

Of the poets who succeeded Chaucer, we find more originality in the Scotch lowlanders than in those of English birth. Henryson and Dunbar both merit more than a passing notice, and Douglas gives us a Scotch winter landscape with all the detail of a photograph, and which yet conveys in an intensified form the sense of desolation and eeriness which can only be evoked by such a really great picture as Millais' 'Chill October.' In another poem (not selected from by Mr. Lang, who sub-edits Douglas) we find a vice personified which we had always imagined was of purely American creation, but which now turns out to be of Scotch extraction. The vice is that of *Busteousness*, which can only be the particular demon who impels people to go upon what is vulgarly called a 'bust.'

At p. 190, in the notes to Skelton (besides a misprint which throws the page into confusion), it appears to us that Mr. J. C. Collins has missed the sense of his author. Skelton is inveighing, in his jerky doggerel, against priests and men of religion, and especially the officials of the ecclesiastical courts, who vex poor folk 'with summons and citations and excommunications.' So irritated are the commonalty against the clergy that in their bitter jangling they

'Say as untruly
As (to) the butterfly
A man might say in mocke
Ware the weathercocke
Of the steeple of Poules.'

To this passage Mr. Collins appends the note 'ware=*were*.' But it is quite clear that the mocking advice given to the butterfly is 'Beware of the weathercocke on St. Paul's steeple,' lest by flying against it you render yourself liable to a summons and citation for sacrilege and constructive heresy.

We must pass over much of interest in order to come to the Elizabethan sonneteers and amorists. Among these we think Mr. Ward has done scant justice to Thomas Watson, whose verse, he says, 'makes no appeal to us.' This appears to us hardly fair when we consider that several of his sonnets have been most closely imitated by Spenser in his 'Faery Queene' (cf. Watson's 'Passionate Centurie of Love,' lxxxv., with the incitements to suicide in Spenser's work, at the passage commencing 'He there doth now enjoy eternall reste,' which really appears to be compounded of this son-

net and of a poem by an 'Vncertain Avctovr,' printed in Tottel's 'Miscellany,' p. 132, 1557, and beginning 'The lenger lyfe, the more offence,' &c.).

Our space rapidly draws us to a conclusion, and we can barely notice the beautiful song to a child, by Greene (p. 405),

'Weep not my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.'

a song which reminds us more than anything else in English literature of the exquisite 'Songs of Innocence,' by Blake, that Elizabethan poet born out of due season.

It is ungracious to leave off a notice of a really well-edited book by pointing out an error, but we will incur what blame is necessary in order to draw Mr. Hales' attention to his omission to elucidate the meaning of the lines—

'Still in the 'lembic of thy doleful breast
Those bitter fruits that from thy sins do grow.'

A mark of elision before the first word would have sufficed to have put the reader on the track of the chemical metaphor intended by Southwell, as it is he may be puzzled before he recognises 'distil' in 'still.'

Locke, by THOMAS FOWLER. Morley's English Men of Letters Series. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1880.

The name of John Locke is held in great veneration by most men of English extraction, but too often there is an element of ignorant idolatry in this veneration. Locke has passed into that serene sphere, the reputations of whose ghostly inhabitants are taken pretty much on trust, and men bow down to his fame who, if hard pressed, might successfully name two or three of his works but could give little other account either of his philosophy or of his life. Such men, if there is any earnestness in the admiration which they have professed, on trust, for the great philosopher, will hail this compact little biography with considerable satisfaction, as affording them some solid nucleus of fact to which their hitherto floating notions may successfully attach themselves.

John Locke was born in Somersetshire on the 29th August, 1632, the scion of a