison I expected greater satisfactions than I had enjoyed at large. I hoped to converse with men in this new world, simple and believing like myself; but I found them as cunning and as cautious as those in the world I had left behind. They sponged up my money whilst it lasted; borrowed my coals, and never paid for them, and cheated me when I played at cribbage. All this was done because they believed me to be very good-natured, and knew that I had no harm in me.

14. "Upon my first entrance into this mansion, which is to some the abode of despair, I felt no sensations different from those I experienced abroad. I was now on one side the door, and those who were unconfined were on the other: this was all the difference between us. At first, indeed, I felt some uneasiness, in considering how I should be able to provide this week for the wants of the week ensuing; but after some time, if I found myself sure of eating one day, I never troubled my head how I was to be supplied another. I seized every precarious meal with the utmost good humor; indulged no rants of spleen at my situation; never called down heaven and all the stars to behold me dining upon an half-penny worth of radishes; my very companions were taught to believe that I liked salad better than mutton. I contented myself with thinking that all my life I should either eat white bread or brown; considered that all that happened was best; laughed when I was not in pain; took the world as it went, and read Tacitus often for want of more books and company.

15. "How long I might have continued in this torpid state of simplicity I cannot tell had I not been roused by seeing an old acquaintance, whom I knew to be a prudent blockhead, preferred to a place in the government. I now found that I had pursued a wrong track, and that the true way of being able to relieve others was first to aim at independence myself: my immediate care, therefore, was to leave my present habitation, and make an entire reformation in my conduct and behaviour. For a free, open, undesigning deportment, I put on that of closeness, prudence, and economy. One of the most heroic actions I ever performed, and for which I shall praise myself as long as I live, was the refusing half-a-crown to an old acquaintance at the time when he wanted it, and I had it to spare. For this alone I deserve to be decreed an ovation.

16. "I now therefore pursued a course of uninterrupted frugality; seldom wanted a dinner, and was consequently invited to twenty. I soon began to get the character of a saving hunks that had money, and insensibly grew into esteem. Neighbours have asked my advice in the disposal of their daughters, and I have always taken care not to give any. I have contracted a friendship with an alderman, only by observing that if we take a farthing from a thousand pounds it will be a thousand pounds no longer. I have been invited to a pawn-broker's table by pretending to hate gravy, and am now actually upon treaty of marriage with a rich widow, for only having observed that the bread was rising. If ever I am asked a question, whether I know it or not, instead of answering, I only smile and look wise. If a charity is proposed I go about with the hat, but put nothing in myself. If a wretch solicits my pity, I observe that the world is filled with imposters, and take a certain method of not being deceived by never relieving. In short, I now find the truest way of finding esteem, even from the indigent, is to give away nothing, and thus have much in our power to give."

LETTER 30.

The Perfection of the Chinese in the Art of Gardening—Description of a Chinese Garden.

1. The English have not yet brought the art of gardening to the same perfection with the Chinese, but have lately begun to

imitate them ; nature is now followed with greater assiduity than formerly ; the trees are suffered to shoot out into the utmost luxuriance ; the streams, no longer forced from their native beds, are permitted to wind along the valleys ; spontaneous flowers take place of the finished parterre, and the enamelled meadow of the shaven green.

2. Yet still the English are far behind us in this charming art, their designers have not yet attained a power of uniting instruction with beauty. An European will scarcely conceive my meaning, when I say that there is scarce a garden in China which does not contain some fine moral, couched under the general design, where one is not taught wisdom as he walks, and feels the force of some noble truth, or delicate precept, resulting from the disposition of the groves, streams or grottos. Permit me to illustrate what I mean by a description of my gardens at Quamsi. My heart still hovers round those scenes of former happiness with pleasure ; and I find a satisfaction in enjoying them at this distance, though but in imagination.

3. You descend from the house between two groves of trees, planted in such a manner that they were impenetrable to the eye ; while on each hand the way was adorned with all that was beautiful in porcelain, statuary, and painting. This passage from the house opened into an area surrounded with rocks, flowers, trees and shrubs, but all so disposed as if each was the spontaneous production of nature. As you proceeded forward on this lawn, to your right and left hand were two gates, opposite each other, of very different architecture and design ; and before you lay a temple, built rather with minute elegance than ostentation.

4. The right hand gate was planned with the utmost simplicity, or rather rudeness ; ivy clasped round the pillars, the baleful cypress hung over it ; time seemed to have destroyed all the smoothness and regularity of the stone ; two champions with lifted clubs appeared in the act of guarding its access ; dragons and serpents were seen in the most hideous attitudes to deter the spectator from approaching ; and the perspective view that lay behind, seemed dark and gloomy to the last degree ; the stranger was tempted to enter, only from the motto : *Pervia Virtuti.*

5. The opposite gate was formed in a very different manner ; the architecture was light, elegant and inviting ; flowers hung in wreaths round the pillars ; all was finished in the most exact and

masterly manner; the very stone of which it was built still preserved its polish; nymphs, wrought by the hand of a master, in the most alluring attitudes, beckoned the stranger to approach; while all that lay behind, as far as the eye could reach, seemed gay, luxuriant, and capable of affording endless pleasure. The motto itself contributed to invite him, for over the gate was written these words: *Facilis Descensus.*

6. By this time I fancy you begin to perceive that the gloomy gate was designed to represent the road to Virtue; the opposite the more agreeable passage to vice. It is but natural to suppose, that the spectator was always tempted to enter by the gate which offered him so many allurements. I always in these cases left him to his choice, but generally found that he took to the left, which promised most entertainment.

7. Immediately upon his entering the gate of Vice, the trees and flowers were disposed in such a manner as to make the most pleasing impression; but as he walked farther on, he insensibly found the garden assume the air of a wilderness, the landscapes began to darken, the paths grew more intricate, he appeared to go downwards, frightful rocks seemed to hang over his head, gloomy caverns, unexpected precipices, awful ruins, heaps of unburied bones, and terrifying sounds caused by unseen waters, began to take the place of what at first appeared so lovely; it was in vain to attempt returning, the labyrinth was too much perplexed for any but myself to find the way back. In short, when sufficiently impressed with the horrors of what he saw, and the imprudence of his choice, I brought him by a hidden door a short way back into the area from whence at first he had strayed.

8. The gloomy gate now presented itself before the stranger, and though there seemed little in its appearance to tempt his curiosity, yet, encouraged by the motto, he gradually proceeded. The darkness of the entrance, the frightful figures that seemed to obstruct his way, the trees of a mournful green, conspired at first to disgust him: as he went forward, however, all began to open and wear a more pleasing appearance; beautiful cascades, beds of flowers, trees loaded with fruit or blossoms, and unexpected brooks, improved the scene; he now found that he was ascending, and, as he proceeded, all nature grew more beautiful; the prospect widened as he went higher, even the air itself seemed to become more pure. Thus pleased and happy from unexpected beauties, I at last led him to an arbour, from whence

he could view the garden and the whole country around, and where he might own that the road to Virtue terminated in happiness.

9. Though from this description, you may imagine that a vast tract of ground was necessary to exhibit such a pleasing variety in, yet be assured I have seen several gardens in England take up ten times the space which mine did, without half the beauty. A very small extent of ground is enough for an elegant taste, the greater room is required if magnificence is in view. There is no spot, though ever so little, which a skilful designer might not thus improve, so as to convey a delicate allegory and impress the mind with truths the most useful and necessary. Adieu.

LETTER 36.

The Philosopher's Son Begins to be Disgusted in the Pursuit of Wisdom—An Allegory to prove its Futility.

From Hingpo, a slave in Persia, to Altangi, a travelling philosopher.

1. I begin to have doubts whether wisdom be alone sufficient to make us happy, whether every step we make in refinement is not an inlet into new disquietudes. A mind too vigorous and active serves only to consume the body to which it is joined, as the richest jewels are soonest found to wear their settings.

2. When we rise in knowledge, as the prospect widens the objects of our regard become more obscure, and the unlettered peasant, whose views are only directed to the narrow sphere around him, beholds nature with a finer relish, and tastes her blessings with a keener appetite, than the philosopher whose mind attempts to grasp an universal system.

3. As I was some days ago pursuing this subject among a circle of my fellow-slaves, an ancient Guebre of the number, equally remarkable for his piety and wisdom, seemed touched with my conversation, and desired to illustrate what I had been saying with an allegory taken from the Zendavesta of Zoroaster: "By this we shall be taught," says he, "that they who travel in pursuit of wisdom, walk only in a circle, and after all their labour, at last return to their pristine ignorance; and in this also

we shall see that enthusiastic confidence or unsatisfying doubts, terminate all our enquiries.

4. "In early times, before myriads of nations covered the earth, the whole human race lived together in one valley. The simple inhabitants, surrounded on every side by lofty mountains, knew no other world but the little spot to which they were confined. They fancied the heavens bent down to meet the mountain tops, and formed an impenetrable wall to surround them. None had ever yet ventured to climb the steepy cliff, in order to explore those regions that lay beyond it; they knew the nature of the skies only from a tradition, which mentioned their being made of adamant: traditions make up the reasonings of the simple, and serve to silence every enquiry.

5. In this sequestered vale, blessed with all the spontaneous productions of nature, the honeyed blossom, the refreshing breeze, the gliding brook, and golden fruitage, the simple inhabitants seemed happy in themselves, in each other; they desired no greater pleasure, for they knew of none greater; ambition, pride and envy, were vices unknown among them, and from this peculiar simplicity of its possessors, the country was called the Valley of Ignorance.

6. "At length, however, an unhappy youth, more aspiring than the rest, undertook to climb the mountain's side and examine the summits which were hitherto deemed inaccessible. The inhabitants from below gazed with wonder at his intrepidity, some applauded his courage, others censured his folly; still, however, he proceeded towards the place where the earth and heavens seemed to unite, and at length arrived at the wished-for height with extreme labour and assiduity.

7. "His first surprise was to find the skies, not as he expected within his reach, but still as far off as before; his amazement increased when he saw a wide extended region lying on the opposite side of the mountain; but it rose to astonishment when he beheld a country at a distance, more beautiful and alluring than even that he had just left behind.

8. "As he continued to gaze with wonder, a genius with a look of infinite modesty approaching, offered to be his guide and instructor. 'The distant country, which you so much admire,' says the angelic being, 'is called the Land of Certainty: in that charming retreat, sentiment contributes to refine every sensual banquet; the inhabitants are blessed with every solid enjoyment, and still more blessed in a perfect consciousness of their

own felicity : ignorance in that country is wholly unknown ; all there is satisfaction without alloy, for every pleasure first undergoes the examination of reason. As for me, I am called the Genius of Demonstration, and am stationed here in order to conduct every adventurer to that land of happiness through intervening regions you see over-hung with fogs and darkness, and horrid with forests, cataracts, caverns, and various other shapes of danger. But follow me, and in time I may lead you to that distant desirable land of tranquillity.'

9. "The intrepid traveller immediately put himself under the direction of the Genius, and both journeying on together with a slow but agreeable pace, deceived the tediousness of the way by conversation. The beginning of the journey seemed to promise true satisfaction, but as they proceeded forward, the skies became more gloomy and the way more intricate ; they often inadvertently approached the brow of some frightful precipice or the brink of a torrent, and were obliged to measure back their former way. The gloom increasing as they proceeded, their pace became more slow ; they paused at every step, frequently stumbled, and their distrust and timidity increased. The Genius of Demonstration now therefore advised his pupil to grope upon hands and feet, as a method though more slow, yet less liable to error.

10. "In this manner they attempted to pursue their journey for some time, when they were overtaken by another Genius, who, with a precipitate pace, seemed travelling the same way. He was instantly known by the other to be the Genius of Probability. He wore two wide extended wings at his back, which incessantly waved without increasing the rapidity of his motion ; his countenance betrayed a confidence that the ignorant might mistake for sincerity, and he had but one eye, which was fixed in the middle of his forehead.

11. "'Servant of Hormizda,' cried he, approaching the mortal pilgrim, 'If thou art travelling to the Land of Certainty, how is it possible to arrive there under the guidance of a Genius who proceeds forward so slowly, and is so little acquainted with the way. Follow me ; we shall soon perform the journey to where every pleasure awaits our arrival.'

12. "The peremptory tone in which this Genius spoke, and the speed with which he moved forward, induced the traveller to change his conductor, and, leaving his modest companion behind, he proceeded forward with his more confident director,

seeming not a little pleased at the increased velocity of his motion.

13. "But soon he found reasons to repent. Whenever a torrent crossed their way, his guide taught him to despise the obstacle by plunging him in; whenever a precipice presented, he was directed to fling himself forward. Thus each moment miraculously escaping, his repeated escapes only served to increase his guide's temerity. He led him therefore forward, amidst infinite difficulties, till they arrived at the borders of an ocean, which appeared unnavigable from the black mists that lay upon its surface. Its unquiet waves were of the darkest hue, and gave a lively representation of the various agitations of the human mind.

14. "The Genius of Probability now confessed temerity, owned his being an improper guide to the Land of Certainty, a country where no mortal had ever been permitted to arrive: but at the same time offered to supply the traveller with another conductor, who should carry him to the Land of Confidence, a region where the inhabitants lived with the utmost tranquillity, and tasted almost as much satisfaction as if in the Land of Certainty. Not waiting for a reply, he stamped three times on the ground, and called forth the Demon of Error, a gloomy fiend of the servants of Arimanes. The yawning earth gave up the reluctant savage, who seemed unable to bear the light of the day. His stature was enormous, his colour black and hideous, his aspect betrayed a thousand varying passions, and he spread forth pinions that were fitted for the most rapid flight. The traveller at first was shocked at the spectre, but finding him obedient to superior power, he assumed his former tranquillity.

15. "'I have called you to duty,' cries the Genius to the Demon, 'to bear on your back a son of mortality over the Ocean of Doubts into the Land of Confidence: I expect you'll perform your commission with punctuality. And as for you,' continued the Genius, addressing the traveller, 'when once I have bound this fillet round your eyes, let no voice of persuasion, nor threats the most terrifying, induce you to unbind it in order to look round; keep the fillet fast, look not at the ocean below, and you may certainly expect to arrive at a region of pleasure.'

16. "Thus saying, and the traveller's eyes being covered, the Demon, uttering curses, raised him on his back, and instantly up-borne by his strong pinions directed his flight among the clouds. Neither the loudest thunder, nor the most angry tem-

pest, could persuade the traveller to unbind his eyes. The Demon directed his flight downwards, and skimmed the surface of the ocean; a thousand voices, some with loud invectives, others in the sarcastic tones of contempt, vainly endeavoured to persuade him to look round; but he still continued to keep his eyes covered, and would in all probability have arrived at the happy land, had not flattery effected what other means could not perform. For now he heard himself welcomed on every side to the promised land, and an universal shout of joy was sent forth at his safe arrival. The wearied traveller, desirous of seeing the long-wished-for country, at length pulled the fillet from his eyes, and ventured to look round him. But he had unloosed the band too soon; he was not yet above half way over. The Demon, who was still hovering in the air, and had produced those sounds only in order to deceive, was now freed from his commission; wherefore throwing the astonished traveller from his back, the unhappy youth fell headlong into the subjacent Ocean of Doubts, from whence he never after was seen to rise."

LETTER 37.

The Chinese Philosopher Praises the Justice of a Late British Sentence.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Huam, President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin.

1. When Parmenio, the Grecian, had done something which excited an universal shout from the surrounding multitude, he was instantly struck with the doubt, that what had their approbation must certainly be wrong; and turning to a philosopher, who stood near him, "Pray, sir," says he, "pardon, I fear I have been guilty of some absurdity."

2. You know that I am not less than him a despiser of the multitude; you know that I equally detest flattery to the great, yet so many circumstances have concurred to give a lustre to the latter part of the present English monarch's reign, that I cannot withhold my contribution of praise; I cannot avoid acknowledging the crowd, for once, just in their unanimous approbation.

3. Yet think not the battles gained, dominion extended, or enemies brought to submission, are the virtues which at present claim my admiration. Were the reigning monarch only famous

for his victories, I should regard his character with indifference; the boast of heroism in this enlightened age is justly regarded as a qualification of a very subordinate rank, and mankind now begins to look with becoming horror on these foes to man. The virtue in this aged monarch, which I have at present in view, is one of a much more exalted nature, is one the most difficult of attainment, is the least praised of all kingly virtues, and yet deserves the greatest praise: the virtue I mean is justice; a strict administration of justice, without severity and without favour.

4. Of all virtues, this is the most difficult to be practised by a king who has a power to pardon. All men, even tyrants themselves, lean to mercy when unbiassed by passions or interest; the heart naturally persuades to forgiveness, and pursuing the dictates of this pleasing deceiver, we are led to prefer our private satisfaction to public utility. What a thorough love for the public, what a strong command over the passions, what a finely-conducted judgment must he possess, who opposes the dictates of reason to those of his heart, and prefers the future interest of his people to his own immediate satisfaction!

5. If, still, to a man's own natural bias for tenderness, we add the numerous solicitations made by a criminal's friends for mercy; if we survey a king not only opposing his own feelings, but reluctantly refusing those he regards, and this to satisfy the public, whose cries he may never hear, whose gratitude he may never receive—this surely is true greatness! Let us fancy ourselves for a moment in this just old man's place, surrounded by numbers all soliciting the same favour, a favour that nature disposes us to grant, where the inducements to pity are laid before us in the strongest light, suppliants at our feet, some ready to resent a refusal, none opposing a compliance; let us, I say, suppose ourselves in such a situation, and I fancy we should find ourselves more apt to act the character of good-natured men than of upright magistrates.

6. What contributes to raise justice above all other kingly virtues is, that it is seldom attended with a due share of applause, and those who practice it must be influenced by greater motives than empty fame: the people are generally well pleased with a remission of punishment, and all that wears the appearance of humanity; it is the wise alone who are capable of discerning that impartial justice is the truest mercy; they know it to be very difficult, at once to compassionate and yet condemn an object that pleads for tenderness.

7. I have been led into this common-place train of thought by a late striking instance in this country of the impartiality of justice, and of the king's inflexible resolution of inflicting punishment where it was justly due. A man of the first quality in a fit, either of passion, melancholy, or madness, murdered his servant: it was expected that his station in life would have lessened the ignominy of his punishment; however, he was arranged, condemned, and underwent the same degrading death with the meanest malefactor. It was well considered that virtue alone is true nobility, and that he whose actions sink him even beneath the vulgar has no right to those distinctions which should be the rewards only of merit: it was perhaps considered that crimes were more heinous among the higher classes of people, as necessity exposes them to fewer temptations.

8. Over all the east, even China not excepted, a person of the same quality guilty of such a crime, might, by giving up a share of his fortune to the judge, buy off his sentence. There are several countries, even in Europe, where the servant is entirely the property of his master: if a slave kills his lord, he dies by the most excruciating tortures; but if the circumstances are reversed, a small fine buys off the punishment of the offender. Happy the country where all are equal, and where those who sit as judges have too much integrity to receive a bribe, and too much honour to pity, from a similitude of the prisoner's title or circumstances with their own! Such is England; yet think not that it was always equally famed for this strict impartiality. There was a time, even here, when title softened the rigours of the law, when dignified wretches were suffered to live, and continue for years an equal disgrace to justice and nobility.

9. To this day, in a neighbouring country, the great are often most scandalously pardoned for the most scandalous offences. A person is still alive among them who has more than once deserved the most ignominious severity of justice. His being of the blood royal, however, was thought a sufficient atonement for his being a disgrace to humanity. This remarkable personage took pleasure in shooting at the passengers below, from the top of his palace; and in this most princely amusement he usually spent some time every day. He was at length arraigned by the friends of a person whom in this manner he had killed, and was found guilty of the charge and condemned to die. His merciful monarch pardoned him in consideration of his rank and quality. The unrepenting criminal soon after renewed his usual enter-

tainment, and in the same manner killed another man. He was a second time condemned, and, strange to think, a second time received his majesty's pardon. Would you believe it? A third time the very same man was guilty of the very same offence; a third time, therefore, the laws of his country found him guilty—I wish for the honour of humanity I could suppress the rest—a third time he was pardoned! Will you not think such a story too extraordinary for belief? Will you not think me describing the savage inhabitants of Congo? Alas! the story is but too true, and the country where it was transacted regards itself as the politest in Europe. Adieu.

LETTER 49.

An Attempt to Define what is Meant by English Liberty.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Huam.

1. Ask an Englishman what nation in the world enjoys most freedom, and he immediately answers his own. Ask him in what that freedom principally consists, and he is instantly silent. This happy pre-eminence does not arise from the people's enjoying a larger share in legislation than elsewhere; for in this particular, several states in Europe excel them; nor does it arise from a greater exemption from taxes, for few countries pay more; it does not proceed from their being restrained by fewer laws, for no people are burthened with so many; nor does it particularly consist in the security of their property, for property is pretty well secured in every polite state of Europe.

2. How then are the English more free—for more free they certainly are—than the people of any other country, or under any other form of government whatever? Their freedom consists in their enjoying all the advantages of democracy, with this superior prerogative borrowed from monarchy, that the severity of their laws may be relaxed without endangering the constitution.

3. In a monarchical state, in which the constitution is strongest, the laws may be relaxed without danger; for though the people should be unanimous in the breach of any one in particular, yet still there is an effective power superior to the people, capable of enforcing obedience, whenever it may be proper

to inculcate the law either towards the support or welfare of the community.

4. But in all those governments, where laws derive their sanction from the people alone, transgressions cannot be overlooked without bringing the constitution into danger. They who transgress the law in such a case, are those who prescribe it, by which means it loses not only its influence but its sanction. In every republic the laws must be strong, because the constitution is feeble. Thus in Holland, Switzerland, and Genoa, new laws are not frequently enacted, but the old ones are observed with unremitting severity. In such republics, therefore, the people are slaves to laws of their own making little less than in unmixed monarchies, where they are slaves to the will of one, subject to frailties like themselves.

5. In England, from a variety of happy accidents, their constitution is just strong enough, or if you will, monarchical enough, to permit a relaxation of the severity of laws, and yet those laws still to remain sufficiently strong to govern the people. This is the most perfect state of civil liberty of which we can form any idea : here we see a greater number of laws than in any other country, while the people at the same time obey only such as are immediately conducive to the interests of society ; several are unnoticed, many unknown ; some kept to be revived and enforced upon proper occasions ; others left to grow obsolete, even without the necessity of abrogation.

6. There is scarce an Englishman who does not almost every day of his life offend with impunity against some express law, and for which, in a certain conjuncture of circumstances, he would not receive punishment. Gaming-houses, preaching at prohibited places, assembled crowds, nocturnal amusements, public shows, and an hundred other instances, are forbid and frequented. These prohibitions are useful ; though it be prudent in their magistrates, and happy for the people, that they are not enforced, and none but the venal or mercenary attempt to enforce them.

7. The law in this case, like an indulgent parent, still keeps the rod, though the child is seldom corrected. Were those pardoned offences to rise into enormity, were they likely to obstruct the happiness of society, or endanger the state, it is then that justice would resume her terrors, and punish those faults she has so often over-looked with indulgence. It is to this ductility of the laws, that an Englishman owes the freedom he enjoys

superior to others in a more popular government: every step, therefore, the constitution takes towards a democratic form, every diminution of the legal authority, is, in fact, a diminution of the subject's freedom; but every attempt to render the government more popular, not only impairs natural liberty, but even will at last dissolve the political constitution.

8. Every popular government seems calculated to last only for a time; it grows rigid with age, new laws are multiplying, and the old continue in force; the subjects are oppressed, burthened with a multiplicity of legal injunctions; there are none from whom to expect redress, and nothing but a strong convulsion in the state can vindicate them into former liberty: thus, the people of Rome, a few great ones excepted, found more real freedom under their emperors, though tyrants, than they had experienced in the old age of the commonwealth, in which their laws were become numerous and painful, in which new laws every day enacting, and the old ones executed with rigour. They even refused to be reinstated in their former prerogatives, upon an offer made them to this purpose; for they actually found emperors the only means of softening the rigours of their constitution.

9. The constitution of England is at present possessed of the strength of its native oak, and the flexibitity of the bending tamarisk; but should the people at any time, with a mistaken zeal, pant after an imaginary freedom and fancy that abridging monarchy was increasing their privileges, they would be very much mistaken, since every jewel plucked from the crown of majesty, would only be made use of as a bribe to corruption; it might enrich the few who shared it among them, but would in fact impoverish the public. As the Roman senators, by slow and imperceptible degrees, became masters of the people, yet still flattered them with a show of freedom, while themselves only were free; so is it possible for a body of men, while they stand up for privileges, to grow into an exuberance of power themselves, and the public become actually dependent, while some of its individuals only governed.

10. If then, my friend, there should in this country ever be on the throne a king who, though good-nature or age, should give up the smallest part of his prerogative to the people; if there should come a minister of merit and popularity—but I have room for no more. Adieu.

LETTER 50

A Bookseller's Visit to the Chinese.

From the same.

1. As I was yesterday seated at breakfast over a pensive dish of tea, my meditations were interrupted by my old friend and companion, who introduced a stranger, dressed pretty much like himself. The gentleman made several apologies for his visit; begged of me to impute his intrusion to the sincerity of his respect, and the warmth of his curiosity.

2. As I am very suspicious of my company when I find them very civil without any apparent reason, I answered the stranger's caresses at first with reserve; which my friend perceiving, instantly let me into my visitant's trade and character, asking Mr. Fudge if he had lately published anything new? I now conjectured that my guest was no other than a bookseller, and his answer confirmed my suspicions.

3. "Excuse me, sir," says he, "it is not the season; books have their time as well as cucumbers. I would no more bring out a new work in summer, than I would sell pork in the dog-days. Nothing in my way goes off in summer, except very light goods indeed. A review, a magazine, a sessions paper may amuse a summer reader; but all our stock of value we reserve for a spring and winter trade." I must confess sir, says I, a curiosity to know what you call a valuable stock, which can only bear a winter perusal. "Sir," replied the bookseller, "it is not my way to cry up my own goods; but, without exaggeration, I will venture to show with any of the trade: my books at least have the peculiar advantage of being always new; and it is my way to clear off my old to the trunk makers every season. I have ten new title pages now about me, which only want books to be added to make them the finest things in nature. Others may pretend to direct the vulgar; but that is not my way; I always let the vulgar direct me; whenever popular clamur arises, I always echo the million. For instance, should the people in general say that such a man is a rogue, I instantly give orders to set him down in print a villain; thus every man buys the book, not to learn new sentiments, but to have the pleasure of seeing his own reflected." But, sir, interrupted I, you speak as if you yourself wrote the books you publish; may

I be so bold as to ask a sight of some of those intended publications which are shortly to surprise the world? "As to that, sir," replied the talkative bookseller, "I only draw out the plans myself; and though I am very cautious of communicating them to any, yet, as in the end I have a favor to ask, you shall see a few of them. Here, sir, here they are, diamonds of the first water, I assure you. Imprimis, a translation of several medical precepts, for the use of such physicians as do not understand Latin. Item, the young clergyman's art of placing patches regularly, with a dissertation on the different manners of smiling without distorting the face. Item, the whole art of love made perfectly easy, by a broker of 'Change alley. Item, the proper manner of cutting black-lead pencils and making crayons; by the Right Hon., the Earl of * * Item, the muster-master general, or the review of reviews—" Sir, cried I, interrupting him, my curiosity with regard to title pages is satisfied, I should be glad to see some longer manuscript, a history, or an epic poem. "Bless me," cries the man of industry, "now you speak of an epic poem, you shall see an excellent farce. Here it is, dip into it where you will, it will be found replete with true modern humour. Strokes, sir; it is filled with strokes of wit and satire in every line." Do you call those dashes of the pen, strokes, replied I, for I must confess I can see no other? "And pray, sir," returned he, "what do you call them? Do you see anything good now-a-days that is not filled up with strokes and dashes?—Sir, a well-placed dash makes half the wit of our writers of modern humour." I bought last season a piece that had no other merit upon earth than nine hundred and ninety-five breaks, seventy-two ha-ha's, three good things and a garter. And yet it played off, and bounced and cracked and made more sport than a firework." I fancy then, sir, you were a considerable gainer? "It must be owned the piece did pay: but, upon the whole, I cannot much boast of last winter's success; I gained by two murders, but then I lost by an ill-timed charity sermon. I was a considerable sufferer by my Direct Road to an Estate, but the Infernal guide brought me up again. Ah, sir, that was a piece touched off by the hand of a master, filled with good things from one end to the other. The author had nothing but the jest in view; no dull moral lurking beneath, nor ill-natured satire to sour the reader's good-humour; he wisely considered that moral and humour at the same time were quite overdoing the business."

To what purpose was the book then published? cried I. "Sir, the book was published in order to be sold; and no book sold better, except the criticisms upon it, which came out soon after: of all kinds of writings that goes off best at present; and I generally fasten a criticism upon every selling book that is published."

4. "I once had an author who never left the least opening for the critics: close was the word, always very right, and very dull, ever on the safe side of an argument; yet, with all his qualifications, incapable of coming into favour. I soon perceived that his bent was for criticism; and, as he was good for nothing else, supplied him with pens and paper, and planted him at the beginning of every month as a censor on the works of others. In short, I found him a treasure; no merit could escape him, but what is most remarkable of all, he ever wrote best and bitterest when drunk." But are there not some works, interrupted I, that from the very manner of their composition must be exempt from criticism; particularly such as profess to disregard its law? "There is no work whatsoever but what he can criticise," replied the bookseller; "even though you wrote in Chinese he would have a pluck at you. Suppose you should take it into your head to publish a book, let it be a volume of Chinese letters, for instance; write how you will, he shall show the world you could have written better. Should you, with the most local exactness, stick to the manners and customs of the country from whence you come; should you confine yourself to the narrow limits of eastern knowledge, and be perfectly simple, and perfectly natural, he has then the strongest reason to exclaim. He may with a sneer send you back to China for readers. He may observe that after the first or second letter, the iteration of the same simplicity is insupportably tedious; but the worst of all is, the public in such a case will anticipate his censures, and leave you with all your instructive simplicity to be mauled at discretion." Yes, cried I, but in order to avoid his indignation, and what I should fear more, that of the public, I would, in such a case, write with all the knowledge I was master of. As I am not possessed of much learning, at least I would not suppress what little I had; nor would I appear more stupid than nature made me. "Here then," cries the bookseller, "we should have you entirely in our power; unnatural, uneastern, quite out of character, erroneously sensible, would be the whole cry; sir, we should then hunt you down like a rat."

Head of my father! said I, sure there are but two ways, the door must either be shut, or it must be open. I must either be natural or unnatural. "Be what you will, we shall criticise you," returned the bookseller, "and prove you a dunce in spite of your teeth. But, sir, it is time that I should come to business. I have just now in the press a history of China; and if you will but put your name to it as the author, I shall repay the obligation with gratitude." What, sir, replied I, put my name to a work I have not written! Never, while I retain a proper respect for the public and myself. The bluntness of my reply quite abated the ardor of the bookseller's conversation, and, after about half-an-hour's disagreeable reserve, he, with some ceremony, took his leave and withdrew. Adieu.

LETTER 55.

The Present Situation of the Several States of Europe.

From Fum Hoam to A tangi, the Discontented Wanderer.

1. The distant sounds of music that catch new sweetness as they vibrate through the long-drawn valley, are not more pleasing to the ear than the tidings of a far distant friend. I have just received two hundred of thy letters by the Russian caravan, descriptive of the manners of Europe. You have left it to geographers to determine the site of their mountains, and extent of their lakes, seeming only employed in discovering the genius, the government, and disposition of the people.

2. In those letters I perceive a journal of the operations of your mind upon whatever occurs, rather than a detail of your travels from one building to another; of your taking a draught of this ruin, or that obelisk; of paying so many tomans for this commodity, or laying up a proper store for the passage of some new wilderness.

3. From your accounts of Russia, I learn that this nation is again relaxing into pristine barbarity; that its great Emperor wanted a life of an hundred years more to bring about his vast design. A savage people may be resembled to their own forests; a few years are sufficient to clear away the obstructions to agriculture; but it requires many, ere the ground acquires a proper degree of fertility: the Russians, attached to their ancient prejudices, again renew their hatred to strangers, and indulge every former brutal excess. So true it is, that the revolu-

tions of wisdom are slow and difficult, the revolutions of folly or ambition precipitate and easy. "We are not to be astonished," says Confucius, "that the wise walk more slowly in their road to virtue, than fools in their passage to vice; since passion drags us along, while wisdom only points out the way." *

4. The German Empire, that remnant of the majesty of ancient Rome, appears, from your accounts, on the eve of dissolution. The members of its vast body want every tie of government to unite them, and seem feebly held together only by their respect for ancient institutions. The very name of country and countrymen, which in other nations makes one of the strongest bonds of government, has been here for some time laid aside; each of its inhabitants seeming more proud of being called from the petty state which gave him birth, than by the more well-known title of German.

5. This government may be regarded in the light of a severe master and a feeble opponent. The states which are now subject to the laws of the empire, are only watching a proper occasion to fling off the yoke, and those which are become too powerful to be compelled to obedience, now begin to think of dictating in their turn. The struggles in this state are, therefore, not in order to preserve but to destroy the ancient constitution: if one side succeeds, the government must become despotic, if the other, several states will subsist without even nominal subordination, but, in either case, the Germanic constitution will be no more.

6. Sweden, on the contrary, though now seemingly a strenuous assertor of its liberties, is probably only hastening on to despotism. Their senators, while they pretend to vindicate the freedom of the people, are only establishing their own independence. The deluded people will, however, at last perceive the miseries of an aristocratic government; they will perceive that the administration of a society of men is even more painful than that of one only. They will fly from this most oppressive of all forms, where one single member is capable of controlling the whole, to take refuge under the throne, which will ever be attentive to their complaints. No people long endure an aristocratic government, when they can apply elsewhere for redress. The lower orders of people may be enslaved for a

* This maxim is quoted by Le Comte from Confucius, but it is said not to belong to that philosopher.

time by a number of tyrants, but upon the first opportunity, they will ever take a refuge in despotism or democracy.

7. As the Swedes are making concealed approaches to despotism, the French, on the other hand, are imperceptibly vindicating themselves into freedom. When I consider that those parliaments (the members of which are all created by the court, the presidents of which can act only by immediate direction) presume even to mention privileges and freedom, who, till of late, received directions from the throne with implicit humility; when this is considered, I cannot help fancying that the genius of freedom has entered that kingdom in disguise. If they have but three weak monarchs more, successively on the throne, the mask will be laid aside, and the country will certainly once more be free.

8. When I compare the figure which the Dutch make in Europe, with that they assume in Asia, I am struck with surprise. In Asia, I find them the great lords of all the Indian seas; in Europe the timid inhabitants of a paltry state. No longer the sons of freedom, but of avarice; no longer assertors of their rights by courage, but by negotiations; fawning on those who insult them, and crouching under the rod of every neighboring power. Without a friend to save them in distress, and without virtue to save themselves; their government is poor, and their private wealth will serve but to invite some neighboring invader.

9. I long with impatience for your letters from England, Denmark, Holland, and Italy; yet why wish for relations which only describe new calamities, which show that ambition and avarice are equally terrible in every region! Adieu.

LETTER 60,

Proper Lessons to a Youth Entering the World, with Fables Suited to the Occasion.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Hingpo.

1. The news of your freedom lifts the load of former anxiety from my mind. I can now think of my son without regret, applaud his resignation under calamities, and his conduct in extricating himself from them.

2. You are now free, just let loose from the bondage of an hard master. This is the crisis of your fate; and as you now

manage fortune, succeeding life will be marked with happiness or misery. A few years' perseverence in prudence, which at your age is but another name for virtue, will ensure comfort, pleasure, tranquillity, esteem; too eager an enjoyment of every good that now offers, will reverse the medal and present you with poverty, anxiety, remorse, contempt.

3. As it has been observed that none are better qualified to give others advice, than those who have taken the least of it themselves, so in this respect I find myself perfectly authorized to offer mine [even though I should waive my paternal authority upon this occasion[1]].

4. The most usual way among young men who have no resolution of their own, is first to ask one friend's advice and follow it for some time; then to ask advice of another, and turn to that; so of a third, still unsteady, always changing. However, be assured that every change of this nature is for the worse: people may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupations in life but heed them not; whatever employment you follow with perseverance and assiduity, will be found fit for you; it will be your support in youth, and comfort in age. In learning the useful part of every profession, very moderate abilities will suffice; even if the mind be a little balanced with stupidity, it may in this case be useful. [Great abilities have always been less serviceable to the possessors than moderate ones.[2]] Life has been compared to a race, but the allusion still improves by observing that the most swift are ever [the least manageable[3]].

5. To know one profession only, is enough for one man to know; and this (whatever the professors may tell you to the contrary) is soon learned. Be contented therefore with one good employment: for if you understand two at a time, people will give you business in neither.

6. A conjurer and a tailor once happened to converse together. "Alas," cries the tailor, "what an unhappy poor creature am I; if people should ever take it in their heads to live without clothes I am undone; I have no other trade to have

[1] This essay as republished begins with this paragraph and the words in brackets were changed into "And must take leave to throw together a few observations upon that part of a young man's conduct on his entering into life, as it is called."

[2] "Great abilities are generally obnoxious to the possessors."—*Essays.*

[3] "Most apt to stray from the course."—*Essays.*

recourse to." "Indeed, friend, I pity you sincerely," replies the conjurer; "but, thank heaven, things are not quite so bad with me; for if one trick should fail, I have a hundred tricks more for them yet. However, if at any time you are reduced to beggary, apply to me and I will relieve you." A famine overspread the land; the tailor made a shift to live, because his customers could not be without clothes; but the poor conjurer, with all his hundred tricks, could find none that had money to throw away: it was in vain that he promised to eat fire or vomit pins; no single creature would relieve him, till he was at last obliged to beg from the very tailor whose calling he had formerly despised.

7. There are no obstructions more fatal to fortune than pride and resentment. If you must resent injuries at all, at least suppress your indignation until you become rich, and then show away: the resentment of a poor man is like the efforts of a harmless insect to sting; it may get him crushed but cannot defend him. Who values that anger which is consumed only in empty menaces.

8. Once upon a time a goose fed its young by a pond side; and a goose in such circumstances is always extremely proud, and excessively punctilious. If any other animal, without the least design to offend, happened to pass that way, the goose was immediately at him. The pond, she said, was hers, and she would maintain a right in it, and support her honour, while she had a bill to hiss, or a wing to flutter. In this manner she drove away ducks, pigs and chickens; nay, even the insidious cat was seen to scamper. A lounging mastiff, however, happened to pass by, and thought it no harm if he should lap a little of the water, as he was thirsty. The guardian goose flew at him like a fury, pecked at him with her beak, and slapped him with her feathers. The dog grew angry, had twenty times a good mind to give her a sly snap, but suppressed his indignation, because his master was nigh. "A pox take thee," cries he, "for a fool! sure those who have neither strength nor weapons to fight should at least be civil; [that fluttering and hissing of thine may one day get thine head snapped off, but it can neither injure thy enemies, or ever protect thee."[1]] So saying, he went forward to the pond, quenched his thirst, in spite of the goose, and followed his master.

[1] This passage was omitted in the essays.

9. Another obstruction to the fortune of youth is, that while they are willing to take offence from none, they are also equally desirous of giving nobody offence. From hence they endeavor to please all, comply with every request, attempt to suit themselves to every company, have no will of their own, but like wax catch every contiguous impression. By thus attempting to give universal satisfaction, they at last find themselves miserably disappointed: to bring the generality of admirers on our side, it is sufficient to attempt pleasing a very few.

10. A painter of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece which should please the whole world. When, therefore, he had drawn a picture, in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the public market-place, with directions at the bottom for every spectator to mark with a brush, which lay by, every limb and feature which seemed erroneous. The spectators came, and in general applauded; but each, willing to show his talent at criticism, marked whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came, he was mortified to find the picture one universal blot; not a single stroke that was not stigmatised with marks of disapprobation. Not satisfied with this trial, the next day he resolved to try them in a different manner, and, exposing his picture as before, desired that every spectator would mark those beauties he approved or admired. The people complied; and the artist returning, found his picture replete with the marks of beauty; every stroke that had been yesterday condemned now received the character of approbation. "Well," cries the painter, "I now find the best way to please one half of the world, is not to mind what the other half says; since what are faults in the eyes of these, shall be by those regarded as beauties."[1] Adieu

[1] The last sentence was changed in the essays to, "well," cries the painter, "I now find that the best way to please all the world, is to attempt pleasing one half of it."

LIFE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The Goldsmiths were said by one who knew them to be "remarkable for their worth, but of no cleverness in the ways of the world." The poet's father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, was a true Goldsmith in this sense, as far at least as we can judge from the slight knowledge of him, gleaned mostly from the early life and the writings of his son. He was curate at Pallas, in Longford, when Oliver was born, but shortly afterwards removed to West Meath, where he lived in the village of Lissoy, a village which the poet always held dear as the scene of his childhood, and which he rendered famous as the *Deserted Village*. In the *Vicar of Wakefield* and the *Man in Black* (Letter 26), we have probably the good man's characteristics shown and probably also to some extent in the "village pastor" of the *Traveller*. He had five sons and two daughters, whom he reared, frugally indeed, but carefully, his chief desire being to dower each with good morals, broad sympathy and sound education. The father of the *Man in Black* is no doubt meant for Goldsmith's own father, the result of whose fatherly training is shown in one son at least, who had learned the art of giving before that of getting, in whom compassion was a mere impulse "depending on appetite rather than on reason."

Oliver was born at Pallas, on November 29, 1728. His school life began early—Paddy Byrne, a retired soldier, full of yarns and superstition, being his first master; subsequently he attended school at Lippan, at Athlone, and at Edgeworthstown. He was rather inattentive as a scholar, but had a liking for Latin, and was fond of construing Latin into English. Such exercise showed the germ of his future literary taste, and laid the foundation of the excellent style he afterwards became master of, but otherwise, neither at school nor at college did he evince any marked ability as a student.

When Oliver was old enough to enter college, his father was little disposed, indeed unable, to send him there. One of the daughters had married clandestinely a wealthy young neighbor, and her father in a fit of pride had resolved to ward off the accusation of complicity in this by giving his daughter a settle-

ment equal to her husband's, mortgaging his farm and his tithes to do so. His eldest son Henry had just closed an indifferent college career by what was thought to be an imprudent marriage, and Oliver himself had shown no evidence of ability or prudence to give hopes of better results. With some assistance, however, from his uncle Contarine, Oliver was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, but it was as a poor scholar or sizor. To be small-sized, ill-shaped, pock marked and blundering, were misfortunes that had long forced poor Goldsmith to suffer the ridicule of his playmates, but to these was now to be added the ignominy of being forced, as a poor scholar, to act as lackey to some one of the college fellows, and to endure every variety of hardship from the tyranny and caprice of his master. As a student, he was too thoughtless and inattentive to do justice to the talents nature had given him. He soon developed the qualities of a spendthrift—the cause of most of his misery in after life; the small sums of money sent him from home—saved with difficulty from their pinched means—were soon spent or given away thoughtlessly, and he was often forced to borrow, a habit which when once formed clings till death. The death of his father made his position still worse. His small remittances from home became still smaller, and he was often reduced to actual want. He was, however, popular among the students, fond of college sports, practical jokes and sociability—qualities that often led him into trouble.

After obtaining his degree he lived two years at Lissoy, pretending to study theology with his brother Henry, but spending most of his time in low company of the "Tony Lumkin," and the "Three Jolly Pigeon" variety. He was rejected by the bishop on presenting himself for orders, but his life here was not wholly fruitless as it had supplied him with the materials which he afterwards used in his poems and plays.

His friends had now to think of some other career for him, for Goldsmith took "no thought of the morrow." His uncle Contarine secured him a situation as private tutor in a gentleman's family, a position he held for only a few months. On being dismissed, he was paid a larger sum than he had ever before held at one time, and immediately proceeded to indulge his roving propensities. He bought a horse and travelled through the country without any definite object, till his means were exhausted. In a letter of apology to his mother, he gave an amusing account of his wanderings, and asserted his inten-

tion to have been to go to America, but that after paying his passage money, he had failed to be on board when the ship sailed. None of this may be true, for Goldsmith, like most travellers, drew largely on his imagination for his facts.

His friends now thought of law as a profession for him, and his constant, but too indulgent, friend uncle Contarine gave him £50 to take him to London to read law. On his way there, while in Dublin, he met some old acquaintances and squandered the money, probably losing much of it by gambling, and being unable to go on and ashamed to go home, he was soon reduced to abject poverty. His forgiving uncle, on hearing his forlorn state, again came to the rescue, and not only brought him home, but advanced him more money to take him to Edinburg, this time to study medicine. He went to Edinburg in 1752, and remained there for two years, on money supplied by his friends, chiefly by Contarine. He does not appear to have been a more devoted student here than elsewhere; his Irish songs and stories made him a welcome guest with the convivial to whose solicitations he was ever more than willing to yield. However, the accounts he sent home as to his progress continued to satisfy his uncle, whom he persuaded to advance him money to take a course of lectures in Holland. He spent a year at Leyden, but not at lectures, most of his time being devoted to general reading, idling and gambling, being always popular, always in arrears in money matters, and always borrowing, achieving success only in the latter, occasionally writing with this object one of his clever begging letters to his uncle Contarine. His next scheme was to go to Paris to take a course of lectures from the great teachers there; he borrowed money for this trip from a fellow Irish student at Leyden, and made preparations for the journey, but in a thoughtless moment he spent most of it on some tulip bulbs, then very much sought after, which he sent to his uncle. Being unable to raise more money, he determined to walk the whole distance to Paris, and started on his memorable tour of Europe. How he lived or what he did during these wanderings, is not known; much of his experience is no doubt given in the account of the "philosophical vagabond" in the Vicar of Wakefield, but we cannot tell where nor to what extent that account is colored for literary purposes. He did not pursue his studies in Paris with any better success than elsewhere; theatres and literature had greater attractions for him, and the acquaintance he then gained

with French literature may have contributed largely in giving him the bright, sparkling style found in his works, as it certainly did mould his thoughts and sentiments.

From Paris he journeyed through southern France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, playing on his flute, singing songs, disputing in the public contests at universities, and acting as tutor. While at Padua, he is supposed to have taken his degree in medicine, and while there he learned of the disease and imbecility of his kind-hearted uncle Contarine. All money from that source was now cut off, and Goldsmith turned his face homewards. Perhaps the very kindness of his Uncle had been a misfortune to the thoughtless spendthrift—those succeed best who have self reliance, and if nature or ambition does not supply that, necessity often teaches it. Goldsmith only now saw the necessity of doing something for himself. How he got to England is a mystery, but he arrived there—in abject poverty; and how he lived for sometime after landing there is a greater mystery, for his music would then have lost its charm. He is supposed to have been at one time a strolling actor, next an usher in a poor school, then an apothecary's clerk; he next, assisted by an old friend, started the practice of medicine but failed to get patients. He became proof-reader to Richardson the novelist for a time, and again tried teaching, being given a position by an old friend named Milner. His darkest hours had now been past, and the dawn was soon to appear. At Dr. Milner's house he met with Griffiths, the publisher, who, struck with his literary taste, entered into an agreement with him to write during a year for his paper, the *Monthly Review*. Here was an entry for him into the field of literature in which he was to achieve fame, and might with ordinary prudence have gained comfort and competence. His connection with the *Monthly Review*, however, did not last long. He was dilatory, and Griffiths and his wife were exacting and disagreeable. An open quarrel ensued, resulting in lasting enmity. He was now known to publishers and could get employment on one or another of the numerous magazines of the time. He next wrote occasional articles for the *Literary Magazine*, owned by John Newbery, and practised medicine at the same time, but the precarious living he made was chiefly due to his pen.

Through Milner's influence he was appointed surgeon to a post on the Coromandel coast, and to raise money to fit himself out for this duty he wrote his *Enquiry into the present state*

of Polite Learning, and tried to have it published by subscription. But the appointment was cancelled and the scheme of publication failed. He also shortly afterwards failed in an application for a position in an hospital. But to counterbalance these disappointments his *Enquiry*, published in 1759, was well received, and he began to assume more importance in the eyes of publishers.

English literature at this time was remarkable for the number of periodical publications that sprang into existence. Johnson had started the fashion with his *Rambler*, which he followed with his *Adventurer* and *Idler*, which were followed by many imitators. Goldsmith, who had now become known favorably as a writer, contributed occasional articles to some of the more successful of these periodicals, *The Critical Review*, *The Busy Body*, *The Bee*, and *The Lady's Magazine*, but his writings took feeble hold on the public taste, vitiated as it was by the more garish writings of his rivals. They, however, gradually won their way into popular favor and, as they were anonymous, they were copied into other magazines and were often claimed by other writers. He also wrote for Smollett's *British Magazine* and Newbery's *Public Ledger*, to the latter of which he contributed his *Chinese Letters* which were favorably received and eagerly read.

He was now looked upon as a desirable contributor, and might have received constant employment at fair remuneration. He took new quarters in Fleet street, but his old habits clung to him; his increased means only added to his prodigality, and the number of idle companions who looked for and received his profuse generosity.

In this year (1759) Goldsmith became personally acquainted with Dr. Johnson, and a close friendship sprang up between the two men which lasted till Goldsmith's death They were diametrically opposed in characteristics, but there had been a similarity in their early lives and struggles with poverty. They were brought together by Percy, the author of the *Reliques*, who relates that on calling on Johnson to bring him to Goldsmith's room he found the "Great Cham" dressed with extreme care—an unusual thing with him, and that on being asked the reason of this, he replied: "I hear Goldsmith is very slovenly in his dress and justifies his conduct by citing me as his example; I want to set him a better example."

Goldsmith was now fairly established in the literary world, his productions were readily received in the magazines, and he was

employed on occasional "jobs," such as the *Ghost of Cock Lane*, the *Life of Beau Nash*, etc. He published a collected and remodelled edition of his *Chinese Letters*, entitled the *Citizen of the World*, and a *History of England* which he published anonymously as a series of letters from a nobleman to his son, taking this method of catching the popular ear which at that time looked with favour on anything coming from an aristocratic source.

Early in 1763 he met Boswell, who afterwards became the biographer of Johnson, and to whom we owe much of our knowledge of the literary life of that day. We learn from him also much about the life of Goldsmith, but Boswell's great admiration for Johnson prevented him from recognising the real merits of Goldsmith, whose reputation has in consequence suffered.

Poets and painters have ever been friends, the similarity existing between the sister arts, perhaps tending to make their respective professors brothers. Goldsmith included among his warmest friends two of the most noted painters of the day, Hogarth and Reynolds. The latter was then in the prime of his fame, and at his house Goldsmith met many of the leading men of the day who were in the habit of calling on the great painter. It was out of these daily levees at Reynolds' house that the celebrated "Club" took its rise. The idea of it was conceived by Reynolds, and being eagerly taken up by Johnson, the "Club" was soon formed and held its first meeting in 1764 at the Turk's Head. Its membership was limited to nine, the nine original members being: Reynolds, Johnson, Burke, Dr. Nugent, Bennet Langton, Topham Beauclerc, Chamier, Hawkins and Goldsmith. This honor Goldsmith owed to Johnson, who was soon called on to show his friendship in a different manner, when Goldsmith, having been arrested for debt by his landlady, sent to him for help. Johnson at once sent him a guinea and hastened to his assistance. On arriving at the room he found that Goldsmith had already spent part of the guinea in purchasing a bottle of wine. In investigating the means Goldsmith had of paying his rent, it was discovered that he had a novel ready for the press. Johnson, after looking at the MS. took it out and sold it to Francis Newbery (not John) for £60. This he brought back and paid the rent. The novel was the Vicar of Wakefield, since so popular the world over. Strange to say the bookseller was so little impressed with its merits that he kept it in his pigeon holes for two years, and

thought of publishing it only when the author's growing fame recalled it to mind.

But Goldsmith's fame was soon to assume new lustre. Hitherto he had given the public nothing that showed his poetical genius. He had written indeed an Oratorio, entitled the *Captivity*, but it was a mere literary job. He had, while in Europe, planned and partly written a poem on the countries he had passed through, but he believed the public did not desire poetry, and the poem lay by him for some years before he consulted Johnson as to its publication. The poem was finished and carefully revised, and was published by Newbery in 1764 as the *Traveller*. Dr. Johnson gave it a favorable notice in the *Critical Review*, and other magazines followed his lead. It immediately came into public favor, and Goldsmith rose to the position of poet of the day. The Club was astonished, many of the members could not believe that the nonsensical Noll Goldsmith could write such graceful and thoughtful poetry. Chamier tested him on this point by asking him what he meant by the term *slow* in the first line; was it tardiness of locomotion. Goldsmith said it was, but Johnson, correcting him, said "No, you meant that sluggishness of mind which comes upon a man in solitude," and Goldsmith admitted that that was his meaning. This gave rise to the opinion that Johnson was the author of at least the best passages of the poem, until Johnson himself marked all the lines that he had contributed to it, nine in number.

Goldsmith's position was now recognized in the literary world. His acquaintance was sought by the great. He became a popular member of the club, and above all he was a prime favorite with the Great Cham, Samuel Johnson, whose word in all literary matters was law. A period of prosperity might be expected to ensue, and no doubt would have done so but for his own extravagance and weakness.

Next year, 1745, he removed to new quarters in the Temple, famous as a resort of literary men from the time of the *Spectator* down. Among those who were attracted by the *Traveller* was the Earl of Northumberland, who requested his relative, Dr. Percy, to invite Goldsmith to wait on him. This was a great point gained in those days of patronage, but Goldsmith failed to reap the harvest. He indeed called at Northumberland house with a neat, complimentary speech all ready, but unfortunately mistook an elegantly dressed servant for the duke, to whom he delivered his speech, and just as the servant had told

him his mistake, the duke entered the room. Poor Goldsmith was so confounded that the interview was painful and short. On his lordship asking him what he could do for him he replied that he depended on the booksellers for support and wanted nothing, but that he had a brother in Ireland, a clergyman, who stood in need of help. This reply has been instanced as showing how "this idiot in the affairs of the world trifled with his fortune." But surely we can admire his sturdy independence and his kind affection for his brother. Under the auspices, however, of the duchess, Goldsmith's poem *Edwin and Angelina*, or the *Hermit*, was produced and made him known in aristocratic circles, which was at that time a great acquisition. Lord Nugent was another noble acquaintance made by Goldsmith through his *Traveller*. He now, 1765, collected his essays and republished them. His new fame gave them ready sale, but his finances continued as straitened as before, chiefly because of the numerous idlers and spongers that now surrounded him. He "had a constant levee of his distressed countrymen, whose wants, as far as he was able, he always relieved."

Goldsmith continued working for the publishers, writing introductions, prefaces, reviews, pamphlets and short stories anonymously; it is probable that the famous "Goody Two Shoe" is the production of his pen, thrown off about this time for Newbery. But desiring some more regular and ample means of support, he now resumed the practice of medicine and established himself in grand style, with gaudy clothes and a man servant. After a quarrel, however, with a patient, he resolved to abandon the profession once more, and on telling Topham Beauclerc, the wit of the club, that henceforth he had resolved to leave off prescribing for friends, the wit replied, "Do so, doctor, when you undertake to kill, let it be only your enemies." In 1766 Newbery, seeing Goldsmith s growing fame, brought out the neglected *Vicar of Wakefield*, which had at once a wide circulation but Goldsmith received nothing from it. He was still employed at occasional work, his terms getting higher as his fame increased, He now turned his attention to a new line of literature and began his sensational comedy, the *Good-natured Man*, working at it when not otherwise employed with his "book building."

Goldsmith's social position had been greatly improved since the publication of the *Traveller*. He was one of the literary

lions of the day, and associated with the highest literary intellects of the time. But his sudden rise prevented him from getting rid of his awkwardness and want of polish. He was never at ease in company, and the consciousness of his personal defects added intensity to his blundering habits. In conversation he was no match for the brilliant group with whom he associated in the club, and was, moreover, browbeaten by the imperious Johnson. His want of a thorough education, and of methodical thought, rendered him deficient in argument with such men as Johnson and Burke, yet being notorious he felt called on to assert his position, and was continually getting into altercation from which he generally came off with slight honors. Johnson said on one occasion, "No man is more foolish than Goldsmith when he has not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he has." Perhaps the very knowledge that any slip he made would be ridiculed, was the prime cause of his foolishness; his "genius" seems to have been reproved by that of Johnson as Mark Antony's was by Cæsar's. In his happy moods, however, when quite at ease, Goldsmith had an artless simplicity and true humor which often threw a gleam of light on his thoughtless garrulity. He was most at home in resorts of a lower order among his congenial bohemians whom he met at genial clubs, the Devil Tavern or the Globe Tavern, where the time was spent in songs, jokes, and sallies of humor. It was in these resorts that he gathered the materials for his comedies and his humorous writings. He was at this time elaborating his *Good-natured Man*, which was finished early in 1767, and submitted to Johnson, Burke and Reynolds for approval, and which was brought on after much delay at Covent Garden after being refused by Garrick at Drury Lane. He spent this summer at Islington working at a *History of Rome*. On his return to town in the autumn he was solicited by the government to write in defence of colonial taxation which was then the great political question, and for which Lord North's administration was being fiercely attacked by Junius, Wilkes and other writers. Goldsmith declined the offer, preferring to retain his independence, and, if necessary, his poverty. The messenger who was sent on this mission tells the interview: "I found him in a miserable suite of chambers in the Temple; I told him my authority; I told him how I was empowered to pay most liberally for his exertions; and, would you believe it, he was so absurd as to say, 'I can earn as much as will supply my wants without writing for

any party; the assistance you offer is therefore unnecessary to me;' and so I left him in his garret."

The *Good-natured Man* realized for him £500, a large sum to come suddenly and unexpectedly to such a man. He immediately launched out into extravagance, bought a lease of expensive apartments in the Temple which he furnished magnificently, clothed himself in wonderful raiment, gave grand parties to all his friends and literary acquaintances, and held his time and his purse at the disposal of his "jolly pigeons" who never forsook him. The £500 soon took to themselves wings and flew, followed by much larger sums—borrowed on the credit of his new fame. All was merry while the borrowing lasted, but the loans soon ceased to be found and the debts remained to hamper and worry him till his death.

Reduced to penury once more, he resumed his drudgery of "book-building." During the summer of 1768, he began his *Deserted Village.* His brother Henry had just died, his death making a deep impression on our author, and much of the pathetic description of that poem no doubt arose from the meditation over his early life with his brother in the village of Lissay, the home of their childhood. He, no doubt, contrasted the quiet, useful life of the "village pastor" with his own restless and homeless career.

About this time he formed through Sir Joshua Reynolds the acquaintance of the Hornecks, a lady and her two daughters, an intellectual and refined family who could overlook poor Goldsmith's ugliness in admiring his genius. With this family he formed a warm intimacy and appeared particularly desirous of appearing well in the eyes of the younger daughter Mary, who was known as the "Jessamy Bride." Though he probably never aspired to her hand, it is possible that much of his extravagance, especially in gaudy dress was owing to this desire. His *History of Rome* was finished in 1769, and a new work begun—*A History of Animated Nature*, to be published by Griffiths. These works are compilations, a species of work for which Goldsmith had a peculiar talent. Johnson says of him, "He has the art of compiling and saying everything he has to say in a pleasing manner. He is now writing a natural history, and will make it as pleasing as a Persian tale."

In this year also, the Royal Academy was founded, Sir Joshua Reynolds being the first president (and receiving his Knighthood), Johnson, professor of ancient literature, and Goldsmith, of

history ; these were honorary positions only, but Goldsmith was greatly pleased with the distinction.

Next year, 1770, the *Deserted Village* was published and had an immense sale, five editions being exhausted in one year, but the author had sold it for a stipulated price, one hundred guineas, which had been paid long in advance. Goldsmith took to the draggle-tailed muse only in his moments of dalliance. "By courting the muses," he said, 'I shall starve, but by my other labours I eat, drink, have good clothes and can enjoy the luxuries of life." But it was the *Traveller* that first made him famous and able to charge a proper remuneration for his work, and it is the *Deserted Village* that keeps his name green in the memory of the people

After a trip to Paris in company with the Hornecks he settled down to job work again, his works of this date being, the *Life of Parnel, the Poet*, the *Life of Lord Bolingbroke* the *Haunch of Venison*, and a *History of Eng and.*

In 1772, he wrote his next venture, *The Mistakes of a Night;* or, *She Stoops to Conquor.* Much difficulty was experienced in getting this comedy on the boards, but, through Johnson's influence it was finally brought out in March, 1773, and took fairly well. The chief incident in this play, the mistake of taking a private house for a hotel, was one that was actually made by Goldsmith in his youth, and the leading character has many of Goldsmith's characteristics. By the proceeds of this play Goldsmith was enabled to pay off some of his debts, but his anxiety was by no means relieved. He however assumed gaiety he did not feel, and appeared to be enjoying life, as we see him in the pages of Boswell, who this year became a member of the club.

Two disappointments now came to dash the hopes of poor Goldsmith. He had conceived the scheme of publishing a large *Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences*, to which the leading literary men of the day promised to contribute, but no publisher would undertake it, and all his labour proved in vain. His mortification at this failure was intensified shortly afterwards by the refusal of the government to grant him a pension, an application for which had been made by his friends.

He had little heart for work now, hopelessly in debt and in failing health, as he was, yet he maintained his wonted gaiety, and entertained often extravagantly. He, however, finished his Animated Nature, and began a short History of England,

removing to Hyde, in the suburbs, to avoid the temptations he could not resist. He came frequently to town to meet his old associates, and on one occasion the company were amusing themselves making imaginary epitaphs on each other. Goldsmith challenged Garrick to a contest at repartee. Garrick at once produced the following, "Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll, who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll." This couplet probably "took," as it no doubt happily hit the sentiment of the crowd. Johnson had said it before—and Goldsmith was abashed at the loud laugh that followed, and could not answer the glib-tongued actor, at least he did not—at the time. But he could not acknowledge a superior, and afterwards produced his *Retaliation*—a fragment, however, as he did not live to finish it—in which he intended to hit off the peculiarities of each of the company. All was done in good humour, and in playful mood. Garrick had defeated only the unarmed Goldsmith, but when he returned armed with his magic pen, he was another Goldsmith and stood—King—the portrait of Garrick being incomparable. Garrick indeed replied afterwards in a witty portrait of Goldsmith, but it is inferior to Goldsmith's. The *Retaliation* was left unfinished, breaking off in the middle of an excellent portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with the words :

> To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
> When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing ;
> When they talked of their Raphael's, Correggio's, and stuff,
> He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.
>
> (Sir Joshua used an ear trumpet and took snuff.)

These were the last words Goldsmith wrote. His health suddenly gave way on March 25th, and he died on the 4th of April following (1774), the progress of the disease being probably hastened by his determination to use a favorite remedy.

His sudden death was a great shock to his friends by whom, in spite of his foibles, he was beloved. They made all arrangements to bury him in Westminster Abbey but when it was learned that he had left no means but had died £2,000 in debt the idea was abandoned and he was buried in the Temple Church. A monument to his memory was, however, afterwards erected in Westminster Abbey, by the members of the Club, the Latin epitaph for which was written by Johnson.

Such was Goldsmith's varied life—certainly not one which we can set forth as an example to be followed. Had he lived

a life regulated by prudence, he would have been a greater and a happier man. He had been educated and fitted by the bounty of his friends for the struggle of life and might have commanded success, but his wild habits, and careless, roving disposition courted misfortue till she marked him for her own. Even as it was, his genius won him fame and a competence; from the publication of the *Traveller* till his death he had a yearly income of £400, equal to £800 in the present value of money, quite a sufficient income for an unmarried man, but it was all squandered, generally before it was earned, in extravagance and a thoughtless generosity that forgot to be just.

But we must not censure him too much. We cannot bind genius down to rules made for ordinary men. He was his own greatest enemy, but was no other man's. He was beloved by all who knew him as a companion or shared in his bounty; and no writer is more beloved by the general reader, who cannot avoid detecting the personality of the poor author on every page.

As a writer, Goldsmith does not show himself a profound scholar. His mind was not very comprehensive, and he had no great originality. He had no strong political or religious opinions; his mind by temperament and by travel was elevated above much of the traditional and conventional prejudices of the day, which enabled him to become a vivid, judicious critic. He was a gentle, amiable satirist, a humourous farce writer—a philosophic poet—a dispassionate moralist, and a graceful essayist. He tried almost every kind of literary composition and succeeded in all—"Whatever he touched he adorned."

NOTES.

THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

The collected letters bearing this title were originally written for John Newbery's magazine the *Public Ledger*, by an imaginary Chinese philosopher living in England. There are 123 letters in all, but in the first edition there are apparently only 119, owing to three double numberings, viz. : 25, 57 and 116. The text in the present edition is that of the Cunningham edition, 1854, and the numbering is that of the old edition, 1808.

The letters comprise two main features, social satire by a foreigner, and evidence of Chinese civilization, both of which had already taken hold on the popular taste. In this species of writing, as indeed in all others, English writers of that day borrowed largely from French literature, which had many works of this nature, some of which were celebrated, as The Turkish Spy, The Siamese Letters, The Persian Letters of Montesquieu (on which Goldsmith's are founded), The Orphan of Chaon, Voltaire's Tragedy, L'Orphelin de la Chine, and Le Conte's *Memoires sur la Chine.*

In England the Persian Letters and the Turkish Spy had been translated by Phillips. Bishop was editing a translation of a Chinese novel, *Han Kiou Choaan*, or, "The Pleasing History" (1761). Murphy had produced a play, "The Chinese Orphan," founded on Voltaire's tragedy, both plays having as foundation, The Orphan of China, a story dating back centuries before Confucius. Beside these, Defoe's "Tour through England" by a foreigner, Steele's paper from an Indian chief on A Visit to England, Walpole's letter from *Xo Ho*, a Chinese philosopher in London, to *Lien Chi* in Peking, show what hold such writings had on the public. Curiosity as to the condition of China had recently been stimulated also by Sir William Chambers' "Chinese Architecture," in which that author credits the Chinese with high artistic skill. All these paved the way for Goldsmith's Chinese Letters, but their permanent place in literature depends on their intrinsic merit as English Essays.

The term Citizen of the World, was one Goldsmith was fond of (Letter 26), and is appropriately used as the title for the letters of a man who criticizes the life and manners of different nations, while showing himself free from the frailties and prejudices of any. The letters contain much delicate satire which would probably have lost its force if uttered by a European; the moral reflections often have an eastern hue, and perhaps an eastern origin; the humour and the characterization, though, are Goldsmith's own. The charm of the Citizen of the World consists in: "Its fresh original perception, its delicate delineation of life and manners, its wit and humour, its playful and diverting satire, its exhilarating gaiety, its clear and lively style."—*Forster.*

The style of these letters is clear and simple, often colloquial, as letters for popular reading may be. The author's use of words is characterized by purity and propriety, with only an occasional inaccuracy. Writing for the general public he sought to be clear not precise, and his command of language enabled him to say what he wanted to say in the most condensed and pleasing form. His sentences are never involved or intricate, and have a melodious flow; the clauses are sometimes carelessly arranged, melody being sought rather than strict grammatical accuracy. Yet his sentences are on the whole grammatical and regular, seldom having the artificial balance and sonorous cadence of

Johnson's. Goldsmith never uses the short pointed sentence nor the condensed sentence, nor does he indulge in the periodic style, his long sentences being rather of the loose variety. His sentences have the elegance of Addison and the accuracy of Johnson, but a purity and a melody all his own. His paragraphs are generally confined to a single subject and well proportioned; they are generally short in this work, as is usual in letters and light periodical literature.

Taking a general view then of Goldsmith's style, as shown in the *Citizen of the World*, we may say that of the qualities of style he possesses the intellectual qualities of clearness and simplicity, with an occasional ambiguity arising from the want of precision in the use of words or from a careless collocation of related terms. The emotional qualities of style are less prominent in his works. To the active, aggressive side of these qualities, strength, he lays no claim. He never in this or in any other work soars into the sublime, and has no passages of lofty, tremulous rhythmical prose. He never seeks strength by forced language, nor by such ordinary expedients as the pointed, the condensed or the periodic sentence. Artificial condensation or inversion he avoided. Even in his balanced sentences he avoids the parallel structure for the sake of variety of expression.

On the other side of the emotional qualities, the pathetic and the ludicrous, he takes a higher range. Not, indeed, in the pathetic, for though we would expect him to show a command over the powers of pathos, he rarely attempts it. He seemed to have a double existence, one with pen in hand, and the other while wagging his tongue among his "jolly pigeons." He had the pathetic in his life, and it was, no doubt, part of his nature in which, as Garrick's burlesque epitaph says:

"Right and wrong shall be jumbled, much gold and some dross."

But when he took up his pen all the dross appeared to be refined away; and he seemed to suppress all the deep feelings of his nature to give us the chaste, elegant sentiments of the refined gentleman he tried unsuccessfully to assume in real life.

Of the ludicrous, however, he was complete master. This is seen best in his comedies, in which the farcical drollery and broad humour are such as we would expect from an Irish humorist. In these Chinese letters, however, the ludicrous consists only in a quiet, sly humour, delivered with a grave face. He seems to aim merely to put the reader in good humour, or to call forth a quiet smile at the absurdities and whimsicalities of ordinary little-minded men and women. Often he raises this smile by taking a grotesque view, as proud, disappointed men often will do, of his own misfortunes. He was fond of contrast and often gained an epigrammatic force by giving an unexpected turn to the close of the sentence.

In the æsthetic qualities—qualities that aim at giving the fine art feeling—he seems, at least in his prose, to aim at a chaste neatness of style and thought. His sentiments are easy of comprehension and are expressed in simple, graceful language, that pleases by its very melody. He indulges in no odd conceits, forced thoughts or fanciful expressions. He rarely uses figurative language with the exception of the ordinary metaphorical modes of expression, but these he employs abundantly and with great felicity on every page.

LETTER I.

In these notes, the marginal figures refer to paragraphs. The literal references are: Gr.—Seath's High School Grammar; B.—Bain, Composition and Rhetoric; M.—McIlroy's Structure of English; W.—Williams' Practical English.

This letter of introduction is dated very appropriately from Amsterdam. The Dutch had long been the greatest commercial people of Europe. Trade and

commerce had been so long established that, as is the case in England now, each city had its own special line of business. Amsterdam had long monopolized the trade of the country, and indeed of Europe with the East Indies.

There may be some satire on the commercial proclivities of the Dutch intended by mingling business matters in this introduction.

What is the difference between customs and manners?

The last sentence includes the close; this is not customary now, but all private letters in Goldsmith's time ended with some formal compliment, often extravagant and always including the close. We now finish the last sentence, omitting the compliment, but we retain the closing complimentary phrases in the form of a sentence, but arranged in a peculiar order. The "etc." at the end is used here for brevity, but its use in an actual letter would be anything but complimentary.

In connection with the study of this letter, the nature and the form of the various sorts of letters may be reviewed.

LETTER 13.

1. **What a gloom, etc.**—Note the animation given by the exclamatory style. Paraphrase "Venerable remains of deceased merit." Account for the divergence in meaning of 'venerable' and 'antic.' Distinguish deceased, dead, defunct, demised.

Imagine, etc.—Would 'fancy' suit here? Distinguish 'with' and 'by,' Remark on the force and propriety of 'hand of antiquity,' 'solemn as religious awe,' 'barbarous profusion.' Criticise,—*sensations, threw my eyes round, walls filled with . . monuments.*

2. **Puny child of dust.**—Justify the periphrasis. Quote Gray's stanza on this desire. (Cf. Why is dust and ashes proud?)

Transient immortality (fame).—What name is given to this form of expression?

None to flatter but the epitaph.—Is 'none' the right word here? Quote Gray's stanza containing the line—

"Can flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?"

and also that on the tombs of the great in churches.

Goldsmith's object being satire, he cuts his reflections short, having indicated what such an institution should be, and proceeds with his description. It may be useful to compare the reflections of Addison on his first essay on Westminster Abbey.

"When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies within me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow: When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."—*Spectator, 26.*

These beautiful sentences, the first especially, may well be studied for their rhythm, melody, and proportion, as well as for their sentiment and satire.

3. **Gentleman.**—The usher is so called by mistake of the Chinese.

Noways.—We would now say 'nowise' (*but see M. 128*).

So it may, etc.—So (in such manner) should not refer an affirmative clause to a negative. Omit both 'so' and 'as,' and use 'while' before the first clause, or 'and' between the two.

Strong . . from the weakness.—What rhetorical figure here? Addison also teaches this lesson by taking Sir Roger with him to the Abbey, where the knight shows his knowledge of 'history' and his pride in the glory of his country. (*Spec. 329.*)

None . . but characters.—Is this use of character a condensation or a colloquialism?

So I discontinued.—A shorter word would have answered the purpose. 'So' as used here is colloquial.

Every particular monument.—Remove the ambiguity here.

4. **Trophy.**—Is trophy the right word here?

Gentleman.—This word is probably put into the usher's mouth purposely. He is speaking in character, though in his succeeding remarks he is much too sarcastic for a mere usher; the words and the voice may be the usher's but the sentiments are Goldsmith's.

For a tomb in Westminster Abbey.—This is Goldsmith's usual epigrammatic term. Note the dash or stroke. (*See letter 50.*)

Head of my ancestors.—An appropriate ejaculation from the Chinese, who worshipped his ancestors. But we rarely detect Chinese peculiarities in *Altangi*.

Should he not be ashamed, etc.—This making a dead man ashamed is very like an Irish bull.—A bit of the author's conversation that has slipped into his writings.

As they got, etc.—Gained: the word is frequently used so in these essays. The satire is probably aimed at some recently buried person. In letter 12 he had ridiculed the desire for posthumous honours, and had expressed his belief that none but the deserving were honoured by burial in Westminster Abbey.

5. **Prior.**—Matthew, (1664-1721) a society poet of much originality.

Drayton.—Michael (1563-1631), a voluminous poet, famous in his time, and still is for his Polyolbion.

Pope.—Died 1744, buried at Twickenham. He was the greatest English poet of his century, but is not now ranked in the first class. It was his defects as a man that caused people to dislike him.

Answerers of books.—Literary magazines were greatly in vogue about Goldsmith's time, and part of their function was then, as it is now of such literature, to criticise new books. Goldsmith himself was employed as critic by Griffiths on the *Monthly Review*, but it does not appear that he was guilty of the faults he here satirizes and, we might add, exhibits. These periodicals belonged to publishers, and their writers, of course, decried the publications of rival publishers. Goldsmith's quarrel with Griffiths soured his mind against the whole tribe of critics, and awakened his hostility to the system. His "Review of Polite Learning" is little else than a review of criticism and an attack on critics.

No other . . but (than). See note 8, letter 26.

Moral character.—Goldsmith had been thus attacked, probably at the instigation of Griffiths.

Mercenary bookseller.—All this is aimed at Griffiths and the review of the 'Enquiry' by Kenrick in the *Monthly Review*.

Seems to despise.—Evidently refers to himself.

Solid anxiety.—'Solid' is used in contrast with 'empty' for the epigrammatic effect.

6. **Except.**—'Unless' is now the conjunction. 'Except' is a preposition. *Mandarine* is appropriately used by the Chinaman. *Your book answerer.*—'Your' is here used colloquially for contempt.

7 The remarks about patrons and patronage made here reminds us of the difficulties under which literary men labored in that age. Society readers, and there were scarcely any others then, aped the manners and tastes of the aristocracy, so that writers were forced to secure the patronage of some aristocratic person in order to gain the favorable opinion of the general readers. Gold-

smith's personal appearance and awkward manners were impediments in his way to this species of assistance, but to his credit it is due to observe that he had independence and self-reliance enough to refrain from seeking it openly. He disfigured none of his books with the prefaces and dedications of the day offensive to good taste by their fulsome flattery and grotesque exaggerations. His dedications were to his intimate friends, and when offered the patronage of a great man he asked a favor for his brother Henry (see Life). He, however, on one occasion took advantage of the popular weakness by publishing his History of England, as if written by a nobleman.

8. **Made up to.**—Another colloquial expression. So also are, *was going to enter*, and *kept a show*.

The words of the gate-keeper are in the dialect of that person, and on that ground alone, *to be sure, very right; that there* are allowable. Show the meaning of *because*.

Farm, rents, hires, leases.—Distinguish. What is the effect of using the different words! and the strokes!

We all must live.—Is this an epigram? (B. 41).

Slovenly figures.—The Duke of Albemarle, the Duchess of Richmond, etc., known familiarly as "The Ragged Regiment."

A lady who died . . finger.—A maid of honor to Queen Elizabeth..

Golden head.—He means silverhead. Hen. V.

In the *Spectator* (329), Sir Roger de Coverley, seeing a king without a head, and on being told that the head had been of silver and had been stolen, remarked, that probably some Whig had stolen it, and advised them to lock up their kings better, or the Whigs would steal the body too.

You see.—The author uses ye and you here, but, of course, it is colloquial. The chair, however, has a history, and the stone is still more remarkable, being the old coronation stone of the ancient Scottish kings, and according to tradition, the stone on which Jacob rested his head for a pillow.

9. **But this cap**, *i.e.*, holding out his own.

I'll give thee, and **I suspect thee**, in the next letter, seem to use thee in the old Shakespearian contemptuous sense; yet he immediately afterwards returns to 'you.'

More of those.—More of your, would be better.

Themes for Essays:—Reflections in a Churchyard, Periodical Literature, Critics and Criticism, Westminster Abbey, Fame.

"E'en from our ashes spring their wonted fires,"
"The path of glory leads but to the grave."

LETTER 14.

1. **Expected.**—Not used in this sense now.

But that . . decorums.—Modernize.

Loves and graces.—Criticise this expression as to its force and propriety.

2. **Expectations were at an end.**—Does the author say all he means here?

Who nodded. – Is who correct here?

Lady herself, a woman equally, etc.—Justify the use here of 'lady' and 'woman' (see Ayres). Is 'equally' properly placed? Substitute other terms for 'politeness' and 'understanding.' Note that these qualities are mentioned only to be satirized. The sarcasm is, however, mild and covert.

From home.—What is the satire here? *(See also Preface).*

Outlandish.—What is the meaning? Can you justify the lady's taking him at first for an Englishman? What is the effect of making the lady speak of him in his presence? Use other expressions for 'exotic' and 'country dress,' and 'have you got,'

Chinese. We now say Chinaman, but Bret Harte's humorous 'Heathen Chinee' has made 'Chinee' colloquially almost as general as if Chinese were plural.

But what unites use with beauty.—Is the author correct here? *(B. Cap. V. 119 and 121.)*

Sure (surely).—*You mistake* and 'you must surely be mistaken,' are used by the lady. What is the difference?

Rather to act the disciple than.—Improve the order.

Precarious.—Is this word correctly used? The idea to be conveyed is, being extremely liable to destruction; is there any English adjective with that meaning?

3. **By a friend.**—What is satirized here?

There is Seneca, Bolingbroke, and, etc.—Can 'is' be justified here? Perhaps she had in mind the sentence from Seneca, "A virtuous man struggling with misfortune is a sight the gods might look upon with pleasure."

Willing.—Used in the sense of 'wishing,' which would seem a more appropriate word.

Investigate the humour of incident and character in this letter; also the satire of the public taste, the lady's manners, her 'gushing.' Note her contempt of foreigners, love of pets, and imaginary philosophy. One is reminded by this letter of the present rage for bric-brac house decorations.

LETTER 23.

1. **Yet.**—The concessive conjunction used to keep up the continuity with the preceding letter and to indicate the change in sentiment. This use of yet, as a paragraph conjunction, has also the effect of increased animation. (*See on initial conjunctions M. page 203, and B.—on paragraph conjunctions.*)

Cause of humanity.—Cause in this sense is a legal action, and had the author said,' I plead the cause of humanity,' the metaphor would have been complete. Humanity and depravity are abstract terms, but they are now such familiar terms that there is no weakness in their use. (*M. choice of words p. 133.*) 'Humanity' has, however, the meaning of kind, human feelings, and the cause of humanity might be mistaken to have that meaning here. Besides this slight ambiguity, the unexpected rhyme in *ity* is not melodious. (*M. 278.*)

There.—This introductory word, like the word 'it,' sometimes takes the place of the subject when it is desirable to put the subject after the verb in order to preserve its collocation with an explanatory clause. The arrangement, however, should be used with care; it often causes weakness. The sentence here is slightly dislocated owing to the change of subject. The remainder of the sentence is beautifully metaphorical, ending with an apt simile. But a precise critic might object to the use of 'that serve to' as redundant, and of 'oppressed' as applied to the eye—and say that the metaphor is mixed (*see M. 243*). He would also suggest the repetition of 'that' before 'resemble' (*M. 175*), and would perhaps object to the alliteration in 'Gleams of Greatness.

Variation.—While, however, I often lament the wretchedness of mankind and the depravity of human nature (or, human wretchedness and depravity), I sometimes observe gleams of noble virtue that relieve the eye fatigued (wearied) by the hideous prospect, as do the cultivated spots in an Asiatic wilderness.

Contraction.—Though I often lament human wretchedness and depravity, I sometimes observe gleams of virtue, that like oases in a desert, relieve the eye fatigued by the hideous prospect.

Paraphrase.—Though I often express my grief at the hideous prospect presented by the wretchedness of human misery and the depravity of human nature, yet, I do not look upon the cause of humanity as altogether hopeless. I occasionally see instances of exalted virtue that show man to be not altogether

depraved. Such instances shine forth in the general gloom that involves the scene; and are as grateful to the mind as the sight of a beautiful oasis is to the wearied traveller on the sandy wastes of an Asiatic desert.

Space will not permit such exercises to be repeated in these notes, but the teacher should make them a part of every lesson.

Among.—'In' the English would be more logical, but 'among' is usual. This sentence is well formed and well divided. 'People of every rank' would improve the close.

This ends the general introduction, which is correctly set off in a separate paragraph.

2. **Whether it.**—'Whether' is used here without its correlative 'or,' for the second 'whether' is a repetition. The sentence is somewhat periodic in structure; the introductory 'it' and the noun clauses serving to introduce and account for the real statement before it is made, the object being to emphasize the statement. The effect is, however, distracting, and consequently weak.

Uneasy situation and **motive** might perhaps be amended.

Any other nation.—This use of 'other' with superlatives, though common in Goldsmith's time, is really nonsensical. The second most is ambiguous; is it the superlative of comparison or of eminence? In 'prosperest' the superlative is unnecessary, and 'compassion,' though the proper word in this sense, is not in keeping with his subsequent explanation that reason always decides who shall receive; compassion is a feeling.

3. **Uneasy sensations.**—The Saxon word 'feelings' would here have been shorter and better. We have in this phrase the real meaning of compassion and sympathy, a suffering with the poor object, a feeling that Goldsmith himself well knew. It is possible that a sense of his own weakness in this respect has led him to censure it thus. Though reason may and should guide charity, especially in European countries, swarming as they are with professional beggars, yet the man who can behold misery and suffering without suffering himself has not the true altruistic feeling. The relief that waits to be initiated by some man of fortune, and that depends on the cool discussions "where neither passion nor pity find (finds) a place" would certainly be as "cold as charity." We could almost fancy Goldsmith indulging here in a bit of covert sarcasm.

These two sentences contrast England and other countries, and are properly formed with the parallel structure. The first, however, breaks the continuity of statement. Macaulay would have begun the paragraph with this statement about other countries, and then with an arrestive 'but' followed by a few short sentences, he would have told us in so many words that the English were the most charitable people in the world, that they were not carried away by impulses but were most systematic and judicious in their giving.

The particular introduction is now finished, and the paragraph closes.

4. *Late* (recent), *imagination* (mind), *reconciles me to pleasure* (restores my good humour), *universal* (general). *The English and* (the) *French.*

In England and **France.**—(In a war between England and France)—*plunder each other* (one another) *at sea.*

They (these two countries) **have, etc.**—*Several captives have been taken on both sides* (each side). Several suggests a small number; perhaps the ships captured were in the author's mind. What war was this?

Being much more numerous.—The grammatical equivalent of 'being' in such construction as this is 'because they were' which is not the meaning here. It would be more correctly placed after 'manner' and the semicolon, changing 'and' into 'but,' and making the reference by using 'they' as a subject as coming after a negative (not being), thus, "but being much more numerous and not being released—they began to feel all those (the) inconveniences which (that) arise from want of covering (clothing). This paragraph fulfils fairly all the canons for the paragraph (*M.* 196. B 158 to 179), but the phraseology and the arrangement in the sentences are defective. Exercises can be drawn from

the paragraph by rearranging the sentences, placing the capture and imprisonment first, followed by the causes of animosity; it will then be seen that some word or phrase of reference must be used in the next paragraph. In varying contracting or paraphrasing, care should be taken to bring out the meaning and to secure the best form.

5. **They** and **them** having been supplanted from the demonstrative function by 'those,' 'they' should not be used in places where undue emphasis is thrown upon them. For this reason 'they who' and 'they that' have given way in some measure to 'those who' 'those that.' Here the word 'they,' although not emphatic, is made more or less so by the pause after it. Say "but (being) more . . than (on) relieving their friends, they refused, etc."

Starving.—Has the literal meaning—dying, perishing.

labouring with disease.—(Under disease), or suffering from (or afflicted with) disease. *Thousands in every prison* is not the meaning intended.

Their prisoners.—We have to go back two sentences to find an antecedent for 'their.' A semicolon after distress would divide the sentence better than a comma. The next two clauses are balanced and might have had a similarity of structure; they ceased to be hateful when they ceased to be formidable. The author chose variety of expression, however.

Forgetting . . their.—This sentence shows the danger incurred by changing the subject in the course of a sentence when pronouns are used. The sense is clear enough, but the effect is weak, though the sentence is evidently formed with the intention of being impressive.

Gay sons.—An ornamental periphrasis.

Once more taught—(taught once more to resume).

They had not been taught before. For 'taught' say enabled.

6. **Scarce.**—'Scarcely' is the form for the adverb now.

Citizen of the World.—This phrase, afterwards selected as the title of these collected letters, was borrowed from Addison. Nations were just beginning to be conscious of the absurdity of international hatred or contempt; Goldsmith delighted to think himself free from such prejudices, and consequently extols the virtue. A Frenchman, however, writing of this incident might have given a different version, as their historians, during the Napoleon wars at least, accuse the English of great harshness towards prisoners.

I have done (found).

Friends to him—Point out the two meanings here. How does emphasis remove the difficulty? Arrange the phrase so as to remove the necessity of emphasis. This phrase shows the difference between spoken and written words, and the greater care required in written discourse to make the sense clear without the assistance of emphasis, inflection and intonation.

7. **Grafted upon human** (our) **nature.**—A philosophic writer of the present time would probably drop the metaphor and say it is one of our hereditary instincts that is gradually being "evolved" from our nature, and should not be 'indulged' unless the destruction is necessary, and then needs no 'atoning.'

Our own joy.—Requires something about the joy of others; the contrast and balance also require similarity of structure, such as, to testify our own joy by endeavouring to restore (or promote) that of others.

The proposition is now stated and discussed and this isolated sentence gives the generalization of the incident. It consists of two parts separated by a colon; that stop being here correctly used to indicate the union of two statements, the latter having a logical but not a grammatical dependence on the former.

8. The principle of benevolence is now illustrated by other examples—always a useful expedient in a composition—the incident here being drawn from Chinese history in keeping with the fictitious authorship. The letter closes with the general deduction or moral. The second sentence is long and might have been divided at the colon after 'make.'

Expected.—This word is not now used in this sense. We would say 'waited or looked impatiently for.'

That had ever been seen.—This phrase is not strictly correct, as the triumph mentioned had not been seen.

Those (the) **preparations which** (that).—The use of 'those' where 'the' is sufficient is a peculiarity of Goldsmith. 'That' is the droper restrictive relative. Note the ambiguity of 'which' in the next sentence.

Who (thus) **taught them. Than having** (than to have).—The lesson taught by the king to the people is the lesson the author wishes to teach us. A noble lesson and very happily placed at the close of the essay.

Themes:—A criticism of the sentiments of this letter, illustrating your opinions by referring to Goldsmith and the Man in Black.—Charity—It is better to give than to receive—Public and private charity—Sympathy—"Be good and let who will be great."

LETTER 25.

1. **Man in Black.**—This person in his character and his eventful life so much resembles Goldsmith himself that the author is generally supposed here as in the "Strolling Player" in the *Vicar of Wakefield* to be drawing from his own life and character. We have a humorous view of Goldsmith's own great weakness and perhaps also of his assumed indifference. The sentiments of the Man in Black are much like those praised in the 23rd Letter, but his actions awaken our kind feeling. The two letters are in one sense companion pieces, showing what is good on each side.

An humorist, etc.—This word has here its old meaning—a capricious inconsistent person. The structure of these sentences shows Goldsmith's accurate style and careful arrangement The phrases and clauses have frequently the parallel arrangement, and balance aptly used in drawing contrasts.

Be replete.—The indicative mood would seem to be required here as 'is dilated' shows that a fact and not a supposition is meant. The arrangement of the clauses in this and the following sentence is peculiar. They are contrasted, yet an evident effort has been made to conceal the art; the second clause in each reverses the order of thought,—though generous, yet . . prudence,—though sordid, yet . . love. So, . . man hater; while . . compassion; while . . pity, yet . . ill nature. The effect resembles that of the rhyme a.b.b.a. in the memoriam stanza, in poetry.

We can do little more than express delight at the next two sentences, indeed this whole introduction is admirable and shows the author's power as a delineator of character. The sentences have the balanced structure of Johnson, but they are more sprightly and melodious than anything Johnson would have said.

2. **Says he** (said he).—The present tense, however, gives animation, being what is called the figure of vision.

They want (need) **no more.**—Though the sense is clear, this word 'want' shows the care necessary in using words of two or more meanings. (*See M. 256, from B.*)

Are found to relieve them.—The context is slightly ambiguous; the removal of 'are found to' would improve the expression. The close of this sentence illustrates a device sometimes used to make an impressive close in a sentence. The three nouns are strong by their position at the close, and strengthen each other by being grouped. The arrangement of the words is melodious, as will be seen by varying it.

Merit a prison, etc.—Merit generally implies approval, and deserve, censure. We might say 'deserve a prison (imprisonment) rather than merit relief.'

3. **But** (was) **forced.**—Explicit reference and clearness often require repetitions of demonstratives, connectives and auxiliaries. (*M. 178.*)

Prepossessed against.—We are prepossessed in favor of anything, and prejudiced against ; so, also, we say *influence* over or with, and effect on.

I could see it (what ?) **visibly operate, etc.**—What tautology here?

Passengers (passers by).—The meaning of this word has followed the law of contraction. (*See Abbott's Eng. Lessons.*) Criticise *impertinent.*

4. The first sentence here contains a number of assertions arranged in the loose order. It is rather long, and might have been divided into two at the colon.

Once more.- Can this be justified? Distinguish wishfully and wistfully.

5. **Angrily** (angry as his), or omit ' in a tone,' or say ' in a tone just as angry.'

Relieve himself by relieving, etc.—This is the variety of compassion said in Letter 23 to be not English.

But, not waiting for a reply, desired.—Omit the commas and insert ' he ' before 'desired.' Excess of punctuation is a blemish in composition. ' But ' introduces the negative, the sense being ' but he did not wait, etc,' and after a negative the subject should generally be repeated.

6. **Those fellows . . who.. etc.**—On the principle of propinquity of related words say ' The fellows who . . . their goods for half value must have stolen them.'

A wretch, who, etc.—The lesson taught by these instances is to exercise judicious care in selecting objects of our charity, as the most deserving came last, when the means of benevolence were exhausted.

A new paragraph might have been made of this incident, beginning with ' I cannot tell.' Brevity and distinctness might be attained by closing the sentence at the colon, and by combining the remaining clauses,—' his vivacity . . . interrupted, and his very dissimulation had forsaken (forsook) him.'

To former objects.—Place after ' array.'

The last sentence is well formed, and, in the author's own style, reserves the surprise for the close. The expression might be varied and rendered more pointed by dividing it into three sentences, thus ' He continued . . purpose. He had no money ! At last, struck by a happy thought, he with . . . good nature put . . . matches.' But Goldsmith's was not a pointed style, and this construction is suggested merely as a variation and not as an improvement.

LETTER 26.

1. **Appetite** as used here means natural desire; a natural desire to believe the misery of others is not censurable, as the author well knew.

Rather than reason is a better arrangement.

2. **Says he** and **'scapes** are of the colloquial expression supplied as pretended by the editor (see Preface).

3. The parentage and early life given here are those of Goldsmith himself. We are reminded of the account of the ' Village Pastor ' in the *Deserted Village.* But here we have humor and there pathos.

4. **Cemented society.**—The origin of the social state was much discussed in that and the following age. Philosophers now agree that the love of the sexes and parental instincts gave rise to the family, while mutual protection and social desires cemented families into the clan from which our present political state has been evolved.

Human face divine.—Who is the author? Point out the figures in this sentence

Getting—earning—gaining.—This word has lost much of its presentive nature (see Earle), and has sometimes a symbolic force as an auxiliary, as, to get accustomed to. A similar change in the old presentive verb ' have ' has resulted in the general use of ' have got ' for the presentive force of ' have ' to denote mere

possession. The expressions are old ; Goldsmith uses it, but critics speak disrespectfully of them.

5. **Exposed without armour.**—A condensed phrase. Express it fully.

That once were useful.—This is a fair instance of Goldsmith's unobtrusive satire, which is general, genial, and apparently serious.

6. **Middling.**—This use of the word is now colloquial.

Partly ascribed.—Say ascribed partly, etc.

Mathematical reasonings (reasoning).—Goldsmith's own weakness.

Desires.—Neither memory nor imagination desires. His use of terms here illustrates the criticism that Goldsmith was a clear but not a precise writer. (*M. 254*). The paragraph ends with a humorous self depreciation, which is afterwards made more effective by repetition.

7. **His blessing.**—Goldsmith elsewhere ridicules the use of dashes as substitutes for wit, but the use of the dash to indicate some unexpected turn in the thought is general among writers (*see Letter 50*).

Subsist me.—An unusual expression, 'To provision' would maintain the metaphor, say 'to procure subsistence.'

They advised me.—Repeated in resuming after the interrupting parenthesis ; a common expedient. For the use of parenthetic matter, *see M. 192.*

Orders.—Holy orders, 'to take orders' is more used.

8. **Black coat.**—Goldsmith's own weakness again. On presenting himself for orders before the bishop at the time alluded to, he appeared in a pair of red breeches, which no doubt made an impression on the bishop.

Mortified creature,—In letter 56, he has a humorous satire on the life led by the clergy of the day, from which the gluttony of a Dr. "Marrowfat" has become proverbial.

But that (than that).—With 'other' than or but may be used, but the meaning is not the same. 'Other than' is exclusive, 'other but' is inclusive, that is, the excepted case introduced by 'but' must be included in the other ; it is in fact, the other. We may say, "He had no reasons other than as stated, but the boyish one, etc," which shows the meaning given by each conjunction.

9. **Flatterer.**—This is supposed to refer to his first tutorship (see life). Goldsmith was fond of associating with the great, but his sturdy independence, his own vanity and his "beggarly pride" would never allow him to please the vanity of others by obsequious flattery. To do so was, however, the surest means of gratifying 'ambition' in those days of lordly patronage.

10. **Pretty fortune in her own disposal.**—Change this to the present idiom.

Seeming to study, etc.—Is this phrase figurative? How, if he had said studying.

Out at last it came (it came at last).—Goldsmith does not often use the short sentence nor the inverted order—but he is preparing for the climax. There was (she had) but one objection to complete our (my) happiness ; which was . . she was (had been) . . before! or, with a colon after happiness, (: she had been married, etc.), omitting the relative clause.

Her into sensibility (that person into love).—The difficulty of using pronouns with clearness in indirect discourse is here seen. (*W. 50*).

11. The apostrophe here adds animation to the style.

It is satirical of course, the whole having the effect of the epigram and the anticlimax.

12. **Acquaintance.**—We would now pluralize this word. What is the principle? Why would we not use 'satisfaction' as in the next paragraph?

13. **At large.**—Derive this phrase.

Indolent and simple—simple and believing.—Use synonyms to bring out the meaning.

14. A good deal of this stoicism was no doubt Goldsmith's own during his unhappy life.

15. **Preferred.**—Advanced to a higher position, or, as here, chosen for a position. Prefer and preferment are usual in this sense.

To aim at (to achieve) independence.—Merely to aim at it was not the true way.

16. Along with the humor of character in the Man in Black we have his humorous sentiments, which, besides being whimsical, carry a satire on themselves and on the world that puts them into practice. The man exhibits a struggle between the worldly and the poetical qualities of our race with apparent victory, but real defeat to the former.

Rich widow.—This widow reminds us of Addison's celebrated "perverse widow" who tormented Sir Roger De Coverley. In the closing letter this engagement is suddenly broken off by a quarrel over the question whether in carving a turkey the wing or the leg should be taken of first.

THEMES.

1. Discuss Goldsmith's invention, characterization, and knowledge of human nature, as shown in this and other characters.
2. Benevolence and benevolent characters in literature.
3. Humor and benevolence; wit and malevolence. Discuss why these qualities are thus associated, and how they have been associated in literature.
4. Write a critique on the Man in Black as a literary work.

LETTER 30.

2. **A** (the) **power,** an (a) European, **scarce** (scarcely), a (one) garden.

When one is not taught.—Omit 'not.'

The description given in this letter is from the traveller's point of view, in which the scene varies and new objects are taken in as the supposed traveller advances (*B. Description, chap. I. 7*).

The excellence claimed here for the Chinese is imaginary and was based on a work on Chinese gardening and architecture by Sir Wm. Chambers, which had come out about that time. The statuary and painting of the Chinese are in reality devoid of beauty. They knew, and yet know nothing about perspective, and it is not likely that they arranged their trees to make a perspective view; to claim for them the use of Latin inscriptions is absurd. The same may be said of the beckoning 'nymphs.' As an allegory, however, it is a piece of easy, graceful writing. The two paths are excellently described and the moral taught is sound, except, perhaps, that virtue is not of so forbidding aspect. The sentences and paragraphs are carefully formed and should be closely studied. The easy gracefulness of the style and the clear distinct description are remarkable.

3. **Proceeded forward.**—Omit 'forward.'

4. **Planned, clashed round, seemed, appeared.**—Discuss the use of these terms here.

7. **Attempt returning.**—Would 'to return' suit here.

To take place.—To take the place.

Perplexed.—How do we use this word at present?

When sufficiently impressed.—Point out and remove the ambiguity in the word 'impressed.'

8. **Thus pleased.**—What is the ambiguity in this sentence?

9 **Take up** (each) **ten times.**—The insertion of 'each' would remove a slight ambiguity?

Addison (*Spectator, 414*) writes of Chinese gardening as follows:—"Writers who have given us an account of China tell us the inhabitants of that country laugh at the plantations of our Europeans, which are laid out by the rule and line, because, they say, anyone may place trees in equal rows and figures. They

choose rather to show a genius in works of this nature, and therefore always conceal the art by which they direct themselves."

It is only the garden or park of the Emperor that has the concealed art described in this letter.

Theme—The benefit and beauty of gardens in cities or towns.

Discuss in an essay, "Nature unadorned is adorned the best," as regards natural scenery.

LETTER 36.

1. Hingpo had escaped the punishment of death decreed upon him and others of Altangi's family. He had been carefully educated by a friend, and enabled to escape from China. Being captured and enslaved in Persia, he meets and falls in love with his fellow slave Zelis, with whom he escapes, but in escaping from a band of pirates who attacked them they become separated, and it is not till after many adventures that both ultimately meet in England, where Zelis proves to be the daughter of the Man in Black (see note in Letter 60). This bit of family history constitutes a sort of plot runn ng through the Citizen of the World, adding to it the love interest of a romance. While in captivity, Hingpo writes this letter to his father. The imagery and sentiments are aglow with the imaginative poetry of Eastern literature which accounts for the presence of many expressions that belong to the domain of poetry and poetic diction.

Wisdom alone.—Hingpo had devoted his life to the pursuit of wisdom as the only means of securing happiness, but now begins to have doubts of its efficiency.

2. **Only directed** (directed only).—Though the view that refinement by increasing our sensibility lessens our happiness may be defended, the further statement that the unlettered peasant views nature with a finer relish than does the educated man is very far from true. Want of sensibility is not happiness.

3. **Zendavesta of Zoroaster.**—Zoroaster, the founder of the ancient Persian religion, lived about the 14th century, B.C. The *Avesta* contains the hymns and doctrines attributed to him, and a book of kings or early rulers. It is known in the translation into a more recent language: the word zend means 'translation,' but now the book is called the Zendavesta, and the language in which it is written the Zend.

Pristine ignorance.—If this story is taken from this old book, the assertion here might have been true to some extent.

4. **One valley.**—Most of the Asiatic nations have traditions of such happy primeval life. In later times the scene was transferred to Egypt and Africa, so also in modern times, as in the tale of the Lotus Eaters, Johnson's Rasselas, and even in the present day, Rider Haggard's romantic stories of primeval white races in Africa.

No other world but (than).—See note 8, letter 26.

Steepy (steep) **cliff. Those** (the) **regions.**

5. **Sequestered vale.**—So in Gray's Elegy. The phrase belongs to poetic diction as do many of the expressions in this paragraph. 'Honeyed blossom,' 'refreshing breeze,' 'gliding brook,' and 'golden fruitage.' The language is, however, so beautiful that one cannot wish it different; it is a fitting garb for the thought and sentiment which belong to the imaginative dreaming of poetry.

6. **At length, unhappy, mountain side, were, hitherto, from below, the earth and heavens, seemed.**—Discuss the correctness of these expressions as used here. Improve the position of the last phrase in this paragraph.

7 **Surprise, amazement, astonishment, wonder.**—Are these words used in the form of a climax?

9. **Agreeable pace, deceived the tediousness, proceeded forward, inadvertantly, measure back, their former way, more slow, hands and feet.**—Criticise these expressions, as used in this paragraph.

11. **Hormizda.**—Ormuzd, the name of the supreme deity in the Persian religion. *Proceeds forward.*—Correct this.

14. **A country where . . to arrive, but . . offered, lived with the utmost tranquillity, tasted . . satisfaction, the yawning earth gave up, etc., the light of the day, his aspect betrayed, etc.**—Estimate the propriety and force of these expressions, correcting where necessary.

15. **Region of pleasure.**—Observe it is not of 'certainty.' Probability, whom he had voluntarily chosen forced upon him the Demon of Error; but error could never lead him to certainty, though with his eyes bound in darkness he might have escaped the ocean of doubt,—"where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

16. **Thus saying, etc.**—This participle is not used absolutely and has no noun or pronoun. Apparently it refers to Demon, which is not the meaning. Say "the genius having uttered these words and having covered the traveller's eyes, etc.," or use the adverbial clause (*W. 135*).

Flattery effected what other means could not perform.—Is 'perform' necessary here? Why is it used? (*M. 258.*)

Look round, unloosed the band, above half way over, throwing . . youthful.—Criticise these expressions.

Is the allegory true here? Does flattery throw an ignorant man into doubt? Is a state of doubt worse than ignorance? Or is it the same (as we would expect from 'walking a circle,' and return to 'pristine ignorance').

Write out this allegory in plain language as an essay on the pursuit of knowledge, using metaphors and similes by way of illustration.

This letter was answered by *Altangi* (Letter 43) with a general discussion of the subject that "wisdom and precept may lessen our miseries, but can never increase our positive satisfactions." He sees little happiness in the present, none in the memory of the past, and none in the hopes of the future. The man who lives for pleasure alone lives a life of regret and misery: the man who lives for business alone gains continual anxiety only. The true way to dissipate our troubles in the present, our regrets for the past, and our fears for the future, is to include all mankind in our sympathies, and it is by teaching us to do this that philosophy diminishes our miseries. Both letters are full of the pessimism that discusses such questions as "Is life worth living?" The subject is one that will never lose its interest or become exhausted. The discussion of it may afford excellent school exercises. Goldsmith's arguments may be answered by asserting that:

1. The present has more happiness than misery; healthy existence is itself intensely enjoyable.

2. Wisdom and culture do increase our happiness by enlarging our susceptibility to pleasure. Every step in knowledge, every advance in enlightenment opens new fields of beauty, and therefore new sources of enjoyment; gives new and large sympathies, and hence pleasure in their gratification.

3. The past comes to us idealized by memory. The life we led seems happy, and its miseries are diminished by distance.

4. The future, in our hopes, is always one of happiness.

The student in gathering ideas on this subject may consult Aikenside's Pleasures of Memory and Campbell's Pleasures of Hope, and may take Wordsworth's Psalm of Life for his motto.

LETTER 37.

2. **Not less than him** (he).—'Than' is a conjunction, not a preposition. The position of 'him' has probably led to the mistake in case. 'Than whom' is, however, sanctioned by good usage; the position of 'whom' has probably perpetuated a mistake originating in a period of confused inflections. (*Gr. VI. 43.*)

Despiser of the multitude.—*i. e.*, of the opinions held by the multitude.

Flattery to the great.—He would naturally say so if he were about to use that flattery, as, it is possible, may have been his intention; he was in this very year applying for a commission as explorer in Asia, and history does not teach us to attribute such exalted virtue to George II.

3. **Heroism.**—*i. e.*, military valor.

These foes.—'These' has no antecedent.

Is the repetition of 'is' in the next sentence conducive to strength? Notice the means employed to emphasize justice by the preliminary praise of it, and by the repetition of the term in an intensified form.

All men lean to mercy, etc.—This is a general truth, and has been used by political writers in advocating absolute despotism. The condition (when unbiassed, etc.) however, might not always be fulfilled.

Opposes the dictate of reason.—As this is placed, the first meaning it suggests is just the opposite of its real meaning. This, though not a faulty construction is a source of weakness. The aristocratic House of Lords demanded the execution of this criminal belonging to their own class, and the King's 'dictates of reason' were only political expediency.

5. **For mercy.**—Put after solicitations. For ideas on the other side of the question, see Portia's beautiful appeal for mercy. (*M. of V.*)

The first sentence here is periodic but somewhat dislocated. Grammatically the author says "If we add, etc., if we survey (see) a king, etc., this is greatness." A reconstruction of the whole sentence would be required to make it precise.

Gratitude is not due for merely doing justice, which is the duty of all rulers. Nowadays, on this continent at least, we look more critically at the duties and responsibilities of rulers, and would be disposed to consider the author's sentiments as defective as his sentence. But the world has moved far from Goldsmith's time. The next sentence is well formed, and in the body of it presents a good instance (let us, I say, etc.,) of repetition for explicit reference.

6. This sentence is exquisitely modelled. It is rather long and might have been divided at the colon.

7. **First quality . . either.**—Can you justify these words as used here?

In a fit of passion, melancholy or **madness.**—If any one of these were proved, the man would scarcely be hanged at the present day.

Arraigned, etc.—This is probably an instance of Goldsmith's want of accuracy. The king could not interpose his pardoning power till the culprit had been arraigned and convicted.

Degrading death.—This was Earl Ferrers, hanged May 4th, 1760. The king's reply to the petitioners was that as the House of Lords had unanimously found him guilty he would not interfere. What if Ferrers, like Charolais, had been of royal birth?

In satirizing (in Letter 44) the English fondness for sights, etc., the author refers to the desire of the crowd to obtain a piece of the rope with which this person was hanged, and tells of one sharper who sold large quantities of rope as portions of it. Horace Walpole also states that the executioners fought for possession of the rope and that the one who failed to get it cried.

8. **Similitude** (similarity).—Distinguish the two.

9. **Scandalous offences.**—What is the effect of the repetition of this adjective? Is it the correct word to use?

Passengers.—What is meant? Point out the sarcastic and ironical expressions in these sentences, and the means taken to intensify the effect of the recital. This *remarkable personage* was Prince Charolais. The French king was the dissolute Louis XV., whose patronage of the nobility and contempt for the common people led to the complete estrangement of these two classes. The profligacy and extravagance of the court and aristocracy brought the nation to misery and ruin, till at last the infuriated people in the days of the Revolution abolished the order of nobility, and executed or banished every nobleman in the country.

The subject of this letter suggests many themes for exercises, *i.e.*, the following may be used:

THEMES.

"Be good, and let who will be great."
"Honour and fame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the glory lies."
Hero worship true and false.
Public executions.
The king can do no wrong (comparing the present time with Goldsmith's).
All are equal in the eye of the law.
Fiat justitia: ruat cœlum.
Man is naturally a beneficent creature.

LETTER 49.

1. **This happy, etc.**—Point out the distinction between 'this' and 'that' in making a back-reference; which is preferable here?

In legislation than elsewhere.—Remove the ambiguity.

No people . . with so many.—Why incorrect?

Polite.—What is the meaning?

2. Note the animation given by the question and answer, and the parenthetic style.

Advantages, prerogative, borrowed.—Discuss the propriety of the words. This paragraph finishes the introduction, and the last sentence lays down the proposition to be discussed. If the statement had been as is really implied, that the English possess all the freedom of a democracy enhanced and secured by the stability of a monarchy, no objection could be taken to it; but as it stands one is disposed to question the utility of laws whose severity needs to be constantly relaxed, and to object to the precarious nature of the freedom depending on such relaxation. Having stated his proposition, the author proceeds to discuss it, but much of his reasoning is inaccurate and many of his statements are unscientific.

3. **In which . . is strongest.**—The comma here shows the meaning, but otherwise there would be an ambiguity, as 'which' might be restrictive or explanatory.

Power superior to the people.—Even if unanimous in the breach! This was the doctrine held by a certain school of writers who took the most optimistic view of the British constitution, proclaiming the beautiful poise and mutual check of its three estates as absolute perfection. Blackstone, Goldsmith's fellow lodger in the Temple, wrote about this time his celebrated "Commentaries on English Laws," in which he takes the same view and places the ultimate sovereignty of the nation in parliament. "What the parliament doth, no authority on earth can undo." Suppose it decreed that all the male children of the kingdom should be slain! It has the legal right to enact such a law, but dare it exercise that right! He forgot the people. There is a wide difference between legality and expediency in politics. Burke saw the distinction and brought himself abreast with the present century, "as a law directed against the mass of the nation has not the nature of a reasonable institution, so neither has it the authority, for in all forms of government the people is the true legislator." This is found in his speech against the Irish penal laws, and it brings to mind the difficulty experienced in enforcing even good laws in that country at present, in opposition not to the whole people but perhaps to a majority.

To inculcate (enforce) **the law either towards** (for) **the support** (preservation) **or** (for) **the welfare, etc**

4. **They who . . are those who.** (See B. 91.)

Little less than.—Vary the expression in this sentence. The reasoning as to the loss of sanction in this paragraph, applies to monarchies as well as re-

publics, and his remarks about republics, though partly borne out by history, are refuted or greatly weakened by two great republics—France and the United States, which have come into existence since his time.

5. **Their.**—No antecedent.

And yet (to permit) **those laws, etc.**—Or say, "without weakening their force."

Perfect state.—Jeremy Bentham, in his "Fragment on Government," deals very severely with those people who maintained that English law as it stood in 1776, was the perfection of reason. Is 'most perfect' allowable?

Here we all, while at the same time.—Criticise these phrases. What was 'abrogation' originally?

6. **And for which . . he would not receive.**—Omit 'and' and 'not.' Otherwise 'and, would require a change of 'he' into 'who.' In "The Traveller," however, the author saw:

> "Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
> Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law."

None but the venal and mercenary, etc.—Is it the "most perfect state of civil liberty" to allow this? His argument refutes itself. Most of the laws here alluded to were, according to our present notions, absurdly severe—even atrocious. They originated from this very desire to preserve the stability of the constitution; but have since passed into oblivion and are now known only to the historian or the antiquary, thanks to the 'jewels' plucked from the crown and given to the people.

7. **Overlooked with indulgence.**—This would be a wretched method to secure peace and order.

Ductility, he enjoys, superior to others, legal authority.—Criticise.

Natural liberty.—The liberty belonging to man in a state of nature. To oppose the "divine right" idea, writers on the theory of government devised the equally abused theory of the "social contract," by which it was maintained that society was formed from a state of nature, that is, a state in which there is, as Locke says, the "want of a common judge with authority," in which every man "hath by nature a power not only to preserve his life, his liberty and estate, but to judge and punish others for the breach of that law (i.e., of nature)." To form a political state out of this natural state, each man surrendered part of his liberty to the sovereignty of the state, keeping enough "suitable to a gentleman and an Englishman." This was his natural liberty. The social contract had Rosseau for its chief advocate, but the scathing criticism of Burke left nothing of it but "chaff and rags and paltry blurred shreds of paper about the rights of man."

8. **People of Rome.**—He repeats his argument against republics, and there is some historical truth in them. But ancient communities did not understand the theory of government, they were ruled by ceremonies, superstitions, clan prejudices and immemorial customs. Still, he does not mention the Greek republics, and a Nero or a Caligula was a poor substitute for a Cato or a Brutus. The two forms of government are now so much assimilated that the main difference is whether the chief men shall take office by descent with the sanction of the people or by direct choice of the people. But the form is not of much importance if, in Professor Huxley's words, "government is the corporate reason of the community."

9. **Privileges.**—It is correct to speak of the privileges of parliament, but not of the people generally.

Quote from Goldsmith's poetry a passage containing his sentiments here.

James II. claimed the old prerogative of absolute authority by divine right. His doctrine, as already stated, gave rise to the social contract theory. Blackstone places absolute power in parliament, *i.e.*, king lords and commons, and

Burke, in the people. The distribution of power between the crown and the two houses was much discussed about that time. Goldsmith belonged to the old school that would not allow any change in the beautiful symmetry of the constitution, unless it were to increase the power of the king. George III. afterwards resolved to settle the question himself, and determined to "be a king" to the great peril of the nation and with the loss of a continent in which one of those very same detested republics was established.

10. **Themselves only were free,**—Cf. "To call it freedom, when themselves are free."—*Traveller.*

11. The aposiopesis, if supplied would prove a warning for his own time. George II. was aged and feeble, the popular minister also existed—and Goldsmith foresaw and found the power being gradually assumed by the House of Commons. But in the light of subsequent history we might complete the unfinished sentence with much less of the Cassandra foreboding than is implied by his significant pause.

Goldsmith gives a much better reason for English liberty in his "Traveller." See the celebrated passage beginning: "Fired at the sound, my genius spread her wing," which brought the tears to Johnson's eye.—*Boswell by Croker, p. 384.*

That patriotic passage is succeeded in the poem by a line of argument similar to that employed in this letter, and we must admit that he had some ground for the view he took History was against republics as a stable form of government, and a view of Europe at the time was not more encouraging. The Dutch republic was an assemblage of towns without any other bond than commerce.

> "Even liberty itself is bartered here.
> At gold's superior charms all freedom flies;
> The needy sell it and the rich man buys."

Genoa was fast becoming one of those towns of Italy which were nothing

> "But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave."

And Switzerland was merely the union of a number of semi-dependent clans. On the other hand, Russia had just lost its great Czar, Peter the Great. Prussia was led by the popular hero, Frederick the Great, Austria by the famous Maria Therésa. All that was great and noble was on the side of monarchies. A change from the paternal government of a good sovereign to that of an oligarchy would certainly be a misfortune, and if Goldsmith dreaded that fate we cannot blame him for being unable to anticipate history. The world had then known no experiment in popular government. France still groaned under a despot; the United States were yet a few separate and loyal colonies, and Canada had only just been wrested from the French. Yet even then he must have seen that popular governments gave most freedom and happiness to the people; moreover, the very qualities that he saw in the British might have led him to the conclusion that the 'jewels' plucked from the crown by the magnates of parliament would eventually be distributed among the people. Goldsmith lived on the very verge of the new life. He foretold its advent in France, but the very weakness he saw in Germany and Holland (Letter 55) was the fount of their liberty. Had he lived the allotted term of human life he might have seen these very states extorting liberal constitutions from their rulers, but he would have had to look into the next generation to see the Reform Bill in England quietly transfer political power into the hands of the real sovereign—the people.

LETTER 50.

1. **Pensive dish of tea.**—What figure? Dish had become 'cup' in Cowper's time, "The cup that cheers but not inebriates."

Old friend, *i.e.*, The Man in Black.

Warmth of his curiosity.—We metaphorically attribute warmth to certain feelings, love, passion, hatred, etc., but it is not usual to use the term with curiosity.

2. **Visitant's** (visitor's).—What is the difference?

Suspicious.—Is this correctly used? Distinguish suspicion, conjecture, surmise, suppose. Remark also on the use of think, fancy, imagine, guess, reckon, conclude, presume and assume, when used in a similar sense.

3. **Can only hear, my books at least have.**—Discuss the order of the words here.

Strokes, sir.—The author aims the succeeding satire probably at Townley's farce "High Life Below Stairs."

Cf. Cowper. "A prologue interdashed with many a stroke—
An art contrived to advertise a joke,
So that the jest is clearly to be seen,
Not in the words—but in the gap between."

Which satirizes, describes and illustrates the use of the unfortunate stroke. (See Letter 13.)

Moral and humour at the same time were.—'Were' is here in the subjunctive mood, though such would at first scarcely appear to be the case. Remove the ambiguity. Show the different meanings given to the sentence by placing the phrase "at the same time" in different positions.

That goes off.—Is there any weakness in this clause?

Generally fasten . . upon every, etc.—Is this expression correct?

The student should analyze closely the foregoing satire on booksellers and bookmakers, and the sly hints at physicians, clergymen and lords. Wherein does the humour of the bookseller consist? Why does the author make him object to moral and satire?

4. He now proceeds to lash the critics—those red-rags—to his wrath. He devotes two paragraphs to the supposed critic which are really an answer to the critics of his own Chinese letters. After first showing that a good critic is necessarily unfit to be an author, he leads us to infer that to acquire the proper bitterness the critic must write while drunk. He then shows how such critics would have censured his letters if they had been written more in the Chinese strain: and in the final paragraph tells us how they treated his letters as they were actually written. This letter resembles and probably imitates Pope's letter describing a ride to Oxford with Lintot, the bookseller. Goldsmith, too, had his bookseller Griffiths. (See Letter 13.)

LETTER 55.

1. **Than the tidings, etc.**—Is 'the' necessary here? The letters received by him could not please his ear. Is this a defect?

Descriptive.—What?

The letters.—Why objectionable here?

Geographers.—The author here indirectly explains the absence of description in his own letters. Natural scenery was almost unknown in English literature of his day. In the Elizabethan period, the strong burst of national sentiment produced some descriptive poems, the most famous and ambitious of which was Drayton's *Polyolbion*. The poets of the Augustan age rarely introduced nature in the true sense, and Goldsmith followed them in this respect. But a new school had already been ushered into existence by Thomson's "Seasons," and natural scenery was thenceforward to occupy a prominent place in poetry. Though Goldsmith belonged to the old school in this respect, he was one of the pioneers of the new in another. Man, in his rustic joys and miseries, now claimed a place in literature. Gray had written his "Elegy" (1750), and Goldsmith was soon to follow with his "Traveller" and "Deserted Village," still,

however, with a pure didactive purpose, but Burns, Crabb, and Cowper were already learning the new song.

2. **Journal of your mind.**—This is the subjective style of writing and its effect on the reader depends on whether the operations of the 'mind' are worth reading. A higher art consists in giving the events or stating the facts in such a way as to suggest in the reader the required reflections or emotions. The art of writing travels belongs to the present age. We could not tolerate the dull moralizing Goldsmith here commends any more than the geographical details he censures. We want to *see* the people as they live, and the country they live in, and if we catch a chord of personal interest here and there, all the better, but we can do the moralizing ourselves.

3. **Great Emperor.**—Peter the Great. See Thomson's panegyric of him in the *Seasons*.

May be resembled to (resembles).—Or use some other word.

Revolutions of wisdom.—What is the meaning?

Confucius.—This maxim is attributed to Confucius by Le Comte. Confucius (550-478, B. C.) the great moral teacher of China devoted himself to learning and spent his life in attempting to produce a moral and political reform. At his time a feudalism almost exactly like that of Europe had existed for 120 years; this he tried to remove by destroying the power of the feudal barons and elevating the morals of all rulers on the principle that a model ruler will make a model people. He taught the golden rule of Christ which in Chinese is comprised in one word, but did not teach any religious doctrine. When feudal sm afterwards gave place to despotism the Emperor strove to destroy the influence of Confucius' teaching but without success. His teachings have continued for twenty-three centuries to give the only glimmerings of liberty the Chinese enjoy.

4. **That remnant, etc.**—Remnant rather of Charlemagne's Empire of the West.

Want every tie.—Remove the ambiguity.

The weakness of Germany at that time is not overdrawn, and the author's political forecast has proved true in some respects. The struggle in the Seven Years' War then going on between Frederick II., of Prussia, assisted by England, and Maria Therésa, of Austria, assisted by France and the smaller states, was really for the supremacy in the German alliance. This war had already removed part of Goldsmith's accusation by creating a strong national sentiment and a love of "fatherland." German literature, too, after the battle of Rosback (1757), ceased to be a mere imitation of the French, and became national and German. The independence of the states, however, remained unchanged until the French revolution, after which it was further increased by Napoleon to secure their favour. After the fall of Napoleon, the old state of affairs was revived, but a new spirit of liberty had taken possession of the people who now clamored for reforms and constitutions, which were reluctantly given them. Meanwhile the rivalry between Austria and Prussia continued, and remained a source of weakness up to quite recently, when in a war of seven weeks ending with the battle of Sadowa, Prussia completely overthrew her opponent and gathered the various states around herself in a strong alliance. This alliance left the states more or less independent until it was cemented into a union by the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, when the Prussian King was crowned at Versailles as Emperor of Germany. Thus each side spoken of by Goldsmith has in turn triumphed; the old German constitution is 'no more,' and yet there is no despotism, or a very mild, enlightened form of it. The French revolution opened the eyes of the people to their own rights and their own power. The rights already secured will lead to further concessions, till in time the government in that country shall be responsible only to the people.

6. **Their senators.**—No antecedent.

Goldsmith's forecast of Sweden is not as prophetic as some of his others. His ideas of the lines of an oligarchy were drawn from history and were correct,

but he could not foresee that the liberties the aristocracy were acquiring for themselves would be afterwards extended to the people. History at that time threw no light on this phase of political government.

7. The state of France was then most deplorable. Louis XIV. died in 1715, leaving the country hopelessly in debt and the people in poverty. He was succeeded by his grandson, Louis XV., a weak and vicious king, who afflicted France for nearly fifty years, all public affairs being managed by mistresses, priests and courtiers. Goldsmith's residence in Paris made him acquainted with these matters, and gave him an opportunity of learning the political sentiments of the French, in which he saw the "genius of Liberty." The evidence was plain enough, yet Goldsmith shows that he possessed a keen political insight. His forecast is remarkably prophetic, and needed only one weak king to bring it to pass. This was Louis XVI., who succeeded to the throne in 1774, the very year of Goldsmith's death.

8. The remarks here about the Dutch are not altogether deserved; the author's clear judgment was clouded by his prejudice against commerce and wealth, and perhaps also against republics. The Dutch republic has filled a very important place in European history; for long these people were masters of the sea, and at the peace of Utrecht they were almost as powerful by land. But from that date (1713) the Dutch decided to avoid as far as possible all foreign complications, having been taught by that peace that the great powers would use their country's resources in war but abandon her when they desired peace.

The student should read the "Traveller" along with this letter in which the author describes new calamities in 'England, Holland and Italy.'

THEMES.

1. The state of Europe in Goldsmith's time.
2. Republicanism in history.
3. Republic versus monarchy.
4. { "Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
   I fly from petty tyrants to the throne."

In discussing this last, reference may be made to:—
China, where feudalism gave way to despotism.
France, where feudalism and monarchy were both destroyed.
England, where feudalism and monarchy have both come under the control of the popular voice.
America, where feudalism never really existed, and where there is no "throne," or, as in Canada, virtually none.

LETTER 60.

1. In Letter 58, *Hingpo*, the son of *Lien Chi*, gives an account of his escape along with the beautiful captive from their Persian master just as she was on the point of being forced into marriage, and Letter 59 gives a history of the beautiful slave. The adventures of these two people form a sort of plot interwoven into the general scheme of the *Citizen of the World*. *Aitangi's* wife and daughter had been reduced to slavery because he had gone beyond the borders of the empire without leave, but his son *Hingpo* had been concealed by *Fum Huam* (Letter 6). The son resolved to find his father, but was made a slave in Persia (22). While here he met his fellow slave Zelis, the beautiful captive (34 and 35). These two letters give also many details of Persian life. Letter 34 contains the line, "A land of tyrants and a den of slaves," afterwards applied to Holland in the *Traveller*. In his voyage to Russia from Persia *Hingpo* and his companion are attacked by pirates and separated (94), and do not meet again till in England, where in the last of these letters the beautiful captive is found to

be the niece of the Man in Black, and marries *Hingpo*. In the same letter the Man in Black quarrels with the widow.

2. **An hard.**—Notice that 'an' is used by Goldsmith throughout these letters before long a, and often before h aspirate, where 'a' would now be used.

The crisis.—Quote Shakespeare's lines on this subject. The paragraphs in this letter are short, but each has a distinct break from the others. They should be examined and discussed. The sentences are also carefully formed. Goldsmith evidently took more care of his form in some of these letters than in others, and this one was one of the few from the *Citizen of the World* that he afterwards selected in republishing the Essays. In this paragraph, note the balance of the four nouns in the last sentence and the omission of 'and' in each series. Write a paragraph on Goldsmith's own neglect of this advice.

3. The antithesis has led the author into too strong a statement; advice from most of those who have been heedless of advice is of little use. But his meaning is correct; experience brings reflection, and reflection produces wisdom and prudence. State the matter in other words, and justify the emendation given in the foot note. Write a paragraph on Goldsmith's qualifications here alluded to.

4. **A little balanced with stupidity** (balanced with a little).—Express this thought. Would ballasted or weighted be equally good metaphor. Discuss the emendations made in the essay form.

5. The advice here given is sound, but it is designed more for English youth than for a Chinaman to whom it was given. Goldsmith himself did not find it very easy to learn one profession, and it was his second that gave him subsistence and fame

6. The chief Asiatic peculiarity in these letters consists in illustrating or enforcing the sentiments by means of fables or examples. The story given here is a version of "The fox with many tricks and the cat with one." Notice that each sentiment has its anecdote.

7. Is it correct to speak of obstructions as being fatal to fortune! Is the advice given here sound? Is it intended to be so?

8. **Excessive(ly) punctilious.**—This use of the adjective form as an adverb is much less frequently found now than formerly. See also *sure* for surely a few lines down.

9. **From hence, etc.**—Omit 'from,' or use some other expression.

(They) **comply.**—The insertion of 'they' here would show the sense more clearly by removing all doubt as to the mood of 'comply,' it would also separate the general term endeavor, etc., from the special terms enumerated under it.

Contiguous impression.—Express the meaning differently.

Generality of admirers, attempt— pleasing.—Express in other terms.

10. **He thought proper.**—Is there any ambiguity here?

Universal.—Why objectionable?

Point out what is objectionable in the last sentence, and justify the correction given in the foot note.

THEMES.

1. A young man's answer to this "advice."
2. Periodical literature.
3. A critique on the *Citizen of the World*.
4. Literary club life.
5. "Poor Goldsmith."
6. "*Nullum quod tetegit non ornavit.*"—*Epitaph*.

THE END.