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LOWE-MARTIN No. 1137

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Portrait Edition

English Men of Letters

EDITED BY

JOHN MORLEY

XI.

LOCKE. BY THOMAS FOWLER GOLDSMITH. BY WILLIAM BLACK GRAY. BY EDMUND W. GOSSE

GEORGE N. MORANG & COMPANY

(Limited)

Toronto, Canada

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS.

Edited by John Mörley.

Portrait Edition.

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LOCKE

ву

THOMAS FOWLER

NOTE.

In writing the chapters on Locke's Life, I have derived much information from the biographies of Lord King and Mr. Fox Bourne, especially from the latter, which contains a large amount of most interesting documents never before printed. In a work like the present, where numerous foot-notes would be out of place, I am obliged to content myself with this general acknowledgment. I may add that I have also referred to several other authorities, both printed and in manuscript; and, in some cases, I believe that my account will be found more precise than that given in the larger biographies,

Locke's Boyne

MEDICAL STUD

RESIDENCE IN SHAFTESBU

RESIDENCE IN
TO ENGLAN
OTHER WOR

LIFE AT OATES

POLITICAL AFFA: WITH THE I

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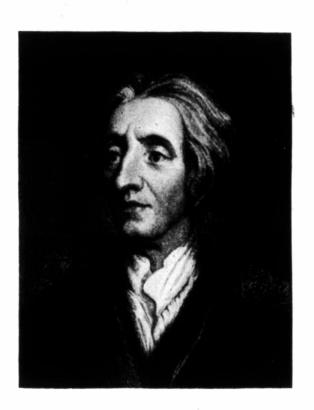
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LOCKE.

CHAPTER I.

LOCKE'S BOYHOOD .- HIS EARLY LIFE IN OXFORD.

John Locke, perhaps the greatest, but certainly the most characteristic, of English philosophers, was born at Wrington, a pleasant village in the north of Somersetshire, August 29, 1632. His family, however, resided in the village of Pensford, and the parish of Publow, within a few miles of Bristol. It was there, probably, that Locke spent the greater part of his early life. His mother appears to have died while he was young. From his father, John Locke (b. 1606), who seems to have inherited a fair estate, and who practised, with some success, as a country attorney, he probably derived, if not his earliest instruction, at least some of his earliest influences and some of his most sterling characteristics. "From Mr. Locke I have often heard of his father," says Lady Masham in a MS. letter quoted by Mr. Fox-Bourne in his Life of Locke, "that he was a man of parts. Mr. Locke never mentioned him but with great respect and affection. His father used a conduct towards him when young that he often spoke of afterwards with great approbation. It was the being severe to him

by keeping him in much awe and at a distance when he was a boy, but relaxing, still by degrees, of that severity as he grew up to be a man, till, he being become capable of it, he lived perfectly with him as a friend. And I remember he has told me that his father, after he was a man, solemnly asked his pardon for having struck him once in a passion when he was a boy."

Locke's boyhood coincided pretty nearly with the troubles of the Civil Wars. "I no sooner perceived myself in the world," he wrote in 1660, "but I found myself in a storm which has lasted almost hitherto." His father, when Locke was hardly ten years old, publicly announced, in the parish church of Publow, his assent to the protest of the Long Parliament, and, a few weeks afterwards, took the field, on the Parliamentary side, as captain of a troop of horse in a regiment of volunteers. Though the fortunes of the family undoubtedly suffered from this step on the part of the young attorney, the political and religious interests which it created and kept alive in his household must have contributed, in no small degree, to shape the character and determine the sympathies of his elder son.

Locke, then, may be regarded as having been fortunate in his early surroundings. Born in one of the more charming of the rural districts of England, not far, however, from a city which was then one of the most important centres of commerce and politics; sprung from respectable and well-to-do parents, of whom the father, at least, possessed more than ordinary intelligence; accustomed, from his earliest boyhood, to watch the progress of great events, and to listen to the discussion of great and stirring questions; there seems to have been nothing in his early life to retard or mar the development of his

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It was pro terest of Colther, Locke v probably in foundation. till his election Church, Oxfor spent these v stern disciplin about eight yo his schoolfello den and South ster, though hi any great repu tuted the ord ions are to be cation," which To judge from mind by our I a pleasant or fa

Locke appe Christ Church after he had t lation before Since the outbuand the Colleg the moment what lor; and Dr. Jo time the leading Dean of Christ genius, and much that we may not unreasonably connect with the marked peculiarities, both moral and intellectual, of his subsequent career.

It was probably in the year 1646 that, through the interest of Colonel Popham, a friend and client of his father, Locke was admitted at Westminster School, where, probably in the following year, he was elected on the foundation. Here he must have remained about six years, till his election to a Westminster Studentship at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1652. Of the manner in which Locke spent these years we have no definite information. The stern disciplinarian, Dr. Busby, had been head master for about eight years when he entered the school, and among his schoolfellows, senior to him by about a year, were Dryden and South. The friends whom he made at Westminster, though highly respectable in after-life, did not achieve any great reputation. Of the studies which then constituted the ordinary school curriculum, his matured opinions are to be found in the "Thoughts concerning Education," which will be described in a subsequent chapter. To judge from this book, the impressions left on Locke's mind by our English public school education were not of a pleasant or favourable kind.

Locke appears to have commenced his residence at Christ Church in the Michaelmas Term of 1652, soon after he had turned twenty years of age. His matriculation before the Vice-Chancellor bears date Nov. 27. Since the outbreak of the Civil Wars, both the University and the College had undergone many vicissitudes. At the moment when Locke entered, Cromwell was Chancellor; and Dr. John Owen, who was destined to be for some time the leading resident, had been recently appointed Dean of Christ Church and Vice-Chancellor of the Uni-

versity. Owen was an Independent, and, for a divine of that age, a man of remarkably tolerant and liberal views. Though, then as now, a dignitary in Owen's position probably had and could have but little intercourse with the junior members of his society, it is not improbable that Locke may have derived his first bias towards those opinions on the question of religious toleration, for which he afterwards became so famous, from the publications and the practice of the Puritan Dean of Christ Church. Locke's tutor was a Mr. Cole, afterwards Principal of St. Mary Hall, but of his relations with his pupil we hear nothing of any importance. Wood calls him a "fanatical tutor;" by which, of course, he does not mean more than that he was a Puritan.

During the Civil Wars the discipline and reputation of the Universities, however we may apportion the blame, seem to have suffered most severely. In these troublous times, indeed, it could hardly be otherwise. There is considerable evidence to show that, in the Little or Barebones Parliament of 1653, there was a serious attempt to suppress the Colleges and Universities altogether, and to apply the proceeds of their estates, as Clarendon tells us, "for the public service, and to ease the people from the payment of taxes and contributions." If such an attempt ever had any chance of success—and from an oration of Dr. Owen we may infer that it had—it must have spread consternation amongst University circles, and been a frequent subject of conversation during the early period of Locke's residence in Oxford. But the Puritan party, which was now in the ascendant, was determined that, at any rate, no handle should be given to the enemy by any lack of discipline or by the infrequency of religious exer-"Frequent preaching in every house," Anthony à

Wood tells us Visitors appoi 27, 1653, they Undergraduate Lord's day, to ability and piet attendance on Heads also or I the Degree of ally present at to take care tha duties of religio addition to the most Colleges, if meetings in the judge from his sionally found th cises somewhat i meet in his writi as we do of the parts of the aca Of the disputation tant element in th unfavourable, perl ing in 1690, in th says: "If the use right notions and guish between tru to act accordingly in the art and fo it himself or adm able man, you desir

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Wood tells us, "was the chief matter aimed at" by the Visitors appointed by Cromwell in 1652. Thus, on June 27, 1653, they ordered that "all Bachelors of Arts and Undergraduates in Colleges and Halls be required, every Lord's day, to give an account to some person of known ability and piety of the sermons they had heard and their attendance on other religious exercises that day. Heads also or Deputies of the said Societies, with all above the Degree of Bachelor, were then ordered to be personally present at the performance of the said exercise, and to take care that it be attended with prayer and such other duties of religion as are proper to such a meeting." In addition to the Sunday observances, there were also, in most Colleges, if not in all, one or two sermons or religious meetings in the course of the week. Locke, if we may judge from his character in later years, must have occasionally found these tedious, and doubtless lengthy, exercises somewhat irksome and unprofitable. But we do not meet in his writings with any definite complaints of them, as we do of the scholastic disputations and some other parts of the academical course as pursued at that time. Of the disputations, which then constituted a very important element in the University curriculum, he expresses an unfavourable, perhaps too unfavourable an opinion. Writing in 1690, in the "Thoughts concerning Education," he says: "If the use and end of right reasoning be to have right notions and a right judgment of things, to distinguish between truth and falsehood, right and wrong, and to act accordingly, be sure not to let your son be bred up in the art and formality of disputing-either practising it himself or admiring it in others—unless, instead of an able man, you desire to have him an insignificant wrangler, opiniator in discourse, and priding himself in contradicting others; or, which is worse, questioning everything, and thinking there is no such thing as truth to be sought but only victory, in disputing. There cannot be anything so disingenuous, so unbecoming a gentleman, or any one who pretends to be a rational creature, as not to yield to plain reason and the conviction of clear arguments. Is there anything more inconsistent with civil conversation, and the end of all debate, than not to take an answer, though ever so full and satisfactory?... For this, in short, is the way and perfection of logical disputes, that the opponent never takes any answer, nor the respondent ever yields to any argument." With the logic and rhetoric, the Latin speaking and Latin writing, then in vogue, Locke is almost equally discontented. In fact, he looked back, in after-life, with little gratitude on the somewhat dry course of studies which the University then prescribed to its younger schol-"I have often heard him say, in reference to his first years spent in the University," says Lady Masham, "that he had so small satisfaction there from his studies, as finding very little light brought thereby to his understanding, that he became discontented with his manner of life, and wished his father had rather designed him for anything else than what he was destined to, apprehending that his no greater progress in knowledge proceeded from his not being fitted or capacitated to be a scholar." We must, however, by no means infer that Locke had not derived considerable benefit from the discipline which he dispar-At any rate, the scholastic teaching of Oxford had a large share in forming, by reaction, many of his most characteristic opinions, while the Essay, in almost every page, bears distinctive marks of his early studies. Notwithstanding his depreciation, amounting often to ridicule, of the subjects he had learnt in his youth, we can hardly

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Mr. Fox-Bo of the lecture studies which bachelor days. belief in the r sity and Colleg share. Minute attendance at uetude, and it accuracy, from plan of the stu be much regret not left us more we can now sa their statutes a professorial lect given at eight o' days had by no cessors, even in tions.

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doubt that, if Locke had been brought up in an University where logic and philosophy did not form part of the course, his greatest work would never have been written.

Mr. Fox-Bourne attempts to supply a detailed account of the lectures which Locke attended, and the course of studies which he pursued, during his undergraduate and bachelor days. This account, however, betrays an innocent belief in the rigid enforcement and observance of University and College statutes which, I am sorry to say, I cannot share. Minute regulations regarding courses of study and attendance at lectures are apt very soon to fall into desuetude, and it is impossible now to reconstruct with any accuracy, from the perusal of merely formal documents, a plan of the student life of the Commonwealth. It is to be much regretted that Locke and his contemporaries have not left us more specific information on the subject. we can now say is that, if the authorities duly enforced their statutes and regulations, especially those relating to professorial lectures, many of which were appointed to be given at eight o'clock in the morning, the students of those days had by no means an easier time of it than their successors, even in these days of competition and examinations.

The stated regulations and prescribed statutes of a seat of learning have, however, often far less to do with the formation of a student's mind than the society of the young men of his own age with whom his residence throws him into contact. Young men often educate one another far more effectually than they can be educated by their tutors or their books. The mutual confidences, the lively interchange of repartee, the free discussion of all manner of subjects in college rooms or during the afternoon walk, are often far more stimulating and informing to the intel-

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lect than the professorial lecture, however learned, or the tutorial catechising, however searching. Of this less formal and more agreeable species of education Locke appears to have enjoyed his full share. He was not, according to the account which he gave of himself to Lady Masham, "any very hard student," but "sought the company of pleasant and witty men, with whom he likewise took great delight in corresponding by letters; and in conversation and these correspondences he spent for some years much of his time."

It should be noticed that in the year 1654 Owen published a volume of congratulatory verses addressed to Cromwell on the treaty recently concluded with the Dutch, entitled "Musarum Oxoniensium έλαιοφορία." Among the many contributors to this volume, young and old, was Locke, who wrote a short copy of Latin, and a longer copy of English verses. These compositions do not rise much above, or sink much below, the ordinary level of such exercises; but what is curious is that Locke's first published efforts in literature should have been in verse, especially when we bear in mind his strong and somewhat perverse judgment on verse-writing in § 174 of the "Thoughts concerning Education." The fact of his having been invited to contribute to the volume shows that he was regarded as one of the more promising young students of his time.

To the period of Locke's life covered by this chapter probably belong some interesting notes on philosophy and its divisions, found in his father's memorandum-book. These reflections afford evidence that he had already begun to think for himself, independently of the scholastic traditions. I append one or two characteristic extracts:

"Dialectic, that both Physic and a "Moral Philoso manners which re man's nature, as t also necessary for "Necessity was perience (which is

Locke took l 1655-56, and hi the latter on th wards Lord Cre vill, the celebra Scepsis Scientifi degrees was an were not then 1660, he was ap for the ensuing authorized teach new phase of uni namely, on Febru æt. fifty-four. some years your shortly after his Locke had fairly college, he was le

Though it was that Locke publis by no means idle. place books, ofter which were occu moreover, to the , "Dialectic, that is Logic, is to make reasons to grow, and improve both Physic and also Ethic, which is Moral Philosophy."

"Moral Philosophy is the knowledge of precepts of all honest manners which reason acknowledgeth to belong and appertain to man's nature, as the things in which we differ from beasts. It is also necessary for the comely government of man's life."

"Necessity was the first finder-out of Moral Philosophy, and experience (which is a trusty teacher) was the first master thereof."

Locke took his B.A. degree on the 14th of February, 1655-56, and his M.A. degree on the 29th of June, 1658, the latter on the same day with Nathaniel Crewe, afterwards Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham, and Joseph Glanvill, the celebrated writer on witchcraft, and author of Scepsis Scientifica. The statutable time of taking both degrees was anticipated, but irregularities of this kind were not then infrequent. On the 24th of December, 1660, he was appointed Greek Lecturer at Christ Church for the ensuing year, thus taking his place among the authorized teachers of his college, and so entering on a new phase of university life. Very shortly after this date, namely, on February 13, 1660-61, the elder Locke died, æt. fifty-four. Locke's only brother, Thomas, who was some years younger than himself, died of consumption shortly after his father. By the time, therefore, that Locke had fairly entered on his duties as an officer of his college, he was left alone of all his family.

Though it was not till a much later period of his life that Locke published any works, his pen was at this time by no means idle. In 1661 he began a series of commonplace books, often containing long articles on the subjects which were occupying his thoughts at the time. It is, moreover, to the period immediately preceding or im-

mediately following the Restoration, that Mr. Fox-Bourne attributes an unpublished and till recently unknown Essay, entitled "Reflections upon the Roman Commonwealth." Many of the remarks in this Essay already show what we should call liberal opinions in religion and politics, and anticipate views long afterwards propounded in the works on government and toleration. The religion instituted by Numa is idealized, as having insisted on only two articles of faith, the goodness of the gods, and the necessity of worshipping them, "in which worship the chief of all was to be innocent, good, and just." Thus it avoided "creating heresies and schisms," and "narrowing the bottom of religion by clogging it with creeds and catechisms and endless niceties about the essences, properties, and attributes of God."

Of more interest, perhaps, is another unpublished treatise, written just after the Restoration, in which Locke asks, and answers in the affirmative, the following question: Whether the civil magistrate may lawfully impose and determine the use of indifferent things in reference to religious worship. This tract seems to have been intended as a remonstrance with those of the author's own party who questioned any right in the civil magistrate to interfere in religious matters, and who, therefore, were ready to reject with disdain the assurances of compromise and moderation contained in the king's declaration on ecclesiastical affairs, issued at the beginning of his reign. Locke at that time, like many other moderate men, seems to have entertained the most sanguine hopes of pacification and good government under the rule of the new monarch. "As for myself," he writes, "there is no one can have a greater respect and veneration for authority than I. I no sooner perceived myself in the world, but I found myself cannot bu greatest j freedom i serters of too, and n however, a of the futu dencies of the pamph

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in a storm, which has lasted almost hitherto, and therefore cannot but entertain the approaches of a calm with the greatest joy and satisfaction." "I find that a general freedom is but a general bondage, that the popular asserters of public liberty are the greatest ingrossers of it too, and not unfitly called its keepers." This reaction, however, against the past, and these sanguine expectations of the future, can have lasted but a short time. The tendencies of the new government were soon apparent, and the pamphlet was never published.

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Meanwhi nent. The of Branden to obtain in Walter Van probably ov schoolfellow They left E arrived at C of the same for two mon sequence of willing to ad as the price by the Amba ly in Locke's these are th friends, Mr. 8 the celebrate touches descr people among

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CHAPTER II.

MEDICAL STUDIES.—PUBLIC EMPLOYMENTS.—CONNEXION WITH SHAFTESBURY.

Locke, at the time of his father's death and his entrance on college office, was in his twenty-ninth year. At the election of college officers on Christmas Eve, 1662, he was transferred from the Greek Lectureship to the Lectureship in Rhetoric, and, on the 23rd of December in the following year, he was again transferred to another office. office was the Censorship of Moral Philosophy (the Senior Censorship); the Censorship of Natural Philosophy (the Junior Censorship) he appears never to have held. On the 23rd of December, 1665, he is no longer in office, being now merely one of the twenty senior M.A. students, called "Theologi," who were bound to be in priests' orders. Of the manner in which Locke discharged his duties as a lecturer we have no record. He seems also to have served in the capacity of tutor to several undergraduates at this period, but of his relations to his pupils we, unfortunately, know next to nothing.

How is it that Locke, holding a clerical studentship, was not a clergyman? The disturbed condition of the Church and the Universities during the last quarter of a century had probably led to great laxity in the enforcement of college statutes and by-laws. Moreover, for a time, it

would seem, he seriously contemplated taking the step of entering holy orders, and the authorities of his college would probably be unwilling to force upon him a hasty decision. At length, however, he finally abandoned this idea, deciding in favour of the profession of physic. In the ordinary course he would have forfeited his student-ship, but he was fortunate to obtain a royal dispensation (by no means an uncommon mode of intervention at that time), retaining him in his place, "that he may still have further time to prosecute his studies." This dispensation is dated Nov. 14, 1666.

Meanwhile, Locke had paid his first visit to the Continent. The occasion of it was an embassy to the Elector of Brandenburg, whose alliance or neutrality it was sought to obtain in the then pending war with Holland. Sir Walter Vane was head of the embassy, and Locke, who probably owed his nomination to the interest of his old schoolfellow, William Godolphin, was appointed secretary. They left England in the middle of November, 1665, and arrived at Cleve, the capital of Brandenburg, on the 30th of the same month (Dec. 9, N.S.). Here they remained for two months, the mission coming to nothing, in consequence of the English Government being unable or unwilling to advance the money which the Elector required as the price of his adhesion. The state-papers addressed by the Ambassador to the Government at home are mainly in Locke's handwriting; but far more interesting than these are the private letters addressed by Locke to his friends, Mr. Strachey, of Sutton Court, near Bristol, and the celebrated Robert Boyle. These are full of graphic touches descriptive of the manners and peculiarities of the people among whom he found himself. Like a conscientious sight-seer, he availed himself of the various oppor14

tunities of observing their eating and drinking, attended their devotions—whether Catholic, Calvinist, or Lutheran—submitted himself to be bored by poetasters and sucking theologians, and consoled himself for the difficulty of finding a pair of gloves by noting the tardiness of German commerce. Though he had "thought for a while to take leave of all University affairs," he found himself ridden pitilessly by an "academic goblin."

"I no sooner was got here, but I was welcomed with a divinity disputation. I was no sooner rid of that, but I found myself up to the ears in poetry, and overwhelmed in Helicon." "But my University goblin left me not so; for the next day, when I thought I had been rode out only to airing, I was had to a foddering of chopped hay or logic, forsooth! Poor materia prima was canvassed cruelly, stripped of all the gay dress of her forms, and shown naked to us, though, I must confess, I had not eyes good enough to see her. The young monks (which one would not guess by their looks) are subtle people, and dispute as eagerly for materia prima as if they were to make their dinner on it, and, perhaps, sometimes it is all their meal, for which others' charity is more to be blamed than their stomachs. . . . The truth is, here hog-shearing is much in its glory, and our disputing in Oxford comes as far short of it as the rhetoric of Carfax does that of Billingsgate."

At a dinner, described with a good deal of humour, with the Franciscan friars, he was still pursued by his Oxford recollections:

"The prior was a good plump fellow, that had more belly than brains; and methought was very fit to be reverenced, and not much unlike some head of a college."

One circumstance Locke noticed much to the advantage of the foreigners, namely, their good-natured toleration for each other's opinions. Writing to Boyle, he says—

"The dist quietly perm not observe a count of relia power of the of the people without any s

And thostant convictime, Locke Catholic cerchey, a cheer olic priests. good-nature tesies from knowledge.

Locke ret ary, 1665-60 to the Earl out as ambas but, though minute that make himsel tling down a ersetshire, pa had promise greater rarity may go a lor his stay in S iments in the had been sen miners and th

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"The distance in their churches gets not into their houses. They quietly permit one another to choose their way to heaven; for I cannot observe any quarrels or animosities amongst them upon the account of religion. This good correspondence is owing partly to the power of the magistrate, and partly to the prudence and good-nature of the people, who, as I find by inquiring, entertain different opinions without any secret hatred or rancour."

And though, like most Englishmen, of decided Protestant convictions, travelling on the Continent for the first time, Locke indulged in a good deal of merriment at the Catholic ceremonies, he pays, in one of his letters to Strachey, a cheerful tribute to the personal worth of the Catholic priests. He had not met, he says, with any people so good-natured or so civil, and he had received many courtesies from them, which he should always gratefully acknowledge.

Locke returned to England towards the end of February, 1665-66, and was at once offered the post of secretary to the Earl of Sandwich, who was on the point of setting out as ambassador to Spain. He wavered for a short time, but, though doubtful whether he had not "let slip the minute that they say every one has once in his life to make himself," he finally declined the offer. Before settling down again in Oxford, he spent a few weeks in Somersetshire, paying probably, amongst other visits, one he had promised himself to Strachey at Sutton Court, "a greater rarity than my travels have afforded me; for one may go a long way before one meets a friend." During his stay in Somersetshire, he attempted to try some experiments in the Mendip lead-mines with a barometer which had been sent to him for the purpose by Boyle. miners and their wives made a successful resistance. "The

sight of the engine and my desire of going down some of their gruffs gave them terrible apprehensions. The women, too, were alarmed, and think us still either projectors or conjurors."

At the beginning of May, Locke was again in his rooms in Oxford. He seems to have lost no time in setting to work afresh on the studies which might qualify him to exercise the profession of medicine. In his letters to Boyle, he makes frequent reference to chemical experiments and to collecting plants for medical purposes.

It is an unexplained circumstance that, notwithstanding a letter to the Hebdomadal Board from Lord Clarendon, then Chancellor of the University, signifying his assent to a dispensation, enabling Locke to accumulate the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor in Medicine, he never took those degrees. The obstacle may have arisen from himself, or, more probably, it may have been due to some sinister influence on the Hebdomadal Board preventing the assent of that body to the required decree. Any way, it is curious that eleven days after the date of Lord Clarendon's letter is dated the dispensation from the Crown (already referred to on page 13), enabling him to retain his studentship, notwithstanding his neglect to enter holy orders.

During the summer of 1666, we are introduced to one of the turning-points in Locke's life—his first acquaint-ance with Lord Shaftesbury, or, as he then was, Lord Ashley. Of the chequered career or the enigmatical character of this celebrated nobleman it is no part of my task to speak. It is enough to say that, as an advocate of religious toleration and an opponent alike of sacerdotal claims in the Church and absolutist principles in the State, he appealed to Locke's warmest and deepest sympathies.

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The acquaintance was made through David Thomas, an Oxford physician, and the occasion of it was Lord Ashley's coming to Oxford to drink the Astrop waters. of providing these waters (Astrop being a village at some distance from Oxford) seems to have been entrusted by Thomas to Locke, but, there having been some miscarriage, Locke waited on Lord Ashrey to excuse the delay. "My lord," says Lady Masham, "in his wonted manner, received him very civilly, accepting his excuse with great easiness, and, when Mr. Locke would have taken his leave of him, would needs have him to stay supper with him, being much pleased with his conversation. But if my lord was pleased with the company of Mr. Locke, Mr. Locke was yet more so with that of my Lord Ashley." The result of this short and apparently accidental interview was the beginning of an intimate friendship, which seems never afterwards to have been broken, and which exercised a decisive influence on the rest of Locke's career.

On September 2 of this year broke out the Great Fire of London, which raged without intermission for three days and nights. Under the date of September 3 we find in Locke's "Register," which was afterwards published in Boyle's General History of the Air, this curious entry:— "Dim reddish sunshine. This unusual colour of the air, which, without a cloud appearing, made the sunbeams of a strange red dim light, was very remarkable. We had then heard nothing of the fire of London; but it appeared afterwards to be the smoke of London, then burning, which, driven this way by an easterly wind, caused this odd phenomenon." The Register, in which this entry is made begins on June 24, 1666, and contains, with many intermissions, the observations made by Locke, in Oxford and London, up to June 30, 1683, on the readings of the

"thermoscope," the "baroscope," and the "hygroscope," together with the direction of the wind and the state of the weather. It not only affords valuable evidence of Locke's whereabouts at different times, but also shows the interest which he took in physical research.

In the early summer of 1667, Locke appears to have taken up his residence with Lord Ashley in London, and "from that time," according to Lady Masham, "he was with my Lord Ashley as a man at home, and lived in that family much esteemed, not only by my lord, but by all the friends of the family." His residence in Lord Ashley's family was, however, probably broken by occasional visits to Oxford.

To this period of Locke's life may be assigned the unpublished Essay concerning Toleration, which, with so much other valuable matter, is now for the first time accessible to the general reader in Mr. Fox-Bourne's Life. Essay, it is not improbable, was written at the suggestion, or for the guidance of Lord Ashley, and so may have been widely circulated amongst the advocates of "toleration" and "comprehension"—words which were at that time in the mouth of every man who took any interest in religion or politics. As I shall have to speak expressly of the published Letters on Toleration, which were written about twenty years later, and which contain substantially the same views as this earlier Essay, I shall not here detain the reader further than by giving him the general conclusions at which Locke had now arrived. These may be stated summarily under three heads: first, "all speculative opinions and religious worship have a clear title to universal toleration," and in these every man may use "a perfect uncontrollable liberty, without any guilt or sin at all, provided always that it be all done sincerely and out

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of conscience to God, according to the best of his knowledge and persuasion;" secondly, "there are some opinions and actions which are in their natural tendency absolutely destructive to human society—as, that faith may be broken with heretics; that one is bound to broach and propagate any opinion he believes himself; and such like; and, in actions, all manner of frauds and injustice—and these the magistrate ought not to tolerate at all;" thirdly, another class of opinions and actions, inasmuch as their "influence to good or bad" depends on "the temper of the state and posture of affairs," "have a right to toleration so far only as they do not interfere with the advantages of the public, or serve any way to disturb the government." The practical result of the discussion is, that while "papists" should not "enjoy the benefit of toleration, because where they have power they think themselves bound to deny it to others," the "fanatics," as the various classes of Protestant Dissenters were then called, should be at least "tolerated," if not "comprehended" in the national Church. Indeed, as to "comprehension," Locke lays down the general principle that "your articles in speculative opinions should be few and large, and your ceremonies in worship few and easy—which is latitudinism."

This must have been one of the quietest and happiest periods of Locke's life. He seems to have been unobtrusively pursuing his studies, and gradually making the acquaintance of the great world and of public affairs through the facilities which his residence with Lord Ashley afforded him. Both his own occupations and his relations to the Ashley family appear to have been of a very miscellaneous kind. Medicine, philosophy, and politics engaged his attention by turns. To Lord Ashley and his family he was at once general adviser, doctor, and friend. In

June, 1668, after consulting various other medical men, he performed on Lord Ashley a difficult operation for the purpose of removing an "imposthume in the breast," and is said thus to have saved his life. To the only child, Anthony Ashley, he acted as tutor. But, by the time the youth was seventeen, Locke was entrusted with a far more delicate business than his tuition. This was no less than finding him a wife. After other young ladies had been considered and rejected, Locke accompanied his charge on a visit to the Earl of Rutland, at Belvoir Castle, and negotiated a match with the Earl's daughter, the Lady Dorothy Manners. The match seems to have been a happy one; and Locke continued his services of general utility to the Ashley family by acting on more than one occasion as Lady Dorothy's medical attendant. On the 26th of February, 1670-71, he assisted at the birth of a son and heir, Anthony, who subsequently became third Earl of Shaftesbury, and who, as the author of the Characteristics, occupies a position of no inconsiderable importance in the history of English philosophy. It is on the evidence of this Earl of Shaftesbury that we learn the share taken by Locke in effecting the union of his father and mother. "My father was too young and inexperienced to choose a wife for himself, and my grandfather too much in business to choose one for him." The consequence was, that "all was thrown upon Mr. Locke, who being already so good a judge of men, my grandfather doubted not of his equal judgment in women. He departed from him, entrusted and sworn, as Abraham's head servant 'that ruled over all that he had,' and went into a far country 'to seek for his son a wife,' whom he as successfully found."

Though so much of Locke's time seems to have been spent on medical studies and practice, he possessed no

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regular qualification. In 1670 another attempt had been made, but in vain, to procure him the Doctor of Medicine's degree from the University of Oxford. Lord Ashley successfully enlisted the good services of the Duke of Ormond, the Chancellor of the University; but on learning the opposition of Dean Fell and Dr. Allestree, Locke desired his patron to withdraw the application. Both now and on the former occasion, alluded to above (p. 16), the opposition was probably based on Locke's tendencies, known or suspected, to liberal views in religion; nor would the connexion with Lord Ashley be at all likely to mitigate the sternness of the college and university authorities. It had, of course, all along been open to him to proceed to the Doctor's degree in the ordinary way; by attending lectures and performing exercises; and whether he was prevented from doing so by the tediousness of the process, by the hope of attaining the degree through a shorter and easier method, or by a certain amount of indecision as to whether after all he would adopt the medical profession, we cannot say. Afterwards, we shall see, he proceeded to the degree of Bachelor of Medicine, but whether in the ordinary course, or by dispensation, is not known.

As connected with Locke's medical pursuits, I may here mention his friendship with Sydenham. We do not know when the acquaintance commenced, but Sydenham writing to Boyle, so early as April 2, 1668, speaks of "my friend Mr. Locke." That Sydenham entertained great respect for the medical skill and judgment of Locke—who appears to have accompanied him in his visits to his patients, and, in turn, to have availed himself of Sydenham's assistance in attending the Ashley household—there can be no doubt. Writing to Mapletoft, their common friend, and a physician of some eminence, in 1676, he says: "You know how

thoroughly my method [of curing fevers] is approved of by an intimate and common friend of ours, and one who has closely and exhaustively examined the subject—I mean Mr. John Locke, a man whom, in the acuteness of his intellect, in the steadiness of his judgment, and in the simplicity, that is, in the excellence, of his manners, I confidently declare to have amongst the men of our own time few equals and no superior." A number of notes and papers, still extant, attest the interest which Locke now took in medical studies, and the hopes with which he looked forward to improvements in medical practice. That the sympathy between him and Sydenham was very close, is evident from the writings of both.

But, meanwhile, he was also busy with other pursuits. One of these was the administration, under Ashley, and the other "lords proprietors," of the colony of Carolina. In 1663 this colony had been granted by Charles the Second to eight "lords proprietors," of whom Ashley was one. Locke, when he went to live in Ashley's family, appears to have become, though without any formal appointment, a sort of chief secretary and manager to the association. A vast amount of miscellaneous business seems to have been transacted by him in this capacity; but what to us would be most interesting, if we could determine it, would be the share he took in drawing up the document entitled "The Fundamental Constitutions of Carolina," issued on the 1st of March, 1669-70. Many of the articles, embodying, as they do, a sort of modified feudalism, must have been distasteful to Locke, and it is hardly possible to suppose that he was the originator of them. But perhaps we may trace his hand in the articles on religion, between which and his views, as stated in his unpublished papers written before and his published works written aft spondence. of Carolina God was t within the church, pro if called or some exter nified. Ar such comm tection of t to molest o to "use a against the the certain the convers cellaneous p any one to reward; an Carolina sha

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written after this time, there is a large amount of correspondence. No man was to be permitted to be a freeman of Carolina unless he acknowledged a God, and agreed that God was to be publicly and solemnly worshipped. But within these limits any seven persons might constitute a church, provided that they upheld the duty of every man, if called on, to bear witness to the truth, and agreed on some external symbol by which such witness might be signified. Any one, however, who did not belong to some such communion was to be regarded as outside the protection of the law. The members of one church were not to molest or persecute those of another; and no man was to "use any reproachful, reviling, or abusive language against the religion of any church or profession, that being the certain way of disturbing the peace, and of hindering the conversion of any to the truth." Amongst the miscellaneous provisions in this code is one strictly forbidding any one to plead before a court of justice for money or reward; and another, enacting that "every freeman of Carolina shall have absolute power and authority over his negro slaves, of what opinion or religion soever."

In 1668 Locke was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1669 and 1672 was placed on the Council, but he never appears to have taken much part in the proceedings of the society. On the other hand, there seem to have been certain less formal meetings of a few friends, constituting possibly a sort of club, in the discussions of which he took a more active share. It was at one of these meetings that the conversation took place which led to Locke's writing his famous *Essay* (see page 127). According to a marginal note made by Sir James Tyrrell in his copy of the first edition, now in the British Museum, the discussion on this occasion turned on "the principles

of morality and revealed religion." The date of this memorable meeting was, according to the same authority, the winter of 1673; but according to Lady Masham, it was 1670 or 1671. Anyway, there is an entry on the main subject of the Essay in Locke's Common-place Book, beginning "Sic cogitavit de intellectu humano Johannes Locke, anno 1671." In this brief entry the origin of all knowledge is referred to sense, and "sensible qualities" are stated to be "the simplest ideas we have, and the first object of our understanding"—a theory which, as we shall hereafter see, was supplemented in the Essay by the addition to the ultimate sources of knowledge of simple ideas of reflection. The Essay itself was not published till nearly twenty years after this date, in 1690.

Locke's health had never been strong, and, in the years 1670-72 he seems to have suffered much from a troublesome cough, indicative of disease of the lungs. Connected with this illness was a short journey which he made in France, in the suite of the Countess of Northumberland, in the autumn of 1672. Soon after his return, his patron, who had lately been created Earl of Shaftesbury, was appointed to the highest office of the State, the Lord High Chancellorship of England. Locke shared in his good fortune, and was made Secretary of Presentations — that is, of the Chancellor's church patronage - with a salary of 300% a year. The modern reader, especially when he recollects Locke's intimacy with Shaftesbury, is surprised to find that he dined at the Steward's table, that he was expected to attend prayers three times a day, and that, when the Chancellor drove out in state, he was accustomed, with the other secretaries, to walk by the side of the coach, while, as "my lord" got in and out, he "went before him bareheaded." The distinctions of rank were, however, far and the high much of the the times of

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however, far more marked in those days than at present, and the high officers of state were still surrounded with much of the elaborate ceremonial which had obtained in the times of the Tudors.

To the period of Locke's excursion in France, or that immediately succeeding it, we may refer a free translation—or rather, adaptation—of three of the Essais de Morale of Pierre Nicole, a well-known Jansenist, and the friend of Pascal and Arnauld. These Essays, which were translated for the use of the Countess of Shaftesbury, were apparently not designed for publication, and, in fact, were first given to the world by Dr. Hancock, in 1828. They are mainly remarkable as affording evidence of the depth and sincerity of Locke's religious convictions.

Routine and official duties now occupied much of his time, and must have interfered sadly with his favourite studies. From discussing the tangled and ambignous politics of this period I purposely refrain; but there is one official act, recorded of Locke at this time, which places him in so incongruous a light that his biographer can hardly pass it over in silence. At the opening of the Parliament which met on February 4, 1672–73, Shaftesbury, amplifying the King's Speech, made, though it is said unwillingly and with much concern, his famous defence of the Dutch war, and his attack on the Dutch nation, culminating in the words "Delenda est Carthago." Locke, we are sorry to find, though the act was a purely ministerial one, stood at his elbow with a written copy, to prompt him in case of failure.

On the 9th of November, 1673, Shaftesbury, who had incurred the displeasure of the king by his support of the Test Bill, and who was now looked on as one of the principal leaders of the Anti-Catholic party, was summarily

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dismissed from the Chancellorship. Locke, of course, lost at the same time the Secretaryship of Presentations; but he did not, as meaner men might have done, try to insinuate himself into wealth and power through other arenues. "When my grandfather," says the third Earl of Shaftesbury, "quitted the Court, and began to be in danger from it, Mr. Locke now shared with him in dangers, as before in honours and advantages. He entrusted him with his secretest negotiations, and made use of his assistant pen in matters that nearly concerned the State and were fit to be made public."

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Locke's connexion with the affairs of the colony of Carolina has already been mentioned. Business of this kind, owing to his relations with Shaftesbury, multiplied upon him, and on the 15th of October, 1673, shortly before Shaftesbury's fall, he was sworn in as Secretary to the Council of Trade and Foreign Plantations, with a salary of 500l, a year. This office he retained, notwithstanding the fall of his patron, till the dissolution of the Council on the 12th of March, 1674-75; but it appears that his salary was never paid.

On February 6, 1674-75, Locke proceeded to the degree of Bachelor of Medicine, having already been appointed to, or more probably promised, a Faculty Studentship at Ch. Ch., or, as Dean Prideaux, who had no love for him, puts it, "having wriggled into Ireland's faculty place." It is curious that his name does not appear in the Ch. Ch. books among the Faculty Students till the second quarter of 1675, and during that and the two subsequent quarters it is erased. The first time the name occurs without an erasure is in the first quarter of 1676. That there was much irregularity in the mode of appointing to College places at this time is evident.

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His studentship being now secure, Lord Shaftesbury having, for a consideration in ready money, granted him an annuity of 100l. a year, and his estates in Somersetshire, as well as one or two loans and mortgages, bringing him in a modest sum in addition, Locke, notwithstanding the non-payment of his salary as Secretary to the Council of Trade and Plantations, must have been in fairly comfortable circumstances. He was dispensed from the necessity of practising a profession, and, being also relieved from the pressure of public affairs, was free to follow his bent. It is probably to the leisure almost enforced upon him by the weakness of his health, as well as by the turn which public affairs had taken, and rendered possible by the independence of his position, that we are indebted for the maturity of reflection which forms so characteristic a feature of his subsequent writings.

Montpellier either in th that he was the country, the curiosit he wrote a the Growth duction of curious that It enumerate and thirteen neighbourho of the State but he does erations. H Church of 1 Archbishop kept "talkin bishops next ation on the poverty of th to arrest the time. "The these few ye Merchants an Among the r following: tleman of the about four y child of a se devil to be h Several murd attempted; o

CHAPTER III.

RESIDENCE IN FRANCE. — FURTHER RELATIONS WITE SHAFTESBURY. — EXPULSION FROM CHRIST CHURCH.

The state of Locke's health had long rendered it desirable that he should reside in a warmer climate, and his release from official duties now removed any obstacle that there might formerly have been to his absence from England. The place which he selected for his retirement was Montpellier, at that time the most usual place of resort for invalids who were able to leave their own country. He left London about the middle of November, 1675, with one if not more companions, and, after experiencing the ordinary inconveniences of travel in those days of slow locomotion and poor inns, arrived at Paris on Nov. 24, and at Lyons on Dec. 11. At Lyons, he remarks of the library at the Jesuits' College that it "is the best that ever I saw, except Oxford, being one very high oblong square, with a gallery round, to come at the books." As before, in the North of Germany, so now in the South of France, he is a diligent observer of everything of interest, whether in the way of customs, occupations, or buildings, that falls in his way. He reached Montpellier on Christmas Day, and, except when making short excursions in the neighbourhood, resided there continuously till the early spring of 1677, a period of fourteen months. At H. sirable release there gland. Montor ine left 1 one e orslow . 24, f the that long $\mathbf{A}\mathbf{s}$ h of rest. ngs, ristin

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Montpellier I have not been able to find any trace of him, either in the library or elsewhere, but his journal shows that he was much interested in the trade and products of the country, as well as in the objects which usually excite the curiosity of travellers. At Shaftesbury's instigation he wrote a little treatise, entitled, "Observations upon the Growth and Culture of Vines and Olives, the Production of Silk, and the Preservation of Fruits." It is curious that this small tract was never published till 1766. It enumerates no less than forty-one varieties of grapes, and thirteen varieties of olives, which were grown in the neighbourhood of Montpellier. The ceremonial and doings of the States of Languedoc attracted Locke's attention, but he does not seem to have been present at their deliberations. He witnessed, however, their devotions at the Church of Notre Dame, and remarks that the Cardinal Archbishop of Narbonne, who took part in the offices, kept "talking every now and then, and laughing with the bishops next him." The increasing incidence of the taxation on the lower and middle orders, and the growing poverty of the people, were topics which could hardly fail to arrest the attention of any intelligent traveller at that time. "The rent of lands in France is fallen one half in these few years, by reason of the poverty of the people. Merchants and handicraftsmen pay near half their gains." Among the more interesting entries in his journal are the following: - March 18 (N.S.). "Monsieur Rennaie, a gentleman of the town, in whose house Sir J. Rushworth lav. about four years ago, sacrificed a child to the devil - a child of a servant of his own—upon a design to get the devil to be his friend and help him to get some money. Several murders committed here since I came, and more attempted; one by a brother on his sister, in the house

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where I lay." March 22 (N.S.): "The new philosophy of Des Cartes prohibited to be taught in universities. schools, and academies." It is plain from the journal that Locke's mind was now busy with the class of questions which were afterwards treated in the Essay: reflections on space, the extent of possible knowledge, the objects and modes of study, etc., being curiously interspersed with his notes of travel. In respect of health, he does not seem to have benefited much by his stay at Montpellier, which, as before stated, he left in the early spring of 1677. By slow stages he travelled to Paris, where he joined a pupil, the son of Sir John Banks, who had been commended to his supervision by Shaftesbury. This tutorial engagement lasted for nearly two years, and, in consequence of it, Locke remained in France longer than he had originally intended. In a letter written to his old friend Mapletoft from Paris in June, 1677, after some playful allusions to Mapletoft's love affairs, he says:—"My health is the only mistress I have a long time courted, and is so coy a one that I think it will take up the remainder of my days to obtain her good graces and keep her in good humour." There can be no question that, at this time, the state of his health was a matter of very serious concern to him, and it may possibly have been the cause of his not marry-While in Paris he probably took a pretty complete holiday, seeing the sights, however, making occasional excursions, forming new acquaintances, and exercising a general supervision over the education of his young charge.

At the end of June, 1678, Locke, accompanied probably by his pupil, left Paris with the view of making his way leisurely to Montpellier, and thence to Rome. He travelled westward by way of Orleans, Blois, and Angers. On the banks of the Loire he noticed the poverty-stricken

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appearance of the country. "Many of the towns they call bourgs; but, considering how poor and few the houses in most of them are, would in England scarce amount to villages. The houses generally were but one story, . . . The gentlemen's seats, of which we saw many, were most of them rather bearing marks of decay than of thriving and being well kept." Montpellier was reached early in October, and, after a short stay there, he went on to Lyons, with the view of commencing his journey to Rome. But the depth of the snow on Mont Cenis was fatal to this design. Twice Locke had formed plans to visit Rome, "the time set, the company agreed," and both times he had been disappointed. "Were I not accustomed," he says, "to have fortune to dispose of me contrary to my design and expectation, I should be very angry to be thus turned out of my way, when I made sure in a few days to mount the Capitol and trace the footsteps of the Scipios and the Cæsars." He had now nothing left but to turn back to Paris, where he remained till the following April. Here he seems to have spent his time in the same miscellaneous occupations as before. In the journal we find the following entry, dated Feb. 13:—"I saw the library of M. de Thou, a great collection of choice, well-bound books, which are now to be sold; amongst others, a Greek manuscript, written by one Angelot, by which Stephens's Greek characters were first made." De Thou, the celebrated historian of his own times, is better known under his Latinized name, Thuanus. On a Friday, he notes:-"The observation of Lent at Paris is come almost to noth-Meat is openly to be had in the shambles, and a dispensation commonly to be had from the curate without difficulty. People of sense laugh at it, and in Italy itself, for twenty sous, a dispensation is certainly to be had." Then follows an amusing story of "that Bishop of Bellay, who has writ so much against monks and monkery."

"A devout lady being sick, and besieged by the Carmes, made her will and gave them all: the Bishop of Bellay coming to see her, after it was done, asked whether she had made her will; she answered yes, and told him how; he convinced her it was not well, and she, desiring to alter it, found a difficulty how to do it, being so beset by the friars. The bishop bid her not trouble herself for it, but presently took order that two notaries, habited as physicians, should come to her, who being by her bedside, the bishop told the company it was convenient all should withdraw; and so the former will was revoked, and a new one made and put into the bishop's hands. The lady dies, the Carmes produce their will, and for some time the bishop lets them enjoy the pleasure of their inheritance; but at last, taking out the other will, he says to them, 'Mes frères, you are the sons of Elijah, children of the Old Testament, and have no share in the New.'"

It may have been the influence of fashion, and the eager thirst for reputation, which were so rife in Parisian society, that inspired, shortly after Locke's return to Paris, the following reflections, as profound as they are true:—

"The principal spring from which the actions of men take their rise, the rule they conduct them by, and the end to which they direct them, seems to be credit and reputation, and that which, at any rate, they avoid is in the greatest part shame and disgrace. This makes the Hurons and other people of Canada with such constancy endure inexpressible torments; this makes merchants in one country and soldiers in another; this puts men upon school divinity in one country and physics and mathematics in another; this cuts out the dresses for the women, and makes the fashions for the men, and makes them endure the inconveniences of all. . . . Religions are upheld by this and factions maintained, and the shame of being disesteemed by those with whom one hath lived, and to whom one would recommend oneself, is the great source and director of most of the actions of

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men... He therefore that would govern the world well, had need consider rather what fashions he makes than what laws; and to bring anything into use he need only give it reputation."

Leaving Paris on the 22nd of April, 1679, Locke arrived, after his long absence, in London on the 30th of the same month. In the political world much had happened whilst he had been away. Shaftesbury, already in disgrace when he left England, had been imprisoned in the Tower for a year; but, by a sudden turn of fortune. was now reinstated in office as President of the newlycreated Council. Of the circumstances which had brought about this change, the story of the Popish Plot, the discovery of the king's nefarious negotiations with Louis XIV., and the impeachment of Danby, it is not necessary here to speak. That Shaftesbury, when he saw the prospect of restoration to power, should wish to avail himself, as before, of Locke's advice and services, was only to be expected, and it was the expression of this desire which had hastened Locke's return to England. What, however, were the exact relations between the new Lord President and his former secretary during Shaftesbury's second tenure of office we are not informed. That the intercourse between them was close and frequent, there can be no doubt, and, during the summer months of 1679, Locke again resided in his patron's house. But the king soon felt himself strong enough to reassert his own will. Under date of the 15th of October, we read in the Privy Council Book, "The Earl of Shaftesbury's name was struck out of this list by his Majesty's command in Council." Consequently, Shaftesbury was again in opposition, and Locke, though still his adviser and friend, and frequently an inmate of one or other of his houses, was released from the pressure

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shapeless lump, like anarchy," seems to have been but a

poor creature, and the little Anthony, when only three

years old, was made over to the formal guardianship of his

grandfather. Locke, though not his instructor, seems to

have kept a vigilant eye on the boy's studies and disci-

pline, as well as on his health and bodily training. If we

may trust the memory of the third earl, writing when in

middle life, Locke's care was extended to his brothers and

sisters as well as to himself. "In our education," he says,

"Mr. Locke governed according to his own principles,

since published by him" [in the Thoughts on Education],

"and with such success that we all of us came to full

years with strong and healthy constitutions—my own the

worst, though never faulty till of late. I was his more

peculiar charge, being, as eldest son, taken by my grand-

father and bred under his immediate care, Mr. Locke hav-

ing the absolute direction of my education, and to whom,

next my immediate parents, as I must own the greatest ob-

ligation, so I have ever preserved the highest gratitude and

duty." The admiration and gratitude which the author

of the Characteristics felt for his tutor did not, however,

prevent him from criticising freely Locke's Theory of

Ethics, and pronouncing it "a very poor philosophy." Of

the Essay, as a whole, notwithstanding his vigorous pro-

test on this particular point, Shaftesbury seems to have

had as high an opinion as of its author. "It may as well

qualify for business and the world as for the sciences and

a university. No one has done more towards the recalling

of philosophy from barbarity into use and practice of the

world, and into the company of the better and politer sort,

One of his principal cares at this

The father, Locke's former pupil, "born a

of official business.

who might one has of (See the L Student at

Of the p March, 188 an anxious, Christ Chui house of th fullest accou parliament : Shaftesbury the 28th of supplies fro subjects, and the remaind · So suspic State now b ford parlian while the ki political ter when it bec without a p that minister opponents. rested in his and, after a mitted to t he failed to dicted befor The grand threw out th

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who might well be ashamed of it in its other dress. No one has opened a better or clearer way to reasoning." (See the Letters of the third Earl of Shaftesbury to a Student at the University, Letters I., VIII.)

Of the parliament which met at Oxford on the 21st of March, 1680-81, Locke was a close, and must have been an anxious, observer. He himself occupied his rooms at Christ Church, and for Shaftesbury's use he obtained the house of the gelebrated mathematician, Dr. Wallis. The fullest account we have of the earlier proceedings of this parliament are contained in a letter from Locke to Stringer, Shaftesbury's secretary. It was prematurely dissolved on the 28th of March, Charles having succeeded in obtaining supplies from the French king instead of from his own subjects, and no other parliament was summoned during the remainder of the reign.

· So suspicious of treachery had the rival parties in the State now become, that most of the members of the Oxford parliament had been attended by armed servants, while the king was protected by a body of guards. political tension was, of course, by no means relaxed. when it became plain that the king intended to govern without a parliament, and we can hardly feel surprised that ministers took the initiative in trying to silence their opponents. On the 2nd of July, 1681, Shaftesbury was arrested in his London house on a charge of high treason. and, after a brief examination before the Council, was committed to the tower. Notwithstanding many attempts, he failed to obtain a trial till Nov. 24, when he was indicted before a special commission at the Old Bailey. The grand jury, amidst the plaudits of the spectators, threw out the bill, and on the 1st of December following he was released on bail. Shaftesbury's acquittal was re-

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"March 19, learn, all his velast sally been night he retur his man behind to make people come, to his choor when he is a

a word ever d heart within. altogether. Howe have of him himself, and the

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ceived in London, and throughout the country, with acclamations of joy, but his triumph was only a brief one. The rest of his story is soon told. In the summer of 1682, Shaftesbury, Monmouth, Russell, and a few others began to concert measures for a general rising against the king. The scheme was, of course, discovered, and Shaftesbury, knowing that, from the new composition of the juries, he would have no chance of escape if another indictment were preferred against him, took to flight, and concealed himself for some weeks in obscure houses in the city and in Wapping. Meanwhile he tried, from his hiding-places, to foment an insurrection, but, when he found that the day which had been fixed on for the general rising had been postponed, he determined to seek safety for himself by escaping to Holland. After some adventures on the way, he reached Amsterdam in the beginning of December. To preserve him from extradition, he was on his petition admitted a citizen of Amsterdam, and might thus, like Locke, have lived to see the Revolution, but on the 21st of January, 1682-83, he died, in excruciating agonies, of gout in the stomach.

There is no evidence to implicate Locke in Shaftesbury's design of setting the Duke of Monmouth on the throne, though it is difficult to suppose that he was not acquainted with it. Any way, in the spring of 1681–82, he seems to have been engaged in some mysterious political movements, the nature of which is unknown to us. Humphrey Prideaux, afterwards Dean of Norwich, in his gossiping letters to John Ellis, afterwards an Under-Secretary of State, frequently mentions Locke, who was at this time residing in Oxford. These notices were probably in answer to queries from Ellis, who was already in the employment of the government. From Prideaux's letters (recently

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published by the Camden Society) I extract a few passages, interesting not only as throwing light on Locke's mode of life at this period in Oxford, but also as showing the estimate of him formed by a political enemy who was a member of the same college:—

"March 14, 1681 (o. s.).—John Locke lives a very cunning and unintelligible life here, being two days in town and three out; and no one knows where he goes, or when he goes, or when he returns. Certainly there is some Whig intrigue a managing; but here not a word of politics comes from him, nothing of news or anything else concerning our present affairs, as if he were not at all concerned in them.

"March 19, 1681 (o.s.).—Where J. L. goes I cannot by any means learn, all his voyages being so cunningly contrived. He hath in his last sally been absent at least ten days, where I cannot learn. Last night he returned; and sometimes he himself goes out and leaves his man behind, who shall then to be often seen in the quadrangle, to make people believe his master is at home, for he will let no one come, to his chamber, and therefore it is not certain when he is there or when he is absent. I fancy there are projects afoot.

"October 24, 1682.—John Locke lives very quietly with us, and not a word ever drops from his mouth that discovers anything of his heart within. Now his master is fled, I suppose we shall have him altogether. He seems to be a man of very good converse, and that we have of him with content; as for what else he is he keeps it to himself, and therefore troubles not us with it nor we him."

After Shaftesbury's dismissal from the Presidentship of the Council, Locke must have had a considerable amount of leisure. The state of his health, however, and the consequent necessity of his frequently changing his residence, must have interfered a good deal with the progress of his studies. It is plain from his correspondence that he still took a lively interest in scientific and medical pursuits, nor does he appear to have yet given up the hope of practising medicine in a regular way. By his friends he was

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usually called Dr. Locke, and at the period of life we are now considering he still continued to attend cases, and to make elaborate notes of treatment and diagnosis.

It is probable that about this time Locke wrote the first of the Two Treatises on Government, which were published in 1690. Materials for the Essay were, undoubtedly, being slowly accumulated, and on a variety of questions, political, educational, ethical, theological, and philosophical, his views were being gradually matured. Several pamphlets of a political character were, during these years, attributed to him, but we have his own solemn asseveration, in a letter written to the Earl of Pembroke in November, 1684, that he was not the author "of any pamphlet or treatise whatever, in part good, bad, or indifferent;" that is, of course, of any published pamphlet or treatise, for he had already written a good deal in the way of essays, reflections, and commonplaces.

After Shaftesbury's flight, Locke must have found his position becoming more and more unpleasant. the year 1682 he had resided pretty constantly in Oxford, but we can well understand that Oxford was not then a very eligible place of residence for a whig and a latitudinarian. He appears to have left it for good at the end of June or beginning of July, 1683, and to have retired for a while into Somersetshire. Shortly afterwards, however, he quitted England altogether, and when we next hear of him it is in Holland. That he was implicated in the Rye House plot is, on every ground, most improbable, notwithstanding the malicious insinuations of Prideaux to the contrary. Nor is there any evidence that he had any concern with the more respectable conspiracy of Monmouth, Russell, and Sidney. But in those times of plots and counter-plots, and arbitrary interference with the courts of justice, any might well would this as a friend he been th such that I His flight, the supposi designs aga no stain of misgovernn lent means ference of dence of hi the tyranni In connexi mentioned means new Carolina or out half in with his Fre vears succe becoming d played in E country, is this time.

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justice, any man who was in opposition to the government might well be in fear for his life or liberty. Specially would this be the case with Locke, who was well known as a friend and adherent of Shaftesbury. Moreover, had he been thrown into prison, the state of his health was such that his life would probably have been endangered. His flight, therefore, affords no countenance whatsoever to the supposition that he had been engaged in treasonable designs against the government. It would, I conceive, be no stain on Locke's character, had he, in those days of misgovernment and oppression, conspired to effect by violent means a change in the succession, or even a transference of the crown. But the fact that there is no evidence of his having done so removes almost all excuse for the tyrannical act which I am presently about to describe. In connexion with Locke's flight to Holland, it may be mentioned that the idea of leaving England was by no means new to him. The proposal to emigrate together to Carolina or the Ile de Bourbon, possibly, however, thrown out half in jest, is a frequent topic in the correspondence with his French friend, Thoynard, during the two or three years succeeding his return from France. That he was becoming disgusted with the political game then being played in England, and despondent as to the future of his country, is evident from several letters written by him at this time.

The account of Locke's life in Holland may be deferred to the next chapter. It will be convenient here to tell the story of his expulsion from Christ Church, which marks the issue of his connexion with Shaftesbury, and of the part which he had so far taken in English politics. We have already seen that he was suspected of having written a number of political pamphlets against the government.

This suspicion was not unnatural, Locke being a literary man and a well-known friend of Shaftesbury. After his retirement to Holland, the suspicion of his having written various pamphlets, supposed to have been printed in that country, and surreptitiously conveyed into England, was one which very naturally occurred, and, according to Prideaux, he was now specially suspected of having written "a most bitter libel, published in Holland in English, Dutch, and French, called a Hue and Cry after the Earl of Essex's murder." But the government had no proof of these surmises, and therefore no right to take action Their suspicions were, however, probably sharpened by the malicious reports of their spies in Oxford, and by the not unlikely supposition that Locke was taking part in the intrigues, on behalf of Monmouth, now being carried on in Holland. For the latter suspicion, as for the one with regard to the authorship of the pamphlets, it happens that there was no justification, but it is impossible to deny that there was some primâ facie ground for it. Compared with other arbitrary acts of the reigns of Charles II. and James II., the measures taken against Locke do not seem exceptionally severe, utterly abhorrent as they would doubtless be to the usages of a constitutional age. b

About fourteen or fifteen months had clapsed since his disappearance from England, when, on the 6th of November, 1684, Lord Sunderland signified to Dr. Fell, Dean of Christ Church, who was also Bishop of Oxford, the pleasure of the king that Locke should be removed from his studentship, asking the Dean at the same time to specify "the method of doing it." "The method" adopted by the Dean was to attach a "moneo" to the screen in the college hall, summoning Locke to appear on the 1st of

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January following, to answer the charges against him. After admitting that Locke, as having a physician's place among the students, was not obliged to residence, and that he was abroad upon want of health, the Dean, in his reply to Sunderland, proceeds to show his readiness to accommodate himself to the requirements of the court: "Notwithstanding that, I have summoned him to return home, which is done with this prospect, that if he comes not back, he will be liable to expulsion for contumacy; if he does, he will be answerable to your lordship for what he shall be found to have done amiss." Ingenious, however, as the "method" was, it was not expeditious enough to satisfy the court. A second letter from Sunderland, enjoining Locke's immediate expulsion, was at once despatch-This curious document is still shown in the Christ Church library, and, as I have never seen an exact transcript of it, I here subjoin one:

" To the Right Reverend Father in God, John, Lord Bishop of Oxon, Dean of Christ Church, and our trusty and well-beloved the Chapter there.

"Right Reverend Father in God, and trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well. Whereas we have received information of the factious and disloyall behaviour of Lock, one of the students of that our Colledge; we have thought fit hereby to signify our will and pleasure to you, that you forthwith remove him from his said student's place, and deprive him of all the rights and advantages thereunto belonging. For which this shall be your warrant. And so we bid you heartily farewell.

"Given at our Court at Whitehall, 11th day of November, 1684, in the six and thirtieth year of our Reigne.

"By his Majesty's command, SUNDERLAND."

On the 16th of November the Dean signified that his Majesty's command was fully executed, whereupon Lord D 3

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Sunderland acquainted him that his Majesty was well satisfied with the college's ready obedience.

Thus the most celebrated man, perhaps, that Oxford has sheltered within her walls since the Reformation was summarily ejected at the dictation of a corrupt and arbitrary court. The Dean and Chapter might have won our admiration had they resisted the royal command, as was done in the next reign by the Fellows of Magdalen College, but it was hardly to be expected that they should risk their own goods and liberties in attempting to afford a protection which, after all, would have been almost certainly attempted in vain. Moreover, as Lord Grenville (Oxford and Locke) has pointed out, Christ Church being a royal foundation, the Dean and Chapter might well regard the king as having full power either to appoint or remove any member of the foundation, and themselves as only registering his decree. The same power, as we have already seen, had been exercised in Locke's favour by the dispensation from entering holy orders accorded by the crown in 1666.

After the Revolution, Locke petitioned William the Third for the restitution of his studentship, but "finding," according to Lady Masham, that "it would give great disturbance to the society, and dispossess the person that was in his place, he desisted from that pretension."

In Fell's first letter to Sunderland, he speaks of Locke's extreme reserve and taciturnity. As this seems to have been one of his distinguishing characteristics, and as the passage is otherwise remarkable, as showing the vigilance with which Locke was watched at Oxford, I give it at length:

"I have for divers years had an eye upon him; but so close has his guard been on himself that, after several strict inquiries, I may

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confidently affirm there is not any one in the College, however familiar with him, who has heard him speak a word either against or so much as concerning the Government; and although very frequently, both in public and in private, discourses have been purposely introduced to the disparagement of his master, the Earl of Shaftesbury, his party and designs, he could never be provoked to take any notice or discover in word or look the least concern; so that I believe there is not in the world such a master of taciturnity and passion."

This account of Locke's reserve, as well as the illustration here incidentally afforded of the abominable system of college espionage which then prevailed in Oxford, is amply confirmed by Prideaux's letters to Ellis. In the Thoughts on Education parents and tutors are recommended to mould children betimes to this mastery over their tongues. But the gift of silence was exercised by Locke only in those matters where other men have no right to be inquisitive or curious—matters of private concernment and of individual opinion. In conversation on general topics, he seems always to have been open and copious. His taciturnity, though the effect of prudence and self-control, was certainly not due to any lack of geniality or any want of sympathy with others.

CHAPTER AV.

RESIDENCE IN HOLLAND.—THE REVOLUTION.—RETURN TO ENGLAND.—PUBLICATION OF THE "ESSAY" AND OTHER WORKS.

LCCKE must have landed in Holland in one of the autumn months of 1683, being then about fifty-one years of age. We are not able, however, to trace any of his movements till the January of 1683–84, when he was present, by invitation of Peter Guenellon, the principal physician of Amsterdam, at the dissection of a lioness which had been killed by the intense cold of the winter.

Through Guenellon, whom he had met during his stay in Paris, he must have made the acquaintance of the principal literary and scientific men at that time residing in or near Amsterdam. Amongst these was Philip van Limborch, then professor of theology among the Arminians or Remonstrants. The Arminians (called Remonstrants on account of the remonstrance which they had presented to the States-General in 1610) were the latitudinarians of Holland, and, though they had been condemned by the Synod of Dort in 1619, and had been subjected to a bitter persecution by the Calvinist clergy for some years following, were now a fairly numerous body, possessing a theological seminary, and exercising a considerable influence, not only in their own country, but over the minds

of the moundogmatical character attraction by many friends.

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In the autumn of 1684 Locke made a tour of the country, noting, as was usual with him, all objects and matters of interest, and evidently benefiting much in health by the diversion of travelling. Indeed, we are somewhat surprised to hear that his health derived more advantage from the air of Holland than from that of Montpellier. What, however, he put down to climate was, perhaps, at least equally due to pleasant companionship, and to the variety of interests - political, commercial, literary, and theological—which the Dutch nation at that time so preeminently afforded. Amongst the objects which attracted his attention was a sect of communistic mystics established near Leeuwarden. "They receive," he says, "all ages, sexes, and degrees, upon approbation. They live all in common; and whoever is admitted is to give with himself all he has to Christ the Lord—that is, the Church to be managed by officers appointed by the Church. These people, however, were very shy to give an account of themselves to strangers, and they appeared inclined to dispense their instruction only to those whom 'the Lord,' as they say, 'had disposed to it,' and in whom they saw 'signs of grace;' which 'signs of grace' seem to me to be, at last, a perfect submission to the will and rules of their pastor, Mr. Yonn, who, if I mistake not, has established to himself a perfect empire over them. For though their censures and all their administrations be in appearance in their Church, yet it is easy to perceive how at last it deter-

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mines in him. He is dominus factorum; and though I believe they are, generally speaking, people of very good and exemplary lives, yet the tone of voice, manner, and fashion of those I conversed with seemed to make one suspect a little of Tartuffe." After Locke's experiences of the Puritan ministers in his early life, the character of Mr. Yonn was, probably, by no means new to him, though he now repeated his acquaintance with it under novel circumstances.

In November Locke was again in Amsterdam, and here he heard of Dr. Fell's "moneo," summoning him back to Christ Church. At first it would seem that he resolved to comply with it, but the intelligence of the "moneo" must soon have been followed by that of his deprivation, and thus he was saved from the dangers which might have befallen him had he returned to England. In more ways than one, his continued absence abroad was probably an "In Holland," says Lady Masham, advantage to him. "he had full leisure to prosecute his thoughts on the subject of Human Understanding—a work which, in probability, he never would have finished had he continued in England." The winter of this year was spent in Utrecht and devoted to study—probably to the preparation of the Essay on Human Understanding. But this quiet mode of life was quickly coming to an end. On the 6th of February, 1684-85, Charles the Second had died; and, though the succession of the Duke of York was at first undisputed, Monmouth, the natural son of the late king. was soon persuaded by his impatient and injudicious followers to head the insurrection which resulted in his defeat and execution. From Monmouth's intrigues Locke had always held aloof, "having no such high opinion of the Duke of Monmouth as to expect anything from his ing to disci to connect were probat the 7th of his ill-starre was still pr England special enve eral a list of Government Locke's nan by Sir Geor Dutch Cour instructions this time li that he sho of Amsterda Dr. Guenelle sake, that does not municipal # ror of Pope show any m

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undertaking." But prudence, in those days of fierce political hatred and unblushing fabrications, was often of very little avail. Locke was well known as an adherent of Shaftesbury, and Shaftesbury had long and ardently favoured Monmouth's pretensions. Moreover, stories tending to discredit him with the advisers of the Court, and to connect his name with the plots of the other exiles, were probably circulating pretty freely at this time. On the 7th of May—a few days after Argyle had set out on his ill-starred expedition to Scotland, and while Monmouth was still preparing for his descent on the west coast of England — Colonel Skelton, who had been sent over as a special envoy to the Hague, presented to the States-General a list of persons regarded as dangerous by the English Government, and demanded their surrender. On this list Locke's name stood last, having been added, we are told, by Sir George Downing, the English representative at the Dutch Court, but whether or not in pursuance of further instructions from home we do not know. Locke was at this time living at Utrecht, and it was at once arranged that he should be concealed in the house of Dr. Veen, of Amsterdam, the father-in-law of his old acquaintance, Dr. Guenellon. Though it was necessary, for appearance' sake, that he should keep strictly to his hiding-place, he does not seem to have incurred any real danger. The municipal authorities of Amsterdam had too great a horror of Pepery and too much sympathy with liberty to show any marked zeal in carrying out the wishes of the English king; nor does the Prince of Orange himself appear to have been very eager to hunt out the fugitives, provided they went through the decent ceremony of concealing themselves from the ministers of justice. Locke the confinement was doubtless irksome; but he was

solated by the visits of his friends, especially of Limborch. and the monotony of his solitude was broken by a visit of a few weeks to Cleve. Here, however, he does not appear to have felt so safe as at Amsterdam; and, consequently, he soon returned to his old quarters, assuming the pame of Dr. Van der kinden, as at Cleve he had assumed that Meanwhile, two of his friends in England-William Penn, the celebrated Quaker, and the Earl of Pembroke, to whom he afterwards dedicated the Essaywere moving the king for a pardon. The latter, writing to Locke on the 20th of August, informs him that the king "bid me write to you to come over; I told him I would then bring you to kiss his hand, and he was fully satisfied I should." Locke, however, appears to have had little confidence in the king's sincerity, and, perhaps, no desire to compromise any political action that might be open to him in the future by making formal submission to a monarch who was tolerably certain to work out his own ruin. 'He still remained in concealment, and replied that, "having been guilty of no crime, he had no occasion for a pardon." But in May, 1686, all fear of arrest was removed by the appearance of a new proclamation of the States-General, in which his name was not included, and henceforth he was enabled to move about with perfect freedom.

The name of Limborch, one of the friends whom Locke made in Holland, has already been mentioned. A long series of letters which passed between them, beginning with Locke's arrival at Cleve in September, 1685, and ending only a few weeks before his death, is still extant, though some are still unpublished. This correspondence is interesting, not only as throwing light on Locke's pursuits, but also as affording a free expression of his theo-

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Thus, in a letter written to Limborch logical opinions. soon after his arrival at Cleve, with reference to a work recently published by Le Clerc, he acknowledges his perplexities respecting the plenary inspiration of the Bible. "If all things which are contained in the sacred books are equally to be regarded as inspired, without any distinctions, then we give philosophers a great handle for doubting of our faith and sincerity. If, on the contrary, some things are to be regarded as purely human, how shall we establish the divine authority of the Scriptures. without which the Christian religion will fall to the ground? What shall be our criterion? Where shall we draw the line?" He applies to Limborch for help, "For many things which occur in the canonical books, long before I read this treatise, have made me anxious and doubtful and I shall be most grateful if you could remove my From the character of his theological writings, composed during the latter years of his life, it would appear that these scruples were afterwards either removed or set aside,

With Le Clerc (Joannes Clericus) himself Locke first became personally acquainted after his return to Amsterdam in the winter of 1685–86. Le Clerc was still young, having been born at Geneva in 1657, but he had already acquired considerable reputation both as a philosopher and as a theologian. As a philosopher, he had at first embraced the doctrines of Descartes, but, in after-life, he leaned rather to those views which, a few years after the time of which I am writing, became famous by the publication of Locke's Essay. As a divine, his theology was liberal and critical beyond even that of the Remonstrant School. He questioned the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, regarded some of the books of the old Testa-3*

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ment as of purely human origin, and, in his treatment of the miracles and of Christian doctrine, rationalized so far as to expose himself to the charge of Socinianism, though he himself warmly repudiated the imputation. In literary activity and enterprise he yielded to no other author of the age. Such a man, full of energy and of novel views, ready to entertain and discuss any question of interest in theology, criticism, or philosophy, must have been peculiarly acceptable to an exile like Locke, whose mind was now engaged with just the same problems that were occupying Le Clerc. The intimacy between the two students, though never so affectionate as that between Locke and Limborch, soon became a close one. Though widely separated in age, and though differing, probably, in many of their specific opinions, they were conscious that they were travelling the same road—a way then little frequented the way which led from the received tenets of the churches and the schools to the arena of free inquiry and impartial investigation.

In the winter of 1685-86, Locke, while still hiding in Dr. Veen's house, employed himself in writing the famous *Epistola de Tolerantia*, addressed to Limborch. This tract was not, however, published till 1689, when it was almost immediately translated into English, Dutch, and French. Of the opinions expressed in this and the other letters on Toleration I shall have occasion to speak hereafter, when describing Locke's theological views. It must be recollected that, though now in his fifty-fourth year, he had as yet published nothing of any importance. He had, indeed, for several years been slowly putting together the materials for many books; but it is possible that his natural modesty, together with what seems to have been an excessive prudence, might have prevented him from

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giving any of his thoughts to the world, at least during his lifetime, had it not been for the fortunate circumstances which brought him into contact with Le Clerc. At the time when the two friends were introduced to one another, Le Clerc was projecting the Bibliothèque Universelle, one of the earliest literary and scientific reviews, and to this Locke soon became a constant contributor. In the July number of 1686 appears his method of a Commonplace Book, under the title, Méthode Nouvelle de dresser des Recueils. The ice was now broken, and from this time onwards we shall find his publications follow one another in rapid succession.

In September, 1686, Locke moved again to Utrecht, intending, apparently, to make a prolonged residence there; but in December, for some mysterious reason with which we are not acquainted, though connected in all probability with English politics, he was threatened with expulsion from the city, and was obliged to return to Amsterdam. It seems, from his correspondence with Limborch, that he did not wish this expulsion to be talked about. At the same time, he accepted stoically the inconveniences to which it but him. "These are the sports of fortune, or rather the ordinary chances of human life, which come as naturally as wind and rain to travellers." At Amsterdam he remained for two months as the guest of his old friend, Dr. Guchellon, and then removed to Rotterdam, where, with occasional breaks, he resided during the rest of his stay in Holland. This removal was undoubtedly connected with the turn which English politics were now taking at the Dutch Court. Monmouth being now out of the way, the only quarter to which those who were weary of the Stuart despotism could look for redress was the House of Orange. Secret negotiations were at thistime going

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on with the Prince and Princess, and there can be no doubt that Locke was taking an active share in the schemes that were in preparation. Rotterdam was within a short distance of the Hague, and also a convenient place for carrying on a correspondence with England as well as for ameeting the Englishmen who landed in Holland. As soon as Locke arrived at Rotterdam his hands seems to have been tolerably full of political business. Writing to Limborch in February, 1686-87, he says, "To politics I gave but little thought at Amsterdam; here I cannot pay much attention to literature." Mr. Fox Bourne conjectures that it was through Lord Mordaunt, afterwards Earl of Peterborough, who shortly before this time had taken up his residence in Holland, that Locke was brought into personal relations with the Prince and Princess. Any way, these relations gradually ripened into friendship, and a mutual feeling of respect and admiration seems soon to have grown up between him and the royal couple.

While at Rotterdam, Locke resided with Benjamin Furly, an English Quaker, who was a merchant of considerable wealth and a great book-collector. At Furly's death, in 1714, the sale-catalogue of his books occupied nearly 400 pages. Locke was thus at no loss for the instruments of his trade, and, notwithstanding his preoccupation in politics, he seems to have been working with fair assiduity at the *Essay* and on other literary subjects. In the number of the *Bibliothèque Universelle* for January, 1687–88, appeared an abstract of the *Essay*, translated into French by Le Clerc, from a manuscript written by Locke, which is still extant. The epitome was announced as communicated by Monsieur Locke, and a note was appended inviting criticisms, if anything false, obscure, or defective were remarked in the system. After the review

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had appeared, separate copies of the epitome were struck off, and the opuscule, with a short dedication to the Earl of Pembroke, was published in a separate form. went to Amsterdam for the purpose of superintending the printing of the epitome, and appears to have been sorely tried by the "drunken" and "lying" workmen, who, however, were all "good Christians," "orthodox believers," and "marked for salvation by the distinguishing L that stands on their door-posts, or the funeral sermon that they may have for a passport if they will go to the charge of it." On the 29th of February he returned to Furly's house, where he seems to have lived in great comfort, and on most intimate and affectionate terms with the family. One of the sons, a little boy of four or five years old, named Arent, was a special favourite, and is playfully alluded to in the letters to Furly as "my little friend!" Kindness to children seems always to have been one of Locke's characteristics, as it is of all men of simple manners and warm hearts.

It was on the 1st of November, 1688, that William of Orange set out on his expedition to England. Locke still remained in Holland, and appears to have had frequent interviews with the Princess Mary, who was waiting till she could with safety join her husband. At last the word was given from England, and, after being detained for some time by unfavourable weather, the royal party, accompanied by Locke and Lady Mordaunt, left the Hague on the 11th of February, 1688–89. They arrived at Greenwich on the following day. It was with mixed feelings that Locke took leave of the country where he had been entertained so long, and where he had formed so many warm and congenial friendships. Writing to Limborch shortly before his departure, he says, "There are

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many considerations which urge me not to miss this opportunity of sailing: the expectation of my friends; my private affairs, which have now been long neglected; the number of pirates in the channel; and the charge of the noble lady (Lady Mordaunt) with whom I am about to travel. But I trust that you will believe me when I say that I have found here another country, and I might almost say other relations; for all that is dearest in that expression good-will, love, kindness - bonds that are stronger than blood—I have experienced amongst you. It is owing to this fellow-feeling, which has always been shown to me by your countrymen, that, though absent from my own people and exposed to every kind of trouble, I have never yet felt sick at heart." Still, it must have been with a thrill of delight that, after an absence of more than five years, he once more stepped on the shores of his native land, and felt that a new era of liberty and glory had dawned for her.

About a week after his arrival in England, Loeke was offered, through Lord Mordaunt, the post of ambassador to Frederick the First, Elector of Brandenburg. The letter to Lord Mordaunt, in which he declines the post, shows the feeble condition in which, notwithstanding all his precautions, his health still continued. "It is the most touching displeasure I have ever received from that weak and broken constitution of my health, which has so long threatened my life, that it now affords me not a body suitable to my mind in so desirable an occasion of serving his Majesty. . . . What shall a man do in the necessity of application and variety of attendance on business who sometimes,

¹ It should be mentioned, perhaps, that the correspondence between Locke and Limborch is in Latin.

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after a little motion, has not breath to speak, and cannot borrow an hour or two of watching from the night without repaying it with a great waste of time the next day?" But there was another reason, besides his health, why he could not accept a mission to the Court of Brandenburg. "If I have reason to apprehend the cold air of the country, there is yet another thing in it as inconsistent with my constitution, and that is their warm drinking." It was true that he might oppose obstinate refusal, but then that would be to take more care of his own health than "It is no small matter in such of the king's business. stations to be acceptable to the people one has to do with, in being able to accommodate one's self to their fashions; and I imagine, whatever I may do there myself, the knowing what others are doing is at least one half of my business, and I know no such rack in the world to draw out men's thoughts as a well-managed bottle. If, therefore, it were fit for to advise in this case, I should think it more for the king's interest to send a man of equal parts that could drink his share than the soberest man in the kingdom." But, though Locke shrank from this post, the importance of which could hardly be exaggerated, for Frederick was the ally on whom William most confided in his opposition to Louis the Fourteenth, he was ready to place his services at the disposal of the Government for domes-"If there be anything wherein I may flatter myself I have attained any degree of capacity to serve his Majesty, it is in some little knowledge I perhaps may have in the constitutions of my country, the temper of my countrymen, and the divisions amongst them, whereby I persuade myself I may be more useful to him at home, though I cannot but see that such an employment would be of greater advantage to myself abroad, would but my

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health assent to it." The disinterested patriotism of this letter was only of a piece with the whole of Locke's political life. He was next offered the embassy to Vienna, and, in fact, invited to name any diplomatic appointment which he would be prepared to accept; but he regarded his health as an insuperable bar to work of this kind at so critical a time in the history of Europe. Having declined all foreign employment, he was now named a Commissioner of Appeals, an office with small emolument and not much work, which he appears to have retained during the remainder of his life. This office seems to have been given to him partly as a compensation for the arrears of salary due under the late Government; for, with an exhausted exchequer, it was impossible to satisfy such claims by immediate payment.

Locke's health suffered considerably by his return to London. Writing to Limborch shortly after his arrival, and complaining of the worry caused him by the pressure of private affairs and public business, the climax of all his grievances, we are hardly surprised to find, is the injury to his health "from the pestilent smoke of this city" (Malignus hujus urbis fumus). Amongst the public affairs which claimed his attention, the foremost, doubtless, was the attempt then being made to widen the basis of the National Church by a measure of comprehension, as well as to relieve of civil disabilities the more extreme or scrupulous of the sectaries by what was called a measure of indulgence or toleration. Locke, of course, with his friend Lord Mordaunt, took the most liberal side open to him as respects these measures; but he complains that the episcopal clergy were unfavourable to these as well as to other reforms, whether to their own advantage and that of the State it was for them to consider. Unfortunately both was allowed thirty-four (the greater make a spec and in the measure of pared to gra which was a cently passed he uses apole granted, but like you, tru desire. these beginn and peace or established." the same law

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gles which were carried on at the beginning of William's reign was, on the whole, in favor of the less tolerant party. The Comprehension Bill, after being violently attacked and languidly defended, was dropped altogether. Toleration Bill, though passed by pretty general consent, and affording a considerable measure of relief on the existing law, was entirely of the nature of a compromise, and what we should now note as most remarkable in it is the number of its provisos and exceptions. No relief was granted to the believer in transubstantiation or the disbeliever in the Trinity. No dissenting minister, moreover, was allowed to exercise his vocation unless he subscribed thirty-four out of the Thirty-nine Articles, together with The Quakers had to the greater part of two others. make a special declaration of belief in the Holy Trinity and in the Divine inspiration of the Scriptures. measure of toleration which Locke would have been prepared to grant, it need hardly be said, far exceeded that which was accorded by the Act. Speaking of the law recently passed in a letter to Limborch on the 6th of June, he uses apologetic language. "Toleration has indeed been granted, but not with that latitude which you and men like you, true Christians without ambition or envy, would But it is something to have got thus far. these beginnings I hope are laid the foundations of liberty and peace on which the Church of Christ will hereafter be established." In a subsequent letter, speaking again of the same law, he says, "People will always differ from one another about religion, and carry on constant strife and war, until the right of every one to perfect liberty in these matters is conceded, and they can be united in one body by a bond of mutual charity." If there be any truth in

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the tradition to which Lord King alludes, that Locke himself negotiated the terms of the Toleration Act, he must have regarded it simply as an instalment of religious liberty, the utmost that could be procured under the circumstances, and an earnest of better things to come.

On William's accession to the throne, one only of the English Sees was vacant, the Bishopric of Salisbury. To this he nominated the famous Gilbert Burnet, who had been one of his advisers in Holland. Locke, in one of his letters to Limborch, tells a rather malicious story of the new prelate. When he paid his first visit to the king after his consecration, his Majesty observed that his hat was a good deal larger than usual, and asked him what was the object of so very much brim. The bishop replied that it was the shape suitable to his dignity. "I hope," answered the king, "that the hat won't turn your head."

The topic that most interested Locke probably at this time, next to the political regeneration of his country, was the approaching publication of the Essay. The work must have been finished, or all but finished, when he left Holland. In May, 1689, he wrote the dedication to the Earl of Pembroke, and the printing commenced shortly afterwards. The proof-sheets were sent to Le Clerc. As before at Amsterdam, the printers appear to have caused him some trouble, but the book was in the booksellers' shops early in 1690. It is a fine folio, "printed by Eliz. Holt for Thomas Basset at the George in Fleet Street, near St. Dunstan's Church." Locke received 301, for the copyright. But when we remember that Milton only lived to receive 101. for Paradise Lost, we cannot feel much surprise at Locke's rate of payment. The days when authorship was to become a lucrative profession were still far distant in England.

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Previously to the publication of the Essay, in the spring of 1689, the Epistola de Tolerantia had appeared at Gouda, in Holland; but it was published anonymously, and apparently without Locke's knowledge, the responsibility of giving it to the world being undertaken by Limborch, to whom it had been addressed. On the title-page are some mysterious letters, the invention, probably, of Limborch: "Bpistola de Tolerantia ad Clarissimum Virum T. A. R. P. T. O. L. A. Scripta a P. A. P. O. I. L. A." These being interpreted are, "Theologiæ Apud Remonstraftes Professorem, Tyrannidis Osorem, Limborchium Amstelodamensem;" and "Pacis Amico, Persecutionis Psore, Joanne Lockio Anglo." Dutch and French translations were issued almost immediately, and the book at once created considerable discussion on the Continent; but it does not at the first appear to have excited much attention in England. Locke himself was for some time unable to obtain a copy. In the course of the year, however, it was translated into English by one William Popple, an Unitarian merchant residing in London. In the preface the translator, alluding to recent legislation, says, "We have need of more generous remedies than what have yet been made use of in our distemper. It is neither declarations of indulgence nor acts of comprehension, such as have as yet been practised or projected amongst us, that can do the work. Absolute liberty, just and true liberty, equal and impartial liberty, is the thing that we stand in need of."

Locke affords a curious instance of a man who, having carefully shunned publication up to a late period of life, then gave forth a series of works in rapid succession. It would seem as if he had long mistrusted his own powers, or as if he had doubted of the expediency of at once

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seeking a wide circulation for his views, but that, having once ventured to reveal himself to the public, he was emboldened, if not impelled, to proceed. Early in 1690, there appeared not only the Essay, but also the Two Treatises of Government. These were published anonymously, but it must soon have been known that Locke was their author. For reasons which I have given in another chapter, the former of the two treatises, which is a criticism of Sir Robert Filmer's Patriarcha, seems to have been written between 1680 and 1685, the latter during the concluding period of Locke's stay in Holland, while the English Revolution was being prepared and consummated.

The translation of the Epistle on Toleration soon provoked a lively controversy. To one answer, that by Jonas Proast, Locke replied in a Second Letter concerning Toleration, signed by Philanthropus, and dated May 27, 1690. Proast, as the manner is in such controversies, replied again, and Locke wrote a Third Letter for Toleration, again signed Philanthropus, and dated June 20, 1692. After many years' silence, Proast wrote a rejoinder in 1704, and to this Locke replied in the Fourth Letter for Toleration, which, however, he did not live to publish, or, indeed, to complete. It appeared amongst his Posthumous Works. These Letters on Toleration doubtless exercised great influence in their day, and probably contributed, in large measure, to bring about the more enlightened views on this subject which in this country, at least, are now all but universal.

The authorship of the Letters on Toleration, though it could hardly fail to be pretty generally known, was first districtly acknowledged by Locke in the codicil to his will. Limborch, on being hard pressed, had divulged it,

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in the spring of 1690, to Guenellon and Veen, but they appear, contrary to what generally happens in such cases, to have kept the secret to themselves. Locke, however, was much irritated at the indiscretion of Limborch, and "If you had enfor once wrote him an angry letter. trusted me with a secret of this kind, I would not have divulged it to relation, or friend, or any mortal being, under any circumstances whatsoever. You do not know the trouble into which you have brought me." It is not easy to see why Locke should have felt so disquieted at the prospect of his authorship being discovered, but it may be that he hoped to bring about some extension of the limits of the Toleration Act which had been passed in the preceding year, and that he feared that his hands might be tied by the discovery that he entertained what, at that time, would be regarded as such extreme views; or it may have been simply that he was afraid, if his authorship were once acknowledged, of being dragged into a long and irksome controversy with the bigots of the various ecclesiastical parties which were then endeavouring to maintain or recover their ascendancy.



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CHAPTER V.

LIFE AT OATES.—FRIENDSHIPS.—FURTHER PUBLICATIONS.

SHORTLY after Locke returned to England, he settled down in lodgings in the neighbourhood of what is now called Cannon Row, Westminster. But the fogs and smoke of London then, as now, were not favourable to persons of delicate health, and he seems to have been glad of any opportunity of breathing the country air. Amongst his places of resort were Parson's Green, the suburban residence of Lord Mordaunt, now Earl of Monmouth, and Oates, a manor-house, in the parish of High Laver, in Essex, the seat of Sir Francis and Lady Masham, situated in a pleasant pastoral country, about twenty miles from London. Lady Masham had become known to him as Damaris Cudworth, before his retreat to Holland, and it is plain that from the first she had excited his admiration She was the daughter of Dr. Ralph Cudworth, Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, author of The True Intellectual System of the Universe, and of a posthumous work, still better known, A Treatise concerning Eternal and Immutable Morality. The close connexion which, in the latter years of his life, subsisted between Locke, the foremost name amongst the empirical philosophers of modern times, and the daughter of Cudworth, the most uncompromising of the a priori moralists and philosophers of the seventeenth century, may be regarded ICATIONS.

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as one of the ironies of literary history. Damaris Cudworth, inheriting her father's tastes, took great interest in learning of all kinds, and specially in philosophy and theology. There was one point of community between her father and Locke besides their common pursuits, namely, the wide and philosophical view which they both took of theological controversies. Cudworth belonged to the small but learned and refined group of Cambridge Platonists or Latitudinarians, as they were called, which also numbered Henry More, John Smith, Culverwell, and Whichcote. Liberal and tolerant Churchmanship in those days, when it was so rare, was probably a much closer bond of union than it is now, and the associations which she had formed with her father's liberal, philosophical, and devout spirit must have helped to endear Locke to the daughter of Dr. Cudworth. \ During Locke's absence'from England, Damaris Cudworth had married, as his second wife, Sir Francis Masham, an amiable and hospitable country gentleman, who seems to have occupied a prominent position in his county. With them lived Mrs. Cudworth, the widow of Dr. Cudworth, one little son, Francis, and a daughter by the former marriage, Esther, who was about fourteen when Locke commenced his visits to the family. From the first he seems to have had some idea of settling down at Oates, "making trial of the air of the place," than which, as Lady Masham tells us, "he thought none would be more suitable to him." After a very severe illness in the autumn of 1690, he spent several months with the Mashams, and appears then to have formed a more definite plan of making Oates his home. But, though his hospitable friends gave him every assurance of a constant welcome, he would only consent to regard it as a permanent residence on his own terms, which were that

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he should pay his share of the household expenses. With true kindness and courtesy, Sir Francis and Lady Masham, at last, in the spring of 1891, agreed to this arrangement, and "Mr. Locke then," says Lady Masham, "believed himself at home with us, and resolved, if it pleased God, here to end his days as he did." Devoted and sympathetic friends, a pleasant residence, freedom from domestic or pecuniary cares, and the pure fresh air of the country seem to have afforded him all the enjoyment and leisure which we could have wished for him. After having had more than his share of the storms of life, he had at last found a quiet and pleasant haven wherein to enjoy the calm and sunshine of his declining years. Occasionally, and especially during the summer, he visited London, where, at first, he retained his old chambers at Westminster, moving afterwards to Lincoln's Inn Fields. But Oates was now his home, and it continued to be so to the end of his life.

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Locke was always an attached friend, and we have seen already how many warm friendships he had formed in vonth and middle age. At the present time, besides Limborch, Le Clere, Lord Monmouth, and the Mashams, we may mention among his more intimate friends Lord Pembroke, the young Lord Ashley, Somers, Boyle, and Newton. Lord Pembroke (to whom the Essay is dedicated in what we should now regard as a tone of overwrought compliment) opened his town house for weekly meetings in which, instead of political and personal gossip, things of the mind were discussed. These conversations, "undisturbed by such as could not bear a part in the best entertainment of rational minds, free discourse concerning useful truths," were a source of great enjoyment to Locke during his London residence. It was through his introduction the sion to the wards riper

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The correspondence between Locke and Limbotch, while Lord Pembroke was in Holland, reveals to us the gurious fact that there was no organized carrying trade Between England and Holland at that time. On returning, the Earl, or his Secretary, was commissioned to bring back a pound of ten and copies of the Acta Eruditorum. The ten must be had at any price. "I want the best tea," Locke writes to Limborch, "even if it costs forty florins a pound; only you must be quick, or we shall lose this opportunity, and I doubt whether we shall have another." The price that he was ready to pay for a pound of tea would be about 9/. at the present value of money. But tea at that time was regarded rather as a medicine than a beverage.

Young Lord Ashley, it will be recollected, had, like his father, been under the charge of Locke when a child. After being at school for some years at Winchester, and spending some time in travelling on the Continent, he was now again in London, living in his father's house at Chelsea. It is plain that the young philosopher saw a good deal of his "foster-father," as he called him, and they must often have discussed together the questions which were so interesting to them both. Ashley, moreover, who was already beginning to solve the problems of philosophy in his own way, addressed a number of letters to Locke, freely, but courteously and good-humouredly, criticising his

master's views.

Sir John Somers, now Solicitor-General, and successively Attorney-General, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, and Lord Chancellor, with the title of Lord Somers, had been

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known to Locke before his retirement to Holland. were both of them attached to the Shaftesbury connexion, and hence, though Somers was nearly twenty years the junior, they had probably already seen a good deal of each other when William ascended the throne. On Locke's return to England, he found Somers a member of the Convention Parliament. The younger man, both when he was a rising barrister and a successful minister, seems frequently to have consulted the elder one, and Locke's principles of government, finance, and toleration must often have exerted a considerable influence both on his speeches and his measures. Nor had Locke any reason to be ashamed of his teaching. "Lord Somers," says Horace Walpole, "was one of those divine men who, like a chapel in a palace, remain unprofaned, while all the rest is tyranny, corruption, and folly." It was, perhaps, through Somers that Locke made the acquaintance of another great and wise statesman, Charles Montague, subsequently Lord Halifax, with whom, at least during the later years of his life, he had much political connexion, and by whom he was frequently called into counsel.

The acquaintance between Locke and Newton, of whom Newton was the junior by more than ten years, most probably began before Locke's departure to Holland. Both had then for some time been members of the Royal Society, and both were friends of Boyle. The first positive evidence, however, that we have of their relations is afforded by a paper, entitled "A Demonstration that the Planets, by their gravity towards the Sun, may move in Eclipses," and endorsed in Locke's handwriting, "Mr. Newton, March, 1689." In the summer or autumn of the same year, probably, was written the epistle to the reader prefixed to the Essay. In that occurs the following passage, expressing

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no doubt Locke's genuine opinion of the great writers whom he names:-"The Commonwealth of learning is not at this time without master-builders, whose mighty designs in advancing the sciences will leave lasting monuments to the admiration of posterity; but every one must not hope to be a Boyle or a Sydenham, and in an age that produces such masters as the great Huygenius and the incomparable Mr. Newton, with some other of that strain, 'tis ambition enough to be employed as an under-labourer in clearing ground a little, and removing some of the rubbish that lies in the way to knowledge." Locke interested himself long and warmly in attempting to obtain for Newton some lucrative appointment in London. Newton's letters occasionally betray querulousness, but there can be no reason to suppose that Locke at all flagged in his efforts, and ultimately, with the assistance of Lord Monmouth, Lord Halifax, and others, they proved successful. Newton was, in course of time, appointed Warden, and then Master of the Mint. In January, 1690-91, the philosopher and the mathematician met at Oates. Their conversation there probably turned chiefly on theological topics, as was the case with most of their correspondence afterwards. Newton was greatly interested not only in theological speculation, but in the interpretation of prophecy and Biblical criticism, on both of which subjects works by him are extant. In 1690 he wrote a manuscript letter to Locke, entitled "An Historical Account of Two Notable Corruptions of Scripture in a Letter to a Friend," the texts criticised being 1 John v. 7, and 1 Timothy iii. 16. corruption of the former of these texts is now almost universally, and that of the latter very generally, acknowledged; but so jealous of orthodoxy, in respect of anything which seemed to affect the doctrine of the Trinity, was

public opinion at that time, that Newton did no tdare to publish the pamphlet. Locke, who was meditating a visit to Holland, was, by Newton's wish, to have taken it over with him, and to have had it translated into French, and published anonymously. But the intended visit fell through, and Locke sent the manuscript over to Le Clerc. So timid, however, was Newton, that he now tried to recall it. "Let me entreat you," he writes to Locke, "to stop the translation and impression of the papers as soon as you can, for I desire to suppress them." Le Clerc thought more nobly and more justly that "one ought to risk a little in order to be of service to those honest folk who err only through ignorance, and who, if they get a chance, would gladly be disabused of their false notions." The letter was not published till after its author's death, and at first it appeared only in an imperfect form. In Bishop Horsley's edition of Newton it is printed com-Newton's unpublished writings leave no doubt that he did not accept the orthodox doctrine of the Trinity, and it may have been his consciousness of this fact which made him so afraid of being known to be the author of what was merely a critical exercitation. But we must recollect that at this time Biblical criticism was unfamiliar to the majority of divines, and that to question the authenticity of a text was generally regarded as identical with doubting the doctrine which it was supposed to illustrate. One of the other subjects on which Locke and Newton corresponded was a parcel of red earth which had been left by Boyle, who died on Dec. 30, 1691, to Locke and his other literary executors, with directions for turning it into gold. Locke seems to have had some faith in the alchemistic process, but it is plain that Newton had none. He was satisfied that "mercury, by this recipe, might be brought to
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brought to change its colours and properties, but not that gold might be multiplied thereby." Some workmen of whom he had heard as practising the recipe had been forced to other means of living, a proof that the multiplication of gold did not succeed as a profession. Occasionally, owing to Newton's nervous and irritable temper, which at one time threatened to settle down into a fixed melancholy, there seems to have been some misunderstanding of Locke on his part, but it is satisfactory to know that the two greatest literary men of their age in England, if not in Europe, lived, almost without interruption, in friendly and even intimate relations with each other.

The close intercourse between Boyle and Locke, which dated from their Oxford days, seems to have been kept up till the time of Boyle's death. Locke made a special journey to London to visit him on his death-bed, and was, as we have seen, left one of his literary executors. The editing of Boyle's General History of the Air had already been committed to Locke, and seems to have occupied

much of his time during the year 1691.

Of Locke's less-known friends, Dr. David Thomas must have died between 1687, when there is a letter from him to Locke, and 1700, when Locke speaks of having outlived him. Sir James Tyrrell, another old college friend, usually spoken of in Locke's correspondence as Musidore, was in communication with him as late as April, 1704, the year of his death. He had, as already stated, been present at the "meeting of five or six friends" in Locke's chamber, which first suggested the composition of the Essay.

Edward Clarke, of Chipley, near Taunton, was another friend of old standing. He was elected member for Taunton in King William's second parliament, and from that

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time forward resided much in London. This circumstance probably deepened the intimacy between the two friends; at all events, during the remainder of Locke's life they are constantly associated. Locke advised Clarke as to the education of his children, one of whom, Betty, a little girl now about ten years old, seems to have been regarded by him with peculiar affection; in his letters he constantly speaks of her as "Mrs. Locke" and his "wife." playful banter with which Locke treated his child friends affords unmistakable evidence of the kindness and simplicity of his heart.

William Molyneux, who for many years represented the University of Dublin in the Irish parliament, referred to in the second edition of the Essay as "that very ingenious and studious promoter of real knowledge, the worthy and learned Mr. Molyneux," "this thinking gentleman whom, though I have never had the happiness to see, I am proud to call my friend," first became acquainted with Locke in 1692. In his Dioptrica Nova, published in that year, he had paid Locke a graceful, if not an exaggerated, compliment. "To none do we owe, for a greater advancement in this part of philosophy," he said, speaking of logic, "than to the incomparable Mr. Locke, who hath rectified more received mistakes, and delivered more profound truths, established on experience and observation, for the direction of man's mind in the prosecution of knowledge, which I think may be properly termed logic, than are to be met with in all the volumes of the ancients. He has clearly overthrown all those metaphysical whimsies which infected men's brains with a spice of madness, whereby they feigned a knowledge where they had none, by making a noise with sounds without clear and distinct significations." Locke was pleased with the compliment, and a letter acknowledgin ginning of ended only of forty-two though in other, Moly Locke, fron crossing the soon to hav tle's dictum continuance all their liv Sept. 20, 16 me live wit ance of a s men in the to covet, I 1 iarity of a r ever I can l mind as we sight; and, surrendered my expectat to England Locke, in a deprecating him adds:there is not other unavo A rational, i so rare a th

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knowledging the receipt of Molyneux's book was the beginning of a long correspondence between them, which ended only with the early death of Molyneux, at the age of forty-two, in 1698. For nearly six years the friends, though in constant correspondence, had never seen each other, Molyneux residing in Dublin, and suffering, like Locke, from feeble health, which prevented him from crossing the Channel. But the feeling of affection seems soon to have become as intense, notwithstanding Aristotle's dictum that personal intercourse is essential to the continuance of friendship, as if they had lived together In his second letter to Molyneux, dated all their lives. Sept. 20, 1692, Locke says:—"You must expect to have me live with you hereafter, with all the liberty and assurance of a settled friendship. For meeting with but few men in the world whose acquaintance I find much reason to covet, I make more than ordinary haste into the familiarity of a rational inquirer after and lover of truth, whenever I can light on any sugh. There are beauties of the mind as well as of the body, that take and prevail at first sight; and, wherever I have met with this, I have readily surrendered myself, and have never yet been deceived in my expectation." Molyneux had thought of coming over to England on a visit to Locke in the summer of 1694. Locke, in a letter written in the following spring, after deprecating the risks to which his journey might expose him adds:--" And yet, if I may confess my secret thoughts, there is not anything which I would not give that some other unavoidable occasion would draw you into England. A rational, free-minded man, tied to nothing but truth, is so rare a thing that I almost worship such a friend; but, when friendship is joined to it, and these are brought into a free conversation, where they meet and can be together,

what is there can have equal charms? I cannot but exceedingly wish for that happy day when I may see a man I have so often longed to have in my embraces. . . . You cannot think how often I regret the distance that is between us; I envy Dublin for what I every day want in London." In a subsequent letter, written in 1695, he writes:—"I cannot complain that I have not my share of friends of all ranks, and such whose interest, assistance, affection, and opinions too, in fit cases, I can rely on. But methinks, for all this, there is one place vacant that I know nobody would so well fill as yourself; I want one near me to talk freely with "de quolibet ente," to propose to the extravagancies that rise in my mind; one with whom I would debate several doubts and questions to see what was in them." Thomas Molyneux, the brother of William, a physician practising in Dublin, had met Locke during his stay in Holland. They shared a common admiration for Sydenham, and the correspondence with William Molyneux revived their friendship, though it never attained to nearly the same proportions as that between Locke and the other brother. A passage on what may be called the Logic of Medicine, in one of Locke's letters to Thomas Molyneux, is worth quoting:—"What we know of the works of nature, especially in the constitution of health and the operations of our own bodies, is only by the sensible effects, but not by any certainty we can have of the tools she uses or the ways she walks by. So that there is nothing left for a physician to do but to observe well, and so, by analogy, argue to like cases, and thence make to himself rules of practice."

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est and Raising the Value of Money in a letter sent to a Member of Parliament, 1691." This letter was published anonymously in the following year. The member of Parliament was undoubtedly Sir John Somers, who had "put" the author "upon looking out his old papers concerning the reducing of interest to 4 per cent., which had so long," nearly twenty years, "lain by, forgotten." The time to which Locke refers must be the year 1672, when the Exchequer was closed, that is to say, all payments to the public creditors suspended for a year, and the interest on the Bankers' advances reduced to six per cent. This nefarious act of spoliation, which caused wide-spread ruin and distress, was devised while Shaftesbury was Chancellor of the Exchequer, but the main blame in the transaction probably attaches to Clifford. "The notions concerning coinage," which are embodied in the second division of the pamphlet, had been put into writing and apparently shown to Somers about twelve months before the date of the letter. On the occasion and contents of this pamphlet, as well as of Locke's other tracts on Finance, I shall have an opportunity of speaking in subsequent chapters.

Many of my readers will sympathize with Locke in his complaints of the waste of his time during this autumn. Writing to Limborch on Nov. 14, he says, "I know not how it is, but the pressure of other people's business has left me no time or leisure for my own affairs. Do not suppose that I mean public business. I have neither health, nor strength, nor knowledge enough to attend to that. And when I ask myself what has so hampered and occupied me during the last three months, it seems as if a sort of spell had been thrown on me, so that I have got entangled first in one business and then in another, without being able to avoid it, or, in fact, to foresee what was

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coming." Locke was pre-eminently a good-natured man, and, like many other men before and since, he had to pay the penalty of good-nature by doing a vast amount of other people's business, often probably with scant acknowledgment. One of the occupations in which he was engaged may have been doctoring the household at Oates and advising medically for his friends at a distance; but in business of this kind, though he may have grudged the time it consumed, he seems always to have taken special de light.

In the summer of 1692 he spent a considerable time in London. His main business there seems to have been to see the Third Letter on Toleration through the press. But he was now, as ever, ready to do work for his friends. Thus he obtained for Limborch the permission to dedicate the book which he had so long been preparing, the Historia Inquisitionis, to Tillotson, then Archbishop of Canterbury. Limborch evidently set great store on this privilege. Of Tillotson, Locke seems to have entertained a very high opinion; which, indeed, was thoroughly well deserved. "In proportion to his renown and worth is his modesty." Tillotson was not one of those liberal Churchmen whom promotion makes timid, or cold to their former friends. He was maligned by an unforgiving and unscrupulous faction, more, perhaps, than any other man of that age, but he always retained the courage of his opin-

Locke's health seems to have suffered much during the winter of 1692-93. But he still occupied himself with literary work. While in Holland, he had corresponded frequently with Clarke on the education of his children. Yielding to the solicitation of many of his friends, especially William Molyneux, he now reduced the letters

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to the form of a treatise, which was published in July, 693, under the title Some Thoughts Concerning Education. The dedication to Clarke bears date in the previous March, and is signed by Locke, though his name does not appear on the title-page. The most serious work, however, in which he was now engaged, was the preparation of a second edition of the Essay. The first edition seems to have been exhausted in the autumn of 1692. On the alterations and additions introduced into the second edition, there is an interesting correspondence with Molyneux, ranging from Sept. 20, 1692, to May 26, 1694, when the new edition, notwithstanding the "slowness of the press," was "printed and bound, and ready to be sent" to Locke's Dublin correspondent. Besides suggestions in detail, such as those touching the questions of liberty and personal identity, Molyneux urged Locke to undertake a separate work on Ethics, a suggestion which for a time he entertained favourably, but which, owing partly, perhaps, to his idea that the principles and rules of morality ought to be presented in a demonstrative form, was never carried out. Though he does not seem to have doubted that "morality might be demonstrably made out," yet whether he was able so to make it out was another ques-"Every one could not have demonstrated what Mr. Newton's book hath shown to be demonstrable." He was, however, ready to employ the first leisure he could find that way. But the treatise never proceeded beyond a few rough notes. Another reason assigned, at a later period, for not more seriously setting about this task was that "the Gospel contains so perfect a body of ethics, that reason may be excused for that inquiry, since she may find man's duty clearer and easier in revelation than in herself." This argument shows at once the sincerity of Locke's religious convictions, and the inadequate con-

ception he had formed to himself of the grounds and nature of Moral Philosophy. Another suggestion made by Molyneux was that, besides a second edition of the Essay, Locke should bring out, in accordance with the main lines of his philosophy, another work forming a complete compendium of logic and metaphysics for the use of University Students. No one can regret that the author of the Essay did not adopt this advice. Apropos of this suggestion, Molyneux tells Locke that Dr. Ashe, then Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, "was so wonderfully pleased and satisfied with the work, that he has ordered it to be read by the bachelors in the college, and strictly examines them in their progress therein." From that time onwards the *Essay* seems to have held its ground as a class-book at Dublin. The reception which it met with at first from the authorities of Locke's own University, as we shall see presently, was widely different. In May, 1694, the second edition was on sale, and was quickly exhausted. The third edition, which is simply a reprint of the second, appeared in the following year. One more edition, the fourth, dated 1700, but issued in the autumn of 1699, appeared during Locke's lifetime. In it there are important alterations and additions, including two new chapters—that on Enthusiasm, and the very important one at the end of the second book, on the Association of Ideas. A Latin translation of the Essay by Richard Burridge, an Irish Clergyman, was published at London, in 1701; and a French translation by Pierre Coste, who was a friend of Le Clerc,

and had been acting for some time as tutor to young

Frank Masham at Amsterdam, in 1700. John Wynne, Fel-

low of Jesus College, Oxford, and subsequently Bishop of

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sity Students, in 1696. Wynne had a large number of pupils, and the compendium of Locke's philosophy appears to have obtained rapid circulation among the younger students in Oxford, only, however, as we shall soon see, to encounter the opposition of the authorities.

It is notable that all the important alterations and additions made in the second edition of the Essay were printed on separate slips, and issued, without charge, to those who possessed the first. Sir James Tyrrell's copy of the first edition, with these slips pasted in, is in the British Museum; and that of William Molyneux in the Bodleian. In sending to Molyneux the second edition, Locke had also forwarded the slips to be pasted in the first, which would "help to make the book useful to any young man;" but whether Molyneux gave the copy now in the Bodleian to "any young man," and, if so, who the fortunate young man was, we do not learn.

The first writer who had taken up his pen against Locke was John Norris, the amiable and celebrated Vicar of Bemerton, a religious and philosophical mystic, whose works are even still in repute. Norris was a disciple of Malebranche, and his attack seems to have had the effect of leading Locke to make a careful study of the theories of the French philosopher. The result was two tractates —one entitled Remarks upon some of Mr. Norris's Books; the other, An Examination of Père Malebranche's Opinion of seeing all things in God. The latter is much the more considerable production of the two, and is mainly remarkable as showing that Locke saw clearly that the conclusions, subsequently drawn by Berkeley, must follow from Malebranche's premises. Neither of/these tracts was published till after Locke's death. The reasons assigned by him for not publishing his criticisms of Malebranche are

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characteristic: "I love not controversies, and have a personal kindness for the author."

Locke's literary activity during the years 1689-95 appears excessive; but we must recollect that he had already accumulated a vast amount of material, and that, during the latter part of that time at least, he must have enjoyed considerable leisure in his country retirement. In the early months of 1695 he was mainly occupied with a new subject—the Essay on the Reasonableness of Christianity as delivered in the Scriptures. Though this work was designed to establish the supernatural character of the Christian revelation, and its importance to mankind, it by no means satisfied the canons of a strict orthodoxy. Some of the more mysterious and less intelligible doctrines of the Christian Church, if not denied, were at least represented as unessential to saving faith. Hence it at once provoked a bitter controversy. "The buz, the flutter, and noise which was made, and the reports which were raised," says its author, "would have persuaded the world that it subverted all morality, and was designed against the Christian religion. I must confess, discussions of this kind, which I met with, spread up and down, at first amazed me; knowing the sincerity of those thoughts which persuaded me to publish it, not without some hope of doing some service to decaying piety and mistaken and slandered Christianity." The first assailant was John Edwards, a former Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, who in a violent pamphlet, entitled Thoughts concerning the Causes and Occasions of Atheism, included the Reasonableness of Christiantly in his attack, and insinuated that Locke was its author by affecting to disbelieve it. The book was described as "all over Socinianized," and a Socinian, if not an atheist, is, according to Edwards, "one that favours

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the cause of atheism." That there was much similarity between the apparent opinions of Locke and the doctrines of Faustus Socinus himself, though not of Socinus's more extreme followers, who were also popularly called Socinians, admits of no doubt. But the charge of favouring atheism can only have been brought against a man who regarded the existence of God as "the most obvious truth that reason discovers," and who appears never to have questioned the reality of supernatural intervention, from time to time, in the world's history, because it happened to be the roughest stone that could be found in the controversial wallet. Locke replied to Edwards with pardonable asperity, in a tract entitled A Vindication of the Reasonableness of Christianity. Edwards, of course, soon replied to the reply, and attacked Locke more violently than ever in his Socinianism Unmasked. followed, but the adversary was not to be let off on such easy terms. Another shot was fired, and The Socinian Creed, as venomous and more successful than the Socinianism Unmasked, provoked A Second Vindication. lengthy pamphlet, far more elaborate than the first, must have occupied much of Locke's time. It did not appear till the spring of 1697. Edwards returned to the charge; but, fortunately, Locke had the wisdom and courage to refrain from carrying on the fight. Bitter as the feeling against Locke must have been in many clerical circles at this time, there were not wanting, even amongst the clergy, those who sympathized with his views. Mr. Bolde, a Dorsetshire clergyman, came forward to defend him against Edwards. And Molyneux, writing on the 26th of September, 1696, says, "As to the Reasonableness of Christianity, I do not find but it is very well approved of here amongst candid, unprejudiced men, that dare

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speak their thoughts. I'll tell you what a very learned and ingenious prelate said to me on that occasion. I asked him whether he had read that book, and how he liked it. He told me very well; and that, if my friend Mr. Locke writ it, it was the best book he ever laboured at; 'but,' says he, 'if I should be known to think so, I should have my lawns torn from my shoulders.' But he knew my opinion aforehand, and was, therefore, the freer to commit his secret thoughts in that matter to me." We may not be disposed to think highly of the "very learned and ingenious prelate;" but the story shows, as indeed we know from other sources, to what a volume of opinion, both lay and clerical, on the expediency of presenting Christianity in a more "reasonable" and less mysterious and dogmatic form, Locke's treatise had given expression. Men were anxious to retain their beliefs in the supernatural order of events, but they were equally anxious to harmonize them with what they regarded as the necessities of reason. The current of "Rationalism" had set in.

It is satisfactory to know that, amidst all these controversial worries, which must have been most distasteful to a man of his habits and temper, Locke enjoyed the solace of pleasant companionship and domestic screnity. He was thoroughly at home at Oates, and Lord Monmouth and his other friends in and near town seem always to have been ready to accord him a hearty welcome, whenever he cared to pay them a visit. His little "wife," Betty Clarke, and her brother used occasionally to come on visits to him at the Mashams, and he seems to have taken great delight in the society of Esther Masham, who was now rapidly growing up to womanhood. "In raillery," wrote this lady many years afterwards, "he used to call me his Laudabridis, and I called him my John."

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The winters of 1694-95 and 1695-96 were unusually long and severe, and in both of them Locke appears to have been under apprehensions that his chronic illness might terminate in death.

It may here be noticed that in the summer of 1694 Locke became one of the original proprietors of the Bank of England, which, having been projected by a merchant named William Paterson, had been established by Act of Parliament in April of that year, and invested with certain trading privileges, on condition that it should lend its capital to the Government at eight per cent. interest. The plan had encountered great opposition, especially among the landed gentry, and had only been carried through the strenuous exertions of Montague and the Whig party. Locke subscribed 500l., a considerable sum in those days.

CHAPTER VI.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS. PUBLIC OCCUPATIONS.—RELATIONS WITH THE KING.

Notwithstanding his retirement to Oates, and his incessant literary activity, Locke never lost his interest in politics, and, as the friend and admirer of men like Monmouth, Somers, and Clarke, he must always have exercised a considerable influence on the policy of the Whig party. In the spring of 1695 he seems to have taken a primary share in determining a measure which for a time divided the Houses of Lords and Commons, and which must have enlisted his warmest sympathies. This was the repeal of the Licensing Act. The English Press had never been wholly free, and the Act of Charles II., which was still in force, was peculiarly stringent. Occasion had been taken by the Commons, when it was proposed, in the session of 1694-95, to renew certain temporary statutes, to strike out this particular statute from the list. The Lords dissented, and re-inserted it. The Commons refused to accept the amendment. A conference of both Houses took place, Clarke of Chipley being the leading manager on the part of the Commons, and the result was that the Lords waived their objections. The paper of reasons tendered by the Commons' managers on this occasion is said, by a writer in the Craftsman for Nov. 20, 1731, to

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is to have been drawn up by Locke. As Clarke was one of his most intimate friends, and as the Reasons correspond pretty closely with a paper of criticisms on the Act written by Locke, this statement is probably true, so far at least as concerns their substance. The arguments employed are mainly practical, consisting of objections in detail, and pointing out inconveniences, financial and otherwise, which resulted from the operation of the Act. But these arguments, "suited to the capacity of the parnamentary majority," did, as Macaulay has remarked, what Milton's Areopagitica had failed to do, and a vote, "of which the history can be but imperfectly traced in the Journals of the House, has done more for liberty and for civilization than the Great Charter or the Bill of Rights." Locke's paper of criticisms, which is published in extenso in Lord King's Life, asks very pertinently "why a man should not have liberty to print whatever he would speak, and be answerable for the one, just as he is for the other, if he transgresses the law in either." He then offers a suggestion, to take the place of the licensing provisions:—"Let the printer or bookseller be answerable for whatever is against law in the book, as if he were the author, unless he can produce the person he had it from, which is all the restraint ought to be upon printing." It appears from this paper that the monopoly of the Stationers' Company had become so oppressive that books printed in London could be bought cheaper at Amsterdam than in St. Paul's Church Yard. Except for the few monopolists, the book-trade had been ruined in England. then, he reflects, "our ecclesiastical laws seldom favour trade, and he that reads this Act with attention will find it upse" (that is, highly) "ecclesiastical."

This question had hardly been settled before Locke had

another opportunity of influencing legislation on a subject which absorbed much of his interest, and on which he had already employed his pen. Probably at no time in the history of our country has the condition of the coinage become so burning a question, or caused such wide-spread distress, as in the years immediately succeeding the Revo-To understand the monetary difficulties occasioned by clipping the coin, it must be remembered that, at the time of which I am speaking, two kinds of silver money (if we neglect the imperfectly milled money which was executed between 1561 and 1663) were in circulation, hammered money with unmarked rims, and what was called milled money, from being made in a coining-mill, with a legend on the rim of the larger and graining on the rim of the smaller pieces. The latter kind of coins, too, had the additional advantage of being almost perfectly circular, while the shape of the former was almost always more or less irregular. The hammered money, it is plain, could be easily clipped or pared, whereas the milling was an absolute protection against this mode of fraud. Though milling, in much its present form, had been introduced into our mint in the year 1663, and then became the exclusive mode of coining, the old hammered money still continued to be legal tender; and, as the milled money was always worth its weight in silver, and the hammered money was generally current at something much above its intrinsic worth, the milled money was naturally melted down or exported abroad, leaving the hammered money in almost exclusive possession of the field. The milled money disappeared almost as fast as it was coined, and the hammered money was clipped and pared more and more, till it was often not worth half or even a third of the sum for At Oxford, indeed, a hundred pounds' which it passed.

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worth of the current silver money, which ought to have weighed four hundred ounces, was found to weigh only a hundred and sixteen. Every month the state of things was becoming worse and worse. The cost of commodities was constantly rising, and every payment of any amount involved endless altercations. In a bargain not only had the price of the article to be settled, but also the value of the money in which it was to be paid. A guinea, which at one place counted for only twenty-two shillings, would' at another fetch thirty, and might have brought far more, had not the Government fixed that sum as the maximum at which it would be taken in the payment of taxes. Thus, all commercial transactions had become disarranged; no one knew what he was really worth, or what any commodity might cost him a few months hence. Macaulay, who has given a most graphic description of the financial condition of the country at this time, hardly exaggerates when he says, "It may be doubted whether all the misery which had been inflicted on the English nation in a quarter of a century by bad kings, bad ministers, bad parliaments, and bad judges, was equal to the misery caused in a single year by bad crowns and bad shillings." Almost from the moment of his return to England, Locke "When at had felt the gravest anxiety on this subject. my lodgings in London," says Lady Masham, speaking of the time immediately succeeding the Revolution, "the company there, finding him often afflicted about a matter which nobody else took any notice of, have rallied him upon this uneasiness as being a visionary trouble, he has more than once replied, 'We might laugh at it, but it would not be long before we should want money to send our servants to market with for bread and meat,' which was so true, five or six years after, that there was not a

family in England who did not find this a difficulty." The letter on "Some Considerations of the Consequences of Lowering of Interest and Raising the Value of Money," the latter part of which dealt with this question, is dated as early as Nov. 7, 1691, and had been, in the main, as he tells us, put into writing about twelve months before. Here he not only points out the intolerable character of the grievances under which the nation was labouring, but also protests most emphatically against one of the proposed methods of remedying them, namely, "raising the value of money," as it was called; that is, depreciating the intrinsic value of the money coined, or raising the denomination, so, for instance, as to put into a crown-piece or a shilling, when coined, less than the customary amount of silver. To the consideration of this scheme, which at one time found much favour, we shall soon see that he had occasion to recur. Universal as were the complaints about the existing state of things, no active measures, if we except wholesale and frequent hangings for "clipping the coin," and increased measures of vigilance for the purpose of detecting the delinquents, were taken for stopping the evil, until the year 1695. Under the malign ascendancy of Danby, the Government had other views and objects than to ameliorate the condition of the people. But, in the years 1694 and 1695, other and more enlightened statesmen were gradually winning their way into the royal councils, or beginning to occupy a more important position For at this period, we must recollect, the high officers of state were not all, as now, necessarily of one uniform political pattern. In April, 1694, immediately after the establishment of the Bank of England, Charles Montague, afterwards Lord Halifax, one of the greatest of English financiers, had been made Chancellor of the Exchequer.

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And, on occasion of the king's departure for the Continent in May, 1695, two of Locke's most intimate friends Lord Keeper Somers and the Earl of Pembroke—were nominated among the seven Lords Justices, who were to govern the kingdom during William's absence. To discerning and judicious statesmen like Somers and Montague it must have been quite apparent that the penal laws for protecting the coinage were altogether inadequate to the The gains to be made were so large and so easily obtained, that men were ready to run the risk of the punishment. And, moreover, even if the crime were detected, the punishment was by no means certain or unattended with sympathy. Great as were the suffering and inconveniences inflicted on the people by these practices, the punishment of death appeared to many to be in excess of the offence. Juries were often unwilling to convict, and the disgrace incurred by the criminal was very different from that which attended the murderer or the ordinary That wise financial legislation, and not the more stringent execution of the penal laws, was the true and only effectual mode of eradicating the disease, was at length recognized by the Government, and the new Lords Justices soon set about to devise the remedy. To Locke, who was well known to have been the author of the pamphlet which appeared on the subject in 1692, they naturally turned for advice. In the early part of October, while the king was on his way back from his successful campaign in the Netherlands, he was summoned up from Oates to confer with them. Writing to Molyneux the next month, and informing him of the fact, he adds, with characteristic modesty: "This is too publicly known here to make the mentioning of it to you appear vanity in me." Notwith standing the subordinate part which Locke here seems to

assign to himself, there can be no doubt that his share in the measures of the Government, as ultimately matured, was a principal, if not the principal, one. That legislative measures would now be taken, there was no longer any question. But the danger of which Locke was chiefly afraid was the raising the denomination of the coin, or, in other words, the legalized depreciation of the currency, a scheme against which he had formerly protested, and which was now officially recommended to the Government by one of their own subordinates, William Lowndes. Orders had been given to Lowndes, who, after many years of good service in a subordinate capacity, had recently been appointed Secretary to the Treasury, to collect statistics relating to the monetary condition of the country, and to report on the most practicable methods of re-coining the current silver money. In executing the former part of his task, he left no doubt as to the necessity of speedily applying some remedy. The silver coins brought into the Exchequer during three months of 1695 ought to have weighed 221,418 ounces. Their actual weight was 113,771 ounces, or barely over one-half. In consequence of the vitiating, diminishing, and counterfeiting of the current moneys, he says, "It is come to pass that great contentions do daily arise amongst the king's subjects in fairs, markets, shops, and other places throughout the kingdom, about the passing and refusing of the same, to the great disturbance of the public peace. Many bargains, doings, and dealings are totally prevented and laid aside, which lessens trade in general." The necessity of setting the price of commodities according to the value of the money to be received, is, he considers, "one great cause of raising the price, not only of merchandise, but even of edibles and other necessaries for the sustenance of the

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common people, to their great grievance." So far, his political economy was perfectly sound; but when he comes to discuss the question of re-coinage, he advocates, without any misgiving, a scheme for the depreciation of the currency to the extent of one-fifth. A crown-piece was henceforth to count as 6s. 3d., and the nominal value of half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences was to be raised proportionately. Locke, with his clearer mind, saw, of course, that this would only be for the state to do systematically and by law the very same thing for which the clippers were being hanged. It would be to legalize the disarrangement of all monetary transactions, and to deprive every creditor of one-fifth of his debts. Montague and Somers were as clear on this point as he was, and Somers at once urged him to reply. Locke had returned to Oates, in consequence of the sudden death of Mrs. Cudworth, on the 16th of November, and at once set about his answer.

This tract, which formed a pamphlet of more than a hundred pages, was submitted to the Lords Justices, printed, and published before the end of December. It was entitled Further Considerations concerning Raising the Value of Money, and simplified and enforced the arguments contained in a previous pamphlet which Locke had also drawn up for the use of the Lords Justices earlier in the year, under the title, Some Observations on a Printed Paper, entitled, For Encouraging the Coining Silver money in England, and after for keeping it here. Meanwhile, Montague had, under the sanction of a committee of the whole House, introduced his resolutions into the House of Commons, and there can be little doubt that, in drawing up these, he and the Lords Justices had been assisted by Locke. Any way, the resolutions embodied in the main the opinions which Locke had been so instrumental

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in impressing on those in authority. The old standard value of the silver pieces was to be retained both as to weight and fineness, the point or which he had fought so persistently. The clipped pieces were, after a certain day. only to be received in payment of taxes, or in loans to the Exchequer; after a further day, they were to cease to be legal tender altogether. All the hammered money, as it came into the mint in payment of loans or taxes, was to be re-coined as milled money, and the loss to be borne by the Exchequer. When the resolution that the old standard was to be retained was put to the House, it was challenged, and an amendment moved by those who were of Lowndes' opinion that the word "both" be omitted. On a division, there were 225 for retaining the word, and 114 against. The House thus, by a large majority, affirmed what all economists would now regard as an elementary principle of finance. A Bill embodying the resolution was soon passed, but, in consequence of difficulties with the Lords, had to be dropped. A fresh Bill was introduced on the 13th of January, substantially embodying the same provisions as the old Bill, and was hurried through its various stages so fast that it received the Royal Assent on the 21st of January, 1695–96. Up to the 4th of May, 1696, the clipped money was to be received in payment of taxes, and up to the 24th of June, for loans or other payments into the Exchequer. after the 10th of February ensuing, it was to cease to be legal tender in ordinary payments. Thus, in spite of much temporary inconvenience caused by the scarcity of money during the time of transition, the silver coinage of the country was, once for all, put upon a sound basis. as Locke's pamphlet appeared, it probably helped to facilitate the passage of the Bill through the two Houses, as

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the reiterated statement of his opinions had undoubtedly contributed in very large measure to shape and confirm the action of the government. It may be mentioned that the loss to the Exchequer, estimated as 1,200,000*l*., was made up by the imposition of a house tax and window tax, the former of which still continues, while the latter existed within the memory of many men now only of middle age.

Great as is the debt which philosophy owes to Locke's Essay, constitutional theory to his treatises on government, the freedom of religious speculation to his Letters on Toleration, and the ways of "sweet reasonableness" to all these, and indeed to all his works, it would form a nice subject of discussion whether mankind at large has not been more benefited by the share which he took in practical reforms than by his literary productions. would undoubtedly be too much to affirm that, without his initiative or assistance, the state of the coinage would never have been reformed, the monopoly of the Stationers' Company abolished, or the shackles of the Licensing Act struckcoff. But had it not been for his clearness of visically ind the persistence of his philanthropic efforts, these measures might have been indefinitely retarded or clogged with provisos and compromises which might have robbed them of more than half their effects. A generation ago it was the fashion in many circles to speak contemptuously of the writers and statesmen of William's reign, and even now but scant and grudging justice is often done to The admirers of mystical philosophy and romantic politics may, however, fairly be challenged to show that their heroes, whether in letters or action, have borne equal fruit with the vigorous understanding and plain, direct, practical common-sense of men like Halifax, Somers, and Locke.

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It has already been stated that soon after his return to England Locke was appointed a Commissioner of Appeals, a post which, though not entirely without duties, seems to have taken up but little of his time. One of his letters to Clarke shows the difficulty of forming a quorum, and perhaps illustrates the fact that when the duties of an office are slight, they are generally neglected altogether. towards the end of the year 1695 the government, now virtually under the leadership of Somers, determined to revive the council of trade and plantations of which, it will be recollected, Locke had been Secretary when Shaftesbury's counsels were in the ascendant at the court of Charles II., as far back as the year 1673. At first there were some difficulties with the king, but ultimately; on the 15th of May, 1696, he was induced to issue the patent appointing and defining the duties of a commission. Besides the great officers of state, there were to be certain paid commissioners, with a salary of 1000l. a year, of whom Locke was one. His name was inserted in the first draft of the commission without his express commission without his express commission and he appears, as we can well understand, to him, amurrica. the office only with extreme reluctance. Writing ... Molyneux, who had congratulated him on the appointment, he says with evident sincerity:

"Your congratulation I take as you meant, kindly and seriously, and, it may be, it is what another would rejoice in; but 'tis a preferment I shall get nothing by, and I know not whether my country will, though that I shall aim at with all my endeavours. Riches may be instrumental to so many good purposes, that it is, I think, vanity rather than religion or philosophy to pretend to contemn them. But yet they may be purchased too dear. My age and health demand a retreat from bustle and business, and the pursuit of some inquiries I have in my thoughts makes it more desirable than any

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of those rewards which public employments tempt people with. I think the little I have enough, and do not desire to live higher or die richer than I am. And therefore you have reason rather to pity the folly, than congratulate the fortune, that engages me in the whirl-pool."

The duties of the commission could hardly have been more widely defined than they were. It was to be at once a Board of Trade, a Poor-Law Board, and a Colo-The commissioners were to inquire into the general condition of trade in the country, both internal and external, and "to consider by what means the several useful and profitable manufactures already settled in the kingdom may be further improved; and how, and in what manner, new and profitable manufactures may be introduced." They were also "to consider of some proper methods for setting on work and employing the poor of the kingdom, and making them useful to the public, and thereby easing our subjects of that burthen." they were to inform themselves of the present condition of the plantations, as the colonies were then called, not only in relation to commerce, but also to the administration of government and justice, as well as to suggest means of rendering them more useful to the mother country, especially in the supply of naval stores. Here, surely, was work enough for men far younger and more vigorous than Locke; but, having undertaken the duties of the office, he appears in no way to have spared himself. the summer and autumn months he resided in London, and attended the meetings of the board personally, often day after day, and in the evening as well as the day-time. In the winter and spring his health compelled him to reside at Oates, but he was constantly sending up long minutes for the use of his colleagues. Mr. Fox Bourne.

who has been carefully through the proceedings of the commission, informs us that Locke was altogether its presiding genius. He was a member of this board a little over four years, having been compelled by increasing illhealth, or, as the minutes of the council put it, "finding his health more and more impaired by the air of this city," to resign on the 28th of June, 1700. The king, we are told by Lady Masham, was most unwilling to receive his resignation, "telling him that, were his attendance ever so small, he was sensible his continuance in the commission would be useful to him, and that he did not desire he should be one day in town on that account to the prejudice of his health." Locke, however, was too conscientious to retain a place with large emoluments, of which he felt that he could no longer perform the duties to his own satisfaction. It is interesting to find that his successor was Matthew Prior, the poet.

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When we have seen the wide powers of the commission, we hardly need feel surprise that its business was multifarious. It at once set to work to collect evidence of the state of trade in the colonies, of our commercial relations with foreign ports, of the condition of the linen and paper manufactures at home, of the number of paupers in the kingdom, and the mode of their relief, as well as to devise means for increasing the woollen trade and preventing the exportation of wool. Locke was specially commissioned "to draw up a scheme of some method of determining differences between merchants by referees that might be decisive without appeal." In the winter of 1696-97, finding that his work followed him to Oates, and being then apparently in a feebler state of health than usual, he made an ineffectual attempt to escape from his new employment, but Somers refused to hand in his resignation to the king.

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From a Letter to Molyneux we find that it was not simply his ill-health, but the "corruption of the age," which made him averse to continuing in office. And we can well understand how troublesome, and apparently hopeless, it must have been to deal with the various threatened interests of that time, when monopolies, patents, and pensions were regarded by the governing classes almost as a matter of course.

In the summer of 1697 the principal subject which engaged the attention of the commission was the best means of discouraging the Irish woollen manufacture, and of, at the same time, encouraging the Irish linen manufacture. Each commissioner was invited to bring up a separate report. Three did so. Locke's was the one selected, and, with slight alterations, was signed by the other commissioners on the 31st of August, and forwarded almost immediately afterwards to the Lords Justices. This interesting state-document proceeds entirely upon the notions of protection to native industries which were then almost universally current among statesmen and merchants. The problems were to secure to England the monopoly of what was then regarded as its peculiar and appropriate manufacture, the woollen trade, and to assign to Ireland, in return for the restrictions imposed upon her, some compensating branch of industry. According to the ideas then commonly prevalent, the scheme was perfectly equitable to both countries. But, naturally, the interests of England are put in the foreground. The interests of the Irish people, however, were not to be neglected, and what Locke doubtless conceived as full compensation was to be given them for the loss of their woollen "And since it generally proves ineffectual, and we conceive it hard to endeavour to drive men from the trade they are employed in by bare prohibition, without offering them at the same time some other trade which, if they please, may turn to account, we humbly propose that the linen manufacture be set on foot, and so encouraged in Ireland as may make it the general trade of that country as effectually as the woollen manufacture is, and must be, of England." Linen cloth and all other manufactures made of flax or hemp, without any mixture of wool, were to be exported to all places duty free, as indeed had already been provided by Act of Parliament with regard to England. One method by which Locke proposed to encourage the linea manufacture in Ireland runs so counter to modern notions with regard both to the education of the poor and to freedom of employment, that it may be interesting to the reader to see the suggestion at length:

"And, because the poorest earning in the several parts of the linen manufacture is at present in the work of the spinners, who therefore need the greatest encouragement, and ought to be increased as much as possible, that therefore spinning schools be set up in such places and at such distances as the directors shall appoint, where whoever will come to learn to spin shall be taught gratis, and to which all persons that have not forty shillings a year estate shall be obliged to send all their children, both male and female, that they have at home with them, from six to fourteen years of age, and may have liberty to send those also between four and six if they please, to be employed there in spinning ten hours in the day when the days are so long, or as long as it is light when they are shorter: provided always that no child shall be obliged to go above two miles to any such school."

Then there follow many other minute and paternal regulations of the same kind, the object of which was to turn the whole Irish nation into spinners, and to supply with linen not only "the whole kingdom of England," but foreign markets as well. The Irish authorities, however,

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were meanwhile preparing a scheme of their own, and, after controversies between the English and Irish officials, extending over more than two years, Locke's plan was finally laid aside in favour of that of Louis Crommelin. Besides the attempt to monopolize the woollen trade for England and the linen trade for Ireland, much of the time of the Council was devoted to schemes for the protection of native industries, by forbidding or throwing obstacles in the way of importation and exportation. But Locke and his colleagues were here only following the track marked out for them by the ordinary opinion of the time.

The main subject which occupied the attention of the Council in the autumn of 1697 was the employment of the idle or necessitous poor. From the beginning of its sessions, it had been collecting evidence on this subject, and, in September of this year, it was decided that each commissioner should draw up a scheme of reform, to be submitted to the Council. As had been the case with his report on the Irish linen manufacture, Locke's was the one selected. From a variety of causes, however, his suggestions were never carried into effect, and the various efforts of William's Government to deal with the gigantic problem of pauperism proved abortive.

Locke's paper of suggestions assumes as a datum what was always regarded at this time as an axiom of poor-law legislation, namely, that it is the duty of each individual parish to maintain and employ its own poor, having, as a set-off, the right of coercing the able-bodied to work. Pernicious and partial as this principle was, we should have more occasion for surprise if we found Locke contravening it than conforming to it. The merit of his paper is that it offers excellent suggestions for minimizing the evils necessarily attaching to the system then in vogue.

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The recent growth of pauperism he refers to "relaxation of discipline and corruption of manners, virtue and industry being as constant companions on the one side as vice and idleness are on the other. The first step, therefore," he continues, "towards the setting of the poor on work ought to be a restraint of their debauchery by a strict execution of the laws provided against it, more particularly by the suppression of superfluous brandy-shops and unnecessary ale-houses, especially in country parishes not lying upon great roads." He then proposes a series of provisions, sufficiently stringent, for the purpose of compelling the idle and able-bodied poor to work, stating that, upon a very moderate computation, above one-half of those who receive relief from the parishes are able to earn their own livelihoods. In maritime counties, all those not physically or mentally incapacitated, who were found begging out of their own parish without a pass, were to be compelled to serve on board one of his Majesty's ships, under strict discipline, for three years. In the inland counties, all those so found begging were to be sent to the nearest house of correction for a/like period. But, besides the able-bodied paupers, there were a great number not absolutely unable or unwilling to do something for their livelihood, and yet prevented by age or circumstances from wholly earning their own living. For these he proposes to find employment in the woollen of other manufactures, so as, at all events, to diminish the cost of their maintenance to the public, and at the same time increase the industrial resources of the country. One of the most distinctive features of Locke's scheme was the proposal to set up working-schools for spinning or knitting, or some other industrial occupation, in each parish, "to which the children of all such as demand relief of the parish, above

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m p three and under fourteen years of age, whilst they live at home with their parents, and are not otherwise employed for their livelihood by the allowance of the overseers of the poor, shall be obliged to come." The children were to be fed at school, and this mode of relief was to take the place of the existing allowance in money paid to a father who had a large number of children, which, we are not surprised to learn, was frequently spent in the alehouse, whilst those for whose benefit it was given were left to perish for want of necessaries. The food of the children of the poor at that time, we are told, was seldom more than bread and water, and often there was a very scanty supply of that. Another advantage which Locke proposed to effect by the institution of these schools was the moral and religious instruction of the children. They would be obliged to come constantly to church every Sunday, along with their schoolmasters or dames, "whereby they would be brought into some sense of religion, whereas ordinarily now, in their idle and loose way of bringing up, they are as utter strangers both to religion and morality as they are to industry." One further provision of this scheme may be noticed, as offering some mitigation of the parochial system of relief which then obtained, namely, "that in all cities and towns corporate the poor's tax be not levied by distinct parishes, but by one equal tax throughout the whole corporation."

The anxiety of the king to retain Locke on the Commission has already been mentioned. It would appear that they were in not infrequent conference, and we know that the king entertained a very high opinion both of his integrity and of his political capacity. A good deal of mystery attaches to one of their interviews, but the explanation of it proffered by Mr. Fox Bourne possesses, at

any rate, considerable plausibility. One bitter January morning, in the winter of 1697–98, while Locke was at Oates, he received a pressing summons from the king to repair to Kensington. He was at the time suffering more than ordinarily from the bronchial affection to which he was constantly subject, and Lady Masham attempted to dissuade him from running the risk of the journey, but in When he returned, the only account that he would give of the interview was that "the king had a desire to talk with him about his own health, as believing that there was much similitude in their cases." It appears, however, from a letter addressed by Locke to Somers a few days after his return to Oates, that the king had offered him some important employment, and that he had excused himself on the ground of his weak health, and his inexperience in that kind of business, the business being such as required "skill in dealing with men in their various humours, and drawing out their secrets." Mr. Fox Bourne forms the reasonable conjecture that Locke had been asked to go as right-hand man to William Bentinck, Earl of Portland, who had just been nominated as special ambassador to the Court of France. The peace of Ryswick had been ratified in the previous November, and the mission to Louis XIV. was, of course, one requiring great tact and sagacity. William had strongly urged Locke, some years before, to represent him on another very important mission, the one to the Elector of Brandenburg, and it may be that, on the present occasion, no fitter person occurred to him. Any way, the employment was one which would have advanced Locke in riches and honour; but as such, glad as he might have been to serve his country disinterestedly to the best of his power, it had no attractions for him. "He must have a heart strongly touched with

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d n wealth or honours who, at my age, and laboring for breath, can find any great relish for either of them."

On one occasion Locke accompanied the king, the latter going incognito to a meeting of the Society of Friends, where they listened to the famous Quaker preacheress, Rebecca Collier. Locke afterwards sent her a parcel of sweetmeats, with a very complimentary letter, and is said to have found the meeting so agreeable that it removed his objections to a female ministry.

With his resignation of the Commissionership of the Board of Trade, in the summer of 1700, Locke's public life comes to an end. His friend Somers had been sacrificed to the incessant and malignant attacks of the Tories, and dismissed from the Chancellorship, in the previous spring; and to those statesmen who were inspired by a sincere and simple desire for the well-being of their country the political outlook had become anything but cheerful. The condition of Locke's health was quite a sufficient reason for his desiring to be relieved of the anxieties of office; but we can hardly doubt that, on other grounds as well, he was glad to escape from so intricate a maze as the field of politics bade fair soon to become.

CHAPTER VII.

CONTROVERSY WITH STILLINGFLEET.—OTHER LITERARY OC-CUPATIONS. — DOMESTIC LIFE. — PETER KING. — LATTER YEARS.—DEATH.

In order to resume the thread of Locke's literary and domestic life, it is now necessary to go back two or three years. I have already spoken of no less than three literary controversies in which he found himself engaged, one on financial, and two on religious questions. Of the latter, one was occasioned by the publication of the Letter on Toleration, the other by that of the Reasonableness of Christianity. The Essay also had been attacked by Norris and other writers, including one very acute antagonist, John Serjeant, or Sergeant, a Roman Catholic priest; but to these critics Locke did not see fit to reply. The strictures on Norris only appear among his posthumous works. But in the autumn of 1696 Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester, in his Discourse in Vindication of the Doctrine of the Trinity, pointedly drew attention to the principles of the Essay, as favouring anti-Trinitarian doctrine. lingfleet's position and reputation appeared to demand an answer, and before the year, according to the old style, was out, Locke's Letter to the Bishop of Worcester was published. The Bishop's Answer, Locke's Reply to the Answer, and the Bishop's "Answer to Mr. Locke's Second Letter, wherein his notion of ideas is proved to be incon-

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sistent with itself, and with the articles of the Christian faith," all followed, one on the other, within a few months. The last letter of the series is "Mr. Locke's Reply to the Bishop of Worcester's Answer to his Second Letter," published in 1699. Stillingfleet died soon after the publication of this pamphlet, and thus the voluminous controversy came to an end. There can be no doubt that the antagonists were unequally matched. Stillingfleet was clumsy both in handling and argument, and constantly misrepresented or exaggerated the statements of his adversary. On the other hand, Locke, notwithstanding an unnecessary prolixity which wearies the modern reader, shows admirable skill and temper. He deals tenderly with his victim, as if he loved him, but, none the less, never fails to despatch him with a mortal stab. Stillingfleet, indeed, was no metaphysician, and not very much of a logician. He did not see at all clearly where the orthodox doctrines were affected, and where they remained unaffected, by Locke's philosophy, and he no doubt considerably exaggerated the bearing of Locke's direct statements upon them. At the same time, it is impossible to deny that his instincts were perfectly sound in apprehending grave dangers to the current theological opinions, and still more, perhaps, to the established mode of expressing them, from the "new way of ideas." Religious, and even devout, as are those portions of the *Essay* in which Locke has occasion expressly to mention the leading principles of the Christian faith, yet his handling of many of the metaphysical terms and notions which modern divines, whether Catholic or Protestant, had taken on trust from their predecessors, the fathers and schoolmen, was well calculated to alarm those who had the interest of theological orthodoxy at heart. The playful freedom with which he discusses the idea of 104

substance seemed, not unreasonably, to strike at the terminology of the Athanasian Creed, while, most unreasonably, his resolution of personal identity into present and recollected states of consciousness appeared inconsistent with the doctrine of the Resurrection of the Dead. A far more powerful solvent, however, of the unreflecting and complacent orthodoxy, into which established churches, and, in fact, all prosperous religious communities, are apt to lapse, was to be found in the general drift and tendency rather than in the individual tenets of Locke's philosophy. And this fact, though only very dimly and confusedly, Stillingfleet appears to have seen. To insist that words shall always stand for determinate ideas, to attempt to trace ideas to their original sources, and to propose to discriminate between the certainty and varying probabilities of our beliefs, according to the nature of the evidence on which they rest, is to encourage a state of mind diametrically the opposite of that which humbly and thankfully accepts the words of the religious teacher, without doubt and without inquiry. To the religious teacher whose own beliefs rest on no previous inquiry, who has never acquired "a reason for the faith that is in him," such a state of mind must necessarily be not only inconvenient but repulsive; and hence we have no right to feel surprised when an attempt is made to expose it to popular odium, or to fasten on those who entertain it injurious or opprobrious epithets. The old-standing feud, of which Plato speaks, between poetry and philosophy, has in great measure been transferred, in these latter times, to philosophy and theology. But in both cases the antagonism is an unnecessary one. The highest art is compatible with the most profound speculation. And so we may venture to hope that the simple love of truth, combined with the charity "which vi ne

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never faileth," will lead men not further away from the Divine presence, but nearer to, and into it.

Here I thankfully take leave of the mass of controversial literature, in the writing of which so much of Locke's latter life was spent. The controversies were not of his own seeking, and, from all that we know of his temper and character, must have been as distasteful to him as they are wearisome to us. But prolonged and reiterated controversy was of the habit of the time, and no man who cared candidly and unreservedly to express his opinions on any important question could hope to escape from it.

In the autumn of 1697, while the controversy with Stillingfleet was at its hottest, Locke wrote to Molyneux: —"I had much rather be at leisure to make some additions to my book of Education and my Essay on Human Understanding, than be employed to defend myself against the groundless, and, as others think, trifling quarrel of the bishop." He was at this time engaged on preparing the fourth edition of the Essay for the press. In addition to this task, or rather as part of it, he was also employing himself on writing the admirable little tract on the Conduct of the Understanding the contents of which I shall notice in a subsequent chapter. This treatise, which was not published till after his death, was originally intended as an additional chapter to the Essay. Speaking of it in one of his letters to Molyneux, he says:— I have written several pages on this subject; but the matter, the farther I go, opens the more upon me, and I cannot yet get sight of any end of it. The title of the chapter will be 'Of the Conduct of the Understanding,' which, if I shall pursue as far as I imagine it will reach, and as it deserves, will, I conclude, make the largest chapter of my Essay." It did

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not, however, appear in the new edition, nor did Locke ever reduce its parts into order, or put the finishing stroke to it. He may, perhaps, have intended to revise it for a subsequent edition of the *Essay*, but the fourth was the last which appeared during his lifetime.

Before speaking of the literary labours which occupied the last years of Locke's life, I may here conveniently recur to his domestic history. Of his quiet life with the Mashams little more need be said. Had Lady Masham been his daughter, she could not have tended him more carefully or lovingly; and had he been her father, he could not have entertained a more sincere solicitude for the welfare of her and her family. All Locke's friends were welcome at Oates, and seem to have been regarded quite as much as friends of the Mashams as of his own. And Oates appears in every respect to have been as much Locke's home as that of its owners. In the whole of his correspondence, there does not appear the slightest trace of those petty piques and annoyances, those small désagréments, which are so apt to grow up among people who live much together, even when, at bottom, they entertain a deep love and admiration for each other. On the side of the Mashams we know that the tide of affection ran equally smooth. Lady Masham and Esther acted as his nurses, and with one or other of them he seems to have shared all his pursuits. The intimacy and sweetness of these relations surely imply as rare an amount of amiability of temper and power of winning regard on the one side, as of patience and devotion on the other. But then Locke possessed the inestimable gift of cheerfulness, which renders even the invalid's chamber a joy to those who enter it. All the glimpses we obtain of the life at Oates

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represent it as a gay and pleasant one, none the less gay and pleasant because its enjoyments were modest and rational. After complaining to Molyneux of the persistent asthma which confined him a close prisoner to the house during the winter of 1697-98, he adds, "I wish, nevertheless, that you were here with me to see how well I am; for you would find that, sitting by the fireside, I could bear my part in discoursing, laughing, and being merry with you, as well as ever I could in my life. If you were here (and if wishes of more than one could bring you, you would be here to-day) you would find three or four in the parlour after dinner, who, you would say, passed their afternoons as agreeably and as jocundly as any people you have this good while met with." Locke's conversation is reported to have been peculiarly fascinating. He had a large stock of stories, and is said to have had a singularly easy and humorous way of telling them.

Among the more frequent guests at Oates at this time were Edward Clarke and his daughter Betty, Locke's "little wife," now fast growing up to womanhood, a son of Limborch, and a son of Benjamin Furly, both engaged in mercantile pursuits in London, and a young kinsman of Locke's own, Peter King, of whom I shall have more to say presently. One of the most anxiously expected guests, whose visits had been often promised and often deferred, was the correspondent of whom we have heard so much, William Molyneux. At length, after the rising of the British Parliament in the summer of 1698, the two friends met. Even on this occasion, Molyneux had been obliged to defer his promised visit for some weeks, on account of a recent trouble which he had brought on himself by the publication of a "home-rule" pamphlet, protesting against the interference of the English Parliament in Irish

affairs. Both Houses had joined in an address to the king, praying for punishment on the offender; but the king, possibly through Locke's intervention, had wisely taken no notice of the petition. Any way, after the prorogation, Molyneux seems to have felt sufficiently secure to venture on a journey across the Channel. He and Locke were together for some time both in London and at The friends, though they had been in such constant and intimate correspondence for six years, had never met before. We may easily imagine how warm was their greeting, how much they had to talk about, and how loath they were to separate. "I will venture to assert to you," wrote Molyneux on his return to Dublin, "that I cannot recollect, through the whole course of my life, such signal instances of real friendship as when I had the happiness of your company for five weeks together in London. That part thereof especially which I passed at Oates has made such an agreeable impression on my mind that nothing can be more pleasing." Shortly after writing this letter, Molyneux died at the early age of forty-two. "His worth and his friendship to me," writes Locke, in a letter to Burridge, the Latin translator of the Essay, "made him an inestimable treasure, which I must regret the loss of the little remainder of my life, without any hopes of repairing it any way." He then characteristically goes on to ask if there is any service he can render to Molyneux's son. "They who have the care of him cannot do me a greater pleasure than to give me the opportunity to show that my friendship died not with his father." One of the most amiable and attractive traits in Locke's character is the eagerness which he always displayed in advising, encouraging, or helping forward the sons of his friends. Any opportunity of doing so always

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gave him the most evident satisfaction, as, from his correspondence, we see in the case of Frank Masham, the two young Furlys, young Limborch, and numerous others.

I must now no longer delay the introduction to the reader of Locke's young cousin, Peter King. Locke had an uncle, Peter Locke, whose daughter Anne had married Jeremy King, a grocer and salter in a substantial way of business at Exeter. Such a marriage was not necessarily any disparagement to Anne Locke's family, as the present line of demarcation between professional men and the smaller gentry, on the one side, and substantial retail tradesmen, on the other, hardly existed at that time. They had a son, Peter, born in 1669, who was consequently Locke's first cousin once removed. The boy seems for some time to have been employed in his father's by siness, but he had a voracious appetite for books, and showed a decided talent for the acquisition of learning. Locke, on one of his visits to Exeter, discovered these qualities, and persuaded Peter King's parents to allow him to change his mode of life, and study for one of the learned professions. Whether he went to any English school does not appear; but, during Locke's stay in Holland, he resided for some time in the University of Leyden. studies there embraced at least classics, theology, and law; and when he returned to England, apparently in 1690, he brought back with him a pamphlet entitled An Enquiry into the Constitution and Discipline of the Primitive As in this treatise he maintained that Presby-Church. terianism was the original form of Church government, he probably never had any serious intention, notwithstanding his theological proclivities of entering holy orders in the Established Church. Any way, in October, 1694, he was entered a student of the Middle Temple; and in Trinity

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Term, 1698, he was called to the bar. During his residence in London as a law student, he must have been frequently at Oates, and Locke must have frequently visited him in his chambers in the Temple. The first extant letter from Locke to King, dated June 27, 1698, at any rate, assumes intimacy and frequency of intercourse. "Your company here had been ten times welcomer than any the best excuse you could send; but you may now pretend to be a man of business, and there can be nothing said to you." Very sound was the advice with which the elder relative concluded his letter to the young barrister; "When you first open your mouth at the bar, it should be in some easy plain matter that you are perfectly master of." King's success in his profession was very rapid, and he soon became one of the most popular counsel on the Western Circuit. In the general election of 1700 he attained one of the first objects of ambition at which a rising young barrister generally aims—a seat in the House of Commons. Owing, probably, to his cousin's influence with the Whig leaders, he was returned for the small borough of Beer Alston, in Devonshire, which he continued to represent in several successive Parliaments. Locke, writing to him shortly before the meeting of Parliament. entreats him not to go circuit, as he had intended to do, but to devote himself at once to his Parliamentary duties. "I am sure there was never so critical a time, when every honest member of Parliament ought to watch his trust, and that you will see before the end of the next vacation." The loss to his pocket, his good relative intimates, delicately enough, shall be amply made up to him. King took his cousin's advice on this point, but, fortunately and wisely, did not take it on another. "My advice to you is not to speak at all in the House for some time, whatever V1

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fair opportunity you may seem to have." King was advised to communicate his "light or apprehensions" to some "honest speaker," who might make use of them for Locke, we must remember, was now becoming old, and though not, like many old men, jealous of his juniors, he could not escape the infirmity of all old men, that of exaggerating the youthfulness of youth, and so of insisting too stringently on the modesty becoming those in whom he was interested. King broke the ice soon after the meeting of Parliament, and Locke had the prudence and good-nature to show no resentment at his advice having been neglected. His cousin, however, never became a great Parliamentary speaker; but he soon gained a reputation for being a thoroughly sound lawyer and a thoroughly honest man. He rose successively to be Recorder of London, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Lord High Chancellor of England. He was also ennobled as Lord King of Ockham, and, by a very curious coincidence, his four sons in succession bore the same title. one of his descendants, his great-grandson, also named Peter, we owe the publication of many documents and letters connected with Locke, and the biography so well known as Lord King's Life of Locke. The present representative of the family, and the direct descendant in the male line of Peter King, is the Earl of Lovelace. As Peter King was, to all intents, Locke's adopted son, we may thus regard Locke as the founder of an illustrious line in the English peerage, and there are certainly few, if any, of our ennobled families who can point to a founder whose name is so likely to be the heritage of all future ages.

King kept Locke well posted in all that went on in Parliament, and seems also to have been a constant visitor at Oates. Soon after his election, Sir Francis Masham had considerately proposed to Locke that his cousin should "steal down sometimes with him on Saturday, and return on Monday." On one of these occasions, in the Easter holidays of 1701, King was accompanied by young Lord Ashley, now become the third Earl of Shaftesbury. Locke had then surmounted his winter troubles, and his old pupil pronounces him as well as he had ever known him.

Amongst Locke's correspondents in these years was the celebrated physician, Dr. Sloane, now Secretary of the Royal Society, afterwards created Sir Hans Sloane. In writing to him at the end of the century, evidently in answer to a request, Locke proposes a scheme for rectifying the calendar. Notwithstanding the reformation which had already taken place in many foreign countries, it will be recollected that the English year then began on the 25th of March, instead of the 1st of January, and that, by reckoning the year at exactly 3651 days, or at 11 m. 14 sec. longer than its actual length, our time lagged ten days behind that of most other European countries, as well as the real solar time. The inconvenience, especially in transactions with foreign merchants, had become very The advent of the new century, inasmuch as the centenary year would be counted as a leap-year in England, but not in other countries where the new style or Gregorian calendar prevailed, would add an eleventh day to the amount of discrepancy, and hence the subject was now attracting more than ordinary attention. Locke's remedy was to omit the intercalar day in the year 1700, according to the rule of the Gregorian calendar, as also for the ten next leap-years following, "by which easy way," he says, "we should in forty-four years insensibly return to the new style." "This," he adds, "I call an easy way, be-

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cause it would be without prejudice or disturbance to any one's civil rights, which, by lopping off ten or eleven days at once in any one year, might perhaps receive inconvenience, the only objection that ever I heard made against rectifying our account." He also suggested that the year should begin, as in most other European countries, on the 1st of January. No change, however, was made till, by an Act of Parliament passed in 1750–51, it was ordered that the year 1752 should begin on the 1st of January, and that the day succeeding the 2nd of September in that year should be reckoned as the 14th. Locke's other correspondence with Sloane shows the interest which he still took in medical matters, and how ready he always was to expend time and thought on attending to the ailments of his poor neighbours at Oates.

During the latter years of Locke's life his principal literary employment consisted in paraphrasing and writing commentaries on some of St. Paul's epistles. He thought that this portion of Scripture offered peculiar difficulties, and finding, as he says, that he did not understand it himself, he set to work, rather for his own sake, and perhaps also that of the household at Oates, than with any view of publication, to attempt to clear up its obscurities. labour was a work of love; and to a man of Locke's devout disposition, with almost a child-like confidence in the guidance of Scripture, the occupation must have afforded a peculiar solace in the intervals of his disease, and as he felt that he was rapidly approaching the confines of that other world which had so long been familiar to his thoughts. Though he was induced to consent to the publication of these commentaries, and though he himself prepared an introduction to them, they did not appear till after his death. They were then issued by instalments, coming out at intervals between 1705 and 1707 inclusively.

Locke's political interests, always keen, were specially active in the winter of 1701-02. England was just then on the point of engaging in the war of the Spanish Succession. In the previous September an alliance against France and Spain had been concluded between the emperor and the two great maritime powers, England and Holland. Almost immediately after the conclusion of this treaty, James the Second had died at St. Germain, and not only had the French king allowed his son to be proclaimed King of England but had himself received him with royal honors at the court of Versailles. The patriotic and Protestant feeling of the country was thoroughly roused, and the new Parliament, which met on the 30th of December, was prepared to take the most energetic measures for the purpose of supporting the national honor and the Protestant succession. The king's speech, on opening the Parliament, excited an outburst of enthusiasm throughout the nation. He conjured the members to disappoint the hopes of their enemies by their unanimity. As he was ready to show himself the common father of his people, he exhorted them to cast out the spirit of party and division, so that there might no longer be any distinction but between those who were friends to the Protestant religion and the present establishment, and those who wished for a popish prince and a French government. The speech was printed in English, Dutch, and French, framed, and hung up, as an article of furniture, in the houses of good Protestants, both at home and abroad. Locke, writing to Peter King four days after the meeting of Parliament, asks him to send a copy of the king's speech, "printed by itself, and without paring off the edges." He suggests that, in addition to what the

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two Houses had done, the city of London and counties of England should, "with joined hearts and hands return his Majesty addresses of thanks for his taking such care of "Think of this with yourself," he says, "and think of it with others who can and ought to think how to save us out of the hands of France, into which we must fall, unless the whole nation exert its utmost vigour, and that speedily." He is specially urgent on his cousin not to leave town, or to think of circuit business, till the kingdom has been put in an effectual state of defence. think it no good husbandry for a man to get a few fees on circuit and lose Westminster Hall." By losing Westminster Hall he does not, apparently, mean losing the chance of a judgeship, but forfeiting those rights and liberties, and that personal and national independence which the Revolution had only so lately restored. "For, I assure you, Westminster Hall is at stake, and I wonder how any one of the house can sleep till he sees England in a better state of defence, and how he can talk of anything else till that is done." But a majority, at least, of the House of Commons was fully alive to its responsibilities; enormous supplies were voted, and almost every conceivable measure was taken for securing the Protestant succession to the crown. A few days after Locke wrote the letter last quoted, King William died. His reflections on that event or on the political prospects under William's successor, we do not possess.

As the war proceeded, Locke's old friend, the Earl of Monmouth, now become Earl of Peterborough, was entrusted with a naval expedition against the Spanish possessions in the West Indies. He had a great desire to see Locke before his departure, and, Locke being unable to come up to London, he and the Countess drove down to

Oates about the middle of November, 1702. It is characteristic of the times that Locke was "much in pain" about their getting back safely to town, the days being then so short. His young friend, Arent Furly, who was also a protégé and frequent correspondent of Lord Shaftesbury, went out as Lord Peterborough's secretary, and seems to have acquitted himself in the position with marked diligence and success. The early promise which he gave, however, was soon blighted. This young play-fellow and foster-child, as he might almost have been called, of Locke, died only a few years after him, in 1711 or 1712. Before accompanying Lord Peterborough on his expedition, he had been living for some time, first at Oates, and afterwards in lodgings in the neighbourhood, for the purpose of learning English.

It is gratifying to find that, during the autumn of this year, Locke had received a visit from Newton. During the discussion of the re-coinage question, and the active operations which followed for the purpose of carrying out the decisions of Parliament, they must have been thrown a good deal together. Montague declared that, had it not been for the energetic measures taken by Newton, as Warden of the Mint, the re-coinage would never have been When, however, Newton came down to visit Locke at Oates, in 1702, their conversation seems to have turned mainly on theological topics. Locke showed Newton his notes upon the Corinthians, and Newton requested the loan of them. But, like most borrowers, he neglected to return them, nor did he take any notice of a letter from Locke, who was naturally very anxious to recover his manuscript. Peter King was asked to try to manage the matter. He was to call at Newton's residence in Jermyn Street, to deliver a second note, and to find out, if he could,

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the reasons of Newton's silence, and of his having kept the papers so long. But he was to do this "with all the tenderness in the world, for "he is a nice man to deal with, and a little too apt to raise in himself suspicions where there is no ground." The emissary was also, if he could do it with sufficient adroitness, to discover Newton's opinion of the Commentary. But he was by no means to give the slightest cause of offence. "Mr. Newton is really a very valuable man, not only for his wonderful skill in mathematics, but in divinity too, and his great knowledge in the Scriptures, wherein I know few his equals. therefore pray manage the whole matter so as not only to preserve me in his good opinion, but to increase me in it; and be sure to press him to nothing but what he is forward in himself to do." In this letter Locke, notwithstanding the caution with which he felt it necessary to approach one of so susceptible a temperament, says, "I have several reasons to think him truly my friend." And in this generous judgment there can be little doubt he was right. The friends probably never met again, but Newton is said to have paid a visit, on one of his journevs perhaps from London to Cambridge, to Locke's tomb at High Laver. Peter King succeeded in recovering the manuscript, and at the same time or soon afterwards there came a letter, criticising one of Locke's interpretations, but expressing a general opinion that the "paraphrase and commentary on these two epistles is done with very great care and judgment."

Something should here be said of two friends whom Locke had made in later life, one of whom seems to have been constantly about him during his last years. The less intimate of these was Samuel Bolde, a Dorsetshire clergyman, who had come forward, in 1697, to defend the

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Reasonableness of Christianity against Edwards' attacks, and who afterwards did Locke a similar service in replying to the assailants of the Essay. He was one of Locke's correspondents, and once at least paid him a visit at Oates. Bolde's outspokenness and independence of judgment naturally excited Locke's admiration. some memorable sentences in a letter written to him in "To be learned in the lump by other men's thoughts, and to be in the right by saying after others, is the much easier and quieter way; but how a rational man, that should inquire and know for himself, can content himself with a faith or a religion taken upon trust, or with such a servile submission of his understanding as to admit all and nothing else but what fashion makes passable among men, is to me astonishing. I do not wonder you should have, in many points, different apprehensions from what you meet with in authors. With a free mind, which unbiassedly pursues truth, it cannot be otherwise." expanding these thoughts, and applying them to the study of Scripture, he goes on to advise Bolde how to supply a mental defect that he had complained of, namely, that "he lost many things because they slipped from him." The simple method was to write them down as they occurred. "The great help to the memory is writing," Bacon had said. Locke emphasizes the dictum, and adds, "If you have not tried it, you cannot imaging the difference there is in studying with and without a pen in your hand." "The thoughts that come unsought, and as it were dropped into the mind, are commonly the most valuable of any

The other friend, whose acquaintance had only been made during these later years, was Anthony Collins, who

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was not more than twenty-eight years of age when Locke Collins afterwards attained great celebrity as a Deistical writer, but none of his theological works appeared till some time after Locke's death. Locke, with his sincere and simple belief in the divine origin of the Christian Revelation, would doubtless, had he lived to see them, have been shocked with their matter, and still more with their style. But at the present time Collins presented himself to him simply in the light of an ingenuous young man, with rare conversational powers and wide interests, and with what Locke valued far more, an eager desire to find out the truth. No one can have read the tracts, An Enquiry concerning Human Liberty, and Liberty and Necessity, without recognizing the acuteness and directness of Collins' intellect, and these, we know, were qualities always peculiarly acceptable to Locke. Moreover, to encourage and bring forward younger men had invariably been one of his main delights. Hence we may, perhaps, abate our surprise at the apparently exaggerated language in which he addresses this friend, who was so much his junior in age, and who must have become known to him "Why do you make yourself so neconly so recently. essary to me? I thought myself pretty loose from the world; but I feel you begin to fasten me to it again. For you make my life, since I have had your friendship, much more valuable to me than it was before." "If I were now setting out in the world, I should think it my great happiness to have such a companion as you, who had a relish for truth, would in earnest seek it with me, from whom I might receive it undisguised, and to whom I might communicate freely what I thought true. Believe it, my good friend, to love truth for truth's sake is the principal part of human perfection in this world and the seed-plot of all

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other virtues, and, if I mistake not, you have as much of it as I ever met with in anybody." Then he adds pathetically, but with a tone of hopefulness in the labours of others which is not commonly found amongst old men, "When I consider how much of my life has been trifled away in beaten tracks, where I vamped on with others only to follow those that went before us, I cannot but think I have just as much reason to be proud as if I had travelled all England, and, if you will, France too, only to acquaint myself with the roads and be able to tell how the highways lie, wherein those of equipage, and even the Now, methinks—and these are often herd too, travel. old men's dreams—I see openings to truth and direct paths leading to it, wherein a little industry and application would settle one's mind with satisfaction, and leave no darkness or doubt. But this is at the end of my day, when my sun is setting; and though the prospect it has given me be what I would not for anything be without there is so much irresistible truth, beauty, and consistency in it—yet it is for one of your age, I think I ought to say for yourself, to set about it." What were those "openings to truth and direct paths leading to it?" Were they merely the delusive visions of an old man's fancies, or had he really formed wider conceptions of science, and pictured to himself more precise and fertile methods of reaching it? The sciences, it is needless to observe, have grown vastly since Locke's day; the methods of scientific research are far more numerous, more accurate, richer in their results. Had Locke, in his thoughts at this time, at all anticipated the courses which inquiry and knowledge have since taken?

The letter to Collins, from which I have just quoted, was written on Oct. 29, 1703. Within a year of that

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date the end came. The wonder, indeed, is that, with his persistent malady, aggravated apparently in these latter years with other disorders, Locke's life had continued so The reasons are probably to be sought in his unfailing cheerfulness, in the variety of interests which diverted his mind from the thought of his own ailments, and in the judicious manner in which he regulated his exercise and diet. Of these personal traits something may conveniently here be said. The remarkable cheerfulness of his disposition, his lively sense of humour, and his power of extracting amusement from all that was going on around him, have frequently come before us in the course of this biography. His temper was not moody, like that of so many men of letters, but pre-eminently When not actually engaged in his studies, he always liked to be in company, and enjoyed especially the society of young people and children. He had a happy knack of talking to his companions for the time being on the subjects which interested them most, and in this way he gained a very extensive knowledge of the various kinds of business, and of a variety of arts and crafts. To working people he was often able to give very useful hints as to their own employments. This union of conversational qualities, grave and gay, invariably made him a welcome addition to any company, young or old, gentle or simple. An even temper, and a combination of happy gifts of this kind, will carry a man through much suffering, bodily and mental. From any mental troubles, on his own account, Locke seems, during these latter years of his life, to have been remarkably free. From bodily suffering he was rare-\ly exempt, but he always endured it with resignation, and endeavoured to obviate its causes by every precaution, which his prudence or medical skill suggested. Thus, we

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have seen that, whenever it was possible, he preferred the quiet life and pure air of the country to the many attractions which the capital must have offered to a man with his wide acquaintance, and with so many political and literary interests. In diet he practised an abstemiousness very rare among men of that age. His ordinary drink was water, and to this habit he attributed not only his length of years, but also the extraordinary excellence of his eyesight. Till recently, a curious relic of Locke's water-drinking habits was preserved in the shape of a large mortar of spongy stone, which acted as a natural filter, and which he used to call his brew-house. He was assiduous in taking exercise, and was specially fond of walking and gardening. In the latter years of his life he used to ride out slowly every day after dinner. When advising his friend Clarke about his health, he says, "I know nothing so likely to produce quiet sleep as riding about gently in the air for many hours every day," and then, like a truly wise doctor, he adds, "If your mind can be brought to contribute a little its part to the laying aside troublesome ideas, I could hope this may do much." At last, when he was no longer able to sit on horseback, he commissioned Collins to have an open carriage specially made for him, the principle on which it was to be constructed being that "convenient carries it before of namental."

In November, 1703, the Heads of Houses at Oxford—who at that time constituted the governing body, and through whose repressive and reactionary administration the evil genius of Laud then and long afterwards continued to cast a blight on the University—resolved to discourage the reading of Locke's Essay. The attempt was futile, as they relied, not on coercion, but on the influence of their authority, which appears to have been held very

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cheap. Locke was now far too eminent a man to be troubled by so anile a demonstration of folly. "I take what has been done as a recommendation of my book to the world," he says, in a letter to Collins; and then he promises himself and his friend much merriment on the subject when they next meet.

Locke's last literary labour appears to have been his Fourth Letter for Toleration. Jonas Proast, after a long interval, had returned to the charge in a pamphlet published in 1704; and Locke, unfortunately, thought it incumbent on him to reply, though he had long ceased to pay any regard to the assailants of the Essay. The Letter is unfinished. Its last words cannot have been written long before Locke's death.

The winter of 1703-04 seems to have been peculiarly trying to his health. He hardly expected to live through it; but he still maintained his cheerfulness, and followed his usual employments. On the 11th of April, 1704, he made his will-perhaps not his first. To most of his friends, relatives, and dependents he left some remembrance; but the bulk of his personal property he left to Frank Masham and Peter King, the latter of whom was sole executor and residuary legatee. All his manuscripts were left to King. Many of these were published for the first time by the seventh Lord King, in his Life of Locke. His land he designedly did not will, and so it devolved by law, in equal shares, on his two cousins, Peter King and Peter Stratton. His funeral was to be conducted without any ostentation, and what it would otherwise have cost was to be divided amongst four poor labourers at Oates.

The approach of summer had not its usual restorative effect upon him. On the other hand, all the bad symp-

toms of his disease increased. To use his own expression, "the dissolution of the cottage was not far off." In a letter, written on the 1st of June, he earnestly pressed King to come to him, that he might pass some of the last hours of his life "in the conversation of one who is not only the nearest but the dearest to me of any man in the world." Both King and Collins seem to have visited him frequently during the last months of his life; and their society being cheerful, and the topics of their conversation interesting, he appears to have taken great pleasure in their company. He did not, however, find equal enjoyment in the visit of Dr. Edward Fowler, Bishop of Gloucester, who, like himself, was in a bad state of health. "I find two groaning people make but an uncomfortable concert." The moral he draws is, that men should enjoy their health and youth while they have it, "to all the advantages and improvements of an innocent and pleasant life," remembering that merciless old age is in pursuit of them. The lamp of life was now dimly flickering, but once more it burnt up in the socket before going out forever. Peter King had been married on the 10th of September, and he and his bride must be received with all due honours at Oates. King was asked to cater for his own wedding feast, and goodly and dainty is the list of delicacies which he was to buy. But something, perhaps, might be omitted in which Mrs. King took special delight. "If there be anything that you can find your wife loves, be sure that provision be made of that, and plentifully, whether I have mentioned it or no." The feast was to be cooked by "John Gray, who was bred up in my Lord Shaftesbury's kitchen, and was my Lady Dowager's cook." The wedded pair arrived at Oates towards the end of the month, and well can we picture to ourselves the pride and

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pleasure with which the genial old man entertained the wife of his cousin and adopted son—the adopted son whom he had rescued from the grocer's shop at Exeter, and whose future eminence he must now have pretty clearly foreseen. A few days after King left Oates, he solemnly committed to him by letter the care of Frank Masham. "It is my earnest request to you to take care of the youngest son of Sir Francis and Lady Masham in all his concerns, as if he were your brother. Take care to make him a good, an honest, and an upright man. I have left my directions with him to follow your advice, and I know he will do it; for he never refused to do what I told him was fit." Then, turning to King himself, he says, "I wish you all manner of prosperity in this world, and the everlasting happiness of the world to come. That I loved you, I think you are convinced."

Peter King certainly executed the dying request of his cousin, so far as Frank Masham's material interests were concerned. Soon after he became Lord Chancellor, Frank Masham was appointed to the newly constituted office of Accountant-General in the Court of Chancery, a lucrative post, conferring the same status as a Mastership.

Locke retained his faculties and his cheerfulness to the last; but he grew gradually weaker day by day. "Few people," says Lady Masham, "do so sensibly see death approach them as he did." A few days before his death he received the sacrament from the parish minister, professing his perfect charity with all men, and his "sincere communion with the whole Church of Christ, by whatever name Christ's followers call themselves." In the last hours he talked much with the Mashams about their eternal concerns. As for himself he had lived long enough, and enjoyed a happy life; but he looked forward to a

better. At length, on the afternoon of the 28th of October, the spirit left him, and the earthly tabernacle was dissolved. His body is buried in the churchyard of High Laver, in a pleasant spot on the south side of the church. The Latin epitaph on the wall above the tomb was written by himself. It tells us that he had lived content with his own insignificance: that, brought up among letters, he had advanced just so far as to make an acceptable offering to truth alone: if the traveller wanted an example of good life, he would find one in the Gospel; if of vice, would that he could find one nowhere; if of mortality, there and everywhere.

"His death," says Lady Masham, "was, like his life, truly pious, yet natural, easy, and unaffected; nor can time, I think, ever produce a more eminent example of reason and religion than he was, living and dying."

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CHAPTER VIII.

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ESSAY ON THE HUMAN UNDERSTANDING.

"Were it fit to trouble thee," says Locke in his Epistle to the Reader, "with the history of this Essay, I should tell thee that five or six friends meeting at my chamber, and discoursing on a subject very remote from this, found themselves quickly at a stand by the difficulties that rose on every side. After we had a while puzzled ourselves, without coming any nearer a resolution of those doubts which perplexed us, it came into my thoughts that we took a wrong course; and that, before we set ourselves upon inquiries of that nature, it was necessary to examine our own abilities, and see what objects our understandings were or were not fitted to deal with. This I proposed to the company, who all readily assented; and thereupon it was agreed that this should be our first inquiry."

This passage may serve not only to describe the occasion of Locke's *Essay*, but also to indicate the circumstance which constitutes the peculiar merit and originality of Locke as a philosopher. The science which we now call Psychology, or the study of mind, had hitherto, amongst modern writers, been almost exclusively subordinated to the interests of other branches of speculation. Some exception must, indeed, be made in favour of Hobbes and

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Gassendi, Descartes and Spinoza; but all these authors treated the questions of psychology somewhat cursorily. while the two former seem usually to have had in view the illustration of some favourite position in physics or ethics, the two latter the ultimate establishment of some proposition relating to the nature or attributes of God. We may say then, without much exaggeration, that Locke was the first of modern writers to attempt at once an independent and a complete treatment of the phenomena of the human mind, of their mutual relations, of their causes and limits. His object was, as he himself phrases it, "to inquire into the original, certainty, and extent of human knowledge; together with the grounds and degrees of belief, opinion, and assent." This task he undertakes not in the dogmatic spirit of his predecessors, but in the critical spirit which he may be said to have almost inaugurated. As far as it is possible for a writer to divest himself of prejudice, and to set to his work with a candid and open mind, seeking help and information from all quarters, Locke does so. And the effect of his candour on his first readers must have been enhanced by the fact, not always favourable to his precision, that, as far as he can, he throws aside the technical terminology of the schools, and employs the language current in the better kinds of ordinary literature and the well-bred society of his time. The absence of pedantry and of parti pris in a philosophical work was at that time so rare a recommendation that, no doubt, these characteristics contributed largely to the rapid circulation and the general acceptance of the Essay.

The central idea, which dominates Locke's work, is that all our knowledge is derived from experience. But this does not strike us so much as a thesis to be maintained

as a conclusion arrived at after a vast amount of patient thought and inquiry. Have we any ideas independent of experience? or, as Locke phrases it, are there any Innate Principles in the mind?

"It is an established opinion amongst some men that there are in the Understanding certain Innate Principles, some Primary Notions, κοιναὶ ἔννοιαι, characters, as it were, stamped upon the mind of man, which the Soul receives in its very first being and brings into the world with it."

This is the opinion which Locke examines and refutes in the first, or introductory, book of the Essay. It has often been objected that he mistakes and exaggerates the position which he is attacking. And so far as his distinguished predecessor, Descartes, is concerned (though to what extent Locke has him in mind, his habit of not referring to other authors by name prevents us from knowing), this is undoubtedly the case. For Descartes, though he frequently employs and accepts the expression "innate notions" or "innate ideas," concedes, as so many philosophers of the same school have done since, that this native knowledge is only implicit, and requires definite experiences to elicit it. Thus, in his notes on the Programme of Regius, he expressly compares these innate notions or ideas with the nobility which is characteristic of certain ancient stocks, or with diseases, such as gout or gravel, which are said to be "innate" in certain families, not "because the infants of those families suffer from these diseases in their mother's womb, but because they are born with a certain disposition or tendency to contract them." Here Descartes seems to have been on the very point of stumbling on the principle of heredity which, in the hands of recent physiologists and psychologists, has done so much towards reconciling rival theories on the

nature and origin of knowledge and clearing up many of the difficulties which attach to this branch of speculation. It must be confessed, however, that in his better-known works he often employs unguarded and unexplained expressions which might easily suggest the crude form of the à priori theory attacked by Locke. Still more is this the case with other authors, such as Lord Herbert of Cherbury and Dr. Ralph Cudworth, whose works were in general circulation at the time when Locke was composing his Essay. Lord Herbert, though indeed he acknowledges that "common notions" (the expression by which he designates à priori principles) require an object to elicit them into consciousness, seems invariably to regard them as ready-made ideas implanted in the human mind from its very origin. They are given by an independent faculty, Natural Instinct, which is to be distinguished from Internal Sense, External Sense, and Reasoning ("discursus"), the sources of our other ideas. They are to be found in every man, and universal consent is the main criterion by which they are to be discriminated. In fact, there can be no doubt that the dogma of Innate Ideas and Innate Principles, in the form attacked by Locke, was a natural, if not the legitimate, interpretation of much of the philosophical teaching of the time, and that it was probably the form in which that teaching was popularly understood. It lay, moreover, as Locke's phrase is, along the "common road," which was travelled by the majority of men who cared about speculative subjects at all, and from which it was novel, and therefore dangerous, to diverge.

The most effective, perhaps, of Locke's arguments against this doctrine is his challenge to the advocates of Innate Principles to produce them, and show what and

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how many they are. Did men find such innate propositions stamped on their minds, nothing could be more easy "There could be no more doubt about their number than there is about the number of our fingers; and 'tis like, then, every system would be ready to give them us by tale." Now "'tis enough to make one suspect that the supposition of such innate principles is but an opinion taken up at random; since those who talk so confidently of them are so sparing to tell us which they are." (Bk. I., ch. iii., § 14.) The great majority, indeed, of those who maintain the existence of innate principles and ideas attempt no enumeration of them. Those who do attempt such an enumeration differ in the lists which they draw up, and, moreover, as Locke shows in the case of the five practical principles of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, give no sufficient reason why many other propositions, which they regard as secondary and derived, should not be admitted to the same rank with the so-called innate principles, which they assume to be primary and independent. Locke is here treading on safer ground than in many of his other criticisms. The fact is that it is impossible clearly to discriminate between those propositions which are axiomatic and those which are derived or, in the language of the theory which Locke is combating, between those which are innate and those which are adventitious. Race, temperament, mental capacity, habit, education, produce such differences between man and man that a proposition which to one man appears self-evident and unquestionable will by another be admitted only after considerable hesitation, while a third will regard it as doubtful, or even false. Especially is this the case, as Locke does not fail to point out, with many of the principles of religion and morals, which have now been received by so constant a tradition in most civilized nations that they have come to be regarded as independent of reason, and, if not "ingraven on the mind" from its birth, at least exempt from discussion and criticism. The circumstance, however, that they are not universally acknowledged shows that to mankind in general, at any rate, they are not axiomatic, and that, however clear and convincing the reasons for them may be, at all events those reasons require to be stated. It was this determined and vigorous protest against multiplying assumptions and attempting to withdraw a vast mass of propositions, both speculative and practical, from the control and revision of reason, that, perhaps, constituted the most distinctive and valuable part of Locke's teaching.

Having cleared from his path the theory of Innate Principles, Locke proceeds, in the Second Book, to inquire how the mind comes to be furnished with its knowledge. Availing himself of a metaphor which had been commonly employed by the Stoics, but which reaches as far back as Aristotle and Plato, and even as Æschylus, he compares the mind to "white paper, void of all characters, without any ideas," and then asks:

"Whence comes it by that vast store, which the busy and boundless Fancy of Man has painted on it, with an almost endless variety? Whence has it all the materials of Reason and Knowledge? To this I answer in one word, from Experience: In that all our knowledge is founded; and from that it ultimately derives itself. Our observation employed either about external or sensible objects, or about the internal operations of our minds perceived and reflected on by our selves, is that which supplies our Understandings with all the materials of thinking. These two are the Fountains of Knowledge from which all the ideas we have, or can naturally have, do spring."

"First, our Senses, conversant about particular sensible objects, do convey into the mind several distinct perceptions of things, according to those various ways in which those objects do affect them. And thus we come by those ideas we have of Yellow, White, Heat, Cold, Soft, Hard, Bitter, Sweet, and all those which we call Sensible Qualities, which when I say the senses convey into the mind, I mean they from external objects convey into the mind what produces there those Perceptions. This great source of most of the Ideas we have, depending wholly upon our senses, and derived by them to the Understanding, I call SENSATION."

"Secondly, the other Fountain, from which Experience furnisheth the Understanding with Ideas, is the Perception of the operations of our own minds within us, as it is employed about the ideas it has gat; which operations, when the soul comes to reflect on and consider, do furnish the Understanding with another set of ideas which could not be had from things without; and such are Perception, Thinking, Doubting, Believing, Reasoning, Knowing, Willing, and all the different actings of our own minds, which we being conscious of, and observing in our selves, do from these receive into our Understandings as distinct ideas as we do from bodies affecting our senses. This source of ideas every man has wholly in himself. And though it be not sense, as having nothing to do with external objects, yet it is very like it, and might properly enough be called Internal Sense. But as I call the other Sensation, so I call this REFLECTION, the ideas it affords being such only as the mind gets by reflecting on its own operations within itself. By Reflection, then, in the following part of this Discourse, I would be understood to mean that notice which the mind takes of its own operations and the manner of them, by reason whereof there come to be Ideas of these operations in the Understanding. These two, I say, namely, external material things, as the objects of Sensation, and the operations of our own minds within, as the objects of Reflection, are to me the only originals from whence all our ideas take their beginning. The term operations here I use in a large sense, as comprehending not barely the actions of the mind about its ideas, but some sort of passions arising sometimes from them, such as is the satisfaction or uneasiness arising from any thought."

"The Understanding seems to me not to have the least glimmer-

erations." (Bk. II., ch. i., §§ 2-5.)

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External objects furnish the mind with the ideas of sensible qualities, which are all those different perceptions they produce in us; and the mind furnishes the Understanding with ideas of its own op-

In deriving our knowledge from two distinct sources, Sensation and Reflection, Locke is advancing a position altogether different from that of what is properly called the Sensationalist school of philosophers. Gassendi and Hobbes before him, Condillac and Helvétius after him, found the ultimate source of all our knowledge in the impressions of sense. The emphatic words of Hobbes, standing in the forefront of the Leviathan, are:—"The original of all the thoughts of men is that which we call Sense, for there is no conception in a man's mind which hath not at first, totally or by parts, been begotten upon the organs of sense." And Condillac, aiming at a theory still more simple, derives from sensations not only all our knowledge but all our faculties. "The other fountain," then, of Locke has, we must recollect, a peculiar significance as distinguishing his psychology from that of the sensationalist writers who preceded and who followed him. His theory of the origin of knowledge may fairly be called an experiential, but it cannot with any truth be called a sensationalist theory.

The rest of the Second Book of the *Essay* is mainly taken up with the attempt to enumerate our simple ideas of Sensation and Reflection, and to resolve into them our other ideas, however complex. To follow Locke into these details would be to re-write the *Essay*. I propose simply to direct the attention of the reader to a few salient points.

Of Simple Ideas of Sensation," some "come into our

minds by one Sense only." Such are the various colours, sounds, tastes, and smells, Heat and Cold, and the sensation of Resistance or Impenetrability, which Locke denominates Solidity. "The Ideas we get by more than one sense are of Space or Extension, Figure, Rest, and Motion."

The "Simple Ideas of Reflection," which the mind acquires, when "it turns its view inward upon itself, and observes its own actions about those ideas it has received from without," are mainly two, namely, Perception or Thinking, and Volition or Willing.

"There be other simple ideas, which convey themselves into the mind by all the ways of Sensation and Reflection, namely, Pleasure or Delight, Pain or Uneasiness, Power, Existence, Unity. (Bk. II., ch. vii., § 1.)

"These simple ideas, the materials of all our knowledge, are suggested and furnished to the mind only by those two ways above mentioned, namely, Sensation and Reflection. When the Understanding is once stored with these simple ideas, it has the power to repeat, compare, and unite them, even to an almost infinite variety, and so can make at pleasure new complex ideas. But it is not in the power of the most exalted Wit or enlarged Understanding, by any quickness or variety of thoughts, to invent or frame one new simple idea in the mind, not taken in by the ways before mentioned. Nor can any force of the Understanding destroy those that are there: the dominion of man, in this little world of his own understanding, being much-what the same as it is in the great world of visible things, wherein his power, however managed by art and skill, reaches no farther than to compound and divide the materials that are made to his hand, but can do nothing towards the making the least particle of new matter or destroying one atom of what is already in being. The same inability will every one find in himself who shall go about to fashion in his Understanding any simple idea not received in by his senses from external objects or by reflection from the operations of his own mind about them." (Bk. II., ch. ii., § 2.)

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In the reception of these simple ideas, Locke regards the mind as merely passive. It can no more refuse to have them, alter or blot them out, than a mirror can refuse to receive, alter, or obliterate the images reflected on it. The Understanding, before the entrance of simple ideas, is like a dark room, and external and internal sensation are the windows by which light is let in. But when the light has once penetrated into this dark recess, the Understanding has an almost unlimited power of modifying and transforming it. It can create complex ideas, and that in an infinite variety, out of its simple ideas, and this it does chiefly by combining, comparing, and separating them.

"This shows man's power, and its way of operation, to be much what the same in the material and intellectual world. For the materials in both being such as he has no power over, either to make or destroy, all that man can do is either to unite them together, or to set them by one another, or wholly separate them." (Bk. II., ch. xii., § 1.)

The complex ideas are classified under three heads, modes, which may be either simple or mixed, substances, and relations. Here, however, my analysis must stop, and I must content myself with giving a few examples of the manner in which Locke attempts to resolve "complex ideas" into "simple" ones.

The idea of Infinity, to take one of his most celebrated resolutions, is merely a simple mode of Quantity, as Immensity is a simple mode of Space, and Eternity of Duration. All alike are negative ideas, arising whenever we allow the mind "an endless progression of thought," without any effort to arrest it. "How often soever" a man doubles an unit of space, be it a "mile, or diameter of the earth, or of the *Orbis Magnus*," or any otherwise multi-

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plies it, "he finds that, after he has continued this doubling in his thoughts and enlarged his idea as much as he pleases, he has no more reason to stop, nor is one jot nearer the end of such addition, than he was at first setting out; the power of enlarging his idea of Space by farther additions remaining still the same, he hence takes idea of infinite space." (Bk. II., ch. xvii., § 3.)

With the idea of "Substance" Locke is fairly baffled. If we examine our idea of a horse, a man, a piece of gold, &c., we are able to resolve it into a number of simple ideas, such as extension, figure, solidity, weight, colour, &c., coexisting together. But, according to Locke, who, in this respect, was merely following in the track of the generally received philosophy of his time, there is, in addition to ali these qualities, a substratum in which they inhere, or, to use his own language, "wherein they do subsist, and from which they do result." Now of the various qualities we can form a clear idea and give a more or less intelligible account. But can we form a clear idea or give an intelligible account of the substratum? Locke here is bold enough to break off from the orthodox doctrine of the time, and confess candidly that we cannot. The idea of this Substratum or Substance is a "confused idea of something to which the qualities belong, and in which they sub-The name Substance denotes a Support, "though it be certain we have no clear or distinct idea of that thing we suppose a support."

"So that if any one will examine himself concerning his notion of pure Substance in general, he will find he has no other idea of it at all but only a supposition of he knows not what Support of such qualities which are capable of producing simple ideas in us; which qualities are commonly called Accidents. If any one should be asked what is the subject wherein Colour or Weight inheres, he would

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have nothing to say but the solid extended parts. And if he were demanded what is it that Solidity and Extension inhere in, he would not be in a much better case than the Indian who, saying that the world was supported by a great elephant, was asked what the elephant rested on? To which his answer was, a great tortoise. But, being again pressed to know what gave support to the broad-backed tortoise, replied, something, he knew not what. And thus here, as in all other cases, where we use words without having clear and distinct ideas, we talk like children; who, being questioned what such a thing is, which they know not, readily give this satisfactory answer, That it is something; which in truth signifies no more, when so used, either by children or men, but that they know not what, and that the thing they pretend to know and talk of is what they have no distinct idea of at all, and so are perfectly ignorant of it and in the dark." (Bk. II., ch. xxiii., § 2.)

No wonder that the next step in philosophy was to get rid altogether of this "something, we know not what." For, if we know not what it is, how do we know that it exists, and is not a mere fiction of the Schools? This step was taken by Berkeley, as respects matter, and by Hume the same negative criticism which Berkeley confines to matter was boldly, and, as it seems to me, far less successfully and legitimately extended to mind. Indeed, were it not for his express assurance to the contrary, we should often be tempted to think that Locke himself regarded this distinction of Substance and Accident, so far, at least, as it affects Matter and its attributes, as untenable, and was anxious to insinuate a doubt as to the very existence of the "unknown somewhat."

In this chapter, Locke maintains that there is no more difficulty, if indeed so much, in the notion of immaterial spirit as of body. "Our idea of Body, as I think, is an extended solid substance, capable of communicating motion by impulse; and our idea of our Soul, as an immaterial

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Spirit, is of a substance that thinks, and has a power of exciting motion in body by Will or Thought." (§ 22.) Now, it is "no more a contradiction that Thinking should exist separate and independent from Solidity, than it is a contradiction that Solidity should exist separate and independent from Thinking, they being both but simple ideas independent one from another. And, having as clear and distinct ideas in us of Thinking as of Solidity, I know not why we may not as well allow a thinking thing without solidity, that is immaterial, to exist, as a solid thing without thinking, that is matter, to exist; especially since it is no harder to conceive how Thinking should exist without Matter, than how Matter should think." (§ 32.)

In the Fourth Book (ch. iii., § 6), however, he gave great scandal by suggesting the possibility that Matter might think, that it was not much more repugnant to our conceptions that God might, if he pleased, "superadd to Matter a Faculty of Thinking, than that he should superadd to it another substance with a faculty of thinking." At the same time, he regarded it as no less than a contradiction to suppose that Matter, "which is evidently in its own nature void of sense and thought," should be the "eternal first thinking Being," or God Himself; and, in his First Letter to the Bishop of Worcester, he grants that in us (as distinguished from the lower animals) it is in the highest degree probable that the "thinking substance" is immaterial. Materialism, therefore, as ordinarily understood, is certainly no part of Locke's system.

In discussing the idea of Substance, Locke seems generally to be thinking more of Matter than Mind. But, in an early part of the *Essay* (Bk. II., ch. xiii., § 18), he very rightly begs those who talk so much of Substance "to

consider whether applying it, as they do, to the infinite incomprehensible God, to finite Spirit, and to Body, it be in the same sense, and whether it stands for the same idea, when each of those three so different beings are called Substances." As applied respectively to Matter and to Mind (whether finite or infinite), it appears to me that the word Substance assumes a very different meaning, and that the absurdities which it is possible to fix on the distinction between Matter and its attributes by no means extend to the distinction between Mind and its operations. For an union of certain forces or powers affecting our organisms in certain ways seems to exhaust our conception of external objects (the notion of externality, I conceive, being quite independent of that of the Substrate "matter"), but no similar enumeration of mental acts and feelings seems adequately to take the place of that "Self," or "I," of which we regard these as merely phases and modifications. It would much conduce to clearness in philosophical discussions if, at least amongst those who admit the dualism of matter and mind, the word Substance, whenever applied to incorporeal objects, were replaced by the word Mind, and, whenever applied to corporeal objects, by the word Matter.

The Second Book closes, in the Fourth and subsequent editions, with a short but very interesting Chapter on the "Association of Ideas." The student of Mental Philosophy will find it instructive to compare this Chapter with the previous account given by Hobbes (Human Nature, ch. iv.; Leviathan, Pt. I., ch. iii.) and the subsequent account given by Hume (Human Nature, Pt. I., § 4; Essays on Human Understanding, § 3), of the same phenomena. Locke appears to have been the first author to use the

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exact¹ expression "Association of Ideas," and it is curious to find in this chapter (§ 5) the word "inseparable," so familiar to the readers of recent works on psychology, already applied to designate certain kinds of association. Some ideas, indeed, have, he says, a natural correspondence, but others, that "in themselves are not at all of kin," "come to be so united in some men's minds that one no sooner at any time comes into the understanding than the whole Gang, always inseparable, show themselves together."

The following passage on what may be called the associations of antipathy affords a good instance of Locke's power of homely and apposite illustration:

"Many children imputing the pain they endured at school to their books they were corrected for, so join those ideas together, that a book becomes their aversion, and they are never reconciled to the study and use of them all their lives after; and thus reading becomes a torment to them, which otherwise possibly they might have made the great pleasure of their lives. There are rooms convenient enough, that some men cannot study in, and fashions of vessels, which though never so clean and commodious, they cannot drink out of, and that by reason of some accidental ideas which are annexed to them and make them offensive. And who is there that hath not observed some man to flag at the appearance or in the company of some certain person not otherwise superior to him, but because, having once on some occasion got the ascendant, the idea of authority and distance goes along with that of the person, and he that has been thus subjected is not able to separate them."

Had Locke's *Essay* ended with the Second Book, we should hardly have detected in it any incompleteness. It

¹ Sir W. Hamilton refers to La Chambre (Système de l'Ame: Paris, 1664) as having anticipated Locke in the use of this expression. In Liv. IV., ch. ii., art. 9, La Chambre speaks of "l' Union et la Liaison des Images," but I cannot find that he approaches any nearer to the now established phraseology.

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might have been regarded as an analytical work on the nature and origin of our ideas, or, in other words, on the elements of our knowledge. There are, however, a third and fourth book—the former treating "Of Words," the latter "Of Knowledge and Opinion." Locke's notion appears to have been that, after treating of "Ideas," mainly as regarded in themselves, it was desirable to consider them as combined in Judgments or Propositions, and to estimate the various degrees of assent which we give or ought to give to such judgments, when formed. Fourth Book thus, to a certain extent, takes the place, and was probably designed to take the place, of the Logic of the Schools. "But," to quote Locke's own language in the Abstract of the Essay, "when I came a little nearer to consider the nature and manner of human knowledge, I found it had so much to do with propositions, and that words, either by custom or necessity, were so mixed with it, that it was impossible to discourse of knowledge with that clearness we should, without saying something first of words and language."

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The last three Chapters of the Third Book are remarkable for their sound sense, and may still be read with the greatest advantage by all who wish to be put on their guard against the delusions produced by misleading or inadequate language—those "Idola Fori" which Bacon describes as the most troublesome of the phantoms which beset the mind in its search for truth. Some of the best and freshest of Locke's thoughts, indeed, are to be found in this book, and especially in the less technical parts of it.

The Fourth Book, under the head of Knowledge, treats of a great variety of interesting topics: of the nature of knowledge, its degrees, its extent, and reality; of the truth and certainty of Universal Propositions; of the logical

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axioms, or laws of thought; of the evidence for the existence of a God; of Faith and Reason; of the Degrees of Assent; of Enthusiasm; of Error. Into these attractive regions it is impossible that I can follow my author, but the reader who wishes to see examples of Locke's strong practical sense and, at the same time, to understand the popularity so soon and so constantly accorded to the *Essay*, should make acquaintance at least with the four chapters last named.

From the task of description I now pass to that of criticism, though this must be confined within still narrower limits than the former, and indeed, amongst the multiplicity of subjects which invite attention, I must confine myself to one only: the account of the ultimate origin of our knowledge, which forms the main subject of the *Essay*.

Locke, as we have seen, derived all our knowledge from Experience. But experience, with him, was simply the experience of the individual. In order to acquire this experience, it was indeed necessary that we should have certain "inherent faculties." But of these "faculties" he gives no other account than that God has "furnished" or "endued" us with them. Thus, the Deus ex machina was as much an acknowledged necessity in the philosophy of Locke, and was, in fact, almost as frequently invoked, as in that of his antagonists. Is there any natural account to be given of the way in which we come to have these "faculties," of the extraordinary facility we possess of acquiring simple and forming complex ideas, is a question which he appears never to have put to himself. Inquiries of this kind, however, we must recollect, were foreign to the men of his generation, and, in fact, have only recently

become a recognized branch of mental philosophy. Hence it was that his system left so much unexplained. only the very circumstance that we have "inherent faculties" at all, but the wide differences of natural capacity which we observe between one man or race and another, and the very early period at which there spring up in the mind such notions as those of space, time, equality, causality, and the like, are amongst the many difficulties which Locke's theory, in its bare and unqualified form, fails satisfactorily to answer. It was thus comparatively easy for Kant to show that the problem of the origin of knowledge could not be left where Locke had left it; that our à posteriori experiences presuppose and are only intelligible through certain à priori perceptions and conceptions which the mind itself imposes upon them; or, to use more accurate language, through certain à priori elements in our perceptions and conceptions, which the mind contributes from itself. Thus the child appears, as soon as it is capable of recognizing any source of its impressions, to regard an object as situated in space, an event as happening in time, circumstances which have occurred together as likely to occur together again. But Kant's own account was defective in leaving this à priori element of our knowledge unexplained, or, at least, in attempting no explanation of it. The mind, according to him, is possessed of certain Forms and Categories, which shape and co-ordinate the impressions received from the external world, being as necessary to the acquisition of experience, as experience is necessary to eliciting them into consciousness. But here his analysis ends. He does not ask how the mind comes to be possessed of these Forms and Categories, nor does he satisfactorily determine the precise relation in which they stand to the empirical elements of

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knowledge. When studying his philosophy, we seem indeed to be once more receding to the mysterious region of Innate Ideas. But the mystery is removed at least several stages back, if we apply to the solution of these mental problems the principle of Heredity, which has recently been found so potent in clearing up many of the difficulties connected with external nature. What are the "Innate Ideas" of the older philosophers, or the Forms and Categories of Kant, but certain tendencies of the mind to group phenomena, the "fleeting objects of sense," under certain relations and regard them under certain aspects? And why should these tendencies be accounted for in any other way than that by which we are accustomed to account for the tendency of an animal or plant, belonging to any particular species, to exhibit, as it developes, the physical characteristics of the species to which it belongs? The existence of the various mental tendencies and aptitudes, so far as the individual is concerned, is, in fact, to be explained by the principle of hereditary transmission. But how have these tendencies and aptitudes come to be formed in the race? The most scientific answer is that which, following the analogy of the theory now so widely admitted with respect to the physical structure of animals and plants, assigns their formation to the continuous operation, through a long series of ages, of causes acting uniformly, or almost uniformly, in the same direction—in one word, of Evolution. This explanation may have its difficulties, but it is at any rate an attempt at a natural explanation where no other such attempt exists, and it has the merit of falling in with the explanations of corresponding phenomena now most generally accepted amongst scientific men in otheradepartments of knowledge.

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According to this theory, there is both an à priori and an à posteriori element in our knowledge, or, to speak more accurately, there are both à priori and à posteriori conditions of our knowing, the à posteriori condition being, as in all systems, individual experience, the $\dot{\alpha}$ priori condition being inherited mental aptitudes, which, as a rule, become more and more marked and persistent with each successive transmission. Now Locke lays stress simply upon the à posteriori condition, though he recognizes a certain kind of à priori condition in our "natural faculties," and the simple ideas furnished by reflecting on their operations. The very important condition, however, of inherited aptitudes facilitating the formation of certain general conceptions concurrently, or almost concurrently, with the presentation of individual experiences, did not occur to him as an element in the solution of the problem he had undertaken to answer, nor, in that stage of speculation, could it well have done so. His peculiar contribution to the task of solving this question consisted in his skilful and popular delineation of the à posteriori element in knowledge, and in his masterly exposure of the insufficiency of the account of the à priori element, as then commonly given. Locke's own theory was afterwards strained by Hume and Hartley, and still more by his professed followers in France, such as Condillac and Helvétius, till at last, in the opinion of most competent judges, it snapped asunder. Then, under the massive, though often partial and obscure, treatment of Kant, came the rehabilitation of the à priori side of knowledge. In recent times, mainly by aid of the light thrown on it from other branches of inquiry, a more thorough and scientific treatment of psychology has done much, as I conceive, towards completing and reconciling the two divergent theories which

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at one time seemed hopelessly to divide the world of philosophic thinkers. And yet, as it appears to me, the ultimate mystery which surrounds the beginnings of intellectual life on the globe has by no means been removed.

As closely connected with this general criticism of Locke's system, or rather as presenting the defects just criticised under another form, I may notice the tendency of the Essay to bring into undue prominence the passive receptivities of the Mind, and to ignore its activity and spontaneity. The metaphor of the tabula rasa, the sheet of "white paper," once admitted, exercises a warping influence over the whole work. The author is so busied with the variety of impressions from without, that he seems sometimes almost to ignore the reaction of the mind from within. And yet this one-sideness of Locke's conception of mind may easily be exaggerated. "When the Understanding is once stored with simple ideas, it has the power to repeat, compare, and unite them, even to an almost infinite variety, and so can make at pleasure new complex ideas." (Bk. II., ch. ii., § 2.) Moreover, amongst the simple ideas themselves are the ideas of Reflection, "being such as the mind gets by reflecting on its own operations." The system, in fact, assumes an almost ceaseless activity of mind, after the simple ideas of sensation have once entered it. But where it fails is in not recognizing that mental reaction which is essential to the formation of even the simple ideas of sensation themselves, as well as that spontaneous activity of mind which often seems to assert itself independently of the application of any stimulus from without. Here again a more scientific psychology than was possible in Locke's day comes to our aid, and shows, as is done by Mr. Bain and other recent writers, that the nerves, stored with energy, often

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discharge themselves of their own accord, and that movement is at least as much an original factor in animal life as is sensation, while sometimes it even precedes it in time. Had the constant interaction of mental activity and mental receptivity, producing a compound in which it is often almost impossible to disentangle the elements, been duly recognized by Locke, it would certainly have made his philosophy less simple, but it would have made it more true to facts. Physiology, however, was in his days in far too backward a state itself to throw much light upon Psychology. And the reaction against the prevailing doctrine of Innate Ideas naturally led to a system in which the influences of external circumstances, of education and habit, were exaggerated at the expense of the native powers, or as they might more appropriately be called the inherited aptitudes, and the spontaneous activity of the mind.

Here, tempting as it is to follow my author along the many tracks of psychological, metaphysical, and logical discussion which he always pursues with sagacity, candour, and good sense, if not always with the consistency and profundity which we should require from later writers, my criticism must necessarily end.

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Before, however, finally dismissing the *Essay*, I must pause to ask what was the main work in the history of philosophy and thought which it accomplished. Many of its individual doctrines, doubtless, could not now be defended against the attacks of hostile criticism, and some even of those which are true in the main, are inadequate or one-sided. But its excellence lies in its tone, its language, its method, its general drift, its multiplicity of topics, the direction which it gave to the thoughts and studies of reflecting men for many generations subsequent

Of the tone of candour and opento its appearance. mindedness which pervades it, of the unscholastic and agreeable form in which it is written, and of the great variety of interesting topics which it starts, I have spoken already. Its method, though not absolutely new, even in modern times, for it is at least, to some extent, the method of Descartes, if not, in a smaller degree, of Hobbes and Gassendi, was still not common at the time of its appearance. Instead of stating a series of preconceived opinions, or of dogmas borrowed from some dominant school, in a systematic form, Locke sets to work to examine the structure of his own mind, and to analyze into their elements the ideas which he finds there. This, the introspective method, as it has been called, though undoubtedly imperfect, for it requires to be supplemented by the study of the minds of other men, if not of the lower animals, as made known by their acts, and words, and history, is yet a great advance on the purely à priori, and often fanciful, methods which preceded it. Nor do we fail to find in the **Essay** some employment of that comparative method to which I have just alluded: witness the constant references to children and savages in the first book, and the stress which is laid on the variety of moral sentiment existing amongst mankind. This inductive treatment of philosophical problems, mainly introspective, but in some measure also comparative, which was extremely rare in Locke's time, became almost universal afterwards. Closely connected with the method of the book is its general purport. By turning the mind inwards upon itself, and "making it its own object," Locke surmises that all its ideas come either from without or from experience of its own operations. He finds, on examination and analysis, no ideas which cannot be referred to one or other of these two

The single word "experience" includes them sources. both, and furnishes us with a good expression for marking the general drift of his philosophy. It was pre-eminently a philosophy of experience, both in its method and in its results. It accepts nothing on authority, no foregone conclusions, no data from other sciences. It digs, as it were, into the mind, detaches the ore, analyzes it, and asks how the various constituents came there. The analytical and psychological direction thus given to philosophy by Locke was followed by most of the philosophical writers of the eighteenth century. However divergent in other respects, Hume and Berkeley, Hartley and Reid, the French Sensationalists, Kant, all commence their investigations by inquiring into the constitution, the capacities, and the limits of the Human Mind. Nor can any system of speculation be constructed on a sound basis which has neglected to dig about the foundations of human knowledge, to ascertain what our thoughts can and what they cannot compass, and what are the varying degrees of assurance with which the various classes of propositions may be accepted by us. Two cautions, indeed, are necessary in applying this procedure. We must never forget that the mind is constantly in contact with external nature, and that therefore a constant action and reaction is taking place between them; and we must never omit to base our inductions on an examination of other minds as well as our own, bringing into the account, as far as possible, every type and grade of mental development.

It was not, however, only its general spirit and direction which Locke impressed on the philosophy of the eighteenth century. He may almost be said to have recreated that philosophy. There is hardly a single French or English writer (and we may add Kant) down to the time of Dugald

Stewart, or even of Cousin, Hamilton, and J. S. Mill, who does not profess either to develope Locke's system, or to supplement, or to criticise it. Followers, antagonists, and critics alike seem to assume on the part of the reader a knowledge of the Essay on the Human Understanding, and to make that the starting-point of their own speculations. The office which Bacon assigns to himself with reference to knowledge generally might well have been claimed by Locke with reference to the science of mind. Both of them did far more than merely play the part of a herald, but of both alike it was emphatically true that they "rang the bell to call the other wits together."

CHAPTER IX.

LOCKE'S OPINIONS ON RELIGION AND MORALS, AND HIS THEOLOGICAL WRITINGS.

In the Essay on the Human Understanding, Bk. IV., ch. x., Locke attempts to prove the existence of a God, which, though God has given us no innate idea of Himself, he regards as "the most obvious truth that reason discerns," and as resting on evidence equal to mathematical certainty. Morality is, he maintains, entirely based upon the Will of God. If there were no God, there would, for him, be no morality, and this is the reason of his denying to Atheists the protection of the State. In the chapter on the Existence of God he says expressly that this truth is so fundamental that "all genuine morality depends thereon," and almost at the beginning of the Essay (Bk. I., ch. iii., § 6), while facknowledging that "several moral rules may receive from mankind a very general approbation, without either knowing or admitting the true ground of morality," he maintains that such true ground "can only be the Will and Law of a God, who sees men in the dark, has in his hand rewards and punishments, and power enough to call to account the proudest offender." Again, "the Rule prescribed by God is the true and only measure of Virtue." But how are we to ascertain this rule? "God has by an inseparable connexion joined Virtue and Public Happiness

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together," and hence we have only to ascertain, by the use of the natural reason, what on the whole conduces most to the public welfare, in order to know the Divine Will. The rules, when arrived at, have a "moral and eternal obligation," and are enforced by fear of "the Hell God has ordained for the punishment of those that transgress them."

This form of Utilitarianism, resting on a theological basis and enforced by theological sanctions, is precisely that which afterwards became so popular and excited so much attention, when adopted in the well-known work of Paley. According to this system, we do what is right simply because God commands it, and because He will punish us if we disobey His orders. "By the fault is the rod, and with the transgression a fire ready to punish it." But, notwithstanding the divine origin and the divine sanction of morality, its measure and test are purely human. Each man is required by the Law of God to do all the good and prevent all the evil that he can, and, as good and evil are resolved into pleasure and pain, the ultimate test of virtue or moral conduct comes to be its conduciveness to promote the pleasures and avert the pains of mankind. Bentham, whose ethical system, it may be noticed, differed mainly from that of Locke and Paley by not being based on a theological foundation, extends the scope of morality to all sentient creatures, capable of pleasure and pain.

I shall not here criticise Locke's theory so far as it is common to other utilitarian systems of ethics, but shall simply content myself with pointing out that its influence on subsequent writers has seldom, if ever, been sufficiently recognized. The theological foundation, however, on which it rests, and which is peculiar among the more prominent moralists of modern times to Locke and Paley, is open to an objection so grave and obvious, that it is curious it did

not occur to the authors themselves. If what is right and wrong, good and evil, depends solely on the Will of God, how can we speak of God Himself as good? Goodness, as one of the Divine attributes, would then simply mean the conformity of God to His own Will. An elder contemporary of Locke, Ralph Cudworth, so clearly saw the difficulties and contradictions involved in this view of the nature and origin of morality, that he devotes a considerable portion of his Treatise concerning Eternal and Immutable Morality (which, however, was not published till 1731) to its refutation. And, possibly, Locke himself may have been conscious of some inconsistency between this theory (the ordinary one amongst the vulgar, though a comparatively rare one amongst philosophers) and the attribution of goodness to God. For, in his chapter on our knowledge of the existence of God, he never expressly mentions the attribute of goodness as pertaining to the Divine Nature, though in other parts of the Essay it must be acknowledged that he incidentally does so. Moralists and philosophical theologians have generally escaped the difficulties of Locke's theory by making right or moral goodness depend not on the Will but on the Nature of God, or else by regarding it as an ultimate fact, incapable of explanation, or, lastly, by resolving it into the idea of happiness or pleasure, which itself is then regarded as an ultimate fact in the constitution of sentient beings.

Two other characteristic doctrines of Locke's ethical system ought here to be mentioned, though it is impossible, within the space at my command, to discuss them. One is that morality is a science capable of demonstration. The other, which is elaborately set out in the chapter on Power in the Essay (Bk. II., ch. xxi.), is that, though the Agent is free to act as he wills, the Will itself is invariably

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determined by motives. This solution of the well-worn controversy on the Freedom of the Will is almost identical with that offered by Hobbes before and by Hume afterwards, and is usually known as Determinism.

We have seen that the main sanctions of morality, with Locke, are the rewards and punishments of a future state. But how are we assured of future existence? Only by "Good and wise men," indeed, "have always Revelation. been willing to believe that the soul was immortal;" but "though the Light of Nature gave some obscure glimmering, some uncertain hopes of a future state, yet Human Reason could attain to no clearness, no certainty about it, but it was Jesus Christ alone who brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." (Third Letter to the Bp. of Worcester.) But if the main sanctions of morality are those of a future state, and if it is Christians alone who feel anything approaching to an assurance of such a state, surely morality must come with somewhat weak credentials to the rest of mankind. And Locke doubtless believed this to be the case. But then, if this be so, Christians ought to be prepared to tolerate a much lower morality than their own in dealing with men of other faiths—one of the many inconvenient consequences which result from founding morality on a theological basis.

Under the head of Locke's theological writings may be included the Treatise on the Reasonableness of Christianity with the two Vindications of it—the Essays on Toleration, and the Commentaries on some of the Epistles of St. Paul. The Reasonableness of Christianity was published in 1695, and may be taken as expressing Locke's most matured opinions on the questions of which it treats, though, in reading it, we must always bear in mind the

caution and reticence which any writer of that time who diverged from the strict path of orthodoxy was obliged to observe. There can be no doubt that his object in this work was to commend what he regarded as the fundamental truths of Christianity to the attention of reflecting men, and to vindicate to the Christian religion what he conceived to be its legitimate influence over mankind. But, in trying to effect this his main object, he seems also to have wished to correct what he regarded as certain popular errors, and to bring back Christianity to the norm of the Scriptures, instead of implicitly following the Fathers, the Councils, and the received theology of the Churches and the Schools. He attempted, he tells us, to clear his mind of all preconceived notions, and, following the lead of the Scriptures, of which he assumed the infallibility, to see whither they would lead him. We may certainly trust his own assertion that he had no thoughts of writing in the interest of any particular party, though, at the same time, it was evidently his aim to extract from the Scriptures a theory as much as possible in accordance with the requirements of human reason, or, in other words, to reconcile the divine light with the natural light of man. The main results at which he arrived may be stated very briefly, as follows. Adam had been created immortal, but, by falling from the state of perfect obedience, "he lost paradise, wherein was tranquillity and the tree of life; that is, he lost bliss and immortality." "In Adam all die," and hence all his descendants are mortal. But this sentence is to be taken in its literal sense, and not in the signification that "every one descended of him deserves endless torment in hell-fire." For it seems "a strange way of understanding a law, which requires the plainest and directest words, that by death should be meant eternal life

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Much less can death be interpreted as a necessity of continual sinning. "Can the righteous God be supposed, as a punishment of our sin, wherewith He is displeased, to put man under the necessity of sinning continually, and so multiplying the provocation?" Here it will be seen Locke strikes at the root of the doctrines of the taint and guilt of original sin, doctrines which had long been stoutly opposed by the Arminians or Remonstrants with whom he had associated in Holland. But though it would have been an injustice to condemn men, for the fault of another, to a state of misery "worse than non-being," it was no wrong to deprive them of that to which they had no right, the exceptional condition of immortality. Adam's sin, then, subjected all men to death. But in Christ they have again been made alive, and "the life which Jesus Christ restores to all men is that life which they receive again at the resurrection." Now the conditions of our obtaining this gift are faith and repentance. But repentance implies the doing works meet for repentance; that is to say, leading a good life. And faith implies a belief not only in the one invisible, eternal, omnipotent God, but also in Jesus as the Messiah, who was born of a virgin, rose again from the grave, and ascended into heaven. When Christ came on earth, the minds of men had become so far blinded by sense and lust and superstition that it required some visible and unmistakable assertion of God's majesty and goodness to bring them back to true notions of Him and of the Divine Law which He had set them. "Reason, speaking ever so clearly to the wise and virtuous, had never authority enough to prevail on the multitude." For the multitude were under the dominion of the priests, and the "priests everywhere, to secure their empire, had excluded reason from having anything to do in religion." "In this state of darkness and error, in reference to the 'true God,' our Saviour found the world. But the clear revelation he brought with him dissipated this darkness, made the 'one invisible true God' known to the world; and that with such evidence and energy, that polytheism and idolatry have nowhere been able to withstand it." And, as he revealed to mankind a clear knowledge of the one true God, so also he revealed to them a clear knowledge of their duty, which was equally wanting.

"Natural religion, in its full extent, was nowhere that I know taken care of by the force of natural reason. It should seem, by the little that has hitherto been done in it, that it is too hard a task for unassisted reason to establish morality in all its parts, upon its true foundation, with a clear and convincing light. And it is at least a surer and shorter way to the apprehensions of the vulgar and mass of mankind, that one manifestly sent from God, and coming with visible authority from him, should, as a king and law-maker, tell them their duties and require their obedience, than leave it to the long and sometimes intricate deductions of reason to be made out Such trains of reasoning the greater part of mankind have neither leisure to weigh, nor, for want of education and use, skill to judge of.... You may as soon hope to have all the daylabourers and tradesmen, the spinsters and dairy-maids, perfect mathematicians, as to have them perfect in ethics this way. Hearing plain commands is the sure and only course to bring them to obedience and practice. The greater part cannot learn, and therefore they must believe."

It is true that reason quickly apprehends and approves of these truths, when once delivered, but "native and original truth is not so easily wrought out of the mine as we, who have it delivered already dug and fashioned into our hands, are apt to imagine;" moreover, "experience shows that the knowledge of morality by mere natural light

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ligi reli and (how agreeable soever it be to it) makes but a slow progress, and little advance in the world."

The evidence of Christ's mission is to be found in the miracles, the occurrence and the divine origin of which Locke, both here and in the paper on Miracles published among his Posthumous Works, appears to have thought it impossible to gainsay. "The miracles he did were so ordered by the divine providence and wisdom, that they never were nor could be denied by any of the enemies or opposers of Christianity." And "this plain matter of fact being granted, the truth of our Saviour's doctrine and mission unavoidably follows." But once acknowledge the truth of Christ's mission, and the rule of life is evident. "To one who is once persuaded that Jesus Christ was sent by God to be a King, and a Saviour of those who do believe in him, all his commands become principles; there needs no other proof for the truth of what he says, but that he said it. And then there needs no more, but to read the inspired books, to be instructed; all the duties of morality lie there clear, and plain, and easy to be understood."

This, then, is Locke's scheme of a plain and reasonable Christianity. "These are articles that the labouring and illiterate man may comprehend. This is a religion suited to vulgar capacities, and the state of mankind in this world, destined to labour and travail." "The writers and wranglers in religion," indeed, "fill it with niceties, and dress it up with notions, which they make necessary and fundamental parts of it, as if there were no way into the church but through the academy or lyceum;" but the religion which he had enunciated was, Locke conceived, the religion of Christ and the Apostles, of the New Testament and of Common-Sense.

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That Locke, though he had no respect for the dogmas of the Church, never seriously questioned the supernatural birth of Christ, the reality of the Christian miracles, or the infallibility of the Scriptures, is abundantly evident. On the last point his testimony is quite as emphatic as on the former two. In the Reasonableness of Christianity, speaking of the writers of the Epistles, he says:—"These holy writers, inspired from above, writ nothing but truth." And, to the same effect, in his Second Reply to Stillingfleet, he writes:-"My lord, I read the revelation of the holy scripture with a full assurance that all it delivers is true." The word "infallible" is applied, without any misgiving or qualification, to the contents of Scripture, though he assumes to each individual believer full liberty of interpretation. During his residence in Holland, as we have already seen, he appears to have entertained some doubts on this subject, but, at a later period, those doubts appear to have been finally laid.

Notwithstanding, however, the sincerity and simplicity of Locke's religious faith, the doctrines which he maintained must have represented but a very attenuated Christianity to the partisans of the two great religious parties which were at that time nominally the strongest in England. A Christianity which did not recognize the hereditary taint of original sin, and which passed over the mystery of the Atonement in silence, must have been as distasteful to one party as a Christianity which ignored Church authority and the exclusive privileges of the apostolical succession must have been to the other. And to the zealots of both parties alike, a statement of doctrine which was silent on the mystery of the Trinity, or rather which seemed to imply that the Son, though miraculously conceived, was not co-equal or co-eternal with the Father, and

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which, by implication, appeared to suggest that, though the righteous would be endowed with immortality, the torments of the wicked would have an end, might well seem not to deserve the name of Christianity at all. We need feel no wonder, then, that the appearance of Locke's work was followed by a bitter theological controversy which lasted during the rest of his life, and beyond it. Of these attacks upon him, and his *Vindications*, I have spoken in a previous chapter.

Whether Locke's presentation of Christianity is really more "reasonable" than the ancient and venerable creeds which it attempted to replace, is a question which might be debated now with fully as much vigour as in his own On the one hand, it might be maintained that a religion which has no mysteries, which has been pared down to the requirements of human reason, has ceased to be a religion altogether. That which is behind the veil can only be partially revealed in our present conditior and to our present faculties. Now we know, and can know, only in part. On the other hand, it might be said that the "reason" is quite as much offended by the doctrines which Locke retained as by those which he reject-It is necessary, however, to recollect, in estimating his position, that the theological difficulties of his age were moral and metaphysical rather than scientific and critical. The moral consciousness of many reflecting men was shocked by doctrines like those of original sin, predestination, the atonement, and everlasting punishment. Nor could they reconcile to their reason the seeming contradictions of the doctrine of a Triune God. study of nature had not advanced sufficiently far, or been sufficiently widely spread, to make the idea of supernatural intervention in the ordinary course of affairs, such as is

constantly presented to us in the Biblical history, any serious or general stumbling-block. Much less had the criticism of the Sacred Text, or the comparison of it with the sacred books of other religions, become sufficiently common, or been carried out with sufficient rigour, to disturb, to any great extent, the received opinion that the Bible was literally, or, at least, substantially, the Word of God. Hence the via media on which Locke took his stand, though it might have been impossible to a philosopher of the next generation, seemed reasonable and natural enough to speculative men among his contemporaries. And for him it had at least this advantage, that it enabled him honestly to reconcile the conclusions of his philosophy with the singular piety and devoutness of his disposition. Had his religious doubts proceeded further than they did, there would probably have ensued a mental struggle which, besides causing him much personal unhappiness/might have deprived posterity of the more important of his works.

LOCKE.

Of The Letters on Toleration, though deeply interesting to the generation in which they were written, a very brief account will here suffice. Their main thesis is, that the jurisdiction of the civil magistrate does not extend to the regulation of religious worship or to controlling the expression of religious beliefs, except so far as that worship or those beliefs may interfere with the ends of civil government. The respective provinces of a commonwealth and a church are strictly defined, and are shown to be perfeetly distinct. "The boundaries on both sides are fixed and immovable. He jumbles heaven and earth together, the things most remote and opposite, who mixes these societies, which are in their original, end, business, and in

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everything, perfectly distinct and infinitely different from each other." But it may be asked, are there no speculative opinions, no tenets, actual or possible, of any religious community which should be restrained by the Civil Magistrate? The answer is, yes,—

"First, No opinions contrary to human society, or to those moral rules which are necessary to the preservation of civil society, are to be tolerated by the magistrate."

Secondly, after speaking of those who maintain such positions as that "faith is not to be kept with heretics," that "kings excommunicated forfeit their crowns and kingdoms," that "dominion is founded in grace," he proceeds:

"These, therefore, and the like, who attribute unto the faithful, religious, and orthodox, that is, in plain terms, unto themselves, any peculiar privilege or power above other mortals in civil concernments, or who, upon pretence of religion, do challenge any manner of authority over such as are not associated with them in their ecclesiastical communion: I say these have no right to be tolerated by the magistrate, as neither those that will not own and teach the duty of tolerating all men in matters of mere religion. For what do all these and the like doctrines signify, but that they may, and are ready upon any occasion to seize the government, and possess themselves of the estates and fortunes of their fellow-subjects, and that they only ask leave to be tolerated by the magistrates so long until they find themselves strong enough to effect it?"

"Thirdly, That church can have no right to be tolerated by the magistrate, which is constituted upon such a bottom that all those who enter upon it do thereby ipso facto deliver themselves up to the protection and service of another prince. For by this means the magistrate would give way to the settling of a foreign jurisdiction in his own country, and suffer his own people to be listed, as it were, for soldiers against his own government."

"Lastly, Those are not at all to be tolerated who deny the being

of God. Promises, covenants, and oaths, which are the bonds of human society, can have no hold upon an atheist. The taking away of God, though but even in thought, dissolves all."

The practical result of Locke's exceptions, at the time at which he wrote, would have been to exclude from toleration Roman Catholics, Atheists, and perhaps certain sects of Antinomians. Roman Catholics, however, would not have been excluded on the ground of their belief in Transubstantiation, as was actually the case, but because of those tenets which, in Locke's judgment, made them bad or impossible subjects.

Locke was not by any means the first of English writers who had advocated a wide toleration in religion. Bacon, in his remarkable Essay on Unity in Religion, had laid down, in passing, a position which is almost identical with that developed at length in the Letters on Toleration. During the Civil Wars, the Independents, as a body, had been led on by their theories of Church Government and of individual inspiration to maintain, on principle, and accord, in practice, a large measure of religious toleration. Amongst divines of the Church of England, Hales of Eton, Chillingworth, and Jeremy Taylor, had honourably distinguished themselves above the mass of their brethren by expressly advocating, or unmistakably suggesting, the same humane doctrines. The practical conclusions at which Taylor arrives, in his noble work on the Liberty of Prophesying, bear a close resemblance to those of Locke's Letters on Toleration, while the theoretical considerations on which he mainly founds them, namely, the difficulty of discovering religious truth, and the small number of theological propositions of which we can entertain anything like certainty, might be regarded as anticipating, to no small extent, some of the views expressed in the Reason-

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ableness of Christianity. Locke's attention had been turned to these questions at an early period of his life by the religious dissensions which accompanied the Civil Wars, and, during the years immediately preceding the publication of the first Letter on Toleration, his interest in them must have been sustained not only by the events which were then happening in England, but by the common topics of conversation amongst his Arminian or Remonstrant friends in Holland. The peculiarities of their position and the tendencies of their doctrines had, at an early date, forced on the Dutch Remonstrants, just as on the English Independents, the necessity of claiming and defending a wide toleration. What, perhaps, mainly distinguishes Locke's pamphlets is their thorough outspokenness, the political rather than the theological character of the argument, and the fact that they are expressly dedicated to the subject of Toleration, instead of treating of it incidentally.

The sharp line of demarcation which Locke draws between the respective provinces of civil and religious communities seems to lead logically to the inexpediency of maintaining a state establishment of religion. The independence which he claims for all religious societies would be inconsistent with the control which the State always has exercised, and always must exercise, in the affairs of any spiritual body on which it confers special privileges. This conclusion, we can hardly doubt, he would have readily accepted. As far back as 1669, he had objected to one of the articles in the "Fundamental Constitutions of Carolina," providing for the establishment and endowment of the Church of England in that colony. Even at the present day, men who adopt the most liberal and tolerant opinions on religious questions are divided as to the ex-

pediency or inexpediency of recognizing a State-Church; but those who embrace the latter alternative may perhaps, fairly claim Locke as having been on their side.

The system contained in the Reasonableness of Christianity had been constructed solely on an examination of the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles. In addition to the difficulties of interpretation attaching to the Epistles, Locke had urged that "they were writ to them who were in the faith and true Christians already, and so could not be designed to teach them the fundamental articles and points necessary to salvation." But to one who accepted the divine inspiration and infallibility of all parts of Scripture, it was essential to establish the consistency and coherence of the whole. Accordingly, in the later years of his life, Locke set himself the task of explaining the Epistles. This work seems to have been undertaken more for his own satisfaction and that, of Lady Masham and his more immediate friends, than with any distinct design of publication. Nor did his commentaries see the light till after his death.

The commentatorial work accomplished by Locke consists of paraphrases and notes on the Epistles to the Galatians, Corinthians, Romans, and Ephesians, together with An Essay for the understanding of St. Paul's Epistles by consulting St. Paul himself.

It is needless to remark that these commentaries are distinguished by sound, clear sense, and by a manifest spirit of candour and fairness. They are often quoted with approbation by commentators of the last century. But in the present more advanced state of grammatical and historical criticism, they are likely to remain, as they now are, the least consulted of all his works.

The method, object, and drift of all Locke's theological writings is the same. Regardless of ecclesiastical tradition, but assuming the infallibility of the Scriptures, he attempts to arrive at the true and essential import of God's Revelation to man. His theoretical conclusion is that the articles of saving faith are few and simple, and the practical application of that conclusion is that, not only within the ample fold of Christianity, but even without it, all men, whose conduct is consistent with the maintenance of civil society, should be the objects of our goodwill and charity.

CHAPTER X.

THE THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION AND THE CONDUCT OF THE UNDERSTANDING.

Locke's tractate on Education, though some of the maxims are reiterated with needless prolixity, abounds in shrewdness and common-sense. Taking as the object of education the production of "a sound mind in a sound body," he begins with the "case," the "clay-cottage," and considers first the health of the body. Of the diet prescribed, dry bread and small beer form a large proportion. Locke is a great believer in the virtues of cold water. Coddling, in all its forms, was to be repressed with a strong hand. My young master was to be much in the open air, he was to play in the wind and the sun without a hat, his clothes were not to be too warm, and his bed was to be hard and made in different fashions, that he might not in after-life feel every little change, when there was no maid "to lay all things in print, and tuck him in warm."

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In the cultivation of the mind, far more importance is attached to the formation of virtuous habits, and even of those social qualities which go by the name of "good breeding," than to the mere inculcation of knowledge. "I place Virtue as the first and most necessary of those endowments that belong to a Man or a Gentleman; as absolutely requisite to make him valued and beloved by others,

acceptable or tolerable to himself." Wisdom, that is to say, "a man's managing his business ably, and with foresight, in this world," comes next in order. In the third place is Good Breeding, the breaches of which may be all avoided by "observing this one rule, Not to think meanly of ourselves, and not to think meanly of others." Eearning, though "this may seem strange in the mouth of a bookish man," he puts last. "When I consider what ado is made about a little Latin and Greek, how many years are spent in it, and what a noise and business it makes to no purpose, I can hardly forbear thinking that the parents of children still live in fear of the Schoolmaster's Rod." "Seek out some body that may know how discreetly to frame your child's manners: place him in hands where you may, as much as possible, secure his innocence, cherish and nurse up the good, and gently correct and weed out any bad inclinations, and settle in him good habits. This is the main point, and, this being provided for, Learning may be had into the bargain, and that, as I think" (a very common delusion among the educational reformers of Locke's time), "at a very easy rate, by methods that may be thought on."

These being Locke's ideas as to the relative value of the objects to be aimed at in education, we need feel little surprise at the disfavour with which he viewed the system of the English Public Schools.

"Till you can find a School wherein it is possible for the Master to look after the manners of his scholars, and can show as great efforts of his care of forming their minds to virtue and their carriage to good breeding as of forming their tongues to the learned languages, you must confess that you have a strange value for words when, preferring the languages of the ancient Greeks and Romans to that which made 'em such brave men, you think it worth while to

hazard your son's innocence and virtue for a little Greek and Latin. How any one's being put into a mixed herd of unruly boys, and there learning to wrangle at Trap or rook at Span-Farthing fits him for civil conversation or business, I do not see. And what qualities are ordinarily to be got from such a troop of Play-fellows as Schools usually assemble together from parents of all kinds, that a father should so much covet, is hard to divine. I am sure he who is able to be at the charge of a Tutor at home may there give his son a more genteel carriage, more manly thoughts, and a sense of what is worthy and becoming, with a greater proficiency in Learning into the bargain, and ripen him up sooner into a man, than any at School can do."

The battle of private and public education has been waged more or less fiercely ever since Locke's time, as it was waged long before, and, although it has now been generally decided in favour of the Schools, many of his arguments have even yet not lost their force.

Not only in the interest of morality, character, and manners did Locke disapprove the Public School system of his day. He also thought it essentially defective in its subjects and modes of instruction. The subjects taught were almost exclusively the Latin and Greek languages, though at Locke's own school of Westminster the upper forms were also initiated into Hebrew and Arabic. This linguistic training, though of course it included translations from the classical authors, was to a large extent carried on by means of verse-making, theme-making, repetition, and grammar lessons. Against all these modes of teaching Locke is peculiarly severe. Grammar, indeed, he would have taught, but not till the pupil is sufficiently conversant with the language to be able to speak it with tolerable fluency. Its proper place is as an introduction to Rhetoric. "I know not why any one should waste his time and beat his head about the Latin Grammar, who

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does not intend to be a critic, or make speeches and write despatches in it. . . . If his use of it be only to understand some books writ in it, without a critical knowledge of the tongue itself, reading alone will attain this end, without charging the mind with the multiplied rules and intricacies of Grammar." But without a knowledge of some rules of grammar, which need not, however, be taught in an abstract and separate form, but may be learnt gradually in the course of reading, writing, and speaking, how would it be possible to attain to any precise understanding of the authors read? The fault of the old system, which even still lingers on in school in struction, consisted not so much in teaching grammatical rules, as in teaching them apart from the writings which exemplify them, and which alone can render them intelligible or interesting to a beginner.

The practice of filling up a large part of a boy's time with making Latin themes and verses meets with still more scathing censure than that of initiating him into the learned languages by means of abstract rules of grammar, and we may well imagine the cordial assent with which many of Locke's readers, smarting under a sense of the time they had in this way lost at school, would receive his criticisms.

"For do but consider what it is in making a Theme that a young lad is employed about; it is to make a speech on some Latin saying, as Omnia vincit amor, or Non licet in bello bis peccare, &c. And here the poor lad, who wants knowledge of those things he is to speak of, which is to be had only from time and observation, must set his invention on the rack to say something where he knows nothing; which is a sort of Egyptian tyranny to bid them make bricks who have not yet any of the materials. . . . In the next place consider the Language that their Themes are made in. 'Tis Latin, a language foreign in their country, and long since dead everywhere: a language

which your son, 'tis a thousand to one, shall never have an occasion once to make a speech in as long as he lives after he comes to be a man; and a language wherein the manner of expressing one's self is so far different from ours that to be perfect in that would very little improve the purity and facility of his English style."

"If these may be any reasons against children's making Latin Themes at school, I have much more to say, and of more weight, against their making verses; verses of any sort. For if he has no genius to poetry, 'tis the most unreasonable thing in the world to torment a child and waste his time about that which can never succeed; and if he have a poetic vein, 'tis to me the strangest thing in the world that the father should desire or suffer it to be cherished or improved. Methinks the parents should labour to have it stifled and suppressed as much as may be; and I know not what reason a father can have to wish his son a poet, who does not desire to have him bid defiance to all other callings and business. Which is not yet the worst of the case; for if he proves a successful rhymer, and get once the reputation of a Wit, I desire it may be considered what company and places he is likely to spend his time in, nay, and estate too. For it is very seldom seen that any one discovers mines of gold or silver in Parnassus. 'Tis a pleasant air, but a barren soil; and there are very few instances of those who have added to their patrimony by anything they have reaped from thence. Poetry and Gaming, which usually go together, are alike in this too, that they seldom bring any advantage but to those who have nothing else to live on."

Repetition, as it is called, or "learning by heart great parcels of the authors which are taught," is unreservedly condemned as being of "no use at all, unless it be to baulk young lads in the way to learning languages, which, in my opinion, should be made as easy and pleasant as may be." "Languages are to be learned only by reading and talking, and not by scraps of authors got by heart: which when a man's head is stuffed with, he has got the just furniture of a pedant, than which there is nothing less becoming a gentleman." This unqualified condemnation of the practice of committing to memory the choicer

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pieces of classical authors, whether in the ancient or modern languages, would hardly be adopted by the educational reformers of our own day. To tax the memory of a child or a boy with long strings of words, ill understood or not understood at all, is about as cruel and senseless a practice as can well be conceived. It is one of the strange devices, invented by perverse pedagogues and tolerated by ignorant parents, through which literature and all that is connected with books has been made so repulsive to many generations of young Englishmen. But if the tastes and interests of the pupil are skilfully consulted, and the understanding is called into action as well as the memory, a store of well-selected passages learnt by rote will not only do much to familiarize him with the genius of the language, but will also supply constant solace and occupation in those moments of depression and vacuity which are only too sure to occur in every man's life.

Locke, like Milton (see Milton's Pamphlet on Education addressed to Master Samuel Hartlib, and cp. Pattison's Life of Milton, published in this series, pp. 42-46), had embraced the new gospel of education according to Comenius, and supposed that, by new methods, not only might the road to knowledge be rendered very short and easy, but almost all the subjects worth learning might be taught in the few years spent at School and College. The whole of Milton's "complete and generous education" was to be "done between twelve and one-and-twenty." And similarly Locke thinks that "at the same time that a child is learning French and Latin, he may also be entered in Arithmetic, Geography, Chronology, History, and Geometry too. For if these be taught him in French or Latin, when he begins once to understand either of these tongues, he will get a knowledge in these sciences and

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the language to boot." To these subjects are afterwards added Astronomy, Ethics, Civil and Common Law, Natural Philosophy, and almost all the then known branches of human knowledge, though, curiously enough, Greek is omitted as not being, like Latin and French, essential to the education of a gentleman, and being, moreover, easy of acquisition, "if he has a mind to carry his studies farther," in after-life. Concurrently with these intellectual pursuits, the model young gentleman is to graduate in dancing, fencing, wrestling, riding, besides (and on this addition to his accomplishments the utmost stress is laid) "learning a trade, a manual trade, nay, two or three, but one more particularly." And all this programme apparently was to be filled up before the age of one-and-twenty, for at that time Locke assumes that, notwithstanding all reasons and remonstrances to the contrary, my young master's parents will insist on marrying him, and "the young gentleman being got within view of matrimony, 'tis time to leave him to his mistress." This idea of an education embracing the whole field of human knowledge and accomplishments is a vision so attractive, that it would be strange indeed if it did not from time to time present itself to the enthusiast and the reformer. But wherever the experiment has been tried on boys or youths of average strength and ability, the vision has invariably been dissipated. And, as the circle of human knowledge is constantly widening, whereas the capacity to learn remains much the same from generation to generation, the failure is inevitable.

Any account of Locke's views on Education, however meagre, would be very imperfect, if it neglected to notice the motives to obedience and proficiency which he proposed to substitute for what was then too often the one and only motive on which the Schoolmaster relied, fear of the rod. Corporal chastisement should be reserved, he thought, for the offence of wilful and obstinate disobedience. In all other cases, appeal should be made to the pupil's natural desire of employment and knowledge, to example acting through his propensity to imitation, to reasoning, to the sense of shame and the love of commendation and reputation. Many of Locke's suggestions for bringing these motives effectually to bear are very ingenious, and the whole of this part of the discussion is as creditable to his humanity as to his knowledge of human nature.

There is a large literature on the theory of education, from the Book of Proverbs and the Republic of Plato downwards. It is no part of my task even to mention the principal writers in this field. But, besides some of the works of Comenius, the Essay of Montaigne De l'institution des enfants, and the tractate of Milton already referred to, we may almost take for granted that Locke had read the Schoolmaster of Roger Ascham. This author, who was instructor to Queen Elizabeth, is already sufficiently independent of scholastic traditions to think that "children are sooner alluned by love, than driven by beating to attain good learning," and to suggest that "there is no such whetstone to sharpen a good wit, and encourage a will to learning, as is praise." He protests almost as strongly as Locke against the senseless mode, then and long afterwards prevalent, of teaching grammar merely by means of abstract rules, and proposes, as in part substitute, the method of double translation, that is, of translating from the foreign or dead language into English, and then back again. Of the many works on education subsequent to Locke's, the most famous is, un-

doubtedly, the *Emile* of Rousseau. On Rousseau's theories there can be no question that Locke, mediately or immediately, exercised considerable influence, though the range of speculation covered in the *Emile* far exceeds that of the Thoughts concerning Education. Of the points common to the two writers, I may specify the extension of the term "education" to the regulations of the nursery, the substitution of an appeal to the tender and the social affections for the harsh discipline mostly in vogue among our ancestors, the stress land on the importance of example and habituation in place of the mere inculcation of rules, and, as a point of detail, the desirableness of tearning one or more manual trades. One circumstance, however, as Mr. Morley has pointed out, distinguishes the *Emile* from all the works on education which preceded it. Its scope is not confined to the children of well-to-do people, and hence its object is to produce, not the scholar and the gentleman, but the man. The democratic extension thus given to educational theories has since borne fruit in many schemes designed for general applicability, or, specifically, for the education of the poor, such as those of Basedow, Pestalozzi, and, among our own countrymen, Dr. Bell.

In connexion with the *Thoughts on Education*, it may be convenient to notice the short treatise on the *Conduct of the Understanding*. It is true that it was designed as an additional chapter to the *Essay*, but the main theme of which it treats is connected rather with the work of self-education than with the analysis of knowledge, or the classification of the faculties. This admirable little volume, which may be read through in three or four hours, appears to have been intended by Locke as at least a par-

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tial substitute for the ordinary logic. As in matters of conduct, so in the things of the intellect, he thought little of rules. It was only by practice and habituation that men could become either virtuous or wise. But, though it is perfectly true that rules are of little use without practice, it is not easy to see how habit can be successfully initiated or fostered without the assistance of rules; and inadequate as were the rules of the old scholastic logic to remedy the "natural defects in the understanding," they required rather to be supplemented than replaced. The views of Bacon on this subject, much as they have been misunderstood, are juster than those of Locke.

Right reasoning, Locke thought (and this is nearly the whole truth, though not altogether so), is to be gained from studying good models of it. In the Thoughts on Education, he says, "If you would have your son reason well, let him read Chillingworth." In this treatise, with the same view he commends the study of Mathematics, "Not that I think it necessary that all men should be deep mathematicians, but that, having got the way of reasoning which that study necessarily brings the mind to, they might be able to transfer it to other parts of knowledge, as they shall have occasion." The great difference to be observed in demonstrative and in probable reasoning is that, in the former one train of reasoning, "bringing the mind to the source on which it bottoms," is sufficient, whereas "in probabilities it is not enough to trace one argument to its source, and observe its strength and weakness, but all the arguments, after having been so examined on both sides, must be laid in balance one against another, and, upon the whole, the understanding determine its assent."

The great defect of this tractate (but its brevity makes

the defect of less importance) is its singular want of method. In fact, it appears never to have undergone revision. The author seems to throw together his remarks and precepts without any attempt at order, and he never misses any opportunity of repeating his attacks on what he evidently regarded as being, in his own time, the main hindrances to the acquisition of a sound understanding prejudice and pedantry. But in justness of observation, incisiveness of language, and profound acquaintance with the workings of the human mind, there are many passages which will bear comparison with anything he has written. Specially worthy of notice is the homely and forcible character of many of his expressions, as when he speaks of a "large, sound, roundabout sense," of "men without any industry or acquisition of their own, inheriting local truths," of great readers "making their understanding only the warehouse of other men's lumber," of the ruling passion entering the mind, like "the sheriff of the place, with all the posse, as if it had a legal right to be alone considered there."

Except for the inveterate and growing custom of confining works employed in education to such as can be easily lectured on and easily examined in, it is difficult to understand why this "student's guide," so brief, and abounding in such valuable cautions and suggestions, should have so nearly fallen into desuetude.

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CHAPTER XI.

WORKS ON GOVERNMENT, TRADE, AND FINANCE.

Locke's two Treatises of Government (published in 1690) carry us back into the region of worn-out controversies. The troublous times which intervened between the outbreak of the Civil War and the Revolution of 1688, including some years on either side, naturally called forth a large amount of controversy and controversial literature on the rights of kings and subjects, on the origin of government, on the point at which, if any, rebellion is justifiable, and other kindred topics. Not only did the press teem with pamphlets on these subjects, but, for three-quarters of a century, they were constantly being discussed and re-discussed with a dreary monotony in Parliament, in the pulpits, in the courts of law, and in the intercourse of private society. It is no part of my plan to give any account of these disputes, except so far as they bear immediately on the publication of Locke's treatises. It is enough therefore, to state that the despotic and absolutist side in the controversy had been, or was supposed to have been, considerably re-inforced by the appearance in 1680 of a posthumous work, which had been circulated only in manuscript during its author's lifetime, entitled Patriarcha, or the Natural Power of Kings, by Sir Robert Filmer. curious book (a more correct edition of which was published by Edmund Bohun in 1685) grounds the rights of kings on the patriarchal authority of Adam and his suc-Adam had received directly from God (such was the theory) absolute dominion over Eve and all his children and their posterity, to the most remote generations. This dominion, which rested on two independent grounds, paternity and right of property, was transmitted by Adam to his heirs, and is at once the justification of the various sovereignties now exercised by kings over their subjects, and a reason against any limitation of their authority or any questioning of their titles. By what ingenious contrivances the two links of the chain—Adam and the several monarchs now actually reigning on the earth—are brought together, those curious in such speculations may find by duly consulting the pages of Sir Robert Filmer's work.

Such a tissue of contradictions, assumptions, and absurdities as is presented by this book (which, however, contains one grain of truth, namely, that all political power has, historically, its ultimate origin in the dominion exercised by the head of the family or tribe) might have been left, one would think, without any serious answer. But we must recollect that at that time theological arguments were introduced into all the provinces of thought, and that any reason, which by any supposition could be connected with the authority of Scripture, was certain to exercise considerable influence over a vast number of minds. Any way, the book was celebrated and influential enough to merit, in Loeke's judgment, a detailed answer. This answer was given in due form, step by step, in the former of Locke's two *Treatises*, which appears to have been written between 1680 and 1685, as the Edition of the Patriarcha quoted is invariably that of 1680. I do not proXI.]

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pose to follow him through his various arguments and criticisms, many of which, as will readily be supposed, are acute and sagacious enough. Most modern readers will be of opinion that one of his questions might alone have sufficed to spare him any further concern, namely, Where is Adam's heir now to be found? If he could be shown, and his title indubitably proved, the subsequent question of his rights and prerogatives might then, perhaps, be profitably discussed.

Of incomparably more importance and interest than the former treatise is the latter, in which Locke sets forth his own theory concerning "the true original, extent, and end of Civil Government." Mr. Fox Bourne is probably corrext in referring the date of the composition of this treatise to the time immediately preceding and concurrent with the English Revolution, that is to say, to the closing period of Locke's stay in Holland. The work, especially in the later chapters, bears the marks of passion, as if written in the midst of a great political struggle, and, in the Preface to the two Treatises, it is distinctly stated to be the author's object "to establish the throne of our great restorer, our present King-William, and to justify to the world the people of England, whose love of their just and natural rights saved the nation when it was on the very brink of slavery and ruin."

The theories advanced by Locke on the origin and nature of civil society have much in common with those of Puffendorf and Hooker, the latter of whom is constantly quoted in the foot-notes. After some preliminary speculations on the "state of nature," he determines that Political Society originates solely in the individual consents of those who constitute it. This consent, however, may be signified either expressly or tacitly, and the tacit consent

"reaches as far as the very being of any one within the territories of that government."

Though no man need enter a political society against his will, yet when, by consent given either expressly or tacitly, he has entered it, he must submit to the form of government established by the majority. There is, however, one form of government which it is not competent even to the majority to establish, and that is Absolute Monarchy, this being "inconsistent with civil society, and so being no form of government at all." Locke ridicules the idea that men would ever voluntarily have erected over themselves such an authority, "as if, when men quitting the state of nature entered into society, they agreed that all of them but one should be under the restraint of laws, but that he should still retain all the liberty of the state of nature, increased with power and made licentious by impunity. This is to think that men are so foolish, that they take care to avoid what mischiefs may be done them by pole-cats or foxes, but are content, nay, think it safety, to be devoured by lions." In these and some of the following strictures, he seems to have in view not only the ruder theories of Filmer and the absolutist divines, but also the more philosophical system of Hobbes.

But, supposing a government other than an Absolute Monarchy to have been established, are there any acts or omissions by which it can forfeit the allegiance of its subjects? To answer this question, we must look to the ends of political society and government. Now the great and chief end which men propose to themselves, when they unite into commonwealths, is "the mutual preservation of their lives, liberties, and estates, which I call by the general name, property." A government, therefore, which neglects to secure this end, and still more a government which

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But, t there can ernment which a much in itself invades the rights of its subjects, is guilty of a breach of trust, and consequently may be lawfully set aside, whenever an opportunity occurs. Hence the community itself must always be regarded as the supreme authority, in abeyance, indeed, while its fiduciary properly and faithfully executes the powers entrusted to him, but ever ready to intervene when he misuses or betrays the trust reposed in him.

On such a theory, it may be objected, of the relations of the people to the government, what is to prevent incessant disturbance and repeated revolutions? Locke relies on the inertia of mankind. Moreover, as he says, with considerable truth, in a previous passage, whatever theories may be propounded, or whatever traditions may have been handed down, as to the origin, nature, and extent of government, a people, which knows itself to be rendered miserable by the faults of its rulers and which sees any chance of bettering its condition, will not be deterred from attempting to throw off a yoke which has become intol-"When the people are made miserable, and find themselves exposed to the ill-usage of arbitrary power, cry up their governors, as much as you will, for sons of Jupiter; let them be sacred and divine, descended or authorized from heaven; give them out for whom or what you please, the same will happen. The people generally illtreated, and contrary to right, will be ready upon any occasion to ease themselves of a burden that sits heavy upon them."

But, though there is much truth in this last remark, there can be little question that absolutist theories of government, especially when clothed with a religious sanction which appeals to the beliefs of the people at large, have much influence in protecting the person of an absolute ruler, as well as in ensuring the execution of his orders; while, on the other hand, theories like those of Locke have a tendency to encourage criticism, and to weaken many of the motives which have usually prevented men from offering resistance to the established government. The practical consequences of Locke's theories, as reproduced and improved on by later writers, would probably be found, if we could trace them, to be represented, in no inconsiderable degree, in the French and American revolutions which occurred about a century after the publication of the Treatises. Nor have his speculations been without their share, probably, in determining much of the political history and still more of the political sentiment of our own country. To maintain that kings have a divine right to misgovern their subjects, or to deny that the people are, in the last resort, the supreme arbiters of the fate of their rulers, are paradoxes which, to Englishmen of our generation, would appear not so much dangerous as This altered state of sentiment, and the good fruit it has borne in the improved relations between the Legislature and the People, the Crown and the Parliament, may, without undue partiality, be ascribed, at least in some measure, to the generous spirit of liberty which warms our author's pages, and to the Whig tradition which so long cherished his doctrines, till at last they became the common heritage of the English people.

Admirable, however, as, in most respects, are the parts of Locke's treatise which discuss the present relations of governors and governed, his conception of the remote origin of political society is radically false. "The first framers of the government," "the original frame of the government" (ch. xiii.), have never had any existence except in the minds of jurists and publicists. In the prim-

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itive stages of human development, governments, like languages, are not made; they grow. The observation of primitive communities still existing combined with the more intelligent study of ancient history, has led recent writers to adopt a wholly different view of the origin of government (the question of the respective rights of governors and governed is not affected) from that which prevailed in the times of Hobbes, Locke, and Rousseau, The family or the tribe (according to different theories) is the -original unit of society. Government, therefore, of some kind or other must always have existed, and the "state of nature" is a mere fiction. In course of time, the family or the tribe, by a natural process of development, would, in many cases, become greatly enlarged, or combine with other units like itself. Out of this growth or aggregation would arise, in most cases gradually and insensibly, the nation or state as known to later history. The constitution, the "frame of government," has generally passed through stages similar to those passed through by the state or nation. A body of custom must gradually have grown up even in the most primitive societies. The "customs" would be interpreted and so administered by the house-father or head of the tribe. But, as the family or tribe changed its abode, or had to carry on its existence under different circumstances, or became enlarged, or combined with other families or tribes, the customs would necessarily be modified, often insensibly and unconsciously. Moreover, the house-father or head of the tribe might be compelled or might find it expedient to act in concert with others, either as equals or subordinates, in interpreting the customs, in taking measures of defence, in directing military operations, or in providing for the various exigencies of the common life. Here there is no formal

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assent of the governed to the acts of the governors, in our sense of those terms, though, undoubtedly, the whole family or tribe, or its stronger members, might on rare occasions substitute one head for another; no passage from the "state of nature" to political society; no definitely constituted "frame of government." At a further stage, no doubt, political constitutions were discussed and framed, but this stage was long posterior to the period in the progress of society at which men are supposed to have quitted the state of nature, selected their form of government, and entered into an express contract with one another to obey and maintain it. The faul of Locke, like that of the other political speculators of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, consisted in assuming that primitive man was impelled by the same motives, and acted in the same manner and with the same deliberate design, as the men of his own generation. As in morals and psychology, so in polities, the historical and comparative methods, so familiar to recent investigators, were as yet hardly known.

I ought not to dismiss this book without noticing Locke's remarks on the necessity of Parliamentary Reform. "To what gross absurdities the following of custom, when reason has left it, may lead, we may be satisfied when we see the bare name of a town, of which there remains not so much as the ruins, where scarce so much housing as a sheepcote or more inhabitants than a shepherd is to be found, sends as many representatives to the grand assembly of law-makers as a whole county numerous in people and powerful in riches."

The writings of Locke on Trade and Finance are chiefly interesting to us on account of the place which they oc-

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cupy in the History of Political Economy. They consist of three tracts, the occasions and consequences of which have already been described. The main positions which he endeavours to establish are three. First, interest, or the price of the hire of money, cannot, ordinarily speaking, be regulated by law, and, if it could so be regulated, its reduction below the natural or market rate would be injurious to the interests of the public. Secondly, as silver and gold are commodities not differing intrinsically in their nature from other commodities, it is impossible by arbitrary acts of the Government to raise the value of silver and gold coins. You may, indeed, enjoin by Act of Parliament that sixpence shall henceforth be called a shilling, but, all the same, it will only continue to purchase sixpenny-worth of goods. You will soon find that the new shilling is only as effective in the market as the old sixpence, and hence, if the Government has taken the difference, it has simply robbed its subjects to that amount. The third position, which he only maintains incidentally in discussing the other two, is that the commercial prosperity of a country is to be measured by the excess of its exports over its imports, or, as the phrase then went, by the balance of trade. The two former of these propositions are simple, but long-disputed, economical truths. The latter is an obstinate and specious economical fallacy.

To understand Locke's contention on the first point, it must be borne in mind that in his time, and down even to the middle of the present reign, the maximum rate of interest allowable in all ordinary transactions was fixed by law. By the statute 12 Car. II. (passed in 1660) it had been reduced from eight to six per cent. Sir Josiah Child, whose Observations concerning Trade had been reprinted in 1690, and who probably represented a very large amount

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of mercantile opinion, advocated its further reduction to four per cent. He maintained, quoting the example of Holland, that low interest is the cause of national wealth, and that, consequently, to lower the legal rate of interest would be to take a speedy and simple method of making the country richer. Against this proposal Locke argued that the example of Holland was entirely beside the question; that the low rate of interest in that country was owing to the abundance of ready money which it had formerly enjoyed, and not to any legal restrictions; nay, in the States there was no law limiting the rate of interest at all, every one being free to hire out his money for anything he could get for it, and the courts enforcing the bargain. But, further, suppose the proposed law to be enacted; what would be the consequences? It would be certain to be evaded, while, at the same time, it would hamper trade, by increasing the difficulty of borrowing and lending. Rather than lend at a low rate of interest, many men would hoard, and, consequently, much of the money which would otherwise find its way into trade would be intercepted, and the commerce of the country be proportionately lessened. Excellent as most of these arguments are, Locke unfortunately stopped short of the legitimate conclusion to be drawn from them. He did not propose, as he should have done, to sweep away the usury laws altogether, but simply to maintain the existing law fixing the maximum of interest at six per cent. Sir Dudley North, in his admirable pamphlet, Discourses on Trade, published in 1691, just before the publication of the Considerations, but too late, perhaps, to have been seen by Locke, takes a much more consistent view as to the expediency of legal restrictions on the rate of interest. "As touching interest of money, he is clear that it should be XI.]

left freely to the market, and not be restrained by law." Notwithstanding the opposition of men like North and Locke, to whom may be added an earlier writer, Sir William Petty, the arguments of Child partially triumphed in the next reign. By the 12th of Anne, the legal rate of interest was reduced to five per cent., and so continued till the Act of 1854, repealing, with regard to all future transactions, the existing Usury Laws. There can be little doubt that public opinion had been prepared for this measure mainly through the publication of Bentham's powerful Defence of Usury, the telling arguments of which had gradually impressed themselves on the minds of statesmen and economists. Adam Smith, on the other hand, had stopped just where Locke did. "The legal rate of interest, though it ought to be somewhat above, ought not to be much above the lowest market rate." That the rate of interest, whatever it may be, should be fixed by law, he appears to take for granted. Indeed, he seems to write more confidently on this point than Locke had done, and, in this particular at least, appears to be of opinion that the legislator can look after the private interests of individuals better than they can look after their own. Happily, as Bentham points out, the refutation of this paradox was to be found in the general drift and spirit of his work.

On the second question, "raising the value of money," Locke's views are much clearer and more, consistent than on the first. It would be impossible to state more explicitly than he has done the sound economical dictum that gold and silver are simply commodities, not differing essentially from other commodities, and that the government stamp upon them, whereby they become coin, can-

not materially raise their value. As most of my readers, are aware, it has been a favourite device, time out of mind, of unprincipled and impecunious governments to raise the denomination of the coin, or to put a smaller quantity of the precious metals in coins retaining the old denomination, with the view of recruiting an impoverished exchequer. There have, doubtless, been financiers unintelligent enough to suppose that this expedient might enrich the government, while it did no harm to the people. But it requires only a slight amount of reflection to see that all creditors are defrauded exactly in the same proportion as that in which the coin is debased. One lucid passage from Locke's answer to Lowndes may suffice to show the forcible manner in which he presents this truth:

"Raising of coin is but a specious word to deceive the unwary. It only gives the usual denomination of a greater quantity of silver to a less (v. g., calling four grains of silver a penny to-day, when five grains of silver made a penny yesterday), but adds no worth or real value to the silver coin, to make amends for its want of silver. That is impossible to be done. For it is only the quantity of silver in it that is, and eternally will be, the measure of its value. One may as rationally hope to lengthen a foot, by dividing it into fifteen parts instead of twelve and calling them inches, as to increase the value of silver that is in a shilling, by dividing it into fifteen parts instead of twelve and calling them pence. This is all that is done when a shilling is raised from twelve to fifteen pence."

Lowndes had maintained that "raising the coin," in addition to making up the loss caused by calling in the clipped money, and other advantages, would increase the circulating medium of the country, and so put a stop to the multiplication of hazardous paper-credit and the inconveniences of bartering. Nothing could be better than Locke's reply:

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"Just as the boy cut his leather into five quarters (as he called them) to cover his ball, when cut into four quarters it fell short, but, after all his pains, as much of his ball lay bare as before; if the quantity of coined silver employed in England fall short, the arbitrary denomination of a greater number of pence given to it, or, which is all one, to the several coined pieces of it, will not make it commensurate to the size of our trade or the greatness of our occasions. This is as certain as that, if the quantity of a board which is to stop a leak-of a ship fifteen inches square, be but twelve inches square, it will not be made to do it by being measured by a foot that is divided into fifteen inches, instead of twelve, and so having a larger tale or number of inches in denomination given to it."

The general principle that to depreciate the coinage is to rob the creditor, and that, though you may change the name, you cannot change the thing, was quite as emphatically stated by Petty and North as by Locke. But the value of Locke's tracts consisted in their amplitude of argument and illustration, which left to the unprejudiced reader no alternative but to accept their conclusion. As he himself said in a letter to Molyneux, "Lay by the arbitrary names of pence and shillings, and consider and speak of it as grains and ounces of silver, and 'tis as easy as telling of twenty."

Locke had the penetration to see that the laws existing in his time against the exportation of gold and silver coin must necessarily be futile, and, while it was permitted to export bullion, could answer no conceivable purpose. These laws, which date from the time of Edward the Third, were, curiously enough, not repealed till the year 1819, though as early as the time of the Restoration they had been pronounced by so competent a judge as Sir William Petty to be "nugatory" and "impracticable." Nothing, as Locke says towards the conclusion of his answer

to Lowndes, could prevent the exportation of silver and gold in payment of debts contracted beyond the seas, and it could "be no odds to England whether it was carried out in specie or when melted down into bullion." But the principle on which the prohibition of exporting gold and silver coin ultimately rested seems to have been accepted by him as unhesitatingly as it was by almost all the other economists of the time. That principle was that the wealth of a nation is to be measured by the amount of gold and silver in its possession, this amount depending on the ratio of the value of the exports to that of the imports. When the value of the exports exceeded that of the imports, the Balance of Trade, as it was called, was said to be in favour of a country; when, on the other hand, the value of the imports exceeded that of the exports, the Balance of Trade was said to be against it. A fayourable balance, it was assumed, must necessarily increase the amount of gold and silver in the country, while an unfavourable balance must necessarily diminish it. And, lastly, the amount of gold and silver in its possession was the measure of a nation's wealth. These views form part of what political economists call the Mercantile Theory, which it was the peculiar glory of Adam Smith to demolish.

It is somewhat humiliating to the biographer of Locke to be obliged to confess that, in this respect, his theories on trade lag considerably behind those of an almost contemporary writer, Sir Dudley North, whose work has already been mentioned. Some of North's maxims are worthy of Adam Smith, and one wonders that, when once enunciated, they found so little currency, and were so completely ignored in both the literature and the legislation of the time. Here are a few, but the whole tract

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may be read in less than an hour: "The whole world, as to trade, is but as one nation or people, and therein nations are as persons." "The loss of a trade with one nation is not that only, separately considered, but so much of the trade of the world rescinded and lost, for all is combined together." "No laws can set prices in trade, the rates of which must and will make themselves; but, when such laws do happen to lay any hold, it is so much impediment to trade, and therefore prejudicial." "No man is richer for having his estate all in money, plate, &c., lying by him, but, on the contrary, he is for that reason the poorer. That man is richest whose estate is in a growing condition, either in land at farm, money at interest, or goods in trade." "Money exported in trade is an increase to the wealth of the nation; but spent in war and payments abroad, is so much impoverishment." "We may labour to hedge in the Cuckoo, but in vain; for no people ever yet grew rich by policies, but it is peace, industry, and freedom that brings trade and wealth, and nothing else."

Some of Locke's opinions on trade and finance were undoubtedly erroneous, and it must be confessed that the little tract of Sir Dudley North supplies a better summary of sound economical doctrine than any which we can find in his writings; but then this brochure is merely a summary, with little of argument or elucidation, and perhaps it would be difficult to point to any previous or contemporary writer whose works are, on the whole, more important in the history of economical science than those of Locke."

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CHAPTER XII.

LOCKE'S INFLUENCE ON THOUGHT.

To trace Locke's influence on subsequent speculation would be to write the History of Philosophy from his time to our own. In England, France, and Germany there have been few writers on strictly philosophical questions in this century or the last who have not either quoted Locke's Essay with approbation, or at least paid him the homage of stating their grounds for dissenting from it. In the last century, his other works, especially those on Government and Toleration, may be said to have almost formed the recognized code of liberal opinion in this country, besides exercising a considerable influence on the rapidly developing speculations which, in the middle of the century, were preparing an intellectual no less than a social revolution in France. I can here only speak of the nature of Locke's influence, and of the directions it took, in the very broades outline, and it is the less necessary that I should enter into detail, as I have frequently adverted to it in the preceding chapters.

In England, the *Essay*, though from the first it had its ardent admirers, seemed, for some years after its appearance, to have produced its effect on English philosophical literature mainly by antagonism. Many were the critics who attacked the "new way of ideas," and attempted to

show the evil consequences to morals, religion, and exact thought which must follow from the acceptance of Locke's speculations. Here and there he was defended, but the attack certainly largely outnumbered the defence. these controversies I have already given some account in the chapters on Locke's Life, and need not, therefore, now recur to them. The first English writer on philosophy of the highest rank who succeeded Locke was Berkeley, and on him the influence of his predecessor is so distinctly apparent, that it may well be questioned whether Berkeley would ever have written the Principles and the Dialogues, if Locke had not written the Essay. Locke had regarded not "things" but "ideas" as the immediate objects of the mind in thinking, though he had supposed these ideas to be representative of things; but why, argued Berkeley, suppose "things" to exist, if "ideas" are the only objects which we perceive? Again, Locke had analyzed the idea of Matter conceived as "Substance" into "we know not what" support of known qualities. How, then, said Berkeley, do we know that it exists? The idealist philosophy of Berkeley may thus be viewed as a development, on one side, of the philosophy of Locke. But Hume, by carrying Berkeley's scepticism further than he had done himself, and by questioning the reality of Substance, as applied either to matter or mind, may be said to have developed Locke's principles in a direction which was practically the very reverse of that taken by Berkeley. For the result of Berkeley's denial of "matter" was to enhance the importance of "mind," and to re-assure men as to the existence of one all-embracing mind in the person of the Deity. But the result of the questions which Hume raised as to the substantial existence of either Matter or Mind was to leave men in a state of pure scepticism, or, as we should 196

now perhaps call it, Agnosticism. On the other applications of Hume's method, I need not detain the reader. To the ordinary common-sense Englishman, who approached philosophical questions with interest but without any special metaphysical aptitude, the systems both of Hume and Berkeley appeared to be open to the fatal objection of paradox, and hence, throughout the eighteenth century. Locke continued, in ordinary estimation, to hold the supreme place among English philosophers. Horace Walpole (writing in 1789) probably expresses the average opinion of the English reading public of his time, when he says that Locke (with whom he couples Bacon) was almost the first philosopher who introduced common-sense into his writings. Nor was it only that he was supreme in popular estimation. His influence is apparent in almost every philosophical and quasi-philosophical work of the period. It may specially be mentioned that the doctrine of Innate Ideas went out of fashion, both word and thing, and, when a similar doctrine came into vogue at the end of the century, under the authority of Reid and Stewart, it was in a modified form and under a new appellation, that of primary or fundamental beliefs. These authors always spoke with the greatest respect of Locke, and Stewart especially" was always anxious to establish, when possible, an identity of opinion between himself and his illustrious predecessor. And even in recent times, when the topics and conditions of philosophical speculation have undergone so much change, there are few philosophical authors of eminence who do not make frequent reference to Locke's Essay. It is now perhaps seldom read through except by professed students of philosophy, but it is still probably oftener "dipped into" than any other philosophical treatise in the language.

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In France, the *Essay* at first made little way. It took more than twenty years to sell off the first edition of the French translation, but from 1723 to 1758 editions followed one another in rapid succession at intervals of about Voltaire says that no man had been less read or more abused in France than Locke. The points in his philosophy which seem to have been specially selected for attack were the statements that God might, if he pleased, annex thought to matter, and that the natural reason could not alone assure us of the immortality of the soul. The qualifications, as the custom is, were dropped out of these statements, and it was roundly asserted that Locke maintained the soul to be material and mortal. not fail to point out the hastiness and injustice of these conclusions, and is himself unbounded in his admiration for the English philosopher. Malebranche, he says, is read on account of the agreeableness of his style, Descartes on account of the hardihood of his speculations; Locke is not read, because he is merely wise. There never was a thinker more wise, more methodical, more logical than Locke. Other reasoners had written a romance of the soul; Locke came and modestly wrote its history, developing the ideas of the human understanding as an accomplished anatomist explains the forces of the human body. Voltaire lived to see the philosophy of Locke, or rather an extreme phase of it, become almost the established creed of those who cared at all for speculative questions in France. Condillac in his early work, the Essai sur l'Origine des Connoissances Humaines (first published in 1746), simply adopts Locke's account of the origin of knowledge, finding it in the two sources of Sensation and Reflection. But in his later work, the Traité des Sensations, which appeared in 1754, he has gone far beyond his

master, and not only finds the origin of all knowledge in sensation alone, but of all our faculties as well. It is in this work that the metaphor of the gradually animated statue occurs. Condillac's system soon became the fashionable philosophy of his countrymen, and both friends and foes credited Locke with its parentage. With Joseph de Maistre, who may be regarded as the bitterest exponent of French Ultramontanism, Locke is the immediate link through whom Helvétius, Cabanis, and the other enemies of the human race in France had derived from Bacon the principles which had been so destructive to their country and mankind. But it was not the followers of Condillac only who professed to base their systems on the principles of Locke. Degerando, writing in 1813, says, "All the French philosophers of this age glory in ranging themselves among the disciples of Locke, and admitting his principles." The great names of Turgot, Diderot, D'Alembert, Condorcet, and Destutt de Tracy alike appear in the roll of his professed disciples. And even when the reaction against the authority of Locke began in France, his influence might still be traced in authors like Maine de Biran, Royer Collard, Cousin, and Jouffroy, however emphatically they might repudiate his system as a whole. Lastly, Auguste Comte may be connected with Locke through Hume.

Except by way of reaction and opposition, Locke's influence has been felt much less in Germany than in either England or France. The earliest opponent of his philosophy, who himself held any high rank as a philosopher, was Leibnitz, who, in his Nouveaux Essais (written in 1704, but not published till 1765), attacked not only Locke's specific conclusions, but his method of commencing the study of philosophy with an examination of the

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human mind. Yet he recognizes the Essay as "one of the most beautiful and most esteemed works of this time." It may be remarked as curious that he is disposed to rate the Thoughts on Education even still higher than the Essay. But, when we think of Locke's relation to German philosophy, it is mainly in connexion with the antagonism For, though Kant states that he was "awoke from his dogmatic slumber" by reading Hume, it is plain, throughout the Kritik, that he has in his mind the system of Locke at least as much as that of his sceptical And yet these two great philosophers, the reformer of English and the reformer of German philosophy, have much in common, specially their mode of approaching the problems of ontology and theology, which have vexed so many generations of thinkers, by first inquiring into the limits, capacities, and procedure of the human mind.

Of the specific influence of Locke's treatises on Government, Religion, Toleration, Education, and Finance I have already said something in previous chapters. In each one of these subjects the publication of his views forms a point of departure, and no writer on the history of any one of them could dispense with a lengthened notice of his theories.

But far more important than their specific influence on other writers, or even on the development of the subjects with which they deal, has been the effect of Locke's writings on the history of progress and civilization. In an age of excitement and prejudice, he set men the example of thinking calmly and clearly. When philosophy was almost synonymous with the arid discussion of scholastic subtleties, he wrote so as to interest statesmen and men of the world. At a time when the chains of dogma were far tighter, and the penalties of attempting to loosen

them far more stringent, than it is now easy to conceive, he raised questions which stirred the very depths of human thought. And all this he did in a spirit so candid, so tolerant, so liberal, and so unselfish, that he seemed to be writing not for his own party or his own times, but for the future of knowledge and of mankind. To sound every question to the bottom, never to allow our convictions to outstrip our evidence, to throw aside all prejudices and all interests in the pursuit of truth, but to hold the truth, when found, in all charity and with all consideration towards those who have been less fortunate than we—these are the lessons which, faithfully transmitted through two centuries by those who had eyes to see and ears to hear, he has bequeathed to us and our posterity.

THE END.

GOLDSMITH

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BY

WILLIAM BLACK

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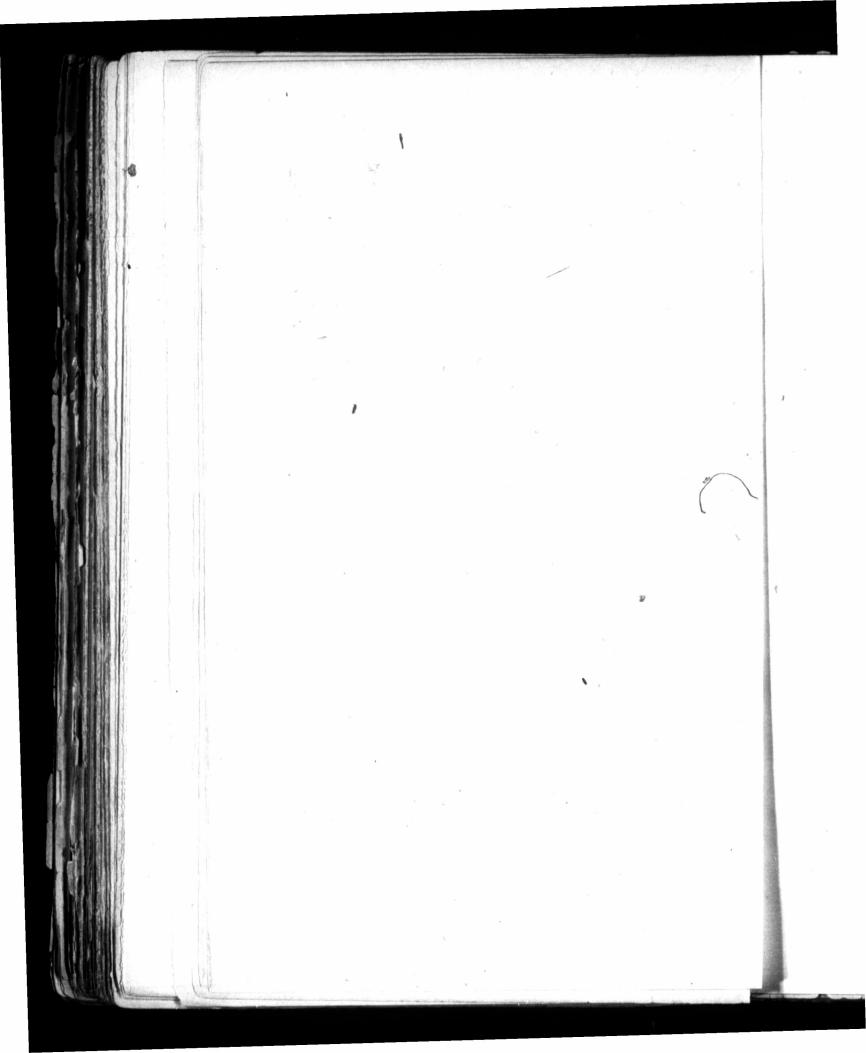
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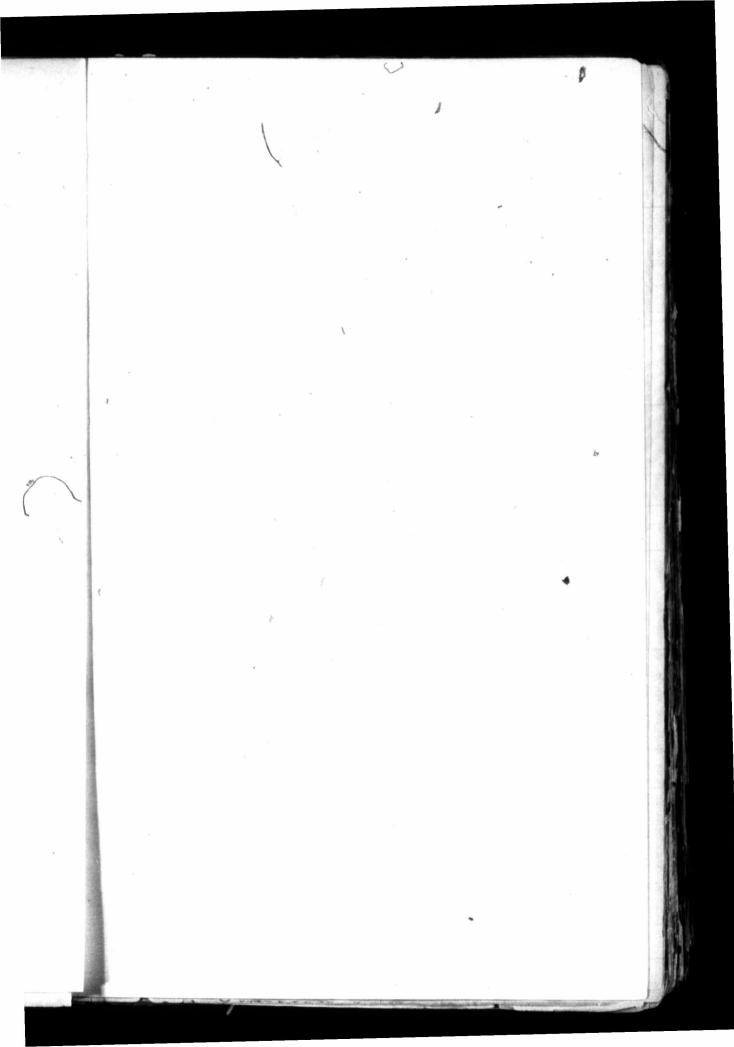
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GOLDSMITH.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

"Innocently to amuse the imagination in this dream of life is wisdom." So wrote Oliver Goldsmith; and surely among those who have earned the world's gratitude by this ministration he must be accorded a conspicuous If, in these delightful writings of his, he mostly avoids the darker problems of existence—if the mystery of the tragic and apparently unmerited and unrequited suffering in the world is rarely touched upon—we can pardon the omission for the sake of the gentle optimism that would rather look on the kindly side of life. come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you," says Mr. Thackeray. could harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon save the harp on which he plays to you; and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents, or the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in the villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty." And it is to be suspected —it is to be hoped, at least—that the cheerfulness which shines like sunlight through Goldsmith's writings, did not altogether desert himself even in the most trying hours of his wayward and troubled career. He had, with all his sensitiveness, a fine happy-go-lucky disposition; was ready for a frolic when he had a guinea, and, when he had none, could turn a sentence on the humorous side of starvation; and certainly never attributed to the injustice or neglect of society misfortunes the origin of which lay nearer home.

Of course, a very dark picture might be drawn of Goldsmith's life; and the sufferings that he undoubtedly endured have been made a whip with which to lash the ingratitude of a world not too quick to recognize the claims of genius. He has been put before us, without any brighter lights to the picture, as the most unfortunate of poor devils; the heart-broken usher; the hack ground down by sordid booksellers; the starving occupant of successive garrets. This is the aspect of Goldsmith's career which naturally attracts Mr. Forster. seems to have been haunted throughout his life by the idea that Providence had some especial spite against literary persons; and that, in a measure to compensate them for their sad lot, society should be very kind to them, while the Government of the day might make them Companions of the Bath or give them posts in the Civil Ser-In the otherwise copious, thorough, and valuable Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith, we find an almost humiliating insistance on the complaint that Oliver Goldsmith did not receive greater recognition and larger sums of money from his contemporaries. Goldsmith is here "the poor neglected sizar;" his "marked ill-fortune" attends him constantly; he shares "the evil destinies of

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men of letters;" he was one of those who "struggled into fame without the aid of English institutions;" in short, "he wrote, and paid the penalty." Nay, even Christianity itself is impeached on account of the persecution suffered by poor Goldsmith. "There had been a Christian religion extant for seventeen hundred and fiftyseven years," writes Mr. Forster, "the world having been acquainted, for even so long, with its spiritual necessities and responsibilities; yet here, in the middle of the eighteenth century, was the eminence ordinarily conceded to a spiritual teacher, to one of those men who come upon the earth to lift their fellow-men above its miry ways. He is up in a garret, writing for bread he cannot get, and dunned for a milk-score he cannot pay." That Christianity might have been worse employed than in paying the milkman's score is true enough, for then the milkman would have come by his own; but that Christianity, or the state, or society should be scolded because an author suffers the natural consequences of his allowing his expenditure to exceed his income, seems a little hard. And this is a sort of writing that is peculiarly inappropriate in the case of Goldsmith, who, if ever any man was author of his own misfortunes, may fairly have the charge "Men of genius," says Mr. Forsbrought against him. ter, "can more easily starve, than the world, with safety to itself, can continue to neglect and starve them." Perhaps so; but the English nation, which has always had a regard and even love for Oliver Goldsmith, that is quite peculiar in the history of literature, and which has been glad to overlook his faults and follies, and eager to sympathize with him in the many miseries of his career, will be slow to believe that it is responsible for any starvation that Goldsmith may have endured.

However, the key-note has been firmly struck, and it Goldsmith was the unluckiest of mortals, still vibrates. the hapless victim of circumstances. "Yielding to that united pressure of labor, penury, and sorrow, with a frame exhausted by unremitting and ill-rewarded drudgery, Goldsmith was indebted to the forbearance of creditors for a peaceful burial." But what, now, if some foreigner strange to the traditions of English literature some Japanese student, for example, or the New Zealander come before his time—were to go over the ascertained facts of Goldsmith's life, and were suddenly to announce to us, with the happy audacity of ignorance, that he, Goldsmith, was a quite exceptionally fortunate person? "Why," he might say, "I find that in a country where the vast majority of people are born to labor, Oliver Goldsmith was never asked to do a stroke of work towards the earning of his own living until he had arrived at man's estate. All that was expected of him, as a youth and as a young man, was that he should equip himself fully for the battle of life. He was maintained at college until he had taken his degree. Again and again he was furnished with funds for further study and foreign travel; and again and again he gambled his opportunities away. The constant kindness of his uncle only made him the best begging-letter-writer the world has seen. In the midst of his debt and distress as a bookseller's drudge, he receives £400 for three nights' performance of the The Good-Natured Man; he immediately purchases chambers in Brick Court for £400; and forthwith begins to borrow as before. It is true that he died owing £2000, and was indebted to the forbearance of creditors for a peaceful burial; but it appears that during the last seven years of his life he had

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been earning an annual income equivalent to £800 of English currency. He was a man liberally and affectionately brought up, who had many relatives and many friends, and who had the proud satisfaction—which has been denied to many men of genius—of knowing for years before he died that his merits as a writer had been recognized by the great bulk of his countrymen. And yet this strange English nation is inclined to suspect that it treated him rather badly; and Christianity is attacked because it did not pay Goldsmith's milk-score."

Our Japanese friend may be exaggerating; but his position is, after all, fairly tenable. It may at least be looked at, before entering on the following brief résumé of the leading facts in Goldsmith's life, if only to restore our equanimity. For, naturally, it is not pleasant to think that any previous generation, however neglectful of the claims of literary persons (as compared with the claims of such wretched creatures as physicians, men of science, artists, engineers, and so forth) should so cruelly have ill-treated one whom we all love now. This inheritance of ingratitude is more than we can bear. Is it true that Goldsmith was so harshly dealt with by those barbarian ancestors of ours?

 $^{^{1}}$ The calculation is Lord Macaulay's : see his Biographical Essays

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CHAPTER II.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

THE Goldsmiths were of English descent; Goldsmith's father was a Protestant clergyman in a poor little village in the county of Longford; and when Oliver, one of several children, was born in this village of Pallas, or Pallasmore, on the 10th November, 1728, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith was passing rich on £40 a year. But a couple of years later Mr. Goldsmith succeeded to a more lucrative living; and forthwith removed his family to the village of Lissoy, in the county of Westmeath.

Here at once our interest in the story begins: is this Lissoy the sweet Auburn that we have known and loved since our childhood? Lord Macaulay, with a great deal of vehemence, avers that it is not; that there never was any such hamlet as Auburn in Ireland; that The Deserted Village is a hopelessly incongruous poem; and that Goldsmith, in combining a description of a probably Kentish village with a description of an Irish ejectment, "has produced something which never was, and never will be, seen in any part of the world." This criticism is ingenious and plausible, but it is unsound, for it happens to overlook one of the radical facts of human nature—the magnifying delight of the mind in what is long remembered and remote. What was it that the imagina-

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tion of Goldsmith, in his life-long banishment, could not see when he looked back to the home of his childhood, and his early friends, and the sports and occupations of his youth? Lissoy was no doubt a poor enough Irish village; and perhaps the farms were not too well cultivated; and perhaps the village preacher, who was so dear to all the country round, had to administer many a thrashing to a certain graceless son of his; and perhaps Paddy Byrne was something of a pedant; and no doubt pigs ran over the "nicely sanded floor" of the inn; and no doubt the village statesmen occasionally indulged in a free fight. But do you think that was the Lissoy that Goldsmith thought of in his dreary lodgings in Fleetstreet courts? No. It was the Lissoy where the vagrant lad had first seen the "primrose peep beneath the thorn;" where he had listened to the mysterious call of the bittern by the unfrequented river; it was a Lissoy still ringing with the glad laughter of young people in the twilight hours; it was a Lissoy forever beautiful, and tender, and far away. The grown-up Goldsmith had not to go to any Kentish village for a model; the familiar scenes of his youth, regarded with all the wistfulness and longing of an exile, became glorified enough. to the opera where Signora Colomba pours out all the mazes of melody," he writes to Mr. Hodson, "I sit and sigh for Lissoy's fireside, and Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night from Peggy Golden."

There was but little in the circumstances of Goldsmith's early life likely to fit him for, or to lead him into, a literary career; in fact, he did not take to literature until he had tried pretty nearly every thing else as a method of earning a living. If he was intended for any thing, it was no doubt his father's wish that he should

enter the Church; and he got such education as the poor Irish clergyman—who was not a very provident person could afford. The child Goldsmith was first of all taught his alphabet at home, by a maid-servant, who was also a relation of the family; then, at the age of six, he was sent to that village school which, with its profound and learned master, he has made familiar to all of us; and after that he was sent further a-field for his learning, being moved from this to the other boarding-school as the occasion demanded. Goldsmith's school-life could not have been altogether a pleasant time for him. hear, indeed, of his being concerned in a good many frolics—robbing orchards, and the like; and it is said' that he attained proficiency in the game of fives. But a shy and sensitive lad like Goldsmith, who was eagerly desirous of being thought well of, and whose appearance only invited the thoughtless but cruel ridicule of his schoolmates, must have suffered a good deal. He was little, pitted with the small-pox, and awkward; and schoolboys are amazingly frank. He was not strong enough to thrash them into respect of him; he had no big brother to become his champion; his pocket-money was not lavish enough to enable him to buy over enemies or subsidize allies.

In similar circumstances it has sometimes happened that a boy physically inferior to his companions has consoled himself by proving his mental prowess—has scored off his failure at cricket by the taking of prizes, and has revenged himself for a drubbing by writing a lampoon. But even this last resource was not open to Goldsmith. He was a dull boy; "a stupid, heavy blockhead," is Dr. Strean's phrase in summing up the estimate formed of young Goldsmith by his contemporaries at school.

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Of course, as soon as he became famous, everybody began to hunt up recollections of his having said or done this or that, in order to prove that there were signs of the coming greatness. People began to remember that he had been suspected of scribbling verses, which he burned. What schoolboy has not done the like? We know how the biographers of great painters point out to us that their hero early showed the bent of his mind by drawing the figures of animals on doors and walls with a piece of chalk; as to which it may be observed that, if every schoolboy who scribbled verses and sketched in chalk on a brick wall were to grow up a genius, poems and pictures would be plentiful enough. However, there is the apparently authenticated anecdote of young Goldsmith's turning the tables on the fiddler at his uncle's dancing-party. The fiddler, struck by the odd look of the boy who was capering about the room, called out "Æsop!" whereupon Goldsmith is said to have instantly replied,

"Our herald hath proclaimed this saying, See Æsop daneing and his monkey playing!"

But even if this story be true, it is worth nothing as an augury; for quickness of repartee was precisely the accomplishment which the adult Goldsmith conspicuously lacked. Put a pen into his hand, and shut him up in a room: then he was master of the situation—nothing could be more incisive, polished, and easy than his playful sarcasm. But in society any fool could get the better of him by a sudden question followed by a horse-laugh. All through his life—even after he had become one of the most famous of living writers—Goldsmith suffered from want of self-confidence. He was too anxious to please. In his eager acquiescence, he would blunder into

any trap that was laid for him. A grain or two of the stolid self-sufficiency of the blockheads who laughed at him would not only have improved his character, but would have considerably added to the happiness of his life.

As a natural consequence of this timidity, Goldsmith, when opportunity served, assumed airs of magnificent importance. Every one knows the story of the mistake on which She Stoops to Conquer is founded. Getting free at last from all the turmoil, and anxieties, and mortifications of school-life, and returning home on a lent hack, the released schoolboy is feeling very grand indeed. He is now sixteen, would fain pass for a man, and has a whole golden guinea in his pocket. he takes the journey very leisurely until, getting benighted in a certain village, he asks the way to the "best house," and is directed by a facetious person to the house of the squire. The squire by good luck falls in with the joke; and then we have a very pretty comedy indeed—the impecunious schoolboy playing the part of a fine gentleman on the strength of his solitary guinea, ordering a bottle of wine after his supper, and inviting his landlord and his landlord's wife and daughter to join him in the supper-room. The contrast, in She Stoops to Conquer, between Marlow's embarrassed diffidence on certain occasions and his audacious effrontery on others, found many a parallel in the incidents of Goldsmith's own life; and it is not improbable that the writer of the comedy was thinking of some of his own experiences, when he made Miss Hardcastle say to her timid suitor: "A want of courage upon some occasions assumes the appearance of ignorance, and betrays us when we most want to excel."

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It was, perhaps, just as well that the supper, and bottle of wine, and lodging at Squire Featherston's had not to be paid for out of the schoolboy's guinea; young Goldsmith was now on his way to college, and the funds at the disposal of the Goldsmith family were not Goldsmith's sister having married the over-abundant. son of a well-to-do man, her father considered it a point of honor that she should have a dowry; and in giving her a sum of £400 he so crippled the means of the family, that Goldsmith had to be sent to college not as a pensioner but as a sizar. It appears that the young gentleman's pride revolted against this proposal; and that he was won over to consent only by the persuasions of his uncle Contarine, who himself had been a sizar. So Goldsmith, now in his eighteenth year, went to Dublin; managed somehow or other—though he was the last in the list-to pass the necessary examination; and entered upon his college career (1745).

How he lived, and what he learned, at Trinity College, are both largely matters of conjecture; the chief features of such record as we have are the various means of raising a little money to which the poor sizar had to resort; a continual quarrelling with his tutor, an ill-conditioned brute, who baited Goldsmith and occasionally beat him; and a chance frolic when funds were forthcoming. It was while he was at Trinity Collège that his father died; so that Goldsmith was rendered more than ever dependent on the kindness of his uncle Contarine, who throughout seems to have taken much interest in his odd. ungainly nephew. A loan from a friend or a visit to the pawnbroker tided over the severer difficulties; and then from time to time the writing of street-ballads, for which he got five shillings a-piece at a certain repository, came in to help. It was a happy-go-lucky, hand-to-mouth sort of existence, involving a good deal of hardship and humiliation, but having its frolics and gayeties notwithstanding. One of these was pretty near to putting an end to his collegiate career altogether. He had, smarting under a public admonition for having been concerned in a riot, taken seriously to his studies and had competed for a scholarship. He missed the scholarship, but gained an exhibition of the value of thirty shillings; whereupon he collected a number of friends of both sexes in his rooms, and proceeded to have high jinks there. In the midst of the dancing and uproar, in comes his tutor, in such a passion that he knocks Goldsmith down. insult, received before his friends, was too much for the unlucky sizar, who, the very next day, sold his books, ran away from college, and ultimately, after having been on the verge of starvation once or twice, made his way to Lissoy. Here his brother got hold of him, persuaded him to go back, and the escapade was condoned somehow. Goldsmith remained at Trinity College until he took his degree (1749). He was again lowest in the list; but still he had passed; and he must have learned something. He was now twenty-one, with all the world before him; and the question was as to how he was to employ such knowledge as he had acquired.

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CHAPTER III.

IDLENESS AND FOREIGN TRAVEL.

But Goldsmith was not in any hurry to acquire either wealth or fame. He had a happy knack of enjoying the present hour—especially when there were one or two boon companions with him, and a pack of cards to be found; and, after his return to his mother's house, he appears to have entered upon the business of idleness with much philosophical satisfaction. If he was not quite such an unlettered clown as he has described in Tony Lumpkin, he had at least all Tony Lumpkin's high spirits and love of joking and idling; and he was surrounded at the ale-house by just such a company of admirers as used to meet at the famous Three Pigeons. Sometimes he helped in his brother's school; sometimes he went errands for his mother; occasionally he would sit and meditatively play the flute—for the day was to be passed somehow; then in the evening came the assemblage in Conway's inn, with the glass, and the pipe, and the cards, and the uproarious jest or song. "But Scripture saith an ending to all fine things must, be," and the friends of this jovial young "buckeen" began to tire of his idleness and his recurrent visits. They gave him hints that he might set about doing something to provide himself with a living;

and the first thing they thought of was that he should go into the Church—perhaps as a sort of purification-house after George Conway's inn. Accordingly Goldsmith, who appears to have been a most good-natured and compliant youth, did make application to the Bishop of Elphin. There is some doubt about the precise reasons which induced the Bishep to decline Goldsmith's application, but at any rate the Church was denied the aid of the young man's eloquence and erudition. Then he tried teaching, and through the good offices of his uncle he obtained a tutorship which he held for a considerable time—long enough, indeed, to enable him to amass a sum of thirty pounds. When he quarrelled with his patron, and once more "took the world for his pillow," as the Gaelic stories say, he had this sum in his pocket and was possessed of a good horse.

He started away from Ballymahon, where his mother was now living, with some vague notion of making his fortune as casual circumstance might direct. The expedition came to a premature end; and he returned without the money, and on the back of a wretched animal, telling his mother a cock-and-bull story of the most amusing simplicity. "If Uncle Contarine believed those letters," says Mr. Thackeray, "-- if Oliver's mother believed that story which the youth related of his going to Cork, with the purpose of embarking for America; of his having paid his passage-money, and having sent his kit on board; of the anonymous captain sailing away with Oliver's valuable luggage, in a nameless ship, never to return-if Uncle Contarine and the mother at Ballymahon believed his stories, they must have been a very simple pair; as it was a very simple rogue indeed who cheated them." Indeed, if any one is anxious to

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fill up this hiatus in Goldsmith's life, the best thing he can do is to discard Goldsmith's suspicious record of his adventures, and put in its place the faithful record of the adventures of Mr. Barry Lyndon, when that modest youth left his mother's house and rode to Dublin, with a certain number of guineas in his pocket. But whether Uncle Contarine believed the story or no, he was ready to give the young gentleman another chance; and this time it was the legal profession that was chosen. Goldsmith got fifty pounds from his uncle, and reached Dublin. a remarkably brief space of time he had gambled away the fifty pounds, and was on his way back to Ballymahon, where his mother's reception of him was not very cordial, though his uncle forgave him, and was once more ready to start him in life. But in what direction? Teaching, the Church, and the law had lost their attractions for him. Well, this time it was medicine. fact, any sort of project was capable of drawing forth the good old uncle's bounty. The funds were again forthcoming; Goldsmith started for Edinburgh, and now (1752) saw Ireland for the last time.

He lived, and he informed his uncle that he studied, in Edinburgh for a year and a half; at the end of which time it appeared to him that his knowledge of medicine would be much improved by foreign travel. There was Albinus, for example, "the great professor of Leyden," as he wrote to the credulous uncle, from whom he would oubtless learn much. When, having got another twenty pounds for travelling expenses, he did reach Leyden (1754), he mentioned Gaubius, the chemical professor. Gaubius is also a good name. That his intercourse with these learned persons, and the serious nature of his studies, were not incompatible with a little light relaxa-

tion in the way of gambling is not impossible. On one occasion, it is said, he was so lucky that he came to a fellow-student with his pockets full of money; and was induced to resolve never to play again—a resolution broken about as soon as made. Of course he lost all his winnings, and more; and had to borrow a trifling sum to get himself out of the place. Then an incident occurs which is highly characteristic of the better side of Goldsmith's nature. He had just got this money, and was about to leave Leyden, when, as Mr. Forster writes, "he passed a florist's garden on his return, and seeing some rare and high-priced flower, which his uncle Contarine, an enthusiast in such things, had often spoken and been in search of, he ran in without other thought than of immediate pleasure to his kindest friend, bought a parcel of the roots, and sent them off to Ireland." He had a guinea in his pocket when he started on the grand tour.

Of this notable period in Goldsmith's life (1755-6) very little is known, though a good deal has been guessed. A minute record of all the personal adventures that befell the wayfarer as he trudged from country to country, a diary of the odd humors and fancies that must have occurred to him in his solitary pilgrimages, would be of quite inestimable value; but even the letters that Goldsmith wrote home from time to time are lost; while The Traveller consists chiefly of a series of philosophical reflections on the government of various states, more likely to have engaged the attention of a Fleet-street author, living in an atmosphere of books, than to have occupied the mind of a tramp anxious about his supper and his night's lodging. Boswell says he "disputed" his way through Europe. It is much more probable that he begged his way through Europe. The romantic verпі.]

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sion, which has been made the subject of many a charmaing picture, is that he was entertained by the peasantry whom he had delighted with his playing on the flute. is quite probable that Goldsmith, whose imagination had been captivated by the story of how Baron von Holberg had as a young man really passed through France, Germany, and Holland in this Orpheus-like manner, may have put a flute in his pocket-when he left Leyden; but it is far from safe to assume, as is generally done, that Goldsmith was himself the hero of the adventures described in Chapter XX. of the Vicar of Wakefield. is the more to be regretted that we have no authentic record of these devious wanderings, that by this time Goldsmith had acquired, as is shown in other letters, a polished, easy, and graceful style, with a very considerable faculty of humorous observation. Those ingenious letters to his uncle (they usually included a little hint about money) were, in fact, a trifle too literary both in substance and in form; we could even now, looking at them with a pardonable curiosity, have spared a little of their formal antithesis for some more precise information about the writer and his surroundings.

The strangest thing about this strange journey all over Europe was the failure of Goldsmith to pick up even a common and ordinary acquaintance with the familiar facts of natural history. The ignorance on this point of the author of the Animated Nature was a constant subject of jest among Goldsmith's friends. They declared he could not tell the difference between any two sorts of barn-door fowl until he saw them cooked and on the table. But it may be said prematurely here that, even when he is wrong as to his facts or his sweeping generalizations, one is inclined to forgive him on account of the

quaint gracefulness and point of his style. When Mr. Burchell says, "This rule seems to extend even to other animals: the little vermin race are ever treacherous. cruel, and cowardly, whilst those endowed with strength and power are generous, brave, and gentle," we scarcely stop to reflect that the merlin, which is not much bigger than a thrush, has an extraordinary courage and spirit, while the lion, if all stories be true, is, unless when goaded by hunger, an abject skulker. Elsewhere, indeed, in the Animated Nature, Goldsmith gives credit to the smaller birds for a good deal of valor, and then goes on to say, with a charming freedom, "But their contentions are sometimes of a gentler nature. Two male birds shall strive in song till, after a long struggle, the loudest shall entirely silence the other. During these contentions the female sits an attentive silent auditor, and often rewards the loudest songster with her company during the season." Yet even this description of the battle of the bards, with the queen of love as arbiter, is scarcely so amusing as his happy-go-lucky notions with regard to the variability of species. The philosopher, flute in hand, who went wandering from the canals of Holland to the ice-ribbed falls of the Rhine, may have heard from time to time that contest between singing-bird which he so imaginatively describes; but it was clearly the Fleetstreet author, living among books, who arrived at the conclusion that intermarriage of species is common among small birds and rare among big birds. Quoting some lines of Addison's which express the belief that birds are a virtuous race—that the nightingale, for example, does not covet the wife of his neighbor, the blackbird—Goldsmith goes on to observe, "But whatever may be the poet's opinion, the probability is against this ш. Ј

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Goldsr ruary 1 earning fidelity among the smaller tenants of the grove. The great birds are much more true to their species than these; and, of consequence, the varieties among them are more few. Of the ostrich, the cassowary, and the eagle, there are but few species; and no arts that man can use could probably induce them to mix with each other."

What he did bring back from his foreign travels was a medical degree. Where he got it, and how he got it, are allike matters of pure conjecture; but it is extremely improbable that—whatever he might have been willing to write home from Padua or Louvain, in order to coax another remittance from his Irish friends—he would afterwards, in the presence of such men as Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds, wear sham honors. It is much more probable that, on his finding those supplies from Ireland running ominously short, the philosophic vagabond determined to prove to his correspondents that he was really at work somewhere, instead of merely idling away his time, begging or borrowing the wherewithal to pass him from town to town. That he did see something of the foreign universities is evident from his own writings; there are touches of description here and there which he could not well have got from books. With this degree. and with such book-learning and such knowledge of nature and human nature as he had chosen or managed to pick up during all those years, he was now called upon to begin life for himself. The Irish supplies stopped altogether. His letters were left unanswered. Goldsmith somehow or other got back to London (February 1, 1756), and had to cast about for some way of earning his daily bread.

CHAPTER IV

EARLY STRUGGLES-HACK-WRITING.

HERE ensued a very dark period in his life. alone in London, without friends, without money, without introductions; his appearance was the reverse of prepossessing; and, even despite that medical degree and his acquaintance with the learned Albinus and the learned Gaubius, he had practically nothing of any value to offer for sale in the great labor-market of the world. How he managed to live at all is a mystery: it is certain that he must have endured a great deal of want; and one may well sympathize with so gentle and sensitive a creature reduced to such straits; without inquiring too curiously into the causes of his misfortunes. If, on the one hand, we cannot accuse society, or Christianity, or the English government of injustice and cruelty because Goldsmith had gambled away his chances and was now called on to pay the penalty, on the other hand, we had better, before blaming Goldsmith himself, inquire into the origin of those defects of character which produced such results. As this would involve an excursus into the controversy between Necessity and Free-will, probably most people would rather leave it alone. It may safely be said in any case that, while Goldsmith's faults and follies, of which he himself had to suffer the consequences, are

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patent enough, his character, on the whole, was distinctly a lovable one. Goldsmith was his own enemy, and everybody else's friend: that is not a (serious indictment, as things go. He was quite well aware of his weaknesses; and he was also—it may be hinted—aware of the good-nature which he put forward as condonation. If some foreigner were to ask how it is that so thoroughly a commercial people as the English are strict in the acknowledgment and payment of debt -should have always betrayed a sneaking fondness for the character of the good-humored scapegrace whose hand is in everybody's pocket, and who throws away other people's money with the most charming air in the world, Goldsmith might be pointed to as one of many literary teachers whose own circumstances were not likely to make them severe censors of the Charles Surfaces, or lenient judges of the Joseph Surfaces of the world. merry while you may; let to-morrow take care of itself; share your last guinea with any one, even if the poor drones of society—the butcher, and baker, and milkman with his score—have to suffer; do any thing you like, so long as you keep the heart warm. All this is a delightful philosophy. It has its moments of misery—its periods of reaction—but it has its moments of high delight. When we are invited to contemplate the "evil destinies of men of letters," we ought to be shown the floodtides as well as the ebb-tides. The tavern gayety; the brand-new coat and lace and sword; the midnight frolics, with jolly companions every one—these, however brief and intermittent, should not be wholly left out of the picture. Of course it is very dreadful to hear of poor Boyse lying in bed with nothing but a blanket over him,

and with his arms thrust through two holes in the blan-

ket, so that he could write—perhaps a continuation of his poem on the *Deity*. But then we should be shown Boyse when he was spending the money collected by Dr. Johnson to get the poor scribbler's clothes out of pawn; and we should also be shown him, with his hands through the holes in the blanket, enjoying the mushrooms and truffles on which, as a little garniture for "his last scrap of deef," he had just laid out his last half-guinea.

There were but few truffles—probably there was but little beef—for Goldsmith during this sombre period. "His threadbare coat, his uncouth figure, and Hibernian dialect caused him to meet with repeated refusals." But at length he got some employment in a chemist's shop, and this was a start. Then he tried practising in a small way on his own account in Southwark. Here he made the acquaintance of a printer's workman; and through him he was engaged as corrector of the press in the establishment of Mr. Samuel Richardson. Being so near to literature, he caught the infection; and naturally began with a tragedy. This tragedy was shown to the author of Clarissa Harlowe; but it only went the way of many similar first inspiritings of the Muse. Then Goldsmith drifted to Peckham, where we find him (1757) installed as usher at Dr. Milner's school. Goldsmith as usher has been the object of much sympathy; and he would certainly deserve it, if we are to assume that his description of an usher's position in the Bee, and in George Primrose's advice to his cousin, was a full and accurate description of his life at Peckham. "Browbeat by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys''—if that was his life, he was much to be pitied. But we cannot believe it. The Milners were exceedingly kind to Goldsmith. It was at the

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intercession of young Milner, who had been his fellowstudent at Edinburgh, that Goldsmith got the situation, which at all events kept him out of the reach of immediate want. It was through the Milners that he was introduced to Griffiths, who gave him a chance of trying a literary career—as a hack-writer of reviews and so forth. When, having got tired of that, Goldsmith was again floating vaguely on the waves of chance, where did he find a harbor but in that very school at Peckham? And we have the direct testimony of the youngest of Dr. Milner's daughters, that this Irish usher of theirs was a remarkably cheerful, and even facetious person, constantly playing tricks and practical jokes, amusing the boys by telling stories and by performances on the flute, living a careless life, and always in advance of his salary. Any beggars, or group of children, even the very boys who played back practical jokes on him, were welcome to a share of what small funds he had; and we all know how Mrs. Milner good-naturedly said one day, "You had better, Mr. Goldsmith, let me keep your money for you, as I do for some of the young gentlemen;" and how he answered with much simplicity, "In truth, Madam, there is equal need." With Goldsmith's love of approbation and extreme sensitiveness, he no doubt suffered deeply from many slights, now as at other times; but what we know of his life in the Peckham school does not incline us to believe that it was an especially miserable period of his existence. His abundant cheerfulness does not seem to have at any time deserted him; and what with tricks, and jokes, and playing of the flute, the dull routine of instructing the unruly young gentlemen at Dr. Milner's was got through somehow.

When Goldsmith left the Peckham school to try hack-

writing in Paternoster Row, he was going further to fare worse. Griffiths the bookseller, when he met Goldsmith at Dr. Milner's dinner-table and invited him to become a reviewer, was doing a service to the English nation—for it was in this period of machine-work that Goldsmith discovered that happy faculty of literary expression that led to the composition of his masterpieces—but he was doing little immediate service to Goldsmith.

The newly-captured hack was boarded and lodged at Griffiths' house in Paternoster Row (1757); he was to have a small salary in consideration of remorselessly constant work; and—what was the hardest condition of all he was to have his writings revised by Mrs. Griffiths. Mr. Forster justly remarks that though at last Goldsmith had thus become a man-of-letters, he "had gratified no passion and attained no object of ambition." He had taken to literature, as so many others have done, merely as a last resource. And if it is true that literature at first treated Goldsmith harshly, made him work hard, and gave him comparatively little for what he did, at least it must be said that his experience was not a singular one. Mr. Forster says that literature was at that time in a transition state: "The patron was gone, and the public had not come." But when Goldsmith began to do better than hack-work, he found a public speedily enough. If, as Lord Macaulay computes, Goldsmith received in the last seven years of his life what was equivalent to £5600 of our money, even the villain booksellers cannot be accused of having starved him. At the outset of his literary career he received no large sums, for he had achieved no reputation; but he got the market-rate for his work. We have around us at this moment plenty of hacks who rv.]

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For the rest, we have no means of knowing whether Goldsmith got through his work with ease or with difficulty; but it is obvious, looking over the reviews which he is believed to have written for Griffiths' magazine, that he readily acquired the professional critic's airs of superiority, along with a few tricks of the trade, no doubt taught him by Griffiths. Several of these reviews, for example, are merely epitomes of the contents of the books reviewed, with some vague suggestion that the writer might, if he had been less careful, have done worse, and, if he had been more careful, might have done better. Who does not remember how the philosophic vagabond was taught to become a cognoscento? "The whole secret consisted in a strict adherence to two rules: the one always to observe that the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains; and the other to praise the works of Pietro Perugino." It is amusing to observe the different estimates formed of the function of criticism by Goldsmith the critic and by Goldsmith the author. Goldsmith, sitting at Griffiths' desk, naturally magnifies his office, and announces his opinion that "to direct our taste, and conduct the poet up to perfection, has ever been the true critic's province." But Goldsmith the author, when he comes to inquire into the existing state of Polite Learning in Europe, finds in criticism not a help but a danger. It is "the natural destroyer of polite learning." And again, in the Citizen of the World, he exclaims against the pretensions of the critic. "If any choose to be critics, it is but saying they are critics; and from that time forward they become invested with full power and authority over

every caitiff who aims at their instruction or entertainment."

This at least may be said, that in these early essays contributed to the Monthly Review there is much more of Goldsmith the critic than of Goldsmith the author. They are somewhat labored performances. They are almost devoid of the sly and delicate humor that afterwards marked Goldsmith's best prose work. We find throughout his trick of antithesis; but here it is forced and formal, whereas afterwards he lent to this habit of writing the subtle surprise of epigram. They have the true manner of authority, nevertheless. He says of Home's Douglas: "Those parts of nature, and that rural simplicity with which the author was, perhaps, best acquainted, are not unhappily described; and hence we are led to conjecture that a more universal knowledge of nature will probably increase his powers of description." If the author had written otherwise, he would have written differently; had he known more, he would not have been so ignorant; the tragedy is a tragedy, but why did not the author make it a comedy ?—this sort of criticism has been heard of even in our own day. However, Goldsmith pounded away at his newly-found work, under the eye of the exacting bookseller and his learned wife. We find him dealing with Scandinavian (here called Celtic) mythology, though he does not adventure on much comment of his own; then he engages Smollett's History of England, but mostly in the way of extract; anon we find him reviewing A Journal of Eight Days' Journey, by Jonas Hanway, of whom Johnson said that he made some reputation by travelling abroad, and lost it all by travelling at home. Then again we find him writing a disquisition on Some Enquiries concerning the First Inhab.

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itants, Language, Religion, Learning, and Letters of Europe, by a Mr. Wise, who, along with his critic, appears to have got into hopeless confusion in believing Basque and Armorican to be the remains of the same ancient language. The last phrase of a note appended to this review by Goldsmith probably indicates his own humble estimate of his work at this time. "It is more our business," he says, "to exhibit the opinions of the learned than to controvert them." In fact, he was employed to boil down books for people who did not wish to spend more on literature than the price of a magazine. Though he was new to the trade, it is probable he did it as well as any other.

At the end of five months, Goldsmith and Griffiths quarrelled and separated. Griffiths said Goldsmith was idle; Goldsmith said Griffiths was impertinent; probably the editorial supervision exercised by Mrs. Griffiths had something to do with the dire contention. Paternoster Row Goldsmith removed to a garret in Fleet Street; had his letters addressed to a coffee-house; and apparently supported himself by further hack-work, his connection with Griffiths not being quite severed. Then he drifted back to Peckham again; and was once more installed as usher, Dr. Milner being in especial want of an assistant at this time. Goldsmith's lingering about the gates of literature had not inspired him with any great ambition to enter the enchanted land. But at the same time he thought he saw in literature a means by which a little ready money might be made, in order to help him on to something more definite and substantial; and this: goal was now put before him by Dr. Milner, in the shape of a medical appointment on the Coromandel coast. was in the hope of obtaining this appointment that he

set about composing that Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe, which is now interesting to us as the first of his more ambitious works. As the book grew under his hands, he began to cast about for subscribers; and from the Fleet-street coffee-house—he had again left the Peckham school—he addressed to his friends and relatives a series of letters of the most charming humor, which might have drawn subscriptions from a millstone. To his brother-in-law, Mr. Hodson, he sent a glowing account of the great fortune in store for him on the Coromandel coast. "The salary is but trifling," he writes, "namely, £100 per annum, but the other advantages, if a person be prudent, are considerable. The practice of the place, if I am rightly informed, generally amounts to not less than £1000 per annum, for which the appointed physician has an exclusive privilege. This, with the advantages resulting from trade, and the high interest which money bears, viz. £20 per cent, are the inducements which persuade me to undergo the fatigues of sea, the dangers of war, and the still greater dangers of the climate; which induce me to leave a place, where I am every day gaining friends and esteem, and where I might enjoy all the conveniences of life."

The surprising part of this episode in Goldsmith's life is that he did really receive the appointment; in fact, he was called upon to pay £10 for the appointment-warrant. In this emergency he went to the proprietor of the Critical Review, the rival of the Monthly, and obtained some money for certain anonymous work which need not be mentioned in detail here. He also moved into another garret, this time in Green-Arbor Court, Fleet Street, in a wilderness of slums. The Coromandel project, however, on which so many hopes had been built, fell

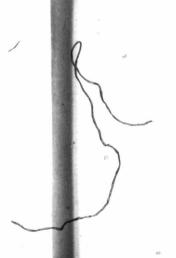
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No explanation of the collapse could be got through. from either Goldsmith himself or from Dr. Milner. Forster suggests that Goldsmith's inability to raise money for his outfit may have been made the excuse for transferring the appointment to another; and that is probable enough; but it is also probable that the need for such an excuse was based on the discovery that Goldsmith was not properly qualified for the post. And this seems the more likely, that Goldsmith immediately afterwards resolved to challenge examination at Surgeons' Hall. undertook to write four articles for the Monthly Review; Griffiths became surety to a tailor for a fine suit of clothes; and thus equipped, Goldsmith presented himself at Surgeons' Hall. He only wanted to be passed as hospital mate; but even that modest ambition was unful-He was found not qualified, and returned, with his fine clothes, to his Fleet-street den. He was now thirty years of age (1758); and had found no definite occupation in the world.



CHAPTER V.

BEGINNING OF AUTHORSHIP-THE BEE.

During the period that now ensued, and amid much quarrelling with Griffiths and hack-writing for the Critical Review, Goldsmith managed to get his Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe completed; and it is from the publication of that work, on the 2d of April, 1759, that we may date the beginning of Goldsmith's career as an author. The book was published anonymously; but Goldsmith was not at all anxious to disclaim the parentage of his first-born; and in Grub Street and its environs, at least, the authorship of the book was no secret. Moreover, there was that in it which was likely to provoke the literary tribe to plenty of fierce talking. The *Enquiry* is neither more nor less than an endeavor to prove that criticism has in all ages been the deadly enemy of art and literature; coupled with an appeal to authors to draw their inspiration from nature rather than from books, and varied/here and there by a gentle sigh over the loss of that patronage, in the sunshine of which men of genius were wont to bask. Goldsmith, not having been an author himself, could not have suffered much at the hands of the critics; so that it is not to be supposed that personal feeling dictated this fierce onslaught on the whole tribe of critics, compilers,

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and commentators. They are represented to us as rank weeds growing up to choke all manifestations of true art. "Ancient learning," we are told at the outset, "may be distinguished into three periods: its commencement, or the age of poets; its maturity, or the age of philosophers; and its decline, or the age of critics." Then our guide carries us into the dark ages; and, with lantern in hand, shows us the creatures swarming there in the sluggish pools—" commentators, compilers, polemic divines, and intricate metaphysicians." We come to Italy: look at the affectations with which the Virtuosi and Filosofi have enchained the free spirit of poetry. "Poetry is no longer among them an imitation of what we see, but of what a visionary might wish. The zephyr breathes the most exquisite perfume; the trees wear eternal verdure; fawns, and dryads, and hamadryads, stand ready to fan the sultry shepherdess, who has forgot, indeed, the prettiness with which Guarini's shepherdesses have been reproached, but is so simple and innocent as often to have no meaning. Happy country, where the pastoral age begins to revive !--where the wits even of Rome are united into a rural group of nymphs and swains, under the appellation of modern Arcadians!—where in the midst of porticoes, processions, and cavalcades, abbés turned shepherds and shepherdesses without sheep indulge their innocent divertimenti!"

In Germany the ponderous volumes of the commentators next come in for animadversion; and here we find an epigram, the quaint simplicity of which is peculiarly characteristic of Goldsmith. "Were angels to write books," he remarks, "they never would write folios." But Germany gets credit for the money spent by her potentates on learned institutions; and it is perhaps England that is delicately hinted at in these words: "Had the fourth part of the immense sum above mentioned been given in proper rewards to genius, in some neighboring countries, it would have rendered the name of the donor immortal, and added to the real interests of society." Indeed, when we come to England, we find that men of letters are in a bad way, owing to the prevalence of critics, the tyranny of booksellers, and the absence of patrons. "The author, when unpatronized by the great, has naturally recourse to the bookseller. There cannot perhaps be imagined a combination more prejudicial to taste than this. It is the interest of the one to allow as little for writing, and of the other to write as much as possible. Accordingly, tedious compilations and periodical magazines are the result of their joint endeavors. In these circumstances the author bids adieu to fame, writes for bread, and for that only. Imagination is seldom called in. He sits down to address the venal muse with the most phlegmatic apathy; and, as we are told of the Russian, courts his mistress by falling asleep in her lap. His reputation never spreads in a wider circle than that of the trade, who generally value him, not for the fineness of his compositions, but the quantity he works off in a given time.

"A long habit of writing for bread thus turns the ambition of every author at last into avarice. He finds that he has written many years, that the public are scarcely acquainted even with his name; he despairs of applause, and turns to profit, which invites him. He finds that money procures all those advantages, that respect, and that ease which he vainly expected from fame. Thus the man who, sunder the protection of the great, might have done honor to humanity, when only patronized by the

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bookseller becomes a thing little superior to the fellow who works at the press."

Nor was he afraid to attack the critics of his own day, though he knew that the two Reviews for which he had recently been writing would have something to say about his own Enquiry. This is how he disposes of the Critical and the Monthly: "We have two literary Reviews in London, with critical newspapers and magazines without number. The compilers of these resemble the commoners of Rome; they are all for levelling property, not by increasing their own, but by diminishing that of others. The man who has any good-nature in his disposition must, however, be somewhat displeased to see distinguished reputations often the sport of ignorance—to see, by one false pleasantry, the future peace of a worthy man's life disturbed, and this only because he has unsuccessfully attempted to instruct or amuse us. Though illnature is far from being wit, yet it is generally laughed at as such. The critic enjoys the triumph, and ascribes to his parts what is only due to his effrontery. I fire with indignation when I see persons whelly destitute of education and genius indent to the press, and thus turn book-makers, adding to the sin of criticism the sin of ignorance also; whose trade is a bad one, and who are bad workmen in the trade." Indeed there was a good deal of random hitting in the *Enquiry*, which was sure to provoke resentment. Why, for example, should he have gone out of his way to insult the highly respectable class of people who excel in mathematical studies? "This seems a science," he observes, "to which the meanest intellects are equal. I forget who it is that says, 'All men might understand mathematics if they would." There was also in the first edition of the En

quiry a somewhat ungenerous attack on stage-managers, actors, actresses, and theatrical things in general; but this was afterwards wisely excised. It is not to be wondered at that, on the whole, the *Enquiry* should have been severely handled in certain quarters. Smollett, who reviewed it in the Critical Review, appears to have kept his temper pretty well for a Scotchman; but Kenrick, a hack employed by Griffiths to maltreat the book in the Monthly Review, flourished his bludgeon in a brave manner. The coarse personalities and malevolent insinuations of this bully no doubt hurt Goldsmith considerably; but, as we look at them now, they are only remarkable for their dulness. If Griffiths had had another Goldsmith to reply to Goldsmith, the retort would have been better worth reading: one can imagine the playful sarcasm that would have been dealt out to this new writer, who, in the very act of protesting against criticism, proclaimed himself a critic. But Goldsmiths are not always to be had when wanted; while Kenricks can be bought at any moment for a guinea or two a head.

Goldsmith had not chosen literature as the occupation of his life; he had only fallen back on it when other projects failed. But it is quite possible that now, as he began to take up some slight position as an author, the old ambition of distinguishing himself—which had flickered before his imagination from time to time—began to enter into his calculations along with the more pressing business of earning a livelihood. And he was soon to have an opportunity of appealing to a wider public than could have been expected for that erudite treatise on the arts of Europe. Mr. Wilkie, a bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard, proposed to start a weekly magazine, price

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threepence, to contain essays, short stories, letters on the topics of the day, and so forth, more or less after the manner of the *Spectator*. He asked Goldsmith to become sole contributor. Here, indeed, was a very good opening; for, although there were many magazines in the field, the public had just then a fancy for literature in small doses; while Goldsmith, in entering into the competition, would not be hampered by the dulness of collaborateurs. He closed with Wilkie's offer; and on the 6th of October, 1759, appeared the first number of the *Bee*.

For us now there is a curious autobiographical interest in the opening sentences of the first number; but surely even the public of the day must have imagined that the new writer who was now addressing them was not to be confounded with the common herd of magazine-hacks. What could be more delightful than this odd mixture of modesty, humor, and an anxious desire to please?— "There is not, perhaps, a more whimsically dismal figure in nature than a man of real modesty, who assumes an air of impudence—who, while his heart beats with anxiety, studies ease and affects good-humor. In this situation, however, a periodical writer often finds himself upon his first attempt to address the public in form. All his power of pleasing is damped by solicitude, and his cheerfulness dashed with apprehension. Impressed with the terrors of the tribunal before which he is going to appear, his natural humor turns to pertness, and for real wit he is obliged to substitute vivacity. His first publication draws a crowd; they part dissatisfied; and the author, never more to be indulged with a favorable hearing, is left to condemn the indelicacy of his own address or their want of discernment. For my part, as I was never

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distinguished for address, and have often even blundered in making my bow, such bodings as these had like to have totally repressed my ambition. I was at a loss whether to give the public specious promises, or give none; whether to be merry or sad on this solemn occa-If I should decline all merit, it was too probable the hasty reader might have taken me at my word. If, on the other hand, like laborers in the magazine trade, I had, with modest impudence, humbly presumed to promise an epitome of all the good things that ever were said or written, this might have disgusted those readers I most desire to please. Had I been merry, I might have been censured as vastly low; and had I been sorrowful, I might have been left to mourn in solitude and silence; in short, whichever way I turned, nothing presented but prospects of terror, despair, chandlers' shops, and waste paper."

And it is just possible that if Goldsmith had kept to this vein of familiar causerie, the public might in time have been attracted by its quaintness. But no doubt Mr. Wilkie would have stared aghast; and so we find Goldsmith, as soon as his introductory bow is made, setting seriously about the business of magazine-making. soon, however, both Mr. Wilkie and his editor perceived that the public had not been taken by their venture. The chief cause of the failure, as it appears to any one who looks over the magazine now, would seem to be the lack of any definite purpose. There was no marked feature to arrest public attention, while many things were discarded on which the popularity of other periodicals had been based. There was no scandal to appeal to the key-hole and back-door element in human nature; there were no libels and gross personalities to delight the mean

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and envious; there were no fine airs of fashion to charm milliners anxious to know how the great talked, and posed, and dressed; and there was no solemn and pompous erudition to impress the minds of those serious and sensible people who buy literature as they buy butter—by At the beginning of No. IV. he admits that its weight. the new magazine has not been a success, and, in doing so, returns to that vein of whimsical, personal humor with which he had started: "Were I to measure the merit of my present undertaking by its success or the rapidity of its sale, I might be led to form conclusions by no means favorable to the pride of an author. Should I estimate my fame by its extent, every newspaper and magazine would leave me far behind. Their fame is diffused in a very wide circle—that of some as far as Islington, and some yet farther still; while mine, I sincerely believe, has hardly travelled beyond the sound of Bow Bell; and, while the works of others fly like unpinioned swans, I find my own move as heavily as a new-plucked goose. Still, however, I have as much pride as they who have ten times as many readers. It is impossible to repeat all the agreeable delusions in which a disappointed author is apt to find comfort. I conclude, that what my reputation wants in extent is made up by its solidity. Minus juvat gloria lata quam magna. I have great satisfaction in considering the delicacy and discernment of those readers I have, and in ascribing my want of popularity to the ignorance or inattention of those I have not. All the world may forsake an author, but vanity will never forsake him. Yet, notwithstanding so sincere a confession, I was once induced to show my indignation against the public by discontinuing my endeavors to please; and was bravely resolved, like Raleigh, to vex

them by burning my manuscript in a passion. Upon recollection, however, I considered what set or body of people would be displeased at my rashness. The sun, after so sad an accident, might shine next morning as bright as usual; men might laugh and sing the next day and transact business as before, and not a single creature feel any regret but myself.'

Goldsmith was certainly more at home in this sort of writing than in gravely lecturing people against the vice of gambling; in warning tradesmen how ill it became them to be seen at races; in demonstrating that justice is a higher virtue than generosity; and in proving that the avaricious are the true benefactors of society. But even as he confesses the failure of his new magazine, he seems determined to show the public what sort of writer this is, whom as yet they have not regarded too favorably. It is in No. IV. of the Bee that the famous City Night Piece occurs. No doubt that strange little fragment of description was the result of some sudden and aimless fancy, striking the occupant of the lonely garret in the middle of the night. The present tense, which he seldom used-and the abuse of which is one of the detestable vices of modern literature—adds to the mysterious solemnity of the recital:

"The clock has just struck two, the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket, the watchman forgets the hour in slumber, the laborious and the happy are at rest, and nothing wakes but meditation, guilt, revelry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl, the robber walks his midnight round, and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

"Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity or the sallies of contemporary genius, but pursue

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the solitary walk, where Vanity, ever changing, but a few hours past walked before me—where she kept up the pageant, and now, like a froward child, seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around! The dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam; no sound is heard but of the chiming clock or the distant watch-dog! All the bustle of human pride is forgotten; an hour like this may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

"There will come a time when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its room."

'What cities, as great as this, have once triumphed in existence, had their victories as great, joy as just and as unbounded; and, with short-sighted presumption, promised themselves immortality! Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some; the sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others; and, as he beholds, he learns wisdom, and feels the transience of every sublunary possession.

"'Here,' he cries, 'stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds; there their senate-house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile; temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruin. They are fallen, for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of the state were conferred on amusing, and not on useful, members of society. Their riches and opulence invited the invaders, who, though at first repulsed, returned again, conquered by perseverance, and at last swept the defendants into undistinguished destruction."

CHAPTER VI.

RERSONAL TRAITS.

THE foregoing extracts will sufficiently show what were the chief characteristics of Goldsmith's writing at this time—the grace and ease of style, a gentle and sometimes pathetic thoughtfulness, and, above all, when he speaks in the first person, a delightful vein of humorous self-disclosure. Moreover, these qualities, if they were not immediately profitable to the booksellers, were beginning to gain for him the recognition of some of the wellknown men of the day. Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore, had made his way to the miserable garret of the poor author. Smollett, whose novels Goldsmith preferred to his History, was anxious to secure his services as a contributor to the forthcoming British Magazine. Burke had spoken of the pleasure given him by Goldsmith's review of the Enquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful. But, to crown all, the great Cham himself sought out this obscure author, who had on several occasions spoken with reverence and admiration of his works; and so began what is perhaps the most interesting literary friendship on record. At what precise date Johnson first made Goldsmith's acquaintance is not known; Mr. Forster is right in assuming that they had met before the supper in Wine-Office

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Court, at which Mr. Percy was present. It is a thousand pities that Boswell had not by this time made his appearance in London. Johnson, Goldsmith, and all the rest of them are only ghosts until the pertinacious young laird of Auchinleck comes on the scene to give them color, and life, and form. It is odd enough that the very first remarks of Goldsmith's which Boswell jotted down in his note-book should refer to Johnson's systematic kindness towards the poor and wretched. "He had increased my admiration of the goodness of Johnson's heart by incidental remarks in the course of conversation, such as, when I mentioned Mr. Levett, whom he entertained under his roof, 'He is poor and honest, which is recommendation enough to Johnson;' and when I wondered that he was very kind to a man of whom I had heard a very bad character, 'He is now become miserable, and that insures the protection of Johnson.' ''

For the rest, Boswell was not well-disposed towards Goldsmith, whom he regarded with a jealousy equal to his admiration of Johnson; but it is probable that his description of the personal appearance of the awkward and ungainly Irishman is in the main correct. And here also it may be said that Boswell's love of truth and accuracy compelled him to make this admission: "It has been generally circulated and believed that he (Goldsmith) was a mere fool in conversation; but, in truth, this has been greatly exaggerated." On this exaggeration—seeing that the contributor to the British Magazine and the Public Ledger was now becoming better known among his fellow-authors—a word or two may fitly be said here. It pleased Goldsmith's contemporaries, who were not all of them celebrated for their ready wit, to re-

gard him as a hopeless and incurable fool, who by some strange chance could produce literature, the merits of which he could not himself understand. To Horace Walpole we owe the phrase which describes Goldsmith as an "inspired idiot." Innumerable stories are told of Goldsmith's blunders; of his forced attempts to shine in conversation; of poor Poll talking nonsense, when all the world was wondering at the beauty of his writing. In one case we are told he was content to admit, when dictated to, that this, and not that, was what he really had meant in a particular phrase. Now there can be no question that Goldsmith, conscious of his pitted face, his brogue, and his ungainly figure, was exceedingly nervous and sensitive in society, and was anxious, as such people mostly are, to cover his shyness by an appearance of ease, if not even of swagger; and there can be as little question that he occasionally did and said very awkward and blundering things. But our Japanese friend, whom we mentioned in our opening pages, looking through the record that is preserved to us of those blunders which are supposed to be most conclusive as to this aspect of Goldsmith's character, would certainly stare. heavens," he would cry, "did men ever live who were so thick-headed as not to see the humor of this or that 'blunder;' or were they so beset with the notion that Goldsmith was only a fool, that they must needs be blind?" Take one well-known instance. He goes to France with Mrs. Horneck and her two daughters, the latter very handsome young ladies. At Lille the two girls and Goldsmith are standing at the window of the hotel, overlooking the square in which are some soldiers; and naturally the beautiful young English-women attract some attention. Thereupon Goldsmith turns

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indignantly away, remarking that elsewhere he also has his admirers. Now what surgical instrument was needed to get this harmless little joke into any sane person's head? Boswell may perhaps be pardoned for pretending to take the incident au sérieux; for as has just been said, in his profound adoration of Johnson, he was devoured by jealousy of Goldsmith; but that any other mortal should have failed to see what was meant by this little bit of humorous flattery is almost incredible. No wonder that one of the sisters afterwards referring to this "playful jest," should have expressed her astonishment at finding it put down as a proof of Goldsmith's envious disposition. But even after that disclaimer, we find Mr. Croker, as quoted by Mr. Forster, solemnly doubting "whether the vexation so seriously exhibited by Goldsmith was real or assumed "!

Of course this is an extreme case; but there are others very similar. "He affected," says Hawkins, "Johnson's style and manner of conversation, and when he had uttered, as he often would, a labored sentence, so tumid as to be scarce intelligible, would ask if that was not truly Johnsonian?" Is it not truly dismal to find such an utterance coming from a presumably reasonable human being? It is not to be wondered at that Goldsmith grew shy-and in some cases had to ward off the acquaintance of certain of his neighbors as being too intrusive-if he ran the risk of having his odd and grave humors so densely mistranslated. The fact is this, that Goldsmith was possessed of a very subtle quality of humor, which is at all times rare, but which is perhaps more frequently to be found in Irishmen than among other folks. It consists in the satire of the pretence and pomposities of others by means of a sort of

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exaggerated and playful self-depreciation. It is a most delicate and most delightful form of humor; but it is very apt to be misconstrued by the dull. Who can doubt that Goldsmith was good-naturedly laughing at himself, his own plain face, his vanity, and his blunders, when he professed to be jealous of the admiration excited by the Miss Hornecks; when he gravely drew attention to the splendid colors of his coat; or when he no less gravely informed a company of his friends that he had heard a very good story, but would not repeat it, because they would be sure to miss the point of it?

This vein of playful and sarcastic self-depreciation is continually cropping up in his essay-writing, as, for example, in the passage already quoted from No. IV. of the Bee: "I conclude that what my reputation wants in extent is made up by its solidity. Minus juvat gloria lata quam magna. I have great satisfaction in considering the delicacy and discernment of those readers I have, and in ascribing my want of popularity to the ignorance or inattention of those I have not." But here, no doubt, he remembers that he is addressing the world at large, which contains many foolish persons; and so, that the delicate raillery may not be mistaken, he immediately adds, "All the world may forsake an author, but vanity will never forsake him." That he expected a quicker apprehension on the part of his intimates and acquaintances, and that he was frequently disappointed, seems pretty clear from those very stories of his "blunders." We may reasonably suspect, at all events, that Goldsmith was not quite so much of a fool as he looked; and it is far from improbable that when the ungainly Irishman was called in to make sport for the Philistines—and there were a good

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n d many Philistines in those days, if all stories be true—and when they imagined they had put him out of countenance, he was really standing aghast, and wondering how it could have pleased Providence to create such helpleas stupidity.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD. -BEAU NASH.

MEANWHILE, to return to his literary work, the Citizen of the World had grown out of his contributions to the Public Ledger, a daily newspaper started by Mr. Newbery, another bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard. Goldsmith was engaged to write for this paper two letters a week at a guinea a-piece; and these letters were, after a short time (1760), written in the character of a Chinese who had come to study European civilization. It may be noted that Goldsmith had in the Monthly Review, in mentioning Voltaire's memoirs of French writers, quoted a passage about Montesquieu's Lettres Persanes as follows: "It is written in imitation of the Siamese Letters of Du Freny and of the Turkish Spy; but it is an imitation which shows what the originals should have been. The success their works met with was, for the most part, owing to the foreign air of their performances; the success of the Persian Letters arose from the delicacy of their satire. That satire which in the mouth of an Asiatic is poignant, would lose all its force when coming from an European." And it must certainly be said that the charm of the strictures of the Citizen of the World lies wholly in their delicate satire, and not at all in any foreign air which the author may have tried to lend to

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these performances. The disguise is very apparent. those garrulous, vivacious, whimsical, and sometimes serious papers, Lien Chi Altangi, writing to Fum Hoam in Pekin, does not so much describe the aspects of European civilization which would naturally surprise a Chinese, as he expresses the dissatisfaction of a European with certain phases of the civilization visible everywhere It is not a Chinaman, but a Fleet-street around him. author by profession, who res nts the competition of noble amateurs /whose works otherwise bitter pills enough—are gilded by their titles: "A nobleman has but to take a pen, ink, and paper, write away through three large volumes, and then sign his name to the titlepage; though the whole might have been before more disgusting than his own rent-roll, yet signing his name and title gives value to the deed, title being alone equivalent to taste, imagination, and genius. As soon as a piece, therefore, is published, the first questions are: Who is the author? Does he keep a coach? Where lies his estate? What sort of a table does he keep? If he happens to be poor and unqualified for such a scrutiny, he and his works sink into irremediable obscurity, and too late he finds, that having fed upon turtle is a more ready way to fame than having digested Tully. The poor devil against whom fashion has set its face vainly alleges that he has been bred in every part of Europe where knowledge was to be sold; that he has grown pale in the study of nature and himself. works may please upon the perusal, but his pretensions to fame are entirely disregarded. He is treated like a fiddler, whose music, though liked, is not much praised, because he lives by it; while a gentleman performer, though the most wretched scraper alive, throws the audience into raptures. The fiddler, indeed, may in such a case console himself by thinking, that while the other goes off with all the praise, he runs away with all the money. But here the parallel drops; for while the nobleman triumphs in unmerited applause, the author by profession steals off with—nothing."

At the same time it must be allowed that the utterance of these strictures through the mouth of a Chinese admits of a certain naïveté, which on occasion heightens the sarcasm. Lien Chi accompanies the Man in Black to a theatre to see an English play. Here is part of the performance: "I was going to second his remarks, when my attention was engrossed by a new object; a man came in balancing a straw upon his nose, and the audience were clapping their hands in all the raptures of applause. 'To what purpose,' cried I, 'does this unmeaning figure make his appearance? is he a part of the plot?'—' Unmeaning do you call him?' replied my friend in black; 7' this is one of the most important characters of the whole play; nothing pleases the people more than seeing a straw balanced: there is a great deal of meaning in a straw: there is something suited to every apprehension in the sight; and a fellow possessed of talents like these is sure of making his fortune.' The third act now began with an actor who came to inform us that he was the villain of the play, and intended to show strange things before all was over. He was joined by another who seemed as much disposed for mischief as he; their intrigues continued through this whole division. 'If that be a villain,' said I, 'he must be a very stupid one to tell his secrets without being asked; such soliloquies of late are never admitted in China.' The noise of clapping interrupted me once more; a child six years old was learning mand see tl

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ing to dance on the stage, which gave the ladies and mandarins infinite satisfaction. 'I am sorry,' said I, 'to see the pretty creature so early learning so bad a trade; dancing being, I presume as contemptible here as in China.' - 'Quite the reverse,' interrupted my companion; 'dancing is a very reputable and genteel employment here; men have a greater chance for encouragement from the merit of their heels than their heads. One who jumps up and flourishes his toes three times before he comes to the ground may have three hundred a year; he who flourishes them four times gets four hundred; but he who arrives at five is inestimable, and may demand what salary he thinks proper. The female dancers, too, are valued for this sort of jumping and crossing; and it is a cant word amongst them, that she deserves most who shows highest. But the fourth act is begun; let us be attentive."

The Man in Black here mentioned is one of the notable features of this series of papers. The mysterious person whose acquaintance the Chinaman made in Westminster Abbey, and who concealed such a wonderful goodness of heart under a rough and forbidding exterior, is a charming character indeed; and it is impossible to praise too highly the vein of subtle sarcasm in which he preaches worldly wisdom. But to assume that any part of his history which he disclosed to the Chinaman was a piece of autobiographical writing on the part of Goldsmith, is a very hazardous thing. A writer of fiction must necessarily use such materials as have come within his own experience; and Goldsmith's experience-or his use of those materials—was extremely limited: witness how often a pet fancy, like his remembrance of Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night, is repeated. "That of

these simple elements," writes Professor Masson, in his Memoir of Goldsmith, prefixed to an edition of his works, "he made so many charming combinations, really differing from each other, and all, though suggested by fact, yet hung so sweetly in an ideal air, proved what an artist he was, and was better than much that is commonly called invention. In short, if there is a sameness of effect in Goldsmith's writings, it is because they consist of poetry and truth, humor and pathos, from his own life, and the supply from such a life as his was not inexhaustible."

The question of invention is easily disposed of. Any child can invent a world transcending human experience by the simple combination of ideas which are in themselves incongruous—a world in which the horses have each five feet, in which the grass is blue and the sky green, in which seas are balanced on the peaks of mountains. The result is unbelievable and worthless. the writer of imaginative literature uses his own experiences and the experiences of others, so that his combination of ideas in themselves compatible shall appear so natural and believable that the reader — although these incidents and characters never did actually exist—is as much interested in them as if they had existed. The mischief of it is that the reader sometimes thinks himself very clever, and, recognizing a little bit of the story as having happened to the author, jumps to the conclusion that such and such a passage is necessarily autobiographical. Hence it is that Goldsmith has been hastily identified with the Philosophic Vagabond in the Vicar of Wakefield, and with the Man in Black in the Citizen of the World. That he may have used certain experiences in the one, and that he may perhaps have given in the

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other a sort of fancy sketch of a person suggested by some trait in his own character, is possible enough; but further assertion of likeness is impossible. That the Man in Black had one of Goldsmith's little weaknesses is obvious enough: we find him just a trifle too conscious of his own kindliness and generosity. The Vicar of Wakefield himself is not without a spice of this amiable vanity. As for Goldsmith, every one must remember his reply to Griffiths' accusation: "No, sir, had I been a sharper, had I been possessed of less good-nature and native generosity, I might surely now have been in better circumstances."

The Man in Black, in any case, is a delightful char-We detect the warm and generous nature even in his pretence of having acquired worldly wisdom: "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 Neighbor's 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 pawnbroker'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 impostors, 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." This is a very clever piece of writing, whether it is in strict accordance with the character of the Man in Black or not. But there is in these Public $\nearrow L_{\it f} dger$ papers another sketch of character, which is not only consistent in itself, and in every way admirable, but is of still further interest to us when we remember that at this time the various personages in the Vicar of Wakefield were no doubt gradually assuming definite form in Goldsmith's mind. It is in the figure of Mr. Tibbs, introduced apparently at haphazard, but at once taking possession of us by its quaint relief, that we find Goldsmith showing a firmer hand in character-drawing. With a few happy dramatic touches Mr. Tibbs starts into life; he speaks for himself; he becomes one of the people whom we know. And yet, with this concise and sharp portraiture of a human being, look at the graceful, almost garrulous, ease of the style:

"Our pursuer soon came up and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. 'My dear Drybone,' cries he, shaking my friend's hand, 'where have you been hiding this half a century? Positively I had fancied you were gone to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country.' During the reply I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion: his hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were paie, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black riband, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt; and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yel-

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low by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply, in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his clothes and the bloom in his countenance. 'Pshaw, pshaw, Will,' cried the figure, 'no more of that, if you love me: you know I hate flattery—on my soul I do; and yet, to be sure, an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten; and yet, faith, I despise the great as much as you do; but there are a great many damn'd honest fellows among them, and we must not quarrel with one half because the other wants weeding. If they were all such as my Lord Mudler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's. My lord was there. "Ned," says he to me, "Ned," says he, "I'll hold gold to silver, I can tell you where you were poaching last night." "Poaching, my lord?" says I; "faith, you have missed already; for I stayed at home and let the girls poach for me. That's my way: I take a fine woman as some animals do their prey stand still, and, swoop, they fall into my mouth," 'Ah, Tibbs, thou art a happy fellow,' cried my companion, with looks of infinity pity; 'I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding, in such company?' 'Improved!' replied the other; 'you shall know—but let it go no farther—a great secret—five hundred a year to begin with—my lord's word of honor for it. His lordship took me down in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a tête-à-tête dinner in the country, where we talked of nothing else.' 'I fancy you forget, sir,' cried I; 'you told us but this moment or your

dining yesterday in town.' 'Did I say so?' replied he, coolly; 'to be sure, if I said so, it was so. Dined in town! egad, now I do remember, I did dine in town; but I dined in the country too; for you must know, my boys, I ate two dinners. By the bye, I am grown as nice as the devil in my eating. I'll tell you a pleasant affair about that: we were a select party of us to dine at Lady Grogram's—an affected piece, but let it go no farther—a secret. Well, there happened to be no assafetida in the sauce to a turkey, upon which, says I, I'll hold a thousand guineas, and say done, first, that—But, dear Drybone, you are an honest creature; lend me halfacrown for a minute or two, or so, just till ——; but hearkee, ask me for it the next time we meet, or it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you.''

Returning from these performances to the author of them, we find him a busy man of letters, becoming more and more in request among the booksellers, and obtaining recognition among his fellow-writers. He had moved into better lodgings in Wine-Office Court (1760-2); and it was here that he entertained at supper, as has already been mentioned, no less distinguished guests than Bishop, then Mr., Percy, and Dr., then Mr., Johnson. Every one has heard of the surprise of Percy, on calling for Johnson, to find the great Cham dressed with quite unusual smartness. On asking the cause of this "singular transformation," Johnson replied, "Why, sir, I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice; and I am desirous this night to show him a better example." That Goldsmith profited by this example—though the tailors did not—is clear enough. At times, indeed, he blossomed out into the splend so. he rei worki mone presei

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splendors of a dandy; and laughed at himself for doing so. But whether he was in gorgeous or in mean attire, he remained the same sort of happy-go-lucky creature; working hard by fits and starts; continually getting money in advance from the booksellers; enjoying the present hour; and apparently happy enough when not pressed by debt. That he should have been thus pressed was no necessity of the case; at all events we need not on this score begin now to abuse the booksellers or the public of that day. We may dismiss once for all the oft-repeated charges of ingratitude and neglect.

When Goldsmith was writing those letters in the Public Ledger-with " pleasure and instruction for others," Mr. Forster says, "though at the cost of suffering to himself "-he was receiving for them alone what would be equivalent in our day to £200 a year. No man can affirm that £200 a year is not amply sufficient for all the material wants of life. Of course there are fine things in the world that that amount of annual wage cannot pur-It is a fine thing to sit on the deck of a yacht on a summer's day, and watch the far islands shining over the blue; it is a fine thing to drive four in-hand to Ascot -if you can do it; it is a fine thing to cower breathless behind a rock and find a splendid stag coming slowly within sure range. But these things are not necessary to human happiness: it is possible to do without them and yet not "suffer." Even if Goldsmith had given half of his substance away to the poor, there was enough left to cover all the necessary wants of a human being; and if he chose so to order his affairs as to incur the suffering of debt, why that was his own business, about which nothing further needs be said. It is to be suspected indeed, that he did not care to practise those excellent

maxims of prudence and frugality which he frequently preached; but the world is not much concerned about that now. If Goldsmith had received ten times as much money as the booksellers gave him, he would still have died in debt. And it is just possible that we may exaggerate Goldsmith's sensitiveness on this score. He had had a life-long familiarity with duns and borrowing; and seemed very contented when the exigency of the hour was tided over. An angry landlady is unpleasant, and an arrest is awkward; but in comes an opportune guinea, and the bottle of Madeira is opened forthwith.

In these rooms in Wine-Office Court, and at the suggestion or entreaty of Newbery, Goldsmith produced a good deal of miscellaneous writing—pamphlets, tracts, compilations, and what not-of a more or less marketable kind. It can only be surmised that by this time he may have formed some idea of producing a book not solely meant for the market, and that the characters in the Vicar of Wakefield were already engaging his attention; but the surmise becomes probable enough when we remember that his project of writing the Traveller, which was not published till 1764, had been formed as far back as 1755, while he was wandering aimlessly about Europe, and that a sketch of the poem was actually forwarded by him then to his brother Henry in Ireland. But in the meantime this hack-work, and the habits of life connected with it, began to tell on Goldsmith's health; and so, for a time, he left London (1762), and went to Tunbridge and then to Bath. It is scarcely possible that his modest fame had preceded him to the latter place of fashion; but it may be that the aistinguished folk of the town received this friend ot the great Dr. Johnson with some small measure of disvII.]

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tinction; for we find that his next published work, The Life of Richard Nash, Esq., is respectfully dedicated to the Right Worshipful the Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, and Common Council of the City of Bath. The Life of the recently deceased Master of Ceremonies was published anonymously (1762); but it was generally understood to be Goldsmith's; and indeed the secret of the authorship is revealed in every successive line. the minor writings of Goldsmith there is none more delightful than this: the mock-heroic gravity, the halffamiliar contemptuous good-nature with which he composes this Funeral March of a Marionette, are extremely whimsical and amusing. And then what an admirable picture we get of fashionable English society in the beginning of the eighteenth century, when Bath and Nash were alike in the heyday of their glory—the fine ladies with their snuff-boxes, and their passion for play, and their extremely effective language when they got angry; young bucks come to flourish away their money, and gain by their losses the sympathy of the fair; sharpers on the lookout for guineas, and adventurers on the lookout for weak-minded heiresses; duchesses writing letters in the most doubtful English, and chairmen swearing at any one who dared to walk home on foot at night.

No doubt the Life of Beau Nash was a bookseller's book; and it was made as attractive as possible by the recapitulation of all sorts of romantic stories about Miss S—n, and Mr. C—e, and Captain K—g; but throughout we find the historian very much inclined to laugh at his hero, and only refraining now and again in order to record in serious language traits indicative of the real goodness of disposition of that fop and gambler. And the fine ladies and gentlemen, who lived in that atmosphere of scandal, and intrigue, and gambling, are

also from time to time treated to a little decorous and respectful raillery. Who does not remember the famous laws of polite breeding written out by Mr. Nash—Goldsmith hints that neither Mr. Nash nor his fair correspondent at Blenheim, the Duchess of Marlborough, excelled in English composition—for the guidance of the ladies and gentlemen who were under the sway of the King of Bath? "But were we to give laws to a nursery, we should make them childish laws," Goldsmith writes gravely. "His statutes, though stupid, were addressed to fine gentlemen and ladies, and were probably received with sympathetic approbation. It is certain they were in general religiously observed by his subjects, and executed by him with impartiality; neither rank nor fortune shielded the refractory from his resentment." Nash, however, was not content with prose in enforcing good manners. Having waged deadly war against the custom of wearing boots, and having found his ordinary armory of no avail against the obduracy of the country squires, he assailed them in the impassioned language of poetry, and produced the following "Invitation to the Assembly," which, as Goldsmith remarks, was highly relished by the nobility at Bath on account of its keenness, severity, and particularly its good rhymes.

> "Come, one and all, to Hoyden Hall, For there's the assembly this night; None but prude fools Mind manners and rules; We Hoydens do decency slight. Come, trollops and slatterns, Cocked hats and white aprons, This best our modesty suits; For why should not we In dress be as free As Hogs-Norton squires in boots?"

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The sarcasm was too much for the squires, who yielded in a body; and when any stranger through inadvertence presented himself in the assembly-rooms in boots, Nash was so completely master of the situation that he would politely step up to the intruder and suggest that he had forgotten his horse.

Goldsmith does not magnify the intellectual capacity of his hero; but he gives him credit for a sort of rude wit that was sometimes effective enough. His physician, for example, having called on him to see whether he had followed a prescription that had been sent him the previous day, was greeted in this fashion: "Followed your pre-Egad, if I had, I should have broken scription? No. my neck, for I flung it out of the two pair of stairs window." For the rest, this diverting biography contains some excellent warnings against the vice of gambling; with a particular account of the manner in which the Government of the day tried by statute after statute to suppress the tables at Tunbridge and Bath, thereby only driving the sharpers to new subterfuges. That the Beau was in alliance with sharpers, or, at least, that he was a sleeping partner in the firm, his biographer admits; but it is urged on his behalf that he was the most generous of winners, and again and again interfered to prevent the ruin of some gambler by whose folly he would himself have profited. His constant charity was well known; the money so lightly come by was at the disposal of any one who could prefer a piteous tale. Moreover he made no scruple about exacting from others that charity which they could well afford. One may easily guess who was the duchess mentioned in the following story of Gold smith's narration:

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"The sums he gave and collected for the Hospital

were great, and his manner of doing it was no less admirable. I am told that he was once collecting money in Wiltshire's room for that purpose, when a lady entered, who is more remarkable for her wit than her charity, and not being able to pass him by unobserved, she gave him a pat with her fan, and said, 'You must put down a trifle ofor me, Nash, for I have no money in my pocket.' 'Yes, madam,' says he, 'that I will with pleasure, if your grace will tell me when to stop; ' then taking an handful of guineas out of his pocket, he began to tell them into his white hat-'One, two, three, four, five---' 'Hold, hold!' says the duchess, 'consider what you are about.' 'Consider your rank and fortune, madam,' says Nash, and continues telling-'six, seven, eight, nine, ten.' Here the duchess called again, and seemed angry. 'Pray compose yourself, madam,' cried Nash, 'and don't interrupt the work of charity—eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen.' Here the duchess stormed, and caught hold of his hand. 'Peace, madam,' says Nash, 'you shall have your name written in letters of gold, madam, and upon the front of the building, madam—sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty.' 'I won't pay a farthing more,' says the duchess. 'Charity hides a multitude of sins,' replies Nash-'twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five.' 'Nash,' says she, 'I protest you frighten me out of my wits. L-d, I shall die!' 'Madam, you will never die with doing good; and if you do, it will be the better for you,' answered Nash, and was about to proceed; but perceiving her grace had lost all patience, a parley ensued, when he, after much altercation, agreed to stop his hand and compound with her grace for thirty guineas. The duchess, however, seemed displeased the

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whole evening, and when he came to the table where she was playing, bid him, 'Stand farther, an ugly devil, for she hated the sight of him.' But her grace afterwards having a run of good luck called Nash to her. 'Come,' says she, 'I will be friends with you, though you are a fool; and to let you see I am not angry, there is ten guineas more for your charity. But this I insist on, that neither my name nor the sum shall be mentioned.''

At the ripe age of eighty-seven the "beau of three generations" breathed his last (1761); and, though he had fallen into poor ways, there were those alive who remembered his former greatness, and who chronicled it in a series of epitaphs and poetical lamentations. thing is common almost with all of them," says Goldsmith, "and that is that Venus, Cupid, and the Graces are commanded to weep, and that Bath shall never find such another." These effusions are forgotten now; and so would Beau Nash be also but for this biography, which, no doubt meant merely for the book-market of the day, lives and is of permanent value by reason of the charm of its style, its pervading humor, and the vivacity of its descriptions of the fashionable follies of the eightcenth century. Nullum fere genus scribendi non tetigit. Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit. Who but Goldsmith could have written so delightful a book about such a poor creature as Beau Nash?

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ARREST.

Ir was no doubt owing to Newbery that Goldsmith, after his return to London, was induced to abandon, temporarily or altogether, his apartments in Wine-Office Court, and take lodgings in the house of a Mrs. Fleming, who lived somewhere or other in Islington. Newbery had rooms in Canonbury House, a curious old building that still exists; and it may have occurred to the publisher that Goldsmith, in this suburban district, would not only be nearer him for consultation and so forth, but also might pay more attention to his duties than when he was among the temptations of Fleet Street. Goldsmith was working industriously in the service of Newbery at this time (1763-4); in fact, so completely was the bookseller in possession of the hack, that Goldsmith's board and lodging in Mrs. Fleming's house, arranged for at £50 a year, was paid by Newbery himself. Writing prefaces, revising new editions, contributing reviews—this was the sort of work he undertook, with more or less content, as the equivalent of the modest sums Mr. Newbery disbursed for him or handed over as pocket-money. In the midst of all this drudgery he was now secretly engaged on work that aimed at something higher than mere payment of bed and board.

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smooth lines of the Traveller were receiving further polish; the gentle-natured Vicar was writing his simple, quaint, tender story. And no doubt Goldsmith was spurred to try something better than hack-work by the associations that he was now forming, chiefly under the wise and benevolent friendship of Johnson.

Anxious always to be thought well of, he was now beginning to meet people whose approval was worthy of being sought. He had been introduced to Reynolds. He had become the friend of Hogarth. He had even made the acquaintance of Mr. Boswell, from Scotland. Moreover, he had been invited to become one of the original members of the famous Club of which so much has been written; his fellow-members being Reynolds, Johnson, Burke, Hawkins, Beauclerk, Bennet Langton, and Dr. Nugent. It is almost certain that it was at Johnson's instigation that he had been admitted into this choice fellowship. Long before either the Traveller or the Vicar had been heard of, Johnson had perceived the literary genius that obscurely burned in the uncouth figure of this Irishman, and was anxious to impress on others Goldsmith's claims to respect and consideration. In the minute record kept by Boswell of his first eveningwith Johnson at the Mitre Tavern, we find Johnson saying, "Dr. Goldsmith is one of the first men we now have as an author, and he is a very worthy man too. He has been loose in his principles, but he is coming right." Johnson took walks with Goldsmith; did him the honor of disputing with him or all occasions; bought a copy of the Life of Nash when it appeared—an unusual compliment for one author to pay another, in their day or in ours; allowed him to call on Miss Williams, the blind old lady in Bolt Court; and generally was his

subsequent 1 well's father. " he garred i For some t of Boswell's not anxious had not like vexed by the son, called I and describe Goldsmith, o this Scotch ci "He is not a Tom Davies the faculty o been more to have known t all to himself him as a po lairds. It is acquaintance to the Hebrid it was all to James Macdon Western Islan a wish that th which I little told me that h islands into hi he was highly struck with t Church of Gla

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friend, counsellor, and champion. Accordingly, when Mr. Boswell entertained the great Cham to supper at the Mitre—a sudden quarrel with his landlord having made it impossible for him to order the banquet at his own house —he was careful to have Dr. Goldsmith of the company. His guests that evening were Johnson, Goldsmith, Davies (the actor and bookseller who had conferred on Boswell the invaluable favor of an introduction to Johnson), Mr. Eccles, and the Rev. Mr. Ogilvie, a Scotch poet who deserves our gratitude because it was his inopportune patriotism that provoked, on this very evening, the memorable epigram about the high-road leading to England. "Goldsmith," says Boswell, who had not got over his envy at Goldsmith's being allowed to visit the blind old pensioner in Bolt Court, "as usual, endeavored with too much eagerness to shine, and disputed very warmly with Johnson against the well-known maxim of the British constitution, 'The king can do wrong.'" It was a dispute not so much about facts as about phraseology; and, indeed, there seems to be no great warmth in the expressions used on either side. Goldsmith affirmed that "what was morally false could not be politically true;" and that, in short, the king could by the misuse of his regal power do wrong. Johnson replied, that, in such a case, the immediate agents of the king were the persons to be tried and punished for the offence. "The king, though he should command, cannot force a judge to condemn a man unjustly; therefore it is the judge whom we prosecute and punish." But when he stated that the king is above every thing, and there is no power by which he can be tried," he was surely forgetting an important chapter in English history. "What did Cromwell do for his country?" he himself asked, during his subsequent visit to Scotland, of old Auchinleck, Boswell's father. "God, Doctor," replied the vile Whig, "he garred kings ken they had a lith in their necks."

For some time after this evening Goldsmith drops out of Boswell's famous memoir; perhaps the compiler was not anxious to give him too much prominence. had not liked each other from the outset. Boswell. vexed by the greater intimacy of Goldsmith with Johnson, called him a blunderer; a feather-brained person, and described his appearance in no flattering terms. Goldsmith, on the other hand, on being asked who was this Scotch cur that followed Johnson's heels, answered, "He is not a cur: you are too severe—he is only a bur. Tom Davies flung him at Johnson in sport, and he has the faculty of sticking." Boswell would probably have been more tolerant of Goldsmith as a rival, if he could have known that on a future day he was to have Johnson all to himself—to carry him to remote wilds and exhibit him as a portentous literary phenomenon to Highland lairds. It is true that Johnson, at an early period of his acquaintance with Boswell, did talk vaguely about a tripto the Hebrides; but the young Scotch idolater thought it was all too good to be true. The mention of Sir James Macdonald, says Boswell, "led us to talk of the Western Islands of Scotland, to visit which he expressed a wish that then appeared to me a very romantic fancy, which I little thought would be afterwards realized. told me that his father had put Martin's account of those islands into his hands when he was very young, and that he was highly pleased with it; that he was particularly struck with the St. Kilda man's notion that the High Church of Glasgow had been hollowed out of a rock; a circumstance to which old Mr. Johnson had directed his

attention." Unfortunately Goldsmith not only disappears from the pages of Boswell's biography at this time, but also in great measure from the ken of his companions. He was deeply in debt; no doubt the fine clothes he had been ordering from Mr. Filby in order that he might "shine" among those notable persons, had something to do with it; he had tried the patience of the booksellers; and he had been devoting a good deal of tim to work not intended to elicit immediate payment. The most patient endeavors to trace out his changes of lodgings, and the fugitive writings that kept him in daily bread, have not been very successful. It is to be presumed that Goldsmith had occasionally to go into hiding to escape from his creditors, and so was missed from his familiar haunts. We only reach daylight again, to find Goldsmith being under threat of arrest from his landlady; and for the particulars of this famous affair it is necessary to return to Boswell.

Boswell was not in London at that time; but his account was taken down subsequently from Johnson's narration; and his accuracy in other matters, his extraordinary memory, and scrupulous care, leave no doubt in the mind that his version of the story is to be preferred to those of Mrs. Piozzi and Sir John Hawkins. We may take it that these are Johnson's own words: "I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had

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Boswell quote

got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for £60. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

We do not know who this landlady was—it cannot now be made out whether the incident occurred at Islington, or in the rooms that Goldsmith partially occupied in the Temple; but even if Mrs. Fleming be the landlady in question, she was deserving neither of Goldsmith's rating nor of the reprimands that have been bestowed upon her by later writers. Mrs. Fleming had been exceedingly kind to Goldsmith. Again and again in her bills we find items significantly marked £0 0s. 0d. And if her accounts with her lodger did get hopelessly into arrear; and if she was annoyed by seeing him go out in fine clothes to sup at the Mitre; and if, at length, her patience gave way, and she determined to have her rights in one way or another, she was no worse than landladies -who are only human beings, and not divinely appointed protectresses of genius—ordinarily are. Piozzi says that when Johnson came back with the money, Goldsmith "called the woman of the house directly to partake of punch, and pass their time in merriment." This would be a dramatic touch; but, after Johnson's quietly corking the bottle of Madeira, it is more likely that no such thing occurred; especially as Boswell quotes the statement as an "extreme inaccuracy."

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The novel which Johnson had taken away and sold to Francis Newbery, a nephew of the elder bookseller, was, as every one knows, the Vicar of Wakefield. That Goldsmith, amidst all his pecuniary distresses, should have retained this piece in his desk, instead of pawning or promising it to one of his bookselling patrons, points to but one conclusion—that he was building high hopes on it, and was determined to make it as good as lay within his power. Goldsmith put an anxious finish into all his better work; perhaps that is the secret of the graceful ease that is now apparent in every line. Any young writer who may imagine that the power of clear and concise literary expression comes by nature, cannot do better than study, in Mr. Cunningham's big collection of Goldsmith's writings, the continual and minute alterations which the author considered necessary even after the first edition—sometimes when the second and third editions —had been published. Many of these, especially in the poetical works, were merely improvements in sound as suggested by a singularly sensitive ear, as when he altered the line

"Amidst the ruin, heedless of the dead,"

which had appeared in the first three editions of the Traveller, into

"There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,"

which appeared in the fourth. But the majority of the omissions and corrections were prompted by a careful taste, that abhorred every thing redundant or slovenly. It has been suggested that when Johnson carried off the Vicar of Wakefield to Francis Newbery, the manuscript was not quite finished, but had to be completed afterwards. There was at least plenty of time for that.

Newbery does not appear to have imagined that he had obtained a prize in the lottery of literature. He paid the £60 for it—clearly on the assurance of the great father of learning of the day, that there was merit in the little story—somewhere about the end of 1764; but the tale was not issued to the public until March, 1766. "And, sir," remarked Johnson to Boswell, with regard to the sixty pounds, "a sufficient price, too, when it was sold; for then the fame of Goldsmith had not been elevated, as it afterwards was, by his Traveller; and the bookseller had such faint hopes of profit by his bargain, that he kept the manuscript by him a long time, and did not publish it till after the Traveller had appeared. Then, to be sure, it was accidentally worth more money."

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CHAPTER IX.

THE TRAVELLER.

This poem of the Traveller, the fruit of much secret labor and the consummation of the hopes of many years, was lying completed in Goldsmith's desk when the incident of the arrest occurred; and the elder Newbery had undertaken to publish it. Then, as at other times, Johnson lent this wayward child of genius a friendly hand. He read over the proof-sheets for Goldsmith; was so kind as to put in a line here or there where he thought fit; and prepared a notice of the poem for the Critical Review. The time for the appearance of this new claimant for poetical honors was propitious. "There was perhaps no point in the century," says Professor Masson, "when the British Muse, such as she had come to be, was doing less, or had so nearly ceased to do any thing, or to have any good opinion of herself, as precisely about the year 1764. Young was dying; Gray was recluse and indolent; Johnson had long given over his metrical experimentations on any except the most inconsiderable scale; Akenside, Armstrong, Smollett, and others less known, had pretty well revealed the amount of their worth in poetry; and Churchill, after his ferocious blaze of what was really rage and declamation in metre, though conventionally it was called poetry, was

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prematurely defunct. Into this lull came Goldsmith's short but earefully finished poem." "There has not been so fine a poem since Pope's time," remarked Johnson to Boswell, on the very first evening after the return of young Auchinleck to London. It would have been no matter for surprise had Goldsmith dedicated this first work that he published under his own name to Johnson, who had for so long been his constant friend and adviser; and such a dedication would have carried weight in certain quarters. But there was a finer touch in Goldsmith's thought of inscribing the book to his brother Henry; and no doubt the public were surprised and pleased to find a poor devil of an author dedicating & work to an Irish parson with £40 a year, from whom he could not well expect any return. It will be remembered that it was to this brother Henry that Goldsmith, ten years before, had sent the first sketch of the poem; and now the wanderer,

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," declares how his heart untravelled

"Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain, And drags at each remove a lengthening chain."

The very first line of the poem strikes a key-note—there is in it a pathetic thrill of distance, and regret, and longing; and it has the soft musical sound that pervades the whole composition. It is exceedingly interesting to note, as has already been mentioned, how Goldsmith altered and altered these lines until he had got them full of gentle vowel sounds. Where, indeed, in the English language could one find more graceful melody than this?—

"The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave."

It has been observed also that Goldsmith was the first to introduce into English poetry sonorous American—or rather Indian—names, as when he writes in this poem,

"Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around, And Niagara stuns with thundering sound;"

and if it be charged against him that he ought to have known the proper accentuation of Niagara, it may be mentioned as a set-off that Sir Walter Scott, in dealing with his own country, mis-accentuated "Glenaládale," to say nothing of his having made of Roseneath an island. Another characteristic of the *Traveller* is the extraordinary choiceness and conciseness of the diction, which, instead of suggesting pedantry or affectation, betrays, on the contrary, nothing but a delightful case and grace.

The English people are very fond of good English; and thus it is that couplets from the *Traveller* and the *Deserted Village* have come into the common stock of our language, and that sometimes not so much on account of the ideas they convey, as through their singular precision of epithet and musical sound. It is enough to make the angels weep to find such a couplet as this.

"Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose, Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes,"

murdered in several editions of Goldsmith's works by the substitution of the commonplace "breathes" for "breasts"—and that after Johnson had drawn particular attention to the line by quoting it in his Dictionary. Perhaps, ind charm of the of any doctr. the poem was about the "I by each Europeinger, and in tures that he of

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Perhaps, indeed, it may be admitted that the literary charm of the *Traveller* is more apparent than the value of any doctrine, however profound or ingenious, which the poem was supposed to inculcate. We forget all about the "particular principle of happiness" possessed by each European state, in listening to the melody of the singer, and in watching the successive and delightful pictures that he calls up before the imagination.

"As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile."

Then notice the blaze of patriotic idealism that bursts forth when he comes to talk of England. What sort of England had he been familiar with when he was consorting with the meanest wretches—the poverty-stricken, the siek, and squalid—in those Fleet-street dens? But it is an England of bright streams and spacious lawns of which he writes; and as for the people who inhabit the favored land—

"Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state, With daring aims irregularly great; Pride in their port, defiance in their eye, I see the lords of human kind pass by."

"Whenever I write any thing," Goldsmith had said, with a humorous exaggeration which Boswell, as usual, takes au sérieux, "the public make a point to know nothing about it." But we have Johnson's testimony to the fact that the Traveller "brought him into high reputation." No wonder. When the great Cham declares it to be the finest poem published since the time of Pope,

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we are irresistibly forced to think of the Essay on Man. What a contrast there is between that tedious and stilted effort and this clear burst of bird-song! The Traveller, however, did not immediately become popular. It was largely talked about, naturally, among Goldsmith's friends; and Johnson would scarcely suffer any criticism of it. At a dinner given long afterwards at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, and fully reported by the invaluable Boswell, Reynolds remarked, "I was glad to hear Charles Fox say it was one of the finest poems in the English language." "Why were you glad?" said Langton. "You surely had no doubt of this before?" Hereupon Johnson struck in: ""No; the merit of the Traveller is so well established, that Mr. Fox's praise cannot augment it nor his censure diminish it." And he went on to say-Goldsmith having died and got beyond the reach of all critics and creditors some three or four years before this time-". Goldsmith was a man who, whatever he wrote, did it better than any other man could do. He deserved a place in Westminster Abbey; and every year he lived would have deserved it better."

Presently people began to talk about the new poem. A second edition was issued; a third; a fourth. It is not probable that Goldsmith gained any pecuniary benefit from the growing popularity of the little book; but he had "struck for honest fame," and that was now coming to him. He even made some slight acquaintance with "the great;" and here occurs an incident which is one of many that account for the love that the English people have for Goldsmith. It appears that Hawkins, calling one day on the Earl of Northumberland, found the author of the *Traveller* waiting in the outer room, in response to an invitation. Hawkins, having finished his

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own business, retired, but lingered about until the interview between Goldsmith and his lordship was over, having some curiosity about the result. Here follows Goldsmith's report to Hawkins: "His lordship told me he had read my poem, and was much delighted with it; that he was going to be Lord-lieutenant of Ireland; and that, hearing that I was a native of that country, he should be glad to do me any kindness." "What did you answer?" says Hawkins, no doubt expecting to hear of some application for pension or post. "Why," said Goldsmith, "I could say nothing but that I had a brother there, a clergyman, that stood in need of help" —and then he explained to Hawkins that he looked to the booksellers for support, and was not inclined to place dependence on the promises of great men. "Thus did this idiot in the affairs of the world," adds Hawkins, with a fatuity that is quite remarkable in its way, "trifle with his fortunes, and put back the hand that was held out to assist him! Other offers of a like kind he either rejected or failed to improve, contenting himself with the patronage of one nobleman, whose mansion afforded him the delights of a splendid table and a retreat for a few days from the metropolis." It is a great pity we have not a description from the same pen of Johnson's insolent ingratitude in flinging the pair of boots downstairs.

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CHAPTER X.

MISCELLANEOUS WRITING.

But one pecuniary, result of this growing fame was a joint offer on the part of Griffin and Newbery of £20 for a selection from his printed essays; and this selection was forthwith made and published, with a preface written for the occasion. Here at once we can see that Goldsmith takes firmer ground. There is an air of confidence-of gayety, even—in his address to the public; although, as usual, accompanied by a whimsical mock-modesty that is extremely odd and effective. "Whatever right I have to complain of the public," he says, "they can, as yet, have no just reason to complain of me. If I have written dull Essays, they have hitherto treated them as dull Thus far we are at least upon par, and until they think fit to make me their humble debtor by praise, I am resolved not to lose a single inch of my self-importance. Instead, therefore, of attempting to establish a credit amongst them, it will perhaps be wiser to apply to some more distant correspondent; and as my drafts are in some danger of being protested at home, it may not be imprudent, upon this occasion, to draw my bills upon Posterity.

" Mr. Posterity,

"Sir: Nine hundred and ninety-nine years after sight hereof pay the bearer, or order, a thousand pounds' worth

of praise, free from all deductions whatsoever, it being a commodity that will then be very serviceable to him, and place it to the account of, etc."

The bill is not yet due; but there can in the meantime be no harm in discounting it so far as to say that these They deal with all Essays deserve very decided praise. manner of topics, matters of fact, matters of imagination, humorous descriptions, learned criticisms; and then, whenever the entertainer thinks he is becoming dull, he suddenly tells a quaint little story and walks off amidst the laughter he knows he has produced. It is not a very ambitious or sonorous sort of literature; but it was admirably fitted for its aim—the passing of the immediate hour in an agreeable and fairly interlectual way. One can often see, no doubt, that these Essays are occasionally written in a more or less perfunctory fashion, the writer not being moved by much enthusiasm in his subject; but even then a quaint literary grace seldom fails to atone, as when, writing about the English clergy, and complaining that they do not sufficiently in their addresses stoop to mean capacities, he says: "Whatever may become of the higher orders of mankind, who are generally possessed of collateral motives to virtue, the vulgar should be particularly regarded, whose behavior in civil life is totally hinged upon their hopes and fears. Those who constitute the basis of the great fabric of society should be particularly regarded; for in policy, as in architecture, ruin is most fatal when it begins from the bottom." There was, indeed, throughout Gold smith's miscellaneous writing much more common-sense than might have been expected from a writer who was supposed to have none.

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ight orth As regards his chance criticisms on dramatic and poetical literature, these are generally found to be incisive and just; while sometimes they exhibit a wholesome disregard of mere tradition and authority. "Milton's translation of Horace's Ode to Pyrrha," he says, for example, "is universally known and generally admired, in our opinion much above its merit." If the present writer might for a moment venture into such an arena, he would express the honest belief that that translation is the very worst translation that was ever made of any thing. But there is the happy rendering of simplex mundities, which counts for much.

By this time Goldsmith had also written his charming ballad of *Edwin and Angelina*, which was privately "printed for the amusement of the Countess of North-umberland," and which afterwards appeared in the *Vicar of Wakefield*. It seems clear grough that this quaint and pathetic piece was suggested by an old ballad beginning,

"Gentle heardsman, tell to me,
Of curtesy I thee pray,
"Unto the towne of Walsingham
Which is the right and ready way,"

which Percy had shown to Goldsmith, and which, patched up, subsequently appeared in the Reliques. But Goldsmith's ballad is original enough to put aside all the discussion about plagiarism which was afterwards started. In the old fragment the weeping pilgrim receives directions from the herdsman, and goes on her way, and we hear of her no more; in Edwin and Angelina the forlorn and despairing maiden suddenly finds herself confronted by the long-lost lover whom she had so cruelly used. This is the dramatic touch that reveals the hand of the

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artist. And here again it is curious to note the care with which Goldsmith repeatedly revised his writings. The ballad originally ended with these two stanzas:

"Here amidst sylvan bowers we'll rove, From lawn to woodland stray; Blest as the songsters of the grove, And innocent as they.

"To all that want, and all that wail,
Our pity shall be given,
And when this life of love shall fail,
We'll love again in heaven."

But subsequently it must have occurred to the author that, the dramatic disclosure once made, and the lovers restored to each other, any lingering over the scene only weakened the force of the climax; hence these stanzas were judiciously excised. It may be doubted, however, whether the original version of the last couplet,

"And the last sigh that rends the heart Shall break thy Edwin's too,"

was improved by being altered into

"The sigh that rends thy constant heart Shall break thy Edwin's too."

Meanwhile Goldsmith had resorted to hack-work again; nothing being expected from the Vicar of Wakefield, now lying in Newbery's shop, for that had been paid for, and his expenses were increasing, as became his greater station. In the interval between the publication of the Traveller and of the Vicar, he moved into better chambers in Garden Court; he hired a man-servant, he blossomed out into very fine clothes. Indeed, so effective did his first suit seem to be—the purple silk small-clothes, the scarlet roquelaure, the wig, sword, and gold-

headed cane—that, as Mr. Forster says, he "amazed his friends with no less than three similar suits, not less expensive, in the next six months." Part of this display was no doubt owing to a suggestion from Reynolds that Goldsmith, having a medical degree, might just as well add the practice of a physician to his literary work, to magnify his social position. Goldsmith, always willing to please his friends, acceded; but his practice does not appear to have been either extensive or long-continued. It is said that he drew out a prescription for a certain Mrs. Sidebotham which so appalled the apothecary that he refused to make it up; and that, as the lady sided with the apothecary, he threw up the case and his profession at the same time. If it was money Goldsmith wanted, he was not likely to get it in that way; he had neither the appearance nor the manner fitted to humor the sick and transform healthy people into valetudinarians. If it was the esteem of his friends and popularity outside that circle, he was soon to acquire enough of both. On the 27th March, 1766, fifteen months after the appearance of the Traveller, the Vicar of Wakefield was published.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

THE Vicar of Wakefield, considered structurally, tollows the lines of the Book of Job. You take a good man, overwhelm him with successive misfortunes, show the pure flame of his soul burning in the midst of the darkness, and then, as the reward of his patience and fortitude and submission, restore him gradually to happiness, with even larger flocks and herds than before. The machinery by which all this is brought about is, in the Vicar of Wakefield, the weak part of the story. The plot is full of wild improbabilities; in fact, the expedients by which all the members of the family are brought together and made happy at the same time, are nothing short of desperate. It is quite clear, too, that the author does not know what to make of the episode of Olivia and her husband; they are allowed to drop through; we leave him playing the French horn at a relation's house; while she, in her father's home, is supposed to be unnoticed, so much are they all taken up with the rejoicings over the double wedding. It is very probable that when Goldsmith began the story he had no very definite plot concocted; and that it was only when the much-persecuted Vicar had to be restored to happiness, that he found the entanglements surrounding him,

and had to make frantic efforts to break through them. But, be that as it may, it is not for the plot that people now read the Vicar of Wakefield; it is not the intricacies of the story-that have made it the delight of the world. Surely human nature must be very much the same when this simple description of a quiet English home went straight to the heart of nations in both hemispheres.

And the wonder is that Goldsmith of all men should have produced such a perfect picture of domestic life. What had his own life been but a moving about between garret and tavern, between bachelor's lodgings and clubs? Where had he seen-unless, indeed, he looked back through the mist of years to the scenes of his childhood—all this gentle government, and wise blindness; all this affection, and consideration, and respect ! There is as much human nature in the character of the Vicar alone as would have furnished any fifty of the novels of that day, of of this. Who has not been charmed by his sly and quaint/humor, by his moral dignity and simple vanities, even by the little secrets he reveals to us of his paternal rule. "Ay,' returned 1, not knowing well what to think of the matter, ' heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months!' This was one of those observations I usually made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity; for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled; but if any thing unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked on as a prophecy." We know how Miss Olivia was answered. when, at her mother's prompting, she set up for being well skilled in controversy:

"' Why, my dear, what controversy can she have read?' cried I. 'It does not occur to me that I ever

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put such books into her hands: you certainly overrate her merit.'—'Indeed, papa,' replied Olivia, 'she does not; I have read a great deal of controversy. I have read the disputes between Thwackum and Square; the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday, the savage; and I am now employed in reading the controversy in Religious Courtship.'—' Very well,' cried I, 'that's a good girl; I find you are perfectly qualified for making converts, and so go help your mother to make the gooseberry pie.''

It is with a great gentleness that the good man reminds his wife and daughters that, after their sudden loss of fortune, it does not become them to wear much finery. "The first Sunday, in particular, their behavior served to mortify me. I had desired my girls the preceding night to be dressed early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters, dressed out in all their former splendor; their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up in a heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before. 'Surely, my dear, you jest,' cried my wife : ' we can walk it perfectly well: we want no coach to carry us now.'-- 'You mistake, child,' returned I, 'we do want a coach; for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the parish will hoot after us.'—' Indeed,' replied my wife, 'I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about nim.'—' You may be as neat as you please,' interrupted I, 'and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. These rufflings, and pinkings, and patchings will only make us hated by all the wives of our neighbors. No, my children,' continued I, more gravely, 'those gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut; for finery is very unbecoming in us, who want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world might be clothed from the trimmings of the vain.'

"This remonstrance had the proper effect: they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their dress; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones; and, what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing." And again when he discovered the two girls making a wash for their faces: "My daughters seemed equally busy with the rest; and I observed them for a good while cooking something over the fire. I at first supposed they were assisting their mother, but little Dick informed me in a whisper that they were making a wash for the face. Washes of all kinds I had a natural antipathy to; for I knew that, instead of mending the complexion, they spoil it. I therefore approached my chair by sly degrees to the fire, and grasping the poker, as if it wanted mending, seemingly by accident overturned the

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All this is done with such a light, homely touch, that one gets familiarly to know these people without being aware of it. There is no insistance. There is no dragging you along by the collar; confronting you with certain figures; and compelling you to look at this and study that. The artist stands by you, and laughs in his quiet way; and you are laughing too, when suddenly you find that human beings have silently come into the void before you; and you know them for friends; and even after the vision has faded away, and the beautiful light and color and glory of romance-land have vanished, you cannot forget them. They have become part of your life; you will take them to the grave with you.

The story, as every one perceives, has its obvious blemishes. "There are an hundred faults in this Thing," says Goldsmith himself, in the prefixed Advertisement. But more particularly, in the midst of all the impossibilities taking place in and around the jail, when that chameleon-like deus ex machina, Mr. Jenkinson, winds up the tale in hot haste, Goldsmith pauses to put in a sort of apology. "Nor can I go on without a reflection," he says gravely, "on those accidental meetings, which, though they happen every day, seldom excite our surprise but upon some extraordinary occasion. To what a fortuitous concurrence do we not owe every pleasure and convenience of our lives! How many seeming accidents must unite before we can be clothed or fed! The peasant must be disposed to labor, the shower must fall, the wind fill the merchant's sail, or numbers must want the usual supply." This is Mr. Thackeray's "simple rogue" appearing again in adult life. Cer-

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tainly, if our supply of food and clothing depended on such accidents as happened to make the Vicar's family happy all at once, there would be a good deal of shivering and starvation in the world. Moreover it may be admitted that on occasion Goldsmith's fine instinct deserts him; and even in describing those domestic relations which are the charm of the novel, he blunders into the unnatural. When Mr. Burchell, for example, leaves the house in consequence of a quarrel with Mrs. Primrose, the Vicar questions his daughter as to whether she had received from that poor gentleman any testimony of his affection for her. She replies No; but remembers to have heard him remark that he never knew a woman who could find merit in a man that was poor. "Such, my dear," continued the Vicar, "is the common cant of all the unfortunate or idle. But I hope you have been taught to judge properly of such men, and that it would be even madness to expect happiness from one who has been so very bad an economist of his own. Your mother and I have now better prospects for you. The next winter, which you will probably spend in town, will give you opportunities of making a more prudent choice." Now it is not at all likely that a father, however anxious to have his daughter well married and settled, would ask her so delicate a question in open domestic circle, and would then publicly inform her that she was expected to choose a husband on her forthcoming visit to town.

Whatever may be said about any particular incident like this, the atmosphere of the book is true. Goethe, to whom a German translation of the *Vicar* was read by Herder some four years after the publication in England, not only declared it at the time to be one of the best novels ever written, but again and again throughout his

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life reverted to the charm and delight with which he had made the acquaintance of the English "prose idyll," and took it for granted that it was a real picture of English Despite all the machinery of Mr. Jenkinson's schemes, who could doubt it? Again and again there are recurrent strokes of such vividness and naturalness that we yield altogether to the necromance. Look at this perfect picture—of human emotion and outside nature—put in in a few sentences. The old clergyman, after being in search of his daughter, has found her, and is now—having left her in an inn—returning to his family and his home. "And now my heart caught new sensations of pleasure, the nearer I approached that peaceful mansion. As a bird that had been frighted from its nest, my affections outwent my haste, and hovered round my little fireside with all the rapture of expectation. I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. already felt my wife's tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. As I walked but slowly, the night waned apace. The laborers of the day were all retired to rest; the lights were out in every cottage; no sounds were heard but of the shrilling cock, and the deepmouthed watch-dog at hollow distance. I approached my little abode of pleasure, and, before I was within a furlong of the place, our honest mastiff came running to welcome me." "The deep-mouthed watch-dog at hollow distance"-what more perfect description of the stillness of night was ever given?

And then there are other qualities in this delightful Vicar of Wakefield than merely idyllic tenderness, and pathos, and sly humor. There is a firm presentation of the crimes and brutalities of the world. The pure light

that shines within that domestic circle is all the brighter because of the black outer ring that is here and there indicated rather than described. How could we appreciate all the simplicities of the good man's household, but for the rogueries with which they are brought in contact? And although we laugh at Moses and his gross of green spectacles, and the manner in which the Vicar's wife and daughter are imposed on by Miss Wilhelmina Skeggs and Lady Blarney, with their lords and ladies and their tributes to virtue, there is no laughter demanded of us when we find the simplicity and moral dignity of the Vicar meeting and beating the jeers and taunts of the abandoned wretches in the prison. This is really a remarkable episode. The author was under the obvious temptation to make much comic material out of the situation; while another temptation, towards the goody-goody side, was not far off. But the Vicar undertakes the duty of reclaiming these castaways with a modest patience and earnestness in every way in keeping with his character; while they, on the other hand, are not too easily moved to tears of repentance. His first efforts, it will be remembered, were not too successful. "Their insensibility excited my highest compassion, and blotted my own uneasiness from my mind. It even appeared a duty incumbent upon me to attempt to reclaim them. I resolved, therefore, once more to return, and, in spite of their contempt, to give them my advice, and conquer them by my perseverance. Going, therefore, among them again, I informed Mr. Jenkinson of my design, at which he laughed heartily, but communicated it to the The proposal was received with the greatest goodhumor, as it promised to afford a new fund of entertainment to persons who had now no other resource for

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mirth but what could be derived from ridicule or debauchery.

"I therefore read them a portion of the service with a loud, unaffected voice, and found my audience perfectly merry upon the occasion. Lewd whispers, groans of contrition burlesqued, winking and coughing, alternately excited laughter. However, I continued with my natural solemnity to read on, sensible that what I did might mend some, but could itself receive no contamination from any.

"After reading, I entered upon my exhortation, which was rather calculated at first to amuse them than to reprove. I previously observed, that no other motive but their welfare could induce me to this; that I was their fellow-prisoner, and now got nothing by preaching. I was sorry, I said, to hear them so very profane; because they got nothing by it, but might lose a great deal: 'For be assured, my friends,' cried I—' for you are my friends, however the world may disclaim your friendship—though you swore twelve thousand oaths in a day, it would not put one penny in your purse. what signifies calling every moment upon the devil, and courting his friendship, since you find how scurvily he uses you? He has given you nothing here, you find, but a mouthful of oaths and an empty belly; and, by the best accounts I have of him, he will give you nothing that's good hereafter.

"' If used ill in our dealings with one man, we naturally go elsewhere. Were it not worth your while, then, just to try how you may like the usage of another master, who gives you fair promises at least to come to him? Surely, my friends, of all stupidity in the world, his must be the greatest, who, after robbing a house,

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runs to the thief-takers for protection. And yet, how are you more wise? You are all seeking comfort from one that has already betrayed you, applying to a more malicious being than any thief-taker of them all; for they only decoy and then hang you; but he decoys and hangs, and, what is worst of all, will not let you loose after the hangman has done.'

"When I had concluded, I received the compliments of my audience, some of whom came and shook me by the hand, swearing that I was a very honest fellow, and that they desired my further acquaintance. I therefore promised to repeat my lecture next day, and actually conceived some hopes of making a reformation here; for it had ever been my opinion, that no man was past the hour of amendment, every heart lying open to the shafts of reproof, if the archer could but take a proper aim."

His wife and children, naturally dissuading him from an effort which seemed to them only to bring ridicule upon him, are met by a grave rebuke; and on the next morning he descends to the common prison, where, he says, he found the prisoners very merry, expecting his arrival, and each prepared to play some jail-trick on the Doctor.

"There was one whose trick gave more universal pleasure than all the rest; for, observing the manner in which I had disposed my books on the table before me, he very dexterously displaced one of them, and put an obscene jest-book of his own in the place. However, I took no notice of all that this mischievous group of little beings could do, but went on, perfectly sensible that what was ridiculous in my attempt would excite mirth only the first or second time, while what was serious would be perma-

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"It was now that I applauded my perseverance and address, at thus giving sensibility to wretches divested of every moral feeling, and now began to think of doing them temporal services also, by rendering their situation somewhat more comfortable. Their time had hitherto been divided between famine and excess, tumultuous riot and bitter repining. Their only employment was quarrelling among each other, playing at cribbage, and cutting to-From this last mode of idle industry I bacco-stoppers. took the hint of setting such as choose to work at cutting pegs for tobacconists and shoemakers, the proper wood being bought by a general subscription, and, when manufactured, sold by my appointment; so that each earned something every day—a trifle indeed, but sufficient to maintain him.

"I did not stop here, but instituted fines for the punishment of immorality, and rewards for peculiar industry. Thus, in less than a fortnight I had formed them into something social and humane, and had the pleasure of regarding myself as a legislator who had brought men from their native ferocity into friendship and obedience."

Of course, all this about jails and thieves was calculated to shock the nerves of those who liked their literature perfumed with rose-water. Madame Riccoboni, to whom Burke had sent the book, wrote to Garrick, "Le plaidoyer en faveur des voleurs, des petits larrons, des gens de mauvaises mœurs, est fort éloigné de me plaire." Others, no doubt, considered the introduction of Miss Skeggs and Eady Blarney as "vastly low." But the curious thing is that the literary critics of the day seem

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to have been altogether silent about the book—perhaps they were "puzzled" by it, as Southey has suggested. Mr. Forster, who took the trouble to search the periodical literature of the time, says that, "apart from bald recitals of the plot, not a word was said in the way of criticism about the book, either in praise or blame." The St. James's Chronicle did not condescend to notice its appearance, and the Monthly Review confessed frankly that nothing was to be made of it. The better sort of newspapers, as well as the more dignified reviews, contemptuously left it to the patronage of Lloyd's Evening Post, the London Chronicle, and journals of that class; which simply informed their readers that a new novel, called the Vicar of Wakefield, had been published, that "the editor is Doctor Goldsmith, who has affixed his name to an introductory Advertisement, and that such and such were the incidents of the story." Even his friends, with the exception of Burke, did not seem to consider that any remarkable new birth in literature had occurred; and it is probable that this was a still greater disappointment to Goldsmith, who was so anxious to be thought well of at the Club. However, the public took to the story. A second edition was published in May; a third in August. Goldsmith, it is true, received no pecuniary gain from this success, for, as we have seen, Johnson had sold the novel outright to Francis Newbery; but his name was growing in importance with the booksellers.

There was need that it should, for his increasing expenses—his fine clothes, his suppers, his whist at the Devil Tavern—were involving him in deeper and deeper difficulties. How was he to extricate himself?—or rather the question that would naturally occur to Gold \mathbf{erhaps} rested. eriodi-1 bald vay of ime." otice ankly ort of conening lass: ovel. that his such his 1 to

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smith was how was he to continue that hand-to-mouth existence that had its compensations along with its troubles? Novels like the Vicar of Wakefield are not written at a moment's notice, even though any Newbery, judging by results, is willing to double that £60 which Johnson considered to be a fair price for the story at the time. There was the usual resource of hack-writing; and, no doubt, Goldsmith was compelled to fall back on that, if only to keep the elder Newbery, in whose debt he was, in a good humor. But the author of the Vicar of Wakefield may be excused if he looked round to see if there was not some more profitable work for him to turn his hand to. It was at this time that he began to think of writing a comedy.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE GOOD-NATURED MAN.

Amid much miscellaneous work, mostly of the compilation order, the play of the Good-natured Man began to assume concrete form; insomuch that Johnson, always the friend of this erratic Irishman, had promised to write a Prologue for it. It is with regard to this prologue that Boswell tells a foolish and untrustworthy story about Goldsmith. Dr. Johnson had recently been honored by an interview with his Sovereign; and the members of the Club were in the habit of flattering him by begging for a repetition of his account of that famous event. On one occasion, during this recital, Boswell relates, Goldsmith "remained unmoved upon a sofa at some distance, affecting not to join in the least in the eager curiosity of the company. He assigned as a reason for his gloom and seeming inattention that he apprehended Johnson had relinquished his purpose of furnishing him with a prologue to his play, with the hopes of which he had been flattered; but it was strongly suspected that he was fretting with chagrin and envy at the singular honor Doctor Johnson had lately enjoyed. At length the frankness and simplicity of his natural character prevailed. He sprang from the sofa, advanced to Johnson, and, in a kind of flutter, from imagining himself in the ipila-

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claimed, 'Well, you acquitted yourself in this conversation better than I should have done; for I should have bowed and stammered through the whole of it.'' It is obvious enough that the only part of this anecdote which is quite worthy of credence is the actual phrase used by Goldsmith, which is full of his customary generosity and self-depreciation. All those "suspicions" of his envy of his friend may safely be discarded, for they are mere guesswork; even though it might have been natural enough for a man like Goldsmith, conscious of his singular and original genius, to measure himself against Johnson, who was merely a man of keen perception and shrewd reasoning, and to compare the deference paid to Johnson with the scant courtesy shown to himself.

As a matter of fact, the Prologue was written by Dr. Johnson; and the now complete comedy was, after some little arrangement of personal differences between Goldsmith and Garrick, very kindly undertaken by Reynolds, submitted for Garrick's approval. But nothing came of Reynolds's intervention. Perhaps Goldsmith resented Garrick's airs of patronage towards a poor devil of an author; perhaps Garrick was surprised by the manner in which well-intentioned criticisms were taken; at all events, after a good deal of shilly-shallying, the play was taken out of Garrick's hands. Fortunately, a project was just at this moment on foot for starting the rival theatre in Covent Garden, under the management of George Colman; and to Colman Goldsmith's play was forthwith consigned. The play was accepted; but it was a long time before it was produced; and in that interval it may fairly be presumed the res angusta domi of Goldsmith did not become any more free and generous than before.

was in this interval that the elder Newbery died; Goldsmith had one patron the less. Another patron who offered himself was civilly bowed to the door. This is an incident in Goldsmith's career which, like his interview with the Earl of Northumberland, should ever be remembered in his honor. The Government of the day were desirous of enlisting on their behalf the services of writers of somewhat better position than the mere libellers whose pens were the slaves of anybody's purse; and a Mr. Scott, a chaplain of Lord Sandwich, appears to have imagined that it would be worth while to buy Goldsmith. He applied to Goldsmith in due course; and this is an account of the interview: "I found him in a miserable set of chambers in the Temple. I told him my authority; I told him 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 I left him in his garret." Needy as he was, Goldsmith had too much self-respect to become a paid libeller and cutthroat of public reputations.

On the evening of Friday, the 29th of January, 1768, when Goldsmith had now reached the age of forty, the comedy of *The Good-natured Man* was produced at Covent Garden Theatre. The Prologue had, according to promise, been written by Johnson; and a very singular prologue it was. Even Boswell was struck by the odd contrast between this sonorous piece of melancholy and the fun that was to follow. "The first lines of this Prologue," he conscientiously remarks, "are strongly characteristical of the dismal gloom of his mind; which, in his case, as in the case of all who are distressed with the

same malad feelings. V edy, when N

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same malady of imagination, transfers to others its own feelings. Who could suppose it was to introduce a comedy, when Mr. Bensley solemnly Degan—

"' Pressed with the load of life, the weary mind Surveys the general toil of humankind'?

But this dark ground might make Goldsmith's humor shine the more." When we come to the comedy itself, we find but little bright humor in the opening passages. The author is obviously timid, anxious, and constrained. There is nothing of the brisk, confident vivacity with which She Stoops to Conquer opens. The novice does not yet understand the art of making his characters explain themselves; and accordingly the benevolent uncle and honest Jarvis indulge in a conversation which, laboriously descriptive of the character of young Honeywood, is spoken "at" the audience. With the entrance of young Honeywood himself, Goldsmith endeavors to become a little more sprightly; but there is still anxiety hanging over him, and the epigrams are little more than merely formal antitheses.

"Jarvis. This bill from your tailor; this from your mercer; and this from the little broker in Crooked Lane. He says he has been at a great deal of trouble to get back the money you borrowed.

"Hon. That I don't know; but I'm sure we were at a great deal of trouble in getting him to lend it.

"Jar. He has lost all patience.

"Hon. Then he has lost a very good thing.

"Jar. There's that ten guineas you were sending to the poor gentleman and his children in the Fleet. I believe that would stop his mouth, for a while at least.

"Hon. Ay, Jarvis, but what will fill their mouths in the meantime?"

This young Honeywood, the hero of the play, is, and

remains throughout, a somewhat ghostly personage. He has attributes, but no flesh or blood. There is much more substance in the next character introduced—the inimitable Croaker, who revels in evil forebodings and drinks deep of the luxury of woe. These are the two chief characters; but then a play must have a plot. And perhaps it would not be fair, so far as the plot is concerned, to judge of The Good-natured Man merely as a literary production. Intricacies that seem tedious and puzzling on paper appear to be clear enough on the stage: it is much more easy to remember the history and circumstances of a person whom we see before us, than to attach these to a mere name—especially as the name is sure to be clipped down from Honeywood to Hon. and from Leontine to Leon. However, it is in the midst of all the cross-purposes of the lovers that we once more come upon our old friend Beau Tibbs—though Mr. Tibbs is now in much better circumstances, and has been renamed by his creator Jack Lofty. Garrick had objected to the introduction of Jack, on the ground that he was only a distraction. But Goldsmith, whether in writing a novel or a play, was more anxious to represent human nature than to prune a plot, and paid but little respect to the unities, if only he could arouse our interest. And who is not delighted with this Jack Lofty and his "duchessy" talk—his airs of patronage, his mysterious hints, his gay familiarity with the great, his audacious lying?

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[&]quot;Lofty. Waller? Waller? Is he of the house?

[&]quot;Mrs. Croaker. The modern poet of that name, sir.

[&]quot;Lof. Oh, a modern! We men of business despise the moderns; and as for the ancients, we have no time to read them. Poetry is a pretty thing enough for our wives and daughters."

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but not for us. Why now, here I stand that know nothing of books. I say, madam, I know nothing of books; and yet, I believe, upon a land-carriage fishery, a stamp act, or a jaghire, I can talk my two hours without feeling the want of them.

"Mrs. Cro. The world is no stranger to Mr. Lofty's eminence

in every capacity.

"Lof. I vow to gad, madam, you make me blush. I'm nothing, nothing, nothing in the world; a mere obscure gentleman. To be sure, indeed, one or two of the present ministers are pleased to represent me as a formidable man. I know they are pleased to bespatter me at all their little dirty leves. Yet, upon my soul, I wonder what they see in me to treat me so! Measures, not men, have always been my mark; and I vow, by all that's honorable, my resentment has never done the men, as mere men, any manner of harm—that is, as mere men.

"Mrs. Cro. What importance, and yet what modesty!

"Lof. Oh, if you talk of modesty, madam, there, I own, I'm accessible to praise: modesty is my foible: it was so the Duke of Brentford used to say of me. 'I love Jack Lofty,' he used to say: 'no man has a finer knowledge of things; quite a man of information; and when he speaks upon his legs, by the Lord he's prodigious, he scouts them; and yet all men have their faults; too much modesty is his,' says his grace.

"Mrs. Cro. And yet, I dare say, you don't want assurance

when you come to solicit for your friends.

"Lof. Oh, there indeed I'm in bronze. Apropos! I have just been mentioning Miss Richland's case to a certain personage; we must name no names. When I ask, I am not to be put off, madam. No, no, I take my friend by the button. A fine girl, sir; great justice in her case. A friend of mine—borough interest—business must be done, Mr. Secretary.—I say, Mr. Secretary, her business must be done, sir. That's my way, madam.

"Mrs. Cro. Bless me! you said all this to the Secretary of

State, did you?

"Lof. I did not say the Secretary, did I? Well, curse it,

since you have found me out, I will not deny it. It was to the Secretary."

Strangely enough, what may now seem to some of us the very best scene in the Good-natured Man-the scene, that is, in which young Honeywood, suddenly finding Miss Richland without, is compelled to dress up the two bailiffs in possession of his house and introduce them to her as gentlemen friends—was very nearly damning the play on the first night of its production. The pit was of opinion that it was "low;" and subsequently the critics took up the cry, and professed themselves to be so deeply shocked by the vulgar humors of the bailiffs that Goldsmith had to cut them out. But on the opening night the anxious author, who had been rendered nearly distracted by the cries and hisses produced by this scene, was somewhat reassured when the audience began to laugh again over the tribulations of Mr. Croaker. the actor who played the part he expressed his warm gratitude when the piece was over; assuring him that he had exceeded his own conception of the character, and that "the fine comic richness of his coloring made it almost appear as new to him as to any other person in the house."

The new play had been on the whole favorably received; and, when Goldsmith went along afterwards to the Glub, his companions were doubtless not at all surprised to find him in good spirits. He was even merrier than usual, and consented to sing his favorite ballad about the Old Woman tossed in a Blanket. But those hisses and cries were still rankling in his memory; and he himself, subsequently confessed that he was "suffering horrid tortures." Nay, when the other members of the Club had gone, leaving him and Johnson together,

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he "burst out a-crying, and even swore by ——that he would never write again." When Goldsmith told this story in after-days, Johnson was naturally astonished; perhaps-himself not suffering much from an excessive sensitiveness—he may have attributed that little burst of hysterical emotion to the excitement of the evening increased by a glass or two of punch, and determined therefore never to mention it. "All which, Doctor," he said, "I thought had been a secret between you and me; and I am sure I would not have said any thing about it for the world." Indeed there was little to cry over, either in the first reception of the piece or in its subsequent fate. With the offending bailiffs cut out, the comedy would seem to have been very fairly successful. The proceeds of three of the evenings were Goldsmith's payment; and in this manner he received £400. Then Griffin published the play; and from this source Goldsmith received an additional £100; so that altogether he was very well paid for his work. Moreover he had appealed against the judgment of the pit and the dramatic critics, by printing in the published edition the bailiff scene which had been removed from the stage; and the Monthly Review was so extremely kind as to say that "the bailiff and his blackguard follower appeared intolerable on the stage, yet we are not disgusted with them in the perusal." Perhaps we have grown less scrupulous since then; but at all events it would be difficult for anybody nowadays to find any thing but good-natured fun in that famous scene. There is an occasional "damn," it is true; but then English officers have always been permitted that little playfulness, and these two gentlemen were supposed to "serve in the Fleet;" while if they had been particularly refined in their speech and manner.

how could the author have aroused Miss Richland's suspicions? It is possible that the two actors who played the bailiff and his follower may have introduced some vulgar "gag" into their parts; but there is no warranty for any thing of the kind in the play as we now read it.

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CHAPTER XIII.

GOLDSMITH IN SOCIETY.

The appearance of the Good-natured Man ushered in a halcyon period in Goldsmith's life. The Traveller and the Vicar had gained for him only reputation: this new comedy put £500 in his pocket. Of course that was too big a sum for Goldsmith to have about him long. Fourfifths of it he immediately expended on the purchase and decoration of a set of chambers in Brick Court, Middle Temple; with the remainder he appears to have begun a series of entertainments in this new abode, which were perhaps more remarkable for their mirth than their deco-There was no sort of frolic in which Goldsmith would not indulge for the amusement of his guests; he would sing them songs; he would throw his wig to the ceiling; he would dance a minuet. And then they had cards, forfeits, blind-man's-buff, until Mr. Blackstone, then engaged on his Commentaries in the rooms below, was driven nearly mad by the uproar. These parties would seem to have been of a most nondescript character -chance gatherings of any obscure authors or actors whom he happened to meet; but from time to time there were more formal entertainments, at which Johnson. Percy, and similar distinguished persons were present. Moreover, Dr. Goldsmith himself was much asked out

to dinner too; and so, not content with the "Tyrian bloom, satin grain and garter, blue-silk breeches," which Mr. Filby had provided for the evening of the production of the comedy, he now had another suit "lined with silk, and gold buttons," that he might appear in proper guise. Then he had his airs of consequence too. This was his answer to an invitation from Kelly, who was his rival of the hour: "I would with pleasure accept your kind invitation, but to tell you the truth, my dear boy, my Traveller has found me a home in so many places, that I am engaged, I believe, three days. Let me see. To-day I dine with Edmund Burke, to-morrow with Dr. Nugent, and the next day with Topham Beauclerc; but I'll tell you what I'll do for you, I'll dine with you on Saturday." Kelly told this story as against Goldsmith; but surely there is not so much ostentation in the reply. Directly after Tristram Shandy was published, Sterne found himself fourteen deep in dinner engagements: why should not the author of the Traveller and the Vicar and the Good-natured Man have his engagements also? And perhaps it was but right that Mr. Kelly, who was after all only a critic and scribbler, though he had written a play which was for the moment enjoying an undeserved popularity, should be given to understand that Dr. Goldsmith was not to be asked to a hole-and-corner chop at a moment's notice. To-day he dines with Mr. Burke; to-morrow with Dr. Nugent; the day after with Mr. Beauclerc. If you wish to have the honor of his company, you may choose a day after that; and then, with his new wig, with his coat of Tyrian bloom and blue-silk breeches, with a smart sword at his side, his

gold-headed cane in his hand, and his hat under his

elbow, he will present himself in due course. Dr. Gold-

smith is an the man of the friend of garth; this time ago ear ccary.

> Goldsmith seldom; and quaintances rather to his and again, familiarity; "high jinks the entertain which it was he was alway amusement o be recognized joke on "G been put on r collar is neve mal humors o Goldsmith's Holiday'' in mates. Gold public-house, assumed the & bent on havi debted to one Temple, not one of those knowledge tha the Deserted

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d s smith is announced, and makes his grave bow: this is the man of genius about whom all the town is talking; the friend of Burke, of Reynolds, of Johnson, of Hogarth; this is not the ragged Irishman who was some time ago earning a crust by running errands for an apoth-ceary.

Goldsmith's grand airs, however, were assumed but seldom; and they never imposed on anybody. His acquaintances treated him with a familiarity which testified rather to his good-nature than to their good taste. and again, indeed, he was prompted to resent this familiarity; but the effort was not successful. In the "high jinks" to which he good-humoredly resorted for the entertainment of his guests he permitted a freedom which it was afterwards not very easy to discard; and as he was always ready to make a butt of himself for the amusement of his friends and acquaintances, it came to be recognized that anybody was allowed to play off a joke on "Goldy." The jokes, such of them as have been put on record, are of the poorest sort. The horsecollar is never far off. One gladly turns from these dismal humors of the tavern and the club to the picture of Goldsmith's enjoying what he called a "Shoemaker's Holiday" in the company of one or two chosen inti-Goldsmith, baited and bothered by the wits of a public-house, became a different being when he had assumed the guidance of a small party of chosen friends bent on having a day's frugal pleasure. We are indebted to one Cooke, a neighbor of Goldsmith's in the Temple, not only for a most interesting description of one of those shoemaker's holidays, but also for the knowledge that Goldsmith had even now begun writing the Deserted Village, which was not published till 1770.

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two years later. Goldsmith, though he could turn out plenty of manufactured stuff for the booksellers, worked slowly at the special story or poem with which he meant to "strike for honest fame." This Mr. Cooke, calling on him one morning, discovered that Goldsmith had that day written these ten lines of the *Deserted Village*:

"Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church, that topt the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!"

"Come," said he, "let me tell you this is no bad morning's work; and now, my dear boy, if you are not better engaged, I should be glad to enjoy a shoemaker's holiday with you." "A shoemaker's holiday," continues the writer of these reminiscences, "was a day of great festivity to poor Goldsmith, and was spent in the following innocent manner: Three or four of his intimate friends rendezvoused at his chambers to breakfast about ten olclock in the morning; at eleven they proceeded by the City Road and through the fields to Highbury Barn to dinner; about six o'clock in the evening they adjourned to White Conduit House to drink tea; and concluded by supping at the Grecian or Temple Exchange coffee-house or at the Globe in Fleet Street. There was a very good ordinary of two dishes and pastry kept at Highbury Barn about this time at tenpence per head, including a penny to the waiter; and the company generally consisted of literary characters, a few Templars, and some citizens who had

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left off trade. The whole expenses of the day's fête never exceeded a crown, and oftener were from three-and-sixpence to four skillings; for which the party obtained good air and exercise, good living, the example of simple manners, and good conversation."

It would have been well indeed for Goldsmith had he been possessed of sufficient strength of character to remain satisfied with these simple pleasures, and to have lived the quiet and modest life of a man of letters on such income as he could derive from the best work he could produce. But it is this same Mr. Cooke who gives decisive testimony as to Goldsmith's increasing desire to "shine" by imitating the expenditure of the great; the natural consequence of which was that he only plunged himself into a morass of debt, advances, contracts for hack-work, and misery. "His debts rendered him at times so melancholy and dejected, that I am sure he felt himself a very unhappy man." Perhaps it was with some sudden resolve to flee from temptation, and grapple with the difficulties that beset him, that he, in conjunction with another Temple neighbor, Mr. Bott, rented a cottage some eight miles down the Edgware Road; and here he set to work on the History of Rome, which he Apart from this hack-work. was writing for Davies. now rendered necessary by his debt, it is probable that one strong inducement leading him to this occasional seclusion was the progress he might be able to make with the Deserted Village. Amid all his town gayeties and country excursions, amid his dinners and suppers and dances, his borrowings, and contracts, and the hurried literary produce of the moment, he never forgot what was due to his reputation as an English poet. The journalistic bullies of the day might vent their spleen and

envy on him; his best friends might smile at his conversational failures; the wits of the tavern might put up the horse-collar as before; but at least he had the consolation of his art. No one better knew than himself the value of those finished and musical lines he was gradually adding to the beautiful poem, the grace, and sweetness, and tender, pathetic charm of which make it one of the literary treasures of the English people.

The sorrows of debt were not Goldsmith's only trouble at this time. For some reason or other he seems to have become the especial object of spiteful attack on the part of the literary cutthroats of the day. And Goldsmith, though he might listen with respect to the wise advice of Johnson on such matters, was never able to cultivate Johnson's habit of absolute indifference to any thing that might be said or sung of him. "The Kenricks, Campbells, MacNicols, and Hendersons," says Lord Macaulay -speaking of Johnson, "did their best to annoy him, in the hope that he would give them importance by answering them. But the reader will in vain search his works for any allusion to Kenrick or Campbell, to MacNicol or Henderson. One Scotchman, bent on vindicating the fame of Scotch learning, defied him to the combat in a detestable Latin hexameter—

'Maxime, si tu vis, cupio contendere tecum.'

But Johnson took no notice of the challenge. He had learned, both from his own observation and from literary history, in which he was deeply read, that the place of books in the public estimation is fixed, not by what is written about them, but by what is written in them; and that an author whose works are likely to live is very unwise if he stoops to wrangle with detractors whose

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works are certain to die. He always maintained that fame was a shuttlecock which could be kept up only by being beaten back, as well as beaten forward, and which would soon fall if there were only one battledore. No saying was oftener in his mouth than that fine apophthegm of Bentley, that no man was ever written down but by himself."

It was not given to Goldsmith to feel "like the Monument " on any occasion whatsoever. He was anxious to have the esteem of his friends; he was sensitive to a degree; denunciation or malice, begotten of envy that Johnson would have passed unheeded, wounded him to the quick. "The insults to which he had to submit," Thackeray wrote with a quick and warm sympathy, "are shocking to read of-slander, contumely, vulgar satire, brutal malignity perverting his commonest motives and actions: he had his share of these, and one's anger is roused at reading of them, as it is at seeing a woman insulted or a child assaulted, at the notion that a creature so very gentle, and weak, and full of love should have had to suffer so." Goldsmith's revenge, his defence of himself, his appeal to the public, were the Traveller, the Vicar of Wakefield, the Deserted Village; but these came at long intervals; and in the meantime he had to bear with the anonymous malignity that pursued him as best he might. No doubt, when Burke was entertaining him at dinner, and when Johnson was openly deferring to him in conversation at the Club, and when Reynolds was painting his portrait, he could afford to forget Mr. Kenrick and the rest of the libelling clan.

The occasions on which Johnson deferred to Goldsmith in conversation were no doubt few; but at all events the bludgeon of the great Cham would appear to have come

down less frequently on "honest Goldy" than on the other members of that famous coterie. It could come down heavily enough. "Sir," said an incautious person, "drinking drives away care, and makes us forget whatever is disagreeable. Would not you allow a man to drink for that reason?" "Yes, sir," was the reply; "if he sat next you." Johnson, however, was considerate towards Goldsmith, partly because of his affection for him, and partly because he saw under what disadvantages Goldsmith entered the lists. For one thing, the conversation of those evenings would seem to have drifted continually into the mere definition of phrases. Now Johnson had spent years of his life, during the compilation of his Dictionary, in doing nothing else but defining; and, whenever the dispute took a phraseological turn, he had it all his own way. Goldsmith, on the other hand, was apt to become confused in his eager self-consciousness. "Goldsmith," said Johnson to Boswell, "should not be forever attempting to shine in conversation; he has not temper for it, he is so much mortified when he fails. . . When he contends, if he gets the better, it is a very little addition to a man of his literary reputation: if he does not get the better, he is miserably vexed." Boswell, nevertheless, admits that Goldsmith was "often very fortunate in his witty contests, even when he entered the lists with Johnson himself," and goes on to tell how Goldsmith, relating the fable of the little fishes who petitioned Jupiter, and perceiving that Johnson was laughing at him, immediately said, "Why, Dr. Johnson, this is not so easy as you seem to think; for if you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like WHALES." Who but Goldsmith would have dared to play jokes on the sage! At supper they have rumps and kidneys.

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The sage expresses his approval of "the pretty little things;" but profoundly observes that one must eat a good many of them before being satisfied. "Ay, but how many of them," asks Goldsmith, "would reach to the moon?" The sage professes his ignorance; and, indeed, remarks that that would exceed even Goldsmith's calculations; when the practical joker observes, "Why, one, sir, if it were long enough." Johnson was completely beaten on this occasion. "Well, sir, I have deserved it. I should not have provoked so foolish an answer by so foolish a question."

It was Johnson himself, moreover, who told the story of Goldsmith and himself being in Poets' Corner; of his saying to Goldsmith,

"Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis,"

and of Goldsmith subsequently repeating the quotation when, having walked towards Fleet Street, they were confronted by the heads on Temple Bar. Even when Goldsmith was opinionated and wrong, Johnson's contradiction was in a manner gentle. "If you put a tub full of blood into a stable, the horses are like to go mad," observed Goldsmith. "I doubt that," was Johnson's reply. "Nay, sir, it is a fact well authenticated." Here Thrale interposed to suggest that Goldsmith should have the experiment tried in the stable; but Johnson merely said that, if Goldsmith began making these experiments, he would never get his book written at all. Occasionally, of course, Goldsmith was tossed and gored just like another. "But, sir," he had ventured to say, in opposition to Johnson, "when people live together who have something as to which they disagree, and which they want to shun, they will be in the situation mentioned in the story of Bluebeard, 'You may look into all the chambers but one.' But we should have the greatest inclination to look into that chamber, to talk of that subject." Here, according to Boswell, Johnson answered in a loud voice, "Sir, I am not saying that you could live in friendship with a man from whom you differ as to one point; I am only saying that I could do it." But then again he could easily obtain pardon from the gentle Goldsmith for any occasional rudeness. One evening they had a sharp passage of arms at dinner; and thereafter the company adjourned to the Club, where Goldsmith sat silent and depressed. "Johnson perceived this," says Boswell, "and said aside to some of us, 'I'll make Goldsmith forgive me;' and then called to him in a loud voice, 'Dr. Goldsmith, something passed to-day where you and I dined: I ask your pardon.' Goldsmith answered placidly, 'It must be much from you, sir, that I take ill.' And so at once the difference was over, and they were on as easy terms as ever, and Goldsmith rattled away as usual." For the rest, Johnson was the constant and doughty champion of Goldsmith as a man of letters. He would suffer no one to doubt the power and versatility of that genius which he had been amongst the first to recognize and encourage.

"Whether, indeed, we take him as a poet, as a comic writer, or as an historian," he announced to an assemblage of distinguished persons met together at dinner at Mr. Beauclerc's, "he stands in the first class." And there was no one living who dared dispute the verdict—at least in Johnson's hearing.

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CHAPTER XIV.

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THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

But it is time to return to the literary performances that gained for this uncouth Irishman so great an amount of consideration from the first men of his time. The engagement with Griffin about the History of Animated Nature was made at the beginning of 1769. The work was to occupy eight volumes; and Dr. Goldsmith was to receive eight hundred guineas for the complete copyright. Whether the undertaking was originally a suggestion of Griffin's, or of Goldsmith's own, does not appear. If it was the author's, it was probably only the first means that occurred to him of getting another advance; and that advance—£500 on account—he did actually get. But if it was the suggestion of the publisher, Griffin must have been a bold man. A writer whose acquaintance with animated nature was such as to allow him to make the "insidious tiger" a denizen of the backwoods of Canada, was not a very safe authority. But perhaps Griffin had consulted Johnson before making this bargain; and we know that Johnson, though continually remarking on Goldsmith's extraordinary ignorance of facts, was of opinion that the History of Ani-

¹ See Citizen of the World, Letter XVII.

Goldsmith's afford to sa another poe Perhaps Gol promise who a certain po then, to hav the rest to ance of the and remarke of the best Pope, should tion." We would at th trusted to hi pay £400 for as much to ners: "I ca my Lord; th labors I can clothes." A

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mated Nature would be "as entertaining as a Persian tale." However, Goldsmith—no doubt after he had spent the five hundred guineas—tackled the work in ear-When Boswell subsequently went out to call on him at another rural retreat he had taken on the Edgware Road, Boswell and Mickle, the translator of the Lusiad, found Goldsmith from home; "but, having a curiosity to see his apartment, we went in and found curious scraps of descriptions of animals scrawled upon the wall with a black-lead pencil." Meanwhile, this Animated Nature being in hand, the Roman History was published, and was very well received by the critics and by the public. "Goldsmith's abridgment," Johnson declared, "is better than that of Lucius Florus or Eutropius; and I will venture to say that if you compare him with Vertot, in the same places of the Roman History, you will find that lie excels Vertot. Sir, he has the art of compiling, and of saying every thing he has to say in a pleasing manner."

So thought the booksellers too; and the success of the Roman History only involved him in fresh projects of compilation. By an offer of £500 Davies induced him to lay aside for the moment the Animated Nature and begin "An History of England, from the Birth of the British Empire to the death of George the Second, in four volumes octavo." He also about this time undertook to write a Life of Thomas Parnell. Here, indeed, was plenty of work, and work promising good pay; but the depressing thing is that Goldsmith should have been the man who had to do it. He may have done it better than any one else could have done—indeed, looking over the results of all that drudgery, we recognize now the happy turns of expression which were never long absent from

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Goldsmith's prose-writing—but the world could well afford to sacrifice all the task-work thus got through for another poem like the Deserted Village or the Traveller. Perhaps Goldsmith considered he was making a fair compromise when, for the sake of his reputation, he devoted a certain portion of his time to his poetical work, and then, to have money for fine clothes and high jinks, gave the rest to the booksellers. One critic, on the appearance of the Roman History, referred to the Traveller, and remarked that it was a pity that the "author of one of the best poems that has appeared since those of Mr. Pope, should not apply wholly to works of imagination." We may echo that regret now; but Goldsmith would at the time have no doubt replied that, if he had trusted to his poems, he would never have been able to pay £400 for chambers in the Temple. In fact he said as much to Lord Lisburn at one of the Academy dinners: "I cannot afford to court the draggle-tail muses, my Lord; they would let me starve; but by my other labors I can make shift to eat, and drink, and have good clothes." And there is little use in our regretting now that Goldsmith was not cast in a more heroic mould; we have to take him as he is; and be grateful for what he has left us.

It is a grateful relief to turn from these booksellers' contracts and forced labors to the sweet clear note of singing that one finds in the *Deserted Village*. This poem, after having been repeatedly announced and as often withdrawn for further revision, was at last published on the 26th of May, 1770, when Goldsmith was in his forty-second year. The leading idea of it he had already thrown out in certain lines in the *Traveller*:

"Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore, Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore? Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste. Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste? Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain, Lead stern depopulation in her train, And over fields where scattered hamlets rose In barren solitary pomp repose? Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call The smiling long-frequented village fall? Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed, The modest matron, and the blushing maid. Forced from their homes, a melancholy train. To traverse climes beyond the western main; Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around, And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?"

-and elsewhere, in recorded conversations of his, we find that he had somehow got it into his head that the accumulation of wealth in a country was the parent of all evils, including depopulation. We need not stay here to discuss Goldsmith's position as a political economist; even although Johnson seems to sanction his theory in the four lines he contributed to the end of the poem. Nor is it worth while returning to that objection of Lord Macaulay's which has already been mentioned in these pages, further than to repeat that the poor Irish village in which Goldsmith was brought up, no doubt looked to him as charming as any Auburn, when he regarded it through the softening and beautifying mist of years. It is enough that the abandonment by a number of poor people of the homes in which they and theirs have lived their lives, is one of the most pathetic facts in our civilization; and that out of the various circumstances surrounding this forced migration Goldsmith has made one of the most graceful and touching poems in the English

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language. It is clear bird-singing; but there is a pathetic note in it. That imaginary ramble through the Lissoy that is far away has recalled more than his boyish sports; It has made him look back over his own life—the life of an exile. Line 85-46/

"I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last."

Who can doubt that it was of Lissoy he was thinking? Sir Walter Scott, writing a generation ago, said that "the church which tops the neighboring hill," the mill and the brook were still to be seen in the Irish village; and that even

"The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade, For talking age and whispering dovers made,"

had been identified by the indefatigable tourist, and was of course being cut to pieces to make souvenirs. But indeed it is of little consequence whether we say that Auburn is an English village, or insist that it is only Lissoy idealized, as long as the thing is true in itself. And we know that this is true: it is not that one sees the place as a picture, but that one seems to be breathing its very atmosphere, and listening to the various cries that thrill the "hollow silence."

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"Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.

There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spake the vacant mind."

Nor is it any romantic and impossible peasantry that is gradually brought before us. There are no Norvals in Lissoy. There is the old woman—Catherine Geraghty, they say, was her name—who gathered cresses in the ditches near her cabin. There is the village preacher whom Mrs. Hodson, Goldsmith's sister, took to be a portrait of their father; but whom others have identified as Henry Goldsmith, and even as the uncle Contarine: they may all have contributed. And then comes l'addy Byrne. Amid all the pensive tenderness of the poem this description of the schoolmaster, with its strokes of demure humor, is introduced with delightful effect:

"Beside you straggling fence that skirts the way, With blossomed furze unprofitably gay, There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule, The village master taught his little school.

A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught, The love he bore to learning was in fault;

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The village all declared how much he knew:
Twas certain he could write, and cipher too:
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge:
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill;
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

All this is so simple and natural that we cannot fail to believe in the reality of Auburn, or Lissoy, or whatever the village may be supposed to be. We visit the clergyman's cheerful fireside; and look in on the noisy school; and sit in the evening in the ale-house to listen to the profound politics talked there. But the crisis comes, Auburn delenda est. Here, no doubt, occurs the least probable part of the poem. Poverty of soil is a common cause of emigration; land that produces oats (when it can produce oats at all) three fourths mixed with weeds. and hay chiefly consisting of rushes, naturally discharges its surplus population as families increase; and though the wrench of parting is painful enough, the usual result is a change from starvation to competence. It more rarely happens that a district of peace and plenty, such as Auburn was supposed to see around it, is depopulated to add to a great man's estate. Low 175-773

> "The man of wealth and pride Takes up a space that many poor supplied; Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds, Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:

> His seat, where solitary sports are seen, Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;"

and so forth. This seldom happens; but it does nappen; and it has happened, in our own day, in England It is within the last twenty years that an English land lord, having faith in his riches, bade a village be removed and east elsewhere, so that it should no longer be visible from his windows: and it was forthwith removed. But any solitary instance like this is not sufficient to support the theory that wealth and luxury are inimical to the existence of a hardy peasantry; and so we must admit, after all, that it is poetical exigency rather than political economy that has decreed the destruction of the loveliest village of the plain. Where, asks the poet, are the driven poor to find refuge, when even the fenceless commons are seized upon and divided by the rich? In the great cities?— (Art. 7/2)

"To see profusion that he must not share;.
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury and thin mankind,"

It is in this description of a life in cities that there occurs an often-quoted passage, which has in it one of the most perfect lines in English poetry:

Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head.
And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown."
Goldsmith wrote in a pre-Wordsworthian age, when,

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No one has a concisely when surcharged values absent in such other similar tion of the dare driven:

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even in the realms of poetry, a primrose was not much more than a primrose; but it is doubtful whether, either before, during, or since Wordsworth's time, the sentiment that the imagination can infuse into the common and familiar things around us ever received more happy expression than in the well-known line,

" Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

No one has as yet succeeded in defining accurately and concisely what poetry is; but at all events this line is surcharged with a certain quality which is conspicuously absent in such a production as the *Essay on Man*. Another similar line is to be found further on in the description of the distant scenes to which the proscribed people are driven:

"Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go, Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe."

Indeed, the pathetic side of emigration has never been so powerfully presented to us as in this poem: 3765

"When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main,
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.

Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where you anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness are there;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love."

And worst of all, in this imaginative departure, we find that Poetry herself is leaving our shores. She is now to try her voice

and the poet, in the closing lines of the poem, bids her a passionate and tender farewell:

"And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid, Still first to fly where sensual joys invade; Unfit in these degenerate times of shame To catch the neart, or strike for honest fame; Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried, My shame in crowds, my solitary pride; Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe, That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so; Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel, Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well! Farewell, and oh! where'er thy voice be tried, On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side, Whether where equinoctial fervors glow, Or winter wraps the polar world in snow, Still let thy voice, prevailing over time, Redress the rigors of the inclement clime; Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain; Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain: Teach him, that states of native strength possest, Though very poor, may still be very blest; That trade's proud empire hastes to swift deca. As ocean sweeps the labored mole away; While self-dependent power can time defy, As rocks resist the billows and the sky."

So ends this graceful, melodious, tender poem, the position of which in English literature, and in the estimation of all who love English literature, has not been disturbed by any fluctuations of literary fashion. We may give more attention at the moment to the new experiments of the poetic method; but we return only with re-

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newed gratitude to the old familiar strain, not the least merit of which is that it has nothing about it of foreign tricks or graces. In English literature there is nothing more thoroughly English than these writings produced by an Irishman. And whether or not it was Paddy Byrne, and Catherine Geraghty, and the Lissoy ale-house that Goldsmith had in his mind when he was writing the poem, is not of much consequence I the manner and language and feeling are all essentially English; so that we never think of calling Goldsmith any thing but an English poet.

The poem met with great and immediate success. course every thing that Dr. Goldsmith now wrote was read by the public; he had not to wait for the recommendation of the reviews; but, in this case, even the reviews had scarcely any thing but praise in the welcome of his new book. It was dedicated, in graceful and ingenious terms, to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who returned the compliment by painting a picture and placing on the engraving of it this inscription: "This attempt to express a character in the Deserted Village is dedicated to Dr. Goldsmith by his sincere friend and admirer, Sir Joshua Reynolds." What Goldsmith got from Griffin for the poem is not accurately known; and this is a misfortune, for the knowledge would have enabled us to judge whether at that time it was possible for a poet to court the draggle-tail muses without risk of starvation. But if fame were his chief object in the composition of the poem, he was sufficiently rewarded; and it is to be surmised that by this time the people in Ireland—no longer implored to get subscribers-had heard of the proud position won by the vagrant youth who had "taken the world for his pillow" some eighteen years before.

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That his own thoughts had sometimes wandered back to the scenes and friends of his youth during this labor of love, we know from his letters. In January of this year, while as yet the Deserted Village was not quite through the press, he wrote to his brother Maurice; and expressed himself as most anxious to hear all about the relatives from whom he had been so long parted. He has something to say about himself too; wishes it to be known that the King has lately been pleased to make him Professor of Ancient History "in a Royal Academy of Painting which he has just established;" but gives no very flourishing account of his circumstances. "Honors to one in my situation are something like ruffles to a man that wants a shirt." However, there is some small legacy of fourteen or fifteen pounds left him by his uncle Contarine, which he understands to be in the keeping of his cousin Lawder; and to this wealth he is desirous of foregoing all claim: his relations must settle how it may be best expended. But there is not a reference to his literary achievements, or the position won by them; not the slightest yielding to even a pardonable vanity; it is a modest, affectionate letter. The only hint that Maurice Goldsmith receives of the esteem in which his brother is held in London, is contained in a brief mention of Johnson, Burke, and others as his friends. "I have sent my cousin Jenny a miniature picture of myself, as I believe it is the most acceptable present I can offer. I have ordered it to be left for her at George Faulkenor's, folded in a letter. The face, you well know, is ugly enough; but it is finely painted. I will shortly also send my friends over the Shannon some mezzotinto prints of myself, and some more of my friends here, such as Burke, Johnson, Reynolds, and Colman. I believe I have written an hundred letters to different friends in your country, and never received an answer from any of them. I do not know how to account for this, or why they are unwilling to keep up for me those regards which I must ever retain for them." The letter winds up with an appeal for news, news.

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CHAPTER XV.

OCCASIONAL WRITINGS.

Some two months after the publication of the Deserted Village, when its success had been well assured, Goldsmith proposed to himself the relaxation of a little Continental tour; and he was accompanied by three ladies, Mrs. Horneck and her two pretty daughters, who doubtless took more charge of him than he did of them. This Mrs. Horneck, the widow of a certain Captain Horneck, was connected with Reynolds, while Burke was the guardian of the two girls; so that it was natural that they should make the acquaintance of Dr. Goldsmith. foolish attempt has been made to weave out of the relations supposed to exist between the younger of the girls and Goldsmith an imaginary romance; but there is not the slightest actual foundation for any thing of the kind. Indeed the best guide we can have to the friendly and familiar terms on which he stood with regard to the Hornecks and their circle, is the following careless and jocular reply to a chance invitation sent him by the two sisters:

'Your mandate I got,
You may all go to pot;
Had your senses been right,
You'd have sent before night;

But, alas! When both

"The Jest bestowed on the speculatic edy" was here who was in her daughter this Contine Goldsmith; was not glad

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As I hope to be saved,
I put off being shaved;
For I could not make bold,
While the matter was cold,
To meddle in suds,
Or to put on my duds;
So tell Horneck and Nesbitt
And Baker and his bit,
And Kauffman beside,
And the Jessamy bride;
With the rest of the crew,
The Reynoldses two,
Little Comedy's face
And the Captain in lace.

Yet how can I when vext
Thus stray from my text?
Tell each other to rue
Your Devonshire crew,
For sending so late
To one of my state.
But 'tis Reynolds's way
From wisdom to stray,
And Angelica's whim
To be frolic like him.

But, alas! your good worships, how could they be wiser, When both have been spoiled in to-day's Advertiser?"

"The Jessamy Bride" was the pet nickname he had bestowed on the younger Miss Horneck—the heroine of the speculative romance just mentioned; "Little Comedy" was her sister; "the Captain in lace" their brother, who was in the Guards. No doubt Mrs. Horneck and her daughters were very pleased to have with them on this Continental trip so distinguished a person as Dr. Goldsmith; and he must have been very ungrateful if he was not glad to be provided with such charming compan

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ions. The story of the sudden envy he displayed of the admiration excited by the two handsome young Englishwomen as they stood at a hotel-window in Lille, is so incredibly foolish that it needs scarcely be repeated here; unless to repeat the warning that, if ever anybody was so dense as not to see the humor of that piece of acting, one had better look with grave suspicion on every one of the stories told about Goldsmith's vanities and absurdities.

Even with such pleasant companions, the trip to Paris was not every thing he had hoped. "I find," he wrote to Reynolds from Paris, "that travelling at twenty and at forty are very different things. I set out with all my confirmed habits about me, and can find nothing on the Continent so good as when I formerly left it. One of our chief amusements here is scolding at every thing we meet with, and praising every thing and every person we left at home. You may judge therefore whether your name is not frequently bandied at table among us. To tell you the truth, I never thought I could regret your absence so much, as our various mortifications on the road have often taught me to do. I could tell you of disasters and adventures without number, of our lying in barns, and of my being half poisoned with a dish of green peas, of our quarrelling with postilions and being cheated by our landladies, but I reserve all this for a happy hour which I expect to share with you upon my return." The fact is that although Goldsmith had seen a good deal of foreign travel, the manner of his making the grand tour in his youth was not such as to fit him for acting as courier to a party of ladies. However, if they increased his troubles, they also shared them; and in this same letter he bears explicit testimony to the value of their companionship. "I will soon be among you,

better please before. At make France I am at pres about that, I send it away samy Bride, Royal Acade sume his reinto regions Reynolds, at booksellers.

It was a l now showing at Ranglagh compilier me guest of Lor lighting som cranks; play and writing (where and at And, of cour being mistak good faith I burst out laug that he had n the country, ' I had been an be a very ext that humorou ually indulgin record that " ner of his hi better pleased with my situation at home than I ever was before. And yet I must say, that if any thing could make France pleasant, the very good women with whom I am at present would certainly do it. I could say more about that, but I intend showing them this letter before I send it away." Mrs. Horneck, Little Comedy, the Jessamy Bride, and the Professor of Ancient History at the Royal Academy, all returned to London; the last to resume his round of convivialities at taverns, excursions into regions of more fashionable amusement along with Reynolds, and task-work aimed at the pockets of the booksellers.

It was a happy-go-lucky sort of life. We find him now showing off his fine clothes and his sword and wig at Randagh Gardens, and again shut up in his chambers compilin memoirs and histories in hot haste; now the guest of Lord Clare, and figuring at Bath, and again delighting some small domestic circle by his quips and cranks; playing jokes for the amusement of children, and writing comic letters in verse to their elders; everywhere and at all times merry, thoughtless, good-natured. And, of course, we find also his humorous pleasantries being mistakén for blundering stupidity. In perfect good faith Boswell describes how a number of people burst out laughing when Goldsmith publicly complained that he had met Lord Camden at Lord Clare's house in the country, "and he took no more notice of me than if I had been an ordinary man." Goldsmith's claiming to be a very extraordinary person was precisely a stroke of that humorous self-depreciation in which he was continually indulging; and the Jessamy Bride has left it on record that "on many occasions, from the peculiar manner of his humor, and assumed frown of countenance.

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what was often uttered in jest was mistaken by those who did not know him for earnest." This would appear to have been one of those occasions. The company burst out laughing at Goldsmith's having made a fool of himself; and Johnson was compelled to come to his rescue. "Nay, gentlemen, Dr. Goldsmith is in the right. A nobleman ought to have made up to such a man as Goldsmith; and I think it is much against Lord Camden that he neglected him."

Mention of Lord Clare naturally recalls the Haunch of Venison. Goldsmith was particularly happy in writing bright and airy verses; the grace and lightness of his touch has rarely been approached. It must be confessed, however, that in this direction he was somewhat of an Autolycus; unconsidered trifles he freely-appropriated; but he committed these thefts with scarcely any concealment, and with the most charming air in the In fact some of the snatches of verse which he contributed to the Bee scarcely profess to be any thing else than translations, though the originals are not given. But who is likely to complain when we get as the result such a delightful piece of nonsense as the famous Elegy on that Glory of her Sex, Mrs. Mary Blaize, which has been the parent of a vast progeny since Goldsmith's time?

> "Good people all, with one accord Lament for Madam Blaize, Who never wanted a good word From those who spoke her praise.

"The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

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- "She strove the neighborhood to please,
 With manners wondrous winning;
 And never followed wicked ways—
 Unless when she was sinning.
- "At church, in silks and satins new,
 With hoop of monstrous size,
 She never slumbered in her pew—
 But when she shut her eyes.
- "Her love was sought, I do aver,
 By twenty beaux and more;
 The king himself has followed her—
 When she has walked before.
- "But now her wealth and finery fled,
 Her hangers on cut short all;
 The doctors found, when she was dead—
 Her last disorder mortal.
- "Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
 For Kent Street well may say,
 That had she lived a twelvemonth more—
 She had not died to-day."

The Haunch of Venison, on the other hand, is a poetical letter of thanks to Lord Clare—an easy, jocular epistle, in which the writer has a cut or two at certain of his literary brethren. Then, as he is looking at the venison, and determining not to send it to any such people as Hiffernan or Higgins, who should step in but our old friend Beau Tibbs, or some one remarkably like him in manner and speech?—

"While thus I debated, in reverie centred,
An acquaintance, a friend as he called himself, entered;
An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
And he smiled as he looked at the venison and me.

"What have we got here?—Why this is good eating!
Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting?"

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'Why, whose should it be?' cried I with a flounce;

'I get these things often '-but that was a bounce :

'Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation, Are pleased to be kind—but I hate ostentation.'

'If that be the case then,' cried he, very gay,

I'm glad I have taken this house in my way. To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;

No words—I insist on't—precisely at three;

We'll have Johnson, and Burke; all the wits will be there;

My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord Clare.

And now that I think on't, as I am a sinner!

We wanted this venison to make out the dinner.

What say you—a pasty? It shall, and it must,

And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.

Here, porter! this venison with me to Mile End;

No stirring—I beg—my dear friend—my dear friend!'

Thus, snatching his hat, he brushed off like the wind, And the porter and eatables followed behind."

We need not follow the vanished venison—which did not make its appearance at the banquet any more than did Johnson or Burke—further than to say that if Lord Clare did not make it good to the poet he did not deserve to have his name associated with such a clever and careless jeu d'esprit.

Goldsmith al lagh masque on his finar peared, the l having been erties of the smith got for stipulated fo ther sum of f Then, by this him the whol mated Natur part of the had begun a Wakefield; written were dertaking wa now thinking purse. $_{
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CHAPTER XVI.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

But the writing of smart verses could not keep Dr. Goldsmith alive, more especially as dinner-parties, Ranelagh masquerades, and similar diversions pressed heavily on his finances. When his History of England appeared, the literary cutthroats of the day accused him of having been bribed by the Government to betray the liberties of the people: 'a foolish charge. What Goldsmith got for the English History was the sum originally stipulated for, and now no doubt all spent; with a further sum of fifty guineas for an abridgment of, the work. Then, by this time, he had persuaded Griffin to advance him the whole of the eight hundred guineas for the Animated Nature, though he had only done about a third part of the book. At the instigation of Newbery he had begun a story after the manner of the Vicar of Wakefield; but it appears that such chapters as he had written were not deemed to be promising; and the undertaking was abandoned. The fact is, Goldsmith was now thinking of another method of replenishing his The Vicar of Wakefield had brought him little purse.

^{1 &}quot;God knows I had no thought for or against liberty in my head; my whole aim being to make up a book of a decent size that, as Squire Richard says, 'would do no harm to nobody.'"—Goldsmith to Langton, September, 1771.

but reputation; the Good-natured Man had brought him £500. It was to the stage that he now looked for assistance out of the financial slough in which he was plunged. He was engaged in writing a comedy; and that comedy was She Stoops to Conquer.

In the Dedication to Johnson which was prefixed to this play on its appearance in type, Goldsmith hints that the attempt to write a comedy not of the sentimental order then in fashion, was a hazardous thing; and also that Colman, who saw the piece in its various stages, was of this opinion too. Colman threw cold water on the undertaking from the very beginning. It was only extreme pressure on the part of Goldsmith's friends that induced-or rather compelled-him to accept the comedy; and that, after he had kept the unfortunate author in the tortures of suspense for month after month. though Goldsmith knew the danger, he was resolved to face it. He hated the sentimentalists and all their works; and determined to keep his new comedy faithful to nature, whether people called it low or not. His object was to raise a genuine, hearty laugh; not to write a piece for school declamation; and he had enough confidence in himself to do the work in his own way. Moreover he took the earliest possible opportunity, in writing this piece, of poking fun at the sensitive creatures who had been shocked by the "vulgarity" of The Goodnatured Man. "Bravo! Bravo!" cry the jolly companions of Tony Lumpkin, when that promising buckeen has finished his song at the Three Pigeons; then follows criticism:

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Indeed, G ety, was alw his pen in comedy one fidence sinc Here there is conversation conveying a crammed in work of his self—his mis hampering h improbable | begin to forg ralness of the brisk movem

Fashions in the wholeson quer is as cap was when it is Lumpkin is of going public cub's jibes a has a sneakin him, rather the malevolent to

[&]quot; First Follow. The squire has got spunk in him.

[&]quot;Second Fel. I loves to hear him sing, bekeays he never gives us nothing that's low.

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" Third Fel. O damn any thing that's low, I cannot bear it.

"Fourth Fel. The genteel thing is the genteel thing any time; if so be that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly.

"Third Fel. I likes the maxum of it, Master Muggins. What, though I am obligated to dance a bear, a man may be a gentleman for all that. May this be my poison, if my bear ever dances but to the very genteelest of tunes; 'Water Parted,' or the 'The Minuet in Ariadne.'"

Indeed, Goldsmith, however he might figure in society, was always capable of holding his own when he had his pen in his hand. And even at the outset of this comedy one sees how much he has gained in literary confidence since the writing of the Good-natured Man. Here there is no anxious stiffness at all; but a brisk, free conversation, full of point that is not too formal, and yet conveying all the information that has usually to be crammed into a first scene. In taking as the groundwork of his plot that old adventure that had befallen himself-his mistaking a squire's house for an inn-he was hampering himself with something that was not the less improbable because it had actually happened; but we begin to forget all the improbabilities through the naturalness of the people to whom we are introduced, and the brisk movement and life of the piece.

Fashions in dramatic literature may come and go; but the wholesome good-natured fun of She Stoops to Conquer is as capable of producing a hearty laugh now as it was when it first saw the light in Covent Garden. Tony Lumpkin is one of the especial favorites of the theatregoing public; and no wonder. With all the young cub's jibes and jeers, his impudence and grimaces, one has a sneaking love for the scapegrace; we laugh with him, rather than at him; how can we fail to enjoy those malevolent tricks of his when he so obviously enjoys

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them himself? And Diggory—do we not owe an eternal debt of gratitude to honest Diggory for telling us about Ould Grouse in the gunroom, that immortal joke at which thousands and thousands of people have roared with laughter, though they never any one of them could tell what the story was about? The scene in which the oid squire lectures his faithful attendants on their manners and duties, is one of the truest bits of comedy on the English stage:

"Mr. Hardcastle. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

" Diggory. Ay, mind how I hold them. I learned to hold my hands this way when I was upon drill for the militia. And so

being upon drill——

"Hard. You must not be so talkative, Diggory. You must be all attention to the guests. You must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

"Dig. By the laws, your worship, that's parfectly unpossible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forward, ecod,

he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

"Hard. Blockhead! Is not a bellyful in the kitchen as good as a bellyful in the parlor? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

"Dig. Ecod, I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay

my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

"Hard. Diggory, you are too talkative.—Then, if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a laughing, as if you made part of the company.

"Dig. Then ecod your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gunroom; I can't help laughing at that—he! he!—for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years—ha! ha! ha!

"Hard. Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well

honest Diggo be attentive. glass of wine, you please (to

" Dig. Eco the eatables a I'm as bauld:

" Hard. W

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" Third Ser

" Dig. Wat

No doubt Mr. Colman fined wits of humors of a in this direct in a letter t amusing in it quoting at la edy,'' says th of all farces very vulgar, t moral, no ed ever, are well the grossness total improbat what disgusts very low, and sentence that Horace Walpe Garden comed laughter left, a in the literar K

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honest Diggory, you may laugh at that—but stfll remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave? A glass of wine, sir, if you please (to Diggory).—Eh, why don't you move?

"Dig. Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upo' the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

- " Hard. What, will nobody move?
- " First Serv. I'm not to leave this pleace.
- " Second Serv. I'm sure it's no pleace of mine.
- " Third Serv. Nor mine, for sartain.
- "Dig. Wauns, and I'm sure it canna be mine."

No doubt all this is very "low" indeed; and perhaps Mr. Colman may be forgiven for suspecting that the refined wits of the day would be shocked by these rude humors of a parcel of servants. But all that can be said in this direction was said at the time by Horace Walpole, in a letter to a friend of his; and this criticism is so amusing in its pretence and imbecility that it is worth quoting at large. "Dr. Goldsmith has written a comedy," says this profound critic, "-no, it is the lowest of all farces; it is not the subject I condemn, though very vulgar, but the execution. The drift tends to no moral, no edification of any kind—the situations, however, are well imagined, and make one laugh in spite of the grossness of the dialogue, the forced witticisms, and total improbability of the whole plan and conduct. what disgusts me most is, that though the characters are very low, and aim at low humor, not one of them says a sentence that is natural, or marks any character at all." Horace Walpole sighing for edification—from a Covent Garden comedy! Surely, if the old gods have any laughter left, and if they take any notice of what is done in the literary world here below, there must bave

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rumbled through the courts of Olympus a guffaw of sardonic laughter when that solemn criticism was put down on paper.

Meanwhile Colman's original fears had developed into a sort of stupid obstinacy. He was so convinced that the play would not succeed, that he would spend no money in putting it on the stage; while far and wide he announced its failure as a foregone conclusion. Under this gloom of vaticination the rehearsals were nevertheless proceeded with—the brunt of the quarrels among the players falling wholly on Goldsmith, for the manager seems to have withdrawn in despair; while all the Johnson confraternity were determined to do what they could for Goldsmith on the opening night. That was the 15th of March, 1773. His friends invited the author to dinner as a prelude to the play; Dr. Johnson was in the chair; there was plenty of gayety. But this means of keeping up the anxious author's spirits was not very successful. Goldsmith's mouth, we are told by Reynolds, became so parched "from the agitation of his mind, that he was unable to swallow a single mouthful." over, he could not face the ordeal of sitting through the play; when his friends left the tavern and betook themselves to the theatre, he went away by himself; and was subsequently found walking in St. James's Park. friend who discovered him there persuaded him that his presence in the theatre might be useful in case of an emergency; and ultimately got him to accompany him to Covent Garden. When Goldsmith reached the theatre, the fifth act had been begun.

Oddly enough, the first thing he heard on entering the stage-door was a hiss. The story goes that the poor author was dreadfully frightened; and that in answer to

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a hurried question, Colman exclaimed, "Psha! Doctor, don't be afraid of a squib, when we have been sitting these two hours on a barrel of gunpowder. "If this was meant as a hoax, it was a cruel one; if meant seriously, it was untrue. For the piece had turned out a great hit. From beginning to end of the performance the audience were in a roar of laughter; and the single hiss that Goldsmith unluckily heard was so markedly exceptional, that it became the talk of the town, and was variously attributed to one or other of Goldsmith's rivals. Colman, too, suffered at the hands of the wits for his gloomy and falsified predictions; and had, indeed, to beg Goldsmith to intercede for him. It is a great pity that Boswell was not in London at this time; for then we might have had a description of the supper that naturally would follow the play, and of Goldsmith's demeanor under this new Besides the gratification, moreover, of his choice of materials being approved by the public, there was the material benefit accruing to him from the three "author's nights." These are supposed to have produced nearly five hundred pounds—a substantial sum in those days.

Boswell did not come to London till the second of April following; and the first mention we find of Goldsmith is in connection with an incident which has its ludicrous as well as its regrettable aspect. The further success of She Stoops to Conquer was not likely to propitiate the wretched hole-and-corner cutthroats that infested the journalism of that day. More especially was Kenrick driven mad with envy; and so, in a letter addressed to the London Packet, this poor creature determined once more to set aside the judgment of the public, and show Dr. Goldsmith in his true colors. The letter is

a wretched production, full of personalities only fit for an angry washerwoman, and of rancor without point. But there was one passage in it that effectually roused Goldsmith's rage; for here the Jessamy Bride was introduced as "the lovely H-k." The letter was anonymous; but the publisher of the print, a man called Evans, was known; and so Goldsmith thought he would go and give Evans a beating. If he had asked Johnson's advice about the matter, he would no doubt have been told to pay no heed at all to anonymous scurrility—certainly not to attempt to reply to it with a cudgel. When Johnson heard that Foote meant to "take him off," he turned to Davies and asked him what was the common price of an oak stick; but an oak stick in Johnson's hands and an oak stick in Goldsmith's hands were two different things. However, to the bookseller's shop the indignant poet proceeded, in company with a friend; got hold of Evans; accused him of having insulted a young lady by putting her name in his paper; and, when the publisher would fain have shifted the responsibility on to the editor, forthwith denounced him as a rascal, and hit him over the back with his cane. The publisher, however, was quite a match for Goldsmith; and there is no saying how the deadly combat might have ended, had not a lamp been broken overhead, the oil of which drenched both the warriors. This intervention of the superior gods was just as successful as a Homeric cloud; the fray ceased; Goldsmith and his friend withdrew; and ultimately an action for assault was compromised by Goldsmith's paying fifty pounds to a charity. Then the howl of the journals arose. Their prerogative had been assailed. "Attacks upon private character were the most liberal existing source of newspaper income," Mr. Forster writes:

and so the pace. There was no Goldsmith a letter of defended done it wit is a foolish marked, "Weat; he may new plume to

and so the pack turned with one cry on the unlucky poet. There was nothing of "the Monument" about poor Goldsmith; and at last he was worried into writing a letter of defence addressed to the public. "He has indeed done it very well," said Johnson to Boswell, "but it is a foolish thing well done." And further he remarked, "Why, sir. I believe it is the first time he has beat; he may have veen beaten pefore. This, sir, is a new plume to him."

CHAPTER XVII.

INCREASING DIFFICULTIES. --- THE END.

THE pecuniary success of She Stoops to Conquer did but little to relieve Goldsmith from those financial embarrassments which were now weighing heavily on his mind. And now he had less of the old high spirits that had enabled him to laugh off the cares of debt. His health became disordered; an old disease renewed its attacks, and was grown more violent because of his long-continued sedentary habits. Indeed, from this point to the day of his death—not a long interval, either—we find little but a record of successive endeavors, some of them wild and hopeless enough, to obtain money anyhow. Of course he went to the Club, as usual; and gave dinner-parties; and had a laugh or a song ready for the occasion. It is possible, also, to trace a certain growth of confidence in himself, no doubt the result of the repeated proofs of his genius he had put before his friends. It was something more than mere personal intimacy that justified the rebuke he administered to Reynolds, when the latter painted an allegorical picture representing the triumph of Beattie and Truth over Voltaire and Scepticism. very ill becomes a man of your eminence and character," he said, "to debase so high a genius as Voltaire before

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He was on and he had 1 life; so that t ing that the ϵ began to suffe irritable and c sult of failing with the boo have been mu asked to step offended with sending away Goldsmith, as luxurious for (ably owing to haps to some Johnson spoke Mrs. Thrale ha best person to would write it particular mali truth, would 1 to my charact so mean a writer as Beattie. Beattie and his book will be forgotten in ten years, while Voltaire's fame will last forever. Take care it does not perpetuate this picture, to the shame of such a man as you." He was aware, too, of the position he had won for himself in English literature. He knew that people in after-days would ask about him; and it was with no sort of unwarrantable vainglory that he gave Percy certain materials for a biography which he wished him to undertake. Hence the Percy Memoir.

He was only forty-five when he made this request; and he had not suffered much from illness during his life; so that there was apparently no grounds for imagining that the end was near. But at this time Goldsmith began to suffer severe fits of depression; and he grew irritable and capricious of temper-no doubt another result of failing health. He was embroiled in disputes with the booksellers; and, on one occasion, seems to have been much hurt because Johnson, who had been asked to step in as arbiter, decided against him. He was offended with Johnson on another occasion because of his sending away certain dishes at a dinner given to him by Goldsmith, as a hint that these entertainments were too luxurious for one in Goldsmith's position. It was probably owing to some temporary feeling of this sort—perhaps to some expression of it on Goldsmith's part—that Johnson spoke of Goldsmith's "malice" towards him. Mrs. Thrale had suggested that Goldsmith would be the best person to write Johnson's biography. "The dog would write it best, to be sure," said Johnson, "but his particular malice towards me, and general disregard of truth, would make the book useless to all and injurious to my character." Of course it is always impossible to

say what measure of jocular exaggeration there may not be in a chance phrase such as this; of the fact that there was no serious or permanent quarrel between the two friends we have abundant proof in Boswell's faithful

pages.

To return to the various endeavors made by Goldsmith and his friends to meet the difficulties now closing in around him, we find, first of all, the familiar hack-work. For two volumes of a History of Greece he had received from Griffin £250. Then his friends tried to get him a pension from the Government; but this was definitely refused. An expedient of his own seemed to promise well at first. He thought of bringing out a Popular Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, a series of contributions mostly by his friends, with himself as editor; and among those who offered to assist him were Johnson, Reynolds, Burke, and Dr. Burney. But the booksellers were afraid. The project would involve a large expense; and they had no high opinion of Goldsmith's business Then he offered to alter The Good-natured Man for Garrick; but Garrick preferred to treat with him for a new comedy, and generously allowed him to draw on him for the money in advance. This last help enabled him to go to Barton for a brief holiday; but the relief was only temporary. On his return to London even his nearest friends began to observe the change in his manner. In the old days Goldsmith had faced pecuniary difficulties with a light heart; but now, his health broken, and every avenue of escape apparently closed, he was giving way to despair. His friend Cradock, coming up to town, found Goldsmith in a most despondent condition; and also hints that the unhappy author was trying to conceal the true state of affairs. "I

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believe," says Cradock, "he died miserable, and that his friends were not entirely aware of his distress."

And yet it was during this closing period of anxiety, despondency, and gloomy foreboding that the brilliant and humorous lines of Retaliation were written—that last scintillation of the bright and happy genius that was soon to be extinguished forever. The most varied accounts have been given of the origin of this jeu d'esprit; and even Garrick's, which was meant to supersede and correct all others, is self-contradictory. For according to this version of the story, which was found among the Garrick papers, and which is printed in Mr. Cunningham's edition of Goldsmith's works, the whole thing arose out of Goldsmith and Garrick resolving one evening at the St. James's Coffee-House to write each other's epitaph. Garrick's well-known couplet was instantly produced:

"Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll, Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll."

Goldsmith, according to Garrick, either would not or could not retort at the moment; "but went to work, and some weeks after produced the following printed poem, called Retaliation." But Garrick himself goes on to say, "The following poems in manuscript were written by several of the gentlemen on purpose to provoke the Doctor to an answer, which came forth at last with great credit to him in Retaliation." The most probable version of the story, which may be pieced together from various sources, is that at the coffee-house named this business of writing comic epitaphs was started some evening or other by the whole company; that Goldsmith and Garrick pitted themselves against each other; that thereafter Goldsmith began as occasion served to write similar

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squibs about his friends, which were shown about as they were written; that thereupon those gentlemen, not to be behindhand, composed more elaborate pieces in proof of their wit; and that, finally, Goldsmith resolved to bind these fugitive lines of his together in a poem, which he left unfinished, and which, under the name of Retaliation, was published after his death. This hypothetical account receives some confirmation from the fact that the scheme of the poem and its component parts do not fit together well the introduction looks like an afterthought, and has not the freedom and pungency of a piece of improvisation. An imaginary dinner is described, the guests being Garrick, Reynolds, Burke, Cumberland, and the rest of them, Goldsmith last of all. More wine is called for, until the whole of his companions have fallen beneath the table:

"Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head, Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead."

This is a somewhat clumsy excuse for introducing a series of epitaphs; but the epitaphs amply atone for it. That on Garrick is especially remarkable as a bit of character-sketching; its shrewd hints—all in perfect courtesy and good-humor—going a little nearer to the truth than is common in epitaphs of any sort:

"Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can; An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man. As an actor, confessed without rival to shine: As a wit, if not first, in the very first line: Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart, The man had his failings, a dupe to his art. Like an ill-judging beauty, his colors he spread, And beplastered with rouge his own natural red. On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting; "Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting.

With no reason on earth to go out of his way, He turned and he varied full ten times a day: Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick If they were not his own by finessing and trick; He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack, For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came; And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame; Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease, Who peppered the highest was surest to please. But let us be candid, and speak out our mind: If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind. Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave, What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave ! How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you raised, While he was be-Rosciused, and you were be raised. But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies, To act as an angel and mix with the skies: Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will; Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with love, And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above."

The truth is that Goldsmith, though he was ready to bless his "honest little man" when he received from him sixty pounds in advance for a comedy not begun, never took quite so kindly to Garrick as to some of his other friends. There is no pretence of discrimination at all, for example, in the lines devoted in this poem to Reynolds. All the generous enthusiasm of Goldsmith's Irish nature appears here; he will admit of no possible rival to this especial friend of his:

"Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind, He has not left a wiser or better behind."

There is a tradition that the epitaph on Reynolds, ending with the unfinished line

"By flattery unspoiled .

was Goldsmith's last piece of writing. One would like to believe that, in any case.

Goldsmith had returned to his Edgware lodgings, and had, indeed, formed some notion of selling his chambers in the Temple, and living in the country for at least ten months in the year, when a sudden attack of his old disorder drove him into town again for medical advice. would appear to have received some relief; but a nervous fever followed; and on the night of the 25th March, 1774, when he was but forty-six years of age, he took to his bed for the last time. At first he refused to regard his illness as serious, and insisted on dosing himself with certain fever-powders from which he had received benefit on previous occasions; but by and by as his strength gave way he submitted to the advice of the physicians who were in attendance on him. Day after day passed, his weakness visibly increasing, though, curiously enough, the symptoms of fever were gradually abating. At length one of the doctors, remarking to him that his pulse was in greater disorder than it should be from the degree of fever, asked him if his mind was at ease. "No, it is not," answered Goldsmith; and these were his last words. Early in the morning of Monday, April 4th, convulsions set in; these continued for rather more than an hour; then the troubled brain and the sick heart found rest forever.

When the news was carried to his friends, Burke, it is said, burst into tears, and Reynolds put aside his work for the day. But it does not appear that they had visited him during his illness; and neither Johnson, nor Reynolds, nor Burke, nor Garrick followed his body to the grave. It is true, a public funeral was talked of; and, among others, Reynolds, Burke, and Garrick were

to have carried Goldsmith was Temple Church enough, too, Jo of Goldsmith f until Boswell h have said noth Johnson, writin "Of poor dear more than the pfever, made, I mind. His de sources were en he owed not les poet so trusted

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But if the greatest grief at the sudden and premature death of Goldsmith would seem to have been shown at the moment by certain wretched creatures who were found weeping on the stairs leading to his chambers, it must not be supposed that his fine friends either forgot him, or ceased to regard his memory with a great gentleness and kindness. Some two years after, when a monument was about to be erected to Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey, Johnson consented to write "the poor dear Doctor's epitaph;" and so anxious were the members of that famous circle in which Goldsmith had figured, that a just tribute should be paid to his genius, that they even ventured to send a round-robin to the great Cham desiring him to amend his first draft. perhaps, we have less interest in Johnson's estimate of Goldsmith's genius—though it contains the famous Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit-than in the phrases which tell of the honor paid to the memory of the dead poet by the love of his companions and the faithfulness of his friends. It may here be added that the precise spot where Goldsmith was buried in the Temple church-yard is unknown. So lived and so died Oliver Goldsmith.

In the foregoing pages the writings of Goldsmith have been given so prominent a place in the history of his life that it is unnecessary to take them here collectively and endeavor to sum up their distinctive qualities. As much as could be said within the limited space has, it is hoped, been said about their genuine and tender pathos, that never at any time verges on the affected or theatrical; about their quaint, delicate, delightful humor; about that broader humor that is not afraid to provoke the wholesome laughter of mankind by dealing with common and familiar ways, and manners and men; about that choiceness of diction, that lightness and grace of touch, that lend a charm even to Goldsmith's ordinary hack-work.

Still less necessary, perhaps, is it to review the facts and circumstances of Goldsmith's life, and to make of them an example, a warning, or an accusation. That has too often been done. His name has been used to glorify a sham Bohemianism—a Bohemianism that finds it easy to live in taverns, but does not find it easy, so far as one sees, to write poems like the Deserted Village. His experiences as an author have been brought forward to swell the cry about neglected genius—that is, by writers who assume their genius in order to prove the neglect. The misery that occasionally befell him during his wayward career has been made the basis of an accu-

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sation against society, the English constitution, Christianity—Heaven knows what. It is time to have done with all this nonsense. Goldsmith resorted to the hackwork of literature when every thing else had failed him; and he was fairly paid for it. When he did better work, when he "struck for honest fame," the nation gave him all the honor that he could have desired. With an assured reputation, and with ample means of subsistence, he obtained entrance into the most distinguished society then in England—he was made the friend of England's greatest in the arts and literature—and could have confined himself to that society exclusively if he had chosen. His temperament, no doubt, exposed him to suffering; and the exquisite sensitiveness of a man of genius may demand our sympathy; but in far greater measure is our sympathy demanded for the thousands upon thousands of people who, from illness or nervous excitability, suffer from quite as keen a sensitiveness without the consolation of the fame that genius brings.

In plain truth, Goldsmith himself would have been the last to put forward pleas humiliating alike to himself and to his calling. Instead of beseeching the State to look after authors; instead of imploring society to grant them "recognition;" instead of saying of himself "he wrote, and paid the penalty;" he would frankly have admitted that he chose to live his life his own way, and therefore paid the penalty. This is not written with any desire of upbraiding Goldsmith. He did choose to live his own life his own way, and we now have the splendid and beautiful results of his work; and the world—looking at these with a constant admiration, and with a great and lenient love for their author—is not anxious to know what he did with his guineas, or whether the milkman

was ever paid. "He had raised money and squandered it, by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense. But let not his frailties be remembered: He was a very great man." This is Johnson's wise summing up; and with it we may here take leave of gentle Goldsmith.

THE END.

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The materials following source

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II. Mitford's 1814 edition of as it goes. The man, who was be who made it the survivors as remedotes that he altered and enlar 1845.

PREFATORY NOTE.

As a biographical study, this little volume differs in one important respect from its predecessors in this series. Expansion, instead of compression, has had to be my method in treating the existing lives of Gray. Of these none have hitherto been published except in connexion with some part of his works, and none has attempted to go at all into detail. Mitford's, which is the fullest, would occupy, in its purely biographical section, not more than thirty of these pages.

The materials I have used are chiefly taken from the following sources:

I. The Life and Letters of Gray, edited by Mason in 1774. This work consists of a very meagre thread of biography connecting a collection of letters, which would be more valuable, if Mason had not tampered with them, altering, omitting, and re-dating at his own free will.

II. Mitford's Life of Thomas Gray, prefixed to the 1814 edition of the Poems. This is very valuable so far as it goes. The Rev. John Mitford was a young clergyman, who was born ten years after the death of Gray, and who made it the business of his life to collect from such survivors as remembered Gray all the documents and anecdotes that he could secure. This is the life which was altered and enlarged, to be prefixed to the Eton Gray, in 1845.

III. Mitford's edition of the Works of Gray, published in 4 vols., in 1836. This contained the genuine text of most of the letters printed by Mason, and a large number which now saw the light for the first time, addressed to Wharton, Chute, Nichols, and others.

IV. Correspondence and Reminiscences of the Rev. Norton Nichols, edited by Mitford, in 1843.

V. The Correspondence of Gray and Mason, to which are added other letters, not before printed, an exceedingly valuable collection, not widely enough known, which was published by Mitford in 1853.

VI. The Works of Gray, as edited in 2 vols. by Mathias, in 1814; this is the only publication in which the Pembroke MSS. have hitherto been made use of.

VII. Souvenirs de C.V. de Bonstetten, 1832.

VIII. The Correspondence of Horace Walpole.

IX. Gray's and Stonehewer's MSS., as preserved in Pembroke College, Cambridge.

X. MS. Notes and Letters by Gray, Cole, and others, in the British Museum.

By far the best account of Gray, not written by a personal friend, is the brief summary of his character and genius contributed by Mr. Matthew Arnold to "The English Poets."

No really good or tolerably full edition of Gray's Works is in existence. Neither his English nor his Latin Poems have been edited in any collection which is even approximately complete; and his Letters, although they are better given by Mitford than by Mason, are very far from being in a satisfactory condition. In many of them the date is wrongly printed; and some, which bear no date, are found, by internal evidence, to be incorrectly attributed by Mitford. No attempt has ever been made to collect

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Gray's writings into one single publication. I am sorry to say that all my efforts to obtain a sight of Gray's unpublished letters and facetious poems, many of which were sold at Sotheby & Wilkinson's on the 4th of August, 1854, have failed. On the other hand, the examination of the Pembroke MSS. has supplied me with a considerable amount of very exact and important biographical information which has never seen the light until now.

I have to express my warmest thanks to the Master and Fellows of Pembroke College, Cambridge, who permitted me to examine these invaluable MSS.; to Mr. R. A. Neil, of Pembroke, and Mr. J. W. Clark, of Trinity, whose kindness in examining archives, and copying documents for me, has been great; to Mr. R. T. Turner, who has placed his Gray MSS. at my disposal; to Professor Sidney Colvin and Mr. Basil Champneys, who have given me the benefit of their advice on those points of art and architecture which are essential to a study of Gray; and to Mr. Edward Scott and Mr. Richard Garnett, for valuable assistance in the Library of the British Museum. For much help in forming an idea of the world in which Gray moved, I am indebted to Mr. Christopher Wordsworth's books on Cambridge in the eighteenth century.

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CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD AND EARLY COLLEGE LIFE.

THOMAS GRAY was born at his father's house in Cornhill, on the 26th of December, 1716. Of his ancestry nothing is known. Late in life, when he was a famous poet, Baron Gray of Gray in Forfarshire claimed him as a relation, but with characteristic serenity he put the suggestion from "I know no pretence," he said to Beattie, "that I have to the honour Lord Gray is pleased to do me; but if his lordship chooses to own me, it certainly is not my business to deny it." The only proof of his connexion with this ancient family is that he possessed a bloodstone seal, which had belonged to his father, engraved with Lord Gray's arms, gules a lion rampant, within a bordure engrailed argent. These have been accepted at Pembroke College as the poet's arms, but as a matter of fact we may say that he sprang on both sides from the lower-middle classes. His paternal grandfather had been a successful merchant, and died leaving Philip, apparently his only son, a fortune of 10,000l. Through various vicissitudes this money passed, at length almost reaching the poet's

hands in no very much diminished quantity, for Philip Gray seems to have been s clever in business as he was extravagant. He was born in 1676. Towards his thirtieth year he married Miss Dorothy Antrobus, a Buckinghamshire lady, about twenty year of age, who, with her sister Mary, a young woman three years her senior, kept a milliner's shop in the City. They belonged, however, to a genteel family, for the remaining sister, Anna, was the wife of a prosperous country lawyer, Mr. Jonathan Rogers, and the two brothers, Robert and John Antrobus, were fellows of Cambridge colleges, and afterwards tutors at Eton. These five persons take a prominent place in the subsequent life of the poet, whereas he never mentions any of the Grays. His father had certainly one sister, Mrs. Oliffe, a woman of violent temper, who married a gentleman of Norfolk, and was well out of the way till after the death of Gray's mother, when she began to haunt him, and only died two or three months before he did. She seems to have resembled Philip Gray in character, for the poet, always singularly respectful and loyal to his other elderly relations, calls her "the spawn of Cerberus upon the Dragon of Wantley."

Dorothy Gray was unfortunate in her married life; her husband was violent, jealous, and probably mad. Of her twelve children, Thomas was the only one whom she reared, but Mason is doubtless wrong in saying that the eleven who died were all suffocated by infantile convulsions. Mrs. Gray speaks in her "case" of the expense of providing "all manner of apparel for her children." Thomas, however, certainly would have died as an infant, but that his mother, finding him in a fit, opened a vein with her scissors, by that means relieving the determination of blood to the brain. His father neglected him, and

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ried life; her ad. Of her whom she ring that the ntile convulthe expense er children." as an infant, pened a vein e determinated him, and

he was brought up by his mother and his aunt Mary. He also mentions with touching affection, in speaking of the death of a Mrs. Bonfoy in 1763, that "she taught me to pray." Home life at Cornhill was rendered miserable by the cruelties of the father, and, it seems that the boy's uncle, Robert Antrobus, took him away to his own house at Burnham, in Bucks. This gentleman was a fellow of Peterhouse, as his younger brother Thomas was of King's College, Cambridge. With Robert the boy studied botany, and became learned, according to Horace Walpole, in the virtues of herbs and simples. Unfortunately, this uncle died on January 23, 1729, at the age of fifty; there still exists a copy of Waller's Poems, in which Gray has written his own name, with this date; perhaps it was an heir-loom of his uncle.

In one of Philip Gray's fits of extravagance he seems to have had a full-length of his son painted, about this time, by the fashionable portrait-painter of the day, Jonathan Richardson the elder. This picture is now in the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge. The head is good in colour and modelling; a broad, pale brow, sharp nose and chin, large eyes, and a pert expression give a lively idea of the precocious and not very healthy young gentleman of thirteen. He is dressed in a blue satin coat, lined with pale shot silk, and crosses his stockinged legs so as to display dapper slippers of russet leather. His father, however, absolutely refused to educate him, and he was sent to Eton, about 1727, under the auspices of his uncles, and at the expense of his mother. On the 26th of April of the same year, a smart child of ten, with the airs of a little dancing-master, a child who was son of a prime-minister, and had kissed the King's hand, entered the same school; and some intellectual impulse brought them to-

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gether directly in a friendship that was to last, with a short interval, until the death of one of them more than fortva years afterwards.

It is not certain that Horace Walpole at once adopted that attitude of frivolous worship which he preserved towards Gray in later life. He was a brilliant little social meteor at Eton, and Gray was probably attracted first to Yet it was characteristic of the poet throughout life that he had always to be sought, and even at Eton his talents may have attracted Walpole's notice. At all events, they became fast friends, and fostered in one another intellectual pretensions of an alarming nature. Both were oppidans and not collegers, and therefore it is difficult to trace them minutely at Eton. But we know that they "never made an expedition against bargemen, or won a match at cricket," for this Walpole confesses; but they wandered through the playing-fields at Eton tending a visionary flock, and "sighing out some pastoral name to the echo of the cascade under the bridge" which spans Chalvey Brook. An avenue of limes amongst the elms is still named the "Poet's Walk," and is connected by tradition with Gray. They were a pair of weakly little boys, and in these days of brisk athletic training would hardly be allowed to exist. Another amiable and gentle boy, still more ailing than themselves, was early drawn to them by sympathy: this was Richard West, a few months younger than Gray and older than Walpole, a son of the Richard West who was made Lord Chancellor of Ireland when he was only thirty-five, and who then immediately died; his mother's father, dead before young Richard's birth, had been the famous Bishop Gilbert Burnet. A fourth friend was Thomas Ashton, who soon slips out of our history, but who survived until 1775.

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These four boys formed a "quadruple alliance" of the warmest friendship. West seemed the genius amongst them; he was a nervous and precocious lad, who made verses in his sleep, cultivated not only a public Latin muse, but also a private English one, and dazzled his companions by the ease and fluency of his pen. His poetical remains—to which we shall presently return, since they are intimately connected with the development of Gray's genius—are of sufficient merit to permit us to believe that had he lived he might have achieved a reputation amongst the minor poets of his age. Neither Shenstone nor Beattie had written anything so considerable when they reached the age at which West died. His character was extremely winning, and in his correspondence with Gray, as far as it has been preserved, we find him at first the more serious and the more affectionate friend. But the symptoms of his illness, which seem to have closely resembled those of Keats, destroyed the superficial sweetness of his nature, and towards the end we find Gray the more sober and the more manly of the two.

Besides the inner circle of Walpole, West, and Ashton, there was an outer ring of Eton friends, whose names have been preserved in connexion with Gray's. Amongst these was George Montagu, grandnephew of the great Earl of Halifax; Stonehewer, a very firm and loyal friend, with whom Gray's intimacy deepened to the end of his life; Clarke, afterwards a fashionable physician at Epsom; and Jacob Bryant, the antiquary, whose place in class was next to Gray's through one term. With these he doubtless shared those delights of swimming, birds'-nesting, hoops, and trap-ball which he has described, in ornate eighteenth-century fashion, in the famous stanza of his

Eton Ode:

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"Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delights to cleave,
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave;
The captive linnet which enthral?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?"

But we have every reason to believe that he was much more amply occupied in helping "grateful Science" to adore "her Henry's holy shade." Learning was still preferred to athletics at our public schools, and Gray was naturally drawn by temperament to study. It has always been understood that he versified at Eton, but the earliest lines of his which have hitherto been known are as late as 1736, when he had been nearly two years at Cambridge. I have, however, been fortunate enough to find among the MSS. in Pembroke College a "play-exercise at Eton," in the poet's handwriting, which has never been printed, and which is valuable as showing us the early ripeness of his scholarship. It is a theme, in seventy-three hexameter verses, commencing with the line—

"Pendet Homo incertus gemini ad confinia mundi."

The normal mood of man is described as one of hesitation between the things of Heaven and the things of Earth; he assumes that all nature is made for his enjoyment, but soon experience steps in and proves to him the contrary; he endeavours to fathom the laws of nature, but their scheme evades him, and he learns that his effort is a futile one. The proper study of mankind is man, and yet how narrow a theme! Man yearns forever after

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things of his enjoy-to him the of nature, his effort d is man, rever after

superhuman power and accomplishment, only to discover the narrow scope of his possibilities, and he has at last to curb his ambition, and be contented with what God and nature have ordained. The thoughts are beyond a boy, though borrowed in the main from Horace and Pope; while the verse is still more remarkable, being singularly pure and sonorous, though studded, in boyish fashion, with numerous tags from Virgil. What is really noticeable about this early effusion is the curious way in which it prefigures its author's maturer moral and elegiac manner; we see the writer's bias and the mode in which he will approach ethical questions, and we detect in this little "play-exercise" a shadow of the stately didactic reverie of the Odes. As this poem has never been described, I may be permitted to quote a few of the verses:

"Plurimus (hic error, demensque libido lacessit)
In superos cœlumque ruit, sedesque relinquit,
Quas natura dedit proprias, jussitque tueri.
Humani sortem generis pars altera luget,
Invidet armento, et campi sibi vindicat herbam.
O quis me in pecoris felicia transferet arva,
In loca pastorum deserta, atque otia dia?
Cur mihi non Lyncisne oculi, vel odora canum vis
Additur, aut gressus cursu glomerare potestas?
Aspice ubi, teneres dum texit aranea casses,
Funditur in telam, et late per stamina vivit!
Quid mihi non tactus eadem exquisita facultas
Taurorumve tori solidi, pennæve volucrum."

In the face of such lines as these, and bearing in mind Walpole's assertion that "Gray never was a boy," we may form a tolerably exact idea of the shy and studious lad, already a scholar and a moralist, moving somewhat gravely and precociously through the classes of that venerable

college which has since adopted him as her typical child, and which now presents to each emerging pupil a handsome selection from the works of the Etonian par excellence, Thomas Gray.

In 1734 the quadruple alliance broke up. Gray, and probably Ashton, proceeded to Cambridge, where the former was for a short time a pensioner of Pembroke Hall, but went over, on the 3d of July, as a fellow-commoner, to his uncle Antrobus's college, Peterhouse. Walpole went up to London for the winter, and did not make his appearance at King's College, Cambridge, until March, 1735. West, meanwhile, had been isolated from his friends by being sent to Oxford, where he entered Christ Church much against his will. For a year the young undergraduates are absolutely lost to sight. If they wrote to one another, their letters are missing, and the correspondence of Walpole and of Gray with West begins in November, 1735.

But in the early part of that year a very striking incident occurred in the Gray family, an incident that was perfectly unknown until, in 1807, a friend of Haslewood's happened to discover, in a volume of MS. law-cases, a case submitted by Mrs. Dorothy Gray to the eminent civilian, John Audley, in February 1735. In this extraordinary document the poet's mother states that for nearly thirty years, that is to say, for the whole of her married life, she

The Master of Peterhouse has kindly copied for me, from the register of admissions at that college, this entry, hitherto inedited: "Jul: 3^{tio.} 1734. Thomas Gray Middlesexiensis in scholâ publicâ Etonensi institutus, annosque natus 18 (petente Tutore suo) Clusetur admisus ad Mensam Pensionariorum sub Tutore et Fidejussore MroBirkett, sed ea lege ut brevi se sistat in collegio et examinatoribus se probet."

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has received no support from her husband, but has depended entirely on the receipts of the shop kept by herself and her sister; moreover "almost providing everything for her son whilst at Eton school, and now he is at Peter-House in Cambridge."

"Notwithstanding which, almost ever since he (her husband) hath been married, he hath used her in the most inhuman manner, by beating, kicking, punching, and with the most vile and abusive language, that she hath been in the utmost fear and danger of her life, and hath been obliged this last year to quit her bed, and lie with her sister. This she was resolved, if possible, to bear; not to leave her shop of trade for the sake of her son, to be able to assist in the maintenance of him at the University, since his father won't."

Mrs. Gray goes on to state that her husband has an insane jealousy of all the world, and even of her brother, Thomas Antrobus, and that he constantly threatens "to ruin himself to undo her and his only son," having now gone so far as to give Mary Antrobus notice to quit the shop in Cornhill at Midsummer next. If he carries out this threat, Mrs. Gray says that she must go with her sister, to help her "in the said trade, for her own and her son's support." She asks legal counsel which way will be best "for her to conduct herself in this unhappy circumstance." Mr. Audley writes sympathetically from Doctors Commons, but civilly and kindly tells her that she can find no protection in the English law.

This strange and tantalising document, the genuineness of which has never been disputed, is surrounded by difficulties to a biographer. The known wealth and occasional extravagances of Philip Gray make it hard to understand why he should be so rapacious of his wife's little earnings, and at the same time so barbarous in his neglect

of her and of his son. That there is not one word or hint of family troubles in Gray's copious correspondence is what we might expect from so proud and reticent a nature. But the gossipy Walpole must have known all this, and Mason need not have been so excessively discreet, when all concerned had long been dead. Perhaps Mrs. Gray exaggerated a little, and perhaps also the vileness of her husband's behaviour in 1735 made her forget that in earlier years they had lived on gentler terms. At all events, the money-scrivener is shown to have been miserly, violent, and, as I have before conjectured, probably halfinsane. The interesting point in the whole story is Mrs. Gray's self-sacrifice for her son, a devotion which he in his turn repaid with passionate attachment, and remembered with tender effusion to the day of his death. He inherited from his mother his power of endurance, his quiet rectitude, his capacity for suffering in silence, and the singular tenacity of his affections.

Gray, Ashton, and Horace Walpole were at Cambridge together as undergraduates from the spring of 1735 until the winter of 1738. They associated very much with one another, and Walpole shone rather less, it would appear, than at any other part of his life. The following extract of a letter from Walpole to West, dated November 9, 1735, is particularly valuable:

"Tydeus rose and set at Eton. He is only known here to be a scholar of King's. Orosmades and Almanzor are just the same; that is, I am almost the only person they are acquainted with, and consequently the only person acquainted with their excellences. Plato improves every day; so does my friendship with him. These three divide my whole time, though I believe you will guess there is no quadruple alliance; that is a happiness which I only enjoyed when you was at Eton."

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The nickname which gives us least difficulty here is that in which we are most interested. Orosmades was West's name for Grav, because he was such a chilly mortal, and worshipped the sun. West himself was known as Favonius. Tydeus is very clearly Walpole himself, and Almanzor is probably Ashton. I would hazard the conjecture that Plato is Henry Coventry, a young man then making some stir in the University with certain semi-religious Dialogues. He was a friend of Ashton's, and produced on Horace Walpole a very startling impression, causing in that volatile creature for the first and only time an access of fervent piety, during which Horace actually went to read the Bible to the prisoners in the Castle gaol. Very soon this wore off, and Coventry himself became a free-thinker, but Ashton remained serious, and taking orders very early, dropped out of the circle of friends. In all this the name of Gray is not mentioned, but one is justified in believing that he did not join the reading-parties at the Castle.

Early in 1736 the three Cambridge undergraduates appeared in print simultaneously and for the first time in a folio collection of Latin Hymeneals on the marriage of Frederic, Prince of Wales. Of these effusions, Gray's copy of hexameters is by far the best, and was so recognized from the first. Mason has thought it necessary to make a curious apology for this poem, and says that Gray "ought to have been above prostituting his powers" in "adulatory verses of this kind." But if he had glanced through the lines again, of which he must have been speaking from memory, Mason would have seen that they contain no more fulsome compliments than were absolutely needful on the occasion. The young poet is not thinking at all about their royal highnesses, but a great

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deal about his own fine language, and is very innocent of anything like adulation. The verses themselves do not show much progress; there is a fine passage at the end, but it is almost a cento from Ovid. One line, melancholy to relate, does not scan. In every way superior to the Hymeneal is Luna Habitabilis, a poem in nearly one hundred verses, written by desire of the College in 1737, and printed in the Musæ Etonenses. It is impossible to lay any stress on these official productions, mere exercises on a given text. At Pembroke, both in the library of the College, and in the Stonehewer MSS. at the Master's lodge, I have examined a number of similar pieces, in prose and verse, copied in a round, youthful handwriting, and signed "Gray." Among them a copy of elegiacs, on the 5th of November, struck me as particularly clever, and it might be well, as the body of Gray's works is so small, and his Latin verse so admirable, to include several of these in a complete edition of his writings. They do not, however, greatly concern us here.

As early as May, 1736, it is curious to find the dulness of Cambridge already lying with a leaden weight on the nerves and energies of Gray, a youth scarcely in his twentieth year. In his letters to West he strikes exactly the same note that he harped upon ten years later to Wharton, twenty years later to Mason, thirty years later to Norton Nichols, and in his last months, with more shrill insistence than ever, to Bonstetten. The cloud sank early upon his spirits. He writes to West: "When we meet it will be my greatest of pleasures to know what you do, what you read, and how you spend your time, and to tell you what I do not read, and how I do not, &c., for almost all the employment of my hours may be best explained by negatives; take my word and experience upon it, doing

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nothing is a most amusing business; and yet neither something nor nothing gives me any pleasure. When you have seen one of my days, you have seen a whole year of my life; they go round and round like the blind horse in the mill, only he has the satisfaction of fancying he makes a progress and gets some ground; my eyes are open enough to see the same dull prospect, and to know that, having made four-and-twenty steps more, I shall be just where I was." This is the real Gray speaking to us for the first time, and after a few more playful phrases he turns again, and gives us another phase of his character. "You need not doubt, therefore, of having a first row in the front box of my little heart, and I believe you are not in danger of being crowded there; it is asking you, to an old play, indeed, but you will be candid enough to excuse the whole piece for the sake of a few tolerable lines." Many clever and delicate boys think it effective to pose as victims to melancholy, and the former of these passages would possess no importance if it were not for its relation to the poet's later expressions. He never henceforward habitually rose above this deadly dulness of the spirits. His melancholy was passive and under control, not acute and rebellious, like that of Cowper, but it was almost more enduring. It is probable that with judicious medical treatment it might have been removed, or so far relieved as to be harmless. But it was not the habit of men in the first half of the eighteenth century to take any rational care of their health. Men who lived in the country, and did not hunt, took no exercise at all. The constitution of the generation was suffering from the mad frolics of the preceding age, and almost everybody had a touch of gout or scurvy. Nothing was more frequent than for men, in apparently robust health, to break down suddenly, at all points, in

early middle life. People were not in the least surprised when men like Garth and Fenton died of mere indolence, because they had become prematurely corpulent and could not be persuaded to get out of bed. Swift, Thomson, and Gray are illustrious examples of the neglect of all hygienic precaution among quiet middle-class people in the early decades of the century. Gray took no exercise whatever; Cole reports that he said at the end of his life that he had never thrown his leg across the back of a horse, and this was really a very extraordinary confession for a man to make in those days. But we shall have to return to the subject of Gray's melancholy, and we need not dwell upon it here, further than to note that it began at least with his undergraduate days. He was considered effeminate at college, but the only proof of this that is given to us is one with which the most robust modern reader must sympathise, namely, that he drank tea for breakfast, whilst all the rest of the university, except Horace Walpole, drank beer.

The letter from which we have just quoted goes on to show that the idleness of his life existed only in his imagination. He was, in fact, at this time wandering at will along the less-trodden paths of Latin literature, and rapidly laying the foundation of his unequalled acquaintance with the classics. He is now reading Statius, he tells West, and he encloses a translation of about one hundred and ten lines from the sixth book of the *Thebaid*. This is the first example of his English verse which has been preserved. It is very interesting, as showing already the happy instinct which led Gray to reject the mode of Pope in favour of the more massive and sonorous verse system of Dryden. He treats the heroic couplet with great skill, but in close discipleship of the latter master in his Fables.

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To a trained ear, after much study of minor English verse written between 1720 and 1740, these couplets have almost an archaic sound, so thoroughly are they out of keeping with the glib, satiric poetry of the period. Pope was a splendid artificer of verse, but there was so much of pure intellect, and of personal temperament, in the conduct of his art, that he could not pass on his secret to his pupils, and in the hands of his direct imitators the heroic couplet lost every charm but that of mere sparkling progress. The verse of such people as Whitehead had become a simple voluntary upon knitting-needles. saw the necessity of bringing back melody and volume to the heroic line, and very soon the practice of the day disgusted him, as we shall see, with the couplet altogether. For the present he was learning the principles of his art at the feet of Dryden. West was delighted with the translation, and compared Gray contending with Statius to Apollo wrestling with Hyacinth. In a less hyperbolical spirit, he pointed out, very justly, the excellent rendering of that peculiarly Statian phrase, Summos auro mansueverat ungues, by

"And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold."

We find from Walpole that Gray spent his vacations in August, 1736, at his uncle's house at Burnham, in Buckinghamshire; and here he was close to the scene of so many of his later experiences, the sylvan parish of Stoke-Pogis. For the present, however, all we hear is that he is too lazy to go over to Eton, which the enthusiastic Walpole and West consider to be perfectly unpardonable. A year later he is again with his uncle at Burnham; and it is on this occasion that he discovers the since-famous beeches. He is writing to Horace Walpole, and he says:

"My uncle is a great hunter in imagination; his dogs take up every chair in the house, so I am forced to stand at the present writing; and though the gout forbids him galloping after them in the field, yet he continues still to regale his ears and nose with their comfortable noise and stink. He holds me mighty cheap, I perceive, for walking when I should ride, and reading when I should hunt. My comfort amidst all this is, that I have at the distance of half a mile, through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common), all my own, at least, as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover Cliff; but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous. Both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches, and other very reverend vegetables, that, like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds. At the foot of one of these squats ME (il penseroso), and there I grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise before he had an Eve; but I think he did not use to read Virgil, as I commonly do."

This is the first expression, as far as I am aware, of the modern feeling of the picturesque. We shall see that it became more and more a characteristic impulse with Gray as years went by. In this letter, too, we see that at the age of twenty-one he had already not a little of that sprightly wit and variety of manner which make him one of the most delightful letter-writers in any literature.

At Burnham, in 1737, he made the acquaintance of a very interesting waif of the preceding century. Thomas Southerne, the once famous author of *Oroonoko* and *The Fatal Marriage*, the last survivor of the age of Dryden, was visiting a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Burnham, and was so much pleased with young Gray that though he

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was seventy-seven years of age he often came over to the house of Mr. Antrobus to see him. Still oftener, without doubt, the young poet went to see the veteran, whose successes on the stage of the Restoration took him back fifty years to a society very different from that in which he now vegetated on the ample fortune which his tragedies still brought him in. Unhappily, his memory was almost entirely gone, though he lived nine years more, and died of sheer old age on the borders of ninety; so that Gray's curiosity about Dryden, and the other poets his friends, was more provoked than gratified. However, Gray found him as agreeable an old man as could be, and liked "to look at him and think of Isabella and Oroonoko," those personages then still being typical of romantic disappointment and picturesque sensibility. About this time, moreover, we may just note in passing, died Matthew Green, whose posthumous poem of The Spleen was to exercise a considerable influence over Gray, and to be one of the few contemporary poems which he was able fervidly to admire.

Lest, however, the boy should seem too serious and precocious, if we know him only by the scholarly letters to West, let us print here, for the first time, a note to his tutor, the Rev. George Birkett, Fellow of Peterhouse, a note which throws an interesting light on his manners. The postmark of this letter, which has lately been discovered at Pembroke College, is October 8, the year, I think, 1736:

"Sr,—As I shall stay only a fortnight longer in town, I'll beg you to give yourself the trouble of writing out my Bills, and sending 'em, that I may put myself out of your Debt, as soon as I come down: if Piazza should come to you, you'll be so good as to satisfie him: I protest, I forget what I owe him, but he is honest enough to tell

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you right. My Father and Mother desire me to send their compliments, and I beg you'd believe me

"Sr., your most obedt humble Servt.

"T. GRAY."

The amusing point is that the tutor seems to have flown into a rage at the pert tone of this epistle, and we have the rough draft of two replies on the fly-sheet. The first addresses him as "pretty Mr. Gray," and is a moral box on the ear; but this has been cancelled, as wrath gave way to discretion, and the final answer is very friendly, and states that the writer would do anything "for your father and your uncle, Mr. Antrobus (Thos.)." Signor Piazza was the Italian master to the University, and six months later we find Gray, and apparently Horace Walpole also, learning Italian "like any dragon." The course of study habitual at the University was entirely out of sympathy with Gray's instinctive movements after knowledge. He complains bitterly of having to endure lectures daily and hourly, and of having to waste his time over mathematics, where his teacher was the celebrated Professor Nicholas Saunderson, whose masterly *Elements of Algebra*, afterwards the text-books of the University, were still known only by oral tradition. For such learning Gray had neither taste nor patience. "It is very possible," he writes to West, "that two and two make four, but I would not give four farthings to demonstrate this ever so clearly; and if these be the profits of life, give me the amusements of it." His account of the low condition of classic learning at Cambridge we must take with a grain of salt. As an undergraduate he would of course see nothing of the great lights of the University, now sinking beneath the horizon; such a shy lad as he would not be asked to share the conversation of Bentley, or Snape, or the venerable Master of Jesus.

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What does seem clear, from his repeated denunciations of "that pretty collection of desolate animals" called Cambridge, is that classical taste was at a very low ebb among the junior fellows and the elder undergraduates. The age of the great Latinists had passed away; the Greek revival, which Gray did much to start, had not begun, and 1737 was certainly a dull year at the University. It seems that there were no Greek text-books for the use of schools until 1741, and the method of pronouncing that language was as depraved as possible. A few hackneyed extracts from Homer and Hesiod were all that a youth was required to have read in order to pass his examination. Plate and Aristotle were almost unknown, and Gray himself seems to have been the only person at Cambridge who attempted seriously to write Greek verse. It is not difficult to understand that when, with the third term of his second year, his small opportunities of classical reading were taken from him, and he saw himself descend into the Cimmerian darkness of undiluted mathematics, the heart of the young poet sank within him. In December, 1736, there was an attempt at rebellion; he declined to take degrees, and announced his intention of quitting college, but as we hear no more of this, and as he stayed two years longer at Cambridge, we may believe that this was overruled.

Meanwhile the leaden rod seemed to rule the fate of the quadruple alliance. West grew worse and worse, hopelessly entangled in consumptive symptoms. Walpole lost his mother in August of 1737, and after this was a kind of waif and stray until he finally left England in 1739. Gray, whether in Cambridge or London, reverts more and more constantly to his melancholy. "Low spirits are my true and faithful companions; they get up with me, go to bed with me, make journeys and returns as I do; nay,"

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and pay visits, and will even affect to be jocose, and force a feeble laugh with me; but most commonly we sit together, and are the prettiest insipid company in the world. However, when you come," he writes to West, "I believe they must undergo the fate of all humble companions, and be discarded. Would I could turn them to the same use that you have done, and make an Apollo of them. If they could write such verses with me, not hartshorn, nor spirit of amber, nor all that furnishes the closet of the apothecary's wisdom, should persuade me to part with them." For West had been writing a touching eulogy ad amicos, in the manner of Tibullus, inspired by real feeling and a sad presentiment of the death that lay five years ahead. In reading these lines of Gray's we hardly know whether most to admire the marvellous lightness and charm of the style, or to be concerned at such confession of want of spirits in a lad of twenty-one. His letters, however, when they could be wrung out of his apathy, were precious to poor West at Oxford: "I find no physic comparable to your letters: prescribe to me, dear Gray, as often and as much as you think proper," and the amiable young pedants proceed, as before, to the analysis of Poseidippos, and Lucretius, and such like frivolous reading. One of West's letters contains a piece of highly practical advice: "Indulge, amabo te, plusquam soles, corporis exercitationibus," but bodily exercise was just what Gray declined to indulge in to the end of his life. He does not seem to have been even a walker; in-doors he was a bookworm, and out-of-doors a saunterer and a dreamer; nor was there ever, it would seem, a "good friend Matthew" to urge the too pensive student out into the light of common life.

Certain interesting poetical exercises mark the close of Gray's undergraduate career. A Latin ode in Sapphics

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and a fragment in Alcaics were sent in June, 1738, to West, who had just left Oxford for the Inner Temple. The second of these, which is so brief that it may surely be quoted here—

"O lacrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit"—

has called forth high eulogy from scholars of every succeeding generation. It is in such tiny seed-pearl of song as this that we find the very quintessence of Gray's peculiar grace and delicacy. To July, 1737, belongs a version into English heroics of a long passage from Propertius, beginning—

"Now prostrate, Bacchus, at thy shrine I bend"-

which I have not met with in print; and another piece from the same poet, beginning "Long as of youth," which occurs in all the editions of Gray, bears on the original MS. at Pembroke the date December, 1738. It may be remarked that in the printed copies the last two lines—

"You whose young bosoms feel a nobler flame, Redeem what Crassus lost and vindicate his name"—

have accidentally dropped out. In September, 1738, Gray left Cambridge, and took up his abode in his father's house for six months, apparently with no definite plans regarding his own future career; but out of this sleepy condition of mind he was suddenly waked by Horace Walpole's proposition that they should start together on the grand tour. The offer was a generous one. Walpole was to pay all Gray's expenses, but Gray was to be absolutely indepen-

dent: there was no talk of the poet's accompanying his younger friend in any secondary capacity, and it is only fair to Horace Walpole to state that he seems to have acted in a thoroughly kind and gentlemanly spirit. What was still more remarkable was that, without letting Gray know, he made out his will before starting, and so arranged that, had he died whilst abroad, Gray would have been his sole legatee. The frivolities of Horace Walpole have been dissected with the most cruel frankness; it is surely only just to point out that in this instance he acted a very gracious and affectionate part. On the 29th of March, 1739, the two friends started from Dover.

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CHAPTER II.

THE GRAND TOUR.

GRAY was only out of his native country once, but that single visit to the Continent lasted for nearly three years, and produced a very deep impression upon his character. It is difficult to realize what he would have become without this stimulus to the animal and external part of his nature. He was in danger of settling down in a species of moral inertia, of becoming dull and torpid, of spoiling a great poet to make a little pedant. The happy frivolities of France and Italy, though they were powerless over the deep springs of his being, stirred the surface of it, and made him bright and human. It is to be noticed that we hear nothing of his "true and faithful companion, melancholy," whilst he is away in the South; he was cheerfully occupied, taken out of himself, and serene in the gaiety of others. The two friends enjoyed a very rough passage from Dover to Calais, and on landing Gray anticipated Dr. Johnson by being surprised that the inhabitants of the country could speak French so well. He also discovered that they were all "Papishes," and briskly adapted himself to the custom of the land by attending high-mass the next day, which happened to be Easter Monday. In the afternoon the companions set out through a snowstorm for Boulogne in a post-chaise, a conveyance—not

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then imported into England—which filled the young men with hilarious amazement. Walpole, sensibly suggesting that there was no cause for hurry, refused to be driven express to Paris; and so they loitered very agreeably through Picardy, stopping at Montreuil, Abbeville, and Amiens. From the latter city Gray wrote an amusing account of his journey to his mother, containing a lively description of French scenery. "The country we have passed through hitherto has been flat, open, but agreeably diversified with villages, fields well cultivated, and little rivers. On every hillock is a windmill, a crucifix, or a Virgin Mary dressed in flowers and a sarcenet robe; one sees not many people or carriages on the road. Now and then indeed you meet a strolling friar, a countryman with his great muff, or a woman riding astride on a little ass, with short petticoats, and a great head-dress of blue wool."

On the 9th of April, rather late on a Saturday evening, they rolled into Paris, and after a bewildering drive drew up at last at the lodgings which had been prepared for them, probably in or near the British Embassy, and found themselves warmly welcomed by Walpole's cousins, the Conways, and by Lord Holdernesse. These young men were already in the thick of the gay Parisian tumult, and introduced Walpole and Gray also, as his friend, to the best society. The very day after their arrival they dined at Lord Holdernesse's to meet the Abbé Prévôt-d'Exiles, author of that masterpiece of passion, Manon Lescaut, and now in his forty-second year. It is very much to be deplored that we do not possess in any form Gray's impressions of the illustrious Frenchmen with whom he came into habitual contact during the next two months. He merely mentions the famous comic actress, Mademoiselle Jeanne Quinault "la Cadette," who was even then, though п.]

ung men iggesting e driven agreeably rille, and amusing a lively we have agreeably and little ifix, or a obe; one Now and nan with little ass. ie wool." evening, ive drew pared for ad found isins, the ung men mult, and d, to the ley dined -d'Exiles, caut, and to be des impreshe came ths. He emoiselle 1, though in the flower of her years, coquettishly threatening to leave the stage, and who did actually retire, amidst the regrets of a whole city, before Gray came back to England. She reminded the young Englishman of Mrs. Clive, the actress, but he says nothing of those famous Sunday suppers at which she presided, and at which all that was witty and brilliant in Paris was rehearsed or invented. These meetings, afterwards developed into the sessions of the Société du Bout du Banc, were then only in their infancy; yet there, from his corner unobserved, the little English poet must have keenly noted many celebrities of the hour, whose laurels were destined to wither when his were only beginning to sprout. There would be found the "most cruel of amateurs," the Comte de Caylus; Voisenon, still in the flush of his reputation; Moncrif, the lover of cats, with his strange dog-face; and there or elsewhere we know that Gray met and admired that prince of frivolous ingenuities, the redoubtable Marivaux. But of all this his letters tell us nothing—nothing even of the most curious of his friendships, that with Crebillon fils, who, according to Walpole, was their constant companion during their stay in Paris.

All the critics of Gray have found it necessary to excuse or explain away that remarkable statement of his, that "as the paradisaical pleasures of the Mahometans consist in playing upon the flute, etc., be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crébillon." Mason considered this very whimsical, and later editors have hoped that it meant nothing at all. But Gray was not a man to say what he did not mean, even in jest. Such a reasonable and unprejudiced mind as his may be credited with a meaning, however paradoxical the statement it makes. It is quite certain, from various remarks scattered through his

correspondence, that the literature of the French Regency, the boudoir poems and novels of the alcove, gave him more pleasure than any other form of contemporary literature. He uses language, in speaking of Gresset, the author of Vert-Vert, which contrasts curiously with his coldness towards Sterne and Collins. But, above all, he delighted in Crébillon. Hardly had he arrived in Paris, than he sent West the Lettres de la Marquise M * * * au Comte de R^{***} , which had been published in 1732, but which the success of Tanzaï et Néardané had pushed into a new edition. The younger Crébillon at this time was in his thirty-second year, discreet, confident, the friend of every one, the best company in Paris; half his time spent in wandering over the cheerful city that he loved so much, the other half given to literature in the company of that strange colossus, his father, the tragic poet, the writingroom of this odd couple being shared with a menageric of cats and dogs and queer feathered folk. Always a serviceable creature, and perhaps even already possessed with something of that Anglomania which led him at last into a sort of morganatic marriage with British aristocracy, Crébillon evidently did all he could to make Walpole and Gray happy in Paris; no chaperon could be more fitting than he to a young Englishman desirous of threading the mazes of that rose-colored Parisian Arcadia which had survived the days of the Regency, and had not yet ceased to look on Louis XV. as the Celadon of its pastoral valleys. It was a charming world of fancy and caprice; a world of milky clouds floating in an infinite azure, and bearing a mundane Venus to her throne on a Frenchified Cithæron. And what strange figures were bound to the golden car; generals, and abbés, and elderly Academicians, laughing philosophers and weeping tragedians, a motley crew united in the unelegance means w

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All this, but especially the elegance and the tolerance, made a deep impression upon the spirit of Gray. He came from a Puritan country; and was himself, like so many of our greatest men, essentially a Puritan at heart; but he was too acute not to observe where English practice was unsatisfactory. Above all, he seems to have detected the English deficiency in style and grace; a deficiency then, in 1739, far more marked than it had been half a century earlier. He could not but contrast the young English squire, that engaging and florid creature, with the bright, sarcastic, sympathetic companion of his walks in Paris, not without reflecting that the healthier English lad was almost sure to develop into a terrible type of fox-hunting stupidity in middle life. He, for one, then, and to the end of his days, would cast in his lot with what was refined and ingenious, and would temper the robustness of his race with a little Gallic brightness. Moreover, his taste for the novels of Mariyaux and Crébillon, with their ingenious analysis of emotion, their odour of musk and ambergris, their affectation of artless innocence, and their quick parry of wit, was not without excuse in a man framed as Gray was for the more brilliant exercises of literature, and forced to feed, in his own country, if he must read romances at all, on the coarse rubbish of Mrs. Behn or Mrs. Manley. Curiously enough, at that very moment Samuel Richardson was preparing for the press that excellent narrative of Pamela which was destined to found a great modern school of fiction in England, a school which was soon to sweep into contempt and oblivion all the "crébillonage-amarivaudé" which

reader here or there can scarcely venture to confess that he still finds the *Hasard au coin du Feu* very pleasant and innocent reading. We shall have to refer once again to this subject, when we reach the humorous poems in which Gray introduced into English literature this rococo

manner.

Gray became quite a little fop in Paris. He complains that the French tailor has covered him with silk and fringe, and has widened his figure with buckram a yard on either side. His waistcoat and breeches are so tight that he can scarcely breathe; he ties a vast solitaire around his neck, wears ruffles at his fingers' ends, and sticks his two arms into a muff. Thus made beautifully genteel, he and Walpole rolled in their coach to the Comedy and the Opera, visited Versailles and the sights of Paris, attended installations and spectacles, and saw the best of all that was to be seen. Gray was absolutely delighted with his new existence. "I could entertain myself this month," he wrote to West, "merely with the common streets and the people in them;" and Walpole, who was good-nature itself during all this early part of the tour, insisted on sending Gray out in his coach to see all the collections of fine art, and other such sights as were not congenial to himself, since Horace Walpole had not yet learned to be a connoisseur. Gray occupied himself no less with music, and his letters to West contain some amusing criticisms of French opera. The performers, he says, "come in and sing sentiment in lamentable strains, neither air nor recitation; only, to one's great joy, they were every now and then interrupted by a dance, or, to one's great sorrow, by a chorus that borders the stage from one end to the other, and screams, past all power of ed by cand-a-ha and a wand you And aga lemens of voilà la weather enjoy the Versaille

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simile to represent. Imagine, I say, all this transacted by cracked voices, trilling divisions upon two notesand-a-half, accompanied by an orchestra of humstrums, and a whole house more attentive than if Farinelli sung, and you will almost have formed a just idea of the thing." And again, later, he writes: "Des miaulemens et des heurlemens effroyables, melés avec un tintamarre du diable—voilà la musique Françoise en abrégé." At first the weather was extremely bad, but in May they began to enjoy the genial climate; they took long excursions to Versailles and Chantilly, happy "to walk by moonlight, and hear the ladies and the nightingales sing."

On the 1st of June, in company with Henry Conway, Walpole and Gray left Paris and settled at Rheims for three exquisite summer months. I fancy that these were amongst the happiest weeks in Gray's life, the most sunny and unconcerned. As the three friends came with particular introductions from Lord Conway, who knew Rheims well, they were welcomed with great cordiality into all the best society of the town. Gray found the provincial assemblies very stately and graceful, but without the easy familiarity of Parisian manners. The mode of entertainment was uniform, beginning with cards, in the midst of which every one rose to eat what was called the gouter, a service of fruits, cream, sweetmeats, crawfish, and cheese. People then sat down again to cards, until they had played forty deals, when they broke up into little parties for a promenade. That this formality was sometimes set aside we may gather from a very little vignette that Gray slips into a letter to his mother:

"The other evening we happened to be got together in a company of eighteen people, men and women of the best fashion here, at a garden in the town, to walk, when one of the ladies bethought herself of asking, 'Why should we not sup here?' Immediately the cloth was laid by the side of a fountain under the trees, and a very elegant supper served up; after which another said, 'Come, let us sing,' and directly began herself. From singing we insensibly fell to dancing, and singing in a round; when somebody mentioned the violins, and immediately a company of them was ordered, minuets were begun in the open air, and then came country dances, which held till four o'clock next morning; at which hour the gayest lady then proposed that such as were weary should get into their coaches, and the rest of them should dance before them with the music in the van; and in this manner we paraded through all the principal streets of the city, and waked everybody in it. Mr. Walpole had a mind to make a custom of the thing, and would have given a ball in the same manner next week; but the women did not come into it; so I believe it will drop, and they will return to their dull cards and usual formalities."

Walpole intended to spend the winter of 1739 in the South of France, and was therefore not unwilling to loiter by the way. They thought to stay a fortnight at Rheims, but they received a vague intimation that Lord Conway and that prince of idle companions, the ever-sparkling George Selwyn, were coming, and they hung on for three months in expectation of them. At last, on the 7th of September, they left Rheims, and entered Dijon three days later. The capital of Burgundy, with its rich architecture and treasuries of art, made Gray regret the frivolous months they had spent at Rheims, whilst Walpole, who was eager to set off, would only allow him three or four days for exploration. On the 18th of September they were at Lyons, and this town became their head-quarters for the next six weeks. The junction of the rivers has provoked a multitude of conceits, but none perhaps so pretty as this of Gray's: "The Rhone and Saône are two people, who, though of tempers extremely unlike, think fit to join hands here, and make a little party to travel to the

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Mediterranean in company; the lady comes gliding along through the fruitful plains of Burgundy, incredibili lenitate, ita ut oculis in utram partem fluit judicari non possit; the gentleman runs all rough and roaring down from the mountains of Switzerland to meet her; and with all her soft airs she likes him never the worse; she goes through the middle of the city in state, and he passes incog. without the walls, but waits for her a little below."

A fortnight later the friends set out on an excursion across the mountains that they might accompany Henry Conway, who was now leaving them, as far as Geneva. They took the longest road through Savoy, that they might visit the Grande Chartreuse, which impressed Gray very forcibly by the solitary grandeur of its situation. It was, however, not on this occasion, but two years later, that he wrote his famous Alcaic Ode in the album of the monastery. The friends slept as the guests of the fathers, and proceeded next day to Chambéry, which greatly disappointed them; and sleeping one night at Aix-les-Bains, which they found deserted, and another at Annecy, they arrived at last at Geneva. They stayed there a week, partly to see Conway settled, and partly because they found it very bright and hospitable, returning at last to Lyons through the spurs of the Jura, and across the plains of La Bresse. They found awaiting them a letter from Sir Robert Walpole, in which he desired his son to go on to Italy, so they gladly resigned their project of spending the winter in France, and pushed on at once to the foot of the Alps; armed against the cold with "muffs, hoods, and masks of beaver, fur boots, and bearskins." On the 6th of November they descended into Italy, after a very severe and painful journey of a week's duration, through two days of which they were hardly less frightened than Addi-

son had been during his Alpine adventures a generation earlier. It was on the sixth day of this journey that the incident occurred which was so graphically described both by Gray and Walpole, and which is often referred to. Walpole had a fat little black spaniel, called Tory, which he was very fond of; and as this pampered creature was trotting beside the ascending chaise, enjoying his little constitutional, a young wolf sprung out of the covert and snatched the shricking favourite away from amongst the garriages and servants before any one had the presence of mind to draw a pistol. Walpole screamed and wept, but Tory had disappeared forever. Mason regrets that Gray did not write a mock-heroic poem on this incident, as a companion to the ode on Walpole's cat, and it must be admitted that the theme was an excellent one.

The name of Addison has just been mentioned, and Walpole's remarks about the horrors of Alpine travelling do indeed savour of the old-fashioned fear of what was sublime in nature. But Gray's sentiments on the occasion were very different, and his letter to his mother dilates on the beauty of the crags and precipices in a way that shows him to have been the first of the romantic lovers of nature, since even Rousseau had then hardly developed his later and more famous attitude, and Vernet had only just begun to contemplate the sea with ecstasy. On the 7th of November, 1739, the travellers had reached Turin, but amongst the clean streets and formal avenues of that prosaic city the thoughts of Gray were still continually in the wonders he had left behind him. In a delightful letter to West, written nine days later, he is still dreaming of the Alps: "I own I have not, as yet, anywhere met with those grand and simple works of art that are to amaze one, and whose sight one is to be the

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better for; but those of nature have astonished me beyond expression. In our little journey up to the Grande Chartreuse I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation that there was no restraining; not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain scenes that would awe an atheist into belief, without the help of other argument. One need not have a very fantastic imagination to see spirits there at noon-day. You have Death perpetually before your eyes, only so far removed as to compose the mind without frighting it. I am well persuaded St. Bruno was a man of no common genius, to choose such a situation for his retirement; and perhaps I should have been a disciple of his, had I been born in his time." It is hard to cease quoting, all this letter being so new, and beautiful, and suggestive; but perhaps enough has been given to show in what terms and on what occasion the picturesqueness of Switzerland was first discovered. At the same time the innovator concedes that Mont Cenis does, perhaps, abuse its privilege of being frightful. Amongst the precipices Gray read Livy, Nives cælo prope immistæ, but when the chaise drove down into the sunlit plains of Italy, he laid that severe historian aside, and plunged into the pages of Silius Italicus.

On the 18th of November they passed on to Genoa, which Gray particularly describes as "a vast semicircular basin, full of fine blue sea, and vessels of all sorts and sizes, some sailing out, some coming in, and others at anchor; and all round it palaces, and churches peeping over one another's heads, gardens, and marble terraces full of orange and cypress trees, fountains and trellis-works covered with vines, which altogether compose the grandest of theatres." The music in Italy was a feast to him, and

from this time we may date that careful study of Italian music which occupied a great part of the ensuing year. Ten days at Genoa left them deeply in love with it, and loth to depart; but they wished to push on, and crossing the mountains, they found themselves within three days at Piacenza, and so at Parma; out of which city they were locked on a cold winter's night, and were only able to gain admittance by an ingenious stratagem which amused them very much, but which they have neglected to record. They greatly enjoyed the Correggios in this place, for Horace Walpole was now learning to be a connoisseur, and then they proceeded to Bologna, where they spent twelve days in seeing the sights. They found it very irksome to be without introductions, especially after the hospitality which they had enjoyed in France, and as it was winter they could only see, in Gray's words, the skeleton of Italy. He was at least able to observe "very public and scandalous doings between the vine and the elm-trees, and how the olive-trees are shocked thereupon." It is also particularly pleasant to learn that he himself was "grown as fat as a hog;" he was, in fact, perfectly happy and well, perhaps for the only time in his life.

They crossed the Apennines on the 15th of the month, and descended through a winding-sheet of mist into the streets of Florence, where Mr. Horace Mann's servant met them at the gates, and conducted them to his house, which, with a certain interval, was to be their home for fifteen months. Horace Mann was a dull letter-writer, but he seems to have been a very engaging and unwearying companion. Gray, a man not easily pleased, pronounced him "the best and most obliging person in the world." He was then resident, and afterwards envoy extraordinary, at the Court of Tuscany, and retains a place

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in history as the correspondent of Horace Walpole through nearly half a century of undivided friendship. again the travel-stained youths had the pleasures of society offered to them, and Gray could encase himself again in silk and buckram, and wear ruffles at the tips of his fin-Moreover, his mind, the most actively acquisitive then stirring in Europe, could engage once more in its enchanting exercises, and store up miscellaneous information with unflagging zeal in a thousand nooks of brain and note-book. Music, painting, and statuary occupied him chiefly, and his unpublished catalogues, not less strikingly than his copious printed notes, show the care and assiduity of his research. His Criticisms on Architecture and Painting in Italy is not an amusing treatise, but it is without many of the glaring faults of the æsthetic dissertations of the age. The remarks about antique sculpture are often very just and penetrative—as fine sometimes as those exquisite notes by Shelley, which first saw the light in 1880. Some of his views about modern masters, too, show the native propriety of his taste, and his entire indifference to contemporary judgment. For Caravaggio, for instance, then at the height of his vogue, he has no patience; although, in common with all critics of the eighteenth century, and all human beings till about a generation ago, he finds Guido inexpressibly brilliant and harmonious. It is, however, chiefly interesting to us to notice that in these copious notes on painting Gray distinguishes himself from other writers of his time by his simple and purely artistic mode of considering what is presented to him, every other critic, as far as I remember, down to Lessing and Winckelmann, being chiefly occupied with rhetorical definitions of the action upon the human mind of art in the abstract. Gray scarcely mentions a single work, however, precedent to the age of Raphael; and it will not do to insist too strongly upon his independence of the prejudices of his time.

In music he seems to have been still better occupied. He was astonished, during his stay in Florence, at the beauty and originality of the new school of Italian composers, at that time but little known in England. He seems to have been particularly struck with Leonardo da Vinci, who was then just dead, and with Bononcini and the German Hasse, who were still alive. At Naples a few months later he found Leonardo Leo, and was attracted by his genius. But the full ardour of his admiration was reserved for the works of G. B. Pergolesi, whose elevation above the other musicians of his age Gray was the first to observe and assert. Pergolesi, who had died four years before, at the age of twenty-six, was entirely unknown outside Tuscany; and to the English poet belongs the praise, it is said, of being the first to bring a collection of his pieces to London, and to obtain for this great master a hearing in British concert-rooms. Gray was one of the few poets who have possessed not merely an ear for music, but considerable executive skill. Mason tells us that he enjoyed, probably at this very time, instruction on the harpsichord from the younger Scarlatti, but his main gift was for vocal music. He had a small but very clear and pure voice, and was much admired for his singing in his youth, but during later years was so shy that Walpole "never could but once prevail on him to give a proof of it; and then it was with so much pain to himself, that it gave Walpole no manner of pleasure." In after-years he had a harpsichord in his rooms at college, and continued to cultivate this sentimental sort of company in his long periods of solitude. Gray formed a valuable collection of MS, music whilst he was in

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Italy; it consisted of nine large volumes, bound in vellum. and was enriched by a variety of notes in Gray's handwriting.

It was at Florence, on the 12th of March, 1740, that Gray took it into his head to commence a correspondence with his old school-fellow, Dr. Thomas Wharton ("my dear, dear Wharton, which is a 'dear' more than I give anybody else"), who afterwards became Fellow of Pembroke Hall, and one of Gray's staunchest and most sympathetic friends. To the biographer of the poet, moreover, the name of Wharton must be ever dear, since it was to him that the least reserved and most personal of all Gray's early letters were indited. This Dr. Wharton was a quiet, good man, with no particular genius or taste, but dowered with that delightful tact and sympathetic attraction which are the lode-star of irritable and weary genius. He was by a few months Gray's junior, and survived him three-and-twenty years, indolently intending, it is said, to the last, to collect his memories of his great friend, but dying in his eightieth year so suddenly as to be incapable of any preparation. In this, his first letter to Wharton, Gray mentions the death of Pope Clement XII., which had occurred about a month before, and states his intention to be at Rome in time to see the coronation of his successor, which, however, as it happened, was delayed six months. So little, however, were Walpole and Gray prepared for this, that they set out in the middle of March, 1740, in great fear lest they should be too late, and entered Rome on the 31st of that month. They found the conclave of cardinals sitting and like to sit; and they prepared themselves to enjoy Rome in the mean while. The magnificence of the ancient city infinitely surpassed Gray's expectation, but he found modern Rome and its inhabitants very con-

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temptible and disgusting. There was no society amongst the Roman nobles, who pushed parsimony to an extreme, and showed not the least hospitality. "In short, child" (Walpole says to West, on the 16th of April), "after sunset one passes one's time here very ill; and if I did not wish for you in the mornings, it would be no compliment to tell you that I do in the evening." From Tivoli, a month later, Gray writes West a very contemptuous description of the artificial cascades and cliffs of the Duke of Modena's palace-gardens there; but a few days afterwards, at Alba and Frascati, he was inspired in a gentler mood with the Alcaic Ode to Favonius, beginning "Mater rosarum." Of the same date is a letter laughing at West, who had made some extremely classical allusions in his correspondence, and who is indulged with local colour to his heart's content:

"I am to-day just returned from Alba, a good deal fatigued, for you know (from Statius) that the Appian is somewhat tiresome. We dined at Pompey's; he indeed was gone for a few days to his Tusculan, but, by the care of his villicus, we made an admirable meal. We had the dugs of a pregnant sow, a peacock, a dish of thrushes, a noble scarus just fresh from the Tyrrhene, and some conchylia of the Lake, with garum sauce. For my part, I never ate better at Lucullus's table. We drank half a dozen cyathi apiece of ancient Alban to Pholoë's health; and, after bathing, and playing an hour at ball, we mounted our essedum again, and proceeded up the mount to the temple. The priests there entertained us with an account of a wonderful shower of birds' eggs, that had fallen two days before, which had no sooner touched the ground but they were converted into gudgeons; as also that the night past a dreadful voice had been heard out of the Adytum, which spoke Greek during a full half-hour, but nobody understood it. But, quitting my Romanities, to your great joy and mine, let me tell you in plain English that we come from Albano,"

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Some entertainments Gray had at Rome. He mentions one ball at which he performed the part of the mouse at the party. The chief virtuoso of the hour, La Diamantina, played on the violin, and Giovannino and Pasquelini sang. All the secular grand monde of Rome was there, and there Gray, from the corner where he sat regaling himself with iced fruits, watched the object of his hearty disapproval, the English Pretender, "displaying his rueful length of person." Gray's hatred of the Stuarts was one of his few pronounced political sentiments, and whilst at Rome he could not resist making a contemptuous jest of them in a letter which he believed that James would open. He says, indeed, that all letters sent or received by English people in Rome were at that time read by the Pretender. In June, as the cardinals could not make up their minds, the young men decided to wait no longer, and proceeded southwards to Terracina, Capua, and Naples. On the 17th of June they visited the remains of Herculaneum, then only just exposed and identified, and before the end of the month they went back to Rome. There, still finding that no Pope was elected, and weary of the dreariness and formality of that great city, Walpole determined to return to Florence. They had now been absent from home and habitually thrown upon one another for entertainment during nearly fifteen months, and their friendship had hitherto shown no abatement. But they had arrived at that point of familiarity when a very little disagreement is sufficient to produce a quarrel. No such serious falling-out happened for nearly a year more, but we find Gray, whose note-books were inexhaustible, a little peevish at being forced to leave the treasures of Rome so soon. However, Florence was very enjoyable. They took up their abode once more in the house of Horace Mann, where they looked down into the Arno from their bedroom windows, and could resort at a moment's notice to the marble bridge, to hear music, eat iced fruits, and sup by moonlight. It is a place, Gray says, "excellent to employ all one's animal sensations in, but utterly contrary to one's rational powers. I have struck a medal upon myself; the device is thus O, and the motto Nihilissimo, which I take in the most concise manner to contain a full account of my person, sentiments, occupations, and late glorious successes. We get up at twelve o'clock, breakfast till three, dine till four, sleep till six, drink cooling liquors till eight, go to the bridge till ten, sup till two, and so sleep till twelve again."

In the midst of all this laziness, however, the business of literature recurred to his thoughts. He wrote some short things in Latin, then a fragment of sixty hexameter verses on the Gaurus, and then set about a very ambitious didactic epic, De Principiis Cogitandi. It is a curious commentary on the small bulk of Gray's poetical productions to point out that this Latin poem, only two fragments of which were ever written, is considerably the longest of his writings in verse. As we now possess it, it was chiefly written in Florence during the summer of 1740; some passages were added at Stoke in 1742; but by that time Gray had determined, like other learned Cambridge poets, Spenser and Milton, to bend to the vulgar ear, and leave his Latin behind him. The De Principiis Cogitandi is now entirely neglected, and at no time attracted much curiosity; yet it is a notable production in its way. It was an attempt to crystallize the philosophy of Locke, for which Gray entertained the customary reverence of his age, in Lucretian hexameters. How the Soul begins to Know; by what primary Notions Mnemosyne opens her succession how Reas natural be anxious of plies him thou glo English of the except human of the wood a pool, the fine imagical dignit the matter gestion.

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business te some xameter mbitious curious producvo fraghe longt, it was f 1740; by that mbridge ear, and ogitandi ed much vay. It ocke, for of his egins to ens her succession of thoughts, and her slender chain of ideas; how Reason contrives to augment her slow empire in the natural breast of man; and how anger, sorrow, fear, and anxious care are implanted there—of these things he applies himself to sing; and do not thou disdain the singer, thou glory, thou unquestioned second luminary of the English race, thou unnamed spirit of John Locke. With the exception of one episode, in which he compares the human mind in reverie to a Hamadryad who wanders in the woodland, and is startled to find herself mirrored in a pool, the plan of this poem left no scope for fancy or fine imagery; the theme is treated with a certain rhetorical dignity, but the poet has been so much occupied with the matter in hand, that his ideas have suffered some congestion. Nevertheless he is himself, and not Virgil or Ovid or Lucretius, and this alone is no small praise for a writer of modern Latin verse.

If the De Principiis. Cogitandi had been published when it was written, it is probable that it would have won some measure of instant celebrity for its author, but the undiluted conclusions of Locke were no longer interesting in a second-hand form in 1774, when they had already been subjected to the expansions of Hume and the criticisms of Leibnitz. Nor was Gray at all on the wave of philosophical thought; he seems no less indifferent to Berkeley's Principles of Human Knowledge than he is unaware of Hume's Treatise of Human Nature, which had been printed in 1739, soon after Gray left England. This Latin epic was a distinct false start, but he did not totally abandon the hope of completing it until 1746.

In August, 1740, the friends went over to Bologna for a week, and on their return had the mortification to learn that a Pope, Benedict XII., had been elected whilst they were within four days' journey of Rome. They began to think of home; there were talks of taking a felucca over from Leghorn to Marseilles, or of crossing through Germany by Venice and the Tyrol. Florence they began to find "one of the dullest cities in Italy," and there is no doubt that they began to be on very strained and uncomfortable terms with one another. They had the grace, however, absolutely to conceal it from other people, and to the very last each of them wrote to West without the least hint of want of confidence in the other. On the 24th of April, 1741, Gray and Walpole set off from Florence, and spent a few days in Bologna to hear La Viscontina sing; from Bologna they proceeded to Reggio, and there occurred the famous quarrel which has perhaps been more often discussed than any other fact in Gray's life. It has been said that he discovered Walpole opening a letter addressed to Gray, or perhaps written by him, to see if anything unpleasant about himself were said in it, and that he broke away from him with scathing anger and scorn, casting Walpole off forever, and at once continuing his journey to Venice alone. But this is really little more than conjecture. Both the friends were very careful to keep their counsel, and within three years the breach was healed. One thing is certain, that Walpole was the offender. When Gray was dead and Mason was writing his life, Walpole insisted that this fact should be stated, although he very reasonably declined to go into particulars for the public. He wrote a little paragraph for Mason, taking the blame upon himself, but added for the biog-

rapher's private information a longer and more intelligible account, saying that "while one is living it is not pleasant

to read one's private quarrels discussed in magazines and

newspapers," but desiring that Mason would preserve this

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particular account, that it might be given to posterity. But Walpole lived on until 1797, and by a singular coincidence Mason, who was so much younger, only survived him a few days. Accordingly there was a delay in giving this passage to the world; and though it is known to students of Horace Walpole's Correspondence, it has never taken the authoritative place it deserves in Gray's life. It is all we possess in the way of direct evidence, and it does great credit no less to Walpole's candour than to his experience of the human heart. He wrote to Mason (March 2, 1773):

"I am conscious that in the beginning of the differences between Gray and me the fault was mine. I was too young, too fond of my own diversions, nay, I do not doubt, too much intoxicated by indulgence, vanity, and the insolence of my situation as Prime-minister's son, not to have been inattentive and insensible to the feelings of one I thought below me; of one, I blush to say it, that I knew was obliged to me; of one whom presumption and folly, perhaps, made me deem not my superior then in parts, though I have since felt my infinite inferiority to him. I treated him insolently; he loved me, and I did not think he did. I reproached him with the difference between us, when he acted from convictions of knowing he was my superior. I often disregarded his wishes of seeing places, which I would not quit other amusements to visit, though I offered to send him to them without me. Forgive me, if I say that his temper was not conciliating; at the same time that I will confess to you that he acted a more friendly part, had I had the sense to take advantage of it—he freely told me of my faults. I declared I did not desire to hear them, nor would correct them. You will not wonder that, with the dignity of his spirit and the obstinate carelessness of mine, the breach must have grown wider till we became incompatible."

This is the last word on the subject of the quarrel, and after a statement so generous, frank, and lucid it only remains to remind the reader that these were lads of twenty-three

and twenty-four respectively, that they had been thrown far too exclusively and too long on one another for entertainment, and that probably Walpole is too hard upon himself in desiring to defend Gray. There is not the slightest trace in his letters or in Gray's of any rudeness on Walpole's part. The main point is that the quarrel was made up in 1744, and that after some coldness on Gray's side they became as intimate as ever for the remainder of their lives.

Walpole stayed at Reggio, and Gray's heart would have stirred with remorse had he known that his old friend was even then sickening for a quinsy, of which he might have died, if the excellent Joseph Spence, Oxford Professor of Poetry, and the friend of Pope, had not happened to be passing through Reggio with Lord Lincoln, and had not given up his whole time to nursing him. Meanwhile the unconscious Gray, sore with pride, passed on to Venice, where he spent two months in the company of a Mr. Whitehead and a Mr. Chute. In July he hired a courier, passed leisurely through the north of Italy, visiting Padua and Verona, reached Turin on the 15th of August, and began to cross the Alps next day. He stayed once more at the Grande Chartreuse, and inscribed in the Album of the Fathers his famous Alcaic Ode, beginning "Oh Tu, severi Religio loci," which is the best known and practically the last of his Latin poems. In this little piece of twenty lines we first recognize that nicety of expression, that delicate lapidary style, that touch of subdued romantic sentiment, which distinguish the English poetry of Gray; whilst it is perhaps not fantastic to detect in its closing lines the first dawn of those ideas which he afterwards expanded into the Elegy in a Country Church-yard. The original MS. in the album became an object of great interest to visitors to the hospice after Gray's death, and was highly

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prized by the fathers. It exists, however, no longer; it was destroyed by a rabble from Grenoble during the French Revolution. Gray reached Lyons on the 25th of August, and returned to London on the 1st of September, 1741, after an absence from England of exactly two years and five months. Walpole, being cured of his complaint, arrived in England ten days later. To a good-natured letter from Henry Conway, suggesting a renewal of intimacy between the friends, Gray returned an answer of the coldest civility, and Horace Walpole now disappears from our narrative for three years.

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CHAPTER III.

STOKE-POGIS. - DEATH OF WEST. - FIRST ENGLISH POEMS.

On his return from Italy Gray found his father lying very ill, exhausted by successive attacks of gout, and unable to rally from them. Two months later, on the 6th of November, 1741, he died in a paroxysm of the disease. His last act had been to squander his fortune, which seems to have remained until that time almost unimpaired, on building a country-house at Wanstead. Not only had he not written to tell his son of this adventure, but he had actually contrived to conceal it from his wife. Mason is not correct in saying that it became necessary to sell this house immediately after Philip Gray's death, or that it fetched 2000l. less than it had cost; it remained in the possession of Mrs. Gray. With the ruins of a fortune Mrs. Gray and her sister, Mary Antrobus, seem to have kept house for a year in Cornhill, till, on the death of their brother-in-law, Mr. Jonathan Rogers, on the 21st of October, 1742, they joined their widowed sister Anna in her house at Stoke-Pogis, in Buckinghamshire. During these months they wound up their private business in Cornhill, and disposed of their shop on tolerably advantageous terms; and apparently Gray first imagined that the family property would be enough to provide amply for him

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Accordingly he began the study of the law, that being the profession for which he had been originally intended. For six months or more he seems to have stayed in London, applying himself rather languidly to common law, and giving his real thoughts and sympathies to those who demanded them most, his mother and his unfortunate friend, Richard West. The latter, indeed, he found in a miserable condition. In June, 1740, that young man, having lived at the Temple till he was sick of it, left chambers, finding that neither the prestige of his grandfather nor the reputation of his uncle, Sir Thomas Burnet, advanced him at all in their profession. He was without heart in his work, his talents were not drawn out in the legal direction, and his affectionate and somewhat feminine nature suffered from loneliness and want of con-He had hoped that Walpole would be genial society. able to find him a post in the diplomatic service or in the army; but this was not possible. Gray strongly disapproved of the step West took in leaving the Temple, and wrote him from Florence a letter full of kindly and cordial good-sense; but when he arrived in London he found West in a far more broken condition of mind and body than he had anticipated. In extreme agitation West confided to his friend a terrible secret which he had discovered, and which Gray preserved in silence until the close of his life, when he told it to Norton Nichols. It is a painful story, which need not be repeated here, but which involved the reputation of West's mother with the name of his late father's secretary, a Mr. Williams, whom she finally married when her son was dead. West had not the power to rally from this shock, and the comfort of Gray's society only slightly delayed the end. In March, 1742, he was obliged to leave town, and went to stay with 3*

a friend at Popes, near Hatfield, Herts, where he lingered three months, and died.

The winter which Gray and West spent together in London was remarkable in the career of the former as the beginning of his most prolific year of poetical composition—a vocal year to be followed by six of obstinate silence. The first original production in English verse was a fragment of the tragedy of Agrippina, of which one complete scene and a few odd lines have been preserved in his works. In this attempt at the drama he was inspired by Racine, and neither Addison, nor Aaron Hill, nor James Thomson, had contrived to be more cold or academic a playwright. The subject, which had been treated in tragedy more than a century earlier by May, was well adapted for stately stage-effect, and the scheme of Gray's play, so far as we know it, was not without interest. But he was totally unfitted to write for the boards, and even the beauty of versification in Agrippina cannot conceal from us for a moment its ineptitude. All that exists of the play is little else than a soliloguy, in which the Empress defies the rage of Nero, and shows that she possesses

"A heart that glows with the pure Julian fire,"

by daring her son to the contest:

"Around thee call
The gilded swarm that wantons in the sunshine
Of thy full favour; Seneca be there
In gorgeous phrase of laboured eloquence
To dress thy plea, and Burrhus strengthen it
With his plain soldier's oath and honest seeming.
Against thee—liberty and Agrippina!
The world the prize! and fair befall the victors!"

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As a study in blank verse Agrippina shows the result of long apprenticeship to the ancients, and marches with a sharp and dignified step that reminds the reader more of Landor than of any other dramatist. In all other essentials, however, the tragedy must be considered, like the didactic epic, a false start; but Gray was now very soon to learn his real vocation.

The opening scene of the tragedy was sent down into Hertfordshire to amuse West, who seemed at first to have recovered his spirits, and who sat "purring by the fireside, in his arm-chair, with no small satisfaction." He was able to busy himself with literature, delighting in the new revision of the Dunciad, and reading Tacitus for the first His cool reception of the latter roused Gray to defend his favourite historian with great vigour. "Pray do not imagine," he says, "that Tacitus, of all authors in the world, can be tedious. . . . Yet what I admire in him above all is his detestation of tyranny, and the high spirit of liberty that every now and then breaks out, as it were, whether he would or no." Poor West, on the 4th of April, racked by an "importunissima tussis," declines to do battle against Tacitus, but attacks Agripping with a frankness and a critical sagacity which slew that ill-starred tragedy on the spot. It is evident that Gray had no idea of West's serious condition, for he rallies him on being the first who ever made a muse of a cough, and is confident that "those wicked remains of your illness will soon give way to warm weather and gentle exercise." It is in the same letter that Gray speaks with some coldness of Joseph Andrews, and reverts with the warmth on which we have already commented to the much more congenial romances of Marivaux and Crébillon. We may here confess that Gray certainly misses, in common with most men of his time, the one great charm of the literary character at its best, namely, enthusias in for excellence in contemporaries. It is a sign of a dry age when the principal authors of a country look askance on one another. Some silly critics in our own days have discovered with indignant horror the existence of "mutual admiration societies." A little more acquaintance with the history of literature might have shown them how strong the sentiment of comradeship has been in every age of real intellectual vitality. It is much to be deplored that the chilly air of the eighteenth century prevented the "mutual admiration" of such men as Gray and Fielding.

This is perhaps an appropriate point at which to pause

and consider the condition of English poetry at the moment at which we have now arrived. When Gray began seriously to write, in 1742, the considerable poets then alive in England might have been counted on the fingers of two hands. Pope and Swift were nearing the close of their careers of glory and suffering, the former still vocal to the last, and now quite unrivalled by any predecessor in personal prestige. As a matter of fact, however, he was not destined to publish anything more of any consequence. Three other names, Goldsmith, Churchill, and Cowper, were those of children not to appear in literature for many years to come. Gray's actual competitors, therefore, were only four in number. Of these the eldest, Young, was just beginning to publish, at the age of fifty-eight, the only work by which he is now much remembered, or which can still be read with pleasure. The Night Thoughts was destined to make his the most prominent poetical figure for the next ten years. Thomson, on the other hand, a younger and far more vital spirit, had practically retreated already upon his laurels, and was presently to die, without again

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pause e mobegan then ingers ose of vocal sor in e was ience. , were years only st bework n still stined or the unger ready again addressing the public, except in the luckless tragedy of Sophonisba, bequeathing, however, to posterity the treasure of his Castle of Indolence. Samuel Johnson had published London, a nine days' wonder, and had subsided into temporary oblivion. Collins, just twenty-one years of age, had brought out a pamphlet of Persian Ecloques without attracting the smallest notice from anybody. Amongst the lesser stars Allan Ramsay and Ambrose Philips were retired old men, now a long while silent, who remembered the days of Addison; Armstrong had flashed into unenviable distinction with a poem more clever than decorous; Dyer, one of the lazy men who grow fat too soon, was buried in his own Fleece; Shenstone and Akenside, much younger men, were beginning to be talked about in the circle of their friends, but had as yet done little. The stage, therefore, upon which Gray proceeded very gingerly to step, was not a crowded one, and before he actually ventured to appear in print it was stripped of its most notable adornments. Yet this apparent advantage was in reality a great disadvantage. As Mr. Matthew Arnold admirably says, "born in the same year with Milton, Gray would have been another man; born in the same year with Burns, he would have been another man." As it was, his genius pined away for want of movement in the atmosphere; the wells of poetry were stagnant, and there was nc angel to strike the waters.

The amiable dispute as to the merits of Agrippina led the friends on to a wider theme, the peculiar qualities of the style of Shakspeare. How low the standard of criticism had fallen in that generation may be estimated when we consider that Theobald, himself the editor and annotator of Shakspeare, in palming off—his forgery of The Double Falsehood, which contains such writing as this—

"Fond Echo, forego the light strain,
And heedfully hear a lost maid;
Go tell the false ear of the swain
How deeply his vows have betrayed"—

as a genuine work by the author of *Hamlet*, had ventured to appeal to the style as giving the best evidence of the truth of his pretensions. Gray had a more delicate sense of literary flavour than this, and his remarks about the vigour and pictorial richness of Elizabethan drama, since which "our language has greatly degenerated," are highly interesting even to a modern reader. Through April and May he kept up a brisk correspondence, chiefly on books, with West at Popes, and on the 5th of the latter month he received from his friend an *Ode to May*, beginning—

"Dear Gray, that always in my heart Possessest still the better part"—

which is decidedly the most finished of West's productions. Some of the stanzas of this ode possess much suavity and grace:

"Awake, in all thy glories drest,
Recall the zephyrs from the west;
Restore the sun, revive the skies;
At mine and Nature's call arise!
Great Nature's self upbraids thy stay,
And misses her accustomed May."

This is almost in the later style of Gray himself, and the poem received from him commendation as being "light and genteel," a phrase that sounds curiously old-fashioned nowadays. Gray meanwhile is busy translating Propertius, and shows no sign of application to legal studies. On the contrary, he has spent the month of April in studying the *Peloponnesian War*, the greater part of Pliny and Martial,

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Anacreon, Petrarch, and Aulus Gellius, a range of reading which must have entirely excluded Coke upon Lyttelton. West's last letter is dated May 11, 1742, and is very cheerfully written, but closes with words that afterwards took a solemn meaning: "Vale, et vive paulisper cum vivis." On the 27th of the same month Gray wrote a very long letter to West, in which he shows no consciousness whatever of his friend's desperate condition. This epistle contains an interesting reference to his own health:

"Mine, you are to know, is a white melancholy, or rather leucocholy, for the most part; which, though it seldom laughs or dances, nor ever amounts to what one calls joy or pleasure, yet is a good, easy sort of a state, and cane laisse que de s'amuser. The only fault is its vapidity, which is apt now and then to give a sort of ennui, which makes one form certain little wishes that signify nothing. But there is another sort, black indeed, which I have now and then felt, that has somewhat in it like Tertullian's rule of faith, Credo quia impossibile est; for it believes, nay, is sure of everything that is unlikely, so it be but frightful; and on the other hand excludes and shuts its eyes to the most possible hopes, and everything that is pleasurable. From this the Lord deliver us! for none but He and sunshiny weather can do it."

Grimly enough, whilst he was thus analyzing his feelings, his friend lay at the point of death. Five days after this letter was written West breathed his last, on the 1st of June, 1742, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, and was buried in the chancel of Hatfield church.

Probably on the same day that West died Gray went down into Buckinghamshire, to visit his uncle and aunt Rogers at Stoke-Pogis, a village which his name has immortalized, and of which it may now be convenient to say a few words. The manor of Stoke Pogis or Poges is first mentioned in a deed of 1291, and passed through the hands of a variety of eminent personages down to the

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great Earl of Huntingdon, in the reign of Henry VIII. The village, if such it can be called, is sparsely scattered over a wide extent of country. The church, a very picturesque structure of the fourteenth century, with a woodon spire, is believed to have been built by Sir John Molines about 1340. It stands on a little level space about four miles north of the Thames at Eton. From the neighbourhood of the church no vestige of hamlet or village is visible, and the aspect of the place is slightly artificial, like a rustic church in a park on the stage. The traveller almost expects to see the grateful peasantry of an opera, cheerfully habited, make their appearance, dancing on the greensward. As he faces the church from the south the white building, extravagantly Palladian, which lies across the meadows on his left hand, is Stoke Park, begun under the direction of Alexander Nasmyth, the landscape-painter, in 1789, and finished by James Wyatt, R.A., for the Hon. Thomas Penn, who bought the manor from the representatives of Gray's friend, Lady Cobham. At the back of the visitor stands a heavy and hideous mausoleum, bearing a eulogistic inscription to Gray, and this also is due to the taste of Wyatt, and was erected in 1799. If we still remain on the south side of the church-yard, the chimneys seen through the thick, umbrageous foliage on our right hand, and behind the church, are those of the ancient Manor House, celebrated by Gray in the Long Story, and built by the Earl of Huntingdon in 1555. The road from Farnham Royal passes close to it, but there is little to be seen. Although in Gray's time it seems to have been in perfect preservation as an exquisite specimen of Tudor architecture, with its high gables, projecting windows, and stacks of clustered chimney-shafts, it did not suit the corrupt Georgian taste of the Penns, and was

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CHAP. VIII. attered y pictwood-Molines at four neighvillage tificial, raveller opera, on the ith the across under painter, e Hon. presenack of ı, bearis due If we rd, the age on of the Long1555. t there

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pulled down in 1789. Wyatt refused to have anything to say to it, and remarked that "the style of the edifice was deficient in those excellences which might have pleaded for restoration." Of the historical building in which Sir Christopher Hatton lived and Sir Edward Coke died nothing is left but the fantastic chimneys, and a rough shell which is used as a stable. This latter was for some time fitted up as a studio for Sir Edwin Landseer, and he was working here in 1852, when he suddenly became deranged. This old ruin, so full of memories, is only one of a number of ancient and curious buildings within the boundaries of the parish of Stoke-Pogis. When Gray came to Stoke, in 1742, the Manor House was inhabited by the Ranger of Windsor Forest, Viscount Cobham, who died in 1749. It was his widow who, as we shall presently see, became the intimate friend of Gray and inspired his remarkable poem of the Long Story.

The house of Mrs. Rogers, to which Gray and his mother now proceeded, was situated at West End, in the northern part of the parish. It was reached from the church by a path across the meadows, along-side the hospital, a fine brick building of the sixteenth century, and so by the lane leading out into Stoke Common. Just at the end of this lane, on the left-hand side, looking southwards, with the common at its back, stood West End House, a simple farmstead of two stories, with a rustic porch before the front floor, and this was Gray's home for many years. It is now thoroughly altered and enlarged, and no longer contains any mark of its original simplicity. The charm of the house to the poet must have been that Burnham Beeches, Stoke Common, and Brockhurst Woods were all at hand/and within reach of the most indolent of pedestrians. 28

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Gray had been resident but very few days at Stoke-Pogis before he wrote the poem with which his poetical works usually open, his Ode to Spring. Amongst the MS. at Pembroke there occurs a copy of this poem, in Gray's handwriting, entitled Noon-Tide: an Ode; and in the margin of it there is found this interesting note: "The beginning of June, 1742, sent to Fav: not knowing he was then dead." Favonius was the familiar name of West, and this shows that Gray received no intimation of his friend's approaching end, and no summons to his bedside. The loss of West was one of the most profound that his reserved nature ever suffered; when that name was mentioned to him, nearly thirty years afterwards, he became visibly agitated, and to the end of his life he seemed to feel in the death of West "the affliction of a recent loss." We are therefore not surprised to find the Ode to Spring, which belongs to a previous condition of things, lighter in tone, colder in sentiment, and more trivial in conception than his other serious productions. are annoyed that, in the very outset, he should borrow from Milton his "rosy-bosomed Hours," and from Pope his "purple year." Again, there is a perplexing change of tone from the beginning, where he was perhaps inspired by that exquisite strain of florid fancy, the Pervigilium Veneris, to the stoic moralizings of the later stanzas:

> " How vain the ardour of the crowd, How low, how little are the proud, How indigent the great!"

It may be noted, by the way, that for many years the last two adjectives, now so happily placed, were awkwardly transposed. The best stanza, without doubt, is the penultimate:

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"To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man:
And they that creep and they that fly
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest."

The final stanza, with its "glittering female," and its "painted plumage," is purile in its attempted excess of simplicity, and errs, though in more fantastic language, exactly as such crude studies of Wordsworth's as Andrew Jones or The Two Thieves erred half a century later. Nothing was gained by the poet's describing himself "a solitary fly" without a hive to go to. The mistake was one which Gray never repeated, but it is curious to find two of the most sublime poets in our language, both specially eminent for loftiness of idea, beginning by eschewing all reasonable dignity of expression.

But, although the Ode to Spring no longer forms a favourite part of Gray's poetical works, it possessed considerable significance in 1742, and particularly on account of its form. It was the first note of protest against the hard versification which had reigned in England for more than sixty years. The Augustan age seems to have suffered from a dulness of ear, which did not permit it to detect a rhyme unless it rang at the close of the very next pause. Hence, in the rare cases where a lyric movement was employed, the ordinary octosyllabic couplet took the place of those versatile measures in which the Elizabethan and Jacobite poets had delighted. Swift, Lady Winchilsea, Parnell, Philips, and Green, the five poets of the be-

ginning of the eighteenth century who rebelled against

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heroic verse, got no farther in metrical innovation than the shorter and more ambling couplet. Dyer, in his greatly overrated piece called Grongar Hill, followed these his predecessors. But Gray, from the very first, showed a disposition to return to more national forms, and to work out his stanzas on a more harmonic principle. He seems to have disliked the facility of the couplet, and the vague length to which it might be repeated. His view of a poem was, that it should have a vertebrate form, which should respond, if not absolutely to its subject, at least to its mood. In short, he was a genuine lyrist, and our literature had possessed none since Milton and the last Cavalier song-writers. Yet his stanzas are built up from very simple materials. Here, in the Ode to Spring, we begin with a quatrain of the common ballad measures; an octosyllabic couplet is added, and this would close it with a rustic effect, were the music not prolonged by the addition of three lines more, whilst the stanza closes gravely with a short line of six syllables.

The news of the death of West deepened Gray's vein of poetry, but did not stop its flow. He poured forth his grief and affection in some impassioned hexameters, full of earnest feeling, which he afterwards tried, ineptly enough, to tack on to the icy periods of his De Principiis Cogitandi. In no other of his writings does Gray employ quite the same personal and emotional accents, in none does he speak out so plainly from the heart, and with so little attention to his singing robes:

"Vidi egomet duro graviter concussa dolore Pectora, in alterius non unquam lenta dolorem; Et languere oculos vidi, et pallescere amantem Vultum, quo nunquam Pietas nisi rara, Fidesque, This lit from the a example of as he frank who by the space of stion, and who

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's vein l forth meters, ineptly incipiis employ a none vith so Altus amor Veri, et purum spirabat Honestum. Visa tamen tardi demum inclementia morbi Cessere est, reducemque iterum roseo ore Salutem Speravi, atque una tecum, dilecte Favoni!"

This fragment, the most attractive of his Latin poems, trips on a tag from Propertius, and suddenly ceases, nor is there extant any later effusion of Gray's in the same language. He celebrated the death of Favonius in another piece, which is far more familiar to general readers. The MS. of this sonnet, now at Cambridge, is marked "at Stoke: Aug. 1742;" it was not published till Mason included it in his Memoirs:

"In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phoebus lifts his golden fire;
The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine,
And in my breast th' imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
To warm their little loves the birds complain;
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain."

This little composition has suffered a sort of notoriety from the fact that Wordsworth, in 1800, selected it as an example of the errors of an ornate style, doing so because, as he frankly admitted, "Gray stands at the head of those who by their reasonings have attempted to widen the space of separation betwixt prose and metrical composition, and was more than any other man curiously elaborate in the structure of his own poetic diction." Wordsworth

declares that out of the fourteen lines of his poem only five are of any value, namely, the sixth, seventh, eighth, thirteenth, and fourteenth, the language of which "differs in no respect from that of prose." But this does not appear to be particularly ingenuous. If we allow the sun to be called Phœbus, and if we pardon the "green attire," there is not a single expression in the sonnet which is fantastic or pompous. It is simplicity itself in comparison with most of Milton's sonnets, and it seems as though Wordsworth might have found an instance of fatuous grandiloquence much fitter to his hand in Young, or better still in Armstrong, master of those who go about to call a hat a "swart sombrero." Gray's graceful sonnet was plainly the result of his late study of Petrarch, and we may remind ourselves, in this age of flourishing sonneteers, that it is almost the only specimen of its class that had been written in English for a hundred years, certainly the only one that is still read with pleasure. One other fact may be noted, that in this little poem Gray first begins to practise the quatrain of alternate heroics, which later on became, as we shall see, the basis of all his harmonic effects, and which he learned to fashion with more skill than any other poet before or since.

In the same month of August was written the Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College, or, as in Gray's own MS., which I have examined, of Eton College, Windsor, and the adjacent country. East and west from the church of Stoke-Pogis, towards Stoke Green in the one direction, and towards Farnham Royal in the other, there rises a gentle acclivity, from which the ground gradually slopes southward to the Thames, and which lies opposite those "distant spires" and "antique towers" which Gray has sung in melodious numbers. The woodland parish of

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Stoke is full of little rights-of-way, meadow-paths without hedges that skirt the breast of the ridge I speak of, and reveal against the southern sky the embattled outline of The *Eton Ode* is redolent of Stoke-Pogis, and to have sauntered where Gray himself must have muttered his verses as they took shape gives the reader a certain sense of confidence in the poet's sincerity. Gray had of late been much exercised about Eton; to see a place so full of reminiscences, and yet be too distant to have news of it, this was provoking to his fancy. In his last letter to West he starts the reflection that he developed a few months later in the Ode. It puzzled him to think that Lord Sandwich and Lord Halifax, whom he could remember as "dirty boys playing at cricket," were now statesmen, whilst, "as for me, I am never a bit the older, nor the bigger, nor the wiser than I was then, no, not for having been beyon the sea." Lord Sandwich, of course, as all readers of lampoons remember, remained Gray's pet aversion to the end of his life, the type to him of the man who, without manners, or parts, or character, could force his way into power by the sheer insolence of wealth. Eton Ode was inspired by the regret that the illusions of boyhood, the innocence that comes not of virtue but of inexperience, the sweetness born not of a good heart but of a good digestion, the elation which childish spirits give, and which owes nothing to anger or dissipation, that these simple qualities cannot be preserved through life. Gray was, or thought he was, "never a bit the older" than he was at Eton, and it seemed to him that the world would be better if Lord Sandwich could have been kept forever in the same infantile simplicity. This description of the joyous innocence of boyhood—a theme requiring, indeed, the optimism of a Pangloss—has never been surpassed as

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an ex parte statement on the roseate and ideal side of the question. That the view of ethics is quite elementary, and would have done honour to the experience and science of one of Gray's good old aunts, detracts in no sense from the positive beauty of the poem as a strain of reflection; and it has enjoyed a popularity with successive generations which puts it almost outside the pale of verbal criticism. When a short ode of one hundred lines has enriched our language with at least three phrases which have become part and parcel of our daily speech, it may be taken for granted that it is very admirably worded. Indeed, the Eton Ode is one of those poems which have suffered from a continued excess of popularity, and its famous felicities, "to snatch a fearful joy," "regardless of their doom, the little victims play," "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," have suffered the extreme degradation as well as the loftiest honour which attends on passages of national verse, since they have been so universally extolled that they have finally become commonplace witticisms to the mill-It is well to take the stanza in which such a phrase occurs and read it anew, with a determination to forget that one of its lines has been almost effaced in vulgar traffic:

"While some on carnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty,
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry;
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy."

It is only in the second stanza of the Eton Ode that Gray permits himself to refer to the constant pressure of

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regret for his lost friend; the fields are beloved in vain.

and, in Wordsworth's exquisite phrase, he turns to share

the rapture—ah! with whom? In yet one other poem

composed during this prolific month of August, 1742, that

regret serves simply to throw a veil of serious and pathetic

sentiment over the tone of the reflection. The Ode on

Adversity, so named by Gray himself and by his first edi-

tor, Mason, but since styled, I know not why, the Hymn to

Adversity, is remarkable as the first of Gray's poems in

which he shows that stateliness of movement and pomp of

allegorical illustration which give an individuality in his

mature style. No English poet, except perhaps Milton and

Shelley, has maintained the same severe elevation through-

out a long lyrical piece. Perhaps the fragments of such

lyrists as Simonides gave Gray the hint of this pure and

cold manner of writing. The shadowy personages of alle-

gory throng around us, and we are not certain that we dis-

tinguish them from one another. The indifferent critic

may be supposed to ask, which is Prosperity and which is

Folly, and how am I to distinguish them from the Summer

Friend and from Thoughtless Joy? Adversity herself is

an abstraction which has few terrors and few allurements for us, and in listening to the address made to her by the poet we are apt to forget her in our appreciation of the

balanced rhythm and rich, persuasive sound:

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"Wisdom, in sable garb arrayed,
Immersed in rapt'rous thought profound;
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend;
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

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"O gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Not circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen),
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

"Thy form benign, O goddess, wear;
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there,
To soften, not to wound, my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a man."

This last stanza, where he gets free from the allegorical personages, is undoubtedly the best; and the curious couplet about the "generous spark" seems to me to be probably a reference to the quarrel with Walpole. If this be thought fantastic, it must be remembered that Gray's circle of experience and emotion was unusually narrow. To return to the treatment of allegory and the peculiar style of this ode, we are confronted by the curious fact that it seems impossible to claim for these qualities, hitherto unobserved in English poetry, precedency in either Gray or Collins. Actual priority, of course, belongs to Gray, for Collins wrote nothing of a serious nature till 1745 or 1746; but his Odes, though so similar, or rather so analogous, to Gray's that every critic has considered them as holding a distinct place together in literature, were certainly not in any way inspired by Gray. The latter published nothing till 1747, whereas in December, 1746, Collins's precious little volume saw the light.

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It is difficult to believe that Collins, at school at Winchester until 1741, at college at Oxford until 1744, could have seen any of Gray's verses, which had not then begun to circulate in MS., in the way in which long afterwards the *Elegy* and the *Bard* passed from eager hand to hand. We shall see that Gray read Collins eventually, but without interest, whilst Collins does not appear to have been ever conscious of Gray's existence; there was no mutual magnetic attraction between the two poets, and we must suppose their extraordinary kinship to have been a mere accident, the result of certain forces acting simultaneously on more or less similar intellectual compounds. There was no other resemblance between them, as men, than this one gift of clear, pure, Simonidean song. Collins was simply a reed, cut short and notched by the great god Pan, for the production of enchanting flute-melodies at intervals; but for all other human purposes a vain and empty thing indeed. In Gray the song, important as it was, seemed merely one phase of a deep and consistent character, of a brain almost universally accomplished, of a man, in short, and not of a mere musical instrument.

One more work of great importance was begun at Stoke in the autumn of 1742, the Elegy wrote in a Country Church-yard. It is, unfortunately, impossible to say what form it originally took, or what lines or thoughts now existing in it are part of the original scheme. We shall examine this poem at length when we reach the period of Gray's career to which it belongs in its completed form; but as the question is often asked, and vaguely answered, where was the Elegy written, it may at once be said that it was begun at Stoke in October or November, 1742, continued at Stoke immediately after the funeral of Gray's aunt, Miss Mary Antrobus, in November,

1749, and finished at Cambridge in June, 1750. And it may here be remarked as a very singular fact that the death of a valued friend seems to have been the stimulus of greatest efficacy in rousing Gray to the composition of poetry, and did in fact excite him to the completion of most of his important poems. He was a man who had a very slender hold on life himself, who walked habitually in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and whose periods of greatest vitality were those in which bereavement proved to him that, melancholy as he was, even he had something to lose and to regret.

It is, therefore, perhaps more than a strong impression that makes me conjecture the beginning of the Elegy wrote in a Country Church-yard to date from the funeral of Gray's uncle, Jonathan Rogers, who died at Stoke-Pogis on the 31st of October, 1742, and who was buried with the Antrobus family in the church of the neighbouring parish of Burnham. An ingenious Latin inscription to him, in a marble tablet in the church of that name, has always been ascribed to Gray himself. Rogers died at the age of sixty-five, having spent thirty-two years in undisturbed felicity with his wife, born Anna Antrobus, who survived him till near the end of her celebrated nephew's The death of Mr. Rogers completely altered Gray's prospects. Mrs. Rogers appears to have been left with a very small fortune, just enough to support her and her sisters, Mrs. Gray and Miss Antrobus, in genteel comfort, if they shared a house together, and had no extraneous expenses. The ladies from Cornhill accordingly came down to West End House at Stoke, and there the three sisters lived until their respective deaths. But Gray's dream of a life of lettered ease was at an end; he saw that what would support these ladies would leave but litŲ.]

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tle margin for him. His temperament and his mode of study shut him out from every energetic profession. was twenty-five years of age, and hitherto had not so much as begun any serious study of the law, for which his mother still imagined him to be preparing. Only one course was open to him, namely, to return to Cambridge, where living was very cheap, and to reside in college, spending his vacations quietly at Stoke-Pogis. As Mason puts it, "he was too delicate to hurt two persons for whom he had so tender an affection by peremptorily declaring his real intentions, and therefore changed, or pretended to change, the line of his study." Henceforward, until 1759, his whole life was a regular oscillation between Stoke and Cambridge, varied only by occasional visits to London. The first part of his life was now over. At twenty-five Gray becomes a middle-aged man, and loses, among the libraries of the University, his last pretensions to physical elasticity. From this time forward we find that his ailments, his melancholy, his reserve, and his habit of drowning consciousness in perpetual study, have taken firm hold upon him, and he begins to plunge into an excess of reading, treating the acquisition of knowledge as a narcotic. In the winter of 1742 he proceeded to Peterhouse, and taking his bachelor's degree in Civil Law, was forthwith installed as a resident of that college.

our to h But all centered knowledg which th quires an first year whole car most inti other, Wa dent in Ca hand to b a few yea letter to 1 Hymn to time. Bu couple of his studies only glim;

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CHAPTER IV.

LIFE AT CAMBRIDGE.

GRAY took up his abode at Peterhouse, in the room nearest the road on the second floor on the north side, a room which still exists, and which commands a fine view of Pembroke College, further east, on the opposite side of Trumpington Street. It would seem, indeed, that Gray's eyes and thoughts were forever away from home, and paying a visit to the society across the road. His letters are full of minute discussions of what is going on at Pembroke, but never a word of Peterhouse; indeed, so naturally and commonly does he discuss the politics of the former college, often without naming it, that all his biographers—except, of course, Mason—seem to have taken for granted that he was describing Peterhouse. Oddly enough, Mason, who might have explained this circumstance in half a dozen words, does not appear to have noticed the fact, so natural did it seem to him to read about events which went on in his own college of Pembroke. Nor is it explained why Gray never became a Fellow of Peterhouse. In all the correspondence of Gray I have only noted one solitary instance in which he has mentioned a Petrusian; on this one occasion he does name the Master, J. Whalley, afterwards Bishop of Chester, in connexion with an anecdote which does more honour to him as a kind old soul than as a disciplinarian. But all Gray's friends, and enemies, and interests were centered in Pembroke, and he shows such an intimate knowledge of all the cabals and ridiculous little intrigues which thrilled the common-room of that college, as requires an explanation that now can never be given. These first years of his residence are the most obscure in his whole career. It must be remembered that of his three most intimate correspondents one, West, was dead; another, Walpole, estranged; and the third, Wharton, a resident in Cambridge like himself, and therefore too near at hand to be written to. On the 27th of December, 1742, a few years after his arrival at the University, he wrote a letter to Dr. Wharton, which has been preserved, and his Hymn to Ignorance, Mason tells us, dates from the same time. But after this he entirely disappears from us for a couple of years, a few legends of the direction taken by his studies and his schemes of literary work being the only glimpses we get of him.

But although Gray tells us nothing about his own college, it is still possible to form a tolerably distinct idea of the society with whom he moved at Pembroke. The Master, Dr. Roger Long, was a man of parts, but full of eccentricities, and gifted with a very disagreeable temper. He was a species of poetaster, oddly associated in verse, at different extremes of his long life, with Laurence Eusden, the poet laureate, and the great Erasmus Darwin. When Gray settled in the University, Roger Long was sixty-two years of age, had been Master of Pembroke nine years, and, after being appointed Lowndes Professor of Astronomy in 1750, was to survive until 1770, dying in his ninety-first year. He was fond of exercising his invention on lumbering constructions, which provoked the ridi-

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Cheshoncule of young wits like Gray; such as a sort of orrery which he built in the north-eastern corner of the inner court of Pembroke; and a still more remarkable watervelocipede, upon which Dr. Long was wont to splash about in Pembroke basin, "like a wild goose at play," heedless of mocking undergraduates. This eccentric personage was the object of much observation on the part of Gray, who frequently mentioned him in his letters, and was delighted when any new absurdity gave him an opportunity of writing to his correspondents about "the high and mighty Prince Roger surnamed the Long, Lord of the great Zodiac, the glass Uranium, and the Chariot that goes without horses." As the astronomer grew older he more and more lost his authority with the Fellows, and Gray describes scenes of absolute rebellion which are, I believe, recorded by no other historian. Gray was, undoubtedly, in possession of information denied to the rest of the world. Part of this information came, we cannot doubt, from Dr. Wharton, and part from another intimate friend of Gray's, William Trollope, who had taken his degree in 1730, and who was one of the senior Fellows of Pembroke. Another excellent friend of Gray's, also a leading man at Pembroke, was the gentle and refined Dr. James Brown, who eventually succeeded Long in the Mastership, and in whose arms Gray died. Outside this little Pembroke circle Gray had few associates. He knew Conyers Middleton very well, and seems to have gained, a little later, while haunting the rich library of Emmanuel College, the acquaintance of a man whose influence on him was distinctly hurtful, the satellite of Warburton, Richard Hurd, long afterwards Bishop of Worcester. But his association with Conyers Middleton, certainly one of the most remark-

able men then moving in the University, amounted almost

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to friendship. They probably met nearly every day, Middleton being Librarian of Trinity. There was much that Gray would find sympathetic in the broad theology of Middleton, who had won his spurs by attacking the deists from ground almost as sceptical as their own, yet strictly within the pale of orthodoxy; nor would the irony and free thought of a champion of the Church of England be shocking to Gray, whose own tenets were at this time no less broad than his hatred of an open profession of deism was pronounced. Gray's feeling in religion seems to have been one of high and dry objection to enthusiasm, or change, or subversion. He was willing to admit a certain breadth of conjecture, so long as the forms of orthodoxy were preserved, but he objected excessively to any attempt to tamper with those forms, collecting Shaftesbury, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Hume under one general category of abhorrence. As he says, in a cancelled stanza of one of his poems—

"No more, with reason and thyself at strife,
Give anxious cares and endless wishes room;
But through the cool, sequestered vale of life
Pursue the silent tenour of thy doom"—

an attitude which would not preclude a good deal of sympathy with the curious speculations of Conyers Middleton.

There is no doubt, however, that, in spite of a few companions of this class, most of them, like Middleton, much older than himself, he found Cambridge exceedingly dreary. He talks in one of his letters of "the strong attachment, or rather allegiance, which I and all here owe to our sovereign lady and mistress, the president of presidents, and head of heads (if I may be permitted to pronounce her name, that ineffable Octogrammaton), the power of Lazi-

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ness. You must know that she has been pleased to appoint me (in preference to so many old servants of hers, who had spent their whole lives in qualifying themselves for the office) Grand Picker of Straws and Push-pin Player in ordinary to her Supinity." This in 1744, and the same note had been struck two years earlier in his curiously splenetic Hymn to Ignorance:

"Hail, horrors, hail! ye ever gloomy bowers, Ye Gothic fanes, and antiquated towers, Where rushy Camus' slowly-winding flood Perpetual draws his humid train of mud: Glad I revisit thy neglected reign.

O take me to thy peaceful shade again."

This atmosphere of apathy and ignorance was by no means favourable to the composition of poetry. It was, indeed, absolutely fatal to it, and being at liberty to write odes any hour of any day completely took away from the poet the inclination to compose them at all. The flow of verse which had been so full and constant in 1742 ceased abruptly and entirely, and his thoughts turned in a wholly fresh direction. He gave himself up almost exclusively for the first four or five years to a consecutive study of the whole existing literature of ancient Greece. If he had seen cause to lament the deadness of classical enterprise at Cambridge when he was an undergraduate, this lethargy had become still more universal since the death of Bentley and Snape. Gray insisted, almost in solitude, on the necessity of persistence in the cultivation of Greek literature, and he forms the link between the school of humanity which flourished in Cambridge in the beginning of the eighteenth century and that of which Porson was to be the representative.

One of Gray's earliest schemes was a critical text of

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Strabo, an author of whom he knew no satisfactory edition. Amongst the Pembroke MSS may still be found his painstaking and copious notes collected for this purpose, and Mason possessed in Gray's handwriting "a great number of geographical disquisitions, particularly with respect to that part of Asia which comprehends Persia and India; concerning the ancient and modern names and divisions of which extensive countries his notes are very copious." This edition of Strabo never came to the birth, and the same has to be said of his projected Plato, the notes for every section of which were in existence when Mason came to examine his papers. Another labour over which he toiled in vain was a text of the Greek Anthology, with translations of each separate epigram into Latin elegiac verse, a task on which he wasted months of valuable time, and which he then abandoned. His MS., however, of this lastmentioned work came into his executors' hands, copied out as if for the press, with the addition, even, of a very full index, and it is a little surprising that Mason should not have hastened to oblige the world of classical students with a work which would have had a value at that time that it could not be said to possess nowadays. Chesterfield confidently "recommends the Greek epigrams to the supreme contempt" of his precious son, and in so doing gauged rightly enough the taste of the age. would seem that Gray had the good-sense to enjoy the delicious little poems of Meleager and his fellow-singers, but had not moral energy enough to insist on forcing them upon the attention of the world. He lamented, too, the neglect into which Aristotle had fallen, and determined to restore him to the notice of English scholars. As in the previous cases, however, his intentions remained unfulfilled, and we turn with pleasure from the consideration of all this melancholy waste of energy and learning. It is hard to conceive of a sadder irony on the career of a scholar of Gray's genius and accomplishment than is given by the dismal contents of the so-called second volume of his Works, published by Mathias in 1814, fragments and jottings which bear the same relation to literature that dough bears to bread.

The unfortunate difference with Horace Walpole came to a close in the winter of 1744. A lady, probably Mrs. Convers Middleton, made peace between the friends. Walpole expressed a desire that Gray would write to him, and as Gray was passing through London, on his way from Cambridge to Stoke, in the early part of November, a meeting came off. The poet wrote Walpole a note as soon as he arrived, "and immediately received a very civil answer." Horace Walpole was then living in the ministerial neighbourhood of Arlington Street, and thither on the following evening Gray went to visit him. Gray's account to Wharton of the interview is entertaining: "I was somewhat abashed at his confidence; he came to meet me, kissed me on both sides with all the ease of one who receives an acquaintance just come out of the country, squatted me into a fauteuil, began to talk of the town, and this and that and t'other, and continued with little interruption for three hours, when I took my leave, very indifferently pleased, but treated with monstrous good-breeding. I supped with him next night, as he desired. Ashton was there, whose formalities tickled me inwardly, for he, I found, was to be angry about the letter I had wrote him. However, in going home together our hackney-coach jumbled us up into a sort of reconciliation. . . . Next morning I breakfasted alone with Mr. Walpole; when me had all the éclaircissement I ever expected, and I left him much

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better satisfied than I had been hitherto." Gray's pride we see struggling against a very hearty desire in Walpole to let by-gones be by-gones; the stately little poet, however, was not able to hold out against so many courteous seductions, and he gradually returned to his old intimacy and affection for Walpole. It is nevertheless doubtful whether he ever became so fond of the latter as Walpole was of him. He accepted the homage, however, to the end of his days, and was more admired, perhaps, by Horace Walpole, and for a longer period, than any other person.

Perhaps in consequence of the "éclaircissement" with Walpole, Gray began at this time a correspondence with Mr. Chute and Mr. Whithead, the gentlemen with whom he had spent some months in Venice. Chute was a Hampshire squire, a dozen years senior to Gray and Walpole, but a great admirer of them both, and they both wrote to him some of their brightest letters. Chute was what our Elizabethan forefathers called "Italianate;" he sympathized with Gray's tastes in music and statuary, and vowed that life was not worth living north of the Alps, and spent the greater part of his time in Casa Ambrosio, Sir Horace Mann's house in Florence. He was an accomplished person, who played and sang, and turned a neat copy of verses, and altogether was a very agreeable exception amongst country gentlemen. He lived on until 1776, carefully preserving the letters he had interchanged with his sprightly friends.

About this time (May 30, 1744) Pope had died, and both Gray and Walpole refer frequently to the circumstance in their letters. It seems that Gray had had at least one interview with the great poet of the age before him, an interview the date of which it would be curious to ascertain. Gray's words are interesting. He writes to

Walpole (Feb. 3, 1746), referring probably to the scandals about Atossa and the Patriot King: "I can say no more for Mr. Pope, for what you keep in reserve may be worse than all the rest. It is natural to wish the finest writer one of them—we ever had should be an honest man. It is for the interest even of that virtue, whose friend he professed himself, and whose beauties he sung, that he should not be found a dirty animal. But, however, this is Mr. Warburton's business, not mine, who may scribble his pen to the stumps and all in vain, if these facts are so. It is not from what he told me about himself that I thought well of him, but from a humanity and goodness of heart, ay, and greatness of mind, that runs through his private correspondence, not less apparent than are a thousand little vanities and weaknesses mixed with those good qualities, for nobody ever took him for a philosopher." There exists a book in which Pope has written his own name, and Gray his underneath, with a date in Pope's lifetime. Evidently there had been personal intercourse between them, in which Walpole may have had a part; for the latter said, very late in his own career, "Remember, I have lived with Gray and seen Pope."

In 1744 appeared two poems of some importance in the history of eighteenth century literature, Akenside's Pleasures of the Imagination and Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health. Gray read them instantly, for the authors were friends of his friend Wharton. The first he found often obscure and even unintelligible, but yet in many respects admirable; and he checked himself in the act of criticising Akenside—"a very ingenious man, worth fifty of myself." For Armstrong he showed less interest. The reading of these and other poems, a fresh beat of the pulse of English Poetry in her fainting-fit, set him think-

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ing of his own neglected epic, the De Principiis Cogitandi, or "Master Tommy Lucretius," as he nicknamed it. This unwieldy production, however, could not be encouraged to flourish: "'tis but a pulcing chitt," says its author, and Mason tells us that about this time the posthumous publication of the Anti-Lucretius of the Cardinal Melchior de Polignac, a book long awaited and received at lasts with great disappointment, made Gray decide to let Locke and the Origin of Ideas alone. It may be noted that in July, 1745, Gray had serious thoughts, which came to nothing, of moving over from Peterhouse to Trinity Hall.

We get glimpses of him now and then from his letters. He does not entirely forget the pleasures of "strumming," he tells Chute; "I look at my music now and then, that I may not forget it;" and in September, 1746, he has been writing "a few autumnal verses," the exact nature of which it is now impossible to specify. In August of the same year he had been in London, spending his mornings with Walpole in Affington Street, and his afternoons at the trial of the Jacobite Lords. His account of Kilmarnock and Cromartie is vivid, and not as unsympathetic as it might be. Now, as for many years to come, Gray usually went up to town in the middle of June, saw what was to be seen, proceeded to Stoke, and returned to Cambridge in September. Late in August, 1746, Horace Walpole took a house within the precincts of the Castle of Windsor, and Gray at Stoke found this very convenient, for the friends were able to spend one day of each week together. In May, 1747, Walpole rented, and afterwards bought, that estate on the north bank of the Thames which he has made famous under the name of Strawberry Hill, and in future Gray scarcely ever passed a long vacation without spending some of his time there. It was

now that his first poem was published. Walpole persuaded him to allow Dodsley to print the Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College, and it accordingly appeared anonymously, in the summer of 1747, as a thin folio pamphlet. In the autumn of this same year, whilst Gray was Walpole's guest at Strawberry Hill, he sat for the most pleasing, though the most feminine, of his portraits, that by John Giles Eckhardt, a German who had come over with Vanloo, and to whom Walpole had addressed his poem of The Beaulies. The Eton Ode fell perfectly stillborn, in spite of Walpole's enthusiasm; even less observed by the critics of the hour than Collins's little volume of Odes, which had appeared six months earlier. We may observe that Gray was now thirty years of age, and not only absolutely unknown, but not in the least persuaded in himself that he ought to be known.

It seems to have been about this time that the remarkable interview took place between Gray and Hogarth. The great painter, now in his fiftieth year, had just reached the sammit of his reputation by completing his Marriage à la Mode, which Gray admired like the rest of the world. The vivacious Walpole thought that he would bring these interesting men together, and accordingly arranged a little dinner, from which he anticipated no small intellectual diversion. Unfortunately, Hogarth was more surly and egotistical than usual, and Gray was plunged in one of his fits of melancholy reserve, so that Walpole had to rely entirely upon his own flow of spirits to prevent absolute silence, and vowed at the end of the repast that he had never been so dull in his life. To show, however, how Gray could sparkle when the cloud happened to rise from off his spirits, we may quote entire the delightful letter to Walpole, in which one of the brightest of his lesser poems first appeared:

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"Cambridge, March, 1, 1747.

"As one ought to be particularly careful to avoid blunders in a compliment of condolence, it would be a sensible satisfaction to me, before I testify my sorrow, and the sincere part I take in your misfortune, to know for certain who it is I lament. I knew Zara and Selima (Selima, was it? or Fatima?), or rather I knew them both together; for I cannot justly say which was which. Then as to your 'handsome Cat,' the name you distinguish her by, I am no less at a loss, as well knowing one's handsome cat is always the cat one loves best; or if one be alive and one dead, it is usually the latter that is the handsomest. Besides, if the point were never so clear, I hope you do not think me so ill-bred or so imprudent as to forfeit all my interest in the survivor; oh no! I would rather seem to mistake, and imagine to be sure it must be the tabby one that had met with this sad accident. Till this matter is a little better determined, you will excuse me if I do not begin to cry—

'Tempus inane peto, requiem, spatiumque doloris.'

Which interval is the more convenient, as it gives me time to rejoice with you on your new honours [Walpole had just been elected F.R.S.]. This is only a beginning; I reckon next week we shall hear you are a Freemason, or a Gormagon at least. Heigh-ho! I feel (as you to be sure have long since) that I have very little to say at least in prose. Somebody will be the better for it; I do not mean you, but your Cat, feue Mademoiselle Selime, whom I am about to immortalize for one week or fortnight, as follows:

"Twas on a lofty vase's side
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow,
The pensive Selima reclined,
Demurest of the tabby kind,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

"Her conscious tail her joy declar'd:
The fair, round face, the showy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purred applause.

"Still had she gaz'd; but midst the tide Two beauteous forms were seen to glide, The Genii of the stream;
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,
Through richest purple, to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

"The hapless nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish.
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise?
What Cat's averse to fish?

"Presumptuous maid! With looks intent Again she stretched, again she bent, Nor knew the gulf between. (Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd.) The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd, She tumbled headlong in.

"Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mewed to ev'ry wat'ry god
Some speedy aid to send.
No dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,
No cruel Tom nor Harry heard—
What favourite has a friend?

"From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts is lawful prize,
Nor all, that glisters, gold.

"There's a poem for you; it is rather too long for an epitaph."

It is rather too long for a quotation, also, but the reader may find some entertainment in seeing so familiar a poem restored to its original readings. Johnson's comment on this piece is more unfortunate than usual. He calls it "a trifle, but not a happy trifle." Later critics have been unanimous in thinking it one of the happiest of all trifles; and there can be no doubt that in its ease and lightness it shows that Gray had been reading Gresset and Piron to advantage, and that he remembered the gay suppers with

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Mlle. Quinault. A French poet of the neatest class, however, would certainly have avoided the specious little error detected by Johnson in the last line, and would not have laid himself open to the charge of supposing that what cats really like is, not gold-fish, but gold itself.

We must return, however, to the dreary days in which Gray divided his leisure from Greek literature between drinking tar-water, on the recommendation of Berkeley's Siris, and observing the extraordinary quarrelling and bickering which went on in the combination-room at Pembroke. These dissensions reached a climax in the summer of 1746. The cause of the Master, Dr. Roger Long, was supported by a certain Dr. Andrews, whilst James Brown, popularly styled Obadiah Fusk, led the body of the Fellows, with whom Gray sympathized. "Mr. Brown wants nothing but a foot in height and his own hair to make him a little old Roman," we are told in August of that year, and has been so determined that the Master talks of calling in the Attorney-general to decide. Even in the Long Vacation, Fellows of Pembroke can talk of nothing else, and "tremble while they speak." Tuthill, for some occult reason, is threatened with the loss of his fellowship, and Gray at Stoke, in September, 1746, will hurry to Cambridge at any moment, so as not to be absent during the Pembroke audit.

All this time not one word is said of his own college. Nor was he always so anxious to return to Cambridge. In the winter of 1746 he had a very bright spell of enjoyment in London. "I have been in town," he says to Wharton (December 11th), "flaunting about at public places of all kinds with my two Italianized friends [Chute and, Whithead]. The world itself has some attractions in it to a solitary of six years' standing; and agreeable,

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well-meaning people of sense (thank Heaven there are so few of them) are my peculiar magnet; it is no wonder, then, if I felt some reluctance at parting with them so soon, or if my spicits, when I return to my cell, should sink for a time, not indeed to storm or tempest, but a good deal below changeable." He was considerably troubled by want of money at this time; he/had been to town partly to sell off a little stock to pay an old debt, and had found the rate of exchange so low that he would have lost twelve per cent. He was saved from this necessity by a timely loan from Wharton. He spent his leisure at Christmas in making a great chronological table, the form of which long afterwards suggested to Henry Clinton his Fasti Hellenici. Gray's work began with the 30th Olympiad, and was brought down to the 113th, covering, therefore, 332 years. Each page of it was divided into nine columns—one for the Olympiad, the second for the Archons, the third for the public affairs of Greece, the fourth, fifth, and sixth for the Philosophers, the seventh for the Poets, the eighth for the Historians, and the ninth for the Orators.

The same letter which announces this performance mentions the *Odes* of Collins and Joseph Warton. Gray had been briskly supplied with these little books, which had only been published a few days before. The former was the important volume, but the public bought the latter. Gray's comment on Warton and Collins is remarkable: "Each is the half of a considerable man, and one the counterpart of the other. The first has but little invention, very poetical choice of expression, and a good ear. The second, a fine fancy, modelled upon the antique, a bad ear, great variety of words and images, with no choice at all. They both deserve to last some years, but will not."

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This last clause is an example of the vanity of prophesy-It is difficult to understand what Gray meant by accusing Collins of a "bad ear," the one thing in which Collins was undoubtedly Gray's superior; in other respects the criticism, though unsympathetic, is not without acumen, and, for bad or good, was the most favourable thing said of Collins for many years to come. In 1748 Grav and Collins were destined to meet, for once during their lives, between the covers of the same book, at which we shall presently arrive.

Gray was thirty years old on the day that he read Collins's Odes. He describes himself as "lazy and listless and old and vexed and perplexed," with all human evils but the gout, which was soon to follow. The proceedings at Pembroke had reached such a pass that Gray began to sympathize with the poor old Master, him of the watervelocipede. The Fellows had now grown so rebellious as to abuse him roundly to his face, never to go into combination-room till he went out, or if he entered whilst they were there to continue sitting even in his own magisterial They would bicker with him about twenty paltry matters till he would lose his temper, and tell them they were impertinent. Gray turned from all this to a scheme which he had long had in view, the publication of his friend West's poems. Walpole proposed that he should bring out these and his own odes in a single volume, and Gray was not disinclined to carry out this notion. But when he came to put their "joint-stock" together he found it insufficient in bulk. Nor, as we have already seen, did the few and scattered verses of West see the light till long after the death of Gray. All that came of this talk of printing was the anonymous publication of the Eton Ode. Meanwhile, as he says to Wharton, in

About this time the excellent Wharton married and left Cambridge. A still worse misfortune happened to Gray in the destruction of his house in Cornhill, which was burnt down in May, 1748. He seems to have been waked up a little by this disaster, and to have spent seven weeks in town as the guest of various friends, who were "all so sorry for my loss that I could not choose but laugh: one offered me opera tickets, insisted upon carrying me to the grand masquerade, desired me to sit for my picture; others asked me to their concerts, or dinners and suppers at their houses; or hoped I would drink chocolate with them while I stayed in town. All my gratitude -or, if you please, my revenge—was to accept everything they offered me; if it had been but a shilling I should have taken it: thank Heaven, I was in good spirits, else I could not have done it." London was amusing for him at this time, with Horace Walpole flying between Arlington Street and Strawberry Hill, and Chute and his nephew Whithead full of sprightly gaieties and always glad to see him. Whithead, who was in the law, undertook with success about this time some legal business for Gray, the exact nature of which does not appear, and the poet describes him as "a fine young personage in a coat all over spangles, just come over from the tour of Europe to take possession and be married. Say I wish him more spangles, and more estates, and more wives." Poor Whithead did not live long enough to marry one wife; whilst his engagement loitered on he fell ill of a galloping consumption, and died in 1751, his death being accelerated by the IV.]

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imprudence of his brother, a clergyman, who insisted on taking him out hunting when he ought to have been in bed. Gray's house in Cornhill had been insured for 500l., but the expenses of rebuilding it amounted to 650l. One of his aunts, probably Miss Antrobus, made him a present of 100l.; another aunt, still more probably Mrs. Oliffe, lent him an equal sum for his immediate wants on a decent rate of interest, and for the remainder he was indebted to the kindness of Wharton. It appears from all this that Gray's income was strictly bounded, at that time, to his actual expenses, and that he had no margin whatever. He declined, in fact, in June, 1748, an invitation from Dr. Wharton to come and stay with him in the North of England, on the ground that "the good people here [at Stoke] would think me the most careless and ruinous of mortals, if I should think of a journey at this time."

In the letter from which a quotation has just been given Gray mentions for the first time a man whose name was to be inseparably associated with his own, without whose pious care for his memory, indeed, the task of writing Gray's life in any detail would be impossible. In the year 1747 Gray's attention was directed by a friend to a modest publication of verses in imitation of Milton; the death of Pope was sung in an elegy called Musaus, to resemble Lycidas, and Milton's odes found counterparts in Il Bellicoso and Il Pacifico. pieces, which were not entirely without a meritorious ease of metre, were the production of William Mason, a young man of twenty-two, the son of a Yorkshire clergyman, and a scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge. His intelligence first attracted the notice of a fellow of his own college, Dr. William Heberden, the distinguished

Professor of Medicine, who was a friend of Gray, and who was very possibly the person who showed Mason's poems to the latter. In the course of the same year (1747), through the exertions of Heberden and Gray, Mason was nominated a Fellow of Pembroke, and proposed to himself to enter that remarkable bear-garden. But Dr. Roger Long refused his consent, and it was not until February, 1749, and after much litigation, that Mason was finally elected.

There was something about Mason which Gray liked, a hearty simplicity and honest ardour that covered a good deal of push which Gray thought vulgar and did not hesitate to chastise. Mason, on his side, was a faithful and affectionate henchman, full of undisguised admiration of Gray and fear of his sarcasm, not unlike Boswell in his persistence, and in his patience in enduring the reproofs of the great man. Gray constantly crushed Mason, but the latter was never offended, and after a few tears returned manfully to the charge. Gray's description of him in the second year of their acquaintance, when Mason was only twenty-three, was this: "Mason has much fancy, little judgment, and a good deal of modesty. I take him for a good and well-meaning creature; but then he is really in simplicity a child, and loves everybody he meets with; he reads little or nothing, writes abundance, and that with a desire to make his fortune by it." This literary fluency was a matter of wonder to Gray, whose own attar of roses was distilled slowly and painfully, drop by drop, and all through life he was apt to overrate Mason's verses. It was very difficult, of course, for him to feel unfavourably towards a friend so enthusiastic and so anxious to please, and we cannot take Gray's earnest approval of Mason's odes and tragedies too critically. Moreove ple; bet poet's n poems w

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Moreover, he was Gray's earliest and most slavish disciple; before he left St. John's to come within the greater poet's more habitual influence, he had begun to imitate poems which he can only have seen in manuscript.

Henceforward, in spite of his somewhat coarse and superficial nature, in spite of his want of depth in imagination and soundness in scholarship, in spite of a general want of the highest qualities of character, Mason became a great support and comfort to Gray. His physical vigour and versatility, his eagerness in the pursuit of literature, his unselfish ardour and loyalty, were refreshing to the more fastidious and retiring man, who enjoyed, moreover, the chance of having at last found a person with whom he could discourse freely about literature, in that constant easy interchange of impressions which is the luxury of a purely literary life. Moreover, we must do Mason the justice to say that he supplied to Gray's fancy whatever stimulus such a mind as his was calculated to offer, receiving his smallest and most fragmentary effusions with interest, encouraging him to the completion of his poems, and receiving each fresh ode as if a new planet had risen above the horizon. With Walpole to be playful with, and Mason to be serious with, Gray was no longer for the rest of his life exposed to that east wind of solitary wretchedness which had parched him for the first three years of his life at Cambridge. At the same time, grateful as we must be to Mason for his affection and goodheartedness, we cannot refrain from wishing that his poems had been fastened to a mill-stone and cast into the river Cam. They are not only barren and pompous to the very last degree, but to the lovers of Gray they have this disadvantage, that they constantly resolve that poet's true sublime into the ridiculous, and leave on the ear an uncom-

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fortable echo, as of a too successful burlesque or parody. Of this Gray himself was not unconscious, though he put the thought behind him, as one inconsistent with friendship.

A disreputable personage who crossed Gray's orbit about this time, and was the object of his cordial dislike and contempt, has left on the mind of posterity a sense of higher natural gifts than any possessed by the respectable Mason. Christopher Smart, long afterwards author of the Song to David, was an idle young man who had been admitted to Pembroke in October, 1739, under the protection of the Earl of Darlington, and who in 1745 was elected a Fellow of his college. As early as 1740 he began to be celebrated for the wit and originality of his Latin tripos verse, of which a series are still in existence. One of these, a droll celebration of the Nativity of Yawning, is not unlike Gray's own Hymn to Ignorance in its contempt for the genius of Cambridge. But Smart lost credit by his pranks and levities no less quickly than he gained it by his skill. Gray writes in March, 1747, that Smart's debts are increasing daily, and that he drinks hartshorn from morning till night. A month later he had scandalized the University by performing in the Zodiac Room, a club which had been founded in 1725, a play of his own called A Trip to Cambridge; or, the Grateful Fair, a piece which was never printed and now no longer is in existence. Already, at this time, Gray thought Smart mad. "He can't hear his own Prologue without being ready to die with laughter. He acts five parts himself, and is only sorry he can't do all the rest. . . . As for his vanity and faculty of lying, they have come to their full maturity. All this, you see, must come to a jail, or Bedlam." It did come to Bedlam, in 1763, but not until Smart had exhausted every eccentricity and painful folly rv.]

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possible to man. But the minor catastrophe was much nearer, namely, the jail. In November, 1747, he was arrested at the suit of a London tailor, was got out of prison by means of a subscription made in the college, and received a sound warning to behave better in future, a warning which Gray, who watched him narrowly and noted his moral symptoms with cold severity, justly predicted would be entirely frustrated by his drunkenness.

The frequent disturbances caused in the University by such people as Smart had by this time led to much public scandal. Gray says: "The Fellow-commoners—the bucks —are run mad; they set women upon their heads in the streets at noonday, break open shops, game in the coffeehouses on Sundays, and in short," he adds, in angry irony, "act after my own heart." The Tuns Tavern at Cambridge was the scene of nightly orgies, in which Professors and Fellows set an example of roistering to the youth of Ithe University. Heavy bills were run up at inns and coffee-houses, which were afterwards repudiated with effron-The breaking of windows and riots in public parts of the town were indulged in to such an extent as to make Cambridge almost intolerable, and the work of James Brown, Gray's intimate friend, who held the post of Senior Proctor, was far from being a sinecure. In 1748 the Duke of Somerset, who had absolutely neglected his responsibilities, was succeeded in the Chancellorship by the Duke of Newcastle, whose installation promised little hope of reform. Gray described the scene to Wharton: "Every one whilst it lasted was very gay and very busy in the morning, and very owlish and very tipsy at night: I make no exception, from the Chancellor to blue-coat," who was the Vice-chancellor's servant. However, it presently appeared that the Duke of Newcastle was not inclined to sacrifice discipline. The Bishops united with him in concocting a plan by which the license of the resident members of the University should be checked, and in May, 1750, the famous code of Orders and Regulations was brought before the Senate. It was not, however, easy to restore order to a community which had so long been devoted to the Lord of Misrule, and it was not until more than twenty persons of good family had been "expelled or rusticated for very heinous violations of our laws and discipline" that anything like decent behaviour was restored, the fury of the undergraduates displaying itself in a final outburst of mutiny, in which they rushed along the streets brandishing lighted links.

This scene of rebellion and confusion could not fail to excite strong emotion in the mind of a man like Gray, of orderly tastes and timid personal character, to whom a painted Indian would be scarcely a more formidable object than a noisy young buck, flushed with wine, flinging his ash-stick against college windows, and his torch into the faces of passers-by. A life at the University given up to dice and horses, and the loud, coarse Georgian dissipation of that day, could not seem to a thinker to be one which brought glory either to the teacher or the taught, and in the midst of this sensual riot Gray sat down to write his poem on The Alliance of Education and Government. Of his philosophical fragments this is by far the best, and it is seriously to be regretted that it does not extend beyond one hundred and ten lines. The design of the poem, which has been preserved, is highly interesting, and the treatment at least as poetical as that of so purely didactic a theme could be. Short as it is, it attracted the warm enthusiasm of Gibbon, who ejaculates: "Instead of compiling tables of chronology and natural history, why did whilst of poet

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not Mr. Gray apply the powers of his genius to finish the philosophical poem of which he has left such an exquisite specimen?" The heroic couplet is used with great skill; as an example may be cited the lines, describing the invasion of Italy by the Goths—

"As oft have issued, host impelling host,
The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast;
The prostrate South to the destroyer yields
Her boasted titles and her golden fields:
With grim delight the brood of winter view
A brighter day, and heavens of azure hue,
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendant vintage as it grows"—

whilst one line, at least, lives in the memory of every lover of poetry:

"When love could teach a monarch to be wise,

And Gospel-light first dawn'd from Bullen's eyes."

On the 19th of August, 1748, Gray copied the first fifty-seven lines of this poem in a letter he was writing to Wharton, saying that his object would be to show, that education and government must concur in order to produce great and useful men. But as he was pursuing his plan in the leisurely manner habitual to him, Montesquieu's celebrated work, L'Esprit des Lois, was published, and fell into his hands. He found, as he told Mason, that the Baron had forestalled some of his best thoughts, and from this time forth his interest in the scheme languished, and soon after it entirely lapsed. Some years later he thought of taking it up again, and was about to compose a prefatory Ode to M. de Montesquieu when that writer died, on the 10th of February, 1755, and the whole thing was abandoned. Gray's remarks on L'Esprit des

Lois are in his clearest and acutest vein: "The subject is as extensive as mankind; the thoughts perfectly new, generally admirable, as they are just; sometimes a little too refined; in short, there are faults, but such as an ordinary man could never have committed: the style very lively and concise, consequently sometimes obscure—it is the gravity of Tacitus, whom he admires, tempered with the gaiety and fire of a Frenchman." Gray was probably the only Englishman living capable of criticising a new French book with this delicate justice.

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THE "ELEGY."—SIX POEMS.—DEATHS OF GRAY'S AUNT
AND MOTHER.

Early in 1748 Dodsley published the first three volumes of his useful miscellany, called A Collection of Poems, for the plan of which he claimed an originality that it scarcely deserved, since, like the earlier miscellanies of Gildon and Tonson, it merely aimed at embracing in one work the best scattered poetry of the day. In the second volume were printed, without the author's name, three of Gray's. odes—those To Spring, On Mr. Walpole's Cat, and the Eton Ode. Almost all the poets of this age, and several of the preceding, were contributors to the collection. Pope, Green, and Tickell represented the past generation; whilst Collins, Dyer, and Shenstone, in the first volume; Lyttelton, Gilbert West, J. H. Browne, and Edwards, the sonneteer, in the second volume; and Joseph Warton, Garrick, Mason, and Walpole himself, in the third volume, showed to the best of their ability what English poetry in that age was capable of; whilst three sturdy Graces, bare and bold, adorned the title-page of each instalment, and gave a kind of visible pledge that no excess of refinement should mar the singing, even when Lowth, Bishop of London, held the lyre.

As in the crisis of a national history some young man,

unknown before, leaps to the front by sheer force of character, and takes the helm of state before his elders, so in the confusion and mutiny at the University the talents of Dr. Edmund Keenesthe new Master of Peterhouse, came suddenly into notice, and from comparative obscurity he rose at once into the fierce light that beats upon a successful reformer. His energy and promptitude pointed him out as a fit man to become Vice-chancellor in the troublous year 1749, although he was only thirty-six years of age, and it was practically owing to his quick eye and hard hand that order was re-instated in the University. With his Mastership of the college Gray began to take an interest for the first time in Peterhouse, and cultivated the acquaintance of Keene, in whom he discovered an energy and practical power which he had never suspected. The reign of Mum Sharp, as the undergraduates nicknamed Keene, was as brief as it was brilliant. In 1752 the Government rewarded his action in the University with the see of Chester, and two years later he resigned his nominal headship of Peterhouse, dying Bishop of Ely nearly thirty years afterwards.

At Pembroke Hall, meanwhile, all was going well at last. In the spring of 1749 there was a pacification between the Master and the Fellows, and Pembroke, says Gray to Wharton, "is all harmonious and delightful." But the rumours of dissension had thinned the ranks of the undergraduates; "they have no boys at all, and unless you can send us a hamper or two out of the North to begin with, they will be like a few rats straggling about a deserted dwelling-house."

Gray was now about to enter the second main period of his literary activity, and he opens it with a hopeless protestation of his apathy and idleness. He writes (April

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25, 1749), from Cambridge, this amusing piece of proph ecy: "The spirit of laziness, the spirit of this place, begins to possess even me, that have so long declaimed against it. Yet has it not so prevailed but that I feel that discontent with myself, that ennui that ever accompanies it in its beginnings. Time will settle my conscience, time will reconcile my languid companion; we shall smoke, we shall tipple, we shall doze together, we shall have our little jokes, like other people, and our long stories. Brandy will finish what port began; and a month after the time you will see in some corner of a London Evening Post, 'Yesterday died the Rev. Mr. John Gray, Senior Fellow of Clare Hall, a facetious companion, and well respected by all that knew him. His death is supposed to have been occasioned by a fit of the apoplexy, being found fallen out of bed." But this whimsical anticipation of death and a blundering mortuary inscription was startled out of his thoughts by the sudden approach of death itself to one whom he dearly His aunt, Miss Mary Antrobus, died somewhat suddenly, at the age of sixty-six, at Stoke, on the 5th of November, 1749. The letter which Gray wrote to his mother on receiving news of this event is so characteristic of his wise and tender seriousness of character, and allows us to observe so much more closely than usual the real working of his mind, that no apology is needed for quoting it here. It was written from Cambridge, on the 7th of November, 1749:

"The unhappy news I have just received from you equally surprises and afflicts me. I have lost a person I loved very much, and have been used to from my infancy; but am much more concerned for your loss, the circumstances of which I forbear to dwell upon, as you must be too sensible of them yourself; and will, I fear, more and more need a consolation that no one can give, except He who had

preserved her to you so many years, and at last, when it was His pleasure, has taken her from us to Himself: and, perhaps, if we reflect upon what she felt in this life, we may look upon this as an instance of His goodness both to her and to those that loved her. She might have languished many years before our eyes in a continual increase of pain, and totally helpless; she might have long wished to end her misery without being able to attain it; or perhaps even lost all sense and yet continued to breathe; a sad spectacle for such as must have felt more for her than she could have done for herself. However you may deplore your own loss, yet think that she is at last easy and happy, and has now more occasion to pity us than we her. I hope, and beg, you will support yourself with that resignation we owe to Him who gave us our being for good, and who deprives us of it for the same reason. I would have come to you directly, but you do not say whether you desire I should or not; if you do, I beg I may know it, for there is nothing to hinder me, and I am in very good health."

It is impossible to imagine anything more sweet-natured and unaffected than this letter, and it opens to us for a moment the closed and sacred book of Gray's homelife, those quiet autumn days of every year so peacefully spent in loving and being loved by these three placid old ladies at Stoke, in a warm atmosphere of musk and potpourri.

The death of his aunt seems to have brought to his recollection the *Elegy in a Country Church-yard*, begun seven years before within sight of the ivy-clustered spire under whose shadow she was laid. He seems to have taken it in hand again, at Cambridge, in the winter of 1749, and tradition, which would fain see the poet always writing in the very precincts of a church-yard, has fabled that he wrote some stanzas amongst the tombs of Granchester. He finished it, however, as he began it, at Stoke-Pogis, giving the last touches to it on the 12th of June, 1750. "Having put an end to a thing whose be-

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ginning you have seen long ago," he writes on that day to Horace Walpole, "I-immediately send it to you. You will, I hope, look upon it in the light of a thing with an end to it: a merit that most of my writings have wanted, and are like to want." Walpole was only too highly delighted with this latest effusion of his friend, in which he was acute enough to discern the elements of a lasting It is curious to reflect upon the modest and careless mode in which that poem was first circulated which was destined to enjoy and to retain a higher reputation in literature than any other English poem, perhaps than any other poem of the world, written between Milton and Wordsworth. The fame of the Elegy has spread to all countries, and has exercised an influence on all the poetry of Europe, from Denmark to Italy, from France With the exception of certain works of Byron and Shakspeare, no English poem has been so widely admired and imitated abroad; and, after more than a century of existence, we find it as fresh as ever, when its copies, even the most popular of all, Lamartine's Le Lac, are faded and tarnished. It possesses the charm of incomparable felicity, of a melody that is not too subtle to charm every ear, of a moral persuasiveness that appeals to every generation, and of metrical skill that in each line proclaims the master. The Elegy may almost be looked upon as the typical piece of English verse, our poem of poems; not that it is the most brilliant or original or profound lyric in our language, but because it combines in more balanced perfection than any other all the qualities that go to the production of a fine poetical effect. The successive criticisms of a swarm of Dryasdusts, each depositing his drop of siccative, the boundless vogue and consequent profanation of stanza upon stanza,

the changes of fashion, the familiarity that breeds indifference, all these things have not succeeded in destroying the vitality of this humane and stately poem. The solitary writer of authority who since the death of Johnson has ventured to depreciate Gray's poetry, Mr. Swinburne, who, in his ardour to do justice to Collins, has been deeply and extravagantly unjust to the greater man, even he, coming to curse, has been obliged to bless this "poem of such high perfection and such universal appeal to the tenderest and noblest depths of human feeling," admitting, again, with that frankness which makes Mr. Swinburne the most generous of disputants, that "as an elegiac poet Gray holds for all ages to come his unassailable and sovereign station."

We may well leave to its fate a poem with so splendid a history, a poem more thickly studded with phrases that have become a part and parcel of colloquial speech than any other piece, even of Shakspeare's, consisting of so few consecutive lines. A word or two, however, may not be out of place in regard to its form and the literary history of its composition. The heroic quatrain, in the use of which, here and elsewhere, Gray easily excels all other English writers, was not new to our literature. Amongst the Pembroke MSS. I find copious notes by Gray on the Nosce Teipsum of Sir John Davies, a beautiful philosophical poem first printed in 1599, and composed in this measure. Davenant had chosen the same for his fragmentary epic of Gondibert, and Dryden for his metallic and gorgeous poem of the Annus Mirabilis. All these essays were certainly known to Gray, and he was possibly not uninfluenced by the Love Elegies of James Hammond, a young cousin of Horace Walpole's, who had died in 1742, and had affected to be the Tibullus of the age. Hammond had fatig that of for A far

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had more taste than genius, yet after reading, with much fatigue, his forgotten elegies, I cannot avoid the impression that Gray was influenced by this poetaster, in the matter of form, more than by any other of his contemporaries. A familiar quotation of West—

"Ah me what boots us all our boasted power,
Our golden treasure and our purple state?
They cannot ward the inevitable hour,
Nor stay the fearful violence of fate"—

was probably the wild-wood stock on which Gray grafted his wonderful rose of roses, borrowing something from all his predecessors, but justifying every act of plagiarism by the brilliance of his new combination. Even the tiresome singsong of Hammond became in Gray's hands an instrument of infinite variety and beauty, as if a craftsman by the mere touch of his fingers should turn ochre into gold. The measure itself, from first to last, is an attempt to render in English the solemn alternation of passion and reserve, the interchange of imploring and desponding tones, that is found in the Latin elegiac, and Gray gave his poem, when he first published it, an outward resemblance to the text of Tibullus by printing it without any stanzaic pauses. It is in this form and with the original spelling that the poem appears in an exquisite little volume, privately printed a few years ago at the Cambridge University Press, in which Mr. Munro has placed his own Ovidian translation of the *Elegy* opposite the original text: as pretty a tribute as was ever paid by one great University scholar to the memory of another.

Walpole's enthusiasm for the *Elegy in a Country Church-yard* led him to commit the grave indiscretion of handing it about from friend to friend, and even of

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distributing manuscript copies of it, without Gray's cognizance. At the Manor House at Stoke, Lady Cobham, who seems to have known Horace Walpole, read the Elegy in a Country Church-yard in manuscript before it had been many months in existence, and conceived a violent desire to know the author. So quiet was Gray, and so little inclined to assert his own personality, that she was unaware that he and she had lived together in the same country parish for several years, until a Rev. Mr. Robert Purt, a Cambridge Fellow settled at Stoke, told her that "thereabouts there lurked a wicked imp they call a poet." Mr. Purt, however, enjoyed a very slight acquaintance with Gray (he was offended shortly afterwards at the introduction of his name into the Long Story, and very properly died of small-pox immediately), and could not venture to introduce him to her ladyship. Lady Cobham, however, had a guest staying with her, a Lady Schaub, who knew a friend of Gray's, a Lady Brown. On this very meagre introduction Lady Schaub and Miss Speed, the niece of Lady Cobham, were persuaded by her ladyship, who shot her arrow like Teucer from behind the shield of Ajax, to call boldly upon Gray. They did so in the summer of 1751, but when they had crossed the fields to West-End House they found that the poet had gone out for a walk. They begged the ladies to say nothing of their visit, but they left amongst the papers in Gray's study this piquant little note: "Lady Schaub's compliments to Mr. Gray; she is sorry not to have found him at home, to tell him that Lady Brown is very well." This little adventure assumed the hues of mystery and romance in so uneventful a life as Gray's, and curiosity combined with good-manners to make him put his shyness in his pocket and return Lady Schaub's polite but eccentric call. That far-reaching spider, the Viscountess Cobham, had now fairly caught him in her web, and for the remaining nine years of her life she and her niece, Miss Speed, were his fast friends. Indeed, his whole life might have been altered if Lady Cobham had had her way, for it seems certain that she would have been highly pleased to have seen him the husband of Harriet Speed and inheritor of the fortunes of the family. At one time Gray seems to have been really frightened lest they should marry him suddenly, against his will; and perhaps he almost wished they would. At all events the only lines of his which can be called amatory were addressed to Miss Speed. She was seven years his junior, and when she was nearly forty she married a very young French officer, and went to live abroad, to which events, not uninteresting to Gray, we shall return in their proper place.

The romantic incidents of the call just described inspired Gray with his fantastic account of them given in the Long Story. He dwells on the ancient seat of the Huntingdons and Hattons, from the door of which one morning issued

"A brace of warriors, not in buff, But rustling in their silks and tissues.

"The first came cap-à-pee from France, Her conquering destiny fulfilling, Whom meaner beauties eye askance, And vainly ape her art of killing.

"The other Amazon kind Heaven
Had armed with spirit, wit, and satire;
But Cobham had the polish given,
And tipped her arrows with good-nature.

"With bonnet blue and capuchine,
And aprons long, Mey hid their armour;
And veiled their weapons, bright and keen,
In pity to the country farmer."

These warriors sallied forth in the cause of a lady of high degree, who had just heard that the parish contained a poet, and who

"Swore by her coronet and ermine
She'd issue out her high commission
To rid the manor of such vermin."

At last they discover his lowly haunt, and bounce in without so much as a tap at the door:

"The trembling family they daunt,
They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle;
Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,
And up-stairs in a whirlwind rattle:

"Each hole and cupboard they explore,
Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry-scurry round the floor,
And o'er the bed and tester clamber:

"Into the drawers and china pry,
Papers and books, a huge imbroglio;
Under a teacup he might lie,
Or creased, like dog's-ears, in a folio."

The pitying Muses, however, have conveyed him away, and the proud Amazons are obliged to retreat; but they have the malignity to leave a spell behind them, which their victim finds when he slinks back to his home:

"The words too eager to unriddle
The poet felt a strange disorder;
Transparent bird-lime formed the middle,
And chains invisible the border.

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"So cunning was the apparatus,

The powerful pot-hooks did so move him,
That, will he nill he, to the great house
He went as if the devil drove him."

When he arrives at the Manor House, of course, he is dragged before the great lady, and is only saved from destruction by her sudden fit of clemency:

"The ghostly prudes with haggard face
Already had condemned the sinner.

My lady rose, and with a grace—
She smiled, and bid him come to dinner."

All this is excellent fooling, charmingly arch and easy in its humorous romance, and highly interesting as a picture of Gray's home-life. In the Pembroke MS. of the Long Story he says that he wrote it in August, 1750. It was included in the semi-private issue of the Six Poems in 1753, but in no other collection published during Gray's lifetime. He considered its allusions too personal to be given to the public.

In this one instance Walpole's indiscretion in circulating the *Elegy* brought Gray satisfaction; in others it annoyed him. On the 10th of February, 1751, he received a rather impertinently civil letter from the publisher of a periodical called the *Magazine of Magazines*, coolly informing him that he was actually printing his "ingenious poem called Reflections in a Country Churchyard," and praying for his indulgence and the honour of his correspondence. Gray immediately wrote to Horace Walpole (February 11): "As I am not at all disposed to be either so indulgent or so correspondent as they desire, I have but one bad way left to escape the honour they would inflict upon me: and therefore am obliged to

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desire you would make Dodsley print it immediately (which may be done in less than a week's time) from your copy, but without my name, in what form is most convenient for him, but on his best paper and character; he must correct the press himself, and print it without any interval between the stanzas, because the sense is in some places continued without them." All this was done with extraordinary promptitude, and five days after this letter of Gray's, on the 16th of February, 1751, Dodsley published a large quarto pamphlet, anonymous, price sixpence, entitled An Elegy wrote in a Country Church-It was preceded by a short advertisement, unsigned, but written by Horace Walpole. At this point may be inserted a note, which Gray has appended in the margin of the Pembroke MS. of this poem. It settles a point of bibliography which has been discussed by commentator after commentator:

"Published in Febry, 1751, by Dodsley, & went thro' four editions, in two months; and afterwards a fifth, 6th, 7th, & 8th, 9th, 10th, & 11th, printed also in 1753 with Mr. Bentley's Designs, of went there is a 2d edition, & again by Dodsley in his Miscellany vol. 4th & in a Scotch Collection call'd the *Union*; translated into Latin by Chr. Anstey, Esq. and the Revd Mr. Roberts, & published in 1762, & again in the same year by Rob: Lloyd, M.A."

Gray here cites fifteen authorised editions of the English text of the Elegy; its pirated editions were countless. The Magazine of Magazines persisted, although Gray had been neither indulgent nor correspondent, and the poem appeared in the issue for February, published, as was then the habit of periodicals, on the last of that month. The London Magazine stole it for its issue for March, and the Grand Magazine of Magazines copied it in April. Everybody read it, in town and country;

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Shenstone, far away from the world of books, had seen it before the 28th of March. It achieved a complete popular success from the very first, and the name of its author gradually crept into notoriety. The attribution of the Elegy to Gray was more general than has been supposed. A pamphlet, printed soon after this date, speaks of "the Maker of the Church-yard Essay" as being a Cambridge celebrity whose claims to preferment had been notoriously overlooked; and by far the cleverest of all the parodies, An Evening Contemplation, 1753, a poem of special interest to students of university manners, is preceded by an elaborate compliment to Gray. The success of his poem, however, brought him little direct satisfaction, and no money. He gave the right of publication to Dodsley, as he did in all other instances. He had a Quixotic notion that it was beneath a gentleman to take money for his inventions from a bookseller, a view in which Dodsley warmly coincided; and it was stated by another bookseller, who after Gray's death contended with Mason, that Dodsley was known to have made nearly a thousand pounds by the poetry of Gray. Mason had no such scruples as his friend, and made frantic efforts to regain Gray's copyright, launching vainly into litigation on the subject, and into unseemly controversy.

The autumn of 1750 had been marked in Gray's uneventful annals by the death of Dr. Middleton, and by the visit of a troublesome Indian cousin, Mrs. Forster, who stayed a month in London, and wearied Gray by her insatiable craving after sight-seeing. In Conyers Middleton, who died on the 28th of July, 1750, at the age of sixty-seven, Gray lost one of his most familiar and most intellectual associates, a person of extraordinary talents, to whom, without ever becoming attached, he had become

accustomed. His remark on the event is full of his fine reserve and sobriety of feeling: "You have doubtless heard of the loss I have had in Dr. Middleton, whose house was the only easy place one could find to converse in at Cambridge. For my part, I find a friend so uncommon a thing, that I cannot help regretting even an old acquaintance, which is an indifferent likeness of it; and though I don't approve the spirit of his books, methinks 'tis pity the world should lose so rare a thing as a good writer."

In the same letter he tells Wharton that he himself is neither cheerful nor easy in bodily health, and yet has the mortification to find his spiritual part the most infirm thing about him. He is applying himself heartily to the study of zoology, and has procured for that purpose the works of M. de Buffon. In reply to Wharton's urgent entreaties for a visit he agrees that he "could indeed wish to refresh my ένεργέια a little at Durham by a sight of you, but when is there a probability of my being so happy?" However, it seems that he would have contrived this expedition, had it not been for the aforesaid cousin, Mrs. Forster, "a person as strange, and as much to seek, as though she had been born in the mud of the Ganges." At the same time he warns Wharton against returning to Cambridge, saying that Mrs. Wharton will find life very dreary in a place where women are so few, and those "squeezy and formal, little skilled in amusing themselves or other people. All I can say is, she must try to make up for it amongst the men, who are not over-agreeable neither."

In spite of this warning the Whartons appear to have come back to Cambridge. At all events, we find Dr. Wharton wavering between that town and Bath as the

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best place for him to practise in as a physician, and thereupon there follows a gap of two years in Gray's correspondence with him. The affectionate familiarity of the poet with both Dr. and Mrs. Wharton when they re-emerge in his correspondence, the pet names he has for the children, and the avuncular air of intimacy implied, make it almost certain that in 1751 and 1752 he had the pleasure of seeing these dear friends settled at his side, and enjoyed in their family circle the warmth and brightness of a home. At all events, after the publication of the Elegy, Gray is once more lost to us for two years, most unaccountably, since, if the Whartons were close beside him, and Mason across the street at Pembroke, Walpole all this time was exercising his vivacious and importunate pen at Strawberry Hill, and trying to associate Gray in all his schemes and fancies.

One of Walpole's sudden whims was a Friendship for that eccentric and dissipated person, Richard Bentley, only son of the famous Master of Trinity, whose acquaintance Walpole made in 1750. This man was an amateur artist of more than usual talent, an elegant scholar in his way, and with certain frivolous gifts of manner that were alternately pleasing and displeasing to Walpole. The artistic merit of Bentley was exaggerated in his own time and has been underrated since, nor does there now exist any important relic of it except his designs for Gray's poems. In the summer of 1752 Horace Walpole seems to have suggested to Dodsley the propriety of publishing an édition de luxe of Gray, with Bentley's illustrations; but as early as June, 1751, these illustrations were being made. As Gray gave the poems for nothing, and as Walpole paid Bentley to draw and Müller to engrave the illustrations, it is not surprising that Dodsley was eager to close with the offer. Bentley threw himself warmly into the project; it is quite certain that he consulted Gray step by step, for the designs show an extraordinary attention to the details and even to the hints of the text. Most probably the three gentlemen amused themselves during the long vacation of 1752 by concocting the whole thing together. Gray, who, it must be remembered, was a connoisseur in painting, was so much impressed by Bentley's talents and versatility, that he addressed to him a copy of beautiful verses, which unfortunately existed only in a single manuscript, and had been torn before Mason found them. In these he says:

"The tardy rhymes that used to linger on,
To censure cold, and negligent of fame,
In swifter measures animated run,
And catch a lustre from his genuine flame.

"Ah! could they catch his strength, his easy grace,
His quick creation, his unerring line,
The energy of Pope they might efface,
And Dryden's harmony submit to mine.

"But not to one in this benighted age
Is that diviner inspiration given,
That burns in Shakspeare's or in Milton's page,
The pomp and prodigality of heaven.

"As when, conspiring in the diamond's blaze,

The meaner gems that singly charm the sight
Together dart their intermingled rays,

And dazzle with a luxury of light."

This is the Landorian manner of praising, and almost the only instance of a high note of enthusiasm in the entire writings of Gray. Bentley was not ludicrously unworthy of such eulogy; his designs are extremely remarkable posed from Ea

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able in their way. In an age entirely given up to composed and conventional forms he seems to have drawn from nature and to have studied the figure from life.

Early in March, 1753, the Poemata-Grayo-Bentleiana, as Walpole called them, appeared, a small, thin folio, on very thick paper, printed only on one side, and entitled Designs by Mr. R. Bentley for Six Poems by Mr. T. Gray. This is the editio princeps of Gray's collected poems, and consists of the Ode to Spring (here simply called Ode), and of the Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat, of both of which it was the second edition; a third edition of the Eton Ode; a first appearance of A Long Story and Hymn to Adversity; and a twelfth edition of the Elegy written in a Country Church-yard. Bentley's illustrations consist of a frontispiece, and a full-page design for each poem, with headpieces, tail-pieces, and initial letters. The frontispiece is a border of extremely ingenious rococo ornament surrounding a forest glade, in which Gray, a graceful little figure, sits in a pensive attitude. This has a high value for us, since, to any one accustomed to the practice of art, it is obvious that this is a sketch from life, not a composed study, and we have here in all probability a portrait of the poet in his easiest attitude. The figure is that of a young man, of small stature, but elegantly made, with a melancholy and downcast countenance.

The portraiture becomes still more certain when we turn to the indiscreet, but extremely interesting, design for A Long Story, where we not only have a likeness of Gray in 1753, which singularly resembles the more elaborate portrait of him painted by Eckhardt in 1747, but we have also Lady Schaub, Mr. Purt, and, what is most interesting of all, the pretty, delicate features of Miss Speed. The Rev. Mr. Purt is represented as blowing the trumpet of

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Fame, whilst the Amazon ladies fly through the air, seeking for their victim the poet, who is being concealed by the Muses otherwhere than in a gorge of Parnassus. The designs are engraved on copper by two well-known men of that day. The best are by John Sebastian Müller, some of whose initial letters are simply exquisite in execution; the rest are the work of a man of greater reputation in that day, Charles Grignion, whose work in this instance lacks the refinement of Müller's, which is indeed of a very high order. Grignion was the last survivor amongst persons associated with the early and middle life of Gray; he lived to be nearly a hundred years old, and died as late as 1810. It might be supposed that the merits of the designs to the Six Poems lay in the interpretation given by engravers of so much talent to poor drawings, but we happen to possess Gray's implicit statement that this was not the case. If, therefore, we are to consider Bentley responsible, for instance, for such realistic forms as the nude figures in the head-piece to the Hymn to Adversity, or for such feeling for foliage as is shown in the head and tail pieces to the first ode, we must claim for him a higher place in English art than has hitherto been conceded to him. At all events the Six Poems of 1753 is one of the few really beautiful books produced from an English press during the middle of the eighteenth century, and in spite of its rococo style it is still a desirable possession.

It is pleasant to think of Gray reclining in the blue parlour over the supper-room at Strawberry Hill, turning over prints with Horace Walpole, and glancing down the garden to the Thames that flashed in silver behind the syringas and honeysuckles; or seated, with a little touch of sententious gravity, in the library, chiding Chute and their host for their frivolous taste in heraldry, or incited by e

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the dark panels and the old brass grate to chat of architecture and decoration, and the new-found mysteries of Gothic. It is, perhaps, pleasanter still to think of him dreaming in the garden of Stoke-Pogis, or chatting over a dish of tea with his old aunts, as he called his mother and his aunt collectively, or strolling, with a book in his hand, along the southward ridge of meadows to pay Lady Cobham a stately call, or flirt a little with Miss Harriet Speed.

But this quietude was not to last much longer. Walpole, indeed, was surprised to have a visit from him in January, 1753, just when Bentley's prints were going to press, for Gray had been suddenly called up from Cambridge to Stoke by the news of his mother's illness. He had not expected to find her alive, but when he arrived she was much better, and remained so for more than a He did not choose, however, to leave her, and was at Stoke when the proof of Bentley's cul-de-lampe for the *Elegy* arrived. This represents a village funeral; and being examined by the old ladies, was conceived by them to be a burying-ticket. They asked him whether anybody had left him a ring; and hereupon follows a remark which shows that Gray had never mentioned to his mother or either of his aunts that he wrote verses; nor would now do so, lest they should "burn me for a poet." A week or two later, Walpole and Gray very nearly had another quarrel. Walpole, in his officiousness, had had Eckhardt's portrait of Gray, which hung in the library at Strawberry Hill, engraved for the Six Poems, a step which, taken as it was without the poet's cognizance, drew down on Walpole an excessively sharp letter-"Gray does not hate to find fault with me"—and a final veto on any such parade of personality.

Mrs. Gray soon ceased to rally, and after a painful strug-

gle for life, expired on the 11th of March, 1753, at the age of sixty-seven. Her son saw her buried, in the family tomb, on the south side of the church-yard, near the church, where may still be read the exquisitely simple and affecting epitaph which he inscribed on her tombstone:

"In the same pious confidence, beside her friend and sister, here sleep the remains of Dorothy Gray, widow, the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her."

When, a few months later, Mason had been standing by the death-bed of his father, and spoke to his friend of the awe that he experienced, Gray's thoughts went back to his mother, and he wrote: "I have seen the scene you describe, and know how dreadful it is: I know too I am the better for it. We are all idle and thoughtless things, and have no sense, no use in the world any longer than that sad impression lasts; the deeper it is engraved the better." These are the words which came into Byron's memory when he received the news of his mother's death.

The Whartons had by this time returned to Durham, and thither at last, in the autumn of 1753, Gray resolved to visit them. He had been unable to remain at Stoke now that it was haunted by the faces of the dead that he had loved, and he went into these lodgings over the hosier's shop in the eastern part of Jermyn Street, which were his favourite haunt in London. He left town for Cambridge in May, and in June wrote to Wharton to say that he was at last going to set out with Stonehewer in a postchaise for the North. In the middle of July they started, proceeding leisurely by Belvoir, Burleigh, and York, taking a week to reach Studley. The journey was very agreeable, and every place on the route which offered anything curious in architecture, the subject at this moment most in

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ng in Gray's thoughts, was visited and described in the note-Gray remained for two whole months and more in Dr. Wharton's house at Durham, associating with the Bishop, Dr. Trevor, and having "one of the most beautiful vales in England to walk in, with prospects that change every ten steps, and open something new wherever I turn me, all rude and romantic." It had been proposed that on the return journey he should visit Mason at Hull, but the illness of that gentleman's father prevented this scheme, and the friends met at York instead. Gray travelled southwards for two days with "a Lady Swinburne, a Roman Catholic, not young, that has been much abroad, seen a great deal, knew a great many people, very chatty and communicative, so that I passed my time very well." I regret that the now-living and illustrious descendant of this amusing lady is unable to tell me anything definite of her history.

Gray came back to Cambridge to find the lime-trees changing colour, stayed there one day, and was just preparing to proceed to his London lodgings, when an express summoned him to Stoke, where his aunt, Mrs. Rogers, had suffered a stroke of the palsy. He arrived on the 6th of October, to find everything "resounding with the woodlark and robin, and the voice of the sparrow heard in the land." His aunt, who was in her seventy-eighth year, had rallied to a surprising degree, and her recovery was not merely temporary. It would seem, from an expression in one of his letters, that his paternal aunt, Mrs. Oliffe, had now gone down from Norwich to Stoke, to live with Mrs. Rogers. I do not remember that the history of literature presents us with the memoirs of any other poet favoured by nature with so many aunts as Gray Stoke was not a home for Gray with Mrs.

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Rogers bedridden and with Mrs. Oliffe for its other inmate. The hospitable Whartons seem again to have taken pity on him, and he went from Jermyn Street up to Durham to spend with them Christmas of this same year, 1753.

Walpole remarked that Gray was "in flower" during these years, 1750-'55. It was the blossoming of a shrub which throws out only one bud each season, and that bud sometimes nipped by an untimely frost. The rose on Gray's thorn for 1754 was an example of these blighted flowers that never fully expanded. The Ode on Vicissitude, which was found, after the poet's death, in a pocketbook of that year, should have been one of his finest productions, but it is unrevised, and hopelessly truncated. Poor Mason rushed in where a truer poet might have feared to tread, and clipped the straggling lines, and finished it; six complete stanzas, however, are the genuine work of Gray. The verse-form has a catch in the third line, which is, perhaps, the most delicate metrical effect Gray ever attained; whilst some of the nature-painting in the poem is really exquisite:

"New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wintry trance,
The birds his presence greet;
But chief the skylark warbles high
His trembling, thrilling ecstasy,
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light."

Here is a stanza which might almost be Wordsworth's:

"See the wretch, that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again:

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The meanest floweret of the vale, The simplest note that swells the gale, The common sun, the air, the skies, To him are opening paradise."

That graceful trifler with metre, the sprightly Gresset, had written an *Epitre à ma Sœur* to which Gray frankly avowed that he owed the idea of his poem on Vicissitude. But it was only a few commonplaces which the English poet borrowed from the French one, who might, indeed, remind him that—

"Mille spectacles, qu'autrefois
On voyait avec nonchalance,
Transportent aujourd'hui, présentant des appas
Inconnus à l'indifférence"—

but was quite incapable of Gray's music and contemplative felicities. This Ode on Vicissitude seems, in some not very obvious way, to be connected with the death of Pope. It is possible that these were the "few autumn verses" which Gray began to write on that occasion. His manner of composition, his slow, half-hearted, desultory touch, his whimsical fits of passing inspiration, are unique in their kind; there never was a professional poet whose mode was so thoroughly that of the amateur.

A short prose treatise, first printed in 1814, and named by the absurd Mathias Architectura Gothica, although the subject of it is purely Norman architecture, seems to belong to this year, 1754. Gray was the first man in England to understand architecture scientifically, and his taste was simply too pure to be comprehended in an age that took William Kent for its architectural prophet. Even amongst those persons of refined feeling who desired to cultivate a taste for old English buildings there was a sad absence of exact knowledge. Akenside thought that the

ruins of Persepolis formed a beautiful example of the Gothic style; and we know that Horace Walpole dazzled his contemporaries with the gimerack pinnacles of Strawberry Hill. We may see from Bentley's frontispiece to the Elegy, where a stucco moulding is half torn away, and reveals a pointed arch of brick-work, that even amongst the elect the true prihciples of Gothic architecture were scarcely understood. What Georgian amateurs really admired was a grotto with cockle-shells and looking-glass, such as the Greatheads made at "Guy's Cliff, or such follies in foliage as Shenstone perpetrated at Leasowes. Gray strove hard to clear his memory of all such trifling, and to arm his reason against arguments such as those of Pococke, who held that the Gothic arch was a degradation of the Moorish cupola, or of Batty Langley, who invented five orders in a new style of his own. Gray's treatise on Norman architecture is so sound and learned that it is much to be regretted that he has not left us more of his architectural essays. He formed his opinions from personal observation and measurement. Amongst the Pembroke MSS, there are copious notes of a tour in the Fens, during which he jotted down the characteristics of all the principal minsters, as far as Crowland and Boston. It is not too much to say that Gray was the first modern student of the history of architecture. Norton Nichols has recorded that when certain would-be people of taste were wrangling about the style in which some ancient building was constructed, Gray cut the discussion short by saying, in the spirit of Mr. Ruskin, "Call it what you please, but allow that it is beautiful." He did not approve of Walpole's Gothic constructions at Strawberry Hill, and frankly told him, when he was shown the gilding and the glass, that he had "degenerated into finery."

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CHAPTER VI.

THE PINDARIC ODES.

It is not known at what time Gray resolved on composing poems which should resemble in stanzaic structure the triumphal odes or *epinikia* of Pindar, but it is certain that towards the close of 1754 he completed one such elaborate lyric. On the 26th of December of that year he gave the finishing touches to an "ode in the Greek manner," and sent it from Cambridge to Dr. Wharton, with the remark, "If this be as tedious to you as it is grown to me, I shall be sorry that I sent it you. . . . I desire you would by no means suffer this to be copied, nor even show it, unless to very few, and especially not to mere scholars, that can scan all the measures in Pindar, and say the scholia by Months later Mason was pleading for a copy, but The poem thrown off so indifferently was that now known to us as The Progress of Poesy, and it marked a third and final stage in Gray's poetical development. In the early odes he had written for his contemporaries; in the Elegy in a Country Church-yard he had written for all the world; in the Pindaric Odes he was now to write for poets. In the *Elegy* he had dared to leave those trodden paths of phraseology along which the critics of the hour, the quibbling Hurds and Warburtons, could follow him step by step, but his startling felicities had carried his readers captive by their appeal to a common humanity. He was now about to launch upon a manner of writing in which he could no longer be accompanied by the plaudits of the vulgar, and where his style could no longer appeal with security to the sympathy of the critics. He was new, in other words, about to put out his most original qualities in poetry.

That he could not hope for popularity he was aware at the outset: "Be assured," he consoled his friends, "that my taste for praise is not like that of children for fruit; if there were nothing but medlars and blackberries in the world, I could be very well content to go without any at all." He could wait patiently for the suffrage of his peers. The very construction of the poem was a puzzle to his friends, although it is one of the most intelligibly and rationally built of all the odes in the language. It is, in point of fact, a poem of three stanzas, in an elaborately consistent verse-form, with forty-one lines in each stanza. The length of these periods is relieved by the regular division of each stanza into strophe, antistrophe, and epode, the same plan having been used by no previous English poet but Congreve, who had written in 1705 a learned and graceful Discourse on the Pindarique Ode, which Gray was possibly acquainted with. Congreve's practice, however, had been as unsatisfactory as his theory was excellent, and Gray was properly the first poet to comprehend and follow the mode of Pindar.

Mr. Matthew Arnold has pointed out that the evolution of The Progress of Poesy is no less noble and sound than its style. It is worthy of remark that the power of evolution has not been common amongst lyrical poets even of a high rank. Even in Milton it is strangely absent, and we feel that all his odes, beautiful as they are, do not bud and VI.]

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branch and fall in fruit, closing with the exhaustion of their functions, but merely cease, because all poems must stop somewhere. The Nativity Ode does not close because the poet has nothing more to say, but merely because "'tis time our tedious song should here have ending." In Collins, surely, we find the same failing; the poem is a burst of emotion, but not an organism. The much-lauded Ode to Liberty, with its opening peal of trumpet-music, ends with a foolish abruptness, as if the poet had got tired of his instrument and had thrown it away. Shelley, again, in his longer odes, seems to lose himself in beautiful, meandering oratory, and to stop, as he began, in response to a mere change of purpose. Keats, on the other hand, is always consistent in his evolution, and so is Wordsworth at his more elevated moments; the same may even be remarked of a poet infinitely below these in intellectual value, Edgar Poe. Gray, however, is the main example in our literature of a poet possessing this Greek quality of structure in his lyrical work, and it is to be noted that throughout his career it never left him, even on occasions when he was deserted by every other form of inspiration. His poems, whatever they are, are never chains of consecutive stanzas; each line, each group of lines, has its proper place in a structure that could not be shorter or longer without a radical re-arrangement of ideas.

The strophe of the opening stanza of The Progress of Poesy invokes that lyre of Æolian strings, the breathings of those Æolian flutes, which Pindar had made the symbol of the art of poetry, and the sources, progress, and various motion of that art, "enriching every subject with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers," are described under the image of a thousand descending streams. The antistrophe returns to the consideration of the power

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of poetry, not now in motion, but an alluring and soothing force around which the Passions throng and are subdued, a thought being here borrowed apparently from Collins; the epode continues and combines these two strains of thought, and shows that poetry, whether in motion or at rest, is working the good-will of Love, who deigns herself to move in a rhythmic harmony and be the slave of verse. In the second stanza the strophe recalls the miserable state of man, relieved by the amenities of the heavenly Muse, who arms Hyperion against the sickly company of Night; the antistrophe shows us how the need of song arose in savage man, and illuminated "their feathercinctured chiefs and dusky loves" whilst the epode breaks into an ecstatic celebration of the advent of poetic art to Greece:

> "Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep, Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep, Fields, that cool Ilissus laves, Or where Mæander's amber waves In lingering labyrinths creep, How do your tuneful echoes languish, Mute but to the voice of anguish! Where each old poetic mountain Inspiration breathed around; Every shade and hallowed fountain Murmured deep a solemn sound."

But the Muses, "in Greece's evil hour," went to Rome, and "when Latium had her lofty spirit lost," it was to Albion that they turned their steps. The third strophe describes how the awful mother unveiled her face to Shakspeare; the antistrophe celebrates the advent of Milton and Dryden, whilst the final epode winds the whole poem to a close with a regret that the lyre once held by the lastnamed poet has degenerated into hands like Gray's:

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"Hark! his hands the lyre explore! Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er, Scatters from her pictured urn Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn. But ah! 'tis heard no more— Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit Wakes thee now? Though he inherit Not the pride, nor ample pinion, That the Theban eagle bear, Sailing with supreme dominion Thro' the azure deep of air: Yet oft before his infant eyes would run Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray, With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun: Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,

Beneath the Good how far!—but far above the Great."

In these passages, especially where he employs the double rhyme, we seem to catch in Gray the true modern accent, the precursor of the tones of Shelley and Byron, both of whom, but especially the former, were greatly influenced by this free and ringing music. The reader has only to compare the epode last quoted with the choruses in *Hellas* to see what Shelley owed to the science and invention of Gray. This manner of rhyming, this rapid and recurrent beat of song, was the germ out of which have sprung all later metrical inventions, and without which Mr. Swinburne himself might now be polishing the heroic couplet to its last perfection of brightness and sharpness.

Another Pindaric ode on The Liberty of Genius was planned about the same time, but of this there exists only the following fragment of an argument: "All that men of power can do for men of genius is to leave them at their liberty, compared to birds that, when confined to a cage, do but regret the loss of their freedom in melancholy

strains, and lose the luscious wildness and happy luxuriance of their notes, which used to make the woods resound." The subject is one well fitted to its author's power, and we regret its loss as we regret that of Collins's *Ode on the Music of the Grecian Theatre*. Unlike that blue rose of the bibliophiles, however, Gray's ode probably was never written at all.

In the meantime not much was happening to Gray him-His friend Mason had taken holy orders, and in November, 1754, had become rector of Ashton and chaplain to the Earl of Holdernesse. "We all are mighty glad," says Gray, "that he is in orders, and no better than any of us." Early in 1755 both Mason and Walpole set upon Gray to publish a new volume of poems, whereupon he held up the single ode On the Progress of Poesy, and asked if they wished him to publish a "little sixpenny flam" like that, all by itself. He threatened if Wharton be tiresome, since the publishing faction had gained him over to their side, to write an ode against physicians, with some very stringent lines about magnesia and alicant spap. Pembroke meanwhile had just received an undergraduate of quality, Lord Strathmore, Thane of Glamis, "a tall, genteel figure," that pleased Gray, and presently was admitted within the narrow circle of his friends.

According to Mason, the exordium of *The Bard* was completed in March, 1755, having occupied Gray for about three months. In the case of this very elaborate poem Gray seems to have laid aside his customary reticence, and to have freely consulted his friends. Mason had seen the beginning of it before he went to Germany in May of that year, when he found in Hamburg a literary lady who had read the "Nitt Toats" of Young, and thought the Elegy in a Country Church-yard "bien jolie et mélancholique."

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Mason at Hanover meets Lord Nuneham, and is sure that Gray would delight in him, because he is so peevish and sensible and so good a hater, which gives us a passing glance at Gray himself. The Bard was exactly two years and five months in reaching completion, and the slowness of its growth was the subject of mirth with Gray himself, who called it "Odikle," and made fun of its stunted

proportions.

On the 15th of July, 1755, Gray went down to the Vine, in Hampshire, to visit his old friend Chute, who was now beginning to recover a little from the shock of the death of his beloved heir and nephew. In the congenial company of the Italianate country gentleman Gray stayed a few days, and then went on to Southampton, Winchester, Portsmouth, and Netley Abbey, returning to Stoke on the 31st of July. Unfortunately, he either took a chill on this little tour or overtaxed his powers, and from this time to the end of his life, a period of sixteen years, he was seldom in a condition of even tolerable In August he was obliged to put himself under medical treatment; one alarming attack of gout after the other continued to undermine his constitution, and his system was further depressed by an exhausting regimen of magnesia and salts of wormwood. He had to lie up at Stoke for many weeks, with aching feet and temples, and was bled until he was too giddy and feeble to walk with comfort. All this autumn and winter of 1755 his symptoms were very serious. He could not sleep; he was troubled by a nervous deafness, and a pain in the region of the heart which seldom left him. Meanwhile, he did not leave The Bard untouched, but progressed slowly with it, as though he were a sculptor, deliberately pointing and chiselling a statue. He adopted the plan of copying stro-

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phes and fragments of it in his letters, and many such scraps exist in MS. Late in the autumn, however, he thought that he was falling into a decline, and in a fit of melancholy he laid The Bard aside.

Gray was altogether in a very nervous, distracted condition at this time, and first began to show symptoms of that fear of fire which afterwards became almost a mania with him, by desiring Wharton to insure the two houses, at Wanstead and in Cornhill, which formed a principal part of his income. From the amount of the policies of these houses, we can infer that the first was a property of considerable value. The death of his mother, following on that of Miss Antrobus, had, it may here be remarked, removed all pressure of poverty from Gray for the remainder of his life. He was never rich, but from this time forward he was very comfortably provided for. Horace Walpole appears to have been alarmed at his friend's condition of health, and planned a change of • scene for him, which it seems unfortunate that he could not persuade himself to undertake. George Hervey, Earl of Bristol, was named English Minister at Lisbon, and he offered to take Gray with him as his secretary, but the proud little poet refused. Perhaps the climate of Portugal might have proved too relaxing for him, and he might have laid his bones beside that grave where the grass was hardly green yet over the body of Fielding.

Gray's terror of fire has already been alluded to, and it had now become so marked as to be a subject of conversation in the college. He professed rather openly to believe that some drunken fellow or other would burn the college down about their heads. On the 9th of January, 1756, he asked Dr. Wharton to buy him a rope-ladder of a man in Wapping who advertised such articles. It was

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to be rather more than thirty-six feet long, with strong hooks at the top. This machine Wharton promptly forwarded, and Gray proceeded to have an iron bar fixed within his bedroom-window. This bar, crossing a window which looks towards Pembroke, still exists and marks Gray's chambers at Peterhouse. Such preparations, however, could not be made without attracting great attention in the latter college, where Gray was by no means a favourite amongst the high-coloured young gentlemen who went bull-baiting to Heddington, or came home drunk and roaring from a cock-shying at Market Hill. Accordingly, the noisy fellow-commoners determined to have a lark at the timid little poet's expense, and one night in February, 1756, when Gray was asleep in bed, they suddenly alarmed him with a cry of fire on his staircase, having previously placed a tub of water under his window. The ruse succeeded only too well: Gray, without staying to put on his clothes, hooked his rope-ladder to the iron bar, and descended nimbly into the tub of water, from which he was rescued, with shouts of laughter, by the unmannerly youths. But the jest might easily have proved fatal; as it was, he shivered in the February air so excessively that he had to be wrapped in the coat of a passing watchman, and to be carried into the college by the friendly Stonehewer, who now appeared on the scene. To our modern ideas this outrage on a harmless middle-age man of honourable position, who had done nothing whatever to provoke insult or injury, is almost inconceivable. But there was a deep capacity for brutal folly underneath the varnish of the eighteenth century, and no one seems to have sympathized with Gray, or to have thought the conduct of the youths ungentlemanly. As, when Dryden was beaten by Rochester's hired and masked bravos, it was felt that Dryden was thereby disgraced, so Gray's friends were consistently silent on this story, as though it were a shame to him, and we owe our knowledge of the particulars to strangers, more especially to a wild creature called Archibald Campbell, who actually ventured to tell the tale during Gray's lifetime.

Gray was very angry, and called upon the authorities of his college to punish the offenders. Mason says: "After having borne the insults of two or three young men of fortune longer than might reasonably have been expected from a man of less warmth of temper, Mr. Gray complained to the governing part of the Society; and not thinking that his remonstrance was sufficiently attended to, quitted the college." He went over to his old friends at Pembroke,1 who welcomed him with one accord as if he had been "Mary of Valens in person." Under the foundation of this sainted lady he remained for the rest of his life, comfortably lodged, surrounded by congenial friends, and "as quiet as in the Grande Chartreuse." He does not seem to have ever been appointed to a fellowship at Pembroke. The chambers he is supposed to have occupied are still shown—a large, low room, at the western end of the Hitcham Building, bright and pleasant, with windows looking east and west. He adopted habits at Pembroke which he had never indulged in at Peterhouse. He was the first, and for a long while the only, person in the University who made his rooms look pretty. He took care that his windows should be always full of mignonette or some other sweetly-scented plant, and he was famous for a pair of huge Japanese vases, in blue and white china. His servant, Stephen Hempstead, had to keep the room

¹ In the Admission Book at Pembroke there is this entry: "Thomas Gray, LL.B., admissus est ex Collegio Divi Petro. March (sic) 6, 1756."

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as bright and spick as an old lady's bandbox, and not an atom of dust was allowed to rest on the little harpsichord where the poet used to sit in the twilight and play toccatas of Scarlatti or Pergolesi. Here for fifteen quiet years, the autumn of his life, Gray lived amongst his books, his china, and his pictures, and here at last we shall see him die, with the good Master of Pembroke, le Petit Bon Homme, holding his hand in the last services of friendship. Well might Gray write to Wharton (March 25, 1756): "Removing myself from Peterhouse to Pembroke may be looked upon as a sort of æra in a life so barren of events as mine."

Curiously enough, the shock and agitation of the scene that has been just described appear to have had no ill effect upon Gray's health. His letters at this time became, on the contrary, much more buoyant in tone. In April, 1756, an extraordinary concert of spiritual music, in which the Stabat Mater of Pergolesi was for the first time given in England, drew him up to London for three days, during which time he lodged with Wharton. All the ensuing summer Mason, now and henceforth known as "Scroddles" in Gray's correspondence, was perpetrating reams of poetry, or prose astonished out of its better nature at the sudden invasion of its provinces by rhyme. A terrible tragedy of Caractacus, suggested by the yet unfinished Bard, with much blank-verse invocation of "Arviragus, my bold, my breathless boy," belongs to this year 1756, and can now be read only by a very patient student bent on finding how nimble Mason could be in borrowing the mere shell and outward echo of Gray's poetical perform-The famous ances.

"While through the west, where sinks the crimson day, Meek twilight slowly sails, and waves her banners gray," which Gray pronounced "superlative," and which the modern reader must admit to be pretty, belong also to this year, and are to be found in an ode of Mason's, To a Friend, in which occurs the first contemporary celebration of a greater name in literature than his:

Through this still valley let me stray,
Rapt in some strain of pensive Gray,
Whose lofty genius bears along
The conscious dignity of song;
And, scorning from the sacred store
To waste a note on pride or power,
Roves through the glimmering twilight gloom,
And rarbles round each trastic tomb;
He, too, perchance (for well I know
His heart can melt with friendly wee)—
He, too, perchance, when these poor limbs are laid,
Will heave one tuneful sigh, and soothe my hovering shade."

Gray must have smiled at this foolish tribute, but he valued the affection that prompted it, and he deigned in a fatherly way to beg Wharton to let him hear if these odes were favourably spoken of in London.

The scene of Mason's Caractaeus was laid in Mona, and Gray was at this time engaged in the spiritual ascension of Snowdon, with "Odikle" at his side: "I hope we shall be very good neighbours. Any Druidical anecdotes that I can meet with I will be sure to send you. I am of opinion that the ghosts"—for, alas! there are ghosts in Caractaeus—"will spoil the picture, unless they are thrown at a huge distance, and extremely kept down." In June, 1756, having "no more pores and muscular inflations, and troubled only with depression of mind," Gray at Stoke rather vaguely proposed to Mason at Tunbridge that they should spend the summer together on the Con-

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tinent. "Shall we go in time, and have a house together in Switzerland? It is a fine poetical country to look at, and nobody there will understand a word we say or write." Mason was probably too much a child of his age to relish going to Switzerland; moreover, there was a chaptainey to Lord John Cavendish towards which Mason was extending a greedy finger and thumb, and he preferred to remain in the happy hunting-grounds of endowment. Gray langhed with indulgent contempt at his young friend's grasping wishes, though when this intense desire for place passed all decent limits he could reprove it sharply enough. To the sober and self-respecting Gray, who had never asked for anything in his life, to intrigue for Church preferment was the conduct of a child or a knave, and he accordingly persisted in treating Mason as a child.

Very little progress was made with The Bard in 1756. In December of that year "Odikle is not a/bit grown, though it is fine mild open weather." Suddenly, in May, 1757, it was brought to a conclusion in consequence of some concerts given at Cambridge by John Parry, the famous blind harper, who lived until 1782, and whose son was one of the first A.R.A.'s. Gray's account of the extraordinary effect that this man's music made on him is expressed in that light vein with which he loved to conceal deep emotion: "There is no faith in man, no, not in a Welshman; and yet Mr. Parry has been here, and scratched out such ravishing blind harmony, such tunes of a thousand years old, with names enough to choke you, as have set all this learned body a-dancing, and inspired them: with due reverence for my old Bard his countryman, wherever he shall appear. Mr. Parry, you must know, has put my ode in motion again, and has brought it at last to a conclusion. 'Tis to him, therefore, that you owe the

treat which I send you enclosed; namely, the breast and merry-thought, and rump too, of the chicken which I have been chewing so long that I would give it to the world for neck-beef or cow-heel."

The ode so rudely spoken of is no less than that Bard which for at least a century remained almost without a rival amongst poems cherished by strictly poetical persons for the qualities of sublimity and pomp of vision. It is only in the very latest generation, and amongst a school of extremely refined critics, that the ascendency of this ode has been questioned, and certain pieces by Collins and even by Blake preferred to it. There is a great and even a legitimate pleasure in praising that which plainly possesses very high merit, and which has too long been overlooked or neglected; but we must beware of the paradox which denies beauty in a work of art, because beauty has always been discovered there. Gray's Bard has enjoyed an instant and sustained popularity, whilst Collins's noble Ode to Liberty has had few admirers, and Blake's Book of Thel till lately has had none; but there is no just reason why a wish to assert the value of the patriotic fervour of the one poem and the rosy effusion of the other should prevent us from acknowledging that, great as are the qualities of these pieces, the human sympathy, historical imagination, and sustained dithyrambic dignity of The Bard are also great, and probably greater. All that has been said of the evolution of the *Progress of Poesy* is true of that of The Bard, whilst those attributes which our old critics used to term "the machinery" are even more brilliant and appropriate in the longer poem than in the shorter. In form the poems are sufficiently analogous; each has three main divisions, with strophe, antistrophe, and epode, and in each the epode is dedicated to briskly rhyming

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measures and experiments in metre. The opening is admirably startling and effective; the voice that meets us with its denunciations is that of the last survivor of the ancient race of Celtic bards, a venerable shape who is seated on a rock above the defile through which the forces of Edward I. are about to march. This mysterious being, in Gray's own words, "with a voice more than human, reproaches the King with all the misery and desolation which he had brought on his country; foretells the misfortunes of the Norman race; and with prophetic spirit declares that all his cruelty shall never extinguish the noble ardour of poetic genius in this island, and that men shall never be wanting to celebrate true virtue and valour in immortal strains, to expose vice and infamous pleasure, and boldly censure tyranny and oppression." The scheme of the poem, therefore, is strictly historical, and yet is not very far removed from that of Gray's previous written and unwritten Pindaric odes. In these three poems the dignity of genius and its function as a ruler and benefactor of mankind are made the chief subject of discourse, and a mission is claimed for artists in verse than which none was ever conceived more brilliant or more august. fortunately for his readers, Gray was diverted from his purely abstract consideration of history into a concrete observation of its most picturesque forms, and forgot to trace the "noble ardour of poetic genius" in painting vivid pictures of Edward II. enduring his torture in Berkeley Castle, and of the massacre of the Bards at the battle of Camlan. Some of the scenes which pass across the magic mirror of the old man's imagination are unrivalled for concision and force. That in which the court of Elizabeth, surrounded by her lords and her poets, flashes upon the inner eye, is of an inimitable felicity:

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"Girt with many a baron bold, Sublime their starry fronts they rear; And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old In bearded majesty, appear. In the midst a form divine! Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line; Her lion port, her awe-commanding face, Attempered sweet to virgin grace. What strings symphonious tremble in the air, What strains of vocal transport round her play! Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear; They breathe a soul to animate thy clay. Bright Rapture calls, and, soaring as she sings, Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-coloured wings."

This closing vision of a pretty but incongruous "Rapture" may remind us that the crowning fault of Gray and his school, their assumption that a mythology might be formed out of the emotions of the human mind, and a new Olympus be fitted out with brand-new gods of a moralist's making, is rarely prominent in The Bard or the Elegy in a Country Church-yard, his two greatest works. Some use of allegorical abstraction is necessary to the very structure of poetry, and is to be found in the works of our most realistic writers. It is in its excess that it becomes ridiculous or tedious, as in Mason and other imitators of Gray. The master himself was not by any means able at all times to clothe his abstractions with flesh and blood, but he is never ridiculous. He felt, indeed, the danger of the tendency in himself and others, and he made some remarks on the subject to Mason which were wholly salutary:

"I had rather some of these personages, 'Resignation,' 'Peace,' 'Revenge,' 'Slaughter,' 'Ambition,' were stripped of their allegorical garb. A little simplicity here and there in the expression would

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better prepare the high and fantastic strain, and all the imaginable harpings that follow. . . . The true lyric style, with all its flights of fancy, ornaments, and heightening of expression, and/harmony of sound, is in its nature superior to every other style; which is just the cause why it could not be borne in a work of great length, no more than the eye could bear to see all this scene that we constantly gaze upon—the verdure of the fields and woods, the azure of the sea and skies-turned into one dazzling expanse of gems. The epic, therefore, assumed a style of graver colours, and only stuck on a diamond (borrowed from her sister) here and there, where it best became her. When we pass from the diction that suits this kind of writing to that which belongs to the former, it appears natural, and delights us; but to pass on a sudden from the lyric glare to the epic solemnity (if I may be allowed to talk nonsense) has a very different effect. We seem to drop from verse into mere prose, from light into darkness. Do you not think if Mingotti stopped in the middle of her best air, and only repeated the remaining verses (though the best Metastasio ever wrote), that they would not appear very cold to you, and very heavy?"

Between Dryden and Wordsworth there was no man but Gray who could write in prose about his art with such coherence and science as this. These careless sentences outweigh tomes of Blair's glittering rhetoric and Hurd's stilted disquisitions on the Beautiful and the Elevated.

Almost directly after Gray had finished The Bard he was called upon to write an epitaph for a lady, Mrs. Jane Clarke, who had died in childbirth at Epsom, where her husband was a physician, on the 27th of April, 1757. Dr. Clarke had been an early college friend of Gray's, and he applied to Gray to write a copy of verses to be inscribed on a tablet in Beckenham church, where his wife was buried. Gray wrote sixteen lines, not in his happiest vein, and these found their way into print after his death. In his tiny nosegay there is, perhaps, no flower so incon-

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siderable as this perfunctory *Epitaph*. One letter, several years later than the date of this poem, proves that Gray continued to write on intimate terms to Dr. Clarke, who does not seem to have preserved the poet's correspondence, and is not otherwise interesting to us. In April Gray made another acquaintance, of a very different kind. Lord Nuneham, a young man of fashion and fortune, with a rage for poetry, came rushing down upon him with a letter of introduction and a profusion of compliments. He brought a large bouquet of jonquils, which he presented to the poet with a reverence so profound that Gray could not fail to smell the jessamine-powder in his periwig, and indeed he was too fine "even for me," says the poet, "who love a little finery." Lord Nuneham came expressly, in Newmarket week, to protest against going to Newmarket, and sat devoutly at Gray's feet, half enthusiast, for three whole days, talking about verses and the fine arts. Gray was quite pleased with him at last; and so "we vowed eternal friendship, embraced, and parted." Lord John Cavendish, too, was in Cambridge at this time, and also pleased Gray, though in a very different and less effusive manner.

In the summer of 1757 Horace Walpole set up a printing-press at Strawberry Hill, and persuaded Gray to let his Pindaric Odes be the first issue of the establishment. Accordingly Gray sent him a MS. copy of the poems, and they were set up with wonderful fuss and circumstance by Walpole's compositor; Gray being more than usually often, at Strawberry Hill this summer. Dodsley agreed to publish the book, and 2000 copies were struck off. On the 29th of June Gray received forty guineas, the only money he ever gained by literature. On the 8th of August there was published a large, thin quarto, entitled

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"Odes by Mr. Gray. Φωναντα συνετοισι. Printed at Strawberry Hill for R. and J. Dodsley, in Pall Mall," with an engraving of Walpole's little gimcrack dwelling on the title-page. The two odes have no other titles than Ode I., Ode II.; they form a pamphlet of twentyone pages, and were sold at one shilling. Small as the volume was, however, it was by no means insignificant, and it achieved a very great success. Garrick and Warburton led the chorus of praise; the famous actor publishing some verses in honour of the odes, the famous critic pronouncing them above the grasp of the public; and this, indeed, was true. In fact, Gray lamented, as most men of genius have had to lament, that the praise he received was not always judicious praise, and therefore of little worth. "The Συνετοί," he says, "appear to be still fewer than even I expected." He became, however, a kind of lion. Goldsmith wrote an examination of the Odes for the Monthly Review. The Cobhams, at Stoke, were very civil, and Mr. and Mrs. Garrick came down there to stay with him; the stiff, prim demeanour of Dr. Hurd melted into smiles and compliments; the Critical Review was in raptures, though it mistook the Æolian Lyre for the Harp of Æolus; and at York races sporting peers were heard to discuss the odes in a spirit of bewildered eulogy. Within two months 1300 copies had been sold. Best of all, Miss Speed seemed to understand, and whispered "φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσι" in the most amiable and sympathetic tones. But Gray could enjoy nothing; several little maladies hung over him, the general wreck of his frail constitution began to be imminent. Meanwhile small things worried him. The great Mr. Fox did not wonder Edward I. could not understand what the Bard was saying, and chuckled at his own wit; young Lord \mathbf{K} 7

Nuneham, for all his jonquils and his jessamine-powder, did not trouble himself to acknowledge his presentation copy; people said Gray's style was "impenetrable and inexplicable," and altogether the sweets were fewer than

the bitters in the cup of notoriety.

Gray had placed himself, however, at one leap at the head of the living English poets. Thomson and Blair were now dead, Dyer was about to pass away, and Collins, hopelessly insane, was making the cloisters of Chichester resound with his terrible shrieks. Young, now very aged, had almost abandoned verse. Johnson had retired from all competition with the poets. Smart, whose frivolous verses had been collected in 1754, had shown himself, in his few serious efforts, a direct disciple and imitator of Gray's early style. | Goldsmith, Churchill, and Cowper were still unheard of; and the only men with whom Gray could for a moment be supposed to contend were Shenstone and Akenside. Practically both of these men, also, had retired from poetry, the latter, indeed, having been silent for twelve years. The Odes could hardly fail to attract attention in a year which produced no other even noticeable publication in verse, except Dyer's tiresome descriptive poem of The Fleece. Gray seems to have felt that his genius, his "verve," as he called it, was trying to breathe in a vacuum; and from this time forward he made even less and less effort to concentrate his powers. In the winter of 1757, it is true, he began to plan an epic or didactic poem on the Revival of Learning, but we hear no more of it. His few remaining poems were to be lyrics, pure and simple, swallow-flights of song.

On the 12th of December, 1757, Colley Cibber died, having held the office of poet-laureate for twenty-seven years. Lord John Cavendish immediately suggested to

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his brother, the Duke of Devonshire, who was then Lord Chamberlain, that, as Gray was the greatest living poet, the post should be offered to him. This was immediately done, in very handsome terms, the duke even offering to waive entirely the perfunctory writing of odes, which had hitherto been deemed an annual duty of all poets-laureate. Gray directed Mason, through whom the offer had been made, to decline it very civilly:

"Though I well know the bland, emollient, saponaceous qualities both of sack and silver, yet if any great man would say to me, 'I make you rat-catcher to his Majesty, with a salary of 300l. a year and two butts of the best Malaga; and though it has been usual to catch a mouse or two, for form's sake, in public once a year, yet to you, sir, we shall not stand upon these things,' I cannot say I should jump at it; nay, if they would drop the very name of the office, and call me sinecure to the King's Majesty, I should still feel a little awkward, and think everybody I saw smelt a rat about me; but I do not pretend to blame any one else that has not the same sensations; for my part, I would rather be serjeant-trumpeter or pin-maker to the palace. Nevertheless, I interest myself a little in the history of it, and rather wish somebody may accept it that will retrieve the credit of the thing, if it be retrievable, or ever had any credit. Rowe was, I think, the last man of character that had it. As to Settle, whom you mention, he belonged to my Lord Mayor, not to the King. Eusden was a person of great hopes in his youth, though at last he turned out a drunken parson. Dryden was as disgraceful to the office, from his character, as the poorest scribbler could have been from his verses. The office itself has always humbled the professor hitherto (even in an age when kings were somebody), if he were a poor writer, by making him more conspicuous, and if he were a good one by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession, for there are poets little enough to envy even a poet-laureate."

The duke acted promptly, for within a week of Cibber's death the laureateship had been offered to Gray, who refused, and to Whitehead, who accepted it. This amiable

versifier was, perhaps, more worthy of the compliment than Mason, who wished for it, and who raged with disappointment.

GRAY.

In January, 1758, Gray seems to have recovered sufficiently to be so busy buying South Sea annuities, and amassing old china jars and three-legged stools with grassgreen bottoms, that he could not supply Mason with that endless flood of comment on Mason's odes, tragedies, and epics which the vivacious poetaster demanded. Hurd, in the gentlemanly manner to which Mr. Leslie Stephen has dedicated one stringent page, was calling upon Gray to sympathise with him about the wickedness of "that wretch" Akenside. In all this Gray had but slight interest. His father's fortune, which had reached 10,000l. in his mother's careful hands, had been much damaged by the fire in Cornhill, and Gray now sank a large portion of his property in an annuity, that he might enjoy a larger income. During the spring of 1758 he amused himself by writing in the blank leaves of Kitchen's English Atlas A Catalogue of the Antiquities, Houses, etc., in England and Wales. This was considerable enough to form a little volume, and in 1774, after Gray's death, Mason printed a few copies of it privately, and sent them round to Gray's friends; and in 1787 issued a second edition for sale.

In April of the same year, 1758, Dr. Wharton lost his eldest and, at that time, his only son. Gray not only wrote him a very touching letter of condolence, but some verses on the death of the child, which were in existence thirty years ago, but which I have been unable to trace. In May Gray started on that architectural tour in the Fens of which I have already spoken, and in June was summoned to Stoke by the illness of his aunt, Mrs. Oliffe, who had a sort of paralytic stroke whilst walking in the garden.

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ns mho n. She recovered, however, and Gray returned to London, made a short stay at Hampton with Lord and Lady Cobham, and spent July at Strawberry Hill. In August the Garricks again visited him at Stoke, but he had hardly enough physical strength to endure their vivacity. "They are now gone, and I am not sorry for it, for I grow so old that, I own, people in high spirits and gaiety overpower me, and entirely take away mine. I can yet be diverted by their sallies, but if they appear to take notice of my dullness, it sinks me to nothing. . . . I continue better than has been usual with me in the summer, though I neither walk nor take anything: 'tis in mind only that I am weary and disagreeable." His position at Stoke, with Mrs. Oliffe laid up, and poor bedridden Mrs. Rogers growing daily weaker and weaker, was not an exhilarating one. Towards the end of September Mrs. Rogers recovered her speech, which had for several years been almost unintelligible, flickered up for two or three days, and then died. She left Mrs. Oliffe joint executrix of her small property with Gray, who describes himself in November, 1758, as "agreeably employed in dividing nothing with an old harridan, who is the spawn of Cerberus and the dragon of Wantley." In January, 1759, Mrs. Oliffe having taken herself off to her native county of Norfolk, Gray closed the house at Stoke-Pogis, and from this time forth only visited that village, which had been his home for nearly twenty years, when he was invited to stay at Stoke House. At the same time, to the distress of Dr. Brown, he ceased to reside at Pembroke, and spent the next three years in London.

CHAPTER VII.

BRITISH MUSEUM. -- NORTON NICHOLS.

When the Sloane Collection became national property at the death of its founder in 1753, and was incorporated under an act which styled it the British Museum, scholars and antiquaries expected to enter at once upon their inheritance. But a site and a building had to be secured, and, when these were discovered, it took a long while to fit up the commodious galleries of Montagu House. On the 15th of January, 1759, the Museum was thrown open to the public, and amongst the throng of visitors was Gray, who had settled himself and his household gods close by, in Southampton Row, and who for some weeks had been awaiting the official Sesame. He had been seeing something of London society meanwhile—entertained by Lady Carlisle, invited to meet Rousseau, and attending concerts and plays. He gives some account of the performance of Metastasio's Ciro Riconosciuto, with Cocchi's agreeable music.

The British Museum he found "indeed a treasure." It was at first so crowded that "the corner room in the basement, furnished with a wainscot table and twenty chairs," was totally inadequate to supply the demand, and in order to be comfortable it was necessary to book a place a fortnight beforehand. This pressure, however, only lasted

CHAP. VII

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for a very short time; curiosity was excited by the novelty, but quickly languished, and this little room was found quite ample enough to contain the scholars who frequented it. To reach it the intrepid reader had to pass in darkness, like Jonah, through the belly of a whale, from which he emerged into the room of the Keeper of Printed Books, Dr. Peter Templeman, a physician, who had received this responsible post for having translated Norden's Travels, and who resigned it, wearily, in 1761, for a more congenial appointment at the Society of Arts. By July, 1759, the rush on the reading-room had entirely subsided, and on the 23d of that month Gray mentions to Mason that there are only five readers that day. These were Gray himself, Dr. Stukeley the antiquary, and three hack-writers who were copying MSS. for hire.

A little later on Gray became an amused witness of those factions which immediately broke out amongst the staff of the British Museum, and which practically lasted until a very few years ago. People who were the diverted or regretful witnesses of dissensions between a late Principal Librarian and the scholars whom he governed may be consoled to learn that things were just as bad in 1759. Dr. Gowin Knight, the first Principal Librarian, a pompous martinet with no pretence to scholarship, made life so impossible to the keepers and assistants that the Museum was completely broken into a servile and a rebellious Gray, moving noiselessly to and fro, noted all this and smiled: "The whole society, trustees and all, are up in arms, like the fellows of a college." Dr. Knight made no concessions; the keepers presently refused to salute him when they passed his window, and Gray and his fellow-readers were at last obliged to make a détour every day because Dr. Knight had walled up a passage in order to annoy the keepers. Meanwhile the trustees were spending 500*l*. a year more than their income, and Gray confidently predicts that before long all the books and the crocodiles and Jonah's whale will be put up to public auction.

At Mr. Jermyn's, in Southampton Row, Bloomsbury, Gray was very comfortably settled. It was a cleaner Bloomsbury than we know now, and a brighter. Gray from his bedroom window looked out on a south-west garden-wall covered with flowering jessamine through June and July. There had been roses, too, in this London garden. Gray must always have flowers about him, and he trudged down to Covent Garden every day for his sweet-peas and pinks, searlet martagon-lilies, double stocks, and flowering marjoram. His drawing-room looked over Bedford Gardens, and a fine stretch of upland fields, crowned at last, against the sky, by the villages of Highgate and Hampstead. St. Giles's was at his back, with many a dirty court and alley, but in front of him against the morning light there was little but sunshine and greenery and fresh air. He seems to notice nature here on the outskirts of London far more narrowly than at Cambridge; there are little parenthetical notes, asides to himself, about "fair white flying clouds at nine in the morning" of a July day, or wheelbarrows heaped up with small black cherries on an August afternoon. He bought twenty walnuts for a penny on the 8th of September, and enjoyed a fine perdrigon-plum upon the 4th.

Meanwhile he is working every day at the Museum, feasting upon literary plums and walnuts, searching the original Ledger-book of the Signet, copying Sir Thomas Wyatt's *Defence* and his poems, discovering "several odd things unknown to our historians," and nursing his old favourite

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project of a History of English Poetry. He spent as a rule four hours a day in the reading-room, this being as much as his very delicate health could bear, for repeated attacks of the gout had made even this amount of motion and cramped repose sometimes very difficult.

On the 23d of September, 1759, poor Lady Cobham, justly believing herself to be dying, summoned Gray down to Stoke House. She was suffering from dropsy, and being in a very depressed condition of mind, desired him not to leave her. He accordingly remained with her three weeks, and then accompanied her and Miss Speed to town, whither Lady Cobham was recommended to come for advice. She still did not wish to part from him, and he stayed until late in November in her house in Hanover Square. He has some picturesque notes of the beautiful old garden at Stoke that autumn, rich with carnations, marigolds, and asters, and with great clusters of white grapes on warm south walls. After watching beside Lady Cobham for some weeks, and finding no reason to anticipate a sudden change in her condition, he returned to his own lodging in Southampton Row, and plunged again into MSS. of Lydgate and Hoccleve.

It was whilst Gray was quietly vegetating in Blooms-bury that an event occurred of which he was quite unconscious, which yet has singularly endeared him to the memory of Englishmen. On the evening of the 12th of September, 1759 — whilst Gray, sauntering back from the British Museum to his lodgings, noted that the weather was cloudy, with a south-south-west wind—on the other side of the Atlantic the English forces lay along the river Montmorency, and looked anxiously across at Quebec and at the fateful heights of Abraham. When night-fall came, and before the gallant four thousand obeyed the word of

command to steal across the river, General Wolfe, the young officer of thirty-three, who was next day to win death and immortality in victory, crept along in aboat from post to post to see that all was ready for the expedition. It was a fine, silent evening, and as they pulled along, with muffled oars, the General recited to one of his officers who sat with him in the stern of the boat nearly the whole of Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-yard, adding, as he concluded, "I would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow." Perhaps no finer compliment was ever paid by the man of action to the man of imagination, and, sanctified, as it were, by the dying lips of the great English hero, the poem seems to be raised far above its intrinsic rank in literature, and to demand our respect as one of the acknowledged glories of our race and language. This beautiful anecdote of Wolfe rests on the authority of Professor Robison, the mathematician, who was a recruit in the Engineers during the attack upon Quebec, and happened to be present in the boat when the General recited Gray's poem.

Poor Gray, ever pursued by the terrors of arson, had a great fright in the last days of November in this year. A fire broke out in the house of an organist on the opposite side of Southampton Row, and the poor householder was burnt to death; the fire spread to the house of Gray's lawyer, who fortunately saved his papers. A few nights later the poet was roused by a conflagration close at hand in Lincoln's Inn Fields. "'Tis strange," he says, in a spirit of desperation, "that we all of us here in town lay ourselves down every night on our funereal pile, ready made, and compose ourselves to rest, whilst every drunken footman and drowsy old woman has a candle ready to light it before the morning." It is rather difficult to know what,

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even in so pastoral a Bloomsbury, Gray did with a sow, for which he thanks Wharton heartily in April, 1760.

In the spring of this year Gray first met Sterne, who had just made an overwhelming success with Tristram Shandy, and who was sitting to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Gray's opinion of Sterne was not entirely unfavourable; the great humorist was polite to him, and his works were not by nature so perplexing to Gray as those of Smollett and Fielding. The poet was interested in Sterne's newly discovered emotion, sensibility, and told Nichols afterwards that in this sort of pathos Sterne never failed; for his wit he had less patience, and frankly disapproved his tittering insinuations. He said that there was good writing and good sense in Sterne's Sermons, and spoke of him when he died, in 1768, with some respect. A less famous but pleasanter man, whose acquaintance Gray began to cultivate about this time, was Benjamin Stillingfleet, the Bluestocking.

In April, 1760, Lady Cobham was at last released from her sufferings. She left the whole of her property, 30,000*l*., to Harriet Speed, besides the house in Hanover Square, plate, jewels, and much blue and white china. Gray tells Wharton darkly that Miss Speed does not know her own mind, but that he knows his. The movements of this odd couple during the summer of 1760 are very dim to us and perplexing. Why they seem associated in some sort of distant intimacy from April to June, why in the latter month they go down together to stay with General Conway and Lady Ailesbury at Park Place, near Henley, and why Lady Carlisle is of the party, these are questions that now can only tantalize us. Gray himself confesses that all the world expected him to marry Miss Speed, and was astonished that Lady Cobham only left him 20*l*. for a

mourning-ring. It seems likely on the whole that, had he been inclined to endow Harriet Speed with his gout, his poverty, his melancholy, and his fitful genius, she would have accepted the responsibility. When she did marry it was not for money or position. He probably, for his part, did not feel so passionately inclined to her as to convince himself that he ought to think of marriage. He put an air of Geminiani to words for her, not very successfully, and he wrote one solitary strain of amatory experience:

"With beauty, with pleasure surrounded, to languish,
To weep without knowing the cause of my anguish;
To start from short slumbers, and wish for the morning—
To close my dull eyes when I see it returning;
Sighs sudden and frequent, looks ever dejected—
Words that steal from my tongue, by no meaning connected!
Ah! say, fellow-swains, how these symptoms befell me?
They smile, but reply not—sure Delia will tell me!"

GRAY.

For a month in the summer of 1760 he lived at Park Place, in the company of Miss Speed, Lady Ailesbury, and Lady Carlisle, who laughed from morning to night, and would not allow him to give way to what they called his "sulkiness." They found him a difficult guest to entertain. Lady Ailesbury told Walpole afterwards that one day, when they went out for a picnic, Gray only opened his lips once, and then merely to say, "Yes, my lady, I believe so." His own account shows that his nerves were in a very weary condition. "Company and cards at home, parties by land and water abroad, and what they call doing something, that is, racketing about from morning to night, are occupations, I find, that wear out my spirits, especially in a situation where one might sit still, and be alone with pleasure." Early in August he escaped to the quietness of Cambridge in the Long Vacation, and after this saw lit**▼**11.]

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tle of Miss Speed. Next January she married a poor man ten years younger than herself, a Baron de la Peyrière, and went to live at Viry, on the Lake of Geneva. Here, long after the death of the poet, she received a Mr. Leman, and gave into his hands the lines which Gray had addressed to her. So ended his one feeble and shadowy romance. Gray was not destined to come within the genial glow of any woman's devotion, except his mother's. He lived a life apart from the absorbing emotions of humanity, desirous to sympathise with, but not to partake in, the stationary affections and household pleasures of the In the annals of friendship he is eminent; he did not choose to tempt fortune by becoming a husband and a There are some beautiful words of Sir Thomas Browne that come before the mind as singularly appropriate to Gray: "I never yet cast a true affection on a woman; but I have loved my friend, as I do virtue, my soul, my God."

In July, 1760, there were published anonymously Two Odes, addressed to Obscurity and to Oblivion, which were attacks on Gray and on Mason respectively. It was not at first recognised that this was a salute fired off by that group of young satirists from Westminster, of whom Cowper, Lloyd, and Churchill are now the best known. These odes, indeed, were probably a joint production, but the credit of them was taken by George Colman (the elder) and by Robert Lloyd, gay young wits of twenty-seven. The mock odes, in which the manners of Gray and Mason were fairly well parodied, attracted a good deal more notice than they were worth, and the Monthly Review challenged the poets to reply. But Gray warned Mason not to do so. Colman was a friend of Garrick, whilst Lloyd was an impassioned admirer of Gray himself,

and there was no venom in the verses. Lloyd, indeed, had the naïveté to reprint these odes some years afterwards in a volume which bore his name, and which contained a Latin version of the Elegy in a Country Church-yard. Lloyd was a figure of no importance, a mere shadow cast before by Churchill.

In 1760 Gray became deeply interested in the Erse Fragments of Macpherson, soon to come before the world as the epic of Ossian. He corresponded with the young Scotchman of twenty-two, whom he found stupid and illeducated, and, in Gray's opinion, quite incapable of having invented what he was at this time producing. The elaborate pieces, the narratives of Croma, Fingal, and the rest, were not at this time thought of, and it seems, on the whole, that the romantic fragments so much admired by the best judges of poetry were genuine. What is interesting to us in Gray's connexion with Ossian is partly critical and partly personal. Critically it is very important to see that the romantic tendency of his mind asserted itself at once in the presence of this savage poetry. He quotes certain phrases with high approbation. Ossian says of the winds, "Their songs are of other worlds:" Gray exclaims, "Did you never observe that pause, as the gust is recollecting itself, and rising upon the ear in a shrill and plaintive note like the swell of an Æolian harp? I do assure you there is nothing in the world so like the voice of a spirit." These pieces produced on him just the same effect of exciting and stimulating mystery that had been caused by his meeting with the ballads of Gil Morice and Chevy Chase in 1757. He began to feel, just as the power of writing verse was leaving him or seemed to be declining, that the deepest chords of his nature as a poet had never yet been struck. From this time forth what little serious

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poetry he wrote was distinctly romantic, and his studies were all in the direction of what was savage and archaic. the poetry of the precursors of our literature in England and Scotland, the Runic chants of the Scandinavians, the war-songs of the primitive Gaels — everything, in fact, which for a century past had been looked upon as ungenteel and incorrect in literature. Personally what is interesting in his introduction to Ossian is his sudden sympathy with men like Adam Smith and David Hume, for whom he had been trained in the school of Warburton and Hurd to cultivate a fanatic hatred. In the summer of 1760 a variety of civilities on the absorbing question of the Erse Fragments passed between him and the great historian. Hume had written to a friend: "It gives me pleasure to find that a person of so fine a taste as Mr. Gray approves of these fragments, as it may convince us that our fondness of them is not altogether founded on national prepossession;" and Gray was encouraged by this to enter into correspondence of a most friendly kind with the dangerous enemy of orthodoxy. He never quite satisfied himself about Ossian; his last word on that subject is: "For me, I admire nothing but Fingal, yet I remain still in doubt about the authenticity of these poems, though inclining rather to believe them genuine in spite of the world. Whether they are the inventions of antiquity or of a modern Scotchman, either/case to me is alike unaccountable. Je m'y perds." Modern scholarship has really not progressed much nearer to a solution of the puzzle.

Partly at the instance of Mason, Gray took a considerable interest in the exhibition of the Society of Arts at the Adelphi, in 1760. This was the first collection of the kind made in London, and was the nucleus out of which the institution of the Royal Academy sprang. The gen-

ius of this first exhibition was Paul Sandby, a man whom Mason thought he had discovered, and whom he was constantly recommending to Gray. Sandby, afterwards eminent as the first great English water-colour painter, had at this time hardly discovered his vocation, though he was in his thirty-fifth year. He was still designing architecture and making profitless gibes and lampoons against Hogarth. Gray and Mason appear to have drawn his attention to landscape of a romantic order, and in October, 1760, Gray tells Wharton of a great picture in oils, illustrating The Bard, with Edward I. in the foreground and Snowdon behind, which Sandby and Mason have concocted together, and which is to be the former's exhibition picture for 1761. Sandby either repeated this subject or took another from the same poem, for there exists a picture of his, without any Edward I., in which the Bard is represented as plunging into the roaring tide, with his lyre in his hand, and Snowdon behind him.

During the winter of 1760 and the spring of 1761 Gray seems to have given his main attention to early English poetry. He worked at the British Museum with indefatigable zeal, copying with his own hand the whole of the very rare 1579 edition of Gawin Douglas's Palace of Honour, which he greatly admired, and composing those interesting and learned studies on Metre and on the Poetry of John Lydgate which Mathias first printed in 1814.

Warburton had placed in his hands a rough sketch which Pope had drawn out of a classification of the British Poets. Pope's knowledge did not go very far, and Gray seems to have first formed the notion of himself writing a History of English Poetry whilst correcting his predecessor's errors. The scheme of his history is one which will probably be followed by the historian of our

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spectry, when such a man arises; Gray proposed to open by a full examination of the Provençal school, in which he saw the germ of all the modern poetry of Western Eu rope; from Provence to France and Italy, and thence to England the transition was to be easy; and it was only after bringing up the reader to the mature style of Gower and Chaucer that a return was to be made to the native, that is, the Anglo-Saxon elements of our literature. Gray made a variety of purchases for use in this projected compilation, and according to his MS. account-book he had some "finds" which are enough to make the modern bibliomaniae mad with envy. He gave sixpence each for the 1587 edition of Golding's Ovid and the 1607 edition of Phaer's Æneid, whilst the 1550 edition of John Hevwood's Fables seems to have been thrown in for nothing, to make up the parcel. Needless to say that, after consyming months and years in preparing materials for his great work, Gray never completed or even began it, and in April, 1770, learning from Hurd that Thomas Warton was about to essay the same labour, he placed all his notes and memoranda in Warton's hands. The result, which Gray never lived to see, was creditable and valuable, and even now is not entirely antiquated; it was very different, however, from what the world would have had every right to expect from Gray's learning, taste, and method.

Two short poems composed in the course of 1761 next demand our attention. The first is a sketch of Gray's own character, which was found in one of his note-books:

"Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune,
He had not the method of making a fortune;
Could love, and could hate, so was thought somewhat odd;
No very great wit, he believed in a God;
A post or a pension he did not desire,
But left Church and State to Charles Townshend and Squire."

It has been commonly supposed that these lines suggested to Goldsmith his character of Burke in Retaliation. Charles Townshend is the famous statesman, surnamed the Weathercock; the Rev. Samuel Squire was much more obscure, an intriguing Fellow of a Cambridge college who had just contrived to wriggle into the bishopric of St. Da-Warburton said that Squire "made religion his vid's. trade." At the storming of Belleisle, June 13, 1701, Sir William Williams, a young soldier with whom Gray was slightly acquainted, was killed, and the Montagus, who proposed to erect a monument to him, applied to Gray for an epitaph. After considerable difficulty, in August of that year, Gray contrived to squeeze out three of his stately quatrains. Walpole describes Williams as "a gallant and ambitious young man, who had devoted himself to war and politics," and to whom Frederic Montagu was warmly attached. Gray, however, expresses no strong personal feeling, and did not, indeed, know much of the subject of his elegy. It is curious that in a letter to Dr. Brown, dated October 23, 1760, Gray mentions that Sir W. Williams is starting on the expedition that proved fatal to him, and predicts that he "may lay his fine Vandyck head in the dust."

For two years Gray had kept his rooms at Cambridge locked up, except during the Long Vacation, but in the early spring of 1761 he began to think of returning to what was really home for him. He ran down for a few days in January, but found Cambridge too cold, and told Dr. Brown not to expect him till the codlin hedge at Pembroke was out in blossom. Business, however, delayed him, against his will, until June, when he settled in college. In September he came up again to London to be present at the coronation of George III., on which occa-

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sion he was accommodated with a place in the Lord Chamberlain's box. "The Bishop of Rochester would have dropped the crown if it had not been pinned to the cushion, and the King was often obliged to call out, and set matters right; but the sword of state had been entirely forgot, so Lord Huntingdon was forced to carry the Lord Mayor's great two-handed sword instead of it. This made it later than ordinary before they got under their canopies and set forward. I should have told you that the old Bishop of Lincoln, with his stick, went doddling by the side of the Queen, and the Bishop of Chester had the pleasure of bearing the gold paten. When they were gone we went down to dinner, for there were three rooms below, where the Duke of Devonshire was so good as to feed us with great cold sirloins of beef, legs of mutton, fillets of veal, and other substantial viands and liquors, which we devoured all higgledy-piggledy, like porters; after which every one scrambled up again, and seated themselves."

In the winter of 1761 Gray was curiously excited by the arrival at Cambridge of Mr. Delaval, a former Fellow of the college, bringing with him a set of musical glasses. To Mason Gray writes, on the 8th of December:

"Of all loves come to Cambridge out of hand, for here is Mr. Delaval and a charming set of glasses that sing like nightingales; and we have concerts every other night, and shall stay here this month or two; and a vast deal of good company, and a whale in pickle just come from Ipswich; and the man will not die, and Mr. Wood is gone to Chatsworth; and there is nobody but you and Tom and the curled dog; and do not talk of the charge, for we will make a subscription; besides, we know you always come when you have a mind."

As early as 1760, probably during one of his flying visits to Cambridge, Gray had a young fellow introduced to him of whom he seems at that time to have taken no notice, but who was to become the most intimate and valued of his friends. No person has left so clear and circumstantial an account of the appearance, conduct, and sayings of Gray as the Rev. Norton Nichols, of Blandeston, in 1760 an undergraduate at Trinity Hall, and between eighteen and nineteen years of age. Nichols afterwards told Mathias that the lightning brightness of Gray's eye was what struck him most in his first impression, and he used the phrase "folgorante squardo" to express what he meant. A little later than this, at a social gathering in the rooms of a Mr. Lobbs, at Peterhouse, Nichols formed one of a party who collected round Gray's chair and listened to his bright conversation. The young man was too modest to join in the talk, until, in reply to something that had been said on the use of bold metaphors in poetry, Gray quoted Milton's "The sun to me is dark, and silent as the moon;" upon this Nichols ventured to ask whether this might not possibly be imitated from Dante, "Mi ripingeva la dove il sol tace." Gray turned quickly round and said, "Sir, do you read Dante?" and immediately entered into conversation with him. He found Nichols an intelligent and sympathetic student of literature; he chiefly addressed him through the remainder of the evening; and when they came to part he pressed him to visit him in his own rooms at Pembroke.

GRAY.

Gray had never forgotten the Italian which he had learned in his youth, and he was deeply read in Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and Tasso, whilst disdaining those popular poets of the eighteenth century who at that time enjoyed more consideration in their native land than the great classics of the country. One of his proofs of favour to his young friend Nichols was to lend him his marked and annotated copy of Petrarch; and he was pleased

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when Nichols was the first to trace in the Purgatorio the lines which suggested a phrase in the Elegy in a Country Church-yard. It was doubtless with a side-glance at his own starved condition of genius that he told Nichols that he thought it "an advantage to Dante to have been produced in a rude age of strong and uncontrolled passions, when the Muse was not checked by refinement and the fear of criticism." For the next three years we must consider Gray as constantly cheered by the sympathy and enthusiasm of young Nichols, though it is not until 1764 that we come upon the first of the invaluable letters which the latter received from his great friend.

Nothing could be more humdrum than Gray's existence There is no sign of literary life in him, about this time. and the whole year 1762 seems only broken by a journey northwards in the sammer. Towards the end of June he went to stay at York for a fortnight with Mason, whose "insatiable avarice," as Gray calls it in writing to him, had been lulled for a little while by the office of Residentiary of York Cathedral. Mason was now grown lazy and gross, sitting, "like a Japanese divinity, with his hands folded on his fat belly,"and so prosperous that Grav recommends him to "shut his insatiable repining mouth." There was a fund of good-humour about Mason, and under all the satire of his friend he does not seem to have shown the least irritation. From York Gray went on to Durham, to stay with Wharton at Old Park, where he was extremely happy: "We take in no newspaper or magazine, but the cream and butter are beyond compare." He made a long stay, and rather late in the autumn set out for a tour in Yorkshire by himself. Through driving rain he saw what he could of Richmond and of Ripon, but was fortunate enough to secure some gleams of sunshine for an examination of Fountains Abbey. At Sheffield, then pastoral and pretty still, he admired the charming situation of the town, and so came at last to Chatsworth and Hardwicke, at which latter place "one would think Mary Queen of Scots was but just walked down into the park with her guard for half an hour." After passing through Chesterfield and Mansfield, Gray descended the Trent, spent two or three days at Nottingham, and came up to London by the coach.

He arrived to find letters awaiting him, and a great pother. Dr. Shallet Turner, of Peterhouse, Professor of Modern History and Modern Languages at Cambridge, had been dead a fortnight, and Gray's friends were very anxious to secure the vacant post for him. The chair had been founded by George I. in 1724, and the stipend was 400l. It was not expected that any lectures should be given; as a matter of fact, not one lecture was delivered until after Gray's death. Shallet Turner had succeeded Samuel Harris, the first professor, in 1735, and had held the sinecure for twenty-seven years. Gray's friends encouraged him to think that Lord Bute would look favourably on his claims, partly because of his fame as a poet, and partly because Bute's creature, Sir Henry Erskine, was a great friend of Gray's; but Sir Francis Blake Delaval had in the mean time secured the interest of the Duke of Newcastle for his own kinsman. Early in November it was generally reported that Delaval had been appointed, but a month later the post was actually given to Dawrence Brockett, of Trinity, who held it until 1768, when he was succeeded by Gray. This is the only occasion upon which the poet, in an age when the most greedy and open demands for promotion were considered in no way dishonourable, persuaded his haughty and independent spirit to

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ask for anything; in this one case he gave way to the importunities of a crowd of friends, who declared that he had but to put out his hand and take the fruit that was ready to drop into it.

In the spring of 1763 Gray was recalled to the pursuit of literature by the chance that a friend of his, a Mr. Howe, of Pembroke, whilst travelling in Italy, met the celebrated critic and commentator Count Francesco Algarotti, to whom he presented Gray's poems. The Count read them with rapturous admiration, and passed them on to the young poet Agostino Paradisi, with a recommendation that he should translate them into Italian. reputation of Algarotti was then a European one, and Gray was very much flattered at the graceful and ardent compliments of so famous a connoisseur. "I was not born so far from the sun," he says, in a letter dated February 17, 1763, "as to be ignorant of Count Algarotti's name and reputation; nor am I so far advanced in years, or in philosophy, as not to feel the warmth of his approbation. The odes in question, as their motto shows, were meant to be vocal to the intelligent alone. How few they were in my own country Mr. Howe can testify; and yet my ambition was terminated by that small circle. I have good reason to be proud, if my voice has reached the ear and apprehension of a stranger, distinguished as one of the best judges in Europe." Algarotti replied that England, which had already enjoyed a Homer, an Archimedes, a Demosthenes, now possessed a Pindar also, and enclosed "observations, that is, panegyrics," on the Odes. For some months the correspondence of Count Algarotti enlivened "the nothingness" of Gray's history at Cambridge—"a place," he says, "where no events grow, though we preserve those of former days by way of hortus siccus in our

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libraries." In November, 1763, the Count announced his intention of visiting England, where he proposed to publish a magnificent edition of his own works; Gray seems to have anticipated pleasure from his company, but Algaretti never came, and soon died rather unexpectedly, in Italy, on the 24th of May, 1764, at the age of fifty-two.

We possess some of the notes which Gray took of the habits of flowers and birds, thus anticipating the charming observations of Gilbert White. At Cambridge, in 1763, crocus and hepatica were blossoming through the snow in the college garden on the 12th of February; nine days later brought the first white butterfly; on the 5th of March Gray heard the thrush sing, and on the 8th the skylark. The same warm day which brought the lark opened the blossom-buds of the apricots, and the almondtrees for once found themselves outrun in the race of spring. These notes show the quickness of Gray's eye and his quiet ways. It is only the silent, clear-sighted man that knows on what day the first fall of lady-birds is seen, or observes the redstart sitting on her eggs. Gray's notes for the spring of 1763 read like fragments of a beautiful poem, and are scarcely less articulate than that little trill of improvised song which Norton Nichols has preserved—

"There pipes the wood-lark, and the song-thrush there Scatters his loose notes in the waste of air"—

a couplet which Gray made one spring morning as Nichols and he were walking in the fields in the neighbourhood of Cambridge.

To this period should be attributed the one section of Gray's poems which it is impossible to date with exactness, namely, the romantic lyrics paraphrased, in short

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measures, from Icelandic and Gaelic sources.1 these pieces were published, in 1768, Gray prefixed to them an "advertisement," which was not reprinted. In this he connected them with his projected History of English Poetry. "In the introduction" to that work, "he meant to have produced some specimens of the style that reigned in ancient times amongst the neighbouring nations, or those who had subdued the greater part of this island, and were only progenitors: the following three imitations made a part of them." The three imitations are The Fatal Sisters, The Descent of Odin, and The Triumphs of Owen. To these must be added the smaller fragments, The Death of Hoel, Caradoc, and Conon, discovered amongst Gray's papers, and first printed by Mason. These, then, form a division of Gray's poetical work not inconsiderable in extent, remarkably homogeneous in style and substance, and entirely distinct from anything else which he wrote. In these paraphrases of archaic chants he appears as a purely romantic poet, and heralds the approach of Sir Walter Scott, and the whole revival of Northern romance. The Norse pieces are, perhaps, more interesting than the Celtic; they are longer, and to modern scholarship seem more authentic, at all events more in the general current of literature. Moreover, they were translated direct from the Icelandic, whereas there is no absolute proof that Gray was a Welsh scholar. It may well inspire us with admiration of the poets intellectual energy to find that he had mastered a language which was hardly known, at that time, by any one in Europe, except a few learned Icelanders, whose native tongue made it easy for them to understand

¹ I notice that The Fatal Sisters and The Descent of Odin bear the date 1761 in the Pembroke MSS.

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Norræna. Gray must have puzzled it out for himself, probably with the help of the Index Linguæ Scytho-Scandicæ of Verelius. At that time what he rightly calls the Norse tongue was looked upon as a sort of mystery; it was called "Runick," and its roots were supposed to be derived from the Hebrew. The Fatal Sisters is a lay of the eleventh century, the text of which Gray found in one of the compilations of Torfæus (Thormod Torveson), a great collector of ancient Icelandic vellums at the close of the seventeenth century. It is a monologue, sung by one of the Valkyfiur, or Choosers of the Slain, to her three sisters; the measure is one of great force and fire, an alternate rhyming of seven-syllable lines, of which this is a specimen:

"Now the storm begins to lower (Haste, the loom of Hell prepare!): Iron-sleet of arrowy shower Hurtles in the darkened air.

"Ere the ruddy sun be set
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

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"Sisters, hence with spurs of speed;
Each her thundering faulchion wield;
Each bestride her sable steed—
Hurry, hurry to the field!"

The Descent of Odin is a finer poem, better paraphrased. Gray found the original in a book by Bartolinus, one of the five great physicians of that name who flourished in Denmark during the seventeenth century. The poem itself is the Vegtamskvida, one of the most powerful and mysterions of those ancient lays which

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form the earliest collection we possess of Scandinavian poetry. It is probable that Gray never saw the tolerably complete but very inaccurate edition of Samundar Edda which existed in his time, nor knew the wonderful history of this collection, which was discovered in Iceland, in 1643, by Brynjólfr Sveinnson, Bishop of Skálaholt. The text which Gray found in Bartolinus, however, was sufficiently true to enable him to make a better translation of the Vegtamskvida than any which has been attempted since, and to make us deeply regret that he did not "imitate" more of these noble Eddaic chants. He even attempts a philological ingenuity, for, finding that Odin, to conceal his true nature from the Völva, calls himself Vegtam, Gray translates this strange word "traveller," evidently tracing it to veg, a way. He omits the first stave, which recounts how the Æsir sat in council to deliberate on the dreams of Balder, and he also omits four spurious stanzas, in this showing a critical tact little short of miraculous, considering the condition of scholarship at that time. The version itself is as poetical as it is exact:

"Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sate,
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic maid.
Facing to the Northern clime,
Thrice he traced the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounced, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breathed a sullen sound."

Or-

"Mantling in the goblet see
The pure beverage of the bee;

CHAP.

O'er it hangs the shield of gold; 'Tis the drink of Balder bold. Balder's head to death is given. Pain can reach the sons of Heaven! Unwilling I my lips unclose-Leave me, leave me to repose—"

must be compared with the original to show how thoroughly the terse and rapid evolution of the strange old lay has been preserved, though the concise expression has throughout been modernized and rendered intelligible.

In these short pieces we see the beginning of that return to old Norse themes which has been carried so far and so brilliantly by later poets. It is a very curious thing that Gray in this anticipated, not merely his own countrymen, but the Scandinavians themselves. The first poems in which a Danish poet showed any intelligent appreciation of his national mythology and history were the Rolf Krake and Balder's Död of Johannes Ewald. published respectively in 1770 and 1773. Gray, therefore, takes the precedence not only of Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Morris, and other British poets, but even of the countless Danish, Swedish, and German writers who for a century past have celebrated the adventures of the archaic heroes of their race.

In a century which was inclined to begin the history of English poetry with the Life of Cowley, and which distrusted all that was ancient, as being certainly rude and probably worthless, Gray held the opinion, which he expresses in a letter of the 17th of February, 1763, "that, without any respect of climates, imagination reigns in all nascent societies of men, where the necessaries of life force every one to think and act much for himself." This critical temper attracted him to the Edda, made him indulgent to ancient discover of Wels. a Latin by Gwa The san epic, the turned i concision

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gent to Ossian, and Ted him to see more poetry in the ancient songs of Wales than most non-Celtic readers can discover there. In 1764 Evans published his Specimens of Welsh Poetry, and in that bulky quarto Gray met with a Latin prose translation of the chant, written about 1158 by Gwalchmai, in praise of his master, Owen Gwynedd. The same Evans gave a variety of extracts from the Welsh epic, the Gododin, and three of these fragments Gray turned into English rhyme. One has something of the concision of an epigram from the Greek mythology:

"Have ye seen the tusky boar, Or the bull, with sullen roar, On surrounding foes advance? So Caradoc bore his lance."

The others are not nearly equal in poetical merit to the Scandinavian paraphrases. Gray does not seem to have shown these romances to his friends with the same readiness that he displayed on other occasions. critics like Hurd and Warburton he could expect no approval of themes taken from an antique civilisation. Walpole, who did not see these poems till they were printed, asks: "Who can care through what horrors a Runic savage arrived at all the joys and glories they could conceive —the supreme felicity of boozing ale out of the skull of an enemy in Odin's Hall?" This is quite a characteristic expression of that wonderful eighteenth century through which poor Gray wandered in a life-long exile. The author of the Vegtamskvida a "Runic savage!" No wonder Gray kept his "Imitations" safely out of the sight of such critics.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE AT CAMBRIDGE, -- ENGLISH TRAVELS.

THE seven remaining years of Gray's life were even less eventful than those which we have already examined. In November, 1763, he began to find that a complaint which had long troubled him, the result of failing constitution, had become almost constant. For eight or nine months he was an acute sufferer, until in July, 1764, he consented to undergo the operation without which he could not have continued to live. Dr. Wharton volunteered to come up from Durham, and, if not to perform the act, to support his friend in "the perilous hour." But Gray preferred that the Cambridge surgeon should attend him, and the operation was not only performed successfully, but the poet was able to sustain the much-dreaded suffering with fortitude. As he was beginning to get about again the gout came in one foot, "but so tame you might have stroked it, such a minikin you might have played with it; in three or four days it had disappeared." This gout, which troubled him so constantly, and was fatal to him at last, was hereditary, and not caused by any excess in eating or drinking; Gray was, in fact, singularly abstemious, and it was one of the accusations of his enemies that he affected to be so dainty that he could touch nothing less delicate than apricot marmalade.

CHAP. VII

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Lord its instar so dange adopted Lord Sar sons for didate fo but only erto been the first t One of (Bene't C Etough, & lent temp the Churc hideous ca Whilst Gray was lying ill Lord Chancellor Hardwicke died, at the age of seventy-four, on the 16th of May, 1764. The office of Seneschal of the University was thus vacated, and there ensued a very violent contest, and the result of which was that Philip Hardwicke succeeded to his father's honours by a majority of one, and the other candidate, the notorious John, Earl of Sandwich, though supported by the aged Dr. Roger Long and other clerical magnates, was rejected. Gray, to whom the tarnished reputation of Lord Sandwich was in the highest degree abhorrent, swelled the storm of electioneering by a lampoon, The Candidate, beginning:

"When sly Jemmy Twitcher had smugged up his face, With a lick of court white-wash and pious grimace, A-wooing he went, where three sisters of old In harmless society guttle and scold."

Lord Sandwich found that this squib was not without its instant and practical effect, and he attempted to win so dangerous an opponent to his side. What means he adopted cannot be conjectured, but they were unsuccessful. Lord Sandwich said to Cradock, "I have my private reasons for knowing Gray's absolute inveteracy." The Candidate found its way into print long after Gray's death, but only in a fragmentary form; and the same has hitherto been true of Tophet, of which I am able to give, for the first time, a complete text from the Pembroke MSS. One of Gray's particular friends, "placid Mr. Tyson of Bene't College," made a drawing of the Rev. Henry Etough, a converted Jew, a man of slanderous and violent temper, who had climbed into high preferment in the Church of England. Underneath this very rude and hideous caricature Gray wrote these lines:

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CHAP

"Thus Tophet look'd: so grinn'd the brawling fiend,
Whilst frighted prelates bow'd and call'd him friend;
I saw them bow, and, while they wish'd him dead,
With servile simper nod the mitred head.
Our mother-church, with half-averted sight,
Blush'd as she bless'd her grisly proselyte;
Hosannas rang through hell's tremendous borders,
And Satan's self had thoughts of taking orders."

These two pieces, however, are very far from being the only effusions of the kind which Gray wrote. appears to have made a collection of Gray's Cambridge squibs, which he did not venture to print. A Satire upon Heads; or, Never a Barrel the Better Herring, a comic piece in which Gray attacked the prominent heads of houses, was in existence as late as 1854, but has never been printed, and has evaded my careful search. These squibs are said to have been widely circulated in Cambridge - so widely as to frighten the timid poet, and to have been retained as part of the tradition of Pembroke common-room until long after Gray's death. I am told that Mason's set of copies of these poems, of which I have seen a list, turned up, during the present century, in the library of a cathedral in the North of England. This may give some clue to their ultimate discovery. They might prove to be coarse and slight; they could not fail to be biographically interesting.

In October, 1764, Gray set out upon what he called his "Lilliputian travels" in the South of England. He went down by Winchester to Southampton, stayed there some weeks, and then returned to London by Salisbury, Wilton, Amesbury, and Stonehenge. "I proceed to tell you," he says to Norton Nichols, "that my health is much improved by the sea; not that I drank it, or bathed in it, as

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the common people do. No! I only walked by it and looked upon it." His description of Netley Abbey, in a letter to Dr. Brown, is very delicate: "It stands in a little quiet valley, which gradually rises behind the ruins into a half-circle, crowned with thick wood. Before it, on a descent, is a thicket of oaks, that serves to veil it from the broad day, and from profane eyes, only leaving a peep on both sides, where the sea appears glittering through the shade, and vessels, with their white sails, glide across and are lost again. . . . I should tell you that the ferryman who rowed me, a lusty young fellow, told me that he would not, for all the world, pass a night at the Abbey, there were such things seen near it." Still more picturesque - indeed, showing an eye for nature which was then without a precedent in modern literature — is this passage from a letter of this time to Norton Nichols:

"I must not close my letter without giving you one principal event of my history; which was, that (in the course of my late tour) I set out one morning before five o'clock, the moon shining through a dark and misty autumnal air, and got to the sea-coast time enough to be at the sun's levée. I saw the clouds and dark vapours open gradually to right and left, rolling over one another in great smoky wreaths, and the tide (as it flowed gently in upon the sands) first whitening, then slightly tinged with gold and blue; and all at once a little line of insufferable brightness that (before I can write these few words) was grown to half an orb, and now to a whole one, too glorious to be distinctly seen. It is very odd it makes no figure on paper; yet I shall remember it as long as the sun, or at least as long as I endure. I wonder whether anybody ever saw it before? I hardly believe it."

In November Gray was laid up again with illness, being threatened this time with blindness, a calamity which passed off favourably. He celebrated the death of Churchill, which occurred at this time, by writing what

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he calls "The Temple of Tragedy." We do not know what this may have been, but it would not be inspired by love of Churchill, who, in the course of his brief rush through literature in the guise of a "rogue" elephant, had annoyed Gray, though he had never tossed him or trampled on him. Gray bought all the pamphlet satires of Churchill as they appeared, and enriched them with annotations. In his collection the Ghost alone is missing, perhaps because of the allusions it contained to himself.

On the 24th of December, 1764, that Gothic romance, the Castle of Otranto, was published anonymously. was almost universally attributed to Gray, to the surprise and indignation of Horace Walpole, who said of his own work, modestly enough, that people must be fools indeed to think such a trifle worthy of a genius like Gray. The reputation of the poet as an antiquarian and a lover of romantic antiquity probably led to this mistake. At Cambridge another error prevailed, as Gray announces to Walpole within a week of the publication of the book: "It engages our attention here, makes some of us cry a little, and all in general afraid to go to bed o' nights. We take it for a translation, and should believe it to be a true story if it were not for St. Nicholas." This novel, poor as it is, was a not inconsiderable link in the chain of romantic revival started by Gray.

We have little record of the poet's life during the early months of 1765. In June he was laid up with gout at York, while paying a visit to Mason, and in July went on to drink the waters and walk by the sea at Hartlepool. From this place he sent to Mason some excellent stanzas which have never found their way into his works; they are supposed to be indited by William Shakspeare in person, and to be a complaint of his sufferings at the hands of his commentators. The poem is in the metre of the *Elegy*, and is a very grave specimen of the mock-heroic style:

"Better to bottom tarts and cheesecakes nice,

Better the roast meat from the fire to save,

Better be twisted into caps for spice,

Than thus be patched and cobbled in one's grave."

What would Gray, and still more what would Shakspeare say to the vapid confusion of opinions which have been laid on the bard's memory during the century that now intervenes between these verses and ourselves—a heap of dirt and stones which he must laboriously shovel away who would read the true inscription on the Prophet's tomb? For criticism of the type which has now become so common, for the counting of syllables and weighing of commas, Gray, with all his punctilio and his minute scholarship, had nothing but contempt:

"Much I have borne from cankered critic's spite,
From fumbling baronets, and poets small,
Pert barristers, and parsons nothing bright—
But what awaits me now is worst of all."

Mason at last, at the age of forty, had fallen in love with a lady of small fortune and less personal appearance, but very sweet manners; and whilst Gray was still lingering in the North his friend married. Meantime Gray passed on to Old Park, and spent the month of August with the Whartons. From this place he went to stay with Lord Strathmore at Hetton, in Durham, and towards the beginning of September set out, with his host and Major Lyon, his brother, for Scotland. The first night was passed at Tweedmouth, and the second at Edinburgh ("that most picturesque at a distance, and nastiest when near, of all capital cities"). Gray was instantly received

with honour by the Scotch literati. On the evening of his arrival he supped with Dr. W. Robertson and other leading men of letters. Next day the party crossed the Forth in Lord Strathmore's yawl, and reached Perth, and by dinner-time on the fourth day arrived at Glamis. Here Gray was extremely happy for some bright weeks, charmed with the beauty of the scenery and the novelty of the life, soothed and delighted by the refined hospitality of the Lyons, three of whom, including Lord Strathmore, he had known as undergraduates at Cambridge, and enchanted to hear spoken and sung on all sides of him the magical language of Ossian. On the 11th of September Lord Strathmore took him for a tour of five days in the Highlands, showed him Dunkeld, Taymouth, and the falls of Tummell, the Pass of Killiekrankie, Blair-Athol, and the peaks of the Grampians. "In short," he says, "since I saw the Alps, I have seen nothing sublime till now."

Immediately on his arrival at Glamis he had received an exceedingly polite letter from the poet Beattie, who was a professor at Aberdeen, pressing him to visit that city, and requesting that, if this was impossible, he himself might be allowed to travel southward to Glamis, to present his compliments to Gray. At the same time the University of Aberdeen offered him the degree of doctor of laws. Gray declined both the invitation and the honour, but said that Lord Strathmore would be very glad to see Beattie at Glamis. The younger poet accordingly posted to lay his enthusiasm at the feet of the elder, and Gray received him with unwonted openness and a sort of intimate candour rare with him. Beattie reports, amongst other things, that Dryden was mentioned by him with scant respect, upon which Gray remarked "that if there was any excellence in his own numbers, he had learned it vIII.]

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wholly from that great poet. And pressed him with great earnestness to study him, as his choice of words and versification were singularly happy and harmonious."

Gray came back from the mountains with feelings far other than those in which Dr. Johnson indulged when he found himself safe once more in the latitude of Fleet Street. "I am returned from Scotland," says the poet, "charmed with my expedition; it is of the Highlands I speak; the Lowlands are worth seeing once, but the mountains are ecstatic, and ought to be visited in pilgrimage once a year. None but these monstrous children of God know how to join so much beauty with so much horror. A fig for your poets, painters, gardeners, and clergymen that have not been amongst them; their imagination can be made up of nothing but bowling-greens, flowering shrubs, horse-ponds, Fleet-ditches, shell grottoes, and Chinese rails. Then I had so beautiful an autumn, Italy could hardly produce a nobler scene, and this so sweetly contrasted with that perfection of nastiness, and total want of accommodation, that Scotland can only supply."

Mason had married on the 25th of September, and greatly desired that Gray, when passing southward towards the end of October, should come and be the witness of his felicity at Aston, but Gray excused himself on the ground that his funds were exhausted, and went straight through to London. There he found his old friend Harriet Speed, now Madame de la Peyrière, whose husband was in the Italian diplomatic service. She was exceedingly glad to receive him, and welcomed him with two little dogs on her lap, a cockatoo on her shoulder, a piping bullfinch at her elbow, and a strong suspicion of rouge on her cheeks. For about six months after the tour in Scotland Gray enjoyed very tolerable health, re-

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maining, however, entirely indolent as far as literature was concerned. When Walpole told him he ought to write more he replied, "What has one to do, when turned of fifty, but really to think of finishing? However, I will be candid, for you seem to be so with me, and avow to you that till fourscore and upwards, whenever the humour takes me, I will write; because I like it, and because I like myself better when I do so. If I do not write much it is because I cannot."

GRAY.

Henceforward the chief events in Gray's life were his summer holidays. In May and June, 1786, he paid a visit to the friend whom he called Reverend Billy, the Rev. William Robinson, younger brother of the famous Mrs. Montagu. This gentleman was rector of Denton, in the county of Kent, a little quiet valley some eight miles to the east of Canterbury and near the sea. Gray took the opportunity of visiting Margate and Ramsgate, which were just beginning to become resorts for holiday folk. It is related that at the latter place the friends went to inspect the new pier, then lately completed. Somebody said, seeing it forlorn and empty, "What did they make this pier for?" whereupon Gray smartly replied, "For me, to walk on," and proceeded to claim possession of it, by striding along it. He visited the whole coast of Kent, as far as Hythe, in company with Mr. Robinson. The county charmed him. He wrote to Norton Nichols:

"The country is all a garden, gay, rich, and fruitful, and from the rainy season had preserved, till I left it, all that emerald verdure which commonly one only sees for the first fortnight of the spring. In the west part of it from every eminence the eye catches some long winding reach of the Thames or Medway, with all their navigation; in the east the sea breaks in upon you, and mixes its white transient sails and glittering blue expanse with the deeper and

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brighter greens of the woods and the corn. This last sentence is so fine, I am quite ashamed; but, no matter! you must translate it into prose. Palgrave, if he heard it, would cover his face with his pudding sleeve."

He read the New Bath Guide, which had just appeared, and was tempted to indulge in satire of a different sort, by the neighbourhood of the Formian villa built by the late Lord Holland at Kingsgate. These powerful verses were found in a drawer at Denton after Gray had left:

"Old, and abandoned by each venal friend,
Here Holland formed the pious resolution
To smuggle a few years and try to mend
A broken character and constitution.

"On this congenial spot he fixed his choice:

Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighbouring sand;

Here sea-gulls scream, and cormorants rejoice,

And mariners, though shipwrecked, dread to land.

"Here reign the blustering North and blighting East,
No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing;
Yet Nature could not furnish out the feast,
Art he invokes new horrors still to bring.

"Here mouldering fanes and battlements arise,
Turrets and arches nodding to their fall;
Unpeopled monasteries delude our eyes,
And mimic desolation covers all.

"'Ah!' said the sighing peer, 'had Bute been true,
Nor Mungo's, Rigby's, Bradshaw's friendship vain,
Far better scenes than these had blest our view,
And realized the beauties which we feign:

"'Purged by the sword, and purified by fire,
Then had we seen proud London's hated walls;
Owls might have hooted in St. Peter's choir,
And foxes stunk and littered in St. Paul's.'"

In November, 1766, Mason came to visit Gray in his lodgings in Jermyn Street, and brought his wife, "a pretty, modest, innocent, interesting figure, looking like eighteen, though she is near twenty-eight." She was far gone in consumption, but preserved a muscular strength and constitutional energy which deceived those who surrounded her. The winter of 1766 tried her endurance very severely, and she gradually sank. On the 27th of March, 1767, after a married life of only eighteen months, she expired in Mason's arms, at Bristol. Gray's correspondence through the three months which preceded her end displays a constant and lively concern, which reached its climax in the exquisite letter which he wrote to Mason the day after her death, before the fatal news had reached him. In the whole correspondence of a man whose unaffected sympathy was always at the service of his friends there is no expression of it more touching than this:

" March 28, 1767.

"MY DEAR MASON,—I break in upon you at a moment when we least of all are permitted to disturb our friends, only to say that you are daily and hourly present to my thoughts. If the worst be not yet past, you will neglect and pardon me; but if the last struggle be over, if the poor object of your long anxieties be no longer sensible to your kindness or to her own sufferings, allow me (at least in idea, for what could I do were I present more than this?) to sit by you in silence, and pity from my heart, not her who is at rest, but you who lose her. May He who made us, the Master of our pleasures and our pains, preserve and support you. Adieu! I have long understood how little you had to hope."

About a month earlier than this, at the very early age of thirty-six, an old acquaintance and quondam college friend of Gray's, Frederic Hervey, was presented to the diocese of Cloyne. This was a startling rise in life to a ne'er-do-weel of good family, who had not six years be-

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fore been begging Mason and Gray to help him, and who soon after this became, not merely Bishop of Derry, but Earl of Bristol. Gray saw a good deal of him during the summer of 1767, and describes how they are four raspberry puffs together in that historical pastry-cook's at the corner of Cranbourne Street, and how jolly Hervey was at finding himself a bishop. Gray's summer holiday in 1767 was again spent among the mountains. In June he went down to Aston to console Mason, and with him visited Dovedale and the wonders of the Peak. Early in July Gray set out by York to stay with Wharton at Old Park, from which in August he sent back to Beattie the manuscript of The Minstrel, which that poet had sent, requesting him to revise it. Gray gave a great deal of attention to this rather worthless production, which has no merit save some smoothness in the use of the Spenserian stanza, and which owed all its character to a clever poem in the same manner, published twenty years earlier, the Psyche of Dr. Gloucester Ridley, a poet whose name, perhaps, may yet one day find an apologist. Gray, however, never grudged to expend his critical labour to the advantage of a friend, and pruned the luxuriance of The Minstrel with a serious assiduity.

Meanwhile Lord Strathmore was at hand, marrying himself to a great Durham heiress; Gray made a trip to Hartlepool in August, and coming back stayed with the newly-wedded earl and countess at their castle of Gibside, near Ravensworth. On the 29th of August he and Dr. Wharton set out in a post-chaise by Newcastle and Hexham for the Lakes. On their way to Carlisle they got soaked in the rain, and Wharton was taken so ill with asthma at Keswick that they returned home to Old Park from Cockermouth, after hardly a glimpse of the moun-

tains. In the church at Appleby the epitaph of Anne, Countess of Dorset, amused Gray by its pomposity, and he improvised the following pleasing variation on it:

"Now clean, now hideous, mellow how, now gruff, She swept, she hiss'd, she ripen'd, and grew rough, At Brougham, Pendragon, Appleby, and Brough."

Mason buried his wife in the Cathedral of Bristol, and on the tablet which bears her name he inscribed a brief elegy which has outlived all the rest of his works, and is atill frequently quoted with praise. It runs thus:

"Take, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear: Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave. To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care Her faded form: she bow'd to taste the wave, And died. Does Youth, does Beauty read the line? Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm? Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine: E'en from the grave thou shalt have power to charm. Bid them be chaste, be innocent like thee; Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move; And if so fair, from vanity as free, As firm in friendship, and as fond in love, Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die ('Twas ev'n to thee), yet the dread path once trod, Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high, And bids the pure in heart behold their God."

The last four lines have the ring of genuine poetry, and surpass the rest of Mason's productions in verse as gold surpasses dross. It is a very curious thing that he does, in fact, owe his position as a poet to some lines which he did not write himself. As long as he lived, and for many years after his death, the secret was kept, but at last Norton Nichols confessed that the beautiful quatrain in italics

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was entirely composed by Gray. Nichols was with the elder poet at the time when the MS. arrived, and Gray showed it to him, with Mason's last four lines erased. Gray said, "That will never do for an ending; I have altered it thus," and thereupon wrote in the stanza as we now know it. Nichols says that Mason's finale was weak, with a languid repetition of some preceding expressions; and he took the occasion to criticise the whole of Mason's poetry as feeble and tame. "No wonder," said Gray, "for Mason never gives himself time to think. If his epithets do not occur readily, he leaves spaces for them, and puts them in afterwards. Mason has read too little and written too much." It is well that we should have this side of the question stated, for Mason loves to insimuate that Gray thought him a poet of superlative merit. There was no love lost between Mason and Nichols; and if the younger carefully preserved Gray's verdict on the poetry of the elder, Mason revenged himself by remarking that it was a good thing for Nichols that Gray never discovered that he drank like a fish. We are reminded of the wars of Bozzy and Piozzi.

In the spring of 1767 Gray met Dodsley, son of the great publisher and heir to his business, and was asked by him to consent to the republication of his poems in a cheap form. It was found that Bentley's designs were worn out, and therefore it was determined to omit all illustrations, and with them the Long Story, which Gray thought would now be unintelligible. Whilst this transaction was loitering along, as Gray's business was apt to loiter, Beattie wrote to him, in December, 1767, to say that Foulis, an enterprising Glasgow publisher, was anxious to produce the same collection. Dodsley made no objection, and so exactly the same matter was put through two

presses at the same time. In neither book had Grav any pecuniary interest. There had been no explanatory notes in the Odes of 1757, but in reprinting these poems, eleven years later, he added a few "out of spite, because the publie did not understand the two odes which I called Pindarie, though the first was not very dark, and the second alluded to a few common facts to be found in any sixpenny history of England, by way of question and answer, for the use of children." He added to what had already appeared in 1753 and 1757 the three short archaic romances, lest, as he said to Horace Walpole, "my works should be mistaken for the works of a flea, or a pismire. . . . With all this I shall be but a shrimp of an author." The book, as a matter of fact, had to be eked out with blank leaves and very wide type to reach the sum of 120 nominal pages. Dodsley's edition was not a beautiful volume, but it was cheap; it appeared in July, 1768, and before October of the same year two impressions, consisting of 2250 copies, had been sold. Foulis came out with his far more handsome Glasgow edition in September, and this also, though a costly book, of which a very large number of copies had been struck off, was sold out by the summer of 1769, when Foulis made Gray, who refused money, a very handsome present of books. During the last years of his life, then, Gray was not only beyond dispute the greatest living English poet, but recognized as being such by the public itself.

To the riotous living of his great enemy, Lord Sandwich, Gray owed the preferment which raised him above all fear of poverty or even of temporary pressure of means during the last three years of his life. On Sunday, the 24th of July, 1768, Professor Lawrence Brockett, who had been dining with the earl at Hinchinbroke, in Huntingdon-

shire, wh fell off h ern Liter vear, was versity. cousin, M the office up to ton With an a ly put the Gray expe for the on him, Mich to be over a letter f Augustus, terms that his pride. the whole particular s presume to Gray, but t eredit to th the 28th hi summoned which Geor Gray's frien very graciou make to-him he was pre room was so

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e d shire, whilst riding back to Cambridge, being very drank, fell off his horse and broke his neck. The chair of Modern Literature and Modern Languages, with its 400/, a year, was one of the most valuable sinecures in the University. Gray was up in London at the time, but his cousin, Miss Dolly Antrobus, for whom he had obtained the office of post-mistress at Cambridge, instantly wrote up to town to tell him. He did not stir in the matter. With an admirable briskness five obscure dons immediately put themselves forward as candidates, and so little did Gray expect to receive the place, that he used his influence for the only man amongst them who had any literature in him, Michael Lort, the Hellenist. Gray was not, however, to be overlooked any longer, and on the 27th he received a letter from that elegant and enlightened statesman, Augustus, Duke of Grafton, offering the professorship in terms that were delicately calculated to please and soothe his pride. He was told that he owed his nomination to the whole cabinet council, and his success to the King's particular admiration of his genius; the Duke would not presume to think that the post could be of advantage to Gray, but trusted that he might be induced to do so much eredit to the University. The poet accepted at once; on the 28th his warrant was signed, and on the 29th he was summoned to kiss the King's hand. These were days in which George III. was still addicted to polite letters, and Gray's friends were anxious to know the purport of several very gracious speeches which the King was observed to make to-him; but Gray was coy, and would not tell; when he was pressed, he said, with great simplicity, that the room was so hot and he himself so embarrassed, that he really did not quite know what it was the King did say.

The charge has often been brought against Gray that he

delivered no lectures from his chair at Cambridge. It is, of course, very unfortunate that he did not, but it should be remembered that there was nothing singular in this. Not one of his predecessors, from the date of the institution of the professorship, had delivered a single lecture; Gray, indeed, was succeeded by a man of great energy, John Symonds, who introduced a variety of reforms at Cambridge and amongst others reformed his own office by lecturing. The terms of the patent recommended the professor to find a deputy in one branch of his duty, and Gray delegated the teaching of foreign languages to a young Italian, Agostino Isola, of literare tastes, who survived long enough to teach Tuscan to Wordsworth. It is said that Gray took the opportunity of reading the Italian poets again with Isola, who afterwards became an editor of Tasso. The granddaughter of Gray's deputy was that Emma Isola who became the adopted child of Charles and Mary Lamb. One is glad to know that Gray behaved with great liberality to Isola and also to the French teacher at the University, René La Butte. It is pleasant to record that the opportunity to follow the natural dictates of his heart in this and other instances, he owed to the loyalty of his old school-fellow, Stonehewer, who was the secretary of the Duke of Grafton, and who lost no time in suggesting Gray's name to his chief.

Poor Gray, for ever pursued by fears of conflagration, was actually in great danger of being burnt alive in January, 1768, when a part of Pembroke Hall, including Mason's chambers, was totally destroyed by fire. Two Methodists, who had been attending a prayer-meeting in the town, happened to pass very late at night, and gave the alarm. Gray was roused between two and three in the morning by the excellent Stephen Hempstead, with the re-

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mark, "Don't be frightened, sir, but the college is all of a fire!". No great harm was done, but Mason had to be lodged a little lower down the street, opposite Peterhouse. After the event of the professorship, Gray found himself unable to escape from many public shows in which he had previously pleaded his obscurity with success. For instance, in August, 1768, the University of Cambridge was honoured by a visit from Christian VII., King of Denmark, who had married the sister of George III. To escape from the festivities, Gray went off to Newmarket, but there, as he says, "fell into the jaws of the King of Denmark," was presented to him by the Vice-chancellor and the Orator, and was brought back to Cambridge by them, captive, in a chaise.

The Duke of Grafton succeeded the Duke of Newcastle as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge in 1768. and Gray, moved by gratitude, though never by expectation, made an offer through Stonehewer that he should write an ode to be performed at the ceremony of installa-He seems to have made the proposal in the last months of the year. In April, 1769, he says: "I do not guess what intelligence Stonehewer gave you about my employments, but the worst employment I have had has been to write something for music against the Duke of Grafton comes to Cambridge. I must comfort myself with the intention, for I know it will bring abuse enough on me: however, it is done, and given to the Vice-chancellor, and there is an end." Norton Nichols records that Gray considered the composition of this Installation Ode a sort of task, and set about it with great reluctance. "It was long after he first mentioned it to me before he could prevail with himself to begin the composition. morning, when I went to him as usual after breakfast, I knocked at his door, which he threw open, and exclaimed, with a loud voice,

'Hence, avaunt! 'tis holy ground!'

I was so astonished that I almost feared he was out of his senses; but this was the beginning of the ode which he had just composed." For three months before the event the music professor, J. Randall, of King's, waited on Gray regularly set the *Installation Ode* to music. It was Gray's desire to make this latter as much as possible like the refined compositions of the Italian masters that he loved, and Randall did his best to comply with this. Gray took great pains over the score, though in his private letters he spoke with scorn of Randall's music; but when he came to the chorus Gray remarked, "I have now done: make as much noise as you please!" Dr. Burney, it afterwards turned out, was very much disappointed because he was not asked to set Gray's composition. The Installation Ode was performed before a brilliant assembly on July 1, 1769, Gray all the while sighing to be far away upon the misty top of Skiddaw. In the midst of all the turmoil and circumstance of the installation he wrote in this way to Norton Nichols, who had consulted him about the arrangement of his gardens:

"And so you have a garden of your own, and you plant and transplant, and are dirty and amused! Are you not ashamed of yourself? Why, I have no such thing, you monster, nor ever shall be either dirty or amused as long as I live. My gardens are in the window, like those of a lodger up three pairs of stairs in Petticoat Lane or Camomile Street, and they go to bed regularly under the same roof that I do. Dear, how charming it must be to walk out in one's own garding, and sit on a bench in the open air, with a fountain, and a leaden statue, and a rolling stone, and an arbour: have a care of sore throats, though, and the agoe."

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It cannot be said that the *Installation Ode*, though it contains some beautiful passages, is in Gray's healthiest vein. In it he returns, with excess, to that allegorical style of his youth from which he had almost escaped, and we are told a great deal too much about "painted Flattery" and "creeping Gain," and visionary gentlefolks of that kind. Where he gets free from all this, and especially in that strophe when, after a silence of more than a century, we hear once more the music of Milton's Nativity Ode, we find him as charming as ever:

"Ye brown, o'er-arching groves,
That contemplation loves,
Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!
Oft at the blush of dawn
I trod your level lawn,
Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
With Freedom by my side, and soft-eyed Melancholy."

The procession of Cambridge worthies, which Hallam has praised so highly, is drawn with great dignity, and the compliment conveyed in the sixth strophe, where the venerable Margaret Beaufort bends from heaven to salute her descendant, is very finely turned; but we cannot help feeling that the spirit of languor has not completely been excluded from the poem, and that if Gray was not exhausted when he wrote it he was at least greatly fatigued. The eulogy of the "star of Brunswick" at the close of the ode is perhaps the only absurd passage in the entire works of Gray. After this he wrote nothing that has been preserved; his faculty seems to have left him entirely, and if we deplore his death within two years of the performance of the *Installation Ode*, it is not with

out a suspicion that the days of his poetic life were already numbered.

In 1769 Gray sold part of his estate, consisting of houses on the west side of Hand Alley, in the City, for one thousand guineas, and an annuity of eighty pounds for Mrs. Oliffe, who had a share in the estate. "I have also won a twenty-pound prize in the lottery, and Lord knows what arrears I have in the Treasury, and I am a rich fellow enough, go to"—so he writes on the 2d of January of that year to Norton Nichols—"and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him; and in a few days I shall have curtains, are you advised of that? ay, and a mattress to lie upon."

One more work remained for Gray to do, and that a considerable one. He was yet to discover and to describe the beauties of the Cumbrian Lakes. In his youth he was the man who first looked on the sublimities of Alpine scenery with pleasure, and in old age he was to be the pioneer of Wordsworth in opening the eyes of Englishmen to the exquisite landscape of Cumberland. The journal of Gray's Tour in the Lakes has been preserved in full, and was printed by Mason, who withheld his other itineraries. He started from York, where he had been staying with Mason, in July, 1769, and spent the next two months at Old Park. On the 30th of September Gray found himself on the winding road looking westward, and with Appleby and the long reaches of the Eden at his feet. He made no stay, but passed on to Penrith for the night, and in the afternoon walked up the Beacon Hill, and saw "through an opening in the bosom of that cluster of mountains the lake of Ulleswater, with the craggy tops of a hundred nameless hills."

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Ski clo Next day he ascended the brawling bed of the Eamont, with the towers of Helvellyn before him, until he reached Dunmallert. Gray's description of his first sight of Ulleswater, since sanctified to all lovers of poetry by Wordsworth's *Daffodils*, is worth quoting:

"Walked over a spongy meadow or two, and began to mount this hill through a broad and straight green alley amongst the trees, and with some toil gained the summit. From hence saw the lake opening directly at my feet, majestic in its calmness, clear and smooth as a blue mirror, with winding shores and low points of land covered with green enclosures, white farm-houses looking out amongst the trees, and cattle feeding. The water is almost everywhere bordered with cultivated lands gently sloping upwards till they reach the feet of the mountains, which rise very rude and awful with their broken tops on either hand. Directly in front, at better than three miles' distance, Place Fell, one of the bravest amongst them, pushes its bold broad breast into the midst of the lake, and forces it to alter its course, forming first a large bay to the left, and then bending to the right."

It would seem that Wharton had been with his friend during the first part of this excursion, but had been forced, by a violent attack of asthma which came on at Brough, to return home. It is to this circumstance alone that we owe Gray's Journal, which was written piecemeal, and sent by post to Wharton, that he might share in what his friend was doing. On the 1st of October Gray slept again at Penrith, and set out early next morning for Keswick. He passed at noon under the gleaming crags of Saddleback, the topmost point of which "appeared of a sad purple, from the shadow of the clouds as they sailed slowly by it." Passing by the mystery where Skiddaw shrouded "his double front amongst Atlantic clouds," Gray proceeded into Keswick, watching the sun-

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light reflected from the lake on every facet of its mountain-cup.

It seems that Gray walked about everywhere with that pretty toy, the Claude-Lorraine glass, in his hand, making the beautiful forms of the landscape compose in its lustrous chiaroscuro. Arranging his glass, in the afternoon of the 2d of October, he got a bad fall backwards in a Keswick lane, but happily broke nothing but his knuckles. Next day, in company with the landlord of the Queen's Head, he explored the wonders of Borrowdale, the scene of Wordsworth's wild poem of Yew-trees. Just before entering the valley he pauses to make a little vignette of the scene for Wharton's benefit:

"Our path here tends to the left, and the ground gently rising and covered with a glade of scattering trees and bushes on the very margin of the water, opens both ways the most delicious view that my eyes ever beheld. Behind you are the magnificent heights of Walla Crag; opposite lie the thick hanging woods of Lord Egremont, and Newland Valley, with green and smiling fields embosomed in the dark cliffs; to the left the jaws of Borrowdale, with that turbulent chaos of mountain behind mountain rolled in confusion; beneath you, and stretching far away to the right, the shining purity of the lake, just ruffled with the breeze, enough to show it is alive, reflecting rocks, woods, fields, and inverted tops of mountains, with the white buildings of Keswick, Crossthwaite church, and Skiddaw for a background at a distance. Oh, Doctor, I never wished more for you."

All this is much superior in graphic power to what the Paul Sandbys and Richard Wilsons could at that time attain to in the art of painting. Their best landscapes, with their sobriety and conscious artificiality, their fine tone and studious repression of reality, are more allied to those elegant and conventional descriptions of the picturesque by which William Gilpin made himself so popular twenty

years later. Even Smith of Derby, whose engravings of Cumberland scenes had attracted notice, was tamely topographical in his treatment of them. Gray gives us something more modern, yet no less exact, and reminds us more of the early landscapes of Turner, with their unaffected rendering of nature. Southey's early letters from the Lakes, written nearly a generation later than Gray's, though more developed in romantic expression, are not one whit truer or more graphic.

Lodore seems to have been even in those days a sight to which visitors were taken; Gray gives a striking account of it, but confesses that the crags of Gowder were, to his mind, far more impressive than this slender cascade. The piles of shattered rock that hung above the pass of Gowder gave him a sense of danger as well as of sublimity, and reminded him of the Alps. He glanced at the balanced crags and hurried on, whispering to himself, "Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda, e passa!" The weather was most propitious; if anything, too brilliantly hot. It had suggested itself to Gray that in such clear weather and under such a radiant sky he ought to ascend Skiddaw, but his laziness got the better of him, and he judged himself better employed in sauntering along the shore of Derwentwater:

"In the evening walked alone down to the Lake by the side of Crow Park after sunset, and saw the solemn colouring of light draw on, the last gleam of sunshine fading away on the hill-tops, the deep serene of the waters, and the long shadows of the mountains thrown across them, till they nearly touched the hithermost shore. At distance heard the murmur of many water-falls, not audible in the day-time. Wished for the Moon, but she was dark to me and silent, hid in her vacant interlunar cave."

Mr. Matthew Arnold has noticed that Gray has the accent of Obermann in such passages as these; it is the full

tone of the romantic solitary without any of the hysterical over-gorgeousness which has mained modern description of landscape. The 4th of October was a day of rest; the traveller contented himself with watching a procession of red clouds come marching up the eastern hills, and with gazing across the water-fall into the gorge of Borrowdale. On the 5th he walked down the Derwent to Bassenthwaite Water, and skirmished a little around the flanks of Skiddaw; on the 6th he drove along the eastern shore of Bassenthwaite towards Cockermouth, but did not reach that town, and returned to Keswick. The next day, the weather having suddenly become chilly and autumnal, Gray made no excursions, but botanized along the borders of Derwentwater, with the perfume of the wild myrtle in his nostrils. A little touch in writing to Wharton of the weather shows us the neat and fastidious side of Gray's character. "The soil is so thin and light," he says of the neighbourhood of Keswick, "that no day has passed in which I could not walk out with ease, and you know I am no lover of dirt." On the 8th he drove out of Keswick along the Ambleside road; the wind was easterly and the sky gray; but just as they left the valley, the sun broke out, and bathed the lakes and mountain-sides with such a wonderful morning glory that Gray almost made up his mind to go back again. He was particularly fascinated with the "clear obscure" of Thirlmere, shaded by the spurs of Helvellyn; and entering Westmoreland, descended into what Wordsworth was to make classic ground thirty years later, Grasmere-

"Its crags, its woody steeps, its lakes," Its one green island, and its winding shores, The multitude of little rocky hills,
Its church, and cottages of mountain stone, Clustered like stars."

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This fragment of Wordsworth may be confronted by Gray's description of the same scene:

"Just beyond Helen Crag opens one of the sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate. The bosom of the mountains, spreading here into a broad basin, discovers in the midst Grasmere Water; its margin is hollowed into small bays with bold eminences, some of them rocks, some of soft turf that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command. From the shore a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village, with the parish church rising in the midst of it; hanging enclosures, corn-fields, and meadows green as an emerald, with their trees, hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole space from the edge of the water. Just opposite to you is a large farm-house at the bottom of a steep smooth lawn embosomed in old woods, which climb half-way up the mountain-side, and discover above them a broken line of crags, that crown the scene. Not a single red tile, no flaring gentleman's house, or garden-walls, break in upon the repose of this little unsuspected paradise; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty in its neatest and most becoming attire."

Passing from Grasmere, he drove through Rydal, not without a reference to the "large, old-fashioned fabric, now a farm-house," which Wordsworth was to buy in 1813, and was to immortalize with his memory. I have not been able to find any word in the writings of the younger poet to show his consciousness of the fact that Gray's eye was attracted to the situation of Rydal Mount exactly six months before he himself saw the light at Cockermouth. At Ambleside, then quite unprepared for the accommodation of strangers, Gray could find no decent bed, and so went on to Kendal, for the first few miles skirting the broad waters of Windermere, magnificent in the soft light of afternoon. He spent two nights at Kendal, drove round Morecambe Bay, and slept at Lancaster on the 10th; reached Settle, under the "long black cloud

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of Ingleborough," on the 12th; and we find him still wandering amongst the wild western moors of Yorkshire when the journal abruptly closes on the 15th of October. On the 18th he was once more at Aston with Mason, and he returned to Cambridge on the 22d, after a holiday of rather more than three months.

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CHAPTER IX.

BONSTETTEN. - DEATH.

Gray became, in the last years of his life, an object of some curiosity at Cambridge. He was difficult of access except to his personal friends. It was the general habit to dine in college at noon, so that the students might flock, without danger of indigestion, to the philosophical disputations at two o'clock. The Fellows dined together in the Parlour, or the "Combination," as the commonroom came to be called; and even when they dined in hall they were accustomed to meet, in the course of the morning, over a seed-cake and a bottle of sherry-sack. But Gray kept aloof from these convivialities, at which, indeed, as not being a Fellow, he was not obliged to be present; and his dinner was served to him, by his man, in his own rooms. In the same way, when he was in town, at his lodgings in Jermyn Street, his meals were brought in to him from an eating-house round the corner. Almost the only time at which strangers could be sure of seeing him was when he went to the Rainbow coffeehouse, at Cambridge, to order his books from the circulating library. The registers were kept by the woman at the bar, and no book was bought unless the requisition for it was signed by four subscribers. Towards the end of Gray's life literary tuft-hunters used to contend for the

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honour of supporting Gray's requests for books. was in particular a Mr. Pigott who desired to be thought the friend of the poet, and who wend so far as to erase the next subscriber's name, and place his own underneath the neat "T. Gray." It happened that Gray objected very much to this particular gentleman, and he remarked one day to his friend Mr. Sparrow, "That man's name wherever I go, piget, he Pigott's me!" It is said that when Gray emerged from his chambers, graduates would hastily leave their dinners to look at him, but we may doubt, with Mr. Leslie Stephen, whether this is within the bounds of probability; Mathias, however, who would certainly have left his dinner, was a whole year at Cambridge without being able to set eyes on Gray once. Lord St. Helen's told Rogers that when he was at St. John's, in 1770, he called on Gray with a letter of introduction, and that Gray returned the call, which was thought so extraordinary, that a considerable number of college men assembled in the quadrangle to see him pass, and all removed their caps when he went by. He brought three young dons with him, and the procession walked in Indian file; his combanions seem to have attended in silence, and to have expressed dismay on their countenances when Lord St. Helen's frankly asked the poet what he thought of Garrick's Jubilee Ode-which was just published. replied that he was easily pleased.

Unaffected to the extreme with his particular friends, Gray seems to have adopted with strangers whom he did not like a supercilious air, and a tone of great languor and hauteur. Cole, who did not appreciate him, speaks, in an unpublished note, of his "disgusting effeminacy," by which he means what we call affectation. Mason says that he used this manner as a means of offence and

· defence towards persons whom he disliked. a picture of him the year before he died: "Mr. Gray's singular niceness in the choice of his acquaintance makes him appear fastidious in a great degree to all who are not acquainted with his manner. He is of a fastidious and recluse distance of carriage, rather averse to all sociability, but of the graver turn, nice and elegant in his person, dress, and behaviour, even to a degree of finicality and effeminacy." This conception of him as an affected and effeminate little personage was widely current during his own lifetime. Mr. Penneck, the Superintendent of the Museum Reading Room, had a friend who travelled one day in the Windsor stage with a small gentleman to whom, on passing Kensington Church-yard, he began to quote with great fervour some stanzas of the Elegy; adding how extraordinary it was that a poet of such genius and manly vigour of mind should be a delicate, timid, effeminate character—"in fact, sir," he continued, "that Mr. Gray, who wrote those noble verses, should be a puny insect shivering at a breeze." The other gentleman assented, and they passed to general topics, on which he proved himself to be so well-informed, entertaining, and vivacious, that Penneck's friend was enchanted. On leaving the coach he fell into an enthusiastic description of his fellow-traveller to the friend who met him, and wound up by saying, "Ah! here he is, returning to the coach! Who can he be?" "Oh, that is Mr. Gray, the poet!"

Gray could be talkative enough in general society, if he found the company sympathetic. Walpole says that he resembled Hume as a talker, but was much better company. On one of his visits to Norton Nichols at Blundeston he found two old relatives of his host, people of the

most commonplace type, already installed, and at first he seemed to consider it impossible to reconcile himself to their presence. But noticing that Nichols was grieved at this, he immediately changed his manner, and made himself so agreeable to them both that the old people talked of him with pleasure as long as they lived. He would always interest himself in any reference to farming, or to the condition of the crops, which bore upon his botanical pursuits; one of his daily occupations, in his healthier years, being the construction of a botanical calendar. One of his finest sayings was: "To be employed is to be happy;" and his great personal aim in life seems to have been to be constantly employed, without fatigue, so as to be able to stem the tide of constitutional low spirits. The presence of his most intimate friends, such as Wharton and Nichols, had so magnetic an influence upon him, that their memory of him was almost uniformly bright and Those whom he loved less, knew how dejected and silent he could be for hours and hours. Gibbon regretted the pertinacity with which Gray plunged into merely acquisitive and scholastic study; the truth probably is, that he had not the courage to indulge in reverie, nor the physical health to be at rest.

The person, however, who has preserved the most exact account of Gray's manner of life during the last months of his career is Bonstetten. In November, 1769, Norton Nichols, being at Bath, met in the Pump Room there, amongst the mob of fashionable people, a handsome young Swiss gentleman of four-and-twenty, named Charles Victor de Bonstetten. He was the only son of the Treasurer of Berne, and belonged to one of the six leading families of the country. He lived at Nyon, had been educated at Lausanne, and was now in England, desiring to study our

language and literature, but having hitherto fallen more amongst fashionable people than people of taste. He was very enthusiastic, romantic, and good-looking, very sweet and winning in manner, full of wit and spirit, and, when he chose to exert himself, quite irresistible. He had brought an introduction to Pitt, but, after receiving some courtesies, had slipped away into the country, and Nichols found him turning the heads of all the young ladies at Bath. Bonstetten attached himself very warmly to Nichols, and was persuaded by the latter to go to Cambridge to attend lectures. That Nichols thoroughly admired him is certain from the very earnest letter of introduction which he sent with him to Gray on the 27th of November, 1769.

The ebullient young Swiss conquered the shy and solitary poet at sight. "My gaiety, my love for English poetry, appeared to have subdued him "-the word Bonstetten uses is "subjugué"-" and the difference in age between us seemed to disappear at once." Gray found him a lodging close to Pembroke Hall, at a coffee-house, and at once set himself to plan out for Bonstetten a course of studies. On the 6th of January, 1770, Bonstetten wrote to Norton Nichols: "I am in a hurry from morning till night. At eight o'clock I am roused by a young squarecap, with whom I follow Satan through chaos and night. ... We finish our travels in a copious breakfast of muffins and tea. Then appear Shakspeare and old Linnæus, struggling together as two ghosts would do for a damned soul. Sometimes the one gets the better, sometimes the other. Mr. Gray, whose acquaintance is my greatest debt to you, is so good as to show me Macbeth, and all witches, beldames, ghosts, and spirits, whose language I never could have understood without his interpretation. I am now

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endeavouring to dress all these people in a French dress, which is a very hard labour." In enclosing this letter to Nichols Gray adds as a postscript:

"I never saw such a boy; our breed is not made on this model. He is busy from morning to night, has no other amusement than that of changing one study for another, likes nobody that he sees here, and yet wishes to stay longer, though he has passed a whole fortnight with us already. His letter has had no correction whatever, and is prettier by half than English."

For more than ten weeks after the date of this letter Bonstetten remained in his lodgings at Cambridge, in daily and unbroken intercourse with Gray. The reminiscences of the young Swiss gentleman are extremely interesting, though doubtless they require to be accepted with a certain reservation. There is, however, the stamp of truth about his statement that the poetical genius of Gray was by this time so completely extinguished that the very mention of his poems was distasteful to him. He would not permit Bonstetten to talk to him about them, and when the young man quoted some of his lines Gray preserved an obstinate silence like a sullen child. Sometimes Bonstetten said, "Will you not answer me?" But no word would proceed from the shut lips. Yet this was during the time when, on all subjects but himself, Gray was conversing with Bonstetten on terms of the most affectionate intimacy. For three months the young Swiss, despising all other society to be found at Cambridge, spent every evening with Gray, arriving at five o'clock, and lingering till midnight. They read together Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, and the other great English classics, until their study would slip into sympathetic conversation, in which the last word was never spoken. Bonst

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stetten poured out his confidences to the old poet—all his life, all his hopes, all the aspirations and enthusiasms of his youth—and Gray received it all with profound interest and sympathy, but never with the least reciprocity. To the last his own life's history was a closed book to Bonstetten. Never once did he speak of himself. Between the present and past there seemed to be a great gulf fixed, and when the warm-hearted young man approached the subject he was always baffled. He remarks that there was a complete discord between Gray's humorous intellect and ardent imagination on the one side, and what he calls a "misère de cœur" on the other. Bonstetten thought that this was owing to a suppressed sensibility, to the fact that Gray never

"Anywhere in the sun or rain Had loved or been beloved again,"

and that he felt his heart to be frozen at last under what Bonstetten calls the Arctic Pole of Cambridge.

This final friendship of his life troubled the poet strangely. He could not get over the wonder of Bonstetten's ardour and vitality—"our breed is not made on this model." His letters to Norton Nichols are like the letters of an anxious parent. "He gives me," he says, on the 20th of March, 1770, "too much pleasure, and at least an equal share of inquietude. You do not understand him as well as I do, but I leave my meaning imperfect, till we meet. I have never met with so extraordinary a person. God bless him! I am unable to talk to you about anything else, I think." Late in the month of March, Bonstetten tore himself away from Cambridge; his father had long been insisting that he must return to Nyon. Gray went up to London with him, showed him some of the sights, amongst others Dr. Samuel Johnson, who came puffing down

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the Strand, unconscious of the two strangers who paused on their way to observe him. "Look, look, Bonstetten!" said Gray, "the Great Bear! There goes Ursa Major!" On the 23d of March Gray lent him 20l. and packed his friend into the Dover machine at four o'clock in the morning, returning very sadly to Cambridge, whence he wrote to Nichols: "Here am I again to pass my solitary evenings, which hung much lighter on my hands before I knew him. This is your fault! Pray let the next you send me be halt and blind, dull, unapprehensive, and wrongheaded. For this—as Lady Constance says—was ever such a gracious creature born! and yet—but no matter! . . . This place never appeared so horrible to me as it does now. Could you not come for a week or a fortnight? It would be sunshine to me in a dark night."

Bonstetten had departed with every vow and circumstance of friendship, and had obliged Gray to promise that he would visit him the next summer in Switzerland. He wrote to Gray from Abbeville, and then there fell upon his correspondence one of those silences so easy to the volatile and youthful. Gray in the mean while was possessed by a weak restlessness of mind that made him almost ill, and early in April, since Nichols could not come to Cambridge, he himself hastened to Blundeston, spending a few days with Palgrave ("Old Pa") on the way. He made one excuse after another for avoiding Cambridge, to which he did not return, except for a week or two, until the end of the year. He agreed with Norton Nichols that they should go together to Switzerland in the summer of 1771, but entreated him not to vex him by referring to this in any way till the time came for starting. By-and-by letters came from Bonstetten, with "bad excuses for not writing oftener," and in May Gray was happier, travelling

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to Aston to be with Mason, driving along the roads, with trees blooming and nightingales singing all around him.

His only literary exercise during this year 1770 seems to have been filling an interleaved copy of the works of Linnæus with notes. For the last eight or nine years natural history had been his favourite study; he said that it was a singular felicity to him to be engaged in this pursuit, and it often took him out into the fields when nothing else would. He interleaved a copy of Hudson's Flora Anglica, and filled it with notes; and was on a level with all that had been done up to his time in zoology and Some of his notes and observations were afterbotany. wards made use of by Pennant, with warm acknowledg-He returned from Aston towards the end of June, and prepared at once to start with Norton Nichols for a summer tour. He so hated Cambridge that he would not start thence, but directed Nichols to meet him at the sign of the Wheat Sheaf, five miles beyond Huntingdon, about the 3d of July. Unfortunately, there exists no journal to commemorate this, the last of Gray's tours, which seems to have occupied more than two months. The friends drove across the midland counties into Worcestershire, descended the Severn to Gloucester, and then made their way to Malvern Wells, where they stayed a week, because Nichols found some of his acquaintance there. Gray must have been particularly well, for he ascended the Herefordshire Beacon, and enjoyed the unrivalled view from its summit. He was much vexed, however, with the fashionable society at the long table of the inn, and maintained silence at dinner. When Nichols gently rallied him on this he said that long retirement in the University had destroyed the versatility of his mind. At Malvern he received a copy of Goldsmith's Deserted Village, which had just

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been published; he asked Norton Nichols to read it aloud to him, listened to it with fixed attention, and exclaimed before they had proceeded far, "This man is a poet." From Malvern they went on to Ross, in Monmouthshire, and descended the Wye to Chepstow, a distance of forty miles, in a boat, "surrounded," says Gray, "with ever-new delights." From this point they went to Abergavenny and South Wales, returning by Oxford, where they spent two agreeable days. During this tour Gray turned aside to visit Leasowes, where Shenstone had lived and died in Gray had never admired Shenstone's artificial grace, and had been vexed by some allusions in his posthumously published letters, and it was probably more to see the famous "Arcadian greens rural" than to do homage to a poetic memory that he loitered at Halesowen. He returned in a very fair state of health, as was customary after his summer holidays; but the good effects, unfortunately, passed away unusually soon. He had a feverish attack in September, but cured it with sage-tea, his favourite nostrum. Nichols came up to town to see him, and travelled with him as far as Cambridge; but Gray's now invincible dislike to this place seems to have made him really ill, and for the next two months he only went outside the walls of the college once. His aunt, Mrs. Oliffe, now ninety years of age, had come up to Cambridge, and appears to have lodged close to Gray, inside Pembroke Hall, where he was now allowed to do whatever he chose. She was helplessly bedridden, but as intractable a daughter of the Dragon of Wantley as ever. The other Pembroke nonogenarian, Dr. Roger Long, died on the 16th of December, 1770, and Gray's friend, James Brown, succeeded him in the Mastership without any contention.

Early in 1771 Mrs. Oliffe diéd, leaving her entire fort-

une, such as it was, to Gray, and none of it to her nieces, the Antrobuses, who had nursed her in her illness. These women had been brought to Cambridge by Gray, and had been so comfortably settled by him in situations, that in one of his letters he playfully dreads that all his friends will shudder at the name of Antrobus. All through this spring Gray seems to have been gradually sinking in strength and spirits, though none of his friends appear to have been alarmed about it. To Norton Nichols's entreaties that he would go to visit Bonstetten with him, as to the young Swiss gentleman's own invitations, he answered with a sad intimation that his health was not equal to so much exertion.

Nichols came up to town to say farewell to him in the middle of June, having at last been persuaded that it was useless to wait for Gray. The poet was in his old rooms in Jermyn Street, and there they parted for the last time. Before Nichols took leave of him Gray said, very earnestly, "I have one thing to beg of you, which you must not refuse." Nichols replied, "You know you have only to command; what is it?" "Do not go to visit Voltaire; no one knows the mischief that man will do." Nichols said, "Certainly, I will not; but what could a visit from me signify?" "Every tribute to such a man signifies." A little before this Gray had rejected polite overtures from Voltaire, who was a great admirer of the Elegy; but it was not that he was dead to the charms of the great Frenchman. He paid a full tribute of admiration to his genius, delighted in his wit, enjoyed his histories, and regarded his tragedies as next in rank to those of Shakspeare; but he hated him, as he hated Hume, because, as he said, he thought him an enemy to religion. He tried to persuade himself that Beattie had mastered Voltaire in

argument. Gray had a similar dislike to Shaftesbury, and was, throughout his career, though in a very unassuming way, a sincere believer in Christianity. We find him exhorting Dr. Wharton not to omit the use of family prayer, and this although he had a horror of anything like "Methodism" or religious display.

Gray's last letter to Bonstetten may be given as an example of his correspondence with that gentleman, as long after preserved and published by Miss Plumptre:

"I am returned, my dear Bonstetten, from the little journey I made into Suffolk, without answering the end proposed. The thought that you might have been with me there has embittered all my * hours. Your letter has made me happy, as happy as so gloomy, so solitary a being as I am, is capable of being made. I know, and have too often felt, the disadvantages I lay myself under; how much I hurt the little interest I have in you by this air of sadness so contrary to your nature and present enjoyments: but sure you will forgive, though you cannot sympathise with me. It is impossible with me to dissemble with you; such as I am I expose my heart to your view, nor wish to conceal a single thought from your penetrating eyes. All that you say to me, especially on the subject of Switzerland, is infinitely acceptable. It feels too pleasing ever to be fulfilled, and as often as I read over your truly kind letter, written long since from London, I stop at these words: 'La mort qui peut glacer nos bras avant qu'ils soient entrelacés."

He made a struggle to release himself from this atrabilious mood. He reflected on the business which he had so long neglected, and determined to try again to find energy to lecture. He drew up three schemes for regulating the studies of private pupils, and laid them before the Duke of Grafton. But these plans, as was usual with Gray, never came to execution, and when he was at Aston in 1770 he told Mason that he had come to the conclusion that it was his duty to resign the professorship, since it

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was out of his power to do any real service in it. Mason strongly dissuaded him from such a step, and encouraged him to think that even yet he would be able to make a beginning of his lectures. The exordium of his proposed inauguration speech was all that was found at his death to account for so many efforts and intentions.

In the latter part of May, 1771, Gray went up to London, to his lodgings in Jermyn Street, where, as has been already mentioned, he received the farewell visit from Nichols. He was profoundly wretched; writing to Wharton, he said: "Till this year I hardly knew what mechanical low spirits were; but now I even tremble at an east wind." His cough was incurable, the neuralgic pains in his head were chronic. William Robinson, in describing his last interview with him, said that Gray talked of his own career as a poet, lamented that he had done so little, and began at last, in a repining tone, to complain that he had lost his health just when he had become easy in his circumstances; but on that he checked himself, saying that it was wrong to rail against Providence. As he grew worse and worse, he placed himself under a physician, Dr. Gisborne, who ordered him to leave Bloomsbury, and try a clearer air at Kensington. Probably the last call he ever paid was on Walpole; for hearing that his old friend was about to set out for Paris, Gray visited him. "He complained of being ill," says Walpole, "and talked of the gout in his stomach, but I expected his death no more than my own." During the month of June he received the MS. of Gilpin's Tour down the Wye, and enriched this work, which was not published until 1782, with his notes, being reminiscences of his journey of the preceding year.

On the 22d of July, finding himself alone in London,

and overwhelmed with dejection and the shadow of death, he came back to Cambridge. It was his intention to rest there a day or two, and then to proceed to Old Park, where the Whartons were ready to receive him. He put himself under the treatment of his physician, Dr. Robert Glynn, who had been the author of a successful Seatonian poem, and who dabbled in literature. This Dr. Glynn was conspicuous for his gold-headed cane, scarlet coat, three-cornered hat, and resounding pattens for thirty years after Gray's death, and retains a niche in local history as the last functionary of the University who was buried by torch-light. Dr. Glynn was not at all anxious about Gray's condition, but on Wednesday, the 24th, the poet was so languid that his friend James Brown wrote for him to Dr. Wharton, to warn him that, though Gray did not give over the hopes of taking his journey to Old Park, he was very low and feverish, and could hardly start immediately, That very night, whilst at dinner in the College Hall at Pembroke, Gray felt a sudden nausea, which obliged him to go hurriedly to his own room. He lay down, but he became so violently and constantly sick, that he sent his servant to fetch in Dr. Glynn, who was puzzled at the symptoms, but believed that there was no cause for alarm. Gray grew worse, however, for the gout had reached the stomach; Dr. Glynn became alarmed, and sent for Russell Plumptre, the Regius Professor of Physic. The old doctor was in bed, and refused to get up, for which he was afterwards severely blamed. No skill, however, could have saved Gray. He got through the 25th pretty well, and slept tolerably that night, but after taking some asses'milk, on the morning of the 26th, the spasms in the stomach returned again. Dr. Brown scarcely left him after the first attack, and wrote to all his principal friends

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leg to from the side of his bed. On this day, Thursday, the Master could still hope "that we shall see him well again in a short time." On Sunday, the 29th, Gray was taken with a strong convulsive fit, and these recurred until he died. He retained his senses almost to the last. hewer and Dr. Gisborne arrived from London on the 30th and took leave of their dying friend. His language became less and less coherent, and he was not clearly able to explain to Brown, without a great effort, where his will would be found. He seemed perfectly sensible of his condition, but expressed no concern at the thought of leaving the world. Towards the end he did not suffer at all, but lay in a sort of torpor, out of which he woke to call for his niece, Miss Mary Antrobus. She took his hand, and he said to her in a clear voice, "Molly, I shall die!" He lay quietly after this, without attempting to speak, and ceased to breathe about eleven o'clock, an hour before midnight, on the 30th of July, 1771, aged fifty-four years, seven months, and four days.

James Brown found, in the spot which Gray had indicated, his will. It was dated July 2,1770, and must therefore have been drawn up just before he started on his tour through the Western Counties. Mason and Brown were named his executors. He left his property divided amongst a great number of relations and friends, reserving the largest portions for his niece, Miss Mary Antrobus, and her sister, Mrs. Dorothy Comyns, both of whom were residents at Cambridge, and who had probably looked to his comfort of late years as he had considered their prospects in earlier life. The faithful Stephen Hempstead was not forgotten, whilst Mason and Brown were left residuary legatees. On Brown fell the whole burden of attending to the funeral, for Mason could not be found; he had

taken a holiday, and knew nothing of the whole matter until his letters reached him, in a cluster, at Bridlington Quay, about the 7th of August.

By this time Gray was buried. Brown took the body, in a coffin of seasoned oak, to London, and thence to Stoke. where, on the 6th of August, it was deposited in the vault which contained that of Gray's mother. The mourners were Miss Antrobus, her sister's husband, Mr. Comyns, a shopkeeper at Cambridge, "a young gentleman of Christ's College, with whom Mr. Gray was very intimate," and Brown himself; these persons followed the hearse in a mourning coach. The sum of ten pounds was, at the poet's express wish, distributed among certain "honest and industrious poor persons in the parish" of Stoke-Pogis. As soon as Mason heard the news he crossed the Humber, and reached Cambridge the next day. Brown was a very cautious and punctilious man, and no sooner had he returned to Cambridge than he insisted that Mason should go up to town with him and prove the will. Mason, who throughout showed a characteristic callousness, grumbled, but agreed, and on the 12th of August the will was proved in London.

The executors returned immediately to Cambridge, delivered up the plate, jewellery, linen, and furniture to the Antrobuses, and then Mason packed up the books and papers to be removed to his rooms at York. Once settled there, on the 18th, he began to enjoy the luxury of a literary bereavement. "Come," he says to Dr. Wharton—"come, I beseech you, and condole with me on our mutual, our irreparable loss. The great charge which his dear friendship has laid upon me I feel myself unable to execute, without the advice and assistance of his best friends; you are amongst the first of these." It will hardly

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need viole peop sure be believed that the "great charge" so pompously referred to here is contained in these exceedingly simple words of Gray: "I give to the Reverend William Mason, Precentor of York, all my books, manuscripts, coins, music, printed or written, and papers of all kinds, to preserve or destroy at his own discretion." There is no shadow of doubt that the ambitious and worldly Mason saw here an opportunity of achieving a great literary success, and that he lost no time in posing as Gray's representative and confidant. A few people resisted his pretensions, such as Robinson and Nichols, but they were not writers, and Mason revenged himself by ignoring them. Nor did he take the slightest notice of Bonstetten.

James Brown, le petit bon homme with the warm heart, was kinder and less ambitious. He wrote thoughtful letters to every one, and particularly to the three friends in exile, to Horace Walpole, Nichols, and Bonstetten. Walpole was struck cold in the midst of his frivolities, as if he had suffered in his own person a touch of paralysis; in his letters he seems to whimper and shiver, as much with apprehension as with sorrow. Norton Nichols gave a cry of grief, and very characteristically wrote instantly to his mother, lest she, knowing his love for Gray, should fear that the shock would make him ill. From this exquisite letter we must cite some lines:

"I only write now lest you should be apprehensive on my account since the death of my dear friend. Yesterday's post brought me the fatal news, in a letter from Mr. Brown, that Mr. Gray (all that was most dear to me in this world except yourself) died in the night, about eleven o'clock, between the 30th and 31st of July. . . . You need not be alarmed for me; I am well, and not subject to emotions violent enough to endanger my health, and besides with good, kind people who pity me and can feel themselves. Afflicted you may be sure I am! You who know I considered Mr. Gray as a second par-

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ent, that I thought only of him, built all my happiness on him, talked of him forever, wished him with me whenever I partook of any pleasure, and flew to him for refuge whenever I felt any uneasiness; to whom now shall I talk of all I have seen here? Who will teach me to read, to think, to feel? I protest to you, that whatever I did or thought had a reference to him—'Mr. Gray will be pleased with this when I tell him. I must ask Mr. Gray what he thinks of such a person or thing. He would like such a person or dislike such another.' If I met with any chagrins, I comforted myself that I had a treasure at home; if all the world had despised and hated me, I should have thought myself perfectly recompensed in his friendship. Now remains only one loss more; if I lose you, I am left alone in the world. At present I feel I have lost half of myself. Let me hear that you are well."

Thirty-four years afterwards the hand which penned these unaffected lines wrote down those reminiscencesalas! too brief—which constitute the most valuable impressions of Gray that we possess. It is impossible not to regret that this sincere and tender friend did not undertake that labour of biography which fell into more skilled, but coarser, hands than his. Yet it is no little matter to possess this first outflow of grief and affection. It assures us that, with all his melancholy and self-torture, the great spirit of Gray was not without its lively consolations, and that he gained of Heaven the boon for which he had prayed, a friend of friends. Nichols, Bonstetten, Robinson, Wharton, Stonehewer, and Brown were undistinguished names of unheroic men who are interesting to posterity only because, with that unselfish care which only a great character and sweetness of soul have power to rouse, they loved, honoured, cherished this silent and melancholy and orite. Dearer friends, better and more devoted companions through a slow and unexhilarating career, no man famous in literature has possessed, and we feel that not to recog-

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nize this magnetic power of attracting good souls around him would be to lose sight of Gray's peculiar and signal charm. It is true that, like the moon, he was "dark to them, and silent;" that he received, and lacked the power to give; they do not seem to have required from him the impossible, they accepted his sympathy, and rejoiced in his inexpressive affection; and when he was taken from them they regarded his memory as fanatics regard the sayings and doings of the founder of their faith. Gray "never spoke out," Brown said; he lived, more even than the rest of us, in an involuntary isolation, a pathetic type of the solitude of the soul.

"Yes! in the sea of life enisled,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal myriads live alone.
The islands feel the enclasping flow,
And then their endless bounds they know."

CHAPTER X.

POSTHUMOUS.

THE earliest tribute to the mind and character of Gray was published in 1772 in the March number of a rather dingy periodical, issued under Dr. Johnson's protection, and entitled The London Magazine. This was written in the form of a letter to Boswell by a man who had little sympathy with Gray as a poet or as a wit, but was well fitted to comprehend him as a scholar, the Reverend William. J. Temple, Rector of St. Glavias. This gentleman, who had been a Fellow of Trinity Hall during Gray's residence in Cambridge, and who is frequently mentioned in the poet's later letters, was almost the only existing link between the circles ruled respectively by Gray and Samuel Johnson, Cole being perhaps the one other person known to both these mutually repellent individuals. Temple's contribution to the London Magazine is styled A Sketch of the Character of the Celebrated Poet, Mr. Gray, and is ushered in by the editor with some perfunctory compliments to the poems. But Temple's own remarks are very valuable, and may be reprinted here, especially as the careful Mitford and every succeeding writer seem to have been content to quote them from Johnson's inaccurate transcript:

"Perhaps Mr. Gray was the most learned man in Europe: he was equally acquainted with the elegant and profound parts of science, and not superficially, but thoroughly. He knew every branch of his-

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tory, both natural and civil; had read all the original historians of England, France, and Italy; and was a great antiquarian. Criticism, metaphysics, morals, politics, made a principal part of his plan of study. Voyages and travels of all sorts were his favourite amusement; and he had a fine taste in painting, prints, architecture, and gardening. With such a fund of knowledge, his conversation must have been equally instructing and entertaining. But he was also a good man, a well-bred man, a man of virtue and humanity. There is no character without some speck, some imperfection; and I think the greatest defect in his was an affectation in delicacy, or rather effeminacy, and a visible fastidiousness or contempt and disdain of his inferiors in science. He also had in some degree that weakness which disgusted Voltaire so much in Mr. Congreve. Though he seemed to value others chiefly according to the progress they had made in knowledge, yet he could not bear to be considered himself merely as a man of letters; and though without birth, or fortune, or station, his desire was to be looked upon as a private gentleman, who read for his amusement."

Against the charge of priggishness, which seems to be contained in these last lines, we may place Norton Nichols's anecdote, that having in the early part of their acquaintance remarked that some person was "a clever man,"he was cut short by Gray, who said, "Tell me if he is good for anything." Another saying of his, that genius and the highest acquirements of science were as nothing compared with "that exercise of right reason which Plato called virtue," is equally distinct as evidence that he did not place knowledge above conduct. But the earlier part of Temple's article, which regards Gray's learning and acquisitions of every sort, is of great value. Another of the poet's contemporaries, Robert Potter, the translator of Æschylus, and one of the foremost scholars of the time, followed with a similar statement: "Mr. Gray was perhaps the most learned man of the age, but his mind never contracted the rust of pedantry. He had too good an

understanding to neglect that urbanity which renders society pleasing: his conversation was instructing, elegant, and agreeable. Superior knowledge, an exquisite taste in the fine arts, and, above all, purity of morals, and an unaffected reverence for religion, made this excellent person an ornament to society, and an honour to human nature."

Mason lost no time in giving out that he was collecting materials for a life of Gray. His first literary act was to print for private circulation in 1772 the opening book of his didactic poem The English Garden, which he had written as early as 1767, but which Gray had never allowed him to print, speaking freely of it as being nonsense. But Mason loved the children of his brain, and could not support the idea that one of them should be withheld from the world. With great naïveté he attempted to argue the matter with the shade of his great friend in a third book which he added in 1772:

"Clos'd is that curious ear, by Death's cold hand,
That mark'd each error of my careless strain
With kind severity; to whom my Muse
Still lov'd to whisper what she meant to sing
In louder accent; to whose taste supreme
She first and last appealed."

But still the departed friend may be invoked by the Muse,

"And still, by Fancy sooth'd,
"Fain would she hope her Gray attends the call."

Mason then refers, in the flat, particular manner native to eighteenth century elegy, to the urn and bust and sculptured lyre which he had placed to the memory of Gray in a rustic alcove in the garden at Aston, and then he approaches the awkward circumstance that Gray considered The English Garden trash:

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"Oft, 'smiling as in scorn,' oft would he cry,
'Why waste thy numbers on a trivial art
That ill can mimic even the humblest charms
Of all-majestic Nature?' At the word
His eye would glisten, and his accents glow
With all the poet's frenzy: 'Sovereign Queen!
Behold, and tremble, while thou viewest her state
Thron'd on the heights of Skiddaw: trace her march
Amid the purple crags of Borrowdale.

E'er brace the sinews of enervate art
To such dread daring? Will it even direct
Her hand to emulate those softer charms
That deck the banks of Dove, or call to birth
The bare romantic crags?" etc.

It seems highly probable that, stripped of the charms of blank verse, this is precisely what Gray was constantly saying to Mason, who greatly preferred artificial cascades and myrtle grots to all the mountains in Christendom. On the fly-leaf of this private edition of *The English Garden* in 1772 appeared the first general announcement of the coming biography.

The work progressed very slowly. From the family of West, who had now been dead thirty years, Mason was fortunate enough to secure a number of valuable letters, but it was difficult to fill up the hiatus between the close of this correspondence and the beginning of Mason's personal acquaintance with Gray. Wharton and Horace Walpole came very kindly to his aid, and he was able to collect a considerable amount of material. It is distressing to think of the mass of papers, letters, verses, and other documents which Mason possessed, and of the comparatively small use which he made of them. He conceived the happy notion, which does not seem to have been thought of by any previous writer, of allowing Gray

to tell his own story by means of his letters; but he vitiated the evidence so put before the world by tampering grossly with the correspondence. He confessed to Norton Nichols, who was angry at this, that "much liberty was taken in transposing parts of the letters," but he did not go on to mention that he allowed himself to interpolate and erase passages, to conceal proper names, to mutilate the original MSS, and to alter dates and opinions. He was very anxious that what he called his "fidelity" should not "be impeached" to the public and the critics, but declared that he had only acted for the honour of Gray himself. It is probable that in his foolish heart Mason really did consider that he was respecting Gray in thus brushing his clothes and washing his hands for him before allowing the world to see him. He thought that a ruffled wig or a disordered shoe-tie would destroy his hero's credit with the judicious, and accordingly he removed all that was silly and natural from the letters. This determination to improve Gray has marred, also, the slender thread of biography by which the letters are linked together, yet to a less degree than might be supposed, and the student finds himself constantly returning to Mason's meagre and slipshod narrative for some fact which has been less exactly stated by the far more careful and critical Mitford. Mason had too much literary ability, and had known Gray too intimately and too long, to make his book other than valuable. It is faulty and unfinished, but it is a sketch from the life. It appeared, in two quarto volumes, in June, 1775, and was received with great warmth by the critics, the public, and all but the intimate friends of Gray. Mason often reprinted this book, which continued to be a sort of classic until Mitford commenced his investigations.

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It has generally been acknowledged that Johnson's life of Gray is the worst section in his delightful series. It formed the last chapter but one in the fourth volume of the Lives of the Poets, and was written when its author was tired of his task, and longing to be at rest again. is barren and meagre of fact to the last degree. Cole, the antiquary, gave into Johnson's charge a collection of anecdotes and sayings of Gray which he had formed in connexion with the poet's Cambridge friends, especially Tyson and Sparrow, but the lexicographer was disinclined to make any use of them, and they were dispersed and lost. We have already seen that these two great men, the leading men of letters of their age in England, were radically wanting in sympathy. Gray disliked Johnson personally, apparently preserving the memory of some chance meeting in which the sage had been painfully self-asserting and oppressive; he was himself a lover of limpid and easy prose, and a master of the lighter parts of writing, and therefore condemned the style of Dr. Johnson hastily, as being wholly turgid and vicious. Yet he respected his character, and has recorded the fact that Johnson often went out in the streets of London with his pockets full of silver, and had given it all away before he returned home.

Johnson's portrait of Gray is somewhat more judicial than this, but just as unsympathetic. Yet he made one remark, after reading a few of Gray's letters, which seems to me to surpass in acumen all the generalities of Mason, namely, that though Gray was fastidious and hard to please, he was a man likely to love much where he loved at all. But for Gray's poems Johnson had little but bewilderment. If they had not received the warm sanction of critics like Warburton and Hurd, and the admiration of such friends

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of his own as Boswell and Garrick, it seems likely that Johnson would not have acknowledged in them any merit whatever. Where he approves of them no praise could be fainter; where he objects he is even more trenchant and contemptuous than usual. The Elegy in a Country Church-yard and the Ode on Adversity are the only pieces in the whole repertory of Gray to which he allows the tempered eulogy that he is not willing to withhold from Mallet or Shenstone. We shall probably acquit the sturdy critic of any unfairness, even involuntary, when we perceive that for the poetry of Collins, who was his friend and the object of his benefactions, he has even less toleration than for the poetry of Gray.

When we examine Johnson's strictures more exactly still we find that the inconsistency which usually accompanied the expression of his literary opinions does not forsake him here. Even when Johnson is on safe ground, as when he is weighing in a very careful balance the Epitaphs of Pope, he is never a sure critic; he brings his excellent common-sense to bear on the subject in hand, but is always in too great haste to be closing not to omit some essential observation. But when discussing poetry so romantic in its nature as that of Gray, he deals blows even more at random than usual. The Ode on Adversity meets with his warmest approbation, and he suggests no objection to its allegorical machinery, to much of which no little exception might now be taken. But the Eton Ode, with strange want of caution, he declaims against in detail, blaming at one time what posterity is now content to admire, and at the other what his own practice in verse might have amply justified. "The Prospect of Eton College suggests nothing to Gray which every beholder does not equally think and feel;" that is to say, which every

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susceptible and cultivated beholder does not feel in a certain vein of reflection; but this, so far from being a fault, is the touch of nature which makes the poem universally interesting. "His supplication to Father Thames, to tell him who drives the hoop or tosses the ball, is useless and puerile. Father Thames has no better means of knowing than himself." In this case Johnson was instantly reminded that Father Nile had been called upon for information exactly analogous in the pages of Rasselas. "His epither buxom health is not elegant," but to us it seems appropriate, which is better. Finally, Johnson finds that "redolent of joy and youth" is an expression removed beyond apprehension, and is an imitation of a phrase of Dryden's misunderstood; but here Gray proves himself the better scholar. It may be conjectured that he found this word redolent, of which he was particularly fond, amongst the old Scots poets of the sixteenth century, whom he was the first to unearth. Dunbar and Scot love to talk of the "redolent rose."

The phrases above quoted constitute Johnson's entire criticism of the Eton Ode, and it is of a kind which, however vigorously expressed, would not nowadays be considered competent before the least accredited of tribunals. The examination of the two Pindaric odes is conducted on more conscientious but not more sympathetic principles. To the experiments in metre, to the verbal and quantitative felicities, Johnson is absolutely deaf. He does not entirely deny merit to the poems, but he contrives, most ingeniously, to hesitate contempt. "My process," he says, "has now brought me to the wonderful wonder of wonders, the two Sister Odes; by which, though either vulgar ignorance or common-sense at first universally rejected them, many have been since persuaded to think

themselves delighted. I am one of those that are willing to be pleased, and therefore would gladly find the meaning of the first stanza of the Progress of Poetry." Johnson, it is obvious enough, is on the side of "commonsense." The difficulty which he was pleased to find in the opening stanza of the ode is one which he would have been the first to denounce as whimsical and paltry if brought forward by some other critic. Gray describes the formation of poetry under the symbol of a widening river, calm and broad in its pastoral moments, loud, riotous, and resonant when swollen by passion or anger. Johnson, to whom the language of Greek poetry and the temper of Greek thought were uncongenial, refused to grasp this direct imagery, and said that if the poet was speaking of music, the expression "rolling down the steep amain" was nonsense, and if of water, nothing to the point. So good a scholar should have known, and any biographer should have noticed, that Gray had pointed out that, as usual in Pindar, whom he is here closely paraphrasing, the subject and simile are united. Johnson was careless enough to blame Gray for inventing the compound adjective velvet-green, although Pope and Young, poets after Johnson's own heart, had previously used it. The rest of his criticism is equally faulty, and from the same causes haste, and want of sympathy.

Johnson's attack did nothing at first to injure Gray's position as a poet. Yet there can be no doubt that, in the process of time, the great popularity of the Lives of the Poets, and the oblivion into which Mason's life has fallen, have done something sensibly to injure Gray with the unthinking. Even in point of history the life of Gray is culpably full of errors, and might as well have been written if Mason's laborious work had never been published.

There is, however, one point on which Johnson did early justice to Gray, and that is in commending the picturesque grace of his descriptions of the country. Against the condemnation of Johnson there were placed, almost instantly, the enthusiastic praises of Adam Smith, Gibbon, Hume, Mackintosh, and others of no less authority, who were unanimous in ranking his poetry only just below that of Shakspeare and Milton. This view continued until the splendours of the neo-romantic school, especially the reputations of Wordsworth and Byron, reduced the luminary and deprived it of its excess of light. The Lake School, particularly Coleridge, professed that Gray had been unfairly overrated, and it was rather Byron and Shelley who sustained his fame, as in some directions they continued his tradition.

It would be to leave this little memoir imperfect if we did not follow the destinies of that group of intimate friends who survived the poet, and whose names are indissolubly connected with his. The one who died first was Lord Strathmore, who passed away, prematurely, in 1776. James Brown continued to hold the Mastership of Pembroke, and to enjoy the reputation of a gentle and good-natured old man, until 1784, when he followed his friend to the grave. Young men of letters, such as Sir Egerton Brydges, considered it a privilege to be asked to the Master's Lodge, and to take tea with the man in whose arms Gray breathed his last, although Brown had no great power of reminiscence, and had not much to tell such eager questioners. Of himself it was told that his ways were so extremely punctilious as to amuse Gray, himself a very regular man, and that once, when the friends were going to start together at a certain hour, and the time had just arrived, Brown rose and began to walk to and fro,

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whereupon Gray exclaimed, "Look at Brown, he is going to strike!" Dr. Thomas Wharton (who must never be confounded with Thomas Warton, the poet-laureate) continued to live at his house at Old Park, Durham, where Gray had so often spent delightful weeks. He died in 1794 at a great age, and left his ample correspondence with Gray to his second son, a man of some literary pretensions, of whom Sir Egerton Brydges has given an interesting account. Mason and Walpole, whose careers are too well known to be dwelt upon here, survived their celebrated friend by more than a quarter of a century. Horace Walpole died on March 2, and Mason on April 4, 1797.

At the close of the century several of Gray's early friends still survived. The Rev. William Robinson, having reached the age of seventy-six, died in December, 1803. On his tomb in the church of Monks' Horton, in Kent, it was stated that he was "especially intimate with the poet Gray," with whom he probably became acquainted through the accident that his mother, after his father's death, made Dr. Conyers Middleton her second husband. was the Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu who wrote the Essay on Shakspeare, and who patronized Dr. Johnson. and faithful Stonehewer died at a very advanced age in 1809, bequeathing to Pembroke Hall those commonplacebooks of Gray's from which Mathias reaped his bulky volumes, and yet left much for me to glean. Norton Nichols died Rector of Lound and Bradwell, in Suffolk, on the 22d of November, in the same year, 1809, having fortunately placed on paper, four years before, his exquisite reminiscences of Gray. He also bears on his memorial tablet, in Richmond church, his claim to the regard of posterity: "He was the friend of the illustrious Gray."

The most remarkable, certainly the most original, of

Gray's friends, was also the most long-lived. Charles Victor de Bonstetten had but just begun his busy and eccentric career when he crossed the orbit of Gray. He lived not merely to converse with Byron but to survive him, and to see a new age of literature inaugurated. He was a copious writer, and his works enjoyed a certain vogue. His well-known description of Gray occurs in a book of studies published in 1831, the year before he died, Les Souvenirs du Chevalier de Bonstetten. In the most chatty of his books, L'Homme du Midi et l'homme du Nord, he says that he found in England that friendship of the most intimate kind could subsist between persons who were satisfied to remain absolutely silent in one another's presence. There may be a touch of the reserve of Gray in this vague allusion.

In Bonstetten the romantic seed which Gray may be supposed to have sown burst into extravagant blossom. His conduct in private life seems, from what can be gathered, to have been founded on a perusal of La Nouvelle Heloise, and though he was a pleasant little fat man, with rosy cheeks, his conduct was hardly up to the standard which Gray would have approved of. Bonstetten may, perhaps, be described as a smaller Benjamin Constant; like him, he was Swiss by birth, first roused to intellectual interest in England, and finally sentimentalized in Germany; but he was not quite capable of writing Adolphe. Bonstetten followed Gray in studying the Scandinavian tongues; he acquainted himself with Icelandic, and wrote copiously, though not very wisely, on the Eddas. brought out a German edition of his works at Copenhagen, where he spent some time, and whither he pursued his eccentric friend Matthison. Bonstetten died at Genoa in February, 1832, at the age of eighty-seven. The 222

last survivor amongst people whom Gray knew was probably the Earl of Burlington, "little brother George," who died in 1834. Perhaps the last person who was certainly in Gray's presence was Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges, who was present, at the age of three, at a wedding at which Gray assisted, and who died in 1837.

Gray was rather short in stature, of graceful build in early life, but too plump in later years. He walked in a wavering and gingerly manner, the result, probably, of weakness. Besides the portraits already described in the body of this memoir, there is a painting at Pembroke Hall by Benjamin Wilson, F.R.S., a versatile artist, whose work was at one time considered equal to that of Hogarth. This portrait is in profile; it was evidently painted towards the close of the poet's life; the cheeks are puffed, and the lips have fallen inwards through lack of teeth. Gray is also stated to have sat to one of the Vanderguchts, but this portrait seems to have disappeared. In 1778 Mason commissioned the famous sculptor John Bacon, who was just then executing various works in Westminster Abbey, to carve the medallion now existing in Poets' Corner; as Bacon had never seen Gray, Mason lent him a profile drawing by himself, the original of which, a hideous little work, is now preserved at Pembroke. A bust of Gray, by Behnes, founded on the fullface portrait by Eckhardt, stands, with those of other famous scholars, in Upper School, at Eton.

No monument of any kind perpetuates the memory of Gray in the university town where he resided so long, and of which he is one of the most illustrious ornaments. In 1776, according to a College Order which Mr. J. W. Clark has kindly copied for me: "James Brown, Master, and William Mason, Fellow, each gave fifty pounds to

establish a building fund in memory of Thomas Gray the Poet, who had long resided in the College." The fund so started gradually accumulated until it amounted to a very large sum. Certain alterations were made, but nothing serious was attempted until about thirty years ago, Mr. Cory, a Fellow of the college, took down the Christopher Wren doorway to the hall, and attempted to harmonize the whole structure to Gothic. Still the Gray Building Fund was accumulating, and the college was becoming less and less able to accommodate its inhabitants. It was determined at last to carry out the scheme proposed nearly a century before by Brown and Mason. In March, 1870, the work was put into the hands of Mr. Alfred Waterhouse. He was at work on the college until 1879, and in his hands, if it is no longer picturesque, it is thoroughly comfortable and habitable.

It is unfortunate that, in all this vast expenditure of money, not one penny was spent in commemoration of the man in whose name it was collected. Not a medallion, not a tablet within Pembroke College bears witness to any respect for the memory of Gray on the part of the society amongst whom he lived for so many years. Indeed, if strangers did not periodically inquire for his room, it is probable that the name of Gray would be as completely forgotten at Pembroke as at Peterhouse, where also no monument of any kind preserves the record of his presence. When we reflect how differently the fame of a great man is honoured in France or Germany or Italy, we have little on which to congratulate our national self-satisfaction.

THE END.