

moderately acquainted with him will confidently deny. I am well aware that my own opinion is worth nothing, but to-day and here I take the freedom to say that in a combination of great qualities he stands alone in his generation. Thackeray may have written more pungent social satire, Tennyson may be a greater poet, John Morley may be a greater critical biographer, Cardinal Newman may have a more splendid style, Lightfoot or Ellicott or Jowett may be greater ecclesiastical scholars and have done more for the interpretation of St. Paul. But for a union of the satirist, the poet, the delineator of character, the wielder of an admirable style, the striver after the eternal truths of Scripture and religion, he is, in my judgment, not only first, but he is unique. Calling back with the inexactitude of haste the great names of literature, there is one man between whom and Matthew Arnold I seem to see a curious likeness—a very great man—a man not, I think, the greatest, but the most read and the oftenest quoted of all Latin authors; I mean Horace. Horace wrote nothing without metre—nothing, at least, that has survived; but he wrote in two styles—he was a great lyric poet, and he wrote satires and epistles in hexameters, it is true, but except in a few bursts of noble language his hexameters, were, as he said, hardly distinguishable from prose itself. As a satirist he has been beautifully described by a successor purer than himself, but, when we can understand him, almost as gracious and refined:—

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico  
Tangit: et admissus circum præcordia ludit,  
Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso.  
—*Persius.*

And yet arch Horace, while he strove to mend,  
Probed all the foibles of his smiling friend,  
Played lightly round and round the peccant part,  
And won, unfelt, an entrance to his heart;  
Well skilled the follies of the crowd to trace  
And sneer with gay good humour in his face.  
—*Gifford.*

This, surely, might almost pass for a description of much of Matthew Arnold's playful, well-bred, humorous satire—satire, nevertheless, severe and incisive, piercing to the very quick the vulgarity, the insolence, the ignorance of much which in England assumes to be society, and powerful with the strength of knowledge and the force of truth. I do not know any other author who holds the mirror up to English nature so steadily as he, and yet always with an air of benign, complacent pity, infinitely irritating, no doubt, but infinitely amusing. But there was another side to both these men, a side, perhaps, too little recognized, certainly too little dwelt upon. I waive the discussion whether Horace was the greatest lyrical writer whom Rome produced. When I think of Catullus I am glad to waive it. But I think that lately there has been a disposition to underrate and, like Lord Byron, "to understand, not feel, his lyric flow"; to forget the splendour of some of the odes and the exquisite picturesque grace of others, the ode on Cleopatra and the one to Mæcenas, "Tyrrhena regum progenies," in one class, and thirty or forty lovely little poems in the other. Let that pass. In lyric poetry certainly both hold a place all but the highest; and there is one quality not perhaps so commonly observed in which they are strikingly alike—in melancholy. The melancholy of Matthew Arnold was noted long since by Principal Shairp:—

Full of young strength, so blithe and debonair,  
Rallying his friends with pleasant banter gay,  
Or half in dreams, chaunting with jaunty air,  
Great words of Goethe, catch of Beranger;  
We meet the banter sparkling in his prose,  
But knew not that ground tone his songs disclose.  
The calm which is not calm, but agony.

The melancholy of Horace was noted by Arnold himself, and was one strong reason for the love he felt for him. He was asked what he thought the most beautiful and characteristic passage in Horace, and he answered at once:—

Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens  
Uxor; neque harum, quas collis, arborum,  
Te, præter invisas cupressos,  
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

I cannot translate offhand, and Francis is detestable. Another passage I know was his especial favourite, not only for its exquisite music, but for its profound sadness:—

Damna tamen celeres reparant celestia Luncæ;  
Nos, ubi decidimus  
Quo pius Æneas, quo Tullus dives, et Ancus;  
Pulvis et umbra sumus,  
Quis scit an adjecta hodiernæ crastina summæ  
Tempora Dii superi?  
Cuncta manus avidas fugient hæredis, amico  
Quæ dederis animo.  
Cum semel occideris, et de te splendida Minos  
Fecerit arbitria;  
Non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te  
Restituet pietas.

There is another matter in which they sympathized entirely—the love of the country. Fit to adorn and fond of adorning those chosen companies which were fortunate enough to secure his presence, Matthew Arnold lived habitually, quite as much by choice as by necessity, away from London; and even when he took for a time a London house he would go down from time to time for a day into the country simply to refresh himself with a sight of his dogs, his birds, his trees, his flowers, and all those sights of fields and sky which he needed to revive his spirits and keep his mind in tune. In this he was human, natural, simple, and, let me add, like Horace, who has been described by a great poet in language much of which

might be applied to him whom we have met this day to honour:—

That life—the flowery path that winds by stealth—  
Which Horace needed for his spirits' health;  
Sighed for, in heart and genius, overcome  
By noise and strife, and questions wearisome,  
And the vain splendours of Imperial Rome?—  
Let easy mirth his social hours inspire,  
And fiction animate his sportive lyre,  
Attuned to verse that, crowning light Distress  
With garlands, cheats her into happiness;  
Give "me" the humblest note of those sad strains  
Drawn forth by pressure of his gilded chains,  
As a chance-sunbeam from his memory fell  
Upon the Sabine farm he loved so well;  
Or when the prattle of Bandusia's spring  
Haunted his ear—he only listening—  
He, proud to please, above all rivals, fit  
To win the palm of gaiety and wit,  
He, doubt not, with involuntary dread,  
Shrinking from each new favour to be shed,  
By the world's Ruler, on his honoured head!

But there is one matter, at least, in which the superiority of the younger author is unquestioned and unquestionable. No word, no thought in Matthew Arnold is unworthy of the austere, religious beauty of the great Abbey in which for centuries his countenance, preserved to us by fine art, will be enshrined and where his memory will enjoy such immortality as is possible on earth. Horace had examples before him which in this matter he did not follow; Arnold had examples also of a different sort before him, from whom he shrunk with disgust and scorn. No nobler nature, no purer mind, no loftier character has it been in a long life my good fortune to know. Envy, jealousy, meanness were unknown to him; they withered in his presence. His writings were but a revelation of himself—now playful, now serious, always aiming at making the world better and mankind happier. And, now, to unveil his likeness and leave him amongst the graves and monuments of England's greatest men in that magnificent church of which it may be said that they dreamt not of a perishable home who thus could build. Let your own memories pay a nobler tribute to Matthew Arnold than his oldest friend has been able to render.

The company then went to the Baptistery, where, on the invitation of the Dean, the bust was unveiled by Lord Coleridge. It is considered an admirable likeness. As the Baptistery is a place which is rather hidden away by some gigantic monuments and may easily escape the notice of the visitor to a place where there are so many things to attract attention, it may be well to mention that it is to be found immediately on the right of the west door. It is a little square nook which one would never think had anything in it, but within is a statue of Wordsworth, for which no room could be found in Poet's Corner, and which, perhaps, not one in a hundred of the visitors to the Abbey has ever seen, and there are also a medallion of Professor Fawcett with allegorical figures, and busts of Keble, Charles Kingsley, and Frederick Denison Maurice. The bust of Matthew Arnold, which, like the other busts, is of pure Carrara marble, stands between those of Kingsley and Maurice, and right opposite to that of Keble. The most suitable time for seeing the bust is from 1 to 2 o'clock.—*The Times.*

### A VILLANELLE.

I SAY it, feeling no regret,  
I still am free from Cupid's ties,—  
My love and I have never met;

But that will never make me fret,  
All powers of Love my heart defies,  
I say it feeling no regret.

Though blue as Heaven, or black as jet,  
I've never gazed into her eyes;  
My love and I have never met.

On single bliss my heart is set,—  
Love tempts awhile then falsely flies,  
I say it feeling no regret.

I've shunned the matrimonial net,  
I've hearkened not to woman's sighs,  
My love and I have never met.

I haven't seen my lady yet,  
(In seeing half the danger lies),  
I say it, feeling no regret,  
My love and I have never met.

A. MELBOURNE THOMPSON.

THAT "excellent thing in woman"—and in man, also, when in the school-room—the "gentle" voice, though not necessarily "soft" or "low," is a means of grace to teacher and taught alike, says a writer. Few teachers realize how accurately their gain or loss in influence can be measured by the quality of the tone in which they talk. There is no excuse for the hard, sharp, rasping tone, so common as to be usually reckoned one of the characteristics of a "school ma'am," even in the noisiest room or among the most unruly children. The law of *similia, similibus curantur* does not hold good in such a case. Screaming and shouting at children is apt to make demons even of little angels. The teacher should know how to make distinctness serve in place of force to the end of sparing her own throat and the nerves of her pupils.

### SHAKSPERE, OR?

I HAVE been puzzled somewhat to know how I should—ought to—write the name of our great dramatist. As a boy I was quite content with "Shakespeare"; when I read Dowden and Furnival, I began to like "Shakspeare." Extending my reading to late seventeenth century texts, a certain fondness for "Shakspear" began to show itself, while the glance at the title page of a certain sixteenth century quarto threatened to banish all other orthographies in favour of "Shake-speare." Is there any true and settled orthography of the poet's name?

The direct evidence in the case is very slight. Only five admittedly genuine signatures of the poet exist—three on his will, two on deeds. The signatures of the will may be seen in fac-simile in R. G. White's *Shakespeare*. The will itself has been reproduced, fortunately for our enquiry, by photographic process, and may be examined in the "Jahrbuch" for 1889, of the German Shakespeare Society. It is in three sheets, each of which is signed by the poet himself. The signature on the lower left hand side is unfortunately almost obliterated, but when examined by Malone in the last century it was pronounced to be "Shakspeare." The signature at the foot of the second sheet is likewise "Shakspeare," though the final letters are hard to decipher. The last and main signature has usually been thought "by me William Shakspeare." The hand that wrote it is tremulous and uncertain, the letters from *p* on are scarcely distinguishable from one another. Of late, however, it has been seriously doubted whether the ordinary reading is correct, and I am disposed to accept the finding of Sir F. Madden, that all the signatures of the will, as well as the mortgage deed and deed of bargain and sale, are "Shakspeare."

That is our testimony from S—?—his own hand.

Were it all the testimony we have, there could be no doubt about the correctness of the orthography. But there is a mass of indirect testimony that makes doubt possible.

Our poet must have signed his name thousands of times, yet we have but five signatures. Was he uniform and consistent always? Were people of the time uniform and consistent? Mr. Halliwell Phillips has pointed out that Lord Dudley's signature was generally "Duddeley," while his wife signed "Duddley," and a relative, "Dudley." Ben Jonson appears "Jonson," "Jhonson," "Johnson"; Sir Walter Raleigh, "Raleigh," "Rauley," "Rauleigh," "Rowleigh," "Rawley." The writer referred to has gathered from the families of the poet's name in and about Warwickshire (1450-1650) fifty-eight varieties of spelling, from "Chacsper" to "Shakyspar," evidence enough to show us that the writing of names was a matter of taste and fancy even with the best educated. Was it so with the poet's own family and himself?

Signatures from the poet's father and sisters we have none; his brother Gilbert signed himself "Shakspeare." In the complaint of John S—, the poet's father, against John Lambert, respecting an estate near Stratford, the scribe has written four times "Shackspeare," nine times "Shackespeare," once "Shakspeare," and once "Shakespeare." In the fine levied upon New Palace when sold by William Underhill to the poet (1597), "Shakespeare" occurs five times, and in a second fine (1602) that spelling is repeated. In the license issued by James I. to certain comedians (May 17, 1603), among the number we find "William Shakspeare."

Turning to the published works of the poet, we find much of interest. "Lucrece" and "Venus and Adonis" were without a doubt issued under the author's supervision, and on each of these the name of "William Shakespeare" is found. The various quarto editions of his separate plays published during his life-time were "pirated," and cannot be taken as evidence, except to show the style of spelling generally favoured by the printers of his day. Examination of the title-pages of the folios is made possible for us in America by the heliotype reproductions of Messrs. Osgood and Company, Boston. Of the fifty-five title-pages of quartos found in their volume, fifteen do not contain the author's name, fifteen have "Shake-speare," twenty-one "Shakespeare," one has "Shak-speare," one "Shakspeare," one "W. Sh.," one is doubtful "Shakespeare" (the hyphen coming at the end of a line). In the first folio edition of 1623, issued after the poet's death by his friends and fellow-actors, Heminge and Condell (fac-simile ed. of Chatto and Windus), the title-page reads "Shakespeare," and turning to the editor's dedication, we read that the edition is "to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend and Fellow alive—as was our *Shake-speare*." Facing the portrait of the great dramatist, we find Ben Jonson's lines to the reader:—

This Figure, that thou here seest put,  
It was for gentle *Shakespeare* cut;  
Wherein the graver had a strife  
With Nature to out-do the life:  
O, could he have but drawne his wit  
As well in brasse, as he hath hit  
His face, the Print would then surpass  
All that was ever writ in brasse.  
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke,  
Not on his Picture but his Booke.

In the folio of 1632 we find "Shakespeare," while in those of 1664 and 1685 we find "Mr. William Shakspear."

There is only one other point that needs here to be touched on. Etymology may have some slight bearing on the question. The received etymology may be taken as stated in these almost contemporary lines:—