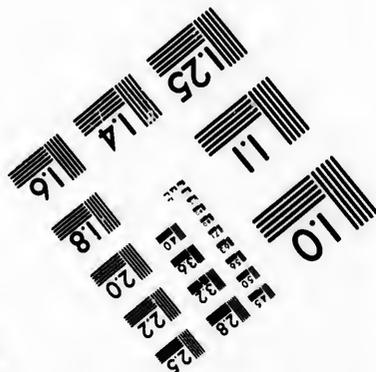
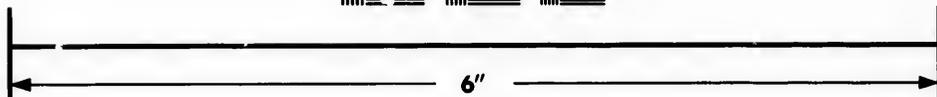
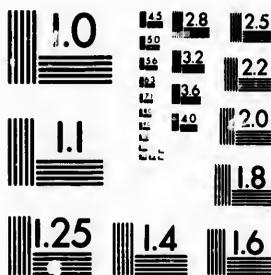


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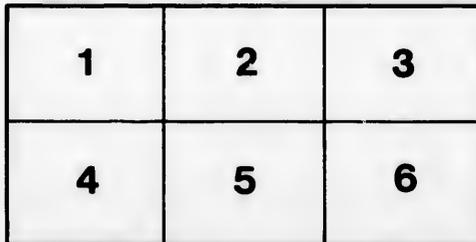
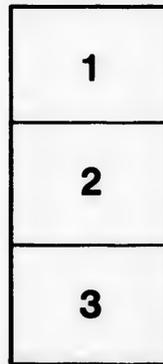
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COLERIDGE'S  
ANCIENT MARINER

AND SELECTED MINOR POEMS,

AND

MACAULAY'S  
ESSAY ON WARREN HASTINGS.

EDITED, WITH NOTES, ETC.,

BY

J. M. BUCHAN, M.A.,

*Principal Upper Canada College; late Inspector of High Schools for Ontario.*

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Toronto:  
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# PREFACE.

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It is recommended that the student should first read *The Ancient Mariner* rapidly in order to grasp its general meaning. He should next read the critical analysis. The same course having been pursued with the other poems, the life of Coleridge should be studied with the special view of discovering what light the poems and the life throw on each other. After this selected portions should be committed to memory and the versification and notes studied. It is suggested that the following passages should be learnt by heart:—

## THE ANCIENT MARINER.

- Part i. 51-62.  
" ii. 31-48.  
" iii. 48-52, 57-60.  
" iv. 40-64.  
" v. 22-35, 59-81.  
" vi. 33-42, 59-70.  
" vii. 84-112.

## FRANCE.

The first and last stanzas.

## DEJECTION.

Stanzas 4, 5, and 6.

## TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Lines 45-50, 61-91, 101-112.

## YOUTH AND AGE.

The whole.

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LIFE OF  
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

A.D. 1772-1834.

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The Coleridge\* family, for reasons which do credit to the fineness of their feelings, have never deemed it wise to place at the disposal of the public the biographical material they possess, and the consequence is that no full life of this great man has yet been written. The results of their reticence and caution have been both good and bad. If, on the one hand, a prurient public has not, as in some instances, been permitted to

"Peer,  
Spy, smirk, scoff, snap, snort, snivel, snarl, and sneer,"

on the other, the compiler of a biographical notice is reduced to the necessity of filling up important gaps by inference and conjecture.

The chief reason for studying the lives of great men is to gain insight into their characters. Character is formed in youth and is the result of the development and repression of inherited tendencies and aptitudes under the moulding influences of training and surroundings. The source of his great powers has not in the case of Coleridge, any more than in that of most other men of genius, been satisfactorily traced; but the records of his family since his time attest a tendency to produce men of conspicuous ability, of which the present Lord Chief Justice of England is a living example. The name Coleridge, according to De Quincy, has been immemorially associated with the south of Devonshire. Before the poet's time, however, it had not been borne by any famous man.

He was born on the 21st of October, 1772, at Ottery St. Mary in Devonshire, and was the youngest of his father's thirteen and his mother's ten children. His father, the Rev. John Coleridge, was vicar of Ottery St. Mary and headmaster of Henry VIII's Free Grammar School in that town. He had been educated at Cambridge, and "was a country clergyman and schoolmaster of no ordinary kind. He was

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\* The pronunciation of this name is indicated by Coleridge himself in the following couplet:

"Could you stand upon Skiddaw, you would not from its whole ridge  
See a man who so loves you as your fond S. T. Coleridge."

a good Greek and Latin scholar, a profound Hebraist, and, according to the measure of his day, an accomplished mathematician. He was on terms of literary friendship with Samuel Babcock, and, by his knowledge of Hebrew, rendered material assistance to Dr. Kennicott in his well-known critical works. Some curious papers on theological and antiquarian subjects appear with his signature in the early numbers of *The Gentleman's Magazine* between the years 1745 and 1780. . . . In 1768 he published *Miscellaneous Dissertations*, arising from the 17th and 18th chapters of the Book of Judges: in which a very learned and ingenious attempt is made to relieve the character of Micah from the charge of idolatry ordinarily brought against it; and in 1772 appeared a critical Latin Grammar which his son called his best work, and which is not wholly unknown even now to the inquisitive by the proposed substitution of the terms prior, possessive, attributive, posterior, interjective and quale-quare-quidditive for the vulgar names of the cases. . . . He also published a Latin Exercise book and a sermon," and his school was celebrated. He had the amusing habit of quoting Hebrew in his sermons to his rustic parishioners as the "immediate language of the Holy Ghost," a practice which rendered it difficult for his successor, who was not given to citing the Old Testament in the original, to establish a reputation for attainments. In learning, good-heartedness, absentness of mind and excessive ignorance of the world, he was, according to his son, a perfect Parson Adams.

Coleridge's mother, Ann Bowdon, was a member of a family that had resided in Devonshire for many generations. She was, we are told, an admirable economist, and had naturally a strong mind, but was uneducated. "Possessing none even of the most common female accomplishments of her day, she had neither love nor sympathy for the display of them in others. She disliked, as she would say, 'your harpsichord ladies,' and strongly tried to impress on her sons their little value in their choice of wives." She was a very good woman, very ambitious for her sons, and like Martha over careful in many things; but lacked "perhaps that flow of heart which her husband possessed so largely."

From what we know of his parents it is clear that the poet very strongly resembled his father. Whether he did so physically we are not told, but it is noteworthy that both died at the same age, namely about sixty-two. Mentally and morally they were obviously very similar. The father's learning, good-heartedness, and absentness of mind were all reproduced in the son. In both there was the same tendency to stray into remote nooks and corners of the fields of knowledge; in both the same tendency to digress from their subject and

discourse *de omnibus rebus*. The father's *Miscellaneous Dissertation arising from the 17th and 18th Chapters of the Book of Judges* begins with a well written preface on the Bible, and ends with an advertisement of his school and his method of teaching Latin. The son's *Friend* purports to be a methodical series of essays having for its object to assist the mind in the formation for itself of sound principles in regard to the investigation, perception, and retention of truth; yet it contains besides essays joined to the main dissertation by the slenderest connecting links, matter so utterly foreign to the purpose as a description of Christmas within and out of doors in North Germany and the life of Sir Alexander Ball. The same discursiveness appeared in his conversation. Hazlitt said that "his talk was excellent if you let him start from no premises and come to no conclusion."

Like nearly all youngest children Coleridge was petted and spoiled, and the more so on account of the early development of his great abilities. To the unwise over-kindness of his mother whose favourite he was, and the injudicious praise of his abilities by admiring friends, we may safely attribute in part at least his unmanly abnegation of his duty to his family and his general moral weakness in his later life. His precocity was indeed very marked, and it was accompanied by an indisposition to bodily activity, which probably weakened his health and reacted upon his temper.

In his second year he went to a dame's school. In his third he was inoculated, and at its close could read a chapter in the Bible. He remained at the dame's school till he was six, and describes himself as very unhappy during this period, being hated, and thumped, and called ill-names by his brother Frank and his nurse Molly for being his mother's favourite.

"So I became fretful and timorous and a tell-tale, and the school-boys drove me from play and were always tormenting me. And hence I took no pleasure in boyish sports, but read incessantly. I read through all the gilt-covered little books that could be had at that time, and all the uncovered tales of Tom Nickathrift, Jack the Giant-killer and the like. And I used to lie by the wall and mope; and my spirits used to come upon me suddenly and in a flood; and then I was accustomed to run up and down the churchyard, and act all that I had been reading on the docks, the nettles, and the rank grass. At six years of age I remember to have read Belisarius, Robinson Crusoe and Philip Quarles; and then I found the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, one tale of which (the tale of a man who was compelled to seek for a pure virgin) made so deep an impression on me (I had read it in the evening while my mother was at her needle) that I was haunted by

spectres whenever I was in the dark; and I distinctly recollect the anxious and fearful eagerness with which I used to watch the window where the book lay, and when the sun came upon it, I would seize it, carry it by the wall, and bask, and read. My father found out the effect which these books had produced, and burned them.

"So I became a dreamer and acquired an indisposition to all bodily activity; and I was fretful and inordinately passionate; and as I could not play at anything, and was slothful, I was despised and hated by the boys: and because I could read and spell, and had, I may truly say, a memory and understanding forced into almost unnatural ripeness, I was flattered and wondered at by all the old women. And so I became very vain and despised most of the boys that were at all near my own age, and before I was eight years old I was a *character*. Sensibility, imagination, vanity, sloth, and feelings of deep and bitter contempt for almost all who traversed the orbit of my understanding, were even then prominent and manifest."

During the next three years, or until he was nine, he was a pupil in his father's school. His principal reminiscence of this period is concerned with a quarrel with his brother Frank, which resulted in Samuel's running away and sleeping out of doors one stormy October night. When he was nearly nine years of age his father suddenly and unexpectedly died, and the poet's home training was brought to a close. During this period his father's influence had been much more potent than his mother's. In fact the latter seems to have impressed herself less upon her famous son than is usually the case with mothers of men of genius. But of his father he writes, thirty years after his death: "The image of my Father, my revered, kind, learned, simple-hearted Father is a religion to me."

In his tenth year, that is in 1782, the influence of a friend and former pupil of his father procured for Coleridge admission to Christ's Hospital, an old and famous school in London. Here he remained for eight years, and here began what was destined to prove a life-long friendship with Charles Lamb, the humorous author of the *Essays of Elia*. The diet of the boys was not satisfactory, and Coleridge afterwards thought that its scantiness had injured his health. They had "every morning a bit of dry bread and some bad small beer; every evening a larger piece of bread and cheese or butter, whichever we liked; for dinner—on Sunday, boiled beef and broth; Monday, bread and butter, and milk and water; Tuesday, roast mutton; Wednesday, bread and butter, and rice and milk; Thursday, boiled beef and broth; Friday, boiled mutton and broth; Saturday, bread and butter, and ~~pease~~ porridge. Our food was portioned, and, excepting on Wednes-

days, I never had a belly full. Our appetites were damped, never satisfied ; and we had no vegetables."

Their fare was by no means Sybaritic; "yet it must not be supposed that Coleridge was an unhappy boy. He was naturally of a joyous temperament, and in one amusement, swimming, he excelled and took singular delight. Indeed he believed, and probably with truth, that his health was seriously injured by his excess in bathing, coupled with such tricks as swimming across the New River in his clothes, and drying them on his back, and the like. But reading was a perpetual feast to him," and he was afforded the means of indulging in it by a singular incident. Going down the Strand, in one of his day-dreams, he fancied himself Leander swimming across the Hellespont, and as he thrust out his hands before him, as if in the act of swimming, one of them came into contact with a gentleman's pocket. The owner of the pocket seized him and charged him with an attempt at theft, and, the frightened boy having sobbed out a denial and the explanation of what had occurred, was so struck with his appearance and conversation that he made him free of a circulating library in King Street, Cheapside. "Here," Coleridge says, "I read the catalogue, folios and all, whether I understood them or did not understand them, running all the risks in skulking out to get the two volumes which I was entitled to have daily."

Coleridge's talents kept him continually at the head of his classes, unspurred by either ambition or emulation, to both which influences, he, like his father, was singularly insensible. No attention seems to have been paid to the moral or spiritual culture of the boys; but the head master, the Rev. James Bowyer, was a good scholar and teacher, and possessed of sound literary judgment. Coleridge's faculty for writing verse rapidly developed itself here, and, when he had reached his fifteenth year, he had already produced two or three English poems which were somewhat above mediocrity. But such precocity is not nearly so unusual as the early indication of his taste for metaphysics. For about two years, namely from his fifteenth to his seventeenth year, he almost abandoned poetry, and plunged headlong into metaphysical and theological speculations. It is to this period evidently that Charles Lamb's glowing description of Coleridge as a boy applies.

"Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope, like a fiery column before thee,—the dark pillar not yet turned,—Samuel Taylor Coleridge,—Logician, Metaphysician, Bard!—How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the speech and the garb of this young *Mirandula*),

to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Iamblichus or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar,—while the walls of the old Grey Friars reëchoed with the accents of the inspired charity boy!"

A reaction in favour of poetry took place in his seventeenth year under the influence of what are now considered the mediocre sonnets of William Lisle Bowles,\* and to poetry he mainly devoted himself until he fell under the influence of opium in 1801, or thereabouts.

So devoid of ordinary ambition was Coleridge, and so much did he desire to escape from school that he attempted to get himself apprenticed to a shoemaker. To this the head master would not consent, but put him in the University Class. He left school in 1790, and proceeded to Cambridge in 1791. Here he is reported to have been studious, but withal ever ready to talk; his room being a constant rendezvous of conversation-loving friends. He won the Brown Medal for a Greek Ode on the Slave Trade, and competed unsuccessfully for other similar prizes; but his reading was for the most part desultory and capricious. He here became an avowed democrat and admirer of the French Revolution like Wordsworth, Southey, and many other youthful contemporaries. Here he also became a Unitarian under the influence of one Friend, a fellow of his college, who was deprived of his fellowship for sedition and defamation of the Church of England by printing Unitarian doctrines.

In the latter part of 1793 a singular episode occurred in his college career. On account of a disappointment in love or the pressure of debt, or of both combined, Coleridge suddenly left Cambridge for London and, after exhausting his slender stock of money, enlisted as a private in the Fifteenth Light Dragoons under the name of Silas Titus Comberback, thus preserving the initials S. T. C. As his assumed surname denotes (Comberback=cumber back), a more unpromising recruit has seldom entered a cavalry regiment. Here he remained for some months, but not long enough to receive the benefits, moral, mental, and physical, of a thorough course of drill and discipline—a course which Mr. Traill appears to be right in thinking would have assisted in remedying some of the weaknesses and defects of Coleridge's nature. His discovery is said to have been due to his attracting the attention of his captain by having written a Latin quotation on a wall of the stables. The officer interested himself forthwith to procure a dis-

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\* Delightful Bowles! still blessing and still blest;  
All like thy strains, but children like them best.—*Byron*,

charge, which was obtained in April, 1794, and the ex-dragon returned to Cambridge.

In the summer of this year he met for the first time Robert Southey, the poet, and Sarah Fricker, who afterwards became his wife. Lovell, who had married Mary Fricker, one of her sisters, Southey, who was engaged to another, and Coleridge at this time evolved a project of emigrating to America and founding a socialist community on the banks of the Susquehanna. This community was to be a pantisocracy, that is, an organization all the members of which have equal powers. This poetical scheme came to nothing for the most prosaic of reasons—the inability of its projectors to pay their passage to the Western World. In September Coleridge returned to Cambridge to keep what proved to be his last term there. He left the university without taking a degree, and as no explanation of this termination of his Cambridge career has been given by him, it has been conjectured that the escapade of the preceding winter, his zeal for the French Revolution, and the fervour of his pantisocratic sentiments may have combined to render a longer residence there disagreeable to him, and possibly distasteful to the authorities. It may be suggested as an additional and cogent reason that the Unitarian views which he had adopted rendered it impossible for him to carry out his father's wish and enter the Church, or even to express a belief in the Thirty-Nine Articles which it was then necessary to do in order to obtain a degree.

At any rate towards the end of 1794 Coleridge launched out into the world with great and highly cultivated faculties and a memory richly stored for his age with various knowledge. His appearance was striking. He was five feet nine and a-half inches in height and strongly built. Though the lower part of his face was weak, his eyes and forehead redeemed it. Wordsworth speaks of him as

"The rapt one of the god-like forehead,  
The heaven-eyed creature,"

and again as

"A noticeable man with large grey eyes."

Carlyle says his eyes were light hazel, which is probably the more accurate description. His hair was black, or nearly so, and half-curling, his mouth wide, his lips thick, his teeth not very good, his forehead overhanging, and his skin fair. His voice was musical, deep, and powerful. According to Wordsworth, whom we quote again, he had

"A pale face that seemed undoubtedly  
As if a blooming face it ought to be;  
Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear,  
Deprest by weight of musing phantasy;  
Profound his forehead was, though not severe."

With these advantages, mental and physical, our hero set out on his career as a man, and earned for about three years a precarious living as a lecturer, poet, editor, and preacher in Unitarian pulpits. The faults in his character soon became manifest, an unconquerable dilatoriness which rendered it impossible to rely on his promise to do anything, an unmanly disposition to allow his wants to be provided for by others, and a tendency to make and announce plans and projects, and to imagine that when he had done so they were nearly executed. In 1795 he married, and his married life was for some years a happy one. In politics he was at this time strongly opposed to Pitt and the war against France, and his views were very forcibly expressed in his lectures and in *The Watchman*, a weekly newspaper, of which he published ten numbers. The year 1797 may be termed the Annus Mirabilis of his life as in it he wrote his finest and most characteristic poems--*The Ancient Mariner*, the first part of *Christabel*, and *Kubla Khan*, as well as his best tragedy, *Remorse*, the *Ode to France*, and the beautiful little poem entitled *Love*. In this year, too, he formed the acquaintance of Wordsworth and his sister whom he impressed as no other contemporary seems to have impressed them. This was the beginning of a life-long friendship, of which one of the first fruits was the production of a joint volume of verse, the *Lyrical Ballads*, among which *The Ancient Mariner* was included.

In the year in which the volume was published, namely 1798, Coleridge made up his mind to accept and did accept a call from the Unitarian congregation at Shrewsbury to act as their pastor, but was induced to reconsider his acceptance at the instance of the Messrs. Wedgewood, sons of the famous manufacturer of porcelain, and engaged in the same business, who had formed a high opinion of his talents and thought it a pity that his life should be wasted in the performance of duties which would prevent him from carrying out the great literary projects he was understood to have in view. They accordingly offered him an annuity of £150 a year for an indefinite period, provided he would abandon his intention of becoming a minister and devote himself to literature, and the offer was accepted. One cannot help feeling that it is a pity that this proposal was ever made or acceded to. If Coleridge had been compelled to earn his bread like most other mortals, under the penalty of starvation, the stern discipline might have corrected the defects which proved the ruin of his lavishly endowed nature.

The immediate result of his being set free from ordinary cares in this way was a trip to Germany undertaken in company with the Wordsworths. Here he acquired the language, gained an acquaint-

ance with much of what was best in German literature, and became imbued with the philosophy of Kant. Returning to England, in 1799, he made a translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*, which is held by critics to be unique among translations, as being a finer poem than the original. He then occupied himself in writing leading articles for *The Morning Post*, in which walk of literature he was successful, and by which he could easily have earned a considerable income, had it been possible for him to acquire habits of punctuality and regularity.

In 1800 he removed from Nether Stowey, near Bristol, where he had resided since shortly after his marriage, to Keswick, in Cumberland, about twelve miles from Grasmere, where the Wordsworths had settled a few months previously. Here he wrote the second part of *Christabel* in the latter months of the same year, and with this effort his literary activity suddenly slackened. He became the slave of opium, and from this time his history is that of a mental and physical wreck. The story of the steps by which he fell under the influence of this fatal drug has never been fully recorded; but it seems clear that, though he had gained relief from an acute rheumatic attack by the use of laudanum in 1796, and had possibly been experimenting with it for the same purpose when he composed *Kubla Khan* in his sleep in 1797, yet he did not form the habit of using it regularly until after an illness at Keswick which had been cured by the use of the Kendal Black Drop. It is clear that he used it first to relieve pain, not to produce pleasure, and it has been suggested that a permanent lowering of the vigour of his apparently good, but never really healthy, constitution, caused by the dampness of the Keswick climate, or by the maturing of previously sown seeds of disease, may have helped to fasten the habit upon him, or, in other words, that it was due as well to physical as to moral weakness. Be that as it may, it is certain that at this time that great change in his mental constitution took place which he bewails in the beautiful ode entitled *Dejection*. He became conscious of the extinction of his creative poetical faculty, his "shaping spirit of Imagination," and thenceforth devoted his efforts mainly to criticism, and political, theological, and metaphysical speculations.

In 1804 Coleridge went to Malta, where he remained for more than a year, and, afterwards visiting Italy, did not return to England till August, 1806. In 1808 or 1809 he left his family. In 1809 and 1810, while living with the Wordsworths, he published *The Friend*, a weekly metaphysical journal. In 1810 he left the Lake Country forever, and, supporting himself by lecturing and writing for the newspapers, lived an exceedingly miserable life in London and at the residences of various friends in the country, interspersed with occasional attempts

to reform, until 1816. During this period his appetite for laudanum rose to such a pitch that at one time he habitually consumed from four to seven pints a week (on one occasion he drank a quart in twenty-four hours), and his moral nature became so vitiated that, when in the house of a friend who was endeavouring to cause him to break off the habit, he stooped to all kinds of deceit in order to continue the indulgence.

In April, 1816, Coleridge placed himself under the care of a physician named Gillman, residing at Highgate, in the vicinity of London, and in his house he passed the remaining eighteen years of his existence, never completely gaining the mastery over his fatal habit, but prevented from rushing into the excesses of former days, and leading a regular and to a certain extent an active literary life. But his moral weaknesses remained, and he still put forth appeals for money, based on projected works which he deluded himself into believing were nearly completed. Sad to say, he lived to see the same defects develop themselves in the character of his brilliantly gifted eldest son. A large part of his time during these last years of his life was spent in conversation with visitors whom his reputation attracted to Highgate. Specimens of his *Table Talk* were published after his death by his nephew and son-in-law, Henry Nelson Coleridge. He died on the 25th of July, 1834, and was buried at Highgate. His bust has this year (1885) been placed in Westminster Abbey, in accordance with a provision in the will of the late Rev. D. Mercer, of Newport, Rhode Island.

From the year 1810 until his death it is certain that he never visited his family. Southey said, in 1814, that he never wrote to them or opened a letter from them. The estrangement, though neither party ever explained its cause, was probably due to Coleridge's failure through indulgence in opium to provide properly for his wife and children. In 1811 one half of the Wedgewood annuity was withdrawn. The remaining half Coleridge caused to be paid regularly to his wife. It amounted, after the payment of the legacy duty, to £67 10s, and this was all that at one time, at any rate, he contributed to her support and that of her three children. The chief burden of maintaining them and the business of obtaining assistance from Coleridge's relations to pay for educational expenses fell upon the shoulders of Southey, who was as much superior to his brother-in-law in manliness as he was inferior in genius. It does not appear that even after his partial reformation through the influence of Mr. and Mrs. Gillman he ever assumed or attempted to discharge any greater share of his pecuniary duties to his family.

From the account of these serious delinquencies towards himself and those dependent on him deduction is to be made for an imperfect

physical and moral constitution. At no time of his life did he enjoy perfect health of body; at no time does he ever appear to have been morally capable of recognizing the wide gap that there is between promising or projecting and performing, and of governing himself accordingly. Some allowance must undoubtedly be made for the defects of nature; some allowance, too, for the special temptation to a man possessed of extraordinary capacities, conscious of being endowed with the very widest range of thought, and ambitious of making all knowledge his province and solving the riddle of the universe, to shun contact with and to overlook what would appear to him to be the pettier duties of life. But, every offset being made, one cannot coincide with his nephew, H. N. Coleridge, in thinking him "sinned against a thousand times more than sinning," though one can in the view that "he himself suffered an almost life-long punishment for his errors, while the world at large has the unwithering fruits of his labours, his genius, and his sacrifice."

It now remains to consider what these fruits were, and to decide Coleridge's place, as far as our imperfect judgment can decide it, in the intellectual Pantheon. He was eminent as a poet, as a literary critic, as a talker, as a publicist, and as a theological influence.

There can be little doubt that had Coleridge devoted his entire intellectual energy to the writing of poetry, he would have produced a body of verse unsurpassed by any writer since the days of Milton. But his powerful critical and philosophical faculty, which had always been at war with his poetical tendencies, finally gained the mastery over him before he was thirty years of age, and, though his verse never till the end of his life ceased to be marked by originality and power, he never attempted a great work in metre. The poems on which his fame depends are *The Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*. The former of these constitutes by itself a poetry separate and distinct from all others, for which no suitable name has yet been found. Much as it has been admired it has had no imitators, because no poet has since arisen with a mind like Coleridge's, to which the inventions of the intellect were as real as any perception of the senses. On the other hand the marvellous and the supernatural have frequently played great parts; but no one else has used them in the same way for the very stuff and body of poetry independent of probable or possible human action. No other writer has ever manipulated them with such delicacy of touch or such distinctive perception of their operation on the human heart. The same qualities are manifested also in *Christabel*, which, though unfinished, may rank as poetically superior to every other romantic epic in the language. The fire of the authors of *Marmion* and *The*

*Corsair* has always gained them more readers; but the instruments they play on fall as far below that of Coleridge in range, flexibility, and real power as the twanging piano of the drawing-room below the soul-moving Cremona. This comparison is just in more respects than one. Scott and Byron are deficient in melody. Swinburne, who on such a subject is certainly no mean judge, calls Coleridge "the most sweet and perfect harmonist among all our poets." This quality is seen in its highest perfection in *Kubla Khan* and *Christabel*, which poems with some others have markedly influenced succeeding poets, particularly Shelley and Edgar Allan Poe.

Coleridge is often classed with Wordsworth as a Lake Poet, and there is a certain foundation for this classification. For, though *The Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel* are wide asunder as the poles from anything Wordsworth ever wrote, yet the two poets resemble each other in their minute and sympathetic observation of nature, in their revolt against the school of Pope, and in their poetical theories. But, while Wordsworth stands always master of himself and knows no intellectual kin, Coleridge's more impressionable mental character rendered him susceptible to influences from all quarters, and his style shows in some places resemblances to Bowles, in others to Cowper, in others to Wordsworth, while in others it is distinctly his own. The same flexibility of intellect produces great variety in his own peculiar modes of thought and expression; so that here and there we stumble on anticipations of the peculiarities of succeeding writers. Indeed, while not the teacher of a new poetical method like Wordsworth, he has supplied many suggestions which have borne fruit in other poets. To his *Christabel* we owe the form of Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel* and of many others of his poems. To his metrical experiments, theories, and criticisms we owe the great variety of melody in nineteenth century verse.

Coleridge is the first good English literary critic; that is, he is the first English writer who based his criticisms on a proper foundation. Previous to his time all criticism had consisted in an examination of the question how near the writers criticized had approached to a standard set up in the critic's mind. Coleridge first set the example of beginning by ascertaining the author's own ideal, enquiring how well he had carried it into effect, and criticizing both ideal and execution from a point of view which recognizes that an indefinite variety of standards and methods are possible in literature. His best critical work is to be found in his lectures on Shakespeare, of which unfortunately only fragments have been preserved, and in his exposition of the principles of Wordsworth's poetry in the *Biographia Literaria*.

As a talker, that is, as the utterer of a sustained monologue, Cole-

ridge, putting all accounts together, appears not to have had any equal among his contemporaries. Carlyle, whose general account of him is depreciatory, admits him to have been the most surprising talker then living. Unfortunately we have no report of even one of the long conversations he was in the daily habit of indulging in to enable us to judge for ourselves of their character and quality. Excerpts from them we have, published under the title of *Table Talk*, which give a high impression of their quality. Here is part of a description of Coleridge as a talker by an admirer :

"Throughout a long-drawn summer's day would this man talk to you in low, agreeable, but clear and musical tones, concerning things human and divine; marshalling all history, harmonizing all experiment, probing the depths of your consciousness, and revealing visions of glory and terror to the imagination; but pouring withal such floods of light upon the mind that you might for a season, like Paul, become blind in the very act of conversion."

Coleridge early became a supporter of the French Revolution and an opponent of Pitt, the prime minister of the day, whom he vigorously attacks in *Fire, Famine, and Slaughter*. The progress of events, as the *Ode to France* indicates, forced him into opposition to the policy of that country and into support of that of his own, and the ardent republican in a few years became, what he ever afterwards remained, a Tory. Some of his poems are political, and he contributed largely to various London daily papers. Selections from these contributions have been republished under the titles of *Essays*. *The Friend*, two *Lay Sermons*, and the *Constitution of Church and State* are also political works. Contrary to what one would naturally have expected from the roundaboutness of *The Friend* and much of Coleridge's prose, the leaders which he wrote are marked by extreme directness and the careful avoidance of anything likely to weaken the force of the impression he undertakes to make.

But Coleridge's influence as a political writer was small compared with that which he exercised as a philosophical and religious teacher. His early developed taste for metaphysical speculations had found appropriate food during his visit to Germany in the theories of Kant and his disciples. From that time forth he was a promulgator of some of these theories and of connected views of his own. Though he never elaborated a system of philosophy he became the source of a tendency to oppose the then generally accepted experiential explanation of knowledge and utilitarian scheme of morals, which was early recognized as important, and has since become powerful. Closely connected with his philosophical were his religious beliefs. His main position is that



EDUCATION DEPARTMENT  
**CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.**  
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1772. Coleridge born at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, October 21.
1774. He begins to attend Dame Key's school.
1775. He is able to read a chapter in the Bible.
- 1778 or 9. He is admitted to the Grammar School at Ottery St. Mary.
1781. His father, the Rev. John Coleridge, dies, October 4.
1782. He enters Christ's Hospital.
1783. The Independence of the United States of America acknowledged.
1789. The French Revolution begins. Publication of the *Sonnets* of William Lisle Bowles.
1790. Coleridge leaves Christ's Hospital. Begins *Monody on the Death of Chatterton*. Ismail stormed by the Russians, December 22.
1791. He enters Jesus College, Cambridge, February 4. Gains Sir William Brown's medal for a Greek Ode on the Slave Trade.
1792. Competes unsuccessfully for the Craven Scholarship. War breaks out between France and the two leading German powers, Austria and Prussia.
1793. Execution of Louis XVI., January 21. France declares war against England, February 3. The Reign of Terror begins, May 31. Institution of the worship of the Goddess of Reason. The second Partition of Poland. Trial of Frennd at Cambridge in May and June. Coleridge competes unsuccessfully for the prize for the best Greek Ode on Astronomy. He writes *Songs of the Pixies*, etc. Enlists in the 15th Light Dragoons.
1794. Execution of Robespierre, July 29. The Republic of Poland conquered by Suwarrow. Coleridge is discharged from the Dragoons, April 10th, and returns to Cambridge. Is introduced to Southey, at Oxford, in June. Visits Bristol in August, and there meets Sarah Fricker, and becomes a Pantisocrat. Leaves Cambridge towards the end of the year and goes to London. Writes *Religious Musings*, *The Destiny of Nations*, etc., and his share (one act) of *The Fall of Robespierre*.
1795. End of the French Revolution. Coleridge lectures at Bristol. Marries Sarah Fricker, October 4. Writes the *Æolian Harp*, etc.

1796. Napoleon's first Italian Campaign. Coleridge publishes *The Watchman* from March 1 to May 10. His *Poems on Various Subjects* published in April. David Hartley Coleridge born, September 19. Coleridge completes his *Monody on the Death of Chatterton*. Writes *Fire, Famine, and Slaughter*, and the *Ode to the Departing Year*.
1797. Removes from Bristol to Nether Stowey in January. Writes *France: an Ode*, in February. A second edition of his poems with additions appears in May. In June meets the Wordsworths for the first time. Writes *The Ancient Mariner, Love, Christabel, Part I., Kubla Khan, Remorse*, etc.
1798. The *Lyrical Ballads* published. Writes *Fears in Solitude*, etc. Pension of £150 a year accepted from the Wedgewoods. Leaves Yarmouth for Hamburg, September 16.
1799. Tour in Hartz Mountains in May. Farewell supper at Göttingen, June 24. Returns to England. Visits the Lake Country in company with Wordsworth, who settles there at Grasmere, in Westmoreland.
1800. Completes the translation of *Wallenstein* in January. Removes to Keswick, in Cumberland. Writes the second part of *Christabel*.
1802. Writes *Dejection*, April 4.
1803. Southey takes up his residence at Keswick, September 7.
1804. Coleridge sails for Malta, April 2.
1805. Leaves Malta, September 29. Reaches Naples, December 15.
1806. Spends several months in Rome. Arrives in England in August. Writes the poem entitled *To William Wordsworth* either in this or the following year.
1807. Meets De Quincey, who gives him £300 in November.
1808. Lectures in London.
1809. While living at Grasmere with the Wordsworths Coleridge begins publishing *The Friend*, August.
1810. *The Friend* expires in March. Coleridge leaves the Lake Country never to return.
1811. Lectures in London and writes for *The Courier*. Josiah Wedgwood withdraws his share of the annuity.
1812. Coleridge contributes Aphorisms to Southey's *Omniana*. Steamboats first used in Great Britain.
1813. *Remorse* is produced at Drury Lane, through Byron's influence, and runs 20 nights.
1814. Is consuming laudanum at the rate of from two quarts a week to a pint a day.
1815. Writes *Zapolya*.

1816. Domiciles with the Gillmans. Publishes *Christabel* and *The Statesman's Manual*.
1817. Publishes *A Lay Sermon*, the *Biographia Literaria*, *Sibylline Leaves*, and *Zapolya*.
1818. Revises *The Friend* and reissues it in book form. Lectures in London.
1825. Publishes *Aids to Reflection*. A pension of £105 a year is granted him by George IV.
1827. Completes *Youth and Age*.
1828. Takes a tour up the Rhine with Wordsworth and Wordsworth's daughter. Publishes a collection of his Poetical and Dramatic Works.
1830. Publishes his *Constitution of Church and State*. His pension expires on the death of George IV.
1834. Dies July 25.

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# CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH AUTHORS.

AND THEIR PRINCIPAL WORKS.

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Percy, Thomas (1728-1811). *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.*  
Burke, Edmund (1730-1797). *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, the Vindication of Natural Society, Reflections on the Revolution in France, Letters on a Regicide Peace, The State of the Nation.*

Cowper, William (1731-1800). *The Task, John Gilpin, Tirocinium.*

Paley, William (1743-1805). *Elements of Moral and Political Philosophy, Horae Paulinae, Evidences of Christianity, Natural Theology.*

Bentham, Jeremy (1747-1832). *Usury, the Principles of Morals and Politics, Civil and Penal Legislation.*

Sheridan, Richard Brinsley (1751-1817). *The Rivals, the School for Scandal.*

Stewart, Dugald (1753-1828). *Philosophy of the Human Mind, Moral Philosophy.*

Crabbe, George (1754-1832). *The Library, the Village, the Parish Register, the Borough, the Tales of the Hall.*

Burns, Robert (1759-1796). *Tam O'Shanter, To a Daisy, To a Mouse, The Cottar's Saturday Night.*

Bowles, William Lisle (1762-1850). *Sonnets, the Spirit of Discovery by Sea.*

Rogers, Samuel (1763-1855). *The Pleasures of Memory, Italy.*

Wordsworth, William (1770-1850). *The Prelude, the Excursion, Sonnets, Intimations of Immortality.*

Hogg, James (1770-1835). *The Queen's Wake, Ode to the Skylark.*

Smith, Sydney (1771-1845). *Letters on the Subject of the Catholics by Peter Plymley.*

Scott, Sir Walter (1771-1832). *The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Marmion, the Lady of the Lake, Waverley, Guy Mannering, the Antiquary, the Heart of Mid Lothian, the Bride of Lammermoor.*

Jeffrey, Francis (Lord Jeffrey) (1773-1850). *Essays in Edinburgh Review.*

Southey, Robert (1774-1843). *Thalaba, the Curse of Kehama, Lives of Wesley, Cowper, and Nelson.*

Lamb, Charles (1775-1835). *Essays of Elia.*

Austen, Jane (1775-1817). *Pride and Prejudice.*

Campbell, Thomas (1777-1844). *The Pleasures of Hope, Gertrude of Wyoming.*

Hazlitt, William (1778-1830). *Characters of Shakspeare's Plays, Table Talk.*

Davy, Sir Humphrey (1778-1829). *Contributions to the Transactions of the Royal Society.*

Hallam, Henry (1778-1859). *The Middle Ages, Constitutional History of England, Literature of Europe.*

Moore, Thomas (1779-1852). *Irish Melodies, Lalla Rookh.*

Hunt, Leigh (1784-1859). *The Story of Rimini.*

Wilson, John (1785-1854). *Noctes Ambrosianæ.*

Byron, George Gordon (Lord Byron) (1788-1824). *Childe Harold, the Giaour, Don Juan, the Siege of Corinth, the Prisoner of Chillon, Manfred, the Bride of Abydos, the Corsair, Lara.*

Shelley, Percy Bysshe (1792-1822). *Alastor, the Revolt of Islam, the Cenci, Adonais, Hymn to Intellectual Beauty, the Cloud, the Skylark.*

Keats, John (1795-1821). *Endymion, Hyperion, the Eve of St. Agnes,*

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# INTRODUCTION.

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## PART II.

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### LITERATURE.

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#### LITERATURE AND ITS DEPARTMENTS.

1. By **Literature** we mean the thoughts and feelings of intelligent men and women expressed in writing in such a way as to give pleasure to the reader, not merely by the things said, but by the artistic way in which they are said.

When a writer describes what is outside of his mind and is the object of his attention, the mode of treatment is **objective**; when he deals with the thoughts and feelings suggested to his mind by outward objects, it is **subjective**. When Goldsmith describes the appearance of the village of Auburn, his writing is objective; when he gives his thoughts and feelings caused by what he sees, it is subjective.

2. As regards *Form*, Literature is divided into two classes—Prose, and Verse or Poetry. **Poetry** possesses a measured structure called Metre (9, III.); **Prose** includes all literature not in metre.

3. As regards *Matter*, Literature is divided into five classes—Description, Narration, Exposition, Oratory, and Poetry. The same composition, however, may exemplify two or more of these modes of expression.

I. **Description** is the delineation of the characteristics of any object by means of words.

II. **Narration** is the statement of the particulars of any event or of any series of events.

III. **Exposition** includes all means of explaining or representing general propositions. The four leading methods of expounding a general principle or proposition are—*Iteration*, or repeating the statement of the principle in the same or in different words; *Obverse Iteration*, or the denial of the contrary; *Examples*, or Particular Instances; and *Illustrations*, or *Comparison*.

IV. **Oratory** is composition which influences men's conduct or belief. It may be intended simply to persuade; but this object may be combined with others. In criticising oratory, the chief points to consider are the orator's knowledge of, and power of adapting himself to, the persons he addresses, his happy turns of expression, his

argumentative and expository powers, and his skill in playing upon special emotions.

V. **Poetry** is composition written to produce pleasure by means of elevated or impassioned thought or feeling conveyed in a special artistic form. In addition to the measured structure which constitutes the difference in form, it differs from prose in possessing a greater variety of figurative expressions, and a peculiar and more unusual diction. The term Poetry is, however, sometimes applied to a composition prosaic in form, if the thoughts and language are those of Poetry proper. The following are the leading peculiarities of the language of Poetry:—

1. It is archaic and non-colloquial. The use of old and of unusual words raises its language above the level of prose.

2. It presents vivid and striking pictures; prefers images to the dry enumeration of facts; avoids general terms; and uses epithets instead of the names of things.

3. It is averse to lengthiness, and is euphonious. Poetry avoids the use of conjunctions and relative pronouns, and substitutes epithets for phrases; uses short words instead of long, commonplace ones; and prefers words that have a pleasant sound to those that are less euphonious. (See Abbott and Seeley's *English Lessons for English People*.)

4. There are five principal varieties of poetry—Epic, Lyric, Dramatic, Didactic, and Satiric.

I. **Epic** or Objective Poetry is a narration of outward events combined for poetic interest by plot, scenery, etc. The leading varieties of Epic Poetry are—

1. **The Great Epic**, in which supernatural beings are introduced to control events. It has for its subject some great complex action—e.g., Milton's *Paradise Lost*. (See *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, pp. 103-105.)

2. **The Romance**, which differs from the Great Epic in introducing events more under human control. Supernatural beings, when introduced, perform a less important part. Love is one of its main elements—e.g., Scott's *Lady of the Lake*. (See *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, p. 157.)

3. **The Tale**, a complete story, love being predominant—e.g., Byron's *Corsair*. (See *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, pp. 159-160.)

4. **The Ballad**, generally made short and simple by rapidity in the succession of incidents, and by leaving many things merely suggested: hence it is less discursive than the tale—e.g., Scott's *Rosabelle*.

5. **The Metrical History**, a narrative poem with a didactic purpose—e.g., Barbour's *Bruce*. (See *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, p. 53.)

6. **The Mixed Epic**, which possesses an epic character, with a mixture of sentiment, satire, moralizing, and other reflections—e.g., Byron's *Childe Harold*. (See *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, pp. 159-160.)

7. **The Pastoral, Idyll, etc.** This division includes all other poems which have enough traces of narrative to bring them under the Epic class, and are distinguished by the predominance of poetic descriptions of manners or of external nature.

II. **Lyric** or Subjective Poetry is the expression of some intense feeling, passion, emotion, or sentiment. The leading varieties of lyric poetry are as follows:—

1. **The Song**, which is usually short, simple in measure, and broken up into stanzas, each complete in meaning, yet occupying a proper place in the development of the whole. There are many varieties of the song—*e.g.*, *The Love Song*, *The Drinking Song*, etc.

2. **The Ode**, which is the loftiest utterance of intense feeling, and is remarkable for its elaborate versification—*e.g.*, Wordsworth's *Ode or the Intimations of Immortality*.

3. **The Elegy**, now connected chiefly with the impassioned expression of regret for the departed—*e.g.*, Gray's *Elegy* and Milton's *Lycidas*.

4. **The Sonnet**, which is sometimes descriptive, but is generally a concentrated expression of a single phase of feeling—*e.g.*, Wordsworth's *Sonnet on Westminster Bridge*.

5. **The Dramatic Lyric**, in which a person is represented as expressing his thoughts and feelings in such a way as to develop his own characteristics and occasionally even the characteristics of some one else, and to indicate with dramatic effect (4, III.) his own or another's actions and surroundings—*e.g.*, Roberts' *Brother Cuthbert*. For further explanations, see p. 236, ll. 76-85.

6. **The Simple Lyric**, which comprehends all other kinds of subjective poetry.

III. **Dramatic Poetry** is a picture of life adapted to representation on the stage, and consists of an impersonal representation by the author of an animated conversation of various individuals, from whose speech the movement of the story is to be gathered. Its two chief varieties are Tragedy and Comedy.

1. **Tragedy** is defined by Aristotle as "the representation of a completed action, commanding or illustrious in its character; the language being poetically pleasing; and with the moral effect of purifying the passions, generally by means of the two special passions—pity and fear,"—*e.g.*, Heavyssege's *Saul*. But this definition applies only to the highest form of tragedy. The more moderate form, while retaining tragic elements, permits happy conclusions.

2. **Comedy** is the adaptation of the dramatic form to yield the pleasures of the ludicrous (13, II., 3) in conjunction with as many other pleasing effects as will harmonize with this quality. Comedy endeavors to produce amusement mainly—*e.g.*, Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*.

IV. **Didactic Poetry** seeks to teach some moral, philosophical, or literary truth. It aims to instruct rather than to please—*e.g.*, Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*.

V. **Satiric Poetry** holds up to ridicule, or rebukes with severity, the weaknesses, follies, or wickedness of men—*e.g.*, Pope's *Epistle to Arbuthnot*.

## VERSIFICATION.

5. **Verse** is that species of composition in which the words are arranged in lines, each of which contains a definite number and succession of accented and unaccented syllables. In its restricted sense it signifies a single line of poetry.

A **stanza** consists of a number of lines forming a division of a poem. Sometimes, especially in the case of sacred music, the word *verse* is used for *stanza*.

Verse is of two kinds—Rhymed and Blank Verse.

I. **Rhyme** is a similarity of sound at the end of words. The rhyming syllables should be accented. The three essentials of a **perfect rhyme** are: (1) That the vowels be alike in sound; (2) the consonants before the vowels, unlike in sound; and (3) the consonants after the vowels, alike in sound. When, however, the vowel sounds merely resemble one another, the rhyme is **Admissible**, if the other conditions of a perfect rhyme are satisfied. If the vowel sounds only are alike, we have **Assonance**. When the rhyme occurs at the end of two successive lines, they are called a **Couplet**; when at the end of three, a **Triplet**.

II. **Blank Verse** consists of unrhymed lines, and is generally Iambic Pentameter (9, III., 1 and 2). It is the most elevated of all measures, and is the only form in which Epic poetry should appear.

6. **Rhythm** is the recurrence, at regular intervals of duration, of the stress thrown on the pronunciation of a syllable. This stress is called **Accent**. The Greeks and Romans used **Quantity**, or the length or shortness of a vowel, as the basis of their verse. All modern European nations have based theirs on accent. Quantity is used in English verse chiefly to produce Imitative Harmony. (12, IV., 4, and 13, III., 2.)

7. **Alliteration** is similarity of sound at or near the beginning of consecutive or closely connected words—*e.g.*, "Up the *high hill he heaved* a huge round stone." It adds to the pleasurable effect of poetry, but should be used with skill and in moderation. In prose it is admissible, if the language and thought are of a poetical character; otherwise its occurrence is a blemish, and should be carefully avoided. Alliteration is often subtly concealed owing to the separation of the words in which it occurs, or to the use, not of the same letters, but of the same order of letters. It may also occur, not in the initial, but in the middle,

syllables of words. This is known as **Concealed Alliteration**. The following examples illustrate these methods:—

- (1) *The full streams feed on flower of rushes,  
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot;  
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes  
From leaf to flower, and flower to fruit.*
- (2) *From the full-flowered Lelantian pasturage  
To what of fruitful field the son of Zeus  
Won from the roaring river and laboring sea.*

**8. A Foot** is a syllable, or a succession of two or more syllables, one of which must be accented, assumed as the basis of a line of poetry. Monosyllabic feet, though rare, sometimes occur in English—*e.g.*, in Tennyson's "*Break, Break, Break*." The feet commonly used in our verse are dissyllabic or trisyllabic. The following are the principal varieties in use, *x* in the verse formula indicating the unaccented, and *a* the accented, syllable:—

*Dissyllabic.*

- I. **Iambus**. Accent on the second syllable—*e.g.*, *Bègòne*. *xa*.  
 II. **Trochee**. Accent on the first syllable—*e.g.*, *Dúngèon*. *ax*.  
 III. **Spondee**. Accent on both syllables—*Súnbeam*. *aa*.

*Trisyllabic.*

- IV. **Anapaest**. Accent on the third syllable—*e.g.*, *Colònnàde*. *xxa*.  
 V. **Dactyl**. Accent on the first syllable—*e.g.*, *Mèrrily*. *axx*.  
 VI. **Amphibrach**. Accent on the second syllable—*e.g.*, *Rècèiving*.  
*axx*.

**9. I. A Line** is a succession or combination of feet, generally containing a fixed number of syllables, and having, as a rule, a regular recurrence of accents.

II. A **Hemistich** is half a line.

III. **Metre**, or Measure, is applied to the structure of the lines which form a poem or part of a poem, and their relation to one another as regards rhyme, length and arrangement. English metres are very numerous. The following classification includes the chief varieties:—

I. FROM KIND OF FOOT.

(a) **Iambic**; (b) **Trochaic**; (c) **Spondaic**; (d) **Anapaestic**; (e) **Dactylic**; (f) **Amphibrachic**.

2. FROM NUMBER OF FEET.

(a) **Monometer**, one foot; (b) **Dimeter**, two feet; (c) **Trimeter**, three; (d) **Tetrameter**, four; (e) **Pentameter**, five; (f) **Hexameter**, six; (g) **Heptameter**, seven; (h) **Octometer**, eight.

In describing metre, these systems of nomenclature are combined :

“ Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,  
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires? ”

This is described as “ Rhyming Iambic Pentameter,” or briefly as an “ Iambic Pentameter Couplet.” The formula for each line is, therefore, 5*aa*.

**10. Poetic Pauses.** In addition to the pauses required by the sense (**Rhetorical**), or marked by points (**Punctuation**), two suspensions of the voice belong to verse—the Final and the Cæsural.

I. The **Final** pause is a slight suspension of the voice at the end of each line, even when the sense does not require it.

II. The **Cæsural** pause is a slight suspension of the voice within, and generally about the middle of, the line. Long lines may have two or more pauses; some long lines may have none, but this is generally compensated for by an additional or a longer pause in the line or lines following. Short lines may have none. The Cæsural pause must also be a Sense pause—*e.g.* :

Can storied urn || or animated bust  
Back to its mansion || call the fleeting breath?  
Can Honor's voice || provoke the silent dust,  
Or flattery || soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

A great many irregularities occur in English verse. Those in this volume, not referred to above, are indicated in the notes to the selections in which they occur.

## STYLE AND ITS ANALYSIS.

**11. Style** is the peculiar mode in which a writer expresses himself; it is the art of choosing words, setting them in sentences, and arranging sentences in paragraphs.

Although every writer has his peculiarities, there are some general distinctive features on which can be based a classification of styles.

### I. ON THE PREVALENCE OF FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.

The **Dry** style excludes literary ornament of every kind.

The **Plain** style, while it avoids embellishment, does not reject such ornaments as are natural, and conducive to perspicuity.

The **Neat** style employs ornaments, but not those of an elevated or brilliant character.

The **Elegant** style employs judiciously every ornament that conduces to beauty.

The **Florid, Ornate, or Flowery** style is one which indulges in luxuriance of ornament.

### II. ON THE STRUCTURE OF SENTENCES.

The **Simple** style bears no marks of art, but seems to be the language everyone would naturally use.

The **Labored** style is the reverse of the Simple. It shows effort on the part of the writer, and is characterized by affectation, a constrained tone, and long, involved sentences.

### III. ON THE NUMBER OF WORDS.

The **Concise** or **Terse** style rejects as unnecessary everything not material to the sense, and aims at the briefest possible mode of expression.

The **Diffuse** or **Verbose** style employs amplification, endeavors by repetition to secure perspicuity, and attempts to make up by copiousness for lack of strength.

### IV. ON STRENGTH.

The **Nervous** style is that which produces a strong impression on the reader. For other names for this species, see (13, II., 1).

The **Feeble** style is the reverse of the preceding, and produces but a slight impression upon the reader.

### V. ON THE PREVAILING FIGURES OF SPEECH.

A composition which abounds in any one figure is often described by that figure; thus we speak of a style as being **Sarcastic**, **Antithetical**, **Ironical**, etc.

For classification based on character of sentence, see (12, II., 1).

## THE ELEMENTS AND QUALITIES OF STYLE.

12. The Elements of style are Vocabulary, Sentence, Paragraphs, and Figures of Speech. Associated with these is the consideration of the number and order of the words.

### THE ELEMENTS OF STYLE.

I. **Vocabulary.**—The first requisite of an author is good command of language. In criticising style under this head, the following are the important considerations:—

*a.* **Extent.**—Authors differ greatly in copiousness. Few can write freely and eloquently on all subjects. Most have one vein in which they excel. Frequent repetitions of the same words or phrases is an unmistakable indication of poverty of language. Variety being a source of pleasure, a good writer varies his language as far as is consistent with elegance, simplicity and clearness.

*b.* **Aptness.**—Although many writers and speakers have a copious vocabulary, they do not always use the proper word to express their meaning. Fitness of language is one of the best proofs of an author's culture. See (13, I., 1, c), and (12, V., 1, a, 1).

*c.* **Purity.**—See (13, I., 1).

II. **Sentence.**—A knowledge of the proper mode of constructing sentences is one of the most important of a writer's qualifications. A great many forms of sentences are possible; but there are certain chief types.

### 1. Special Artifices of Construction—

*a.* A **Periodic** sentence is one in which the meaning remains in suspense till the sentence is finished. If we stop anywhere before the end, the preceding part does not form a sentence, and consequently does not convey a completely intelligible meaning. The effect of the Periodic sentence is to keep the mind in a state of uniform or increasing tension until the end is reached—*e.g.*: "On the rich and on the eloquent, on nobles and priests, the Puritans looked down with contempt."

In a **Loose** sentence the predicate follows the subject, and qualifying adjuncts follow what they qualify. Its parts may be separated without destroying the sense. This is the natural structure of the sentence in English—*e.g.*: "The Puritans looked down with contempt on the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests."

Very frequently a sentence combines the loose and the periodic structure.

*b.* **Sentences studiously long or short.**—The adjustment of the length of the sentence is an important element in a correct style; but no definite limit can be assigned. An extended series of either long or short sentences should be avoided: a good writer uses as much variety as possible. See (13, II., 1, 9.)

The distinction between the Periodic style and the Abrupt style depends to a great extent on the length of the sentences employed.

The **Periodic** style employs long periods elaborately constructed, holding the meaning in suspense throughout a connected series of clauses, and moving on with stateliness and dignity.

The **Abrupt** style employs short sentences, and is often used when abruptness, or quickness of motion, is to be indicated. Some writers, as Macaulay, systematically break up long, loose sentences into their constituent parts, and punctuate them as separate sentences. This artifice gives animation to their style. See (13, I., 1).

*c.* The **Balanced** sentence.—When the different clauses of a compound sentence are made similar in form, they are said to be **Balanced**—*e.g.*: "Homer hurries us with a commanding impetuosity; Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty."

The **Pointed** Style.—The proper use of the Balanced sentence, in conjunction with Antithesis, Epigram, and Climax (12, IV., 8, 33 and 38), constitutes the Pointed style.

An author's style may be characterized according to the preponderance of any of these types of sentence; but the Periodic, Abrupt, and Pointed structures are often used in the same paragraph.

*d.* The **Condensed** sentence is one shortened by a forced and unusual construction—*e.g.*: "Brutus instituted liberty and the consulship." This was a favorite type of sentence with Gibbon, but it is now generally used to produce a comic effect—*e.g.*: "Her conduct drew tears from his eyes, and a handkerchief from his pocket."

2. **General considerations—**

*a. Emphatic places in a Sentence.*—When a writer desires to give special prominence to a word, he places it at the beginning or the end of his sentence. The former position excites the attention, and on the latter it rests.

*b. Unity of a Sentence.*—The effect of the main statement in a sentence should not be lessened by the introduction of particulars not immediately relevant. All parts of the sentence should be kept in connection with, and logically subordinate to, the principal thought. Hence the necessity to change the subject as little as possible, to avoid crowding a sentence with too much matter, and to eschew the use of parenthetical clauses.

III. The **Paragraph** is a connected series of sentences relating to the same subject and forming a constituent part of a composition. Between paragraphs there are greater breaks than between sentences. The following are the principles which govern the construction of paragraphs:—

1. **Explicit reference.**—The bearing of each sentence on what precedes should be explicit and unmistakable.

2. **Parallel constructions.**—When several consecutive sentences repeat or illustrate the same idea or make a contrast in reference to the same subject, they should, as far as possible, be formed alike.

3. The **opening sentence**, unless so constructed as to be obviously preparatory, should indicate with prominence the subject of the paragraph.

4. **Continuity.**—The sentences in a paragraph should be so arranged as to carry the line of thought naturally and suggestively from one to another.

5. **Unity.**—A paragraph should possess unity, which implies that the sentences composing it should relate to one definite division of the subject which they illustrate or explain. Unity forbids digressions or the introduction of irrelevant matter.

6. **Proportion.**—It is a maxim in Style that every thought or idea should have prominence and expansion according to its importance: hence in a paragraph a due proportion should be maintained between the main subject and the subordinate parts.

7. **Transition.**—One of the most important arts in composition is the art of transition, that is, passing from one paragraph to another. The modes used by different writers are various. The thoughts in one paragraph should grow naturally out of those in the preceding one. The association of ideas should be as perfect as possible.

IV. **Figures of Speech.**—These are intentional deviations from the ordinary spelling, form, construction, or application of words. The most class, which are known as Figures of Rhetoric, are the most important. They dignify style, enrich it by increasing its facilities of expres-

sion, give pleasure by employing the mind in detecting and tracing resemblances, and frequently convey the meaning more clearly and forcibly than plain language.

1. **Metonymy** puts one word for another; as the cause for the effect, or the effect for the cause; the container for the thing contained; the sign for the thing signified; or the abstract for the concrete.

*Gray hairs* for *old age*; *bottle* for *intoxicating drink*; *sceptre* for *royalty*; *beauty* and *chivalry* for *beautiful women* and *brave men*.

2. **Metaphor**.—A comparison implied in the language used. It is a transference of the relation between one set of objects to another, for the purpose of brief explanation.

"He *bridles* his anger."

A Metaphor may be expanded into a Simile; thus, in the case of the example given:—

"He restrains his anger, as a rider *bridles* his horse."

3. **Vision**.—A description in strong and lively colors, so that the past, the distant, and the future are represented as present.

"Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,  
*I see* the rural virtues leave the land."

4. **Onomatopœia**, or **Imitative Harmony**.—The use of a word or phrase, the sound of which corresponds with, or resembles, the thing signified.

"Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,  
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;  
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar;  
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,  
The line too labors and the words move 'low;  
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,  
Flies o'er the unbending corn and skims along the main."

5. **Pleonasm**.—The employment of more words than are necessary to express the sense. An enumeration of particulars, which might be included in one general term, although not necessary to the sense, is not objectionable, provided emphasis is desired. (See No. 16, *infra*.)

"He went home full of a *great many* serious reflections."

6. **Ellipsis**.—The omission in a sentence of some word or words necessary to a full and regular construction.

Homer was the greater genius; Virgil, the better artist: in the one we most admire the man; in the other, the work.

7. **Hyperbaton**.—The transposition of words out of their natural and grammatical order.

"What shall we say, since *silent now is he*?"

8. **Antithesis.**—The statement of a contrast, or the opposition of thoughts and ideas.

"In *peace* there's nothing so becomes a man  
As mild behavior and humility;  
But when the blast of *war* blows in our ears,  
Let us be tigers in our fierce deportment."

9. **Simile** formally likens one thing to another.

"Him, *lik' the working bee in blossom dust,*  
Blanched with his mill they found."

10. **Polysyndeton.**—The repetition for effect, of conjunctions, otherwise unnecessary. See (13, II., 1, 13).

"All that is little *and* low and mean among us."

11. **Asyndeton.**—The omission for effect, of conjunctions, otherwise necessary. See (13, II., 1, 13).

"The wind passeth over it—it is gone."

12. **Anacoluthon.**—A want of harmony in the grammatical construction of the different parts of a sentence.

"What shall we say, since silent now is he,  
*Who when he poke, all things would silent be?*"

13. **Irony** expresses a meaning contrary to that conveyed by the speaker's words.

"No doubt: but ye are the people, and wisdom will die with you."

14. **Allusion** occurs when a word or phrase in a sentence, by means of some similitude, calls to mind something which is not mentioned.

"It may be said of him that *he came, he saw, he conquered.*"

15. **Ecphrasis.**—An animated or passionate exclamation. It is generally indicated by the interjections O! Oh! Ah! Alas!

"O my soul's joy,  
If after every tempest come such calms,  
May the winds blow till they have wakened death."

16. **Aparithnesis.**—An enumeration of particulars for the sake of emphasis.

"Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death."

17. **Transferred Epithet.**—The removing of an epithet from its proper subject to some allied subject or circumstance.

"Hence to his *idle bed.*"

18. **Erotesis.**—An animated or passionate interrogation.

"What, Tubero, did that naked sword of yours mean in the battle of Pharsalia?  
At whose breast was it aimed?"

19. **Antonomasia** puts a proper name for a common name, or a common name for a proper name; or an office, profession or science instead of the true name of a person.

*Solomon* for a wise man. *Cæsar* for a rich man. *Galileo*, the *Columns* of the heavens.

20. **Epizeuxis.**—The immediate repetition of some word or words for the sake of emphasis.

"*Arm! Arm! it is—it is*—the cannon's opening roar."

21. **Personification** represents inanimate objects and abstract ideas as living.

"The mountains *sing* together, the hills *rejoice* and *clap hands*."

22. **Anadiplosis.**—The use of the same word or words at the end of one sentence, or of one clause of a sentence, and at the beginning of the next.

"Has he taste for *blood*? *Blood* shall fill his cup."

23. **Anaphora.**—The repetition of a word or phrase at the beginning of several sentences, or of several clauses of a sentence.

"*By foreign hands* thy dying eyes were closed,  
*By foreign hands* thy decent limbs composed,  
*By foreign hands* thy humble grave adorned,  
*By strangers* honored, and *by strangers* mourned."

24. **Oxymoron.**—An antithesis arising from the opposition of two contradictory terms.

"Thus *idly busy* rolls their life away."

25. **Epiphora.**—The repetition of a word or phrase at the end of each of several sentences, or clauses of a sentence.

"Are you delighted with *literature*, who hate the foundation of all *literature*?"

26. **Paronomasia** and **Antanaclassis.**—A play upon words. The same word is used in different senses, or words similar in sound are set in opposition to each other. Paronomasia is by some restricted to proper nouns, and Antanaclassis to common nouns.

"And brought into this *world* a *world* of woe."

27. **Antistrophe.**—An alternate conversion of the same words in different sentences.

"Your servant, sir." "Sir, your servant."

In a more extended sense it is applied to the inversion in one sentence, of the order of the words in that which precedes it.

28. **Prosthesis.**—An etymological figure by which a letter or syllable is put at the beginning of a word.

"*A*down."

29. **Anacœnosis.**—By this the speaker appeals to the judgment of his audience on the point in debate, as if their feelings were the same as his.

"Suppose, Piso, anyone had driven you from your house by violence, what would you have done?"

30. **Hyperbole** expresses more than the literal truth. It consists in magnifying objects beyond their natural bounds, so as to make them more impressive or more intelligible.

"Beneath the lowest deep, a *lower deep*,  
 Still threatening to devour me, opens wide."

31. **Allegory**.—A sentence or discourse in which the principal subject is described by means of another subject resembling it. It is made up of continued allusions. Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* or Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, is an example of this figure.

32. **Litotes**, by denying the contrary, implies more than is expressed.

"Immortal names  
That were not born to die,"—i.e., that *will live*.

33. **Climax**.—An ascending series of ideas or thoughts increasing in strength or importance until the last.

"It is an outrage to bind a Roman citizen; to scourge him is an atrocious crime; to put him to death is almost a parricide; but to crucify him—what shall I call it!"

The opposite of this figure is **Anti-Climax**, or the arrangement of the terms or particulars of a sentence or other portion of a discourse, so that the ideas suddenly become less dignified at the close.

"A good Christian, a good citizen, and a good shot with a rifle."

34. **Prolepsis**.—The anticipatory use of a word, or phrase.

"They beat with their oars the hoary sea," instead of "They beat the sea with their oars and made it hoary."

35. **Catachresis**.—An abuse of a figure, by which a word is wrested from its original application, and made to express something at variance with its true meaning.

"Her voice was but the shadow of a sound."

36. **Aposiopesis**.—The leaving of a sentence unfinished, in consequence of some sudden emotion of the mind.

"What! do you—do you charge me with this, a man who has never in his life pursued anything but virtue? What you have pursued— But I am silent, lest I should seem to have brought a charge against a friend."

37. **Apostrophe**.—A turning away from the regular course of the composition to address something absent, as if it were present.

"Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

38. **Epigram**.—A short, pointed, or witty saying, the true sense of which is different from that which appears on the surface.

"Solitude sometimes is the best society."

39. **Innuendo**.—A form of Allusion, in which a thought, instead of being plainly stated, is merely suggested or implied.

"He did his party all the harm in his power—he spoke for it and voted against it."

40. **Euphemism**.—A circumlocution used to soften a harsh or a direct way of expressing a thought.

"Your conduct is hardly in accordance with the principles of morality."

41. **Sarcasm**.—A keen, reproachful, but at the same time witty, expression.

"Ward has no heart, they say; but I deny it:  
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it!"

## V. Number of Words—

1. **Brevity**, or Conciseness, consists in using the smallest number of words for the complete expression of a thought. As a general rule, the more briefly a thought is expressed, the more clearly and forcibly is it conveyed. Hence, no word, phrase, or clause should be used, if its omission would impair neither the clearness nor the force of the sentence. Too great conciseness, however, produces obscurity and abruptness.

### a. Sources of Brevity—

1. **Apt Words**.—A writer should in all cases use the word which expresses the exact shade of his meaning. If he do not, he will fail to make his meaning clear, or he will be forced to repeat his idea in different forms.

2. **Suitable Grammatical Constructions**.—The following are those most conducive to Brevity:—Participles for clauses with finite verbs; appositives instead of clauses with connectives; abstract nouns; adjectives for adjective clauses; nouns for adjectives; prepositional phrases with or without adjectives; and contracted and condensed sentences.

3. **Effective Figures of Speech**.—Those most suitable for the purposes of Brevity are Simile, Metaphor, Transferred Epithet, Antithesis, Epigram, and Ellipsis.

### b. Violations of Brevity—

1. **Tautology**, or the repetition of the same idea in different words—*e.g.*, "Everyone praised his magnanimity and greatness of mind." "Magnanimity" and "greatness of mind" have the same meaning: one of them is, therefore, unnecessary. Correct writers avoid the use of Superfluous Particles, especially Prepositions and Conjunctions—*e.g.*, "They may be divided *up* into three component parts;"—of Adverbs, Adjectives, or Qualifying phrases, the meanings of which are already involved in the sentence—*e.g.*, "The most entire approval;"—of two or more nouns having nearly the same meaning—*e.g.*, "The investigation and inquiry." But the association of words having nearly the same meaning is admissible under the following circumstances:—

(a) When one word would not express the full sense intended, or when a word would admit of two meanings if used alone. Some pairs of words, also, are linked together by established usage—*e.g.*, "Use and wont," "To all intents and purposes."

(b) When under the influence of strong emotion, the mind is disposed to dwell upon the exciting cause—*e.g.*, "I am *astonished*, I am *shocked*, to hear such principles *confessed*; to hear them *avowed* in this house and in this country."

(c) When an idea requires emphatic expression—*e.g.*, "The *end* and *design*," "The *head* and *front*," "*means* and *substance*."

2. **Pleonasm**, or Redundancy, consists of additions not necessary to express the sense—*e.g.*, "It was the *privilege* and *birthright* of every citizen and poet to rail aloud and in public."

Pleonasm is permissible for rhetorical emphasis, for the clearer expression of meaning, and in the language of poetry and passion—*e.g.*, "We have seen *with our eyes*; we have heard *with our ears*." The heavens *above*, the earth *beneath*, and the waters *under the earth*."

3. **Verbosity**, or Circumlocution, consists in a diffuse mode of expression, *e.g.*, "On receiving this information, he arose, went out, saddled his horse, and went to town." There is no Tautology or Redundancy here; but, unless for some special purpose, the details are uninteresting and unimportant. The sentence would read, "On receiving this information he went down."

Circumlocution is, however, a necessary poetic or rhetorical effect, or to avoid the disagreeable repetition of a word or phrase. But unnecessary substitutions savor of affectation and confuse the sense. The writer's first consideration should be the perspicuity of his sentence, and to ensure this, the repetition of a word or phrase may be necessary.

2. **Diffuseness**.—Sometimes a writer produces by diffuseness the desired effect of style. To the examples of allowable diffuseness given under (12, V., 1, b, 1, 2, and 3,) the following may be added:—

a. An example or illustration used by a writer must be suited in length to the state of mind of the person addressed. If what the writer says is well known, a brief reference is all that is necessary; but if it is unknown, or if he desires to work up the feelings of his readers, he must emphasize by expansion.

b. To produce harmony of sound and sense, a long word or clause may be necessary to suit the dignity of the thought or the intensity of the emotion—*e.g.*, To express great amazement, "stupendous" is better than "vast" or "great." In poetic embellishment, "The glorious orb of day" is more suitable than "The sun."

## VI. Order of Words—

1. As the Grammatical order of words is not always the best for effect, this order is departed from frequently in poetry and sometimes in prose.

As a general rule we should endeavor to arrange the parts of a proposition in the order in which the ideas they express naturally present themselves to the mind. The arrangement of the words in a sentence should resemble the arrangement of the figures in a picture—the most important should occupy the chief places.

In English, the natural order of the parts of a sentence is—Subject, predicate, object. But this order may be varied:—

a. When the subject is less important than the predicate or the object, either may precede it. Any special emphasis may justify inversion—*e.g.*, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians,"—emphasizes the predicate; "Look upon it, I dare not,"—emphasizes the object.

b. The emphatic places in a sentence are the beginning and the end. Hence emphasis will be secured by placing a word in either

of these places, if this be not its natural position—*e.g.*, "Silver and gold have I *nonc.*" See also (12, II., 2, *a.*) It follows then as a general rule that—

*c.* A sentence should not end with a weak or an insignificant word, as a pronoun, adverb, or preposition. The exceptions to this statement are—

(1) When the otherwise weak word is made strong by emphasis—*e.g.*, "In their prosperity my friends shall never hear of me; in their adversity, *always.*"

(2) When a particle is attached to the verb so as practically to form a compound with it—*e.g.*, "It is this I wish to *clear up.*"

(3) When we wish to avoid a broken construction, or what is called "splitting particles," as when we write—"Though virtue borrows no assistance from the advantages of fortune, yet it may often be accompanied by them," instead of the broken construction in "Though virtue borrows no assistance from, yet it may often be accompanied by, the advantages of fortune."

2. In complex statements, the qualifying words should precede the object qualified; but words and expressions most nearly related in thought should be placed closest together. That arrangement should be preferred which entails the fewest and shortest suspensions of the meaning.

### QUALITIES OF STYLE.

13. The Qualities of Style are Intellectual Qualities, Emotional Qualities, and Elegancies—

I. **Intellectual Qualities.**—The qualities of style, considered as an object of the understanding, are Accuracy and Clearness.

To ensure **Accuracy** and **Clearness**, that is, the faithful presentation of thought, style requires Purity and Perspicuity.

i. **Purity** prescribes—

*a.* **Correct Forms and Concords.**—Every sentence of a composition must be constructed in accordance with the laws of grammar. The common errors consist in the use of wrong single words or forms, and of false concords—that is, wrong cases, genders, numbers, and tenses.

*b.* **Good English Words.**—To be good, a word must be reputable (used by good writers or speakers), recent (used at present), and national (used by a whole people). Violations of these principles constitute *Barbarisms*, the chief causes of which are:

- (1) The unnecessary use of obsolete words.
- (2) The use of provincial or slang expressions.
- (3) The general and unnecessary use of technical terms.
- (4) An affected use of foreign words.
- (5) Coining words unnecessarily.

*c.* **Proper Words**—that is, words fit for the occasion. In a composition, every word or phrase should bear the meaning which established usage has assigned to it. The violation of this principle

constitutes an *Impropriety*. The chief causes of impropriety in the use of English words are:

- (1) Neglect to observe the proper sequence of particles—*e.g.*, "He had no other intention *but* to deceive me," in which "but" improperly follows "other."
- (2) Neglect to distinguish between synonyms.
- (3) Carelessness as to the real meaning of words—*e.g.*, "Monarchy stood *prostrate* at the foot of the church."

2. **Perspicuity**, or Clearness.—"Care should be taken, not that the reader may understand if he will, but that he must understand whether he will or not." Perspicuity prescribes—

a. **Simplicity**.—This term covers not merely the choice of words, but the arrangement of clauses, sentences, and paragraphs. The violations of this principle are badly-arranged sentences, and pedantic, roundabout, and inflated words and phrases.

b. **Brevity**.—*See* (12, V., 1, a and b).

c. **Precision**, or Definiteness of Meaning.—The violation of this produces *Ambiguity* or *Obscurity*, which may occur in words and in sentences.

(1) In words. The Ambiguity may be one of meaning or of reference. The greatest source of ambiguity of reference is the careless use of pronouns, especially of the relative.

(2) In sentences. This arises from a disregard of the rules for the arrangement of the parts of a sentence. *See* (12, VI., 1 and 2).

II. **Emotional Qualities**.—The Emotional Qualities of style, or those that affect the emotions or feelings, are—

1. **Strength**, which consists in such a use and arrangement of words as convey the author's meaning most impressively.

Under the general name of Strength are included such varieties as sublimity, loftiness, magnificence, grandeur, dignity, stateliness, and splendor; fervor, energy, force, vigor, and nerve; brilliancy, rapidity, liveliness, vivacity, and animation. In this list, those qualities that resemble one another are grouped together. In literary criticism, the terms are often used loosely, but several of them have specific meanings. There is, for instance, a wide difference between the extremes; sublimity being secured by the description of great and noble objects, which produce a sort of elevation and expansion of our feelings; animation being the presentation of ideas in rapid succession.

The following are the principal modes of securing Strength:—

(1) Important words should occupy the most prominent places. *See* (12, VI., 1) and (12, II., 2, a).

(2) The Periodic structure, by exciting and concentrating attention, often adds to the force of a sentence. *See* (12, II., 1, b).

(3) When the members of a sentence differ in length, the shorter should precede the longer; and, when they are of unequal force, the weaker should precede the stronger. In all cases, however, the order of time should be observed.

(4) When in different members of a sentence two objects are contrasted, a resemblance in language and construction increases the effect. See (12, IV., 8), and (12, II., 1, c).

(5) A sentence should not close with an adverb, a preposition, or any small unaccented word. See (12, VI., 1, c).

(6) Broken constructions, or Splitting particles, should be avoided. See (12, VI., 1, c, 3).

(7) An accumulation of small words should be avoided.

(8) The language and the subject should harmonize with, and support, each other. Different themes demand different treatment.

(9) Variety, or due alternation of effects, should be maintained in all parts of composition, viz.: variety in sound (13, III., 1), words, subjects, and in the length and structure of sentences. The occurrence of any unpleasing similarity of sound, the improper repetition of a word, or a long series of sentences of the same type, enfeeble style and should be avoided. See (12, II., 1, b), and (12, III., 6).

(10) All superfluous words should be rejected. See (12, V., 1).

(11) As far as is consistent with perspicuity and good grammar, whatever may be readily supplied should be omitted. See (12, IV., 6).

(12) The use of adjectives or adverbs in close succession enfeebles style. When judiciously applied, these parts of speech have a powerful influence in animating, and heightening the effect of, an expression; but, when used immoderately, they burden a sentence without adding to its effect.

(13) The too frequent use of the conjunction "and" should be avoided. When the author's object is to present a quick succession of spirited images, the conjunction is often omitted with fine effect (12, IV., 11). When, however, an enumeration is made in which it is important that the transition from one object to another should not be too rapid, but that each should attract attention for a moment, the conjunction may be repeated (12, IV., 10).

(14) Indirect or prefaced modes of expression should be avoided, unless to introduce important ideas—*e.g.*, "It was I that did it," and "There was no one present." Better "I did it," and "No one was present."

(15) Reduce, as far as possible, the number of auxiliaries, except when they are emphatic. See also (13, II., 1, 7). This principle is more applicable to poetry than to prose, and occurs chiefly in the subjunctive mood.

(16) The Specific and the Concrete are more effective than the General and the Abstract. A statement is stronger when made about an individual object than about a class.

(17) Strength is often promoted by the use of Figures of Speech (12, IV.); but they should be used only when they convey the idea in a shorter space and with greater vividness than ordinary language.

(18) Originality and boldness in combinations should be aimed at, especially in the use of Figures of Speech. Frequent repetition palls, even when what we repeat is itself of the highest merit. Novelty and agreeable surprises conduce to strength.

(19) Every means should be taken to ensure Perspicuity. *See* (13, I., 2). We should write naturally, use definite, plain words, with a preference for those of Anglo-Saxon origin, and avoid affectation; roundabout expressions (12, V., 1, b, 3), remote allusions, frequent quotations—especially those that are hackneyed—exaggerated language, harsh-sounding words, and whatever interrupts the easy flow of our sentences.

(20) The Periodic, the Abrupt, and the Balanced and Pointed style (12, II., 1, b and c,) increase greatly the strength of a composition, if the principle of Variety is duly recognized (13, II., 1, 9). The first keeps up the attention, and favors the Unity of the sentences (13, II., 1, 2); the second increases the rapidity of the movement; and the last gives agreeable surprises and assists the memory.

2. **Pathos**, or Tender Feeling, which touches the tender chord in our nature. It is a sympathetic pain combined with pleasure.

The following are the chief means of stimulating the emotion:—

(1) Allusions to the strong affections of our nature—to love of family, friends, or country.

(2) Accounts of acts of compassion, kindness, or humanity.

(3) The expression of kind and humane thoughts and feelings.

(4) Descriptions of any of the misfortunes to which human beings are subject, as death, sorrow, pain, misery.

(5) Many gentle pleasures, and even some intense ones, stimulate the emotion of tenderness.

3. **The Ludicrous**, which excites laughter, and is caused by the degradation of any subject without the production of any other strong emotion, such as anger or fear. Of this quality there are several varieties:—

In **Satire** the Ludicrous is associated with malice without arousing sympathy for the object—*e.g.*, Pope's *Epistle to Arbuthnot*. Akin to this quality is **Ridicule**, the object of which is to influence opinion.

**Humor** is the laughable degradation of an object, without malice, in a genial, kindly, good-natured way—*e.g.*, many of Addison's papers in the *Spectator*. The subject of Humor is character—not its graver faults, but its foibles, vanities, and weaknesses generally. Humor and Pathos often relieve each other. (13, II., 1, 9.) This combination constitutes one of the greatest charms of Dickens's works.

**Wit** is an ingenious and unexpected play upon words. *See* (12, IV., 26). When we call a writer witty, we have reference merely to the cleverness of his mode of expression; he may be also satiric or sarcastic, like Swift; or humorous, like Addison or Lamb.

III. **Elegancies of Style**.—The Elegancies of Style are:—

1. **Melody**, which is agreeable sound or modulation. Under melody

we should consider—first, whether the author conforms to the general requisites; and secondly, what is his prevailing rhythm. The following are the general requisites of Melody:—

(1) The avoiding of harsh effects. The abrupt consonants, as *p*, *t*, *k*, *f*, *th*, *h*, etc., are the hardest to pronounce; the vowels are the easiest. "Barber," for instance, is easier to pronounce than "Pragmatic."

(2) The alternation of long and short, emphatic and unemphatic syllables.

(3) The alternations of consonants among themselves, and of vowels among themselves.

(4) The avoiding of unpleasant alliterations. See p. 4 of "Wolfe and Old Quebec," ll. 16, 17.

(5) The due observance, throughout a composition, of the principle of variety. See (13, II., 1, 9).

(6) The cadence at the close. The closing syllable of a sentence should allow the voice to fall. Avoid closing a sentence with a short, unemphatic, abrupt syllable or word. See (13, II., 1, 5). When we aim at dignity or elevation, the sound should swell to the last. See (13, II., 1, 3).

Many good writers have a characteristic and indescribable swing to their language—a peculiar rhythmical movement by which the trained ear may soon detect the authorship of a piece of composition.

**2. Harmony** is melody, so ordered as to be expressive of the sense. This is desirable in prose, but occurs most markedly in poetry. See (12, IV., 4). Sound, movement, and vast bulk may be easily represented.

**3. Taste** has two meanings:—

(1) The power of receiving pleasure from the beauties of Nature and Art. In this sense it is almost synonymous with Elegance, Polish, and Refinement. Persons devoid of this power are said to have no taste.

(2) That kind of artistic excellence that gives the greatest amount of pleasure to cultured minds. In this sense it is generally used in literary criticism.

The rules of Taste are those which govern correct literary composition; but variable elements also exist, for there are marked differences in the literary tastes of men, countries, and periods.

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THE RIME OF  
THE ANCIENT MARINER  
AND MINOR POEMS.



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

"I expect neither profit nor general fame by my writings; and I consider myself as having been amply repaid without either. Poetry has been to me its own 'exceeding great reward;' it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the Good and the Beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me."—*Coleridge's Preface to the Third Edition of the "Juvenile Poems."*

Toronto:  
CANADA PUBLISHING CO.  
(LIMITED.)

Facile credo, plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate. Sed horum omnium familiam quis nobis enarrabit, et gradus et cognationes et discrimina et singulorum munera? Quid agunt? quae loca habitant? Harum rerum notitiam semper ambivit ingenium humanum, nunquam attigit. Juvat, interea, non diffiteor, quandoque in animo, tanquam in tabula, majoris et melioris mundi imaginem contemplari: ne mens assuefacta hodiernæ vitæ minutiis se contrahat nimis, et tota subsidat in pusillas cogitationes. Sed veritati interea invigilandum est, modusque servandus, ut certa ab incertis, diem a nocte, distinguamus.—T. BURNET, ARCHAEOL. PHIL., p. 68.

# THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

IN SEVEN PARTS.

## PART I.

It is an ancient Mariner,  
And he stoppeth one of three,  
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,  
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

An ancient  
Mariner meeteth  
three gallants  
bidden to a  
wedding feast,  
and detaineth  
one.

The Bridegroom's doors are open wide,  
And I am next of kin ;  
The guests are met, the feast is set :  
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,  
"There was a ship," quoth he. 10  
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"  
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—  
The Wedding-Guest stood still,  
And listens like a three years' child :  
The Mariner hath his will,

The Wedding-  
Guest is spell-  
bound by the  
eye of the old  
sea-faring man,  
and constrained  
to hear his tale,

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone :  
 He cannot choose but hear ;  
 And thus spake on that ancient man,  
 The bright eyed Mariner.

20

“The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,  
 Merrily did we drop  
 Below the kirk, below the hill,  
 Below the light-house top.

The Mariner  
 tells how the ship  
 sailed southward  
 with a good wind  
 and fair weather,  
 till it reached  
 the Line.

The sun came up upon the left,  
 Out of the sea came he !  
 And he shone bright, and on the right  
 Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,  
 Till over the mast at noon—”  
 The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,  
 For he heard the loud bassoon.

30

The Wedding-  
 Guest hears the  
 bridal music;  
 but the Mariner  
 continueth his  
 tale.

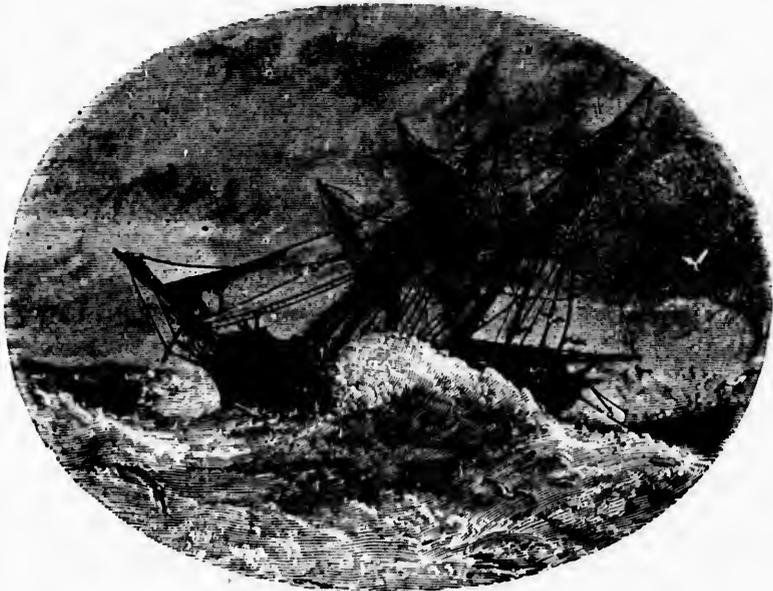
The bride hath paced into the hall,  
 Red as a rose is she ;  
 Nodding their heads before her goes  
 The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,  
 Yet he cannot choose but hear ;  
 And thus spake on that ancient man  
 The bright-eyed Mariner.

40

The ship drawn  
 by a storm  
 toward the  
 south pole.

“And now the storm-blast came, and he  
 Was tyrannous and strong :  
 He struck with his o’ertaking wings,  
 And chased us south along.



With sloping masts and dipping prow,  
 As who pursued with yell and blow  
 Still treads the shadow of his foe,  
 And forward bends his head,  
 The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,  
 And southward aye we fled.

50

And now there came both mist and snow,  
 And it grew wondrous cold :  
 And ice, mast-high, came floating by,  
 As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts  
 Did send a dismal sheen :  
 Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—  
 The ice was all between.

The land of ice,  
 and of fearful  
 sounds where  
 no living thing  
 was to be seen.

The ice was here, the ice was there,  
 The ice was all around :

50

It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,  
Like noises in a swound !

Till a great sea-  
bird called the  
Albatross came  
through the  
snow-fog, and  
was received  
with great joy  
and hospitality.

At length did cross an Albatross,  
'Through the fog it came ;  
As if it had been a Christian soul,  
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,  
And round and round it flew :  
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;  
The helmsman steered us through !

70

And lo ! the Al-  
batross proveth a  
bird of good  
omen, and fol-  
loweth the ship  
as it returned  
northward  
through fog and  
floating ice.

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;  
The Albatross did follow,  
And every day, for food or play,  
Came to the mariners' hollo !

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,  
It perched for vespers nine ;  
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white  
Glimmered the white moon-shine."

The ancient  
Mariner inhospita-  
bly killeth the  
pious bird of  
good omen.

" God save thee, ancient Mariner,  
From the fiends, that plague thee thus !—  
Why look'st thou so ?"—" With my cross-bow  
I shot the Albatross."

80

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PART II.

THE Sun now rose upon the right :  
Out of the sea came he,  
Still hid in mist, and on the left  
Vent down into the sea.

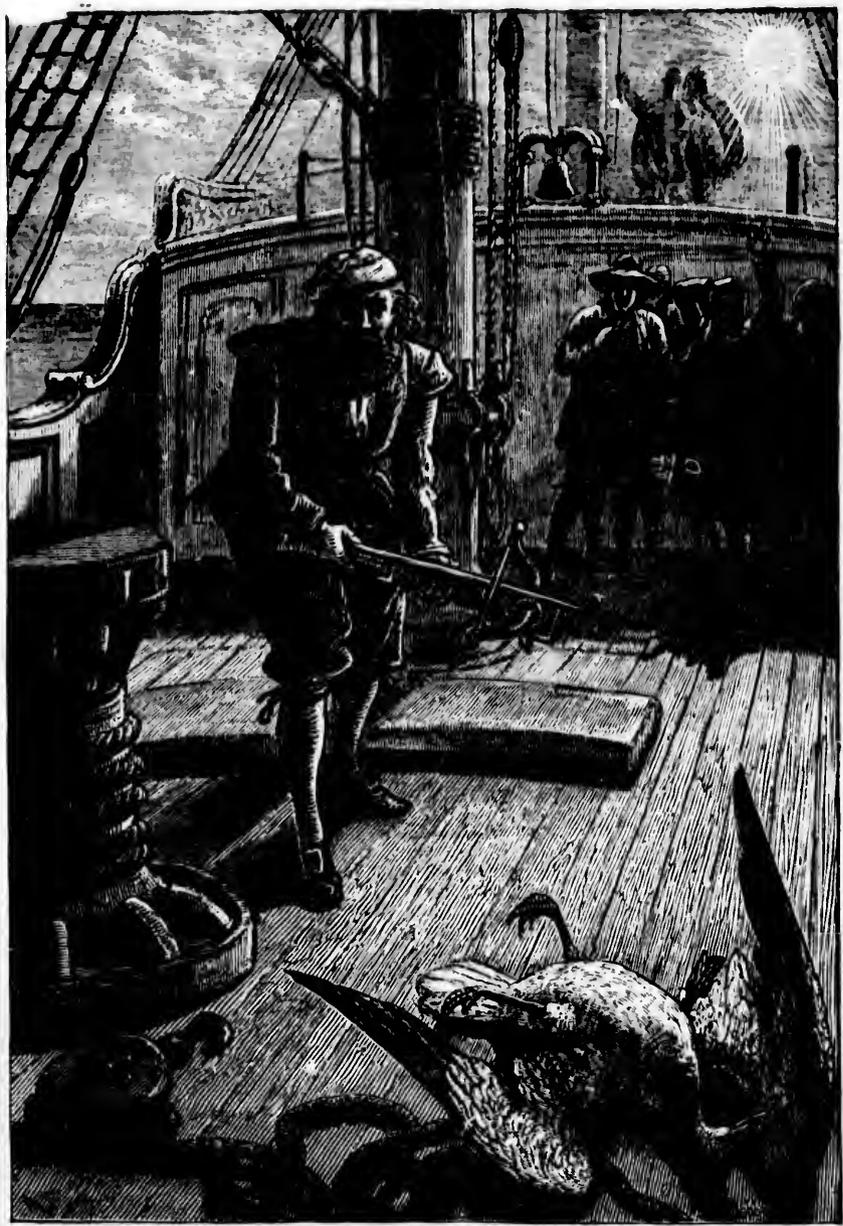
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And I had done a heilish thing,  
And it would work 'em woe:  
For all averred, I had killed the bird  
'That made the breeze to blow.'

And the good south wind still blew behind,  
 But no sweet bird did follow,  
 Nor any day for food or play  
 Came to the mariners' hollo !

His shipmates  
 cry out against  
 the ancient  
 Mariner, for kill-  
 ing the bird of  
 good luck.  
 But when the  
 fog cleared off,  
 they justify the  
 same, and thus  
 make themselves  
 accomplices in  
 the crime.

And I had done a hellish thing,  
 And it would work 'em woe :  
 For all averred, I had killed the bird  
 That made the breeze to blow.  
 Ah wretch ! said they, the bird to slay,  
 That made the breeze to blow !

12

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head  
 The glorious Sun uprist :  
 Then all averred, I had killed the bird  
 That brought the fog and mist.  
 'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,  
 That bring the fog and mist.

20

The fair breeze  
 continues ; the  
 ship enters the  
 Pacific Ocean,  
 and sails north-  
 ward, even till it  
 reaches the Line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,  
 The furrow followed free ;  
 We were the first that ever burst  
 Into that silent sea.

The ship hath  
 been suddenly  
 becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,  
 'Twas sad as sad could be ;  
 And we did speak only to break  
 The silence of the sea !

All in a hot and copper sky,  
 The bloody Sun, at noon,  
 Right up above the mast did stand,  
 No bigger than the Moon.

30

Day after day, day after day,  
 We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;

As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink ;  
Water, water, everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

40

The very deep did rot : O Christ !  
That ever this should be !  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout  
The death-fires danced at night ;  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green and blue and white.

And some in dreams assured were  
Of the Spirit that plagued us so ;  
Nine fathom deep he had followed us  
From the land of mist and snow.

A Spirit followed them ; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels ; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

The ship-mates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner : in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

And every tongue, through utter drought,  
Was withered at the root ;  
We could not speak, no more than if  
We had been choked with soot.

Ah ! well-a-day ! what evil looks  
Had I from old and young !  
Instead of the cross, the Albatross  
About my neck was hung.

60

## PART III.

The ancient  
Mariner be-  
holdeth a sign  
in the element  
afar off.

THERE passed a weary time. Each throat  
Was parched, and glazed each eye.  
A weary time ! a weary time !  
How glazed each weary eye,  
When looking westward, I beheld  
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,  
And then it seemed a mist ;  
It moved and moved, and took at last  
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist  
And still it neared and neared :  
As if it dodged a water-sprite,  
It plunged and tacked and veered.

At its nearer  
approach, it  
seemeth him  
to be a ship ;  
and at a dear  
ransom he freeth  
his speech from  
the bonds of  
thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
We could nor laugh nor wail ;  
Through utter drought all dumb we stood !  
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,  
And cried, A sail ! a sail !

A flash of joy ;

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked  
Agape they heard me call :  
Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,  
And all at once their breath drew in,  
As they were drinking all.

And horror fol-  
lows. For can  
it be a *ship* that  
comes onward  
without wind  
or tide ?

See ! see ! (I cried) she tacks no more !  
Hither to work us weal,—  
Without a breeze, without a tide,  
She steadies with upright keel !

The western wave was all a-flame  
 The day was well nigh done !  
 Almost upon the western wave  
 Rested the broad bright Sun ;  
 When that strange shape drove suddenly  
 Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,  
 (Heaven's Mother send us grace !)  
 As if through a dungeon-grate he peered  
 With broad and burning face.

It seemeth him  
 but the skeleton  
 of a ship.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)  
 How fast she nears and nears !  
 Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,  
 Like restless gossameres ?

Are those her ribs through which the Sun  
 Did peer, as through a grate ?  
 And is that Woman all her crew ?  
 Is that a Death ? and are there two ?  
 Is Death that woman's mate ?

And its ribs are  
 seen as bars on  
 the face of the  
 setting sun.  
 The Spectre-  
 Woman and her  
 Death-mate, and  
 no other on  
 board the skele-  
 ton-ship.  
 Like vessel, like  
 crew !

Her lips were red, her looks were free,  
 Her locks were yellow as gold :  
 Her skin was as white as leprosy,  
 The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,  
 Who thicks man's blood with cold.

50

The naked hulk alongside came,  
 And the twain were casting dice ;  
 'The game is done! I've won! I've won !'  
 Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

Death and Life-  
 in-Death have  
 dived for the  
 ship's crew, and  
 she (the latter)  
 winneth the  
 ancient Mariner.

The Sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out :  
 At one stride comes the dark ;  
 With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,  
 Off shot the spectre-bark.

No twilight  
 within the courts  
 of the Sun.

60

At the rising of  
the Moon,

We listened and looked sideways up!  
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,  
My life-blood seemed to sip!  
The stars were dim, and thick the night,  
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;  
From the sails the dew did drip—  
Till clomb above the eastern bar  
The horned Moon, with one bright star  
Within the nether tip.

One after  
another,

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,  
Too quick for groan or sigh,  
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,  
And cursed me with his eye.

70

His shipmates  
drop down dead.

Four times fifty living men,  
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)  
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,  
They dropped down one by one.

But Life-in-  
Death begins her  
work on the  
ancient Mariner.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—  
They fled to bliss or woe!  
And every soul, it passed me by,  
Like the whiz of my cross-bow!"

80

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 PART IV.

The Wedding-  
Guest feareth  
that a Spirit is  
talking to him.

" I FEAR thee, ancient Mariner!  
I fear thy skinny hand!  
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,  
As is the ribbed sea-sand.\*

\* For the last two lines of this stanza, I am indebted to Mr. Wordsworth. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with him and his sister, in the autumn of 1797, that this poem was planned, and in part composed.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,  
 And thy skinny hand, so brown."—  
 "Fèar not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest !  
 This body dropt not down.

But the ancient  
 Mariner assureth  
 him of his bodily  
 life, and pro-  
 ceedeth to relate  
 his horrible  
 penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
 Alone on a wide wide sea !  
 And never a saint took pity on  
 My soul in agony.

10

The many men, so beautiful !  
 And they all dead did lie :  
 And a thousand thousand slimy things  
 Lived on ; and so did I.

He despiseth the  
 creatures of the  
 calm,

I looked upon the rotting sea,  
 And drew my eyes away ;  
 I looked upon the rotting deck,  
 And there the dead men lay.

And envieth that  
 they should live,  
 and so many lie  
 dead.

20

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray ;  
 But or ever a prayer had gusht,  
 A wicked whisper came, and made  
 My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids and kept them close,  
 And the balls like pulses beat :  
 For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky  
 Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
 And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,  
 Nor rot nor reek did they :  
 The look with which they looked on me  
 Had never passed away.

30 But the curse  
 liveth for him in  
 the eye of the  
 dead men,

An orphan's curse would drag to hell  
 A spirit from on high ;  
 But oh ! more horrible than that  
 Is the curse in a dead man's eye !  
 Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,  
 And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness  
 and fixedness he  
 yearneth toward  
 the journeying  
 Moon, and the  
 stars that still  
 sojourn, yet still  
 move onward ;  
 and everywhere  
 the blue sky  
 belongs to them,  
 and is their  
 appointed rest,  
 and their native  
 country and their  
 own natural  
 homes, which  
 they enter unan-  
 nounced, as lords  
 that are certainly  
 expected, and yet  
 there is a silent  
 joy at their  
 arrival.

By the light of  
 the Moon he  
 beholdeth God's  
 creatures of the  
 great calm.

The moving Moon went up the sky,  
 And nowhere did abide :  
 Softly she was going up,  
 And a star or two beside—

40

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main  
 Like April hoar-frost spread ;  
 But where the ship's huge shadow lay,  
 The charmed water burnt alway  
 A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship  
 I watched the water-snakes :  
 They moved in tracks of shining white,  
 And when they reared, the elfish light  
 Fell off in hoary flakes.

50

Within the shadow of the ship  
 I watched their rich attire :  
 Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
 They coiled and swam ; and every track  
 Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty and  
 their happiness.

He blesseth them  
 in his heart.

O happy living things ! no tongue  
 Their beauty might declare :  
 A spring of love gushed from my heart,  
 And I blessed them unaware :  
 Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
 And I blessed them unaware,

60

The seltsame moment I could pray ;  
 And from my neck so free  
 The Albatross fell off, and sank  
 Like lead into the sea.

The spell begins  
 to break.

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 PART V.

Oh sleep ! it is a gentle thing,  
 Beloved from pole to pole !  
 To Mary Queen the praise be given !  
 She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,  
 That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck  
 That had so long remained,  
 I dreamt that they were filled with dew ;  
 And when I awoke, it rained.

By grace of the  
 holy Mother, the  
 ancient Mariner  
 is refreshed with  
 rain.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold, 10  
 My garments all were dank ;  
 Sure I had drunken in my dreams,  
 And still my body drank.

I moved and could not feel my limbs :  
 I was so light—almost  
 I thought that I had died in sleep,  
 And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind :  
 It did not come anear ;  
 But with its sound it shook the sails,  
 That were so thin and sere.

He hearth  
 sounds and seeth  
 strange sights  
 and commotions  
 20 in the sky and  
 the element.

The upper air burst into life !  
 And a hundred fire-flags sheen,

To and fro they were hurried about !  
 And to and fro, and in and out,  
 The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,  
 And the sails did sigh like sedge ;  
 And the rain poured down from one black cloud ;  
 The Moon was at its edge. 30

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still  
 The moon was at its side :  
 Like waters shot from some high crag,  
 The lightning fell with never a jag,  
 A river steep and wide.

The bodies of  
 the ship's crew  
 are inspired, and  
 the ship moves  
 on ;

The loud wind never reached the ship,  
 Yet now the ship moved on !  
 Beneath the lightning and the Moon  
 The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose, 40  
 Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;  
 It had been strange, even in a dream,  
 To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on ;  
 Yet never a breeze up blew ;  
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,  
 Where they were wont to do ;  
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—  
 We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son 50  
 Stood by me, knee to knee :  
 The body and I pulled at one rope,  
 But he said nought to me."

" I fear thee, ancient Mariner !"  
 " Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest !  
 'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,  
 Which to their corpses came again,  
 But a troop of spirits blest :

But not by the  
 souls of the men,  
 not by demons  
 of earth or  
 middle air, but  
 by a blessed  
 troop of angelic  
 spirits, sent  
 down by the  
 invocation of the  
 guardian saint.

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,  
 And clustered round the mast ; 60  
 Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,  
 And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,  
 Then darted to the Sun ;  
 Slowly the sounds came back again,  
 Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky  
 I heard the sky-lark sing ;  
 Sometimes all little birds that are,  
 How they seemed to fill the sea and air 70  
 With their sweet jargoning !

And now 'twas like all instruments,  
 Now like a lonely flute ;  
 And now it is an angel's song,  
 That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on  
 A pleasant noise till noon,  
 A noise like of a hidden brook  
 In the leafy month of June,  
 That to the sleeping woods all night 80  
 Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,  
 Yet never a breeze did breathe :

Slowly and smoothly went the ship,  
Moved onward from beneath.

The lonesome  
Spirit from the  
south pole  
carries on the  
ship as far as the  
Line, in obedi-  
ence to the  
angelic troop,  
but still requireth  
vengeance.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,  
From the land of mist and snow,  
The Spirit slid : and it was he  
That made the ship to go.  
The sails at noon left off their ture.  
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun right up above the mast,  
Had fixed her to the ocean :  
But in a minute she 'gan stir,  
With a short uneasy motion—  
Backwards and forwards half her length,  
With a short uneasy motion.

Then, like a pawing horse let go,  
She made a sudden bound :  
It flung the blood into my head,  
And I fell down in a swoond.

The Polar  
Spirit's fellow  
demons, the in-  
visible inhabi-  
tants of the  
element, take  
part in his  
wrong ; and two  
of them relate,  
one to the other,  
that penance  
long and heavy  
for the ancient  
Mariner hath  
been accorded to  
the Polar Spirit,  
who returneth  
southward.

How long in that same fit I lay,  
I have not to declare ;  
But ere my living life returned,  
I heard, and in my soul discerned  
Two voices in the air.

'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?  
By him who died on cross,  
With his cruel bow he laid full low  
The harmless Albatross.

'The Spirit who bideth by himself  
In the land of mist and snow,  
He loved the bird that loved the man  
Who shot him with his bow.'

The other was a softer voice,  
 As soft as honey dew ;  
 Quoth ne, 'The man hath penance done,  
 And penance more will do.'

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 PART VI.

## FIRST VOICE.

'But tell me, tell me ! speak again,  
 Thy soft response renewing—  
 What makes that ship drive on so fast ?  
 What is the ocean doing ?'

## SECOND VOICE.

'Still as a slave before his lord,  
 The ocean hath no blast ;  
 His great bright eye most silently  
 Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go ;  
 For she guides him smooth or grim.  
 See, brother, see ! how graciously  
 She looketh down on him.'

## FIRST VOICE.

'But why drives on that ship so fast,  
 Without or wave or wind ?'

## SECOND VOICE.

'The air is cut away before,  
 And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high !  
 Or we shall be belated :  
 For slow and slow that ship will go,  
 When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

The Mariner  
 hath been cast  
 into a trance ;  
 for the angelic  
 power causeth  
 the vessel to  
 drive northward  
 faster than  
 human life  
 could endure.

The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes and his penance begins anew.

I woke, and we were sailing on  
As in a gentle weather :  
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was nigh ;  
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,  
For a charnel-dungeon fitter :  
All fixed on me their stony eyes,  
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,  
Had never passed away :  
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,  
Nor turn them up to pray.

The curse is finally expiated.

And now this spell was snapt : once more  
I viewed the ocean green,  
And looked far forth, yet little saw  
Of what had else been seen---

Like one, that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And having once turned round walks on,  
And turns no more his head ;  
Because he knows, a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,  
Nor sound nor motion made :  
Its path was not upon the sea,  
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek  
Like a meadow-gale of spring—  
It mingled strangely with my tears,  
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,  
 Yet she sailed softly too:  
 Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze  
 On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed  
 The light-house top I see?  
 Is this the hill? is this the kirk?  
 Is this mine own countree?

And the ancient  
 Mariner behold-  
 eth his native  
 country.

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,  
 And I with sobs did pray—  
 O let me be awake, my God!  
 Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,  
 So smoothly it was strewn!  
 And on the bay the moonlight lay,  
 And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,  
 That stands above the rock:  
 The moonlight steeped in silentness  
 The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,  
 Till rising from the same,  
 Full many shapes, that shadows were,  
 In crimson colours came.

The angelic  
 spirits leave the  
 dead bodies;

A little distance from the prow  
 Those crimson shadows were:  
 I turned my eyes upon the deck—  
 Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

And appear in  
 their own forms  
 of light.

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,  
 And, by the holy rood!  
 A man all light, a seraph-man,  
 On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand :  
 It was a heavenly sight !  
 They stood as signals to the land,  
 Each one a lovely light ;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand.  
 No voice did they impart—  
 No voice ; but oh ! the silence sank  
 Like music on my heart.

80

But soon I heard the dash of oars,  
 I heard the Pilot's cheer ;  
 My head was turned perforce away,  
 And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,  
 I heard them coming fast :  
 Dear Lord in Heaven ! it was a joy  
 The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice :  
 It is the Hermit good !  
 He singeth loud his godly hymns  
 That he makes in the wood.  
 He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away  
 The Albatross's blood.

100

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 PART VII.

The Hermit of  
 the wood

THIS Hermit good lives in that wood  
 Which slopes down to the sea.  
 How loudly his sweet voice he rears !  
 He loves to talk with mariners  
 That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and e/e . . .  
 He hath a cushion plump :  
 It is the moss that wholly hides  
 The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared : I heard them talk,      20  
 ' Why, this is strange, I trow !  
 Where are those lights so many and fair,  
 That signal made but now ?'

' Strange, by my faith !' the Hermit said—  
 ' And they answered not our cheer !  
 The planks looked warped ! and see those sails,  
 How thin they are and sere !  
 I never saw aught like to them,  
 Unless perchance it were

Approacheth  
 the ship with  
 wonder.

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag      20  
 My forest-brook along ;  
 When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,  
 And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,  
 That eats the she-wolf's young.'

' Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look—  
 (The Pilot made reply)  
 I am a-feared'—' Push on, push on !'  
 Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,  
 But I nor spake nor stirred ;      30  
 The boat came close beneath the ship  
 And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,  
 Still louder and more dread :  
 It reached the ship, it split the bay ;  
 The ship went down like lead.

The ship sud-  
 denly sinketh.

The ancient  
Mariner is saved  
in the Pilot's  
boat.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,  
Which sky and ocean smote,  
Like one that hath been seven days drowned  
My body lay afloat ;  
But swift as dreams, myself I found  
Within the Pilot's boat.

40

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,  
The boat spun round and round ;  
And all was still, save that the hill  
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the pilot shrieked  
And fell down in a fit ;  
The holy hermit raised his eyes,  
And prayed where he did sit.

50

I took the oars : the Pilot's boy,  
Who now doth crazy go,  
Laughed loud and long, and all the while  
His eyes went to and fro.  
'Ha ! ha !' quoth he, ' full plain I see,  
The Devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own countree,  
I stood on the firm land !  
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,  
And scarcely he could stand.

60

The ancient  
Mariner earnest-  
ly entreateth  
the Hermit to  
shrieve him ; and  
the penance of  
life falls on him.

O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man !  
The Hermit crossed his brow.  
'Say quick,' quoth he, ' I bid thee say—  
What manner of man art thou ?'

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched  
With a woful agony,  
Which forced me to begin my tale ;  
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,  
That agony returns :  
And till my ghastly tale is told,  
This heart within me burns.

And ever and anon thought  
his future life an  
agony constrain-  
eth him to travel  
from land to  
land.

I pass, like night, from land to land ;  
I have a strange power of speech ;  
That moment that his face I see,  
I know the man that must hear me :  
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door !  
The wedding-guests are there :  
But in the garden-bower the bride  
And bride-maids singing are :  
And hark the little vesper bell,  
Which biddeth me to prayer !

O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been  
Alone on a wide wide sea :  
So lonely 'twas, that God himself  
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
'Tis sweeter far to me,  
To walk together to the kirk  
With a goodly company !—

To walk together to the kirk,  
And all together pray,  
While each to his great Father bends,  
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,  
And youths and maidens gay !

Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell  
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !  
He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

And to teach by  
his own example  
love and rever-  
ence to all things  
that God made  
and loveth.

## THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

He prayeth best, who loveth best  
 All things both great and small ;  
 For the dear God who loveth us,  
 He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,  
 Whose beard with age is hoar,  
 Is gone : and now the Wedding-Guest  
 Turned from the Bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,  
 And is of sense forlorn :  
 A sadder and a wiser man,  
 He rose the morrow morn.

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## CRITICAL ANALYSIS

—OF—

### THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

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*The Ancient Mariner* was revised by its author after publication, and consequently does not now appear in exactly the same form as in 1798, the original archaic spelling having been abandoned, many words changed, a number of lines and stanzas remodelled, and some ghastly details omitted. The gloss or marginal commentary was also an afterthought; but in the early editions the poem was introduced by the following

#### “ ARGUMENT.

“ How a ship having passed the Line was driven by storms to the cold country towards the South Pole; and how from thence she made her course to the Tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own country.”

It was composed in the autumn of 1797 when the poet was residing at Nether Stowey, near Bristol. The following is Wordsworth's account of its origin:

“ Mr. Coleridge, my sister, and myself started from Alfoxden pretty late in the afternoon with a view to visit Linton and the Valley of Stones near to it; and, as our united funds were very small, we agreed to defray the expense of the tour by writing a poem to be sent to the *New Monthly Magazine*. Accordingly we set off and proceeded along the Quantock Hills to Watchet, and in the course of this walk was planned the poem of *The Ancient Mariner*, founded on a dream, as Mr. Coleridge said, of his friend Mr. Cruikshank. Much the greatest part of the story was Mr. Coleridge's invention, but certain parts I suggested; for example, some crime was to be committed which would bring upon the Old Navigator, as Coleridge afterwards delighted to call him, the spectral persecution, as a consequence of that crime and his own wanderings. I had been reading in Shelvocke's *Voyages*, a day or two before, that while doubling Cape Horn they frequently saw albatrosses in that latitude, the largest sort of sea-fowl, some extending their wings

twelve or thirteen feet. 'Suppose,' said I, 'you represent him as having killed one of these birds on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary spirits of these regions take upon them to avenge the crime.' The incident was thought fit for the purpose and adopted accordingly. I also suggested the navigation of the ship by the dead men, but do not recollect that I had anything more to do with the scheme of the poem. The gloss with which it was subsequently accompanied was not thought of by either of us at the time, at least not a hint of it was given to me, and I have no doubt it was a gratuitous afterthought. We began the composition together on that to me memorable evening. I furnished two or three lines at the beginning of the poem, in particular—

'And listened like a three years' child  
The Mariner had his will.'

These trifling contributions, all but one,\* which Mr. C. has with unnecessary scrupulosity recorded, slipped out of his mind, as well they might. As we endeavoured to proceed conjointly (I speak of the same evening) our respective manners proved so widely different that it would have been quite presumptuous in me to do anything but separate from an undertaking upon which I could only have been a clog. . . . *The Ancient Mariner* grew and grew till it became too important for our first object, which was limited to our expectation of five pounds."

Such were the prosaic circumstances in which originated this singularly great imaginative poem. The author had no intention of bidding for immortality, what he wanted was five pounds. Surely, as Mr. H. D. Traill says, it is the most sublime of pot-boilers.

Coleridge classified *The Ancient Mariner*, *Christabel*, *Kubla Khan*, and *The Wanderings of Cain* as Poems Written in Early Manhood and Middle Life. To them he prefixed the very appropriate and suggestive Latin quotation which, in this edition, immediately precedes the first of these productions, and of which, as it is their keynote, a free translation is here given:—

"I have no difficulty in believing that there are more invisible than visible beings in the world. But who shall tell us the story of their whole family and the rank, relationship, characteristics and duties of each? How do they act? Where do they dwell? The mind of man has always striven for, but never attained a knowledge of these things. Meanwhile, I shall not deny that sometimes it is useful to view in a mental picture the image of a greater and better world, so that the

\* The lines—

"And thou art long, and lank, and brown,  
As is the ribbed sea-sand."

intellect may not, through occupation with the petty concerns of daily life, become too narrow and be wholly absorbed in the consideration of trifles. But nevertheless we must watch over the truth, and keep ourselves within bounds, in order to distinguish the certain from the doubtful, and day from night."

This quotation, applicable as it is to all four of the poems we have named, is especially so to the first-mentioned. *The Ancient Mariner*, as its author himself has told us, owes its marvellous character to an agreement between him and his friend Wordsworth that they should produce a series of poems illustrative of what they considered the two cardinal points of poetry. In the *Biographia Literaria* he thus describes the origin of the plan:—

"During the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbours our conversation turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry, the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of the imagination. The sudden charm which accidents of light and shade, which moonlight or sunset diffused over a known and familiar landscape appeared to represent the practicability of combining both. These are the poetry of nature. The thought suggested itself (to which of us I do not recollect) that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In one the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the interest aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real. . . . For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life: the characters and incidents were to be such as will be found in every village and its vicinity where there is a meditative and feeling mind to seek after them or to notice them when they present themselves.

"In this idea originated the plan of the *Lyrical Ballads*; in which it was agreed, that my endeavours should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic; yet, so as to transfer from our own inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith. Mr. Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to propose to himself as his object, to give the charm of novelty to the things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural, by awakening the mind's attention to the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and wonders of the world before us: an inexhaustible treasure, but for which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish

solicitude we have eyes, yet see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand. With this view I wrote *The Ancient Mariner*."

The result showed that the division of the work coincided with the natural tendencies of the two poets. To both alike the things seen with the eye of the mind were the chief realities. But these are in Wordsworth's case almost always viewed as suggested by and connected with the external world. His "primary function is to interpret nature to man: the interpretation of man to himself is with him a secondary process only—the response, in almost every instance, to impressions from without." He "can nobly brace the human heart to fortitude; but he must first have seen the leech-gatherer on the lonely moor. The 'presence and the spirit interfused' throughout creation is revealed to us in moving and majestic words, yet the poet requires to have felt it 'in the light of setting suns and the round ocean and the living air' before he feels it 'in the mind of man.' But what Wordsworth grants only to the reader who wanders with him in imagination by lake and mountain, the Muse of Coleridge" bestows "upon the man who has entered his inner chamber and shut the door." Coleridge abode "by preference in the world of self-originating emotion and introspective thought." It would be a mistake to credit him with that profound feeling for nature which marked Wordsworth. Nature never was to him the all in all that she was to Wordsworth, who recognizes in her,

"The anchor of" his "purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of" his "heart and soul  
Of all" his "moral being."

Wordsworth looks at and listens to Nature as one spirit might look at and listen to another; Coleridge sees in her, as he very fully explains in *Dejection*, merely the reflection of himself.

Nevertheless he was a sensitive observer of her aspects. Take, by way of example, the simile of the hidden brook in Part v., the description of the bay and its surroundings in Part vi., and the comparison in Part vii., 20-24. Probably much of the imagery of *The Ancient Mariner* was suggested by what the poet saw from the Quantock Hills overlooking the Bristol Channel. He may actually there, as Mrs. Oliphant points out, have seen the sun flecked with bars when a ship passed between him and it.

The Quantock Hills are in Somersetshire looking out on the Bristol Channel and the ocean beyond. The poet, in his walks from his home at Nether Stowey to Alfoxden on their western slope where Wordsworth was residing, and in other walks came in sight of the great deep. "We can almost," says Mrs. Oliphant, "perceive the mariner's mystic

progress shaping itself, as in all moods and tempers the poet looks forth upon the sea, and beholds in imagination not only the light-house tower, the kirk, and the bay, but all the wide-spreading wastes of water beyond the firmament, and the wonders that may be passing there. Perhaps some white gull winging across the darkness of a storm-cloud suggested to him the bird 'that makes the winds to blow'—the friendly wild companion of the seaman's course that

'Every day, for food or play,  
Came to the mariner's hollo.'

Perhaps to himself, straying along with his head in the clouds, the sight of it was like that of 'a Christian soul,' whom he hailed in God's name; perhaps the crack of some heartless rifle, the sudden drop through the gloomy air of the innocent winged-brother thus met in the way, sent his indignant imagination forth to conceive what punishment he should deserve who thus sent out of happy life a fellow-creature who meant him nothing but friendship. And thus day by day as he went and came, the seas would render up their secrets, and Nature's revenge for her child extend into all the weird and mysterious consequences of a man's breach of faith with the subject creation."

It is noteworthy in this connexion that of the pictures in which *The Ancient Mariner* abounds, those for which the poet has drawn most largely upon his imagination are as vivid, as suggestive, and as real as those which he has painted from memory. He touches in it on many aspects of the ocean: "the ship scudding before the stormy wind towards the south, with sloping masts and dipping prow; the iceberg-covered sea; the great snow fog over the sea, dark by day, glimmering white by night in the moonshine; the belt of calms with its dreadful rolling swell, and water that, 'like a witch's oils, burnt green and blue and white'; the sea in the tornado; the gentle weather of the temperate seas; and the quiet English harbour"; and he pours upon all, whether within or beyond his experience, "a light, a glory, a fair, luminous cloud from the soul itself."

But perhaps the most remarkable characteristic of *The Ancient Mariner* is "the simple realistic force of its narrative." To endow it with this was, of course, Coleridge's main object; but it is much easier to plan than to perform, and it is wonderful how closely, in this instance, the execution treads on the heels of the flighty purpose. He has succeeded in overcoming the difficulties in the way "by sheer vividness of imagery and terse vigour of descriptive phrase." What he imagines, he sees and makes his readers see; so that we go through the marvellous story as oblivious of incongruities and inconsequences as we are in our dreams,

It is singular in the face of all the evidence we have as to the origin and purpose of this poem that any one should be found to say, as Mr. W. M. Rossetti has said, that "the informing idea of the poem is to inculcate a love of all the works of creation, especially all living beings." Nor can we believe with a recent ingenious contributor to *The Speculative Review* that Coleridge built up in *The Ancient Mariner* a system of Christian philosophy, and that it was his intention in writing it "to present the Fall from the innocence of ignorance, from the immediacy of natural faith, and the return, through the medium of sin and doubt, to conscious virtue and belief." The object of the poem is neither ethical nor instructive; its author aimed neither at pointing a moral nor at revealing the ways of God with man; it is a work of pure imagination, like *Midsummer Night's Dream*. His purpose was to excite our sense of the marvellous and to carry us out of the clear radiance of the sun into a world coloured by the weird, lurid and gorgeous hues of that faculty which can give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name, and by the "peculiar, visionary, not wholly natural light of his own spiritual interior." It is true that he touches on certain moral issues; but this was done in pursuance of his object of transferring "from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willful suspension of disbelief for the moment which constitutes poetic faith." Coleridge, then, neither embodied a system of Christian philosophy, nor specially aimed at inculcating a love of living beings in *The Ancient Mariner*; what he set himself to do was to devise a tale, as full of fantastic improbabilities as any ever engendered by the wildest credulity of superstition, and tell it in such a way that his delighted readers would for the time close the eyes of their reason and submit themselves in blind joyousness to be conducted through whatever realms the enchanter might be able to open before them by the sweet power of his magic wand.

He himself indicates this very plainly in his reply to Mrs. Barbauld, who had urged that the story of *The Ancient Mariner* was improbable, and that it had no moral.

"As for the probability, I owned that that might admit some question; but as to the want of a moral, I told her that, in my judgment, the poem had too much, and that the only or chief fault, if I might say so, was the obtrusion of the moral sentiment so openly on the reader as a principle or cause of action in a work of such pure imagination. It ought to have had no more moral than the 'Arabian Nights' tale of the merchant's sitting down to eat dates by the side of a well, and throwing the shells aside, and lo! a genie starts up, and says he must

kill the aforesaid merchant, because one of the date shells had, it seems, put out the eye of the genie's son."

But some student may say, "What valuable purpose does the poem serve if it enforces no moral?" He will discover for himself the reply to this objection if he will "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the quotation from Coleridge's preface which appears on the title page of this poem. That which ennobles, elevates, and refines, that which appeals directly to the spiritual element in man, is not to be called to account because it teaches no specific moral. Such an attitude of mind, the product of a too exclusive devotion to material interests, would include in one sweeping condemnation Homer, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, and Gulliver's Travels, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and all the host of great painters and sculptors, and all the joys that spring from the sublimities or the beauties of Nature, the cataract, the storm, the glacier, or the manifold glories of field, forest and mountain, or of the rising and setting sun. Man must have pleasures; he strives that he may enjoy; and the character of the desires that he seeks to gratify is a measure of the distance at which he stands from the cramped sympathies of the utilitarian or the vulgar appetites of the savage. A love for literature enlarges the heart and refines enjoyment; and if *The Ancient Mariner* preaches no sermon, it at least indirectly aids one to "abstain from that which is evil and follow after that which is good."

Such, then, were the purpose and plan, and never were purpose and plan more successfully carried out. "The very form of the poem is an emblem of its meaning and effect. Wild and weird and full of majesty is the first note of that great song chanted into the air of common day and startling and charming the listener into sudden interest:

'It is an Ancient Mariner  
And he stoppeth one of three.'

Not to all men is it given to have spiritual realities forced upon their attention so that they cannot avoid thinking of them. "Many are called but few chosen." The chosen man in this case, as in all others, becomes the scene of a struggle. The wedding feast, that is, the well-understood pleasure and profit to be derived from the exercise of the lower faculties, calls him on the one hand, and on the other, the unseen, the incomprehensible, the spiritual solicit him, at first by the actual urging of some hard fact of life, the skinny hand of the Mariner, and afterwards with the magic of mystery. His higher nature prevails and

"He cannot choose but hear"

the strange experiences of one who has roamed far and wide over vast

spiritual seas. Then "the wild tale proceeds." "It is an unconscious allegory," says Mrs. Oliphant, "suggested not by any artificial plan, but by that poetic judgment which works by instinct. What the poet himself was in the world, his Mariner is in the poem. Life calls, and pleasure, and even a certain duty; but the power of the invisible has come in and caught the soul out of the real, out of the palpable. Here are a hundred things not dreamt of in any philosophy: good and evil, cursing and blessing, close to, brushing against your commonest strain of existence. In the market-place, at the bridegroom's door, in the midst of your busiest occupations, your social engagements, at a moment's notice the Interpreter may stand before you and your mind be hurried away to the unseen. This is the first lesson it bears, unsuspected, unfathomed for the moment: for that sudden invitation perplexes the soul, as the Mariner's story does the wedding guest.

'Wherefore stopp'st thou me?  
Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!'

cries a fascinated but unwilling listener. Thus the form of the poem throws its deeper meaning into a bold and simple parable; it discriminates between the shining surface and the depths below, and shows that whatever may be the smiling face of things—the merry minstrelsy sounding out from the hall, or even that glad vision of the bride in her blushes, crossing within sight of us—events strange and wonderful, sad and awful, are going on elsewhere, the powers of good and evil are carrying on their everlasting struggle, and a hundred tiny germs of spiritual power springing into life about us. '*There is more of the invisible than of the visible in the world around us*'—'*plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate*'—is the poet's motto; and strangely, splendidly, with a picturesque force of form which equals its wondrous soul of meaning does he enforce his text."

"'There was a ship,' quoth he,"

and in comes mystery. "The ship sails in upon the changed scene under the wondering gazer's unwilling eyes. Its shadow comes between him and the board which he knows is spread so near;" between him, too, and the bridal procession which he can see passing. "The mind grows giddy, the imagination trembles and wavers." "Which is the real? which the vision?" "Our senses become confused," unable to "distinguish what we see from what we hear; and finally, triumphantly, the unseen sweeps in and holds possession, more real, more true, more unquestionable than anything that eye can see."

This, then, is the main secret of the fascination of the poem. The effect of its melody, its verbal felicities, its weird surface story is inex-

pressibly enhanced by the dumb feeling that there is something more in the poem than these. That something results from the attempt "to transfer from our inward nature a human interest" to the supernatural tale. In doing so the poet could not but draw upon his own experience, and, as his was a mind which always took more delight in introspection than in observing the world of sense, he inevitably, though unconsciously, put into it much of his spiritual history. The course of the ship may or may not dimly symbolize his spiritual wanderings from Christianity; the shooting of the albatross may or may not indicate the wilful destruction of some good influence; the mariner's fellow-sailors may or may not stand for various powers and faculties lost in consequence; the Hermit may or may not represent Christianity, and the moral may or may not be that religion has been created by the same power that made us, and that, therefore, we shall do well to love it. But as we read, we feel that the soul of the author has gone on strange religious voyages. Else how is it that the stanza—

" O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been  
Alone in a wide, wide sea:  
So lonely 'twas that God himself  
Scarce seemed there to be—"

unfailingly suggests two meanings? We perceive, too, that he is one who is familiar with rarely-trodden by-paths of thought, and that he is at home in his waking hours in regions which most of us traverse only when asleep.

The criticism that there is a disproportion between the crime and its results is weak for the reason that similar incongruities are common features in supernatural tales. The disproportion enhances the nameless dread and terror caused by the narration: for, while the hearer or reader may be certain that he has never committed a grave offence, he cannot be sure that he has not done something as displeasing to the spirits of air and sea as the shooting of an albatross.

"We remember the time," says Christopher North, "when there was an outcry among the common critics, 'What! all for shooting a bird!' We answered them as now—but now they are all dead and buried, and blinder and deeper than when alive—that no one who will submit himself to the magic that is around him, and suffer his senses and his imagination to be blended together and exalted by the melody of the charmed words and the splendour of the unnatural apparitions, with which the mysterious scene is opened, will experience any revulsion towards the very centre and spirit of this haunted dream—'I SHOT THE ALBATROSS.'"

Mr. Swinburne has suggested the objection that "this great sea piece might have had more in it of the air and flavour of the sea." We cannot admit that this has any force. Coleridge's object was to write a tale of wonder: anything, therefore, connected with the sea that would excite wonder might be used, but any dilution of these materials with ideas simply marine would weaken the effect.

"It has been said," we again quote Christopher North, "by the highest of all authorities—even Wordsworth himself—that in this wonderful poem the imagery is somewhat too laboriously accumulated; but we are glad not to feel that objection, and in due humility we venture to say that it is not so. The Ancient Mariner had told his tale many a time and oft to auditors seized on all on a sudden, when going about their ordinary business, and certainly he never told it twice in the self-same words. Each oral edition was finer and finer than all the preceding editions, and the imagery in the polar winter of his imagination kept perpetually agglomerating and piling itself up into a more and more magnificent multitude of strange shapes, like icebergs magnifying themselves by the waves frozen as they dash against the crystal walls.

"Neither can we think with our master, reverent follower and affectionate friend as we are, that it is a fault in the poem, that the Ancient Mariner is throughout passive—always worked upon, never at work. Were that a fault, it would indeed be a fatal one, for in that very passiveness—which is powerlessness—lies the whole meaning of the poem. He delivers himself up, or rather his own one wicked act has delivered him up into the power of an unerring spirit, and he has no more will of his own, than the ship which is in the hands of the wind.

'And some in dreams assured were  
Of the spirit that plagued us so;  
Nine fathoms deep he had followed us  
From the land of mist and snow.'

Death and Life-in-Death are dicers for his destiny, and he lies on deck—the stake. All he has to do is suffer and endure; and even after his escape, when the ship goes down like lead, he continues all life long a slave.

'God save thee, Ancient Mariner,  
From the fiends that plague thee thus.' "

The ship is cheered, the harbour cleared, and the voyage begins—

"Merrily did we drop  
Below the kirk, below the hill,  
Below the lighthouse top."

"These are the last sweet images of the receding human world, and for one day—and many more—happily sails the bark away into the main,

'The sun came up upon the left,  
 Out of the sea came he!  
 And he shone bright, and on the right  
 Went down into the sea!  
 Higher and higher every day,  
 Till over the mast at noon.'

In a few words, what a length of voyage! The ship is in another world—and we, too, are not only out of sight, but out of memory of land. "The wedding-guest could fain join the music he yet hears—but he is fettered to the stone."

"The bride hath paced into the hall,  
 Red as a rose is she;  
 Nodding their heads before her goes  
 The merry minstrel's."

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,  
 Yet he could scarce repose but hear;  
 And thus spake on that ancient man,  
 The bright-eyed Mariner."

Here the actual surface-life of the world is "brought close into contact with the life of sentiment," with "the soul that is as much alive, and enjoys and suffers as much, in dreams and visions of the night as by daylight. One feels with what a heavy eye the Mariner must look and listen to the pomps, merry-makings—even to the innocent enjoyments—of those whose experience has only been of things tangible. One feels that to him another world—we do not mean a supernatural, but a more exquisitely and deeply natural world—has been revealed, and the repose of his spirit can only be in the contemplation of things that are not to pass away. The sad and solemn indifference of his mood is communicated to his hearer, and we feel, even "after merely reading what he heard, that "it were better 'to turn from the bridegroom's door.'"

All goes merrily till the storm comes which drives the ship rapidly northward to the region of snow and "ice and of fearful sounds, where no living thing is to be seen." At this stage the preternatural element is introduced. An albatross joins the ship, circles about in the air, and melts the ice, as if an all-powerful incantation had been performed over it, splits "with a thunder-fit." The ship escapes thus from its imprisonment, and is carried northward by a good south wind, which springs up behind, into an unsailed sea, which proves to be the very realm of Wonder. On the way thither the albatross is slain, and the Ancient Mariner's comrades at first condemn and afterwards approve his act. No moral is intended by the poet to be drawn from his treatment of the crew. But several very fine ones might be drawn. The

crime of one man frequently has consequences which deeply affect the happiness of many others. Those who follow a leader often atone by death for his sins while he lives on. Those who take an evil principle for a guide suffer for it while the principle lives on.

In the unknown ocean the ship is beset by a calm, with horrible accompaniments of thirst, a stagnant and putrid sea, and strange light-foreboding death. Some learn in dreams of the spirit that plagued them so. Of the cause of his anger they require no information, and try to designate the Ancient Mariner as the sole person deserving punishment by hanging the albatross about his neck.

"The sufferings that ensue," says Christopher North, "are painted with a power far transcending that of any other poet who has adventured on the horrors of thirst, inanition, and drop-by-drop wasting away of clay bodies into corpses. They have tried by luxuriating among images of misery to exhaust the subject—by accumulation of ghastly agonies—gathered from narratives of shipwrecked sailors, huddled on purpose into boats for weeks on sun-smitten seas—or of shipfuls of sinners crazed and delirious, staving liquor-casks, and in madness murdering or devouring one another, or with yelling laughter leaping into the sea. Coleridge concentrated into a few words the essence of torment—and showed soul made sense, and living but in baked dust and blood." The whole mind and heart of the crew are absorbed in the torture of thirst; reduced from rational beings to mere sentient existences, and deprived of the speech which they, being idealess, do not now need, they express their feelings in rude pantomime:

"And all at once their breath drew in  
As they were drinking all."

Could anything picture to us the sufferings of the crew more vividly than this grotesque conception?

Next comes the skeleton ship carrying Death and Life-in-Death. A description of the former, which appeared in the first edition, was omitted when the poem was revised, probably, as Mr. Swinburne suggests, on the principle of eliminating what added, not to the terrors, but to the horrors of the tale. Though one cannot but consider the author right in excising it, yet it is so remarkable and original as to deserve reproduction here.

"His bones were black with many a crack,  
All black and bare I ween;  
Jet black and bare, save where with rust  
Of mouldy damps and charnel crust,  
They're patch'd with purple and green."

There have been few writers who would have had the literary courage to throw away so effective a stanza.

With equally sound judgment the description of Life-in-Death was retained, slightly altered. This is one of the most striking conceptions in the poem. The very names "Night-mare Life-in-Death" have a vague and weird suggestiveness. They appear first in the revised edition and seem to have a certain connexion with the life in death which the poet was leading under the nightmare of opium when he made the revision. Life-in-Death wins the Ancient Mariner, Death his comrades, and henceforth he is alone—not merely alone till the end of the voyage—but isolated throughout life from all other men by the memory of his strange experiences and by the penalty imposed on him of travelling from land to land and telling his tale.

"In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth toward the journeying moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward," says Coleridge, in what is, perhaps, the most beautiful of his glosses. Then comes what one may call his conversion, using the term in its religious sense; and certainly never was conversion more poetically effected. He blesses the beauteous water-snakes and straightway the albatross falls off like the load of sin in the Pilgrim's Progress.

Then comes the tropical storm with its portents, suggestive of magical or other strange influences. The loud wind does not come anear; but its very sound shakes the spectral sails and mysteriously the ship moves on. Here follows "the horror of the reanimated bodies, the ghastly crew of dead alive." With this the tale reaches "its limit of mystery and emotion; a change ensues; gradually the greater spell is reversed, the spirits depart, the strain softens; with a weird . . . progression, the ship comes . . . without a breeze, back to the known and visible. As it approaches a conclusion, ordinary instrumentalities come in once more; there is first the rising of the soft familiar wind, 'like a meadow-gale in spring'—then the blessed vision of the light-house top, the hill, the kirk; all those well-known realities which gradually loosen the absorbed excitement of the listener, and favour his slow return to ordinary daylight." But he is suddenly recalled to the realm of the supernatural by the entrance of the seraph-band on the scene and the disappearance of the ship. The wedding-guest, who has been fascinated by the Ancient Mariner and "cannot chose but hear," learns how the appearance of the latter, changed as he is by his awful experiences, affected others. The way in which we are led to infer this uncaniness of his looks is one of the beauties of the poem. The Ancient Mariner, just rescued from the sea which could not drown him because he was too near being a pure spirit to be

sinkable, moves his lips and "the Pilot shrieked and fell down in a fit;" he takes the oars, and the Pilot's boy goes crazy; they land, and the Hermit can hardly stand, and when asked to confess his strange companion, crosses his brow to test whether he really is a spirit from hell. "And then comes the ineffable, half-childish, half-divine simplicity of those soft moralizings at the end, so strangely different from the tenor of the tale," too obtrusive for the sense of poetic fitness, too beautiful to be expunged.

"It was thus that Coleridge carried out his first great poetical theory—the theory suggested to him in some celestial way by the flitting of the shadows and gleams of light over the Somersetshire valleys as seen from the heights of Quantock. There is nothing which the poetic eye more loves to watch than that mystic voiceless rhythm of nature; but never eye yet watched it to such purpose, and never has its still solemnity, its wayward lights, the pathos and splendour of shade and sunshine been more wonderfully reflected in verse."

We subjoin as a pendant to the preceding analysis an abridgment of that furnished by Mr. Walter H. Pater to Ward's *English Poets*.

"*The Ancient Mariner* . . . is a 'romantic' poem, impressing us by bold invention, and appealing to that taste for the supernatural, that longing for a *shudder*, to which the 'romantic' school in Germany and its derivatives in England and France directly ministered. In Coleridge, personally, this taste had been encouraged by his odd and out-of-the-way reading in the old-fashioned literature of the marvellous—books like Purchas's *Pilgrims*, early voyages like Hakluyt's, old naturalists and visionary moralists like Thomas Burnet. . . . Fancies of the strange things which may very well happen, even in broad daylight to men shut up alone in ships far off on the sea, seem to have arisen in the human mind in all ages with a peculiar readiness, and often to have about them, from the story of the theft of Dionysus downwards, the fascination of a certain dreamy grace, which distinguishes them from other kinds of marvellous inventions. This sort of fascination *The Ancient Mariner* brings to its highest degree: it is the delicacy, the dreamy grace in his presentation of the marvellous, which makes Coleridge's work so remarkable. The too palpable intruders from a spiritual world, in almost all ghost literature, in Scott and Shakespeare even, have a kind of coarseness or crudeness. Coleridge's power is in the very fineness with which, as with some really ghostly finger, he brings home to our inmost sense his inventions, daring as they are—the skeleton ship, the polar spirit, the inspiriting of the dead bodies of the ship's crew: *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* has the plausibility, the perfect adaptation to reason and the general aspect of

life, which belongs to the marvellous when actually presented as a part of a credible experience in our dreams. . . .

"It is this finer, more delicately marvellous supernaturalism, the fruit of his more delicate psychology, which Coleridge infused into romantic narrative, itself also then a new or revived thing in English literature; and with a fineness of weird effect in *The Ancient Mariner*, unknown in those old, more simple, romantic legends and ballads. It is a flower of mediæval or later German romance, growing up in the peculiarly compounded atmosphere of modern psychological speculation, and putting forth in it wholly new qualities. The quaint prose commentary, which runs side by side with the verse of *The Ancient Mariner*, illustrates this—a composition of quite a different shade of beauty and merit from that of the verse which it accompanies, connecting this, the chief poem of Coleridge, with his philosophy, and emphasizing in it that psychological element of which I have spoken, its curious soul-lore.

"Completeness, the perfectly rounded unity and wholeness of the impression it leaves on the mind of the reader who really gives himself to it—that, too, is one of the characteristics of a really excellent work—in the poetic as in every other kind of art; and by this completeness *The Ancient Mariner* certainly gains upon *Christabel*." This "pleasing sense of unity" is produced by many touches of genius, and particularly "by the skill with which the incidents of the marriage-feast" are made to "break in dreamily from time to time upon the main story," and by the calming and reassuring ending of the whole nightmare tale among the well-known sounds and sights of the bay where it began, while

"The moonlight steeped in silentness,  
The steady weathercock."

*The Ancient Mariner* "is Coleridge's one great, complete work, the one really finished thing in a life of many beginnings." "It is beyond doubt one of the supreme triumphs of poetic art. Its marvellous supernaturalism, in its thrilling invention and dreamy delicacy, contrasts strongly with the coarse and rude conceptions of previous [and subsequent] writers; and its tender sentiment, its strange splendours and wondrous beauties, and above all, the flower-like perfection of its execution have secured for it the foremost place in the ranks of

'Young-eyed poesy  
All deftly masked as hoar antiquity.'"

## THE VERSIFICATION.

Coleridge was a master of melody. One of his fragmentary poems, *Kubla Khan*, is pronounced by Mr. Swinburne, whose capacity for judging in such a matter no one can question, "the supreme model of music in our language, a model unapproachable except by Shelley. All the elements that compose the perfect form of English metre were more familiar, more subject, as it were, to this great poet than to any other." *The Ancient Mariner* is an exemplification of this statement. The stanza of the poem, which consists of two heptameters written in four lines, is what is known in hymn books as common metre, or 8's and 6's. It is the stanza employed in *Chevy Chase* and many other old English ballads. Like the ballad-writers, Coleridge frequently varies its length and form, and he does this with wonderful success in avoiding monotony and adding to and improving the harmony. The quatrain becomes sometimes a quintain, sometimes a sextain, and in one place (in Part iii.) is expanded into nine lines. Middle rhyme is frequently employed, at times in the first, but more often in the third line of the quatrain. It occurs also in many of the sextains; and in the first line of some of the quintains, but never in the third or fourth line. The reason for the exception is not far to seek, the quintain being in fact merely a quatrain with the rhyming halves of the third line expanded into separate lines. The long stanza of nine lines in Part iii. may be explained in the same way as a sextain, with the rhyming halves of all the long lines lengthened into separate lines. The long lines never rhyme except in the case of the third and fourth in the quintains, which, for a reason just given, always do, and in that of the first three lines in the sextain in Part i., which has been formed by tripling the first line of the quatrain. It is interesting to note that what is substantially the same measure is used to some extent, of course without rhyme, by Cædmon, who died A.D. 680. A work of the Michael Psellus, mentioned in the gloss on Part ii., is written in similar unrhymed verses of seven accents. It became common in the hymns of the Greek Church, and in the twelfth century the famous English poem called the *Ormulum* was written in it. About the same time or shortly after it began to be furnished with rhyme, so that it would seem probable that our ballad stanza has not come down to us from the Anglo-Saxons, but was adopted into English about the end of the twelfth century from the songs of the church, and furnished with rhyme in imitation of many popular Latin religious hymns.

The feet are iambs, with occasional trochees, anapæsts and amphibrachs: that is to say, the accented syllable, which usually is preceded by an unaccented one, is sometimes not so preceded, sometimes has two unaccented before it, and occasionally, at the end of a line, one before and one after it.

In addition to these devices for varying the melody Coleridge employs many others—in particular onomatopœia, alliteration and assonance. All three are exemplified in the following stanza:

"And the coming wind did roar more loud,  
And the sails did sigh like sedge;  
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;  
The moon was at its edge."

In the first two lines we have onomatopœia or imitative harmony; in the second we have also alliteration; in *down* and *cloud* in the third there is assonance, that is, a kind of defective rhyme in which the vowel sounds match but the consonants following them do not. The first three lines begin with anapæsts. In

Water, water, everywhere,

the first three feet are trochees. The final rhyme is sometimes double, as in Part i., ll. 72 and 74.

Noteworthy, too, is the effect of making the rhyming words in the fourth and sixth lines of the stanza the same in iii., 32 and 34. In ii., 12 and 14, iv., 62 and 64, and in v., 95 and 97, the fourth and sixth lines of the stanza are the same, and in some other cases they are nearly the same. The effect of this is to superadd to a western melody something of the peculiar effect of Hebrew poetry, of which, as is well known, repetition of ideas is one of the distinguishing marks. This artifice, invented by Coleridge, was much imitated by Edgar Allan Poe, as, for example, in the following stanza:

"Here once through an alley Titanic  
Of cypress I roamed with my soul,  
Of cypress with Psyche my soul.  
These were days when my heart was volcanic,  
As the scoriac rivers that roll,  
As the lavas that restlessly roll  
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek  
In the ultimate climes of the pole,  
That groan, as they roll down Mount Yaanek,  
In the realms of the boreal pole."

The following symbols and abbreviations are used in the Notes:

- = derived from.
- A. S. = Anglo-Saxon or Old English.
- F. = French.
- L. = Latin.
- cp. = compare.
- l. = line.
- ll. = lines.

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## NOTES

—ON—

### THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

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**Rime.**—This word has during the last three centuries been usually but improperly spelt *rhyme*, probably through confusion with *rhythm*—A. S. *rim*, number. It denotes something unknown in early English literature, namely, the consonance of the final syllables of verses. This ornament of poetry, according to Guest, originated with the Celts, was adopted by the mediæval Latin poets, and was introduced through the Latin into the vernaculars of Europe. **Rime** here means poem. Cp. Chaucer, who in *The Canterbury Tales* calls *The Tale of Sir Thopas* "a rym."

#### PART I.

1-40. "These stanzas record the struggle in the mind of the Wedding-Guest until he succumbs under the influence of the Mariner's glittering eye and the weirdness of his rime. The actual is then shut out and the invisible asserts its sway."

1. "Observe the striking effect of this beginning. We are introduced at once to the central figure of the poem."

It.—[Explain this use of it.]

**Ancient** usually means belonging to the remote past. The expression, **an ancient mariner** would ordinarily mean a mariner who lived long ago. Here, however, **ancient** means simply advanced in years. For this view we have the authority of Coleridge himself, who in conversing with Wordsworth was accustomed to use *Old Navigator* as a synonym for *Ancient Mariner*. The adjective was undoubtedly selected for metrical reasons mainly, but it deserves to be noticed that its peculiar use adds to the glamour of the tale. It serves as a sort of note of warning to the mind to prepare to hear something strange.—F. *ancien*, —L. *ante*, before.

The **Mariner** is described in the poem as "ancient," as having "a

long grey beard and glittering eye" and a skinny and brown hand,  
and as being

" Long and lank and brown  
As is the ribbed sea-sand."

—F. *marinier*,—L. *mare*, sea.

2. **stoppeth**.—The use of this form of the verb is common in poetry. This is due partly to metrical reasons; partly, I suspect, to a feeling that thoughts, which are elevated above the plane of ordinary discourse, are more suitably expressed in language of a non-colloquial character. Here, it being used in imitation of old ballad-writers, neither of these reasons applies. Introduced into A. S.—L. *stupa*, tow.

**three**.—This number was probably selected for the sake of the rhyme, but, as it, like seven and twelve, has been widely regarded as possessing mystical properties, the choice is a happy one. Compare

"And listens like a three years' child."—i. 15.  
"Quoth she, and whistles thrice."—iii. 56.  
"Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse."—iv. 38.

The following quotation illustrates the popular belief in the virtues of this number:

"Many wells have been famous for the cure of sickly children. The mothers generally plunged them three times into the water, as they drew them three times through the cleft rowan or ash tree with a similar object. In my youth I remember being solemnly informed, on bathing for the first time at the cold bath below the Maudlands, on Preston Marsh, that three distinct plunges into the fearfully cold liquid was the orthodox number, especially if medical benefit was the object sought."—Hardynge, *Traditions, Superstitions and Folklore*.

It is interesting to notice that, whether by accident or design, *The Ancient Mariner* consists of seven parts. Coleridge also uses the number nine, which, as the square of three, has been supposed likewise to possess occult powers on the same principle as that by which the seventh son of a seventh son is credited with a knowledge of the future.—Cp. i., 76; ii., 51.

Compare also Dante Gabriel Rossetti's description of the Blessed Damocel:—

"She had three lilies in her hand  
And the stars in her hair were seven."

3 **by**.—[Parse].

**gray**.—Spelt also *grey*.

**beard**.—[How pronounced?]

4. **wherefore**.—The first syllable is connected in derivation with *who* the second is another form of *for*.

5. **bridegroom.**—The second syllable is a corruption of the A.S. *guma*, man.

7 **feast.**—L. *festus*, joyful.

8. **may'st.**—Compare as to the omission of the pronoun—

“And out of heaven the sovran voice I heard,  
‘This is my Son beloved; in Him am pleased.’”

—*Par. Reg.* i., 85.

“And wherefore stoppest me?”

—*Ancient Mariner*, First edition, l. 4.

It is unnecessary to insert the subject when the termination of the verb indicates the number and person. In this case the ending *st* is really the second personal pronoun, though its force as such is unfelt, and we always, in consequence, use a pronoun before the verb. Coleridge here again imitates the old ballad-writers.

9-12. [For what does each third personal pronoun in these lines stand?] Note the alliteration.

11. **loon** means a base fellow, and is also the name of a bird. Whether we are to hold that these are two words spelt alike, or one word with two connected meanings, has not been settled. Compare Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, V., iii., 11—

“Thou cream-faced loon,”

and Dryden, *The Cock and the Fox*.

“But the false loon, who could not work his will  
By open force, employed his flattering skill.”

In the sense of a base fellow we also find the form *lown*—

“He called the tailor lown.”

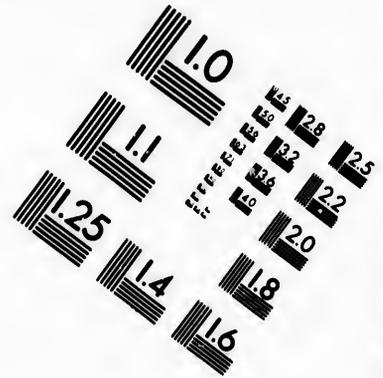
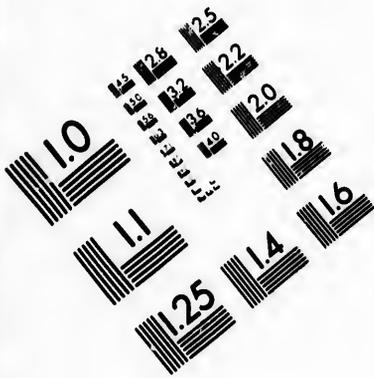
—Shakespeare, *Othello*, II., iii., 95.

12. **Eftsoons**=soon after. *Eft*=*aft*, a word still used by sailors. It is an abbreviation of *after*, which is a comparative formed on the same model as the Latin *alter*, and, like it, contains the comparative ending *ter*. *Other* is a similarly formed word, *ther* and *ter* being merely different forms of the same ending. The *s* in *eftsoons* is of the same origin as the sign of the possessive case. Compare *unawares*, *needs*.

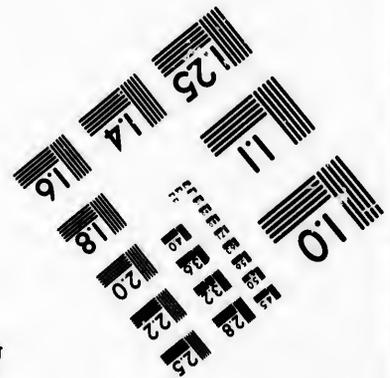
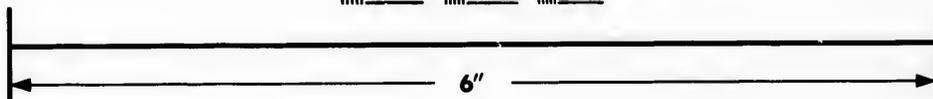
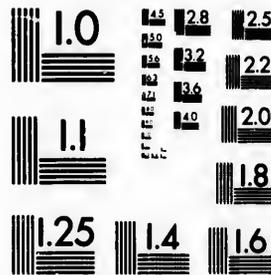
**dropt.**—[Does *dropt* or *dropped* more correctly represent the sound of the word?]

13. There appears to be a certain amount of foundation in fact for the universal belief in fascination by animals and human beings. Among animals serpents have been most credited with the power. Fascination was by the old law of England considered a branch of





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sorcery, and treated as a crime. A glittering eye is characteristic of some forms of insanity. In the Ancient Mariner's case it is due to his being under the influence of the agony which recurs at uncertain intervals, and possesses him until he tells his ghastly tale once more. See Part vii., 69-72.

14. **Wedding.**—A.S. *wed*, a pledge.

15, 16. By Wordsworth.

15. **listens.**—*Listen* and *lurk* are doublets, that is, they are different forms of the same word.

18. Cp. vii., 76.

20. **Mariner.**—As printed the rhyme is defective. In the original edition the spelling is *Marinere* wherever the word occurs.

22. **drop.**—A vessel goes down literally when she leaves a harbour with the ebbing tide.—*drop*, a small particle of liquid,—*drip*.

23. **kirk.**—A Scotch and northern English form. Probably used here in imitation of ballads with which Coleridge was acquainted. Bishop Percy directs attention in his *Essay on the Ancient Minstrelsy*, prefixed to his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, to the fact that most of the ancient English minstrels are "represented to have been of the north of England. There is scarce an old historical song or ballad wherein a minstrel or harper appears but he is characterized by way of eminence to have been 'of the north countrye'; and indeed the prevalence of the northern dialect in such compositions shews that this representation is real. On the other hand, the scene of the finest Scottish ballads is laid in the south of Scotland, which should seem to have been peculiarly the nursery of Scottish minstrels.

"In the old song of Maggie Lawder a piper is asked, by way of distinction, 'Come ze frae the Border?' The martial spirit constantly kept up and exercised near the frontier of the two kingdoms, as it furnished continual subjects for their songs, so it inspired the inhabitants of the adjacent counties on both sides with the powers of poetry. Besides, as our southern metropolis must have been ever the scene of novelty and refinement, the northern counties, as being most distant, would preserve their ancient manners longest, and, of course, the old poetry in which those manners are peculiarly described."

Hallam's opinion as to the position occupied by the Scotch and northern English minstrels is of the same character. "There can, I conceive, be no question as to the superiority of Scotland in new ballads. Those of an historic or legendary character, especially the former, are ardently poetical. The nameless minstrel is often inspired with an Homeric power of rapid narration, bold description, lively or pathetic touches of sentiment. The English ballads of the northern border, or

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perhaps of the northern counties, come near in their general character and cast of manners to the Scottish, but, as far as I have seen, with a manifest inferiority. Those, again, which belong to the south, and bear no trace either of the rude manners or of the wild superstitions which the bards of Ettrick and Cheviot display, fall generally into a creeping style."—*Literature of Europe*, ii., 323.

24. **light-house top**.—An expression which probably was suggested by the exigencies of rhyme. Under the pressure of these "top" seems to have been substituted for "tower."

25-28. "The sun comes up out of the sea and goes down into it—grand image of the loneliness, the isolation from all other created things, of that speck upon the noiseless, boundless waters. Throughout the poem this sentiment of isolation is preserved with a magical and most impressive reality—all the action is absolutely shut up within the doomed ship. The storm and the mist and snow, the fitting vision of the albatross, the spectre-ship against the sunset, the voices of the spirits, all heighten the weird effect of that one human centre, driven before the tyrannous wind, or motionless upon the still more terrible calm. The meaning of all centres in the man who sees and hears, and to whose fate everything refers—our interest in him, our self-identification with him, is never allowed for a moment to waver. All humanity is there, shut up within those rotting bulwarks, beneath those sails so thin and sear. The awful trance of silence in which his being is lost—silence and awe and pain, and a dumb, enduring, unconquerable force—descends upon us, and takes possession of us: no loud bassoon, no festal procession can break the charm of that intense yet passive consciousness."—Mrs. Oliphant.

Herodotus tells us that the sun which at first rose upon the left afterwards rose upon the right of the vessels sent out by Nechos, king of Egypt, to explore the coast of Africa. This would seem to show that they doubled the Cape of Good Hope.

26. *Sun* is generally masculine and *moon* feminine in poetry.

28. **down**.—From the Middle English *a-down*, which comes from A.S. *of-dune*, *i.e.*, off the down or hill.

30. **noon**.—L. *nona*, the ninth (hour). "Originally the ninth hour of the day or 3 p.m. but afterwards the time of the church-service called *nones* was altered, and the term came to be applied to midday." [Where was the ship at this time? Throughout what follows trace the ship's course.]

32. **bassoon**.—A deep-toned wind instrument of music.—Fr. *basson*.

33. **paced**.—Coleridge seems to have admired this motion in women. Cp. *Christabel*, ii. 63 and 64.

"The lovely maid and the lady tall  
Are pacing both into the hall,  
And pacing on through page and groom,  
Enter the Baron's presence room."

*Pace* and *pass* are doublets, both being derived from the Latin *passus* a step.

34. Cp. Chaucer, *The Tale of Sir Thopas*.

'His lippes reed as rose.'

35. **goes**.—[Why is a singular verb used?]

36. **minstrely**.—Formed on the model of French words in *cie*, (Latin *tia*)—L. *minister*, a servant; used here in its old meaning of a number of musicians. [What is its present meaning?]

37. [Name and define the figure of speech that occurs in this line.]  
*beat*.—"In Yorkshire, and perhaps elsewhere, the pret. of *beat* is pronounced *bet*, which is the more effective pronunciation here."—Hales.

But see iv., 26, where Coleridge makes *beat* rhyme with *feet*.

38 and 40. We here have repetition after the manner of Homer and the old ballad-writers. Cp., ll. 18 and 20.

41-44. [Name and define the figure.]

44. **chased**.—*Chase* is a doublet of *catch*, both being derived from the Latin, *capere*, to take.

**along**.—A.S. *andlang*, compounded of *and*, over against, and *lang*, long. The original meaning therefore is over against in length.

45-50. "Note the quickened metrical movement which here, as elsewhere in the poem, accompanies the increase in the number of lines in the stanza."

45. **pro**w, the Classical equivalent of the Teutonic *bow*, rimes with *blow* only to the eye. Such are called printers' rhymes.

46. **As**.—An abbreviation of *also*.—**who** is used here as an indefinite pronoun in the sense of one, any one, or some one, in accordance with the old usage of the language. Cp.,

"Sche was, as who seith, a goddesse."

—Gower.

"As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle.'"

—Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, I., i.

'Suppose who enters now,  
A king whose eyes are set in silver, one  
That blusheth gold.'

—Decker, *Satiro-Mastix*.

pursued.—L. *persequi*,—*per*, through, and *sequi*, to follow.

47. treads the shadow of his foe.—[Explain the meaning.]

49. roared.—[What figure?] Notice how much more felicitous loud roared the blast is than, for example, *fierce blew the blast*, or any other set of words that could have been selected.

50. [Distinguish **aye** from *ay* in respect of both meaning and pronunciation.]

52 and 54. In the original edition the rhyming words are printed *cauld* and *Emerauld*. The former of these furnishes another proof of the northern influence which affected Coleridge's diction in this poem. Compare note on l. 23.

53. Observe the almost magical effect of the middle rhyme in this line.

55. **clifts** = cliffs.—The meaning probably is that the snow-capped cliffs of green ice sent a dismal light through the drifting mist and snow. Or Coleridge may perhaps have imagined the sides of the icebergs as covered with drifted snow and supposed it possible for the underlying green ice to send a dismal sheen through it. Hales makes **clifts** equivalent to clefts, but I have failed to discern any probable meaning for the passage to accord with this view. Spenser uses *clifts* in the sense of cliffs. See *Faerie Queene*, III., iv., 7.

"Tho having viewed awhile the surges here  
That gainst the craggy clifts did loudly rore."

See also Isaiah, lvii., 5.

"Slaying the children in the valleys under the clifts of the rocks."

57. **shapes of men**.—A circumlocution for men.

**ken** = see.—Compare *Henry VI.*, Part 2, III., ii., 101.

"As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs."

It is now usually used as a noun.

58. **all between**.—The same sort of expression as *all around*. The meaning is that the ice was everywhere between the ship and the outer world. **between** is connected in derivation with *two*.

59. **here**.—Connected in derivation with *he*, as *there* with *the*, and *where* with *who*.

60. **around** = *on round*.—*Round* is from the Latin *rotundus*.

61-62.—What could be more weirdly imagined of the cracks and growls of the rending icebergs than that they sounded "like noises in a swound?"

61. Note the startling effect of the middle rhyme in this line. Note also the onomatopœia.

62. [Name the figure. Explain the meaning of this line.]

**swound** = *swoon*.—This form was common in Elizabethan English, and is used now in Norfolk and Suffolk. Persons in a swoon are said to hear loud and even terrific noises.

63. **cross**.—L. *crux*, a cross.

**Albatross**.—A large aquatic bird belonging to the order Anseres, that is, to the same order as the goose and the duck. It lives chiefly on fish and small birds, and is distinguished by the great size of its wings and its remarkable powers of flight. It abounds near Cape Horn, the Cape of Good Hope and the north-eastern shores of Asia.

64. **Through**.—*Thorough* in the first edition. They are simply different forms of the same word; but *thorough* is generally used now as an adjective. [Scan this line.]

65-66. [Account for the welcome.]

67-68. Notice with how fine a touch the poet insinuates the notion that some preternatural influence accompanies the Albatross,

69. **thunder-fit** = loud peal.—**fit**, allied to *foot*, meant firstly, a step, secondly, a part of a poem, thirdly, a bout of fighting, fourthly, a sudden attack of pain, and lastly a sudden attack of anything.

71. This line indicates that the ship which had been going south had turned northwards.

74. **hollo**.—The interjection has the accent on the latter syllable, the verb and the noun on the former or the latter.

75. **cloud** is, according to Mr. Skeat, allied to *clot* and *clod*.

**shroud** = rope.—The shrouds are ranges of ropes stretched from the top of a mast to the right and left sides of the vessel to support the mast and enable it to carry sail. Allied to *shred*.

76. **perched**.—This verb is derived from *perch*, rod.

**vespers** = evenings, not even-song.—L. *vesper*, the evening star. Compare *Antony and Cleopatra* IV., xiv., 8.

"They are black vesper's pageants."

The meanings, evening and even-song, come by metonymy from the original sense of evening star.

77. **Whiles**.—Possessive case of *while*, used as a conjunctive adverb, and original form of *whilst*. Compare Matthew, v. 25:

"Agree with thine adversary quickly whiles thou art in the way with him."

**fog-smoke white**.—In the original edition the reading is "fog smoke-white," which seems to me the better of the two. [What is the difference in meaning?]

78. *Glimmered*.—Related to, but not derived from *gleam*. The *er* in this word is a frequentative suffix. "Observe here and throughout the author's use of the moon in his descriptions. The weird effects of its light have caught his fancy." See quotation from the *Biographia Literaria* in the Critical Analysis.

*moon*.—From a root meaning to measure, because it is a chief measurer of time.

79. *God*.—"Of unknown origin; quite distinct and separate from good."

*save*.—*L. salvus*, safe.

80. *fiends*.—This word, like *friend*, was originally a present participle, *ende* being the termination of the present participle in Anglo-Saxon.

*thus*.—Allied to *this*.

81. *Why*.—Originally the instrumental case of *who*.

80 and 82. [In what respect is the rhyme defective?]

## PART II.

1. [What does this line indicate as to the course of the ship?] Cp. i., 25-28.

*right*.—Originally a passive participle, the ending of which it still retains. Its first meaning seems to have been ruled or directed; hence came in order straight, upright in its physical sense, upright in its moral sense, true, just, and proper. The right hand probably at first signified the proper hand. Note that in this and the following stanza there are several repetitions of preceding lines, in imitation of the simplicity of Homer and the old English ballad-writers.

3. *mist*.—The ending *st* in this word, as in *blast*, is a noun-forming suffix.

*left*.—Of uncertain origin; not connected with *leave*.

4. *went*.—*Wend* is the causal of *wind*.

5. *wind*.—Originally a present participle signifying blowing. Cp. note on i., 80.

6. *no*.—A shortened form of *none*, as *a* is of *an*.

7. *Nor*.—For *nother*, a form of *neither*.

*any*.—Derived from *an*, the A. S. for *one*.

*or*.—An abbreviation of *other*, which is not our modern *other*, but a form of *either*.

9. Sailors are even yet very superstitious regarding the killing of albatrosses, stormy petrels, and some other birds. An illustration of this feeling occurs in *A Wonderful Ballad of the Seafaring Men*. A

ship is becalmed, and the crew are reduced to such extremities for lack of food that they kill one of their number. Their king, however,

"Will much rather die than eat "

this food. Then

"There came a dove from the heavens high;  
It sat down on the sailing tree,"

just as the albatross perched on mast or shroud.

"Quoth the young king to his boy so wee:  
Shoot me that bird and cook it for me."

The bird replies:

"I am no bird to be shot for food,  
I am from heaven an angel good."

The king says:

"If thou art a God's angel, as thou dost tell,  
In the name of Christ then help us well."

The bird:

"Lay yourselves down to sleep and rest,  
While I will sail the salt sea best."

They do so, and by-and-bye

"Up and awoke sailor the airest [first] ·  
'Now we have wind the fairest.'

"Up and spoke another:  
'I see the land of my mother.'

'Then was mirth and then was glee,  
The seafaring men,  
When father and sons each other did see.  
The seafaring men,  
In the greenwood grew their oars, oh!"

*Translated from the Danish in the Folk-Lore Record, Vol. III., Part II.*

It will be noticed that there is a curious resemblance between the rude plot of this ballad and that of *The Ancient Mariner*. In each the ship is carried home by a spirit while its living freight is asleep. The *Wonderful Ballad of the Seafaring Men* was in existence in the various Scandinavian languages long before the time of Coleridge, and he may possibly have become acquainted with it in some form.

10. Alliteration.

'em.—Probably used in imitation of old writers in whom it does not stand for *them*, but for *hem*, an old dative plural formed from *he*.

11. averred.—L. *ad*, to and *verum*, a true thing.

12. [What unnecessary word in this line?]

13. wretch.—Allied to *wreak*, *wrack*, and *wreck*.

15. Note the repetition of preceding lines in this stanza. [What had made the sun previously rise "dic. and red?" With what word is the phrase, "like God's own head," syntactically connected?]

16. uprist=*uprised*, weak past tense of *uprise*, used instead of the strong form *uprose*. "A common provincial form, in both England and America, of the past tense of the simple verb is *ris*, shortened from *rist*." "In America housekeepers sometimes talk about 'riz bread.'"

20. bring.—Connected with *bear*, carry.

21-28. Note the examples of alliteration.

21-25. "The weird, mysterious character of the narrative is enforced by these lines representing a rapid advance and a sudden breaking into a charmed region where all motion at once ceases"

22. The furrow followed free. Supply *the ship* after "followed." [What does this line mean?]

*free*.—From the same Aryan root as *friend*.

23. burst.—Related to *break*.

25. the sails dropt down. As we learn from v., 20, that the sails were not down, it is clear that this expression is not to be taken literally. I suppose Coleridge must have meant that the sails which, when distended by the wind, tend to raise their lower edges, were now relaxed.

26. sad.—The original meaning of this word is sated, from which, through the sense of the indifference, which is one of the results of satiety, the transition to the present signification is easy.

27. Either (1) the author knowingly used a defective rhyme in this line, or (2) he pronounced *speak*, as many uneducated Irish do, so as to rhyme with *break*, or (3) he pronounced *break*, as it is pronounced in parts of England, so as to rhyme with *speak*. The combination *ea* once invariably indicated the sound which it now does in *break*.

29, 30. "The peculiar haze of a hot atmosphere gives to the sun and moon the appearance here described."

29. copper.—From *Cyprus*, the name of an island in the Mediterranean, from which the Romans obtained copper.

30. bloody.—The word *blood* is derived from *blow*, to bloom or flourish, and the thing seems to have been taken as the symbol, or perhaps the effect or cause, of blooming, flourishing life. The ending *y*, earlier *ig*, corresponds to *ic* in *rustic*, and similar words, but is not

derived from it, each having descended in a different line from the original Aryan form.

31. *above*.—From *an*, *on*, *be*, *by*, *ufan*, upward.

32. Both the sun and moon seem larger when at the horizon than when at the zenith. "This is a pure illusion, as we become convinced when we measure" their discs "with accurate instruments, so as to make the result independent of our ordinary way of judging. When the sun or moon is near the horizon, it seems placed beyond all the objects on the surface of the earth in that direction, and therefore farther off than at the zenith, where no intervening objects enable us to judge of its distance. In any case, an object which keeps the same apparent magnitude seems to us, through the instinctive habits of the eye, the larger in proportion as we judge it to be more distant."

*than*.—The same word as *then*, but differentiated by usage. Closely allied to, and perhaps once identical with, the accusative masculine of *the*, an A.S. demonstrative, which has become our modern definite article.

34 and 36. Cp.

"Her sails from heaven received no motion,  
Her keel was steady in the ocean."

—Southey, *The Inchcape Rock*, written in 1802.

35 and 36. Cp.

"So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood."

—*Hamlet*, II., i., 502.

But Coleridge's image is far finer than Shakespeare's, and has seldom been approached in beauty and appropriateness.

35. *idle*.—A word which has degenerated in meaning. The original sense seems to have been clear or bright; hence, pure, sheer, mere, downright; and lastly, vain, unimportant, unemphatic.

37. [Account for the ellipsis.]

38. Compare as to the force of and here—

"Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,  
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?"

—*Richard III.*, II., i., 102-3.

41-48. "Allowance must be made for poetical exaggeration in this horrible description, but it is a well-known fact that winds and storms are important agents in keeping the ocean pure. In the hot latitudes a long period of dead calm gives opportunity for the development of innumerable gelatinous marine animals, many of which are phosphorescent; and their frail substance cannot resist the force of the waves,

but is broken in pieces." See note on iv., 50. The following passage may possibly have suggested some of the strokes in this wonderful sea-picture.

"During a calm on the morning of the 2nd, some parts of the sea seemed covered with a kind of slime, and some small sea animals were swimming about, the most conspicuous of which were of the gelatinous or Medusa kind, almost globular; and another sort smaller, that had a white or shining appearance, and were very numerous. Some of these last were taken up and put into a glass cup with some salt water, in which they appeared like small scales or bits of silver when at rest in a prone situation. When they began to swim about, which they did with equal ease upon the back, sides, or belly, they emitted the brightest colours of the most precious gems, according to their position with respect to the light. Sometimes they appeared quite pellucid, at other times assuming various tints of blue, from a pale sapphirine to a deep violet colour, which were frequently mixed with a ruby or opaline redness, and glowed with a strength sufficient to illuminate the vessel and water. These colours appeared most vivid when the glass was held to a strong light, and mostly vanished on the subsiding of the animals to the bottom, when they had a brownish cast. But with candle light the colour was chiefly a beautiful pale green, tinged with a burnished glass; and in the dark it had a faint appearance of glowing fire."

—*Cook's Third Voyage*, Bk. III., Chap. 13.

41. very.—*L. uerax*, truthful.

O Christ.—An offensive imitation of the old ballad-writers. Cp., *The more modern Ballad of Chevy Chase* in *Percy's Reliques*.

43. Cp.

"Gems  
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep."

—*Richard III.*, I., iv., 32.

*Yea* originally meant in that way, or just so. The distinction between it and *yes* in Middle English, that is, in the English of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteen centuries "is commonly well marked; the former is the simple affirmative, giving assent, whilst the latter is a strong asseveration, often accompanied by an oath." A similar distinction obtained between *nay* and *no*. The more emphatic form has in both cases supplanted the other since A.D. 1500. At present, on account of its being so little used, *yea* is fully as strong an affirmative particle as *yes*.

45. About, about.—Cp.

"The weird sisters, hand in hand,  
Posters of the sea and land,  
Thus do go about, about."

—*Macbeth*, I., iii., 31-33.

about=*an*, on, *be*, by, *utan*, outside=*on* (that which is) by (the) outside.

rout = disordered troop.—*L. rupta*, broken.

46. death-fires.—"Among the superstitious this name, as also *corpse candles*," *dead men's candles*, and *fetch-lights*, "was given to certain phosphorescent lights that appeared to issue from houses or rise from the ground. It was believed that they foretold death, and that the course they took marked out the road that the dead body was to be carried for burial."

"A much dreaded death-token in a West Sussex village where I once resided was that remarkable appearance known by the names of *ignis fatuus*, Will-o'-the-wisp and Jack o'lantern, which might be often seen in that neighbourhood, flitting from place to place over a large extent of marshy ground. The direction of its rapid undulating movement was always carefully observed, not from any curious admiration of the phenomenon, but from an anxiety to ascertain where it would disappear, as it was believed to be

'The hateful messenger of heavy things,  
Of death and dolour telling'

to the inhabitants of the house nearest that spot."

—Charlotte Latham, *Folk Lore Record*, Vol. I.

In the north-east of Scotland it was believed that "a death was made known by the light called a 'dead can'le.' It was seen moving about the house in which the death was to take place, and along the road by which the corpse was to be carried to the grave. Its motion was slow and even, wholly unlike any made by human art."

—Rev. W. McGregor, *Folk Lore of North-east of Scotland*.

47. witch's oils.—Oils burnt during incantations appear to have been mixed with substances which coloured the flame, in order to impress those seeking knowledge from demons. In the kindred art of alchemy great importance was attached to the changes of colour which the liquid underwent which was to be turned into the elixir of life. See Ben Jonson, *The Alchemist*, II., i.

"These blessed eyes  
Have waked to read your several colours, sir,  
Of the pale citron, the green lion, the crow,  
The peacock's tail, the plumed swan."

witch = literally, seer, and is connected with *wit*. A witch is a woman who has evil spirits under her command in virtue of a compact with the powers of evil.

oil meant first the juice of the *olive*, afterwards any greasy liquid.

48. **blue** meant originally the colour due to a *blow*, with which word it is connected in derivation.

49. **dream**.—In A. S. this word has two meanings: a sweet sound, and joy. The sense of vision arose from that of joy; we still talk of a dream of bliss.

**assured**.—[What is the meaning of this word?]

50. **Spirit** originally meant breath.

“The spirit does but mean the breath.”

—Tennyson, *In Memoriam*.

The transition from this sense to that of beings intangible as air is easy.

51. **fathom**.—Originally the distance between the extremities of the extended arms. [How do you account for the absence of the plural inflexion? Parse “fathom.”]

53. **tongue**.—The spelling *tung* would be more in harmony with both pronunciation and derivation, the A. S. being *tungs*.

**drought**.—Connected with *dry*. As in height, etc., the ending *t* stands for *th*.

54. **wither**.—Another form of *weather*.

55 and 56. We have here a familiar comparison introduced after the manner of the old ballad-writers with the view of giving an air of reality to the narrative.

57. **well-a-day**.—Found in this form in Shakespeare, but probably a corruption of *wellaway* derived from the A.S. *wala wa*, literally woe! lo! woe! Hence it would be better to print it *welladay*.

59. **Instead**.—*Stead* is connected with *stand*.

#### GLOSS.

**Josephus**, born A.D. 37, was a commander of the Jews in their revolt against the Romans at the end of Nero's reign. He wrote an account of this war, and several other works on Jewish subjects, the most important of which is *The Antiquities of the Jews*.

**Michael Psellus** flourished at Constantinople in the eleventh century. He is the author of a dialogue on *The Operation of Demons*.

## PART III.

Notice in this part how the poet has overcome the extraordinary difficulty of giving an aspect of reality to the conception of the skeleton ship with the dicing demons on its deck "by sheer vividness of imagery and terse vigour of descriptive phrase." Everything seems to have been actually seen.

2. *glaze*.—From *glass*.

7. *seem*.—Related to *same*.

little originally meant deceitful. Hence the sense, mean, which it still retains in certain cases.

9. *last*.—Superlative of *late*, which is connected with *let*.

10. *wist*.—Pres. inf. *wit*, pres. ind. *wot*, past ind. *wist*, pp. *wist*.

13. *dodged*.—"This word was once considered dignified enough. Johnson quotes from South 'This consideration should make men grow weary of dodging and shewing tricks with God.'"—Hales.

Coleridge did not aim at using dignified language in this poem. He was probably led to use familiar terms, both by the examples of the old ballad-writers, and by the opinion that the vernacular is more expressive than courtly speech. Wordsworth held the same view, and, perhaps, indoctrinated Coleridge with it.

*sprite*.—A doublet of *spirit*.

14. *plunged*.—L. *plumbum*, lead.

*tacked*.—This verb is derived from the noun *tack*, which primarily means a small nail. From this sense the transition is easy to that of a fastening. "In nautical language a *tack* is the rope that draws forward the lower corner of a square sail, and fastens it to the windward side of the ship in sailing transversely to the wind, the ship being on the starboard or larboard *tack* according as it presents its right or left side to the wind." A ship is said to *tack* when it turns towards the wind, and changes the *tack* on which it is sailing.

*veered*.—A ship is said to *veer* when it turns from the wind and changes the *tack* on which it is sailing. The nautical verb *wear* is simply another form of *veer*. A ship *tacks* when, in changing its course, its head is brought into the wind; it *veers* or *wears*, when it turns the opposite way.

15. Cp.—

"Our skin was black like an oven because of the terrible famine." *Lamentations of Jeremiah*, v. 10.

*Lip* originally meant *lapper*.

16. *wail*—originally, to cry woe.

17 and 18. A defective rhyme. [In which of the conditions of a good rhyme is it lacking?]

21. *Agape* = *on gape*.

22. *Granercy*.—From two French words: *grand*, great, and *merci*, thanks.

*grin*.—A variant of *groan*. With regard to its use here see note on l. 13.

"I took the thought of grinning for joy . . . from poor Burnett's remark to me, when we had climbed to the top of Plinlimmon, and were nearly dead with thirst. We could not speak from the constriction, till we found a little puddle under a stone. He said to me, 'You grinned like an idiot.' He had done the same."

—Coleridge, *Table Talk*, May 31, 1830.

23. *drew*.—*Draw* is a later spelling of *drag*.

26. [Explain the syntax of this line.]

*Hither*.—From the same root as *he*, with the comparative suffix *ther*.

*weal*.—Derived from *well*.

28. *steadies with upright keel* = keeps steadily on her course without any wind to lay her over on one side. Except when running before the wind a sailing vessel lies more or less over on one side when she moves.

29. *western* = *west-running*, the suffix *ern* being derived from *run*. *West* is from a root **WAS**, which meant dwell, and furnishes our language with the past tense of *be*. The *west*, then, was conceived by our ancestors as the dwelling-place of the sun.

*a-flame* = *on flame*.

29-32. Note the alliterations.

32. *Rested*.—*L. re*, again, and *stare*, stand.

33. *suddenly*.—*Sudden* is derived from two Latin words: *sub*, under, and *ire*, to go.

34. *betwixt*.—*A.S. be*, by, and *twa*, two.

32, 34. It is not usually considered allowable to match a word in rhyme with itself; but, as Coleridge and Poe have shown that by adopting this expedient they can add an unspeakable charm to the melody of their verse, it must be agreed that the rule admits of important exceptions. Here, as no advantage to the melody results from the use of this artifice, I am inclined to suppose the rhyme a purposed carelessness introduced in imitation of the old ballad-writers.

35-38. Mrs. Oliphant suggests that Coleridge may actually have seen some such sight when looking westward from the Quantock Hills over Bristol Channel.

35. **straight**.—Originally the passive participle of *stretch*.

36. An invocation of the Virgin Mary after the manner of the old ballad-writers.

37. **dungeon**.—*L. dominus*, a master. The same word as *donjon*, a keep-tower of a castle.

**grate**.—*L. crates*, a hurdle. A variant of *crate*, a wicker case for crockery.

40. **How**.—Connected in derivation with *who*.

**fast**.—The original meaning is firm, from which the transition to speedy is through close and urgent.

42. **gossameres**=minute spider-threads seen in fine weather. An antiquated spelling is used here for the sake of the rhyme. Said to be a corruption of *goose summer*, from the downy appearance of the threads—possibly, according to Mr. Skeat, a shortened form of *goose summer* thread. A legend says that the gossamer is the remnant of the Virgin Mary's shroud that fell away in fragments as she was taken up to heaven. According to Wedgwood's dictionary, it is this divine origin which is indicated by the first syllable of gossamer, *i.e.*, *God-sur:mer*.

45. **Woman**.—*A.S. wifman*, literally wife-man; that is, a human being who is a wife, *man* being of both genders in Anglo-Saxon.

47. **mate**.—Originally spelt *make*, and connected with the verb *make*. A *mate* is one of like *make*.

49. **yellow as gold**. *Yellow* and *gold* come from the same Aryan root.

50. **leprosy**.—An incurable disease, in which the entire body becomes covered with white scales. The idea, then, conveyed by the line is that the skin of the Spectre-woman was hideously white.

51. **Nightmare**.—The second syllable of this word has nothing to do with *mare*, a female horse, but means *nightmare* by itself. One effect of prefixing *night* is that we cannot name the phenomenon without having our attention specially directed to the time at which it occurs.

**Life-in-Death**.—In the original editions this and the next line ran as follows:—

"And she is far liker Death than he;  
Her flesh makes the still air cold."

There can be no doubt that the change is an immense improvement. As the passage now stands it is an excellent example of the power of the vague. The words Nightmare Life-in-Death add nothing definitely imaginable to our mental picture of the Spectre-woman; but they give the impression of something vaguely horrible, and leave our fancy free

to half suggest all manner of terrible appearances; and this impression is heightened, without being in any way cleared up, by the statement that she

“Thicks man's blood with cold.”

*The Ancient Mariner* was not revised until Coleridge's health had failed, and he had fallen under the influence of opium, and I am inclined to suspect that the expression “Nightmare Life-in-Death” was suggested to him by the kind of nightmare life-in-death existence he had himself been leading, certain phases of which he so pathetically describes in *Dejection*. In that ode he laments the decay of his responsiveness to the sounds and sights of nature, and wishes that a brewing tempest were even now at hand in the hope that it

“Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live—  
A grief without a pang, void, dark and drear,  
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,  
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,  
In word or sigh or tear.”

This is a picture of life in death. He then goes on to grieve that the beauty of the evening sky, at which he has been gazing, is seen but not felt by him, and that it does not avail to free him from the nightmare of his existence—

“To lift the smothering weight from off my breast.”

His explanation of his state is that he has ceased to be joyous,

“But now afflictions bow me down to earth.”

Then follows another expression of the life-in-death idea :—

“For not to think of what I needs must feel,  
But to be still and patient, all I can;  
And haply by abstruse research to steal  
From my own nature all the natural man—  
This was my sole resource, my only plan;  
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,  
And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.”

It is worth noticing that the conceptions of the skeleton ship and Life-in-Death exhibit what is very rare in poetry, successful attempts to allly sublimity with terror.

53. *naked*.—The pp. of an obsolete verb meaning to strip.

54. *twain*.—From the masculine form of the A. S. numeral adjective meaning two, while *two* represents the feminine and neuter form, *dīce*.—L. *datus*, given,

56. **whistles.**—A whistling woman is regarded by many, and particularly by sailors, as a bringer of ill-luck.

" A whistling woman and crowing hen  
Are neither fit for God nor men."

**thrice.**—The ending *ce* stands for the adverbial suffix *s*, which is the same in origin as the termination of the possessive case. But *thrice* is a possessive case, not of *three* but of a word derived from *three*.

With regard to the supposed magical properties of the number three consult the note on *i.*, 2. Cp. also the charm for invoking the supernatural character in Scott's *Monastery* :—

" Thrice to the holly brake—  
Thrice to the well—  
I bid thee awake,  
White Maid of Avenel!"

In the mythology of the ancient Greeks and Romans it plays a very important part. There were three Graces, three Furies, three Fates; Cerberus had three heads. Diana is spoken of as *triformis*, that is, triple. In the Eighth Eclogue of Virgil occurs an illustrative passage which I find translated as follows :

" My charms, bring Daphnis from the town, bring him home. First these three threads, with threefold colours varied, I round thee twine; and thrice lead thy image round these altars. The gods delight in the uneven number. My charms, bring Daphnis from the town, bring him home. Bind, Amaryllis, three charms in three knots, bind them."

57 and 58. Observe how carefully the actual is represented, and how vivid and terse the description is. The execution could not have been better.

57. **dips.**—From the same root as *deep*, *dive*, *dove*.

**stars.**—The original sense of *star* is strewn or spreader [i.e. of light.]

59. **whisper**, like *whistle* to which it is allied is a word of imitative character, and the terminations *er* and *le* are frequentative in force in these words.

60. **Off.**—A form of *of*.

**bark.**—Of the same origin as *barge*. [Distinguish them in meaning.]

61. **looked sideways up.**—[Account for this attitude.]

62. **Fear.**—Connected with *fare*, to travel, and originally used of the perils of *wayfaring*.

63. **sip.**—Literally, to cause to *sap*, it being causative in form.

64. **thick.**—[What is the meaning here?]

65. **steersman**=*steer's man*, that is, man of the rudder, from an obsolete noun *steer*, a rudder.

**gleam**.—Derived from the noun *gleam* which contains the suffix *m*.

66. **From**.—Connected with *fare*, to go or travel.

67. **eastern**=*east-running*. See note on l. 29.

**bar**.—[Explain the sense in which this word is used here.]

69. **nether**.—In this word *ther* is a comparative suffix as in *other*. Connected with *beneath*.

**tip**.—A weakened form of *top*.

70. **after** stands for *after*, that is, more *off*, *ter* being a comparative suffix.

**star-dogged**=pursued by stars, as the moon may be imagined to be.

71. **Too**.—The same word as the preposition *to*.

**quick**.—Original meaning, living, as in this clause from the Apostles' Creed:

"From thence he shall come to judge the *quick* and the dead."

72. **turned**.—L. *turnus*, a lathe.

**pang**.—The same word as *prong*, an *r* having been lost.

74. **fifty**.—From *five* and a form of the root of *ten*.

76. **heavy**.—Literally, hard to *heave*.

78. **fly**.—Used here for *flee*. Cp. Dryden:

"Sleep flies the wretch."

When so used the past tense is *fled*. We cannot say—Sleep flew the wretch. Accordingly, we find *fled* in l. 79.

79. **bliss**.—Derived from *blithe*. Not derived from, though connected with *bless*.

80 and 81. Consequently, every death reminded the Ancient Mariner of his crime. Cp. Tennyson, *The Talking Oak*, 55 and 56, as to the mode in which souls take their departure:

"The gloomy brewer's [Cromwell's] soul  
Went by me like a stork."

The notion that the soul may be heard or seen when leaving the body is very widely spread.

81. **whiz**.—An imitative word allied to *whistle*.

**bow**.—Derived from the verb *bow*.

## GLOSS.

**element**=air

**seemed** is followed, not by *to* with its regimen, but by an indirect object.

## PART IV.

This part relates the conversion of the Ancient Mariner from hostility to friendship to living things. "The turning point of his repentance is in the re-awakening of love, and is clearly marked. Left all alone on the sea 'he despiseth the creatures of the calm, and envieth that they should live and so many lie dead,' and in that temper of contempt and envy Coleridge suggests that no prayer can live. But when seven days" have passed, he looks again on God's creatures of the great calm, and seeing their beauty and their happiness, forgets his own misery, and the curse, and himself in them, and blesses and loves them: and in that temper of spirit prayer becomes possible."

1-6. An interruption of the narrative, which serves the double purpose of preventing monotony and of indirectly telling us the effect which his sufferings had produced on the Ancient Mariner.

3. **brown**.—closely connected with *burn*. Probably a contracted form of an old pp. meaning *burnt*.

4. **ribbed**=marked with ripple marks.

7. **not**.—A contracted form of *naught* or *nought*.

9-12. "Note the awful silence that now falls upon the Mariner." Note also how his helpless agnony and dumb endurance are dwelt upon in ll. 9-39. With the grammatical structure of ll. 9-12, cp. that of ii. 37-40.

9. **Alone**.—Derived from *all* and *one*.

11. "This reference to the guardianship of saints is an element in the weirdness of the poem, as it carries us back to a remoter time whose customs are indistinct to us now." Cp. l. 63 and the gloss on Part v.

**never a**.—*Never* is an adverb modifying *a*. Cp.

"For, after the rain, when with never a stain  
The pavilion of heaven is bare."

—Shelley, *The Cloud*.

**pity**.—A doublet of *piety*.

In the early editions of this poem this line read

"And Christ would take no pity on,"

and may, as has been argued by a writer in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, contain a reference to a story told by Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in the fourth century. He relates that a pagan sailor, the sole survivor of the crew of a disabled vessel, lived for many days alone in it in great peril while it was driven hither and thither in the Mediterranean, and that Christ did take pity on his soul in agony, and converted him. The

writer to whom I have just referred attempts to show that Coleridge was largely indebted to Paulinus for the plot of *The Ancient Mariner*; but the contention is based on so slender a foundation as really to be a testimony of the strongest kind to the poet's originality.

12. **agony** is a defective rhyme for sea, the vowel sounds not being exactly the same. Similar rhymes are, however, so often used that this may be considered admissible.

**men.**—The original sense of *man* is thinking animal.

**beautiful.**—A hybrid, *beauty* being of Latin, and *ful* of Teutonic origin.

14. **they.**—Originally the nominative plural of an A.S. demonstrative and not connected in derivation with he.

**dead.**—A pp., but not the pp. of *die*.

15. [To what is slimy antithetical?]

18. **away**=*on way*.

19. **deck.**—The same word as *thatch*.

21. **tried.**—*Try* is from *terere*, to rub, to thresh corn. "It would appear that the meaning passed over from the threshing of corn to the separation of the grain from the straw and thence to the notion of selecting, culling, purifying. To *try* gold is to purify it: cp. 'tried gold,' *Merch. Ven.*, II., vii., 53."

22. **or ever.**—*Or*=before. *Ere* and *or* are doublets: that is, they are variant forms of the same word. *Early* and *erst* come from the same root. *Ever* in the expression *or ever* is thought by some to have originally been *ere*, which was confounded with *e'er*, and in this way came to be supposed to be a contraction of *ever*. Others hold that *ere* in *or ere* stands for *ever*. On the former supposition *or ere* involves a tautology; but this is no objection to the explanation, as similar reduplicated expressions, in which the second word explains the first, are not uncommon. Compare *an if*.

"These be fine things an if they be not sprites."

—*The Tempest*, II., ii., 120.

In the "Hymn on the Nativity" Milton uses *or ere* in a way which shows that he regarded the two words as together equivalent to before.

"The shepherds on the lawn,  
Or ere the point of dawn,  
Sate simply chatting in a rustick row."

Wherever *or ere* occurs in Shakespeare it can be taken as meaning *or ever*. In the Authorized Version of the Scriptures *or ever* is, I think, always used. See Eccles. xii. 6, Ps. xc. 2, Daniel vi. 24, etc.

Or is frequently used in the sense of before without either *ere* or *ever*. See *Cymbeline*, II., iv. 14.

"And, I think,  
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,  
Or look upon our Romans."

**gusht.**—An instance of phonetic spelling.

22, 24. [In what respect is the rhyme defective?]

23. **wicked.**—A pp., and connected with *witch*.

25. **kept.**—*Keep* is connected with *cheap*, which, in its A.S. form, meant price. To *keep* originally meant to traffic: hence, to store up for purposes of trade, whence the transition to its present use is easy.

30. **The cold sweat.**—One of the concomitants of death.

31. **reek**—give off vapour.

34, 35. "In the Bible oppression of 'the fatherless and the widow' is denounced as one of the greatest of sins."

38. **Seven.**—See notes on i., 2, and iii., 56.

40-48. The motion of the moon is almost heard in the verse, and the beauty of the illustration of the frost is equalled by its truth. Contrast this description of a tropical calm with that of a calm in the temperate zone, vi., 63-70. [In which has Coleridge been most successful? Give reasons for your opinion.] Contrast it also with the description of a tropical storm in v. 27-35.

41. **abide.**—The prefix *a* here corresponds to the German *er*, and meant originally from, away, out, back.

44-58. Note that these lines are devoted to developing the contrast between the colours seen in and beyond the shadow of the ship. According to Ruskin a high development of the sense of colour is a distinguishing characteristic of recent poets. Note also the warm, poetic joy in beauty shown in this passage. Consult for a possible origin of some of the ideas in these lines the passage quoted in the note on ii., 41-48.

44. **sultry.**—A shortened form of *sweltery*, an adjective derived from *swelter*.

47. **charmed.**—L. *carmen*, a song. *Charm*, then, is a word that has degenerated in meaning.

**alway.**—Derived from *all* and *way*.

47, 48. See for a possible origin of this fancy the end of the passage from *Cook's Third Voyage* quoted in the note on ii., 41-48.

48. **red** is here an adverbial objective modifying "burnt."

49. **Beyond.**—From the old forms of *by* and *yon*. [Parse.]

49-53. Notice how like the story of a truthful eye-witness the description of this singular conception is. You feel that the Mariner

has seen the "hoary flakes" of "elfish light" fall from the rearing snakes.

50. **water-snakes.**—"Captain Kingman, in lat. 8 deg. 46 min. S., long. 105 deg. 30 min. E., passed through a tract of water twenty-three miles in breadth and of unknown length so full of minute (and some not very minute) phosphorescent organisms as to present the aspect (at night) of a boundless plain covered with snow. Some of these animals were 'serpents' of six inches in length, of transparent, gelatinous consistency, and very luminous. . . . The phosphorescence of the ocean prevails largely through the whole extent of the tropical seas, and proceeds from a great variety of marine organisms—some soft and gelatinous, some minute crustacea, etc. They shine mostly when excited by a blow, or by agitation of the water, or when a fish darts along, or oar dashes, or in the wake of a ship when the water closes on the track. In the latter case are often seen what appear to be large lumps of light rising from under the keel and floating out to the surface, apparently of many inches in diameter. . . . One of the most remarkable of the luminous creatures is a tough, cartilaginous bag or muff-shaped body of more than an inch in length, which, when thrown down on the deck, bursts into a glow so strong as to appear like a lump of white hot iron. One of the most curious phases of phosphorescence . . . is the appearance on the surface of calm or but little agitated water of luminous spaces of several square feet in area, shining fitfully, and bounded by rectilinear or nearly rectilinear outlines, presenting angular forms, across which the light flashes as if propagated rapidly along the surface."—*Herschel's Physical Geography*.

There are not, of course, any real snakes in the middle of an ocean.

**watched.**—Connected with *wake*.

**snakes.**—Connected with *sneak*, the literal sense of *snake* being a creeping thing.

51. [Why were the tracks white?]

52. **reared.**—*Rear* is the causal of *rise*. Its doublet *raise* is Scandinavian in its immediate origin, but both words come from the same Teutonic root.

**elfish.**—Of or belonging to *elves* or little sprites. These show themselves only in moonlight, and the epithet happily suggests that the light was such as is wont to accompany mysterious phenomena.

54. **Within.**—This word syntactically links "their" and "shadow."

56. **Blue.**—[Parse.]

57. **coiled.**—*L. colligere*, to collect.

"Observe the first touches of tenderness that break the numbness of the trance, and their relation to the moral of the poem." See *vii.*

99-104. "The calamities that befel the Mariner were caused by his indifference to animal life, and by his wanton cruelty; the punishment continues till he takes pleasure in animals and loves them."

59. **happy**.—Derived from *hap*, luck.

62. **unaware**.—A.S. *un*, not, and *gewær*, aware. Note the unusual origin of the prefix *a* in the word *aware*.

67 and 68. "The falling of the bird from the Mariner's neck, and its sinking 'like lead into the sea' are emblematic of the forgiveness granted to him. Henceforth his language changes: it is joyous often, or in the solemn tones of one giving advice from dear-bought experience—there is no longer anything horrible in it."

#### GLOSS.

Note the quaint beauty of the thought and language of the gloss opposite ll. 40 *et seqq.*

#### PART V.

1. **Oh**.—Often spelt *O*, both forms being used indifferently.

**sleep**.—Connected with *slip*.

**gentle**.—Literally, belonging to a noble race: hence, docile, mild.

2. **Beloved**.—The prefix *be*, literally, by, is here intensive.

**pole**.—One end of the axis of the earth. It has no connection with *pole*, a long thick rod.

3 and 4. A double rhyme. [What defect in it?]

3. **Mary Queen** [of Heaven].

**Mary**.—A word of Hebrew origin.

**Queen** originally meant woman, as did *quean*, which is simply another form of the same word. The signification of the primitive word has been narrowed and specialised: so that the two derivatives together do not cover the original ground. *Queen* furnishes an example of a social rise, and *quean* of a moral fall in meaning.

**praise**.—From the same Latin word as *price*, namely *pretium*, a price.

4. **gentle sleep**.—Cp.

"O gentle sleep!

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee!"

—Shakespeare, *Henry IV.*, Part II., III., i. 5.

6. **silly**.—This word has travelled from its original signification, timely, through lucky, happy, blessed, innocent, and simple, to its present meaning, foolish. It, therefore, like *coy*, *simple*, and *innocent*, has deteriorated. Probably introduced here in imitation of Spenser, who uses the expression "My silly bark," the sense being weak or frail.

If this be correct, silly in this place furnishes an instance of prolepsis, or anticipation. The buckets are frail, because they have remained so long on the deck.

9. *awoke*.—The prefix here is the same as in *abide* and has the same intensive force. See note on iv., 41.

10. *cold* = not heated by thirst.

11. *dank*.—Not another form of *damp*, but a Scandinavian word of the same meaning.

12. *drunken*.—Usually an adjective, here a passive participle.

18-35. The strange sounds heard and the strange sights and emotions seen in the sky and the element are introductory to and premonitory of the horror of the reanimated bodies.

19. *anear* = *on near*.—Still current in Somersetshire.

21. *sere* = withered.—Another spelling is *sear*.

22-35. Observe the vividness of the poet's conception of this wild, weird picture, and his effective use of onomatopœia and alliteration.

23. *flag*.—the noun is derived from verb *flag*, to droop.

*sheen* = fair.—Allied to show : hence, literally, showy.

24. *fro*.—Scandinavian, *from* being native English.

*hurried*.—Of imitative origin, and the same word as *whir*.

28. *sedge*.—Sedges are plants growing mainly in marshy places, similar in general appearance to grasses, but generally distinguished by possessing a three-cornered stem.

29-30. The contrast between the one black thunder-cloud and the bright moon beside it is exceedingly effective.

35. *steep*.—Closely allied to *stoop*.

37 and 39. [In what respect is the rhyme defective?]

38-53. The idea of navigating the ship by dead men was suggested by Wordsworth. Notice what an appearance of reality is given to this conception by the particularity of the statements in

"They raised their limbs like lifeless tools,"

and

"The body of my brother's son  
 Stood by me, knee to knee:  
 The body and I pulled at one rope,  
 But he said nought to me."

42. *even*.—The same word as the adjective *even*, level.

43. The strict grammarian will remark that "To have seen" should be "To see," and that there is no necessity of versification to account for this license.

44. *helmsman* = *helm's man*.

56. 'gan.—Coleridge regarded 'gan as a contraction for *begin*, and printed it with an apostrophe to indicate the aphæresis; but should not have done so, *gin* being a good, though now obsolete, English word, and the root of *begin*. In old ballads and other writings *gin* is often followed by the infinitive, as here, without *to*. Cp.

"When by-and-by the din of war gan pierce  
His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit  
Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate."

—*Coriolanus*, II., ii., 119.

47. *wont*.—Properly the past tense and passive participle of an obsolete verb *won*, to dwell, to be used to. Sometimes, however, it is used as a present, but not inflected like one. Cp.

"I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat."

—*Comedy of Errors*, IV., iv. 39.

From this present a new past tense, *wonted*, and passive participle, *wonted*, were formed, the latter of which only is now in use, and merely in its adjective, not in its participial capacity.

53. *nought*.—Composed of *ne*, *a*, *wiht*, = not a whit.

57. *which*.—Derived from *who* and *like*.

*corse*s.—*L. corpus*, a body.

*again*.—The prefix here stands for *on*.

58. The idea of navigating the ship by dead men was, we know, suggested by Wordsworth, but that of revivifying them by a troop of blest spirits may possibly have been borrowed from the tale of shipwreck told by Paulinus, bishop of Nola, to which reference has been made in the note on iv., 11. According to him the solitary mariner was assisted in managing the vessel by spirits who were generally, but not always invisible. "Sometimes, indeed, it was vouchsafed to him to behold an armed band—one may suppose of heavenly soldiers—who kept their watches on the deck and acted in all points as seamen."

59. Spirits are believed to be able to leave the other world only during the night. They invariably disappear with the first sign of the approach of morning.

*dawned*.—Related to *day*.

61-62. Contrast with iii., 80-81. The belief that spirits appear and vanish to the sound of music is wide-spread, and the dying sometimes hear, or think they hear, celestial harmonies. One case, at least, is recorded in which a dying man joined in the song which he thought he heard spirits singing. For two instances of apparitions accompanied by music see Increase Mather's *Remarkable Providences*, chap. vii.

63-81. "Observe the marvellous and delicate beauty of these stanzas, emphasized by the ghastly picture in ll. 40-43. Even in his horror the Mariner is not utterly bereft of joy."

64. **to the sun.**—That is, the sun is here made the locality of heaven.

67. **a-dropping**=*on dropping*.

69 and 70. A defective rhyme. A great many English-speaking people incorrectly pronounce 'are' like 'air,' and the rhyme in vii., 79, 81 and 83, viewed in connection with the one before us, would seem to indicate that this was Coleridge's pronunciation.

71. **jargoning.**—*Jargon* now generally means confused talk, but in mediæval French and English was frequently used, as *jargoning* is used here, to denote the chattering of birds.

73. **lonely.**—*Lone* is an abbreviation of *alone*.

76-81. Contrast the soft quiet beauty of this picture with the wild character of that in ll. 27-35. "In both these descriptions, one of the terror, the other of the softness of nature, a certain charm, of the source of which we are not at once conscious, is given by the introduction into the lonely sea of images borrowed from the land, but which exactly fit the sounds to be described at sea: such as the noise of the brook and the sighing of the sedge. We are brought into closer sympathy with the Mariner by this subtle suggestion of his longing for the land and its peace. And we ourselves enjoy the travel of thought, swept to and fro without any shock—on account of the fitness of illustration and thing—from sea to land, from land to sea."

Notice how the prolongation of the stanza combines with the idea of unceasingness suggested by the brook to impress the fact of the prolongation of the ship's motion. Observe also how, in the simile, the ideas and the language correspond in simple beauty. Note, too, how this passage, marked by aerial melody and serene loveliness, steals in, as it were, upon the cessation of the spirits' song.

76. [What is the force of *on* here?]

79. **month.**—Derived from *moon*.

80 **woods.**—On this side of the Atlantic *wood* is seldom used in the sense of a collection of growing trees. We almost always say *woods*, as Coleridge does here, and we have a tendency to use *woods* as a singular noun.

81. **tune.**—A doublet of *tone*.

82. **smoothly.**—*Smooth* is connected with *smith*, and its original sense is forged or flattened with the hammer.

90-118. At the magical hour of noon, the middle point of the day, the ship reaches the equator, the middle line on the earth's surface. This is the limit to which the lonesome Spirit from the south pole can

go, and so far he takes the ship in obedience to the angelic troop that had entered into the bodies of the dead mariners. The sun fixes her here for a minute, then she begins to move

" Backwards forwards and half her length  
With a short uneasy motion,"

under the influence of the "lonesome spirit's" demand for further vengeance, and the angelic troop's determination to save the Ancient Mariner. Finally a compromise is effected, and the polar spirit releasing the ship it bounds northward

" Like a pawing horse let go."

This throws him into a swoon, and while in that state he learns from two spirits the general nature of the agreement which has been made.

91. [What poetic license here?]

94. *minute*.—The same word as *minute*. *Minutes* are *minute* parts of an hour.

95 and 97. See iv., 62 and 64, iii., 32 and 34, ii., 11, 12 and 14, and 17, 18, and 20.

101. [Scan.]

103. *I have not* = I am unable.

104. *living* = conscious.

106. *two voices*.—"Possibly intended to represent justice and mercy—the one speaking angrily, the other soothingly."

111-114. This stanza furnishes an instance of spiritual imagination that is, "the perception and expression of the spiritual influences of nature as they work upon man."

113-114. Here the idea is very clearly brought out that the Ancient Mariner's offence was a breach of the spirit of love. By wantonly killing the albatross, which had befriended and loved him, he showed his unfitness for living in a society. The natural consequence of failing in one's obligations to others is moral isolation. The Mariner is left alone on the sea of life without any holy influence to take pity on his soul in agony. No holy influence could take pity on him until he showed himself capable of loving and blessing.

115. *other*.—The *o* is from the same root as *one*; *ther* is a comparative ending.

116. Cp.

" For he on honey-dew hath fed."

—*Kubla Khan*.

*honey-dew* is a sweet, pale yellow fluid secreted by aphides or plant-lice, and emitted from two tubes near the middle of their backs. This is usually collected as it exudes by insects, and particularly by

ants, many species of which care for the plant-lice which support them much as man cares for domestic animals. They even stimulate the secretion by a process somewhat similar to milking, and from this circumstance the aphides are frequently called the cows of the ants. When the secretion is not removed by ants or other insects, it is allowed to fall, and if it falls on grass it becomes noticeable as something found in the same place as dew, but sweet: hence the name, honey-dew.

117. *penance*.—A doublet of *penitence*. [Distinguish them in regard to meaning.]

## GLOSS.

element.—[What does Coleridge mean by this term? Establish your view by comparing the passages in which he uses it.]

## PART VI.

2. *renewing*.—A hybrid word—L. *re*, again, and E. *new*.

5. *slave*.—A word involving a curious chapter of national history, and furnishing a striking example of deterioration in meaning. Originally denoting glorious, it came to be applied to that great group of peoples which, under the diverse names of Russians, Poles, Wends, Bohemians, Slovaks, Serbians, Croats, Bosnians, etc., fills the east of Europe. In the Middle Ages many Slavonians became bondmen to the Germans; the word acquired its present meaning in German, was borrowed by the French, and loaned by the latter to the English. "From the Euxine to the Adriatic," says Gibbon, "in the state of captives or subjects . . . they [the Slavonians] overspread the land; and the national appellation of the *Slaves* has been degraded by chance or malice from the signification of glory to that of servitude."

*lord* = literally, *loaf-warden*.

7. *His great bright eye*. Compare with this phrase Wordsworth's "The broad, open eye of the solitary sky." [What is meant by "this great, bright eye?"]

10, 15, 16. These lines could not have been written in a pre-scientific age. The first implies a knowledge of the moon's connection with the tides, and the last two involve the conception of the air as a fluid possessing weight. These theories were established in the seventeenth century, and became the common property of educated men in the eighteenth.

10. Referring to the influence of the moon's attraction on the ocean in causing tides. An elevation of the surface of the water follows the course of the moon over the ocean.

15, 16. The meaning is that a vacuum is created in front into which the air pushes the ship forward from behind.

17-20. An obscure stanza. It does not appear what the first spirit is to gain by flying higher, for what the spirits would be belated, or why l. 19 is introduced by **For**. One may conjecture that they were on their way to some celestial goal, at which they would arrive too late if they allowed their curiosity to induce them to accompany the ship as it slackened its speed.

18. **belated** = made late. The prefix *be* in this case converts an adjective into a causative verb. Cp. *Par. Lost*, I., 183, "some belated peasant." Other instances of words in which *be* has this force are *befoul*, *benumb*.

**slow and slow** = very slow. Note the intensive effect of the reduplication.

20. **When**.—Originally the accusative singular masculine of the interrogate *who*.

25. **charnel** = containing carcases. *Carnal* and *charnel* both come from the Latin *caro* (stem *carn*), meaning flesh, the latter owing its special form to its having become a part of the French vernacular before we borrowed it. *Calix* and *chalice*, *camera* and *chamber*, *cadence* and *chance*, *cancel* and *chancel*, *canal* and *channel* are other examples of similar pairs of derivatives from Latin roots.

30. **passed**.—*Pass* comes through the French *passer*, to pass; from the Latin *passus*, a step.

33-58. Note the gradual softening of the strain, and the return from the realms of the supernatural to the sights and sounds of ordinary life: the familiar wind, the lighthouse top, the hill, the kirk. Note also the return of the Mariner to a more natural state of feeling, expressed in ll. 37-42.

33. [What spell was snapt?]

35. **forth** here means out. It comes from *fore*, which is closely connected with *for*.

36. **else**.—Originally the possessive singular of an adjective *el*, other.

37-42. In this stanza, Mr. Whipple remarks, Coleridge gives powerful expression to that supernatural fear in the heart, of something dreadful near us at which we dare not look, which frequently oppresses the imagination, which at times makes the blood of the pleasantest atheist turn cold, and his philosophy slide away under his feet as if he were the veriest school-girl, and from which no person, poet or peasant, has been at all moments entirely free. It is not the fear caused by conscience, which indeed makes cowards of us all; it is pure dread of

the unknown. It has been said that Coleridge is the only writer who has given poetical expression to this feeling.

37. **lonesome**.—Compounded of *lone*, a shortened form of *alone*, and the suffix *some*, which is another form of *same*.

**road**.—Derived from *ride*.

38. **once**.—Possessive case of *one*, used adverbially.

47. **behind**.—From *be*, *by*, and *hind*, which is connected with *hence* and *at*, all three words having still a certain demonstrative force.

44. [Supply the ellipsis at the beginning of this line.]

45, 46. That is, the course of this supernatural wind was not marked by any rippling or shading of the sea's surface.

43-54. This wind differs from that introduced in Part v. in being soundless, in reaching the Mariner, and in being pleasant. The difference is due to the expiation of the curse. The "roaring wind" precedes the horror of the reanimated bodies, the sweetly-blowing breeze, the appearance of the angelic spirits in their own forms of light.

48. **meadow**.—Derived from *mow*.

49. **It . . . fears**, because it reminded him of the "roaring wind" that preceded the working of the ship by the reanimated bodies and the conflict between the Polar Spirit and the angelic troop about his punishment.

50. **welcoming**.—Derived from *well* and *come*.

58. **countrie**.—Spelt and accented thus in imitation of the old ballad-writers.—*L. contra*, against.

59. **drifted**.—*Drift* is from *drive*.

**harbour**.—Literally, a host-shelter.

**bar**.—[What is the meaning of *bar* here?]

60. **sobs**. From the same root as *sup*. The notion common to the two words is that of sucking in. In the act of *sobbing* the air is sucked in convulsively.

62. **let . . . alway**.—That is, if this is a dream, let me dream things like this forever, and escape the disenchantment which would accompany my awakening.

63. [What is the difference in meaning between *bay* and *harbour*? How does *harbour-bay* differ from each?]

66. [What is meant by "the shadow of the Moon?"]

63-71. "Observe that the quietness of this scene harmonizes with the Mariner's feelings (see ll. 89-90), and is a relief to the reader after his visionary flight." We are gradually being prepared for the gentle moralizings at the end.

69.—**steeped**.—Both *steep*, the adjective, and *steep* the verb, come from *stoop*. The verb *steep* is simply the causal of *stoop*, and origin-

ally meant to make to stoop, *i.e.*, to overturn. From the sense of overturning came that of pouring out, from which to that of pouring over, the present signification, the transition is easy.

**in silentness** =silently.

70 [What is to be inferred from the epithet *steady* ?]

**steady**.—Derived from *stead*, place, which is allied to *stand*.

71. Notice the assonance consisting of the repetition of the same sound of *i* in three successive accented syllables.

**silent light**.—Observe how prominent the silence of this scene is made in contrast with the sounds of the tropical storm in Part v. **silent light**=here light unaccompanied by sound, and hence unlike that in the storm in Part v.

73. **shadows**.—That is, spirits.

74. Notice that in this line the alliterative are likewise the accented syllables. It was the rule in Anglo-Saxon poetry that alliteration and accent should coincide ; but it was seldom the case that every accented syllable in a line began with the same letter. Notice that alliteration is a sort of initial rhyme.

**crimson**.—Observe the use that Coleridge makes of contrasts of colour. In Part iv. the ocean is white as hoar frost, except in the shadow of the ship, where it is red ; in Part v. a hundred fire-flags sheen are contrasted with the wan stars and the black cloud with the white moon at its edge ; here the bay, white with silent light, sets out in stronger relief the crimson shadows.

Compare with regard to the colour of the spirits Dante Gabriel Rossetti's *The Blessed Damozel*.

" And the souls mounting up to God  
Went by her like thin flames."

75. [What is the meaning of *prow* ? What is the word of English origin that denotes the same thing ?]

76. [What were the crimson shadows ?]

80. An imitation of Shakespeare and older writers.

**holy**.—Derived from *whole*. It therefore literally means perfect, or excellent.

**rood**=cross. The same word as *rod*. In church architecture it means a crucifix with the images of the Virgin and St. John.

83. **band**.—Connected with *band*, a fastening, and with *bind*.

85. **signals**.—Connected with *sign*.

86. Observe that one of the alliterative syllables here is not accented. See note on l. 74.

89-90. One of the most exquisite touches in the poem.

90. **music**.—From *Muse*. The Muses are the nine fabled goddesses that preside over the art.

92. **cheer**=hail.

100. **Hermit**, from a Greek word meaning a dweller in a desert, = a person living apart from all mankind in order to devote himself to worship and meditation. "In all ages and in all countries retirement from the world has been considered as facilitating the attainment of a virtuous life, as adding strength to strong characters, and enabling the mind to follow out great ideas without interruption. The prophets prepared themselves in solitude for their tasks; the Pythagoreans, Stoics, Cynics and Platonists recommend the self-denial and quiet happiness of the solitary sage. Vasari calls solitude the delight and school of great minds. In many parts of the East, and particularly in India, it has been thought from time immemorial a pious act to quit forever the busy world, and even to add bodily pains to the melancholy of solitude." From a very early date there have been Christian hermits, and the state of the world for several centuries after the coming of Christ peculiarly favoured their increase. The continual prevalence of bloody wars and civil commotions at this period must have made retirement and religious meditation agreeable to men of quiet and contemplative minds. They were always more numerous in the south and east of Christendom, the climate of Northern Europe rendering the life of a hermit possible only for few. At present, if there are any Christian hermits, their number must be very small.

The student will notice that it is in accord with the poetic fitness of things that the Ancient Mariner who has done a deed involving so terrible consequences should be shriven by a man of such special sanctity as a hermit.

103. **shrieve**, usually spelt *shrive*, = to receive confession and absolve. —L. *scribere*, to write. [Pronounce.]

#### PART VII.

2. **slopes**.—Derived from *slip*.

4. **talk**.—Not from *tell*.

**Marineres**.—In the early editions this is always spelt, as here, with an added *e*; when the poem was revised the *e* was dropped, except in this place, where it is retained on account of the rhyme.

5. **far**.—Related to *fare*.

**countree**.—See note on vi., 58.

6. **eve**.—Contracted from the noun *even*, but not connected with the adjective *even*.

9. **stump**.—A nasalized form of *stub*.

10. **skiff**, a small, light boat without a deck. *Skiff* is another form of *ship*.

11. **traw**.—A.S. *treowe*, true. [Pronounce.]

13. [Parse "signal" and "but."]

15. **answered**.—To *answer* is literally to swear against. The prefix in a shorter form occurs in *along* and is connected with the Latin *ante*, before, and the Greek *anti*, against.

17 and 19. A defective rhyme.

19. **Unless**.—Derived from *on* and *less*, the literal sense being in less than, or on a less supposition.

20-24. Observe how forcibly the Hermit's illustration impresses on the reader the chill which the strange appearance of the ship has sent through his own bones. It is not enough for him to say that the sails are like "brown skeletons of leaves;" they are like them, as seen in the heart of a forest, in the depth of winter, when the startling cry of the owl, that hoots defiance to creatures fierce as herself on which she preys, has stopped the blood from coursing in our veins.

21. **forest**.—L. *foris*, out of doors.

22. **ivy-tod**, a clump of ivy. In Suffolk, according to Halliwell, *tod* means a stump at the top of a pollard. Shakespeare and Palsgrave use it in the sense of a weight of twenty-eight pounds; Ben Jonson in that of fox. Spenser and Drayton both use the compound expression. The latter writes:

"And like an owl by night to go abroad,  
Roosted all day within an ivy tod."

23. **owlet**.—Diminutive from *owl*, a word closely connected with *howl*, both coming from the same root.

24. [What is the antecedent of "That" ?]

27. **a-feared**.—Passive participle of the obsolete or provincial verb *afear*, frighten. It is frequently used by Shakespeare, but is rare in literature after A.D. 1700, having been supplanted by *afraid*. The prefix *a* in *afear* is English and originally meant from. Here, as in *abode* and *arise*, it is intensive.

38. **ocean**.—From the name of the great stream which the Greeks supposed to encompass the earth.

39-40. It is said that the bodies of the drowned rise to the surface of the water after seven or nine days.

41. **afloat**=*on float*.

41-64. The Ancient Mariner who has been so long in supernatural company is now restored to the society of men. The ship, the theatre of so many strange experiences, has suddenly and marvellously disap-

peared, and he is in an ordinary boat. But no change of scene or circumstances can do away with what has been. He bears physical traces of his long agony. It now becomes the business of the poet to show this, and he does it with a complete mastery of the art of stirring the soul with indefinite emotions of fear and wonder. In the four stanzas (ll. 47-64) which he devotes to this purpose, the appearance of the Ancient Mariner is not described; we are made to infer it from the effect it produces on others—"a method far more terrible than any direct description." If he had gone further and given hints of which a painter might make use the whole thing would have become ridiculous; but he did not, and the result is a perfect triumph of the vague. Milton for the same reasons makes use of the same artifice when introducing Sin and Death in *Paradise Lost*. But there the difficulty of the task is relieved by the importance of the subject; while here the greatest art was necessary simply to avoid destroying the glamour which gives interest to a trivial tale.

52. *go*.—[What does "go" mean here?]

54. Restlessness of the eyes is characteristic of some kinds of lunatics.

56. *Devil*.—From a Greek word meaning slanderer.

*row*.—This word and *oar* are from the same Aryan root.

57. [Parse "all."]

60. [Why could the Hermit scarcely stand?]

*scarcely*.—L. *excerptus*, picked out.

64. *manner*.—L. *manus*, hand.

65. *frame*.—From *fram*, an obsolete form of *from*.

*wrenched*.—*Wrench* is allied to *wring* and *wrong*.

67. *forced*.—L. *fortis*, strong.

69. *Since* is written for *sins* to keep the final *s* sharp; just as we write *pence*, *mice*, *twice*, etc. *Sins* is an abbreviation of *sithens* or *sithence*, which latter form occurs in Shakespeare. *Sithens* is formed from *sithen* by the addition of the common adverbial ending *s* (as in *needs*). *Sithen* is compounded of *sith*, after, and a case of *the*, and in the expression "since then" which we have here, there is a duplication of the second part.

73. "When the Ancient Mariner tells his unwilling hearer

'I pass like night from land to land,'

he imparts to matter-of-fact minds a newly-conceived mystery of motion to the most familiar of nature's phenomena."

69-77. "The wandering of the Mariner is doubtless imitated from that of the Wandering Jew, who, legend says, on account of refusing to

allow Christ, when on his way to crucifixion, to rest on a seat belonging to him, was doomed to perpetual wandering on earth. He often tells his story and preaches Christianity to the nations through which he passes."

74. **speech.**—Derived from *speak*.

78. **Uproar.**—From the Dutch. It is not connected with *roar*, but is of similar formation with the German *aufbruch*.

88-103. "Observe the simplicity and gentleness, and yet the profundity of the Mariner's moralizings—so strangely different from the tenor of the tale, but so perfectly adapted to its poetic completeness."

88. **marriage.**—Of Latin origin, and synonymous with the native word *wedding*. They are not, however, perfect synonyms. We say a wedding ring and a marriage certificate, not a marriage ring and a wedding certificate. Wedding generally denotes the festivities that accompany a marriage; marriage, the ceremony. We dance at a wedding, we witness a marriage.

97. **tell.**—Derived from *tale*.

100. **bird.**—Formed by metathesis or transposition of letters from *brid*, and connected with *breed* and *brood*. A bird is literally a *bred* creature.

99-103. The spirit of regard for the brute creation which appears in these lines was one of the sentiments evoked, or at least made strong enough to find utterance by that great change in thought and feeling which marks the latter half of the eighteenth century and gave rise to many political, moral and religious upheavals and revolutions. Cowper, whom Mr. Goldwin Smith characterizes as an apostle of sensibility, appears to have been the first man of mark to express this new development of charity.

"I would not enter on my list of friends  
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense  
Yet wanting sensibility) the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

—*The Task*, VI., 560.

According to some we have here the moral of the poem. This is only partially true. The Ancient Mariner is without any real moral except that human nature is capable of being stirred in a remarkable way by the mysterious. But these amiable moralizings, this unexpected gentle conclusion serve the purpose of bringing our feet back from the land of romance "to the common soil, with a bewildered sweetness of relief and soft quiet after the strain of mental excitement" to which we have been subjected.

110. **is of sense forlorn**=is forsaken by sense. *Forlorn* is here a pp. No other part of the verb survives. Compare as to its participial use Shakespeare, *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 265.

"Love hath forlorn me."

It is from an obsolete verb compounded of *for*, an intensive prefix, and *lose*, of which the strong past participle *lorn* is still sometimes used.

112. **Morrow morn.**—These are simply variant forms of the same word to which different meanings have come to be attached.

## GLOSS.

**penance of life** = life penance.

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SELECTED MINOR POEMS OF  
S. T. COLERIDGE.

---

ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR.\*

ARGUMENT.

THE Ode commences with an address to the Divine Providence, that regulates into one vast harmony all the events of time, however calamitous some of them may appear to mortals. The second Strophe calls on men to suspend their private joys and sorrows, and devote them for a while to the cause of human nature in general. The first Epode speaks of the Empress of Russia, who died of an apoplexy on the 17th of November, 1796; having just concluded a subsidiary treaty with the Kings combined against France. The first and second Antistrophe describe the image of the Departing Year, etc., as in a vision. The second Epode prophesies, in anguish of spirit, the downfall of this country.

I.

SPIRIT who sweepest the wild harp of Time!  
It is most hard, with an untroubled ear  
Thy dark woven harmonies to hear!  
Yet, mine eye fixed on Heaven's unchanging clime,  
Long had I listened, free from mortal fear,  
With inward stillness, and a bowed mind;  
When lo! its folds far waving on the wind,  
I saw the train of the departing Year!  
Starting from my silent sadness  
Then with no unholy madness  
Ere yet the entered cloud foreclosed my sight,  
I raised the impetuous song, and solemnised his flight.

II.

Hither, from the recent tomb,  
From the prison's direr gloom,  
From distemper's midnight anguish;  
And thence, where poverty doth waste and languish  
Or where, his two bright torches blending,  
Love illumines manhood's maze;

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\* This Ode was composed on the 24th, 25th, and 26th days of December, 1796; and was first published on the last day of that year.

Or where o'er cradled infants bending  
 60 Hope has fixed her wishful gaze ;  
     Hither, in perplexed dance,  
 Ye Woes ! ye young-eyed Joys ! advance !

By Time's wild harp, and by the hand  
     Whose indefatigable sweep  
     Raises its fateful strings from sleep,  
 I bid you haste, a mixed tumultuous band !  
     From every private bower,  
     And each domestic hearth,  
     Haste for one solemn hour ;  
 30 And with a loud and yet a louder voice,  
 O'er Nature struggling in portentous birth,  
     Weep and rejoice !  
 Still echoes the dread name that o'er the earth  
 Let slip the storm, and woke the brood of Hell :  
     And now advance in saintly jubilee  
 Justice and Truth ! They too have heard thy spell,  
     They too obey thy name, divinest Liberty !

## III.

I marked Ambition in his war-array !  
     I heard the mailed Monarch's troublous cry—  
 10 "Ah ! wherefore does the Northern Conqueress stay !  
 Groans not her chariot on its onward way ?"  
     Fly, mailed Monarch, fly !  
     Stunned by Death's twice mortal mace,  
     No more on murder's lurid face.  
 The insatiate hag shall gloat with drunken eye !  
     Manes of the unnumbered slain !  
     Ye that gasped on Warsaw's plain !  
     Ye that erst at Ismail's tower,  
 When human ruin choked the streams,  
 30 Fell in conquest's glutton hour,  
 Mid women's shrieks and infants' screams !  
     Spirits of the uncoffined slain,  
     Sudden blasts of triumph swelling,  
     Oft, at night, in misty train,  
     Rush around her narrow dwelling !  
 The exterminating fiend is fled—  
     (Foul her life, and dark her doom)

Mighty armies of the dead  
 Dance, like death-fires, round her tomb!  
 Then with prophetic song relate,  
 Each some tyrant-murderer's fate!

60

## IV.

Departing Year! 'twas on no earthly shore  
 My soul beheld thy vision! Where alone,  
 Voiceless and stern, before the cloudy throne,  
 Aye Memory sits, thy robe inscribed with gore,  
 With many an unimaginable groan  
 Thou storied'st thy sad hours! Silence ensued,  
 Deep silence o'er the ethereal multitude,  
 Whose locks with wreaths, whose wreaths with glories  
 shone.

Then, his eye wild ardours glaancing,  
 From the choired gods advancing,  
 The spirit of the Earth made reverence meet,  
 And stood up, beautiful, before the cloudy seat.

70

## V.

Throughout the blissful throng,  
 Hushed were harp and song:  
 Till, wheeling round the throne, the Lampads seven  
 (The mystic Words of Heaven)  
 Permissive signal make:  
 The fervent Spirit bowed, then spread his wings and spake!  
 "Thou in stormy blackness throning  
 Love and uncreated Light,  
 By the Earth's unsolaced groaning,  
 Seize thy terrors, Arm of might!  
 By peace with proffered insult scared,  
 Masked hate and envying scorn!  
 By years of havoc yet unborn!  
 And hunger's bosom to the frost-winds bared!  
 But chief by Afric's wrongs,  
 Strange, horrible, and foul!  
 By what deep guilt belongs  
 To the deaf Synod, "full of gifts and lies!"  
 By wealth's insensate laugh! by torture's howl!  
 Avenger, rise!

80

90

For ever shall the thankless Island scowl,  
 Her quiver full, and with unbroken bow?  
 Speak! from thy storm-black Heaven, O speak aloud!  
     And on the darkling foe  
 Open thine eye of fire from some uncertain cloud!  
     O dart the flash! O rise and deal the blow!  
 100 The Past to thee, to thee the Future cries!  
     Hark! how wide Nature joins her groans below!  
     Rise, God of Nature, rise!"

## IV.

The voice had ceased, the vision fled;  
 Yet still I gasped and reeled with dread.  
 And ever, when the dream of night  
 Renews the phantom to my sight,  
 Cold sweat-drops gather on my limbs;  
     My ears throb hot; my eye-balls start;  
 My brain with horrid tumult swims;  
 110 Wild is the tempest of my heart;  
 And my thick and struggling breath  
 Imitates the toil of death!  
 No stranger agony confounds  
     The soldier on the war-field spread,  
 When all fordone with toil and wounds,  
     Death-like he dozes among heaps of dead!  
 (The strife is o'er, the daylight fled,  
     And the night-wind clamours hoarse!  
 See! the starting wretch's head  
 120 Lies pillowed on a brother's corse!)

## VII.

Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,  
 O Albion! O my mother Isle!  
 Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,  
 Glitter green with sunny showers;  
 Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells  
     Echo to the bleat of flocks;  
 (Those grassy hills, those glittering dells  
     Proudly ramparted with rocks;)  
 And Ocean mid his uproar wild  
 130 Speaks safety to his island-child.

Hence for many a fearless age  
 Has social Quiet loved thy shore ;  
 Nor ever proud invader's rage  
 Or sacked thy towers, or stained thy fields with gore.

## VIII.

Abandoned of Heaven ! mad avarice thy guide,  
 At cowardly distance, yet kindling with pride—  
 Mid thy herds and thy corn-fields secure thou hast stood,  
 And joined the wild yelling of famine and blood !  
 The nations curse thee ! They with eager wondering  
 Shall hear Destruction, like a vulture, scream !  
 Strange-eyed Destruction ! who with many a dream  
 Of central fires through nether seas upthundering  
 Soothes her fierce solitude ; yet as she lies  
 By livid fount, or red volcanic stream,  
 If ever to her lidless dragon-eyes,  
 O Albion ! thy predestined ruins rise,  
 The fiend-hag on her perilous couch doth leap,  
 Muttering distempered triumph in her charmed sleep.

## IX.

Away, my soul, away !  
 In vain, in vain the birds of warning sing—  
 And hark ! I hear the famished brood of prey  
 Flap their lank pennons on the groaning wind !  
 Away, my soul, away !  
 I, unpartaking of the evil thing,  
 With daily prayer and daily toil  
 Soliciting for food my scanty soil,  
 Have wailed my country with a loud Lament.  
 Now I recentre my immortal mind  
 In the deep sabbath of meek self-content,  
 Cleansed from the vaporous passions that bedim  
 God's Image, sister of the Seraphim.

## FRANCE: AN ODE.

## I.

YE Clouds! that far above me float and pause,  
 Whose pathless march no mortal may control!  
 Ye Ocean-Waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,  
 Yield homage only to eternal laws!  
 Ye Woods! that listen to the night-birds singing,  
 Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,  
 Save when your own imperious branches swinging,  
 Have made a solemn music of the wind!  
 Where, like a man beloved of God,  
 10 Through glooms, which never woodman trod,  
 How oft, pursuing fancies holy,  
 My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,  
 Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,  
 By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound!  
 O ye loud Waves! and O ye Forests high!  
 And O ye Clouds that far above me soared!  
 Thou rising Sun! thou blue rejoicing Sky!  
 Yea, every thing that is and will be free!  
 Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er you be,  
 20 With what deep worship I have still adored  
 The spirit of divinest Liberty.

## II.

When France in wrath her giant limbs upreared,  
 And with that oath, which smote air, earth, and sea,  
 Stamped her strong foot and said she would be free,  
 Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared;  
 With what a joy my lofty gratulation  
 Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band;  
 And when to whelm the disenchanted nation,  
 Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,  
 30 The Monarchs marched in evil day,  
 And Britain joined the dire array,  
 Though dear her shores and circling ocean,  
 Though many friendships, many youthful loves,  
 Had swol'n the patriot emotion,  
 And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves;

Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat  
 To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,  
 And shame too long delayed and vain retreat!  
 For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim  
 I dimmed thy light or damped thy holy flame;      40  
 But blessed the pæans of delivered France,  
 And hung my head and wept at Britain's name.

## III.

"And what," I said, "though Blasphemy's loud scream  
 With that sweet music of deliverance strove!  
 Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove  
 A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's dream!  
 Ye storms, that round the dawning east assembled,  
 The Sun was rising, though ye hid his light!"  
 And when, to soothe my soul, that hoped and trembled,  
 The dissonance ceased, and all seemed calm and bright;      50  
 When France her front deep-scarr'd and gory  
 Concealed with clustering wreaths of glory;  
 When, insupportably advancing,  
 Her arm made mockery of the warrior's tramp,  
 While, timid looks of fury glancing,  
 Domestic treason, crushed beneath her fatal stamp,  
 Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore:  
 Then I reproached my fears that would not flee;  
 "And soon," I said, "shall Wisdom teach her lore  
 In the low huts of them that toil and groan!      60  
 And, conquering by her happiness alone,  
 Shall France compel the nations to be free,  
 Till Love and Joy look round, and call the Earth their  
 own."

## IV.

Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those dreams!  
 I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,  
 From bleak Helvetia's icy cavern sent—  
 I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained streams!  
 Heroes, that for your peaceful country perished,  
 And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountain-snows  
 With bleeding wounds, forgive me, that I cherished      70  
 One thought that ever blessed your cruel foes!

To scatter rage, and traitorous guilt,  
 Where Peace her jealous home had built ;  
     A patriot-race to disinherit  
 Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear ;  
     And with inexpiable spirit  
 To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer—  
 O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous, blind,  
     And patriot only in pernicious toils,  
 80 Are these thy boasts, Champion of human kind ?  
     To mix with Kings in the low lust of sway,  
 Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous prey ;  
 To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils  
     From freemen torn ; to tempt and to betray ?

## v.

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,  
 Slaves by their own compulsion ! In mad game  
 They burst their manacles and wear the name  
 Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain !  
 O Liberty ! with profitless endeavour  
 90 Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour ;  
     But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever  
 Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.  
     Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee,  
     (Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee.)  
     Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,  
     And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves,  
     Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,  
 The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the waves !  
 And there I felt thee !—on that sea-cliff's verge,  
 100 Whose pines, scarce travelled by the breeze above,  
 Had made one murmur with the distant surge !  
 Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,  
 And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,  
     Possessing all things with intensest love,  
     O Liberty ! my spirit felt thee there.

February 1797.

## DEJECTION : AN ODE.

Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon,  
 With the old Moon in her arms ;  
 And I fear, I fear, my Master dear !  
 We shall have a deadly storm.

## BALLAD OF SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

## I.

WELL ! If the Bard was weather-wise who made  
 The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,  
 This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence  
 Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade  
 Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy flakes,  
 Or the dull sobbing draft, that moans and rakes  
 Upon the strings of this Æolian lute,  
 Which better far were mute.

For lo ! the new Moon winter-bright !  
 And, overspread with phantom light, 16  
 (With swimming phantom light o'erspread,  
 But rimmed and circled by a silver thread)  
 I see the old Moon in her lap, foretelling  
 The coming on of rain and squally blast.  
 And oh ! that even now the gust were swelling,  
 And the slant night-shower driving loud and fast !  
 Those sounds which oft have raised me, whilst they awed,  
 And sent my soul abroad,  
 Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,  
 Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live ! 20

## II.

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,  
 A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,  
 Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,  
 In word, or sigh, or tear—  
 O Lady ! in this wan and heartless mood,  
 To other thoughts by yonder throstle wooed,  
 All this long eve, so balmy and serene,  
 Have I been gazing on the western sky,  
 And its peculiar tint of yellow green ;  
 And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye !

And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,  
 That give away their motion to the stars ;  
 Those stars, that glide behind them or between,  
 Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen ;  
 Yon crescent Moon, as fixed as if it grew  
 In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue :  
 I see them all so excellently fair,  
 I see, not feel, how beautiful they are !

## III.

My genial spirits fail ;  
 40 And what can these avail  
 To lift the smothering weight from off my breast ?  
 It were a vain endeavour,  
 Though I should gaze forever  
 On that green light that lingers in the west :  
 I may not hope from outward forms to win  
 The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

## IV.

O Lady! we receive but what we give,  
 And in our life alone does nature live :  
 Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud !  
 50 And would we aught behold, of higher worth,  
 Than that inanimate cold world allowed  
 To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,  
 Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth,  
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud  
 Enveloping the Earth—  
 And from the soul itself must there be sent  
 A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,  
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element !

## V.

O pure of heart ! thou need'st not ask of me  
 60 What this strong music in the soul may be !  
 What, and wherein it doth exist,  
 This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,  
 This beautiful and beauty-making power.  
 Joy, virtuous Lady ! Joy that ne'er was given,  
 Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,

Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,  
 Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,  
 Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower,  
 A new Earth and new Heaven,  
 Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud— 70  
 Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—  
 We in ourselves rejoice!  
 And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,  
 All melodies the echoes of that voice,  
 All colours a suffusion from that light.

## VI.

There was a time when, though my path was rough,  
 This joy within me dallied with distress,  
 And all misfortunes were but as the stuff  
 Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness :  
 For hope grew round me, like the twining vine, 80  
 And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.  
 But now afflictions bow me down to earth ;  
 Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth,  
 But oh! each visitation  
 Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,  
 My shaping spirit of Imagination.  
 For not to think of what I needs must feel,  
 But to be still and patient, all I can ;  
 And haply by abstruse research to steal  
 From my own nature all the natural man— 90  
 This was my sole resource, my only plan :  
 Till that which suits a part infects the whole,  
 And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

## VII.

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my mind,  
 Reality's dark dream!  
 I turn from you, and listen to the wind,  
 Which long has raved unnoticed. What a scream  
 Of agony by torture lengthened out  
 That lute sent forth! Thou Wind, that ravest without,  
 Bare craig, or mountain-tairn,\* or blasted tree, 100

\* Tairn is a small lake, generally, if not always, applied to the lakes up in the mountains, and which are the feeders of those in the valleys. This address to the Storm-wind will not appear extravagant to those who have heard it at night, and in mountainous country.

Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,  
 Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,  
 Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,  
 Mad Lutanist! who in this month of showers,  
 Of dark brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,  
 Mak'st Devils' yule, with worse than wintry song,  
 The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among.

Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!  
 Thou mighty Poet, e'en to frenzy bold!

110 What tell'st thou now about?

'Tis of the rushing of a host in rout,  
 With groans of trampled men, with smarting wounds—  
 At once they groan with pain, and shudder with the cold!  
 But hush! there is a pause of deepest silence!

And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,  
 With groans, and tremulous shudderings—all is over.

It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud!

A tale of less affright,

And tempered with delight,

120 As Otway's self had framed the tender lay:

'Tis of a little child

Upon a lonesome wild,

Not far from home, but she hath lost her way,

And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,

And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother  
 hear.

#### VIII.

'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep:

Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!

Visit her, gentle Sleep! with wings of healing,

And may this storm be but a mountain-birth,

130 May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,

Silent as though they watched the sleeping Earth!

With light heart may she rise,

Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,

Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice;

To her may all things live, from pole to pole,

Their life the eddying of her living soul!

O simple spirit, guided from above,

Dear Lady! friend devoutest of my choice,

Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice,

## TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

COMPOSED ON THE NIGHT AFTER HIS RECITATION OF A POEM  
ON THE GROWTH OF AN INDIVIDUAL MIND.

FRIEND of the wise ! and teacher of the good !  
Into my heart have I received that lay  
More than historic, that prophetic lay  
Wherein (high theme by thee first sung aright)  
Of the foundations and the building up  
Of a Human Spirit thou hast dared to tell  
What may be told, to the understanding mind  
Revealable ; and what within the mind  
By vital breathings secret as the soul  
Of vernal growth, oft quickens in the heart  
Thoughts all too deep for words !—

10

Theme hard as high,  
Of smiles spontaneous, and mysterious fears,  
(The first-born they of Reason and twin-birth)  
Of tides obedient to external force,  
And currents self-determined, as might seem,  
Or by some inner power ; of moments awful,  
Now in thy inner life, and now abroad,  
When power streamed from thee, and thy soul received  
The light reflected, as a light bestowed—  
Of fancies fair, and milder hours of youth,  
Hyblean murmurs of poetic thought  
Industrious in its joy, in vales and glens,  
Native or outland, lakes and famous hills !  
Or on the lonely high-road, when the stars  
Were rising ; or by secret mountain-streams,  
The guides and the companions of thy way !

20

Of more than Fancy, of the Social Sense  
Distending wide, and man beloved as man,  
Where France in all her towns lay vibrating  
Like some becalmed bark beneath the burst

30

Of Heaven's immediate thunder, when no cloud  
 Is visible, or shadow on the main.  
 For thou wert there, thine own brows garlanded,  
 Amid the tremor of a realm aglow,  
 Amid a mighty nation jubilant,  
 When from the general heart of human kind  
 Hope sprang forth like a full-born Deity!  
 —Of that dear Hope afflicted and struck down,  
 So summoned homeward, thenceforth calm and sure  
 40 From the dread watch-tower of man's absolute self,  
 With light unwaning on her eyes, to look  
 Far on—herself a glory to behold,  
 The Angel of the vision! Then (last strain)  
 Of Duty, chosen laws controlling choice,  
 Action and joy!—An Orphic song indeed,  
 A song divine of high and passionate thoughts  
 To their own music chanted!

O great Bard!

Ere yet that last strain dying awed the air,  
 With steadfast eye I viewed thee in the choir  
 50 Of ever-enduring men. The truly great  
 Have all one age, and from one visible space  
 Shed influence! They, both in power and act,  
 Are permanent, and Time is not with them,  
 Save as it worketh for them, they in it.  
 Nor less a sacred roll, than those of old,  
 And to be placed, as they, with gradual fame  
 Among the archives of mankind, thy work  
 Makes audible a linked lay of Truth,  
 50 Of Truth profound a sweet continuous lay,  
 Not learnt, but native, her own natural notes!  
 Ah! as I listened with a heart forlorn,  
 The pulses of my being beat anew:  
 And even as life returns upon the drowned,  
 Life's joy rekindling roused a throng of pains—  
 Keen pangs of Love, awakening as a babe  
 Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart;  
 And fears self-willed, that shunned the eye of hope;  
 And hope that scarce would know itself from fear;  
 Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain,  
 And genius given, and knowledge won in vain,  
 And all which I had culled in wood-walks wild,

And all which patient toil had reared, and all,  
Commune with thee had opened out—but flowers  
Strewed on my corse, and borne upon my bier,  
In the same coffin, for the self-same grave!

That way no more! and ill beseems it me,  
Who came a welcomer in herald's guise,  
Singing of glory, and futurity,  
To wander back on such unhealthful road,  
Plucking the poisons of self-harm! And ill  
Such intertwine beseems triumphal wreaths  
Strewed before thy advancing!

80

Nor do thou,  
Sage Bard! impair the memory of that hour  
Of thy communion with my nobler mind  
By pity or grief, already felt too long!  
Nor let my words import more blame than needs.  
The tumult rose and ceased: for peace is nigh  
Where wisdom's voice has found a listening heart.  
Amid the howl of more than wintry storms,  
The halcyon hears the voice of vernal hours  
Already on the wing.

90

Eve following eve,  
Dear tranquil time, when the sweet sense of Home  
Is sweetest! moments for their own sake hailed,  
And more desired, more precious for thy song,  
In silence listening, like a devout child,  
My soul lay passive, by thy various strain  
Driven as in surges now beneath the stars,  
With momentary stars of my own birth,  
Fair constellated foam,\* still darting off  
Into the darkness; now a tranquil sea,  
Outspread and bright, yet swelling to the moon.

100

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\* "A beautiful white cloud of foam at momentary intervals coursed by the side of the vessel with a roar, and little stars of flame danced and sparkled and went out in it; and every now and then light detachments of this white cloud-like foam darted off from the vessel's side, each with its own small constellation, over the sea, and scoured out of sight like a Tartar troop over a wilderness."—*The Friend*, p. 220.



Ere I was old? Ah woful Ere,  
 Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!  
 O Youth! for years so many and sweet,  
 'Tis known, that Thou and I were one.  
 I'll think it but a fond conceit—  
 It cannot be, that Thou art gone!  
 Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled,  
 And thou wert aye a masker bold!  
 What strange disguise hast now put on,  
 To make believe, that Thou art gone?  
 I see these locks in silvery slips,  
 This drooping gait, this altered size;  
 But springtide blossoms on thy lips,  
 And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!  
 Life is but thought: so think I will!  
 That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dewdrops are the gems of morning,  
 But the tears of mournful eve!  
 Where no hope is, life's a warning  
 That only serves to make us grieve,  
                   When we are old:  
 That only serves to make us grieve  
 With oft and tedious taking-leave,  
 Like some poor nigh-related guest,  
 That may not rudely be dismiss'd,  
 Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while,  
 And tells the jest without the smile.

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# NOTES.

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## ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR.

Ode, from a Greek word meaning song, originally included all lyrical poems. In modern times the song has been separated from the ode, and the application of the term has been restricted to lyrical poems expressing overpowering and elevated emotions of joy or suffering, or other profound affections of the soul. Generally speaking, modern odes are distinguished from other poems by their form—the character of the feet, the length of the verses, and the construction of the divisions or stanzas being varied in accordance with the changes in the flow of feeling. As examples of famous English odes may be mentioned Milton's Ode to the Nativity, Gray's Bard, and Progress of Poesy, Wordsworth's Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood, and Shelley's Ode to the West Wind.

The following sonnet by Wordsworth, prefixed by Coleridge to the first part of the *Sibylline Leaves*, in which collection the *Ode to the Departing Year* stood first and that to *France* second, throws light on the spirit in which they were written.

When I have borne in memory what has tamed  
Great nations, how ennobling thoughts depart  
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert  
The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed  
I had, my country! Am I to be blamed?  
Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,  
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,  
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.  
For dearly must we prize thee: we who find  
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men,  
And I by my affection was beguiled.  
What wonder if a poet now and then,  
Among the many movements of his mind,  
Felt for thee as a Lover or a Child!

Coleridge wrote several odes, of which those included in this volume are generally considered the best. The *Departing Year* is decidedly inferior to both *France* and *Dejection*, each of which has been ranked as the author's best ode, in truth of poetic feeling, in melody, and in power and beauty of thought and expression. The key-note to the poem is given by Coleridge himself in the lines selected from a

speech of Cassandra in the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus which he prefixed to it as a motto. They are translated as follows by Professor Blackie :—

"Ah me! woe! woe!  
Again strong divination's troublous whirl  
Seizes my soul and stops my labouring breast  
With presages of doom. . . . .

That comes which is to come. And ye shall know  
Full soon, with piteous witness in your eyes,  
How true, how very true, Cassandra spake."

The poet, thinking his country to have taken a wrong course with regard to the French Revolution, and that great evils will result therefrom, utters a prophecy which, he expects, will, like those of Cassandra, fail to command belief, but nevertheless come true. This is his plan, and its execution has given the world a vigorous piece of declamation, which in the fourth and fifth stanzas almost reaches sublimity.

"We have said," writes Christopher North, "that this [stanzas 4 and 5] is almost sublime; yet we have never been able to read it without a sense—more or less painful—not of violation of the most awful reverence—for that would be too strong a word—but of too daring an approximation to the 'cloudy seat' by a creature yet in the clay. The lips of the poet must indeed be touched with a coal from heaven, who invokes the Most High, and calls upon the God of Nature to avenge and redress Nature's wrongs. A profounder piety than was possible with the creed the poet then held would have either sealed his lips or inspired them with higher because humbler words. Insincere he never was, but in those days his philosophical and poetical religion spoke in words fitter for the ear of Jove than Jehovah. And that the mood in which he composed this passage was one—not of true faith, but of false enthusiasm—is manifest from the gross exaggeration of feeling which is said to have followed the passing away of the vision."

The same lack of the true ring of feeling, the same failure to rise to the proper level, are manifest elsewhere, and particularly in the third stanza. Here the denunciation of Catharine the Second, though vigorous, lacks the sternness of moral elevation; and the words of the invocation to the spirits of those whom she had slain, though containing the powerful line,

"When human ruin choked the streams,"

do not "sound as if they had power to pierce the grave and force it to give up its dead. To evoke them, shrouded or unshrouded, from the

clammy clay—bloodless or clothed with blood—needs a mighty incantation. The dry bones would not stir—not a corpse would groan—at such big but weak words as—ll. 52-61—“ ‘Sudden blasts of triumph,’ indeed, swelling from the uncoffined slain! Alas! dismal is Hades—and neither vengeance nor triumph dwells with the dead. But if fancy will parley with the disembodied, and believe that they will obey her call, let her speak not with the tongue of men, but of angels—and on an occasion so great, at a time so portentous, that the troubled hearts of the living may be willing to think that a human being can ‘create a soul under the ribs of death.’ But here there is no passion—no power. ‘The mighty armies of the dead’ keep rotting on. Their dancing days are over. Yet if they could indeed become ‘death-fires,’ dance would they not round the tomb of the imperial murderess—nor would they ‘with prophetic song relate each some tyrant-murderer’s’ doom. If true Polish patriot ghosts, with Kosciusko at their head, they would rather have implored heaven to let them be their own avengers—and that one spectre, pursued by many spectres, might fix on the mercy-seat its black eye-sockets in vain.”

As a whole this ode does not reach a high level of literary merit, yet, though the turbulence of its smoky clouds is not grandeur, they are lighted up by “many flashes of elevated thought.”

Coleridge appears to have begun this ode on the model of Gray’s Bard. If he had conformed strictly to this model, it would have consisted of three uniform groups, composed each of three stanzas differing from one another, but similar to the corresponding stanzas in other groups. That is, the 1st, 4th and 7th stanzas would have been alike in form; also the 2nd, 5th and 8th; also the 3rd, 6th and 9th. As it stands, only the 1st and 4th stanzas exactly correspond. The first stanza in each group is called the Strophe, the second the Antistrophe and the third the Epode—words meaning respectively the Turn, the Counter-turn and the After-song. These terms are derived from the theatre, the Turn denoting what was sung during the movement of the chorus from one side of their stage to the other, the Counter-turn, that during the reverse movement, and the After-song what came after these two movements. They are not always used as we have indicated above. See, for example, Shelley’s *Ode to Naples*. In the Argument Coleridge calls the second stanza the Strophe; the fourth and fifth, the first and second Antistrophe; and the ninth, the second Epode.

The *Ode to the Departing Year* was first published in the *Cambridge Intelligencer* of the 31st December, 1796.

## I.

1-8. Note that the arrangement of the rhymes in the first eight lines of this and the fourth stanzas is the same as in Tennyson's *In Memoriam*.

3. **dark inwoven** = obscure and complicated.—An example of the double epithet with a profusion of which Coleridge admits that some of his earlier poems were rightly charged.

10. **madness** = inspiration.—There is an allusion in this word to the wide-spread belief that madness is due to possession by a supernatural being. The priestess of Delphi maddened herself as a preparation for uttering the oracles of Apollo by subjecting herself to the influence of a vapour that arose from an opening in the ground in the middle of the temple.

11. **cloud** probably means oblivion, which had already entered his mind and would soon dim his vision of the events of the year.

## II.

17. **his two bright torches**.—Torches were borne in the marriage ceremonies of the ancient Greeks and Romans. Coleridge here symbolizes the union of man and wife by the blending of the two torches.

As *Cupido* and *Eros*, the Latin and Greek love deities were masculine, Love, when personified, is made masculine in English.

21. **perplexed**.—Used here in its literal sense of interwoven [—*L. per*, thoroughly, and *plecto*, I plait.]

23. **hand** [whose?].

31. **in portentous birth** = in producing portents.

33. **still** = from the beginning of the French Revolution until now.  
**the dread name** = Liberty.

34. **Let slip the storm**, etc.—The reference is to the horrors of the French Revolution.

35. **And now advance**, etc.—The French Revolution ended in 1795 with the establishment of a settled government, after which Coleridge sees Justice and Truth extending their sway as a consequence of the liberty secured by the French,

## III.

40. **The Northern Conqueress**.—A very able and ambitious German princess who married Peter, afterwards Peter III. of Russia. Soon after his accession his alienation from her, which had been marked before, became so great that she felt herself forced to secure her personal safety by dethroning him. She reigned under the title of Catharine II. from 1762 to 1796, made war with the Turks, Swedes, and Persians, and added to her empire the Crimea and the neighbouring

districts on the north of the Black Sea, Courland, and the lion's share of Poland. Her moral character was far from estimable, Coleridge's phrase, "Foul her life," being fully justifiable.

41. **groans not her chariot, etc.**—Catharine had just before her death entered into an alliance with England for the purpose of attacking France.

42. **Fly, mailed Monarch.**—[Does *fly* in this line mean hasten to bring, or flee? What is meant by the "mailed monarch" ?]

43-57. "The death . . . of the Empress . . . is exulted over . . . with undignified violence of declamation, which in spite of very magnificent mouthing sounds very like a scold . . . All true. But how unlike Isaiah in his ire!"—John Wilson.

43. **Death's twice mortal mace.**—That is, a weapon which in this case dooms both body and soul to destruction.

46. **Manes.**—The Latin name for the spirits of the dead.

47. **Warsaw's plain.**—The reference is to the storming of Praga, a suburb of Warsaw, which took place in 1794, and ended the struggle against the extinction of the independence of Poland. According to Alison ten thousand Polish soldiers fell in the conflict, nine thousand were made prisoners, and over twelve thousand citizens of every age and sex were put to the sword by the Russians under Suwarrow.

48. **Ismail's tower.**—Ismail is a town on the north side of the Danube, which was stormed, in 1790, by the Russians under Suwarrow. They lost 10,000 men in the siege. According to an account published at St. Petersburg, the Turkish garrison, amounting to 30,000 men, were massacred in cold blood after the surrender. Amid the dreadful scenes which followed the taking of the place the unfeeling General wrote to his equally unfeeling mistress a laconic rhymed despatch which Byron translates with indignant comments in the following passage:—

"While mosques and streets beneath his eyes, like thatch,  
Blazed, and the cannon's roar was scarce allayed,  
With bloody hands he wrote his first despatch :  
And here exactly follows what he said :  
'Glory to God and to the Empress !' (Powers  
Eternal ! such names mingled !) 'Ismail's ours.'

\* \* \* \* \*

"He wrote this Polar melody and set it,  
Duly accompanied by shrieks and groans,  
Which few will sing, I trust, but none forget it—  
For I will teach, if possible, the stones  
To rise against earth's tyrants."

59. **death-fires.**—See note, *Ancient Mariner*. ii., 46.

## IV.

64. **cloudy throne** = throne of cloud. See *Rev.* xiv., 14.

"And I looked, and behold a white cloud, and upon the cloud one sat like unto the Son of Man."

65. **Memory** = the Recording Angel.

66 and 67. One may, I think, detect in the turn of thought and words in these lines a presage of Shelley.

## V.

76. **the Lampads seven**, etc.—See *Rev.* iv., 5.

"And there were seven lamps of fire burning before the throne, which are the Seven Spirits of God."

88. **Afric's wrongs**.—The slave trade.

91. **the Deaf Synod**.—The House of Commons, long after popular opinion had pronounced against the slave trade, remained deaf to its voice, as well as to every consideration of justice to the African. In 1796 that body rejected a motion for the abolition of the iniquity, proposed by Wilberforce and supported by Pitt and Fox.

**full of gifts and lies** = led by interest to utter lies. Some of the members were personally interested, and others represented constituencies in which, as in Liverpool, many merchants were interested in the continuation of the slave trade.

92. **By wealth's insensate laugh**, etc.—That is, by the laugh of the unfeeling slave dealer, and the howl of the slave.

## VI.

115. **fordone** = exhausted. The prefix *for* corresponds to the Latin *foris*, outside, and the German *ver*.

## VII.

121. When first published this line ran,

"O, doomed to fall, enslaved and vile."

122. **Albion**.—An Ancient name of Great Britain, of Celtic origin, first occurring in classical writers. It probably is the same as Albyn, the Celtic name of the Scotch Highlands.

133 and 134. The last invasion of Great Britain worthy of the name took place in 1263 when the Norwegian King, Haco, landed on the west coast of Scotland and was defeated at the battle of Largs. In the February following the composition of this poem, 1,400 French soldiers landed in Pembrokeshire, but were almost immediately taken prisoners.

## VIII.

138. **And joined, etc.**—That is, thou hast joined in a war against France caused by the base lust for blood.

145. **lidless dragon-eyes.**—Serpents have no eyelids, the skin being continuous and transparent over the eyes.

141–149. Compare with these lines the following descriptions of the same personified idea taken from Coleridge's *Religious Musings*:—

(i) "The old Hag, unconquerable, huge,  
Creation's eyeless drudge, black ruin, sits  
Nursing the impatient earthquake."

(ii.) "The black-visaged, red-eyed Fiend outstretched  
Beneath the unsteady feet of Nature groans,  
In feverous slumbers."

## IX.

150. **birds of warning sing.**—Among the Romans auguries were drawn from the singing of birds.

152. **pennons.**—Used here in the sense of *pinion*. Both words come from the same root, namely, the Latin *penna*, a feather. Pennon is generally used to denote a long piece of coloured cloth pointed at one end and hung at a masthead or elsewhere on a ship.

161. **God's image** = "my immortal mind."

**Seraphim.**—Plural of *seraph*, an angel of the highest order. Literally, a bright being, from the Hebrew *saraph*, to burn.

## FRANCE: AN ODE.

"This ode," says Mr. Swinburne, "is extolled by Shelley as the finest of modern times, and justly, until himself and Keats had written up to it at least . . . There is in it a noble and loyal love of freedom, though less fiery at once and less firm than Shelley's, as it proved in the end less durable and deep. The prelude is magnificent in music, and in sentiment and emotion far above any other of his poems, nor are the last notes inadequate to this majestic overture." "'France' is a misnomer." *The Recantation*, which was the title given to it in *The Morning Post*, in which it first appeared, is much more appropriate. It is really an Ode to Liberty in which is imbedded the record of a reaction which, as has been said, was as much speedier in Coleridge's case than in that of the other ardent young minds which had come under the spell of the Revolution as his enthusiasm had been more passionate than theirs.

This obtrusion of the personal element of the history of the changes of the poet's feelings with the reasons therefor is held by Christopher North, who does not rank the ode as high as Shelley and Mr. Swinburne, to be a defect in its plan which prevents it from rising to the highest order of excellence. "In an ode of the highest kind—of which the subject is external to the poet—a kingdom or a country—say France—the poet, while he would make himself felt in the power of his pervading and creative spirit, would not choose to be, as Coleridge is in this ode—not the most prominent personage merely—but the sole. . . . Coleridge should not have spoken so much of himself—both of the present and of the past—nor set himself right before the Spirit of Liberty, whom he fears he had offended in his *Ode to the Departing Year*, or some other strain, in which he had expressed opinions proved false by events. Collins loved liberty as well as Coleridge; but in his glorious ode, he seldom and shortly—only once or twice, and momentarily—is heard in his personality, and the voice is oracular as from a shrine."

This criticism seems just: at any rate, the least personal parts of the poem are the finest; but what it loses in poetic merit, it gains in biographical interest. Yet it is a noble ode. "Notice," we quote Christopher North again, "how it revolves upon itself—and is circular, like music—and like the sky, if earth did not break the radiant round. The last strain is in the same spirit as the first—and, did nothing intervene, there would be felt needless repetition of imagery and sentiment. But much intervenes—the whole main course and current of the ode. You float along with the eloquent lyrist, who is at once impassioned and imaginative—full of ire, and full of hope; and you end where you began—on the sea-cliff's edge, with the foam so far below your feet you but *see* it roar—for to your ear the waves are silent as the clouds far, far farther above your head; and all above and below and around, at the close now, as the opening then, earth, sea, and air—mute and motionless, or loud and driving—bespeak or betoken, are or symbolize—'the spirit of divinest Liberty.'

"Yet, after all, this is not the highest mood of imagination. In the highest she would have scorned the elements. Earth, sea, air, would to her have been nothing, while she saw in all their pomp the free faculties of the soul. Or the elements would have been her slaves—and the slaves of Liberty—or, if you will, their servants, their ministers; and the winds and the waves would then have been indeed magnificent—in their glorious bondage working for man, the chartered child of God."

This poem consists of five stanzas of twenty-one lines each. These correspond in every part except that the last line of the third stanza is a foot longer than the last lines of the others.

## I.

All Nature, as being free from tyranny, is called on by the poet to bear witness to his love of liberty.

3 and 4. Compare Mr. Swinburne's Marching Song:

"How long till all thy soul be one with all thy sea!"

and his

"Free as her foam and righteous as her tides."

23. **that oath.**—The National Oath to be faithful to the King, to the Law, and to the Constitution about to be made, sworn by the Constituent Assembly in Paris on the 4th February, 1790, and by all France during the three succeeding weeks.

27. **a slavish band**—those willing to be governed by kings.

28. **disenchanted**—freed from the enchantment which had kept it in political slavery.

30. **The Monarchs.**—Germany, Prussia, Spain, Holland, Portugal, Naples, Tuscany, Sardinia, and the Pope, formed a coalition with England against France in 1793. The French proclaimed that they were fighting against the kings not the people of these countries.

41. **pæan.**—Originally, a hymn in honour of Apollo; now, a song of triumph. From the Greek.

## III.

43-63. Coleridge says, in his Table Talk, July 23, 1832, not quite consistently with the tenour of this stanza, "No man was more enthusiastic than I was for France and the Revolution: it had all my wishes, none of my expectations. Before 1793 [probably a misprint for 1798], I clearly saw, and often enough stated in public, the horrid delusion, the vile mockery of the whole affair."

43. **Blasphemy's loud scream.**—Christianity was abandoned in France at the end of 1793, and the worship of Reason substituted. The famous church of Notre Dame in Paris was the scene of the installation of a Goddess of Reason, in the ceremonies connected with which the National Convention took part, and its name was changed to the Temple of Reason. The rites of the new worship, which was adopted throughout a large part of France, were almost everywhere accompanied by indulgences of the most immoral character.

"The services of religion were now universally abandoned: the

pulpits were deserted throughout all the revolutionized districts; baptisms ceased; the burial service was no longer heard; the sick received no communion; the dying no consolation. . . The village bells were silent; Sunday was obliterated; Infancy entered the world without a blessing; Age left it without a hope. . . It appeared as if the Christian truth had been succeeded by the orgies of the Babylonian priests or the grossness of the Hindoo theocracy. On every tenth day a Revolutionary leader ascended the pulpit, and preached Atheism to the bewildered audience; Marat was universally deified, and even the instrument of death sanctified by the name of the Holy Guillotine. On all the public cemeteries the inscription was placed, 'Death is an Eternal Sleep.'"—Alison, *History of Europe*.

50. **The dissonance ceased.**—In 1795 when the cannon of Bonaparte put an end to the rule of the mob, and paved the way for the peaceful dissolution of the National Convention and the establishment of the Directory in its stead.

53. **insupportably advancing.**—Compare Milton, *Samson Agonistes*, 135 and 136,

" But safest he who stood aloof  
When insupportably his foot advanced."

and Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, I. vii. 11,

" That, when the knight he spyde, he gan advaunce  
With huge force and insupportable mayne."

On the resemblance between Coleridge's expression and Milton's De Quincey has unreasonably based a charge of plagiarism against the former.

54. The poet, when he wrote this line, may have had in his mind the victories of Napoleon in his Italian campaign in 1796.

56. **Domestic treason.**—We may have here a reference to La Vendée, in which part of France there was a royalist rebellion in 1793; or to the suppression of the Parisian mob by Napoleon in 1795.

57. **dragon.**—A fabulous winged reptile vomiting gore.

63. An Alexandrine line.

#### IV.

65. **loud lament.**—Compare *Ode to the Departing Year*, l. 157.

66. **Helvetia.**—The ancient name of Switzerland. It was so called from the Helvetii, a Celtic tribe which inhabited it and was rendered subject to Rome by Julius Cæsar. As this country at the time of the Revolution had been a republic for over 400 years, the French attack on it must have been prompted, not by a desire to spread the blessings of liberty, but by the vulgar lust of conquest.

"The subjugation of Switzerland was long a favourite object with the revolutionary leaders in France. Machinations to that end were begun as early as 1791; and in the fall of 1792 the National Convention unanimously passed a decree which placed France openly at war with all established governments. A military invasion of Switzerland soon followed; and the sanguinary work was continued from time to time till 1798, when at length the French carried through their purpose. This wanton and unprovoked assault on the ancient freedom and independence of the Swiss disenchanted many of the sympathizers with the French cause, both in England and elsewhere. Sir James Mackintosh denounced it as 'an act in comparison with which all the deeds of rapine and bloodshed perpetrated in the world are innocence itself.' But the Swiss did not at that time stay conquered, and the final extinction of their old confederacy did not take place until 1802. Perhaps, after all, that great crime has earned our thanks in having prompted the composition of this mighty ode."—Hudson.

From the point of view of many French Republicans of the revolutionary epoch this attack on Switzerland might be considered as provoked and justifiable. A country, they would reason, which could produce men who would for money be as faithful to a king as Louis XVI.'s unfortunate Swiss Guards were, could not be the home of freedom, and must be hostile to the true interests of mankind.

**cavern.**—Switzerland is conceived by the poet to resemble a cavern inasmuch as it has been a place of refuge for freedom.

72. **To scatter rage and traitorous guilt.**—The French method of proceeding in Switzerland was to intrigue and foment dissensions between and in the Cantons.

73. **Where Peace her jealous home had built.**—During the great wars of the 17th and 18th centuries the Swiss maintained an unvarying neutrality.

74 and 75. Compare Goldsmith, *The Traveller*,

" Thus every good his native wilds impart  
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart."

75. **all that made their stormy wilds so dear.**—That is, their historic independence and personal freedom.

**stormy wilds.**—Compare Goldsmith's, *The Traveller*.

" The bleak Swiss their *stormy mansion* tread."

76 and 77. These lines may mean either, to taint the peaceful freedom of the Swiss by infusing into it the French spirit of license and blood from which it can never be cleansed by any process of purification;

Or, actuated by a spirit for which no atonement is possible, to taint the peaceful freedom of the Swiss.

77. The construction of ll. 72-77 not being carried on in l. 80, we have an example of anacoluthon.

78. **that mockest Heaven.**—Irreligious, or atheist.

80. **Champion of human kind.**—On the 19th November, 1792, the following decree was passed :

"The National Convention declares, in the name of the French nation, that it will grant fraternity and assistance to all people who wish to recover their liberty : and it charges the executive power to send the necessary orders to the generals to give succour to such people, and to defend those citizens who have suffered, or may suffer, in the cause of liberty,"

82. **murderous prey.**—Not murdered prey, but prey obtained by murder.

83. **shrine.**—[Distinguish shrine from temple.]

#### V.

85. Compare *Dejection*, l. 72.

91 and 92. That is, Liberty has no affinity with conquerors, nor does she infuse her spirit into forms of authority.

95. **harpy.**—The Harpies of Classical Mythology were winged monsters, greedy after prey, who had the face of a woman and the body of a vulture, and had their feet and hands armed with sharp claws. Hence the adjective harpy meaning rapacious.

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#### DEJECTION: AN ODE.

Written on the 4th of April, 1802, at Keswick. This ode is, as Mr. Traill says, a lament over the decay of Coleridge's poetical power. It consists of eight stanzas or divisions of various lengths, no two being formed on the same metrical plan.

*Dejection* is, we think, though perhaps not a finer ode, certainly a finer poem than *France*. It is all beautiful, and the impression it produces of the reality of the feelings expressed is stronger than in the preceding odes. Objection has been taken to the beginning as not being easy language, and to the first word as being too familiar for the dignity of an ode; but these seem trivial. It has also been alleged as a fault that the passage about the wind, ll. 101-127, "not only occupies too much space in the ode, but is too quaint for a composition of such high and solemn character." With these judgments we cannot agree.

The leading ideas of the ode could not be better set than against the background of an approaching storm, and not to paint the background would spoil the picture; and the quaint fancies which vary the background seem to us to add an excellence which a uniform sombreness would lack.

The quotation is probably from Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, a book whose publication constitutes the beginning of a metrical epoch, so much has the form of subsequent verse been affected by the models it offers for imitation. *The Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel* are among the first noteworthy poems in which this influence is strongly marked. Sir Patrick Spence is a Scotch ballad and the quotation is not quite correct, Coleridge having, probably through reliance on an imperfect memory, combined portions of the two following stanzas:

Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men all  
Our guid schip sails the morne.  
O say na sae, my master deir,  
For I feir a deadly storme.

Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone  
Wi' the auld moone in hir arme;  
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,  
That we will com to harme.

## I.

1-10. "Surely that is, if not affected, very far from being easy language, and to our ear, the very familiar exclamation, 'Well!' is not in keeping with the character of what is, or ought to be, that of an ode."—John Wilson.

1. **Bard.**—The authorship of Sir Patrick Spence, like that of most old ballads, is unknown.

9. **Æolian lute.**—Æolian harp, an instrument placed in an open window or other place where there is a draught and played on by the wind.

**Æolian.**—Derived from Æolus, the Greek name for the God of the Winds. Æolus means, literally, changeable.

11-16. "How inferior the effect of this overwrought picture (and in his [Coleridge's] poetry nothing is underwrought—for he was only at times too lavish of his riches) to that of the verse he expands from 'the grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence!' In the ballad the 'deadly storm' is predicted from an omen, and in the fewest possible words—and in as few is told the sinking of the ship. In the ode the meteorological notions, though true, and poetically worded, are got up with

too much care and effort--and the storm passed and played the part of Much Ado about Nothing among the cliff-caves and tree-tops that soon returned to their former equanimity."—John Wilson.

This criticism is altogether wide of the mark. The object of the writer of the ballad was effective narrative, that of Coleridge, a lament over the decay of certain of his faculties. To this end it was necessary to begin by explanation and illustration, and the passage here referred to is part of the introduction to the statement that he sees but does not feel how beautiful Nature is. The expansion of the idea of the ballad is then not a blemish, but a beauty, inasmuch as it shows in what perfection the power of seeing beauty remains. It is equally from the point to find fault with the poem because a storm is introduced which accomplishes nothing. The sounds and sights indicative of a storm are simply an accompaniment to the feelings, and to have made it do terrible execution would have withdrawn attention from the leading thought, while to have omitted it would have rendered necessary the selection of another and possibly less beautiful mode of presenting the poet's meaning.

11. **winter-bright** = bright as she is in winter.

12. **overspread**.—Attribute of Moon, l. 14.

22. An Alexandrine line.

**this dull pain** = himself.

## II.

27. **Lady**.—Dorothy Wordsworth, sister, and life-long literary friend and companion of the famous poet.

28. **throstle** = the song-thrush. *Turdus musicus*, Linn.

31. An instance of that highly sensitive apprehension of the aspects of external nature which connects Coleridge with Wordsworth.

32. **with how blank an eye**.—[Explain.]

39 and 40. With the rhyme between these lines compare that between ll. 69 and 70 in Part v. of *The Ancient Mariner*. It seems probable that Coleridge pronounced **are** so as to rhyme with **fair**.

## III.

42. **these**.—[What is its antecedent?]

49-61. That is, there may be matter, but it only lives when we think it and feel it. "That which we call Nature only lives in us, it is we who make it; it can only be called alive because we are alive; when we receive from it impressions we receive not something distinct from us, but our own thoughts." When we are pleased with the beauty of a view, the perfume of a flower, the song of a bird, what really takes

place is this : we give the colours, the odor, and the melody to Nature, and receiving them from her as hers by a natural illusion, it is actually the case that when we think we are rejoicing in her,

" We in ourselves rejoice." (See l. 74.)

There are no such things as tints, or harmonies, or scents, or tastes apart from the being that perceives them. If every creature capable of seeing, hearing, smelling, etc., were to die, there would cease to be any pleasure or pain in the universe. The gorgeous hues of sunset, the roar of Niagara, the softness of the green sward would be gone : for they exist only in those who perceive them.

This doctrine with regard to the external world constitutes one of the leading features of the philosophy of Immanuel Kant, a great German metaphysician of the eighteenth century, whose views have had a profound influence on subsequent thought.

51. **shroud** = burial garment ; in the pl., a range of long ropes, partly forming a rope-ladder, extending from the head of a mast on each side, and fastened to the sides of a ship.

## V.

72. Compare *France*, l. 85.

77. **suffusion** = overspreading.

## VI.

84. **afflictions**.—" On the whole, in fact, the most probable account of this all-important era in Coleridge's life appears to me to be this : that in the course of 1801, as he was approaching his thirtieth year, a distinct change for the worse—precipitated possibly, as Mr. Gillman thinks, by the climate of his new place of abode—took place in his constitution ; that his rheumatic habit of body, and the dyspeptic trouble by which it was accompanied, became confirmed ; and that the severe attacks of the acute form of the malady which he underwent produced such a permanent lowering of his vitality and animal spirits as, *first*, to extinguish the creative impulse, and *then* to drive him to the physical anodyne of opium and to the mental stimulant of metaphysics."

--H. D. Traill.

91. **abstruse research**.—The study of metaphysics.

## VII.

97. **Reality's dark dream**.—The " viper thoughts " are a disagreeable representation of the reality.

108. **Devils' Yule** = Devils' festivity. There is probably a reference here to the legend of the Yule Host, a pack of hell hounds, or troop of

evil spirits, which, in many countries, the peasant, on stormy nights, believes he hears careering through mid air under the leadership of the Wild Huntsman. See *Iceland, its Scenes and Sagas*, by S. Baring Gould.

**Yule.**—Our native name for Christmas. Fick thinks it originally meant noise or outcry: hence, the sound of revelry and rejoicing: hence, the season of rejoicing.

109. **timorous.**—[Explain.]

122. **Otway.**—A dramatic writer of the reign of Charles II., remarkable for his power of dealing with pathetic situations.

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### TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

William Wordsworth (1770-1850), by many considered the greatest English poet since Milton, is noted in the history of literature for his opposition to the artificial school of which Pope is the master, for distinguishing between fancy and imagination as elements of poetry, and for enunciating the democratic principle that all classes of subjects are suited for poetic treatment. Before his time it had been held that certain kinds of subjects lacked dignity, and, though Cowper, Crabbe, and some others had ceased to pay attention to the rule, it was reserved for Wordsworth to combat it formally. Unpopular at first, he has never ceased to extend the circle of his readers, and no poet since Pope has had so great an influence in moulding the thoughts and style of contemporary and succeeding writers. Born in Cumberland, he resided in the Lake Country during nearly the whole of his long life. His friends, Coleridge and Southey, also took up their abode there, and from this circumstance the three poets, who really had very little in common, either in habit of thought or mode of expression, but were perceived by the reviewers to be agreed in opposition to certain previously generally accepted poetical canons and to be united by the bonds of friendship and neighbourhood, were somewhat oddly classed together as the Lake School.

This poem is in blank verse, which "Coleridge never could handle with the security of conscious skill and a trained strength. It grows in his hands too facile and feeble to carry the due weight or accomplish the due work." Owing to this or some other reason the beauty of this composition is marred by certain awkwardnesses and obscurities of construction which repel the ordinary reader.

Written shortly after Coleridge's return to England from Malta in August, 1806. The work, called in the title a Poem on the Growth of

an Individual Mind was published by Wordsworth as *The Prelude*. It contains a history of the growth of the author's mind, and is addressed to Coleridge.

12. "Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up  
Fostered alike by beauty and by fear."

—*The Prelude*, Book I.

13. That is, the spontaneous smiles and mysterious fears originate at the same time, and are the first results of the child's exercise of his reason.

14. tides = influences.

15. currents = tendencies.

16. Or connects "self," l. 15, with "by some inner power."

18 and 19. Thy soul received the light reflected from objects on which it shone, as if it had really come from another source.—Compare *Dejection*, 49–51.

21. **Hyblean** = bee-like. From Hybla, the Greek name of a city of ancient times situated in Sicily near Syracuse and famous for its honey. The accent is on the second syllable.

27. **Social Sense** = the feeling of the brotherhood of men. The motto of the French Revolutionists was—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

29. The French Revolution, which began in 1789, had a very powerful influence on Wordsworth, as indeed on almost all the young minds of that period.

31. **immediate** = not conveyed through the medium of a cloud. Thunder from a clear sky has always been considered by the superstitious to convey to men an indication of the mind of the Deity. From Horace we gather that to the Romans it marked the displeasure of Jupiter.

33. **For thou wert there**.—In the fall of 1790 Wordsworth visited France for the first time on a vacation tour; and in the next year, shortly after taking his degree at Cambridge, he returned, and spent fifteen months, mainly at Blois on the Loire.

**thine own brows garlanded**.—Wordsworth says of himself in the Ninth Book of *The Prelude* that he became what was known in France as a patriot,

"And thus ere long  
Became a patriot; and my heart was all  
Given to the people, and my love was theirs."

37. **Hope**.—The hope that an age of gold, of universal peace, prosperity, justice, and happiness was about to arrive filled the minds of the French and those who sympathized with them in the early years of the Revolution.

38. Supply **theme** at the beginning of this line.

39. **homeward** = "to the general heart of human kind."

42. **The Angel of the vision.**—"And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven clothed with a cloud; and a rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire."—*Revelations*, x. 1.

38-43. You speak then of the disappointment of that expectation of the golden age, and tell how Hope, driven back into the lonely recesses of man's innermost nature, shines there radiantly glorious, like the angel seen by St. John, and calmly and surely, with eyes that never lose their brightness, looking far on into the future discerns the coming happiness of mankind.

45. **Orphic** = connected with religious mysteries, or spiritual. From Orpheus, a mythical Greek poet and musician, to whom was attributed the institution of the Dionysian and other mysteries. The Greek mysteries were religious rites performed in secret in the presence only of those who had been initiated by a special ceremony.

51. **one visible space** = the stars.

56. **gradual** = increasing by degrees. From the Latin *gradus*, a step.

58 and 59. Compare Milton's

"Linked sweetness long drawn out."

61-75. This outburst of self-reproach was probably awakened by the following passage in the last book of *The Prelude*:

"Beloved Friend !  
When, looking back, thou seest, in clearer view  
Than any liveliest sight of yesterday,  
That summer, under whose indulgent skies,  
Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we roved  
Unchecked, or loitered 'mid her sylvan combs,  
Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart,  
Didst chaunt the vision of that Ancient Man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes  
Didst utter of the Lady Christabel ;  
And I, associate with such labour, steeped  
In soft forgetfulness the livelong hours,  
Murmuring of him who, joyous leap, was found,  
After the perils of his moonlight ride,  
Near the loud waterfall ; or her who sate  
In misery near the miserable Thorn—  
When thou dost to that summer turn thy thoughts,  
And hast before thee all which then we were,  
To thee in memory of that happiness,  
It will be known, by thee at least, my Friend !  
Felt, that the history of a Poet's mind  
Is labour not unworthy of regard :  
To thee the work shall justify itself."

71-75. The syntax is not obvious, but the sense is clear. One of the throng of pains is the sense that all the fruits of observation, of study, and of intercourse with Wordsworth will not serve as the material for any great work worthy of himself, but will remain mere unproductive accomplishments, of an ornamental, but by no means useful nature, to be buried with their possessor. For the construction supply *sense of* before "all" in l. 71, and *being* before "but flowers" in l. 73.

76. **That way no more!** = No more self-reproaching.

77. **herald's guise.**—As the herald in the Middle Ages proclaimed the names and titles of those whom he introduced, so Coleridge had proclaimed Wordsworth's title to immortality. See ll. 49 and 50.

81. **such intertwine** = the intertwining of the fruit of the tree of self-harm with the materials of which triumphal wreaths should properly be composed. The triumph was a Roman military ceremony, and the general in whose honour it was celebrated wore a wreath of laurel.

83. **that hour.**—Part of the year 1797. See passage quoted in note on ll. 61-75, the Life of Coleridge at the beginning of this volume, and the notes on *The Ancient Mariner*.

84. **nobler.**—Notice the admission.

87. **The tumult rose and ceased.**—That is, the tumult in his own breast, described in ll. 61-75.

89-91. "His [Coleridge's] prose works are one long explanation of all that is involved in that famous distinction between the Fancy and the Imagination. Of what is understood by both [Coleridge and Wordsworth] as the imaginative quality in the use of mere poetic figures, we may take some words of Shakespeare as an example:

'My cousin, Suffolk,  
My soul shall keep thine company to heaven:  
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast!'

The complete infusion here of the figure into the thought, so vividly realized that, though the birds are not actually mentioned, yet the sense of their flight, conveyed to us by the single word 'abreast,' comes to be more than half the thought itself:—this, as the expression of exalted feeling, is an instance of what Coleridge meant by Imagination. And this sort of identification of the poet's thought, of himself, with the image or figure which serves him, is the secret sometimes of a singularly entire realization of that image, which makes this figure of Coleridge's, for instance, 'imaginative.'

'Amid the growl of more than wintry storms,  
The halcyon hears the voice of vernal hours  
Already on the wing.'"

—Walter H. Pater.

90. *The halcyon*.—The Greek name for the king-fisher. It was believed by the ancients to lay its eggs in a calm period in winter, thus anticipating spring. "They lay and set about midwinter, when daies be shortest; and the time whiles they are broody is called the halcyon daies; for during that season the sea is calme and nauigable, especially in the coast of Sicilie."—Holland's *Pliny*, quoted by Skeat.

In this passage Coleridge compares his "listening heart" to the king-fisher, the bird of serenity, which in the period of storms already foresees the advent of the calms of spring.

97. *now*.—To clear up the construction take this word before "by thy various strain."

98. *stars* = thoughts.

101. As the moon produces tides in the sea, so Wordsworth produced movements in his auditor's mind. Compare *The Ancient Mariner*, vi., 5-12.

105. *long-sustained*.—*The Prelude* consists of fourteen books.

110. Probably a *Thought or aspiration or resolve* to set himself free from his bondage to opium, and accomplish something worthy of his abilities.

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#### YOUTH AND AGE.

"With respect to the date of the admired composition, *Youth and Age*, memories and opinions differ. It is the impression of the writer of this note that the first stanza from 'Verse, a breeze,' to 'liv'd in't together,' was produced as late as 1824, and that it was subsequently prefixed to the second stanza, 'Flowers are lovely,' which is said to have been composed many years before. It appears, from the author's own statement, . . . that the last verse was not added till 1827, to which period the poem, considered as a whole, may very well be assigned."—Sara Coleridge.

To the Division of Coleridge's poems entitled Poems written in Later Life, in which *Youth and Age* stands first, there has been prefixed the following very apposite quotation from Wordsworth:

"To be a Prodigal's favourite—then, worse truth,  
A Miser's Pensioner—behold our lot!  
O Man! that from thy fair and shining youth  
Age might but take the things Youth needed not!"

Though the stanzas of this poem differ in length they agree in the following respects:

1. The first three lines are preponderatingly or entirely trochaic.
2. The remaining lines are iambic.
3. The fifth line consists of two iambic feet.
4. The sixth and seventh lines rhyme.
5. The last two lines rhyme.

Note the pleasing effect of varying the metre and the place of the rhymes in stanzas 1 and 2.

2. **Iambic.**—The corresponding lines in the other stanzas are trochaic.

4. **Poesy.**—A form from the same root as poetry, but more poetical, and almost invariably selected when the idea is personified. From a Greek verb *poieo*, meaning make. Hence maker is sometimes used as a synonym for poet.

6. **woful when.**—[Parse "when."]

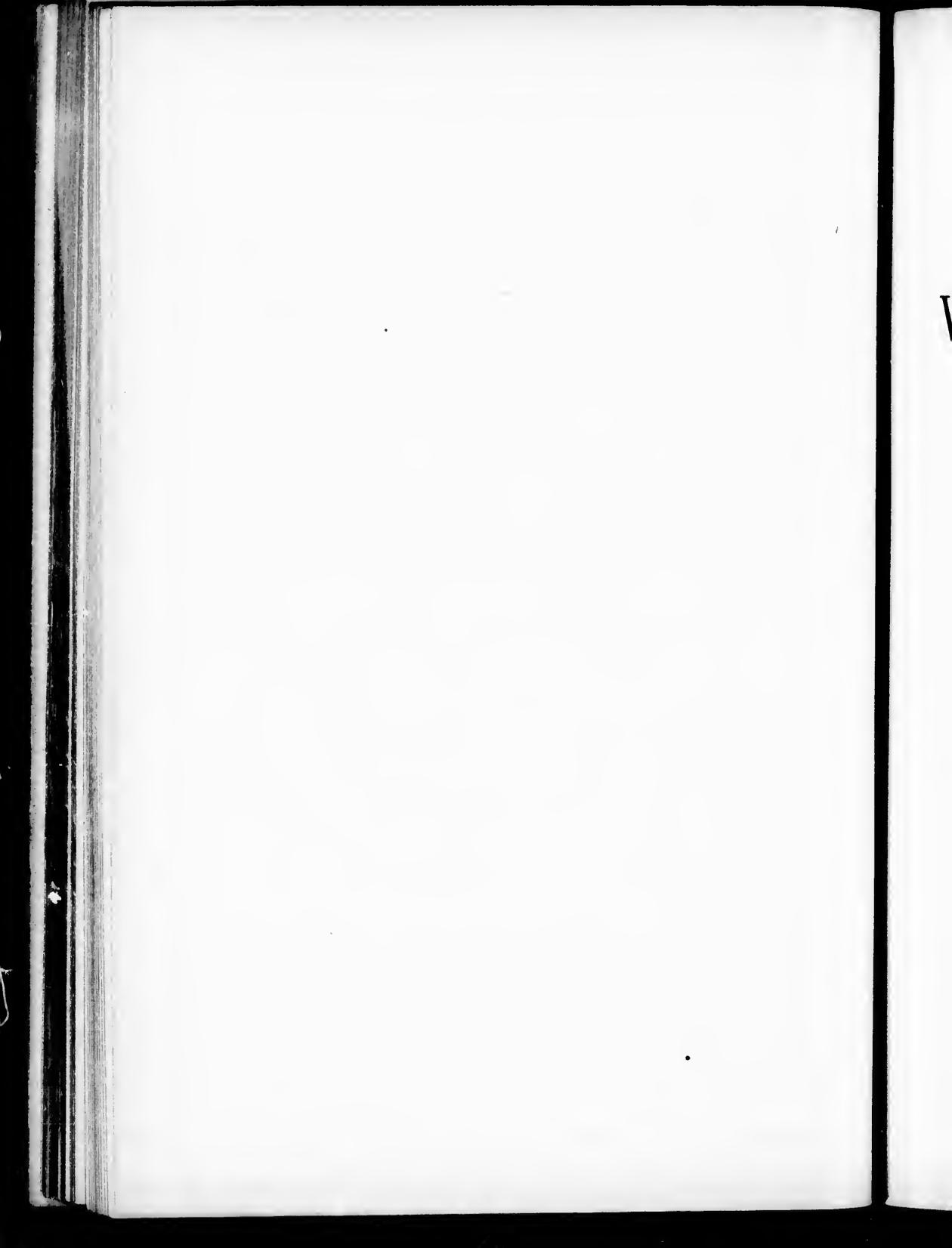
10. **aery.**—Derived from the Latin word *aer*, air, through the adjective *aerius*, airy; while airy is formed from the English word air by adding the English suffix, y. Air comes from the Latin *aer* through the French *air*.

12. **Like.**—Coleridge's punctuation makes it at first sight doubtful whether this word qualifies **flashed**, l. 11., or **body**, l. 16. But from his having added a dash to the colon at the end of line 11, it seems right to infer that the mark of exclamation at the end of l. 15 takes the place of a comma, and that the syntactical connexion is with **body**.

**those trim skiffs**=steamboats. Skiff is used peculiarly here. It usually denotes a small undecked boat.

**unknown of yore.**—Shortly after Watts had effected the improvements in the steam-engine which have been the means of rendering it so generally useful, attempts began to be made to utilize it for the propulsion of boats in both Great Britain and America. It was not, however, until 1807 that success was realized. The first steamboat was the invention of Robert Fulton, of New York, and ran on the Hudson River. The first steamboat that ran in Great Britain was set afloat on the Clyde in 1812.

13. **On winding lakes and rivers wide.**—Steamboats were first used on inland waters, and it was for some time a matter of doubt whether they could be used on the open sea. As the practicability of doing this was demonstrated between 1815 and 1820 by various voyages, and by the establishment of several lines of sea-going packets, this line seems to indicate that the stanza was written before the date assigned to it by Coleridge's daughter.



MACAULAY'S  
ESSAY ON  
WARREN HASTINGS.



LORD MACAULAY.

Toronto:  
CANADA PUBLISHING CO.  
(LIMITED.)

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## PREFATORY NOTE ON COMPOSITION.\*

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Young persons who are set down to write compositions are apt to labour under the serious difficulty of lack of ideas. To meet this the Senate of the University of Toronto has decided that the themes for junior matriculants shall each year be based on a prescribed text, and that a choice of subjects shall be allowed. The effect of this arrangement, it is hoped, will be that no candidate will come into the examination hall absolutely void of ideas on the subjects of the brief essays which he is expected to write there.

But even if his head be furnished with thoughts and facts the young writer may not be able to express them. In most cases it will be found that one cause of this inability consists in this, that he does not think clearly. We are very strongly of opinion, indeed, that no one does think clearly who does not formulate his thoughts in either uttered or unuttered words. At any rate, this is clear, that no process is so suitable for removing confusion from one's ideas as attempting to give them shape in words.

Numbers of books have been written to assist students to learn to compose in English. All of these, we presume, have a certain value; but none of them can have very much, because no text-book on an art can have much value. For composition is an art, and, like other arts, is to be acquired by setting before one's mind an ideal of excellence and practising until it is attained. Excellence in composition is reached when one can say what one thinks or tell what one knows so exactly that his meaning cannot possibly be mistaken, and so deftly as to give no avoidable trouble to those who try to understand him. If the reader can take two meanings out of a sentence, it is faulty; if it expresses only one, but in such a way that we cannot without great pains find it out, it is likewise faulty.

Different persons have different habits of composition, corresponding to differences in their minds. Some write slowly, perfecting every sentence before they put it down, and never afterwards altering any-

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\* Consult also Williams' "Composition and Practical English." Toronto: Canada Publishing Co. (Limited.)

thing. Others write rapidly and revise and re-revise. For most beginners the best plan probably is to put down their thoughts in any form in which they occur and afterwards to correct mistakes, change the order of sentences, and improve the wording. But every beginner adopting this plan should bear in mind that it is desirable that he should so write each successive composition that it will require less amendment than its immediate predecessor, in order that finally he may be able to produce a first draught which will need no change to make it passable.

The following are some of the mistakes which are likely to occur in juvenile compositions. Firstly, words will be mis-spelt. Secondly, the sentences will be confused and rambling. The remedy for this is to write none but short sentences. Very few persons can write good, long sentences, and unless they are very good they repel the reader. Thirdly, the punctuation will be defective, and, in particular, the most important stop, namely, the period, will be improperly placed. The remedy for this also is to avoid long sentences. Fourthly, there will be nominatives without verbs and verbs without nominatives. The shorter the sentences the less the liability to make this blunder. Fifthly, some sentences will be misplaced. That is, ideas will be expressed in one place that ought to be expressed in another.

The preceding enumeration will serve to emphasize the statement that in composition the formation of sentences is more important than any other element. The sentence is in a composition what each single letter is in a written word. Unless each separate letter is well formed we cannot say that the word is well written as a whole. Now a sentence may contain either one definite statement or several definite statements linked together. The sentences of beginners often contain no definite statement at all, often a number of definite statements inextricably intertwined and thoroughly confused. For all who have any tendency to make these or similar blunders the golden rule is: Make your sentences short and see that each clearly says some one thing. Of course composition made up entirely of very short sentences will probably sound monotonous; but the examiner will, very properly, overlook the fault, if grammatical accuracy is thereby secured.

Do not be afraid to repeat a word, no matter what the effect on the sound of the sentence, if you will make your meaning clearer. The ill-considered use of pronouns is a prolific source of ambiguity. If in the sentence, **He said to his brothers that he would arrive before they did,** you mean **Jones said to Smith's brothers that Brown would arrive before the Blacks did,** use these nouns even though all of them occur in the preceding sentence.

LIST OF THEMES FOR COMPOSITION BASED ON  
MACAULAY'S WARREN HASTINGS.

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1. Warren Hastings.
2. Nuncomar.
3. Sir Elijah Impey.
4. Sir Philip Francis.
5. Edmund Burke.
6. India.
7. The impeachment.
8. The East India Company.
9. The Wars with the Natives during Hastings' Administration.
10. The tyrannical treatment of the Lord of the Holy City of Benares and of the Ladies of the Princely House of Oude.
11. Should the same rules of morals be applied to the public as to the private acts of men in authority?
12. The benefits and evils of British rule in India.

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## WARREN HASTINGS.\*

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WE are inclined to think that we shall best meet the wishes of our readers, if, instead of minutely examining this book, we attempt to give, in a way necessarily hasty and imperfect, our own view of the life and character of Mr. Hastings. Our feeling towards him is not exactly that of the House of Commons which impeached him in 1787; neither is it that of the House of Commons which uncovered and stood up to receive him in 1813. He had great qualities, and he rendered great services to the State. But to represent him as a man of stainless virtue is to make him ridiculous; and from regard for his memory, if from no other feeling, his friends would have done well to lend no countenance to such adulation. We believe that, if he were now living, he would have sufficient judgment and sufficient greatness of mind to wish to be shown as he was. He must have known that there were dark spots on his fame. He might also have felt with pride that the splendour of his fame would bear many spots. He would have wished posterity to have a likeness of him, though an unfavourable likeness, rather than a daub at once insipid and unnatural, resembling neither him nor anybody else. "Paint me as I am," said Oliver Cromwell, while sitting to young Lely. "If you leave out the scars and wrinkles, I will not pay you a shilling." Even in such a trifle, the great Protector showed both his good sense and

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\* "Memoirs of the Life of Warren Hastings, first Governor-General of Bengal. Compiled from Original Papers, by the Rev. G. R. GLEIG; M.A. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1841."

his magnanimity. He did not wish all that was characteristic in his countenance to be lost, in the vain attempt to give him the regular features and smooth blooming cheeks of the curl-pated minions of James the First. He was content that his face should go forth marked with all the blemishes which had been put on it by time, by war, by sleepless nights, by anxiety, perhaps by remorse; but with valour, policy, authority, and public care written in all its princely lines. If men truly great knew their own interest, it is thus that they would wish their minds to be portrayed.

Warren Hastings sprang from an ancient and illustrious race. It has been affirmed that his pedigree can be traced back to the great Danish sea-king, whose sails were long the terror of both coasts of the British Channel, and who, after many fierce and doubtful struggles, yielded at last to the valour and genius of Alfred. But the undoubted splendour of the line of Hastings needs no illustration from fable. One branch of that line wore, in the fourteenth century, the coronet of Pembroke. From another branch sprang the renowned Chamberlain, the faithful adherent of the White Rose, whose fate has furnished so striking a theme both to poets and to historians. His family received from the Tudors the earldom of Huntingdon, which, after long dispossession, was regained in our time by a series of events scarcely paralleled in romance.

The lords of the Manor of Daylesford, in Worcestershire, claimed to be considered as the heads of this distinguished family. The main stock, indeed, prospered less than some of the younger shoots. But the Daylesford family, though not ennobled, was wealthy and highly considered, till, about two hundred years ago, it was overwhelmed by the great ruin of the civil war. The Hastings of that time was a zealous cavalier. He raised money on his lands, sent his plate to the mint at Oxford, joined the royal army, and, after spending half his property in the cause of King Charles, was glad to ransom himself by making over most of the remaining half to Speaker Lenthal. The old seat at Daylesford still remained in the family; but it could no longer be kept up; and in the following generation it was sold to a merchant of London.

Before this transfer took place, the last Hastings of Daylesford had presented his second son to the rectory of the parish in which the ancient residence of the family stood. The living was of little value; and the situation of the poor clergyman, after the sale of the estate, was deplorable. He was constantly engaged in lawsuits about his tithes with the new lord of the manor, and was at length utterly ruined. His eldest son, Howard, a well-conducted young man, obtained a place in the customs. The second son, Pynaston, an idle worthless boy, married before he was sixteen, lost his wife in two years, and died in the West Indies, leaving to the care of his unfortunate father a little orphan, destined to strange and memorable vicissitudes of fortune.

Warren, the son of Pynaston, was born on the sixth of December, 1732. His mother died a few days later, and he was left dependent on his distressed grandfather. The child was early sent to the village school, where he learned his letters on the same bench with the sons of the peasantry; nor did anything in his garb or fare indicate that his life was to take a widely different course from that of the young rustics with whom he studied and played. But no cloud could overcast the dawn of so much genius and so much ambition. The very ploughmen observed, and long remembered, how kindly little Warren took to his book. The daily sight of the lands which his ancestors had possessed, and which had passed into the hands of strangers, filled his young brain with wild fancies and projects. He loved to hear stories of the wealth and greatness of his progenitors, of their splendid housekeeping, their loyalty, and their valour. On one bright summer day, the boy, then just seven years old, lay on the bank of the rivulet which flows through the old domain of his house to join the Isis. There, as threescore and ten years later he told the tale, rose in his mind a scheme which, through all the turns of his eventful career, was never abandoned. He would recover the estate which had belonged to his fathers. He would be Hastings of Daylesford. This purpose, formed in infancy and poverty, grew stronger as his intellect expanded and as his fortune rose. He pursued his plan with that calm but indomitable force

of will which was the most striking peculiarity of his character. When, under a tropical sun, he ruled fifty millions of Asiatics, his hopes, amidst all the cares of war, finance, and legislation, still pointed to Daylesford. And when his long public life, so singularly chequered with good and evil, with glory and obloquy, had at length closed for ever, it was to Daylesford that he retired to die.

When he was eight years old, his uncle Howard determined to take charge of him, and to give him a liberal education. The boy went up to London, and was sent to a school at Newington, where he was well taught but ill fed. He always attributed the smallness of his stature to the hard and scanty fare of this seminary. At ten he was removed to Westminster School, then flourishing under the care of Dr. Nichols. Vinny Bourne, as his pupils affectionately called him, was one of the masters. Churchill, Colman, Lloyd, Cumberland, Cowper, were among the students. With Cowper, Hastings formed a friendship which neither the lapse of time, nor a wide dissimilarity of opinions and pursuits, could wholly dissolve. It does not appear that they ever met after they had grown to manhood. But forty years later, when the voices of many great orators were crying for vengeance on the oppressor of India, the shy and secluded poet could image to himself Hastings the Governor-General only as the Hastings with whom he had rowed on the Thames and played in the cloister, and refused to believe that so good-tempered a fellow could have done anything very wrong. His own life had been spent in praying, musing, and rhyming among the water-lilies of the Ouse. He had preserved in no common measure the innocence of childhood. His spirit had indeed been severely tried, but not by temptations which impelled him to any gross violation of the rules of social morality. He had never been attacked by combinations of powerful and deadly enemies. He had never been compelled to make a choice between innocence and greatness, between crime and ruin. Firmly as he held in theory the doctrine of human depravity, his habits were such that he was unable to conceive how far from the path of right even kind and noble natures may be hurried by the rage of conflict and the lust of dominion.

Hastings had another associate at Westminster of whom we shall have occasion to make frequent mention, Elijah Impey. We know little about their school days. But, we think, we may safely venture to guess that, whenever Hastings wished to play any trick more than usually naughty, he hired Impey with a tart or a ball to act as fag in the worst part of the prank.

Warren was distinguished among his comrades as an excellent swimmer, boatman, and scholar. At fourteen he was first in the examination for the foundation. His name in gilded letters on the walls of the dormitory still attests his victory over many older competitors. He stayed two years longer at the school, and was looking forward to a studentship at Christ Church, when an event happened which changed the whole course of his life. Howard Hastings died, bequeathing his nephew to the care of a friend and distant relation, named Chiswick. This gentleman, though he did not absolutely refuse the charge, was desirous to rid himself of it as soon as possible. Dr. Nichols made strong remonstrances against the cruelty of interrupting the studies of a youth who seemed likely to be one of the first scholars of the age. He even offered to bear the expense of sending his favourite pupil to Oxford. But Mr. Chiswick was inflexible. He thought the years which had already been wasted on hexameters and pentameters quite sufficient. He had it in his power to obtain for the lad a writership in the service of the East India Company. Whether the young adventurer, when once shipped off, made a fortune, or died of a liver complaint, he equally ceased to be a burden to any body. Warren was accordingly removed from Westminster school, and placed for a few months at a commercial academy, to study arithmetic and book-keeping. In January 1750, a few days after he had completed his seventeenth year, he sailed for Bengal, and arrived at his destination in the October following.

He was immediately placed at a desk in the Secretary's office at Calcutta, and laboured there during two years. Fort William was then purely a commercial settlement. In the south of India the encroaching policy of Dupleix had transformed the servants of the English Company,

against their will, into diplomatists and generals. The war of the succession was raging in the Carnatic; and the tide had been suddenly turned against the French by the genius of young Robert Clive. But in Bengal the European settlers, at peace with the natives and with each other, were wholly occupied with ledgers and bills of lading.

After two years passed in keeping accounts at Calcutta, Hastings was sent up the country to Cossimbazar, a town which lies on the Hoogley, about a mile from Moorshedabad, and which then bore to Moorshedabad a relation, if we may compare small things with great, such as the city of London bears to Westminster. Moorshedabad was the abode of the prince who, by an authority ostensibly derived from the Mogul, but really independent, ruled the three great provinces of Bengal, Orissa, and Bahar. At Moorshedabad were the court, the harem, and the public offices. Cossimbazar was a port and a place of trade, renowned for the quantity and excellence of the silks which were sold in its marts, and constantly receiving and sending forth fleets of richly laden barges. At this important point, the Company had established a small factory subordinate to that of Fort William. Here, during several years, Hastings was employed in making bargains for stuffs with native brokers. While he was thus engaged, Surajah Dowlah succeeded to the government, and declared war against the English. The defenceless settlement of Cossimbazar, lying close to the tyrant's capital, was instantly seized. Hastings was sent a prisoner to Moorshedabad, but, in consequence of the humane intervention of the servants of the Dutch Company, was treated with indulgence. Meanwhile the Nabob marched on Calcutta; the governor and the commandant fled; the town and citadel were taken, and most of the English prisoners perished in the Black Hole.

In these events originated the greatness of Warren Hastings. The fugitive governor and his companions had taken refuge on the dreary islet of Fulda, near the mouth of the Hoogley. They were naturally desirous to obtain full information respecting the proceedings of the Nabob; and no person seemed so likely to furnish it as Hastings,

who was a prisoner at large in the immediate neighbourhood of the court. He thus became a diplomatic agent, and soon established a high character for ability and resolution. The treason which at a later period was fatal to Surajah Dowlah was already in progress; and Hastings was admitted to the deliberations of the conspirators. But the time for striking had not arrived. It was necessary to postpone the execution of the design; and Hastings, who was now in extreme peril, fled to Fulda.

Soon after his arrival at Fulda, the expedition from Madras, commanded by Clive, appeared in the Hoogley. Warren, young, intrepid, and excited probably by the example of the Commander of the Forces who, having like himself been a mercantile agent of the Company, had been turned by public calamities into a soldier, determined to serve in the ranks. During the early operations of the war he carried a musket. But the quick eye of Clive soon perceived that the head of the young volunteer would be more useful than his arm. When, after the battle of Plassey, Meer Jaffier was proclaimed Nabob of Bengal, Hastings was appointed to reside at the court of the new prince as agent for the Company.

He remained at Moorshedabad till the year 1761, when he became a Member of Council, and was consequently forced to reside at Calcutta. This was during the interval between Clive's first and second administration, an interval which has left on the fame of the East India Company a stain not wholly effaced by many years of just and humane government. Mr. Vansittart, the Governor, was at the head of a new and anomalous empire. On one side was a band of English functionaries, daring, intelligent, eager to be rich. On the other side was a great native population, helpless, timid, accustomed to crouch under oppression. To keep the stronger race from preying on the weaker, was an undertaking which tasked to the utmost the talents and energy of Clive. Vansittart, with fair intentions, was a feeble and inefficient ruler. The master caste, as was natural, broke loose from all restraint; and then was seen what we believe to be the most frightful of all spectacles, the strength of civilization without its mercy. To all other despotism there is a check, imperfect, indeed, and

liable to gross abuse, but still sufficient to preserve society from the last extreme of misery. A time comes when the evils of submission are obviously greater than those of resistance, when fear itself begets a sort of courage, when a convulsive burst of popular rage and despair warns tyrants not to presume too far on the patience of mankind. But against misgovernment such as then afflicted Bengal it was impossible to struggle. The superior intelligence and energy of the dominant class made their power irresistible. A war of Bengalees against Englishmen was like a war of sheep against wolves, of men against demons. The only protection which the conquered could find was in the moderation, the clemency, the enlarged policy of the conquerors. That protection, at a later period, they found. But at first English power came among them unaccompanied by English morality. There was an interval between the time at which they became our subjects, and the time at which we began to reflect that we were bound to discharge towards them the duties of rulers. During that interval the business of a servant of the Company was simply to wring out of the natives a hundred or two hundred thousand pounds as speedily as possible, that he might return home before his constitution had suffered from the heat, to marry a peer's daughter, to buy rotten boroughs in Cornwall, and to give balls in St. James's Square. Of the conduct of Hastings at this time little is known; but the little that is known, and the circumstance that little is known, must be considered as honourable to him. He could not protect the natives: all that he could do was to abstain from plundering and oppressing them; and this he appears to have done. It is certain that at this time he continued poor; and it is equally certain that by cruelty and dishonesty he might easily have become rich. It is certain that he was never charged with having borne a share in the worst abuses which then prevailed; and it is almost equally certain that, if he had borne a share in those abuses, the able and bitter enemies who afterwards persecuted him would not have failed to discover and to proclaim his guilt. The keen, severe, and even malevolent scrutiny to which his whole public life was subjected, a scrutiny unparalleled, as we believe, in the history of man-

kind, is in one respect advantageous to his reputation. It brought many lamentable blemishes to light; but it entitles him to be considered pure from every blemish which has not been brought to light.

The truth is that the temptations to which so many English functionaries yielded in the time of Mr. Vansittart were not temptations addressed to the ruling passions of Warren Hastings. He was not squeamish in pecuniary transactions; but he was neither sordid nor rapacious. He was far too enlightened a man to look on a great empire merely as a buccaneer would look on a galleon. Had his heart been much worse than it was, his understanding would have preserved him from that extremity of baseness. He was an unscrupulous, perhaps an unprincipled statesman; but still he was a statesman, and not a freebooter.

In 1764 Hastings returned to England. He had realised only a very moderate fortune; and that moderate fortune was soon reduced to nothing, partly by his praiseworthy liberality, and partly by his mismanagement. Towards his relations he appears to have acted very generously. The greater part of his savings he left in Bengal, hoping probably to obtain the high usury of India. But high usury and bad security generally go together; and Hastings lost both interest and principal.

He remained four years in England. Of his life at this time very little is known. But it has been asserted, and is highly probable, that liberal studies and the society of men of letters occupied a great part of his time. It is to be remembered to his honour that, in days when the languages of the East were regarded by other servants of the Company merely as the means of communicating with weavers and money-changers, his enlarged and accomplished mind sought in Asiatic learning for new forms of intellectual enjoyment, and for new views of government and society. Perhaps, like most persons who have paid much attention to departments of knowledge which lie out of the common track, he was inclined to overrate the value of his favourite studies. He conceived that the cultivation of Persian literature might with advantage be made a part of the liberal education of an English gentleman; and he drew up a plan with that view. It is said that the University of

Oxford, in which Oriental learning had never, since the revival of letters, been wholly neglected, was to be the seat of the institution which he contemplated. An endowment was expected from the munificence of the Company; and professors thoroughly competent to interpret Hafiz and Ferdusi were to be engaged in the East. Hastings called on Johnson, with the hope, as it should seem, of interesting in this project a man who enjoyed the highest literary reputation, and who was particularly connected with Oxford. The interview appears to have left on Johnson's mind a most favourable impression of the talents and attainments of his visitor. Long after, when Hastings was ruling the immense population of British India, the old philosopher wrote to him, and referred in the most courtly terms, though with great dignity, to their short but agreeable intercourse.

Hastings soon began to look again towards India. He had little to attach him to England; and his pecuniary embarrassments were great. He solicited his old masters the Directors for employment. They acceded to his request, with high compliments both to his abilities and to his integrity, and appointed him a Member of Council at Madras. It would be unjust not to mention that, though forced to borrow money for his outfit, he did not withdraw any portion of the sum which he had appropriated to the relief of his distressed relations. In the spring of 1769 he embarked on board of the Duke of Grafton, and commenced a voyage distinguished by incidents which might furnish matter for a novel.

Among the passengers in the Duke of Grafton was a German of the name of Imhoff. He called himself a Baron; but he was in distressed circumstances, and was going out to Madras as a portrait-painter, in the hope of picking up some of the pagodas which were then lightly got and as lightly spent by the English in India. The Baron was accompanied by his wife, a native, we have somewhere read, of Archangel. This young woman, who, born under the Arctic circle, was destined to play the part of a Queen under the tropic of Cancer, had an agreeable person, a cultivated mind, and manners in the highest degree engaging. She despised her husband heartily, and, as the

story which we have to tell sufficiently proves, not without reason. She was interested by the conversation and flattered by the attentions of Hastings. The situation was indeed perilous. No place is so propitious to the formation either of close friendships or of deadly enmities as an Indian. There are very few people who do not find a voyage which lasts several months insupportably dull. Anything is welcome which may break that long monotony, a sail, a shark, an albatross, a man overboard. Most passengers find some resource in eating twice as many meals as on land. But the great devices for killing the time are quarrelling and flirting. The facilities for both these exciting pursuits are great. The inmates of the ship are thrown together far more than in any country-seat or boarding-house. None can escape from the rest except by imprisoning himself in a cell in which he can hardly turn. All food, all exercise, is taken in company. Ceremony is to a great extent banished. It is every day in the power of a mischievous person to inflict innumerable annoyances. It is every day in the power of an amiable person to confer little services. It not seldom happens that serious distress and danger call forth, in genuine beauty and deformity, heroic virtues and abject vices, which, in the ordinary intercourse of good society, might remain during many years unknown even to intimate associates. Under such circumstances met Warren Hastings and the Baroness Imhoff, two persons whose accomplishments would have attracted notice in any court of Europe. The gentleman had no domestic ties. The lady was tied to a husband for whom she had no regard, and who had no regard for his own honour. An attachment sprang up, which was soon strengthened by events such as could hardly have occurred on land. Hastings fell ill. The Baroness nursed him with womanly tenderness, gave him his medicines with her own hand, and even sat up in his cabin while he slept. Long before the Duke of Grafton reached Madras, Hastings was in love. But his love was of a most characteristic description. Like his hatred, like his ambition, like all his passions, it was strong, but not impetuous. It was calm, deep, earnest, patient of delay, unconquerable by time. Imhoff was called into council by his wife and his





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wife's lover. It was arranged that the Baroness should institute a suit for a divorce in the courts of Franconia, that the Baron should afford every facility to the proceeding, and that, during the years which might elapse before the sentence should be pronounced, they should continue to live together. It was also agreed that Hastings should bestow some very substantial marks of gratitude on the complaisant husband, and should, when the marriage was dissolved, make the lady his wife, and adopt the children whom she had already borne to Imhoff.

At Madras, Hastings found the trade of the Company in a very disorganized state. His own tastes would have led him rather to political than to commercial pursuits; but he knew that the favour of his employers depended chiefly on their dividends, and that their dividends depended chiefly on the investment. He, therefore, with great judgment, determined to apply his vigorous mind for a time to this department of business, which had been much neglected, since the servants of the Company had ceased to be clerks, and had become warriors and negotiators.

In a very few months he effected an important reform. The Directors notified to him their high approbation, and were so much pleased with his conduct that they determined to place him at the head of the government of Bengal. Early in 1772 he quitted Fort St. George for his new post. The Imhoffs, who were still man and wife, accompanied him, and lived at Calcutta on the same plan which they had already followed during more than two years.

When Hastings took his seat at the head of the council board, Bengal was still governed according to the system which Clive had devised, a system which was, perhaps, skilfully contrived for the purpose of facilitating and concealing a great revolution, but, which, when that revolution was complete and irrevocable, could produce nothing but inconvenience. There were two governments, the real and the ostensible. The supreme power belonged to the Company, and was in truth the most despotic power that can be conceived. The only restraint on the English masters of the country was that which their own justice and humanity imposed on them. There was no constitutional check on their will, and resistance to them was utterly hopeless.

But though thus absolute in reality the English had not yet assumed the style of sovereignty. They held their territories as vassals of the throne of Delhi; they raised their revenues as collectors appointed by the imperial commission; their public seal was inscribed with the imperial titles; and their mint struck only the imperial coin.

There was still a nabob of Bengal, who stood to the English rulers of his country in the same relation in which Augustulus stood to Odoacer, or the last Merovingians to Charles Martel and Pepin. He lived at Moorshedabad, surrounded by princely magnificence. He was approached with outward marks of reverence, and his name was used in public instruments. But in the government of the country he had less real share than the youngest writer or cadet in the Company's service.

The English council which represented the Company at Calcutta was constituted on a very different plan from that which has since been adopted. At present the Governor is, as to all executive measures, absolute. He can declare war, conclude peace, appoint public functionaries or remove them, in opposition to the unanimous sense of those who sit with him in council. They are, indeed, entitled to know all that is done, to discuss all that is done, to advise, to remonstrate, to send protests to England. But it is with the Governor that the supreme power resides, and on him that the whole responsibility rests. This system, which was introduced by Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas in spite of the strenuous opposition of Mr. Burke, we conceive to be on the whole the best that was ever devised for the government of a country where no materials can be found for a representative constitution. In the time of Hastings the Governor had only one vote in council, and, in case of an equal division, a casting vote. It therefore happened not unfrequently that he was overruled on the gravest questions; and it was possible that he might be wholly excluded, for years together, from the real direction of public affairs.

The English functionaries at Fort William had as yet paid little or no attention to the internal government of Bengal. The only branch of politics about which they much busied themselves was negotiation with the native

princes. The police, the administration of justice, the details of the collection of revenue, were almost entirely neglected. We may remark that the phraseology of the Company's servants still bears the traces of this state of things. To this day they always use the word "political" as synonymous with "diplomatic." We could name a gentleman still living, who was described by the highest authority as an invaluable public servant, eminently fit to be at the head of the internal administration of a whole presidency, but unfortunately quite ignorant of all political business.

The internal government of Bengal the English rulers delegated to a great native minister, who was stationed at Moorshedabad. All military affairs, and, with the exception of what pertains to mere ceremonial, all foreign affairs, were withdrawn from his control; but the other departments of the administration were entirely confided to him. His own stipend amounted to near a hundred thousand pounds sterling a year. The personal allowance of the nabob, amounting to more than three hundred thousand pounds a year, passed through the minister's hands, and was, to a great extent, at his disposal. The collection of the revenue, the administration of justice, the maintenance of order, were left to this high functionary; and for the exercise of his immense power he was responsible to none but the British masters of the country.

A situation so important, lucrative, and splendid, was naturally an object of ambition to the ablest and most powerful natives. Clive had found it difficult to decide between conflicting pretensions. Two candidates stood out prominently from the crowd, each of them the representative of a race and of a religion.

One of these was Mahommed Reza Khan, a Mussulman of Persian extraction, able, active, religious after the fashion of his people, and highly esteemed by them. In England he might perhaps have been regarded as a corrupt and greedy politician. But, tried by the lower standard of Indian morality, he might be considered as a man of integrity and honour.

His competitor was a Hindoo Brahmin whose name has, by a terrible and melancholy event, been inseparably

associated with that of Warren Hastings, the Maharajah Nuncomar. This man had played an important part in all the revolutions which, since the time of Surajah Dowlah, had taken place in Bengal. To the consideration which in that country belongs to high and pure caste, he added the weight which is derived from wealth, talents, and experience. Of his moral character it is difficult to give a notion to those who are acquainted with human nature only as it appears in our island. What the Italian is to the Englishman, what the Hindoo is to the Italian, what the Bengalee is to other Hindoos, that was Nuncomar to other Bengalees. The physical organization of the Bengalee is feeble even to effeminacy. He lives in a constant vapour bath. His pursuits are sedentary, his limbs delicate, his movements languid. During many ages he has been trampled upon by men of bolder and more hardy breeds. Courage, independence, veracity, are qualities to which his constitution and his situation are equally unfavourable. His mind bears a singular analogy to his body. It is weak even to helplessness for purposes of manly resistance; but its suppleness and its tact move the children of sterner climates to admiration not unmingled with contempt. All those arts which are the natural defence of the weak are more familiar to this subtle race than to the Ionian of the time of Juvenal, or to the Jew of the dark ages. What the horns are to the buffalo, what the paw is to the tiger, what the sting is to the bee, what beauty, according to the old Geeek song, is to woman, deceit is to the Bengalee. Large promises, smooth excuses, elaborate tissues of circumstantial falsehood, chicanery, perjury, forgery, are the weapons, offensive and defensive, of the people of the Lower Ganges. All those millions do not furnish one sepoy to the armies of the Company. But as usurers, as money-changers, as sharp legal practitioners, no class of human beings can bear a comparison with them. With all his softness, the Bengalee is by no means placable in his enmities or prone to pity. The pertinacity with which he adheres to his purposes yields only to the immediate pressure of fear. Nor does he lack a certain kind of courage which is often wanting to his masters. To inevitable evils he is sometimes found to oppose a passive fortitude, such as the Stoics attributed to

their ideal sage. An European warrior who rushes on a battery of cannon with a loud hurrah, will sometimes shriek under the surgeon's knife, and fall into an agony of despair at the sentence of death. But the Bengalee, who would see his country overrun, his house laid in ashes, his children murdered or dishonoured, without having the spirit to strike one blow, has yet been known to endure torture with the firmness of Mucius, and to mount the scaffold with the steady step and even pulse of Algernon Sidney.

In Nuncomar, the national character was strongly and with exaggeration personified. The Company's servants had repeatedly detected him in the most criminal intrigues. On one occasion he brought a false charge against another Hindoo, and tried to substantiate it by producing forged documents. On another occasion it was discovered that, while professing the strongest attachment to the English, he was engaged in several conspiracies against them, and in particular that he was the medium of a correspondence between the Court of Delhi and the French authorities in the Carnatic. For these and similiar practices he had been long detained in confinement. But his talents and influence had not only procured his liberation, but had obtained for him a certain degree of consideration even among the British rulers of his country.

Clive was extremely unwilling to place a Mussulman at the head of the administration of Bengal. On the other hand, he could not bring himself to confer immense power on a man to whom every sort of villainy had repeatedly been brought home. Therefore, though the nabob, over whom Nuncomar had by intrigue acquired great influence, begged that the artful Hindoo might be intrusted with the Government, Clive, after some hesitation, decided honestly and wisely in favour of Mahommed Reza Khan. When Hastings became Governor, Mahommed Reza Khan had held power seven years. An infant son of Meer Jaffier was now nabob; and the guardianship of the young prince's person had been confided to the minister.

Nuncomar, stimulated at once by cupidity and malice, had been constantly attempting to hurt the reputation of his successful rival. This was not difficult. The revenues of Bengal, under the administration established by Clive,

did not yield such a surplus as had been anticipated by the Company; for, at that time, the most absurd notions were entertained in England respecting the wealth of India. Palaces of porphyry, hung with the richest brocade, heaps of pearls and diamonds, vaults from which pagodas and gold mohurs were measured out by the bushel, filled the imagination even of men of business. Nobody seemed to be aware of what nevertheless was most undoubtedly the truth, that India was a poorer country than countries which in Europe are reckoned poor, than Ireland, for example, or than Portugal. It was confidently believed by Lords of the Treasury and members for the city that Bengal would not only defray its own charges, but would afford an increased dividend to the proprietors of Indian stock, and large relief to the English finances. These absurd expectations were disappointed; and the Directors, naturally enough, chose to attribute the disappointment rather to the mismanagement of Mahommed Reza Khan than to their own ignorance of the country intrusted to their care. They were confirmed in their error by the agents of Nuncomar; for Nuncomar had agents even in Leadenhall Street. Soon after Hastings reached Calcutta, he received a letter addressed by the Court of Directors, not to the Council generally, but to himself in particular. He was directed to remove Mahommed Reza Khan, to arrest him together with all his family and all his partisans, and to institute a strict inquiry into the whole administration of the province. It was added that the Governor would do well to avail himself of the assistance of Nuncomar in the investigation. The vices of Nuncomar were acknowledged. But even from his vices, it was said, much advantage might at such a conjuncture be derived; and, though he could not safely be trusted, it might still be proper to encourage him by hopes of reward.

The Governor bore no good will to Nuncomar. Many years before, they had known each other at Moorshedabad; and then a quarrel had arisen between them which all the authority of their superiors could hardly compose. Widely as they differed in most points, they resembled each other in this, that both were men of unforgiving natures. To Mahommed Reza Khan, on the other hand, Hastings had

no feelings of hostility. Nevertheless he proceeded to execute the instructions of the Company with an alacrity which he never showed, except when instructions were in perfect conformity with his own views. He had, wisely as we think, determined to get rid of the system of double government in Bengal. The orders of the Directors furnished him with the means of effecting his purpose, and dispensed him from the necessity of discussing the matter with his Council. He took his measures with his usual vigour and dexterity. At midnight, the palace of Mahommed Reza Khan at Moorshedabad was surrounded by a battalion of sepoys. The Minister was roused from his slumbers and informed that he was a prisoner. With the Mussulman gravity, he bent his head and submitted himself to the will of God. He fell not alone. A chief named Schitab Roy had been intrusted with the government of Bahar. His valour and his attachment to the English had more than once been signally proved. On the memorable day on which the people of Patna saw from their walls the whole army of the Mogul scattered by the little band of Captain Knox, the voice of the British conquerors assigned the palm of gallantry to the brave Asiatic. "I never," said Knox, when he introduced Schitab Roy, covered with blood and dust, to the English functionaries assembled in the factory, "I never saw a native fight so before." Schitab Roy was involved in the ruin of Mahommed Reza Khan, was removed from office, and was placed under arrest. The members of the Council received no intimation of these measures till the prisoners were on their road to Calcutta.

The inquiry into the conduct of the minister was postponed on different pretences. He was detained in an easy confinement during many months. In the mean time, the great revolution which Hastings had planned was carried into effect. The office of minister was abolished. The internal administration was transferred to the servants of the Company. A system, a very imperfect system, it is true, of civil and criminal justice, under English superintendence, was established. The nabob was no longer to have even an ostensible share in the government; but he was still to receive a considerable annual allowance, and to

be surrounded with the state of sovereignty. As he was an infant, it was necessary to provide guardians for his person and property. His person was intrusted to a lady of his father's harem, known by the name of the Munny Begum. The office of treasurer of the household was bestowed on a son of Nuncomar, named Goordas. Nuncomar's services were wanted; yet he could not safely be trusted with power; and Hastings thought it a masterstroke of policy to reward the able and unprincipled parent by promoting the inoffensive child.

The revolution completed, the double government dissolved, the Company installed in the full sovereignty of Bengal, Hastings had no motive to treat the late ministers with rigour. Their trial had been put off on various pleas till the new organization was complete. They were then brought before a committee, over which the Governor presided. Schitab Roy was speedily acquitted with honour. A formal apology was made to him for the restraint to which he had been subjected. All the Eastern marks of respect were bestowed on him. He was clothed in a robe of state, presented with jewels and with a richly harnessed elephant, and sent back to his government at Patna. But his health had suffered from confinement; his high spirit had been cruelly wounded; and soon after his liberation he died of a broken heart.

The innocence of Mahommed Reza Khan was not so clearly established. But the Governor was not disposed to deal harshly. After a long hearing, in which Nuncomar appeared as the accuser, and displayed both the art and the inveterate rancour which distinguished him, Hastings pronounced that the charge had not been made out, and ordered the fallen minister to be set at liberty.

Nuncomar had proposed to destroy the Mussulman administration, and to rise on its ruin. Both his malevolence and his cupidity had been disappointed. Hastings had made him a tool, had used him for the purpose of accomplishing the transfer of the government from Moorshedabad to Calcutta, from native to European hands. The rival, the enemy, so long envied, so implacably persecuted, had been dismissed unhurt. The situation so long and ardently desired had been abolished. It was

natural that the Governor should be from that time an object of the most intense hatred to the vindictive Brahmin. As yet, however, it was necessary to suppress such feelings. The time was coming when that long animosity was to end in a desperate and deadly struggle.

In the mean time, Hastings was compelled to turn his attention to foreign affairs. The object of his diplomacy was at this time simply to get money. The finances of his government were in an embarrassed state, and this embarrassment he was determined to relieve by some means, fair or foul. The principle which directed all his dealings with his neighbours is fully expressed by the old motto of one of the great predatory families of Teviotdale, "Thou shalt want ere I want." He seems to have laid it down, as a fundamental proposition which could not be disputed, that, when he had not as many lacs of rupees as the public service required, he was to take them from anybody who had. One thing, indeed, is to be said in excuse for him. The pressure applied to him by his employers at home, was such as only the highest virtue could have withstood, such as left him no choice except to commit great wrongs, or to resign his high post, and with that post all his hopes of fortune and distinction. The Directors, it is true, never enjoined or applauded any crime. Far from it. Whoever examines their letters written at that time, will find there many just and humane sentiments, many excellent precepts, in short, an admirable code of political ethics. But every exhortation is modified or nullified by a demand for money. "Govern leniently, and send more money; practise strict justice and moderation towards neighbouring powers, and send more money:" this is, in truth, the sum of almost all the instructions that Hastings ever received from home. Now these instructions, being interpreted, mean simply: "Be the father and the oppressor of the people; be just and unjust, moderate and rapacious." The Directors dealt with India, as the Church, in good old times, dealt with a heretic. They delivered the victim over to the executioners, with an earnest request that all possible tenderness might be shown. We by no means accuse or suspect those who framed these despatches of hypocrisy. It is probable that, writing fifteen thousand

miles from the place where their orders were to be carried into effect, they never perceived the gross inconsistency of which they were guilty. But the inconsistency was at once manifest to their vicegerent at Calcutta, who, with an empty treasury, with an unpaid army, with his own salary often in arrear, with deficient crops, with government tenants daily running away, was called upon to remit home another half million without fail. Hastings saw that it was absolutely necessary for him to disregard either the moral discourses or the pecuniary requisitions of his employers. Being forced to disobey them in something, he had to consider what kind of disobedience they would most readily pardon; and he correctly judged that the safest course would be to neglect the sermons and to find the rupees.

A mind so fertile as his, and so little restrained by conscientious scruples, speedily discovered several modes of relieving the financial embarrassments of the government. The allowance of the Nabob of Bengal was reduced at a stroke from three hundred and twenty thousand pounds a year to half that sum. The Company had bound itself to pay near three hundred thousand pounds a year to the Great Mogul, as a mark of homage for the provinces which he had intrusted to their care; and they had ceded to him the districts of Corah and Allahabad. On the plea that the Mogul was not really independent, but merely a tool in the hands of others, Hastings determined to retract these concessions. He accordingly declared that the English would pay no more tribute, and sent troops to occupy Allahabad and Corah. The situation of these places was such that there would be very little advantage and great expense in retaining them. Hastings, who wanted money, and not territory, determined to sell them. A purchaser was not wanting. The rich province of Oude had, in the general dissolution of the Mogul Empire, fallen to the share of the great Mussulman house by which it is still governed. About twenty years ago, this house, by the permission of the British Government, assumed the royal title; but in the time of Warren Hastings such an assumption would have been considered by the Mahomedans of India as a monstrous impiety. The

Prince of Oude, though he held the power, did not venture to use the style of sovereignty. To the appellation of Nabob or Viceroy, he added that of Vizier of the monarchy of Hindostan, just as in the last century the Electors of Saxony and Brandenburg, though independent of the Emperor, and often in arms against him, were proud to style themselves his Grand Chamberlain and Grand Marshal. Sujah Dowlah, then Nabob Vizier, was on excellent terms with the English. He had a large treasure. Allahabad and Corah were so situated that they might be of use to him and could be of none to the Company. The buyer and seller soon came to an understanding; and the provinces which had been torn from the Mogul were made over to the Government of Oude for about half a million sterling.

But there was another matter still more important to be settled by the Vizier and the Governor. The fate of a brave people was to be decided. It was decided in a manner which has left a lasting stain on the fame of Hastings and of England.

The people of Central Asia had always been to the inhabitants of India what the warriors of the German forests were to the subjects of the decaying monarchy of Rome. The dark, slender, and timid Hindoo shrank from a conflict with the strong muscle and resolute spirit of the fair race which dwelt beyond the passes. There is reason to believe that, at a period anterior to the dawn of regular history, the people who spoke the rich and flexible Sanscrit came from regions lying far beyond the Hyphasis and the Hystaspes, and imposed their yoke on the children of the soil. It is certain that, during the last ten centuries, a succession of invaders descended from the west on Hindostan; nor was the course of conquest ever turned back towards the setting sun, till that memorable campaign in which the cross of Saint George was planted on the walls of Ghizni.

The Emperors of Hindostan themselves came from the other side of the great mountain ridge; and it had always been their practice to recruit their army from the hardy and valiant race from which their own illustrious house sprang. Among the military adventurers who were allured

to the Mogul standards from the neighbourhood of Cabul and Candahar, were conspicuous several gallant bands, known by the name of the Rohillas. Their services had been rewarded with large tracts of land, fiefs of the spear, if we may use an expression drawn from an analogous state of things, in that fertile plain through which the Ramgunga flows from the snowy heights of Kumaon to join the Ganges. In the general confusion which followed the death of Aurungzebe, the warlike colony became virtually independent. The Rohillas were distinguished from the other inhabitants of India by a peculiarly fair complexion. They were more honourably distinguished by courage in war and by skill in the arts of peace. While anarchy raged from Lahore to Cape Comorin, their little territory enjoyed the blessings of repose under the guardianship of valour. Agriculture and commerce flourished among them; nor were they negligent of rhetoric and poetry. Many persons now living have heard aged men talk with regret of the golden days when the Afghan princes ruled in the vale of Rohilcund.

Sujah Dowlah had set his heart on adding this rich district to his own principality. Right, or show of right, he had absolutely none. His claim was in no respect better founded than that of Catharine to Poland, or that of the Bonaparte family to Spain. The Rohillas held their country by exactly the same title by which he held his, and had governed their country far better than his had ever been governed. Nor were they a people whom it was perfectly safe to attack. Their land was indeed an open plain destitute of natural defences; but their veins were full of the high blood of Afghanistan. As soldiers they had not the steadiness which is seldom found except in company with strict discipline; but their impetuous valour had been proved on many fields of battle. It was said that their chiefs, when united by common peril, could bring eighty thousand men into the field. Sujah Dowlah had himself seen them fight, and wisely shrank from a conflict with them. There was in India one army, and only one, against which even those proud Caucasian tribes could not stand. It had been abundantly proved that neither tenfold odds, nor the martial ardour of the boldest Asiatic nations, could

avail aught against English science and resolution. Was it possible to induce the Governor of Bengal to let out to hire the irresistible energies of the imperial people, the skill against which the ablest chiefs of Hindostan were helpless as infants, the discipline which had so often triumphed over the frantic struggles of fanaticism and despair, the unconquerable British courage which is never so sedate and stubborn as towards the close of a doubtful and murderous day?

This was what the Nabob Vizier asked, and what Hastings granted. A bargain was soon struck. Each of the negotiators had what the other wanted. Hastings was in need of funds to carry on the government of Bengal, and to send remittances to London; and Sujah Dowlah had an ample revenue. Sujah Dowlah was bent on subjugating the Rohillas; and Hastings had at his disposal the only force by which the Rohillas could be subjugated. It was agreed that an English army should be lent to the Nabob Vizier, and that, for the loan, he should pay four hundred thousand pounds sterling, besides defraying all the charge of the troops while employed in his service.

"I really cannot see," says Mr. Gleig, "upon what grounds, either of political or moral justice, this proposition deserves to be stigmatized as infamous." If we understand the meaning of words, it is infamous to commit a wicked action for hire, and it is wicked to engage in war without provocation. In this particular war, scarcely one aggravating circumstance was wanting. The object of the Rohilla war was this, to deprive a large population, who had never done us the least harm, of a good government, and to place them, against their will, under an execrably bad one. Nay, even this is not all. England now descended far below the level even of those petty German princes who, about the same time, sold us troops to fight the Americans. The hussar-mongers of Hesse and Anspach had at least the assurance that the expeditions on which their soldiers were to be employed would be conducted in conformity with the humane rules of civilized warfare. Was the Rohilla war likely to be so conducted? Did the Governor stipulate that it should be so conducted? He well knew what Indian warfare was. He well knew

that the power which he covenanted to put into Sujah Dowlah's hands would, in all probability, be atrociously abused; and he required no guarantee, no promise, that it should not be so abused. He did not even reserve to himself the right of withdrawing his aid in case of abuse, however gross. We are almost ashamed to notice Major Scott's plea that Hastings was justified in letting out English troops to slaughter the Rohillas, because the Rohillas were not of Indian race, but a colony from a distant country. What were the English themselves? Was it for them to proclaim a crusade for the expulsion of all intruders from the countries watered by the Ganges? Did it lie in their mouths to contend that a foreign settler who establishes an empire in India is a *caput lupinum*? What would they have said if any other power had, on such a ground, attacked Madras or Calcutta, without the slightest provocation? Such a defence was wanting to make the infamy of the transaction complete. The atrocity of the crime, and the hypocrisy of the apology, are worthy of each other.

One of the three brigades of which the Bengal army consisted was sent under Colonel Champion to join Sujah Dowlah's forces. The Rohillas expostulated, entreated, offered a large ransom, but in vain. They then resolved to defend themselves to the last. A bloody battle was fought. "The enemy," says Colonel Champion, "gave proof of a good share of military knowledge; and it is impossible to describe a more obstinate firmness of resolution than they displayed." The dastardly sovereign of Oude fled from the field. The English were left unsupported; but their fire and their charge were irresistible. It was not, however, till the most distinguished chiefs had fallen, fighting bravely at the head of their troops, that the Rohilla ranks gave way. Then the Nabob Vizier and his rabble made their appearance, and hastened to plunder the camp of the valiant enemies, whom they had never dared to look in the face. The soldiers of the Company, trained in an exact discipline, kept unbroken order, while the tents were pillaged by these worthless allies. But many voices were heard to exclaim, "We have had all the fighting, and those rogues are to have all the profit."

Then the horrors of Indian war were let loose on the fair valleys and cities of Rohilcund. The whole country was in a blaze. More than a hundred thousand people fled from their homes to pestilential jungles, preferring famine, and fever, and the haunts of tigers, to the tyranny of him, to whom an English and a Christian government had, for shameful lucre, sold their substance and their blood, and the honour of their wives and daughters. Colonel Champion remonstrated with the Nabob Vizier, and sent strong representations to Fort William; but the Governor had made no conditions as to the mode in which the war was to be carried on. He had troubled himself about nothing but his forty lacs; and, though he might disapprove of Sujah Dowlah's wanton barbarity, he did not think himself entitled to interfere, except by offering advice. This delicacy excites the admiration of the biographer. "Mr. Hastings," he says, "could not himself dictate to the Nabob, nor permit the commander of the Company's troops to dictate how the war was to be carried on." No, to be sure. Mr. Hastings had only to put down by main force the brave struggles of innocent men fighting for their liberty. Their military resistance crushed, his duties ended; and he had then only to fold his arms and look on while their villages were burned, their children butchered, and their women violated. Will Mr. Gleig seriously maintain this opinion? Is any rule more plain than this, that whoever voluntarily gives to another irresistible power over human beings is bound to take order that such power shall not be barbarously abused? But we beg pardon of our readers for arguing a point so clear.

We hasten to the end of this sad and disgraceful story. The war ceased. The finest population in India was subjected to a greedy, cowardly, cruel tyrant. Commerce and agriculture languished. The rich province which had tempted the cupidity of Sujah Dowlah became the most miserable part even of his miserable dominions. Yet is the injured nation not extinct. At long intervals gleams of its ancient spirit have flashed forth; and even at this day, valour, and self-respect, and a chivalrous feeling rare among Asiatics, and a bitter remembrance of the great

crime of England, distinguish that noble Afghan race. To this day they are regarded as the best of all sepoys at the cold steel; and it was very recently remarked, by one who had enjoyed great opportunities of observation, that the only natives of India to whom the word gentleman can with perfect propriety be applied, are to be found among the Rohillas.

Whatever we may think of the morality of Hastings, it cannot be denied that the financial results of his policy did honour to his talents. In less than two years after he assumed the government, he had, without imposing any additional burdens on the people subject to his authority, added about four hundred and fifty thousand pounds to the annual income of the Company, besides procuring about a million in ready money. He had also relieved the finances of Bengal from military expenditure, amounting to near a quarter of a million a year, and had thrown that charge on the Nabob of Oude. There can be no doubt that this was a result which, if it had been obtained by honest means, would have entitled him to the warmest gratitude of his country, and which, by whatever means obtained, proved that he possessed great talents for administration.

In the mean time, Parliament had been engaged in long and grave discussions on Asiatic affairs. The ministry of Lord North, in the session of 1773, introduced a measure which made a considerable change in the constitution of the Indian government. This law, known by the name of the Regulating Act, provided that the presidency of Bengal should exercise a control over the other possessions of the Company; that the chief of that presidency should be styled Governor-General; that he should be assisted by four Councillors; and that a supreme court of judicature, consisting of a chief justice and three inferior judges, should be established at Calcutta. This court was made independent of the Governor-General and Council, and was intrusted with a civil and criminal jurisdiction of immense and, at the same time, of undefined extent.

The Governor-General and Councillors were named in the act, and were to hold their situations for five years.

Hastings was to be the first Governor-General. One of the four new Councillors, Mr. Barwell, an experienced servant of the Company, was then in India. The other three, General Clavering, Mr. Monson, and Mr. Francis, were sent out from England.

The ablest of the new Councillors was, beyond all doubt, Philip Francis. His acknowledged compositions prove that he possessed considerable eloquence and information. Several years passed in the public offices had formed him to habits of business. His enemies have never denied that he had a fearless and manly spirit; and his friends, we are afraid, must acknowledge that his estimate of himself was extravagantly high, that his temper was irritable, that his deportment was often rude and petulant, and that his hatred was of intense bitterness and long duration.

It is scarcely possible to mention this eminent man without adverting for a moment to the question which his name at once suggests to every mind. Was he the author of the "Letters of Junius"? Our own firm belief is that he was. The evidence is, we think, such as would support a verdict in a civil, nay, in a criminal proceeding. The handwriting of Junius is the very peculiar handwriting of Francis, slightly disguised. As to the position, pursuits, and connections of Junius, the following are the most important facts which can be considered as clearly proved: first, that he was acquainted with the technical forms of the secretary of state's office; secondly, that he was intimately acquainted with the business of the war-office; thirdly, that he, during the year 1770, attended debates in the House of Lords, and took notes of speeches, particularly of the speeches of Lord Chatham; fourthly, that he bitterly resented the appointment of Mr. Chamier to the place of deputy secretary-at-war; fifthly, that he was bound by some strong tie to the first Lord Holland. Now, Francis passed some years in the secretary of state's office. He was subsequently chief clerk of the war-office. He repeatedly mentioned that he had himself, in 1770, heard speeches of Lord Chatham; and some of these speeches were actually printed from his notes. He resigned his clerkship at the war-office from resentment at the appoint-

ment of Mr. Chamier. It was by Lord Holland that he was first introduced into the public service. Now, here are five marks all of which ought to be found in Junius. They are all five found in Francis. We do not believe that more than two of them can be found in any other person whatever. If this argument does not settle the question, there is an end of all reasoning on circumstantial evidence.

The internal evidence seems to us to point the same way. The style of Francis bears a strong resemblance to that of Junius; nor are we disposed to admit, what is generally taken for granted, that the acknowledged compositions of Francis are very decidedly inferior to the anonymous letters. The argument from inferiority, at all events, is one which may be urged with at least equal force against every claimant that has ever been mentioned, with the single exception of Burke; and it would be a waste of time to prove that Burke was not Junius. And what conclusion, after all, can be drawn from mere inferiority? Every writer must produce his best work; and the interval between his best work and his second best work may be very wide indeed. Nobody will say that the best letters of Junius are more decidedly superior to the acknowledged works of Francis than three or four of Corneille's tragedies to the rest, than three or four of Ben Jonson's comedies to the rest, than the Pilgrim's Progress to the other works of Bunyan, than Don Quixote to the other works of Cervantes. Nay, it is certain that Junius, whoever he may have been, was a most unequal writer. To go no further than the letters which bear the signatures of Junius: the letter to the king, and the letters to Horne Tooke, have little in common, except the asperity; and asperity was an ingredient seldom wanting either in the writings or in the speeches of Francis.

Indeed one of the strongest reasons for believing that Francis was Junius is the moral resemblance between the two men. It is not difficult, from the letters which, under various signatures, are known to have been written by Junius, and from his dealings with Woodfall and others, to form a tolerably correct notion of his character. He was clearly a man not destitute of real patriotism and

magnanimity, a man whose vices were not of a sordid kind. But he must also have been a man in the highest degree arrogant and insolent, a man prone to malevolence, and prone to the error of mistaking his malevolence for public virtue. "Doest thou well to be angry?" was the question asked in old time of the Hebrew prophet. And he answered, "I do well." This was evidently the temper of Junius; and to this cause we attribute the savage cruelty which disgraces several of his letters. No man is so merciless as he who, under a strong self-delusion, confounds his antipathies with his duties. It may be added that Junius, though allied with the democratic party by common enmities, was the very opposite of a democratic politician. While attacking individuals with a ferocity which perpetually violated all the laws of literary warfare, he regarded the most defective parts of old institutions with a respect amounting to pedantry, pleaded the cause of Old Sarum with fervour, and contemptuously told the capitalists of Manchester and Leeds that, if they wanted votes, they might buy land and become freeholders of Lancashire and Yorkshire. All this, we believe, might stand, with scarcely any change, for a character of Philip Francis.

It is not strange that the great anonymous writer should have been willing at that time to leave the country which had been so powerfully stirred by his eloquence. Everything had gone against him. That party which he clearly preferred to every other, the party of George Grenville, had been scattered by the death of its chief; and Lord Suffolk had led the greater part of it over to the ministerial benches. The ferment produced by the Middlesex election had gone down. Every faction must have been alike an object of aversion to Junius. His opinions on domestic affairs separated him from the Ministry; his opinions on colonial affairs from the Opposition. Under such circumstances, he had thrown down his pen in misanthropical despair. His farewell letter to Woodfall bears date the nineteenth of January, 1773. In that letter he declared that he must be an idiot to write again; that he had meant well by the cause and the public; that both were given up; that there were not ten men who would

act steadily together on any question. "But it is all alike," he added, "vile and contemptible. You have never flinched that I know of; and I shall always rejoice to hear of your prosperity." These were the last words of Junius. In a year from that time, Philip Francis was on his voyage to Bengal.

With the three new Councillors came out the judges of the Supreme Court. The chief justice was Sir Elijah Impey. He was an old acquaintance of Hastings; and it is probable that the Governor-General, if he had searched through all the inns of court, could not have found an equally serviceable tool. But the members of Council were by no means in an obsequious mood. Hastings greatly disliked the new form of government, and had no very high opinion of his coadjutors. They had heard of this, and were disposed to be suspicious and punctilious. When men are in such a frame of mind, any trifle is sufficient to give occasion for dispute. The members of Council expected a salute of twenty-one guns from the batteries of Fort William. Hastings allowed them only seventeen. They landed in ill-humour. The first civilities were exchanged with cold reserve. On the morrow commenced that long quarrel which, after distracting British India, was renewed in England, and in which all the most eminent statesmen and orators of the age took active part on one or the other side.

Hastings was supported by Barwell. They had not always been friends. But the arrival of the new members of Council from England naturally had the effect of uniting the old servants of the Company. Clavering, Monson, and Francis formed the majority. They instantly wrested the government out of the hands of Hastings, condemned, certainly not without justice, his late dealings with the Nabob Vizier, recalled the English agent from Oude, and sent thither a creature of their own, ordered the brigade which had conquered the unhappy Rohillas to return to the Company's territories, and instituted a severe inquiry into the conduct of the war. Next, in spite of the Governor-General's remonstrances, they proceeded to exercise, in the most indiscreet manner, their new authority over the subordinate presidencies; threw all the affairs of Bom-

bay into confusion ; and interfered, with an incredible union of rashness and feebleness, in the intestine disputes of the Mahratta Government. At the same time they fell on the internal administration of Bengal, and attacked the whole fiscal and judicial system, a system which was undoubtedly defective, but which it was very improbable that gentlemen fresh from England would be competent to amend. The effect of their reforms was that all protection to life and property was withdrawn, and that gangs of robbers plundered and slaughtered with impunity in the very suburbs of Calcutta. Hastings continued to live in the Government House, and to draw the salary of Governor-General. He continued even to take the lead at the council-board in the transaction of ordinary business ; for his opponents could not but feel that he knew much of which they were ignorant, and that he decided, both surely and speedily, many questions which to them would have been hopelessly puzzling. But the higher powers of government and the most valuable patronage had been taken from him.

The natives soon found this out. They considered him as a fallen man ; and they acted after their kind. Some of our readers may have seen, in India, a cloud of crows pecking a sick vulture to death, no bad type of what happens in that country, as often as fortune deserts one who has been great and dreaded. In an instant all the sycophants who had lately been ready to lie for him, to forge for him, to pander for him, to poison for him, hasten to purchase the favour of his victorious enemies by accusing him. An Indian government has only to let it be understood that it wishes a particular man to be ruined ; and, in twenty-four hours, it will be furnished with grave charges, supported by depositions so full and circumstantial that any person unaccustomed to Asiatic mendacity would regard them as decisive. It is well if the signature of the destined victim is not counterfeited at the foot of some illegal compact, and if some treasonable paper is not slipped into a hiding-place in his house. Hastings was now regarded as helpless. The power to make or mar the fortune of every man in Bengal had passed, as it seemed, into the hands of the new Councillors. Immediately charges against the Governor-General began to pour in.

They were eagerly welcomed by the majority, who, to do them justice, were men of too much honour knowingly to countenance false accusations, but who were not sufficiently acquainted with the East to be aware that, in that part of the world, a very little encouragement from power will call forth, in a week, more Oateses, and Bedloes, and Dangerfields, than Westminster Hall sees in a century.

It would have been strange indeed if, at such a juncture, Nuncomar had remained quiet. That bad man was stimulated at once by malignity, by avarice, and by ambition. Now was the time to be avenged on his old enemy, to wreak a grudge of seventeen years, to establish himself in the favour of the majority of the Council, to become the greatest native in Bengal. From the time of the arrival of the new Councillors, he had paid the most marked court to them, and had in consequence been excluded, with all indignity, from the Government House. He now put into the hands of Francis, with great ceremony, a paper, containing several charges of the most serious description. By this document Hastings was accused of putting offices up to sale, and of receiving bribes for suffering offenders to escape. In particular, it was alleged that Mahommed Reza Khan had been dismissed with impunity, in consideration of a great sum paid to the Governor-General.

Francis read the paper in Council. A violent altercation followed. Hastings complained in bitter terms of the way in which he was treated, spoke with contempt of Nuncomar and of Nuncomar's accusation, and denied the right of the Council to sit in judgment on the Governor. At the next meeting of the Board, another communication from Nuncomar was produced. He requested that he might be permitted to attend the Council, and that he might be heard in support of his assertions. Another tempestuous debate took place. The Governor-General maintained that the council-room was not a proper place for such an investigation; that from persons who were heated by daily conflict with him he could not expect the fairness of judges; and that he could not, without betraying the dignity of his post, submit to be confronted with such a man as Nuncomar. The majority, however, resolved to go into the charges. Hastings rose, declared the

sitting at an end, and left the room, followed by Barwell. The other members kept their seats, voted themselves a council, put Clavering in the chair, and ordered Nuncomar to be called in. Nuncomar not only adhered to the original charges, but, after the fashion of the East, produced a large supplement. He stated that Hastings had received a great sum for appointing Rajah Goordas treasurer of the Nabob's household, and for committing the care of His Highness's person to the Munny Begum. He put in a letter purporting to bear the seal of the Munny Begum, for the purpose of establishing the truth of his story. The seal, whether forged, as Hastings affirmed, or genuine, as we are rather inclined to believe, proved nothing. Nuncomar, as every body knows who knows India, had only to tell the Munny Begum that such a letter would give pleasure to the majority of the Council, in order to procure her attestation. The majority, however, voted that the charge was made out; that Hastings had corruptly received between thirty and forty thousand pounds; and that he ought to be compelled to refund.

The general feeling among the English in Bengal was strongly in favour of the Governor-General. In talents for business, in knowledge of the country, in general courtesy of demeanour, he was decidedly superior to his persecutors. The servants of the Company were naturally disposed to side with the most distinguished member of their own body against a clerk from the war-office, who, profoundly ignorant of the native languages and of the native character, took on himself to regulate every department of the administration. Hastings, however, in spite of the general sympathy of his countrymen, was in a most painful situation. There was still an appeal to higher authority in England. If that authority took part with his enemies, nothing was left to him but to throw up his office. He accordingly placed his resignation in the hands of his agent in London, Colonel Maclean. But Maclean was instructed not to produce the resignation, unless it should be fully ascertained that the feeling at the India House was adverse to the Governor-General.

The triumph of Nuncomar seemed to be complete. He held a daily levee, to which his countrymen resorted in

crowds, and to which, on one occasion, the majority of the Council condescended to repair. His house was an office for the purpose of receiving charges against the Governor-General. It was said that, partly by threats, and partly by wheedling, the villainous Brahmin had induced many of the wealthiest men of the province to send in complaints. But he was playing a perilous game. It was not safe to drive to despair a man of such resources and of such determination as Hastings. Nuncomar, with all his acuteness, did not understand the nature of the institutions under which he lived. He saw that he had with him the majority of the body which made treaties, gave places, raised taxes. The separation between political and judicial functions was a thing of which he had no conception. It had probably never occurred to him that there was in Bengal an authority perfectly independent of the Council, an authority which could protect one whom the Council wished to destroy, and send to the gibbet one whom the Council wished to protect. Yet such was the fact. The Supreme Court was, within the sphere of its own duties, altogether independent of the Government. Hastings, with his usual sagacity, had seen how much advantage he might derive from possessing himself of this stronghold; and he had acted accordingly. The Judges, especially the Chief Justice, were hostile to the majority of the Council. The time had now come for putting this formidable machinery into action.

On a sudden, Calcutta was astounded by the news that Nuncomar had been taken up on a charge of felony, committed, and thrown into the common gaol. The crime imputed to him was that six years before he had forged a bond. The ostensible prosecutor was a native. But it was then, and still is the opinion of every body, idiots and biographers excepted, that Hastings was the real mover in the business.

The rage of the majority rose to the highest point. They protested against the proceedings of the Supreme Court, and sent several urgent messages to the Judges, demanding that Nuncomar should be admitted to bail. The Judges returned haughty and resolute answers. All that the Council could do was to heap honours and emoluments on

the family of Nuncomar ; and this they did. In the meantime the assizes commenced ; a true bill was found ; and Nuncomar was brought before Sir Elijah Impey and a jury composed of Englishmen. A great quantity of contradictory swearing, and the necessity of having every word of the evidence interpreted, protracted the trial to a most unusual length. At last a verdict of guilty was returned, and the Chief Justice pronounced sentence of death on the prisoner.

That Impey ought to have respited Nuncomar we hold to be perfectly clear. Whether the whole proceeding was not illegal, is a question. But it is certain that, whatever may have been, according to technical rules of construction, the effect of the statute under which the trial took place, it was most unjust to hang a Hindoo for forgery. The law which made forgery capital in England was passed without the smallest reference to the state of society in India. It was unknown to the natives of India. It had never been put in execution among them, certainly not for want of delinquents. It was in the highest degree shocking to all their notions. They were not accustomed to the distinction which many circumstances, peculiar to our own state of society, have led us to make between forgery and other kinds of cheating. The counterfeiting of a seal was, in their estimation, a common act of swindling ; nor had it ever crossed their minds that it was to be punished as severely as gang-robbery or assassination. A just judge would, beyond all doubt, have reserved the case for the consideration of the sovereign. But Impey would not hear of mercy or delay.

The excitement among all classes was great. Francis and Francis's few English adherents described the Governor-General and the Chief-Justice as the worst of murderers. Clavering, it was said, swore that even at the foot of the gallows, Nuncomar should be rescued. The bulk of the European society, though strongly attached to the Governor-General, could not but feel compassion for a man who, with all his crimes, had so long filled so large a space in their sight, who had been great and powerful before the British empire in India began to exist, and to whom, in the old times, governors and mem-

bers of council, then mere commercial factors, had paid court for protection. The feeling of the Hindoos was infinitely stronger. They were, indeed, not a people to strike one blow for their countryman. But his sentence filled them with sorrow and dismay. Tried even by their low standard of morality, he was a bad man. But, bad as he was, he was the head of their race and religion, a Brahmin of the Brahmins. He had inherited the purest and highest caste. He had practised with the greatest punctuality all those ceremonies to which the superstitious Bengalees ascribe far more importance than to the correct discharge of the social duties. They felt, therefore, as a devout Catholic in the dark ages would have felt, at seeing a prelate of the highest dignity sent to the gallows by a secular tribunal. According to their old national laws, a Brahmin could not be put to death for any crime whatever. And the crime for which Nuncomar was about to die was regarded by them in much the same light in which the selling of an unsound horse for a sound price is regarded by a Yorkshire jockey.

The Mussulmans alone appear to have seen with exultation the fate of the powerful Hindoo, who had attempted to rise by means of the ruin of Mahommed Reza Khan. The Mahommedan historian of those times takes delight in aggravating the charge. He assures us that in Nuncomar's house a casket was found containing counterfeits of the seals of all the richest men of the Province. We have never fallen in with any other authority for this story, which in itself is by no means improbable.

The day grew near; and Nuncomar prepared himself to die with that quiet fortitude with which the Bengalee, so effeminately timid in personal conflict, often encounters calamities for which there is no remedy. The sheriff, with the humanity which is seldom wanting in an English gentleman, visited the prisoner on the eve of the execution, and assured him that no indulgence, consistent with the law, should be refused to him. Nuncomar expressed his gratitude with great politeness and unaltered composure. Not a muscle of his face moved. Not a sigh broke from him. He put his finger to his forehead, and calmly said that fate would have its way, and that there was no resisting

the pleasure of God. He sent his compliments to Francis, Clavering, and Monson, and charged them to protect Rajah Goordas, who was about to become the head of the Brahmins of Bengal. The sheriff withdrew, greatly agitated by what had passed, and Nuncomar sat composedly down to write notes and examine accounts.

The next morning, before the sun was in his power, an immense concourse assembled round the place where the gallows had been set up. Grief and horror were on every face; yet to the last the multitude could hardly believe that the English really proposed to take the life of the great Brahmin. At length the mournful procession came through the crowd. Nuncomar sat up in his palanquin, and looked round him with unaltered serenity. He had just parted from those who were most nearly connected with him. Their cries and contortions had appalled the European ministers of justice, but had not produced the smallest effect on the iron stercorism of the prisoner. The only anxiety which he expressed was that men of his own priestly caste might be in attendance to take charge of his corpse. He again desired to be remembered to his friends in the Council, mounted the scaffold with firmness, and gave the signal to the executioner. The moment that the drop fell, a howl of sorrow and despair rose from the innumerable spectators. Hundreds turned away their faces from the polluting sight, fled with loud wailings towards the Hoogley, and plunged into its holy waters, as if to purify themselves from the guilt of having looked on such a crime. These feelings were not confined to Calcutta. The whole Province was greatly excited; and the population of Dacca, in particular, gave strong signs of grief and dismay.

Of Impey's conduct it is impossible to speak too severely. We have already said that, in our opinion, he acted unjustly in refusing to respite Nuncomar. No rational man can doubt that he took this course in order to gratify the Governor-General. If we had ever had any doubts on that point, they would have been dispelled by a letter which Mr. Gleig has published. Hastings, three or four years later, described Impey as the man "to whose support he was at one time indebted for the safety of his fortune, honour, and reputation." These strong words can refer

only to the case of Nuncomar ; and they must mean that Impey hanged Nuncomar in order to support Hastings. It is, therefore, our deliberate opinion that Impey, sitting as a judge, put a man unjustly to death in order to serve a political purpose.

But we look on the conduct of Hastings in a somewhat different light. He was struggling for fortune, honour, liberty, all that makes life valuable. He was beset by rancorous and unprincipled enemies. From his colleagues he could expect no justice. He cannot be blamed for wishing to crush his accusers. He was indeed bound to use only legitimate means for that end. But it was not strange that he should have thought any means legitimate which were pronounced legitimate by the sages of the law, by men whose peculiar duty it was to deal justly between adversaries, and whose education might be supposed to have peculiarly qualified them for the discharge of that duty. Nobody demands from a party the unbending equity of a judge. The reason that judges are appointed is, that even a good man cannot be trusted to decide a cause in which he is himself concerned. Not a day passes on which an honest prosecutor does not ask for what none but a dishonest tribunal would grant. It is too much to expect that any man, when his dearest interests are at stake, and his strongest passions excited, will, as against himself, be more just than the sworn dispensers of justice. To take an analogous case from the history of our own island : suppose that Lord Stafford, when in the Tower on suspicion of being concerned in the Popish plot, had been apprised that Titus Oates had done something which might, by a questionable construction, be brought under the head of felony. Should we severely blame Lord Stafford, in the supposed case, for causing a prosecution to be instituted, for furnishing funds, for using all his influence to intercept the mercy of the Crown ? We think not. If a judge, indeed, from favour to the Catholic lords, were to strain the law in order to hang Oates, such a judge would richly deserve impeachment. But it does not appear to us that the Catholic lord, by bringing the case before the judge for decision, would materially overstep the limits of a just self-defence.

While, therefore, we have not the least doubt that this

memorable execution is to be attributed to Hastings, we doubt whether it can with justice be reckoned among his crimes. That his conduct was dictated by a profound policy is evident. He was in a minority in Council. It was possible that he might long be in a minority. He knew the native character well. He knew in what abundance accusations are certain to flow in against the most innocent inhabitant of India who is under the frown of power. There was not in the whole black population of Bengal a place-holder, a place-hunter, a government tenant, who did not think that he might better himself by sending up a deposition against the Governor-General. Under these circumstances, the persecuted statesman resolved to teach the whole crew of accusers and witnesses, that, though in a minority at the council-board, he was still to be feared. The lesson which he gave them was indeed a lesson not to be forgotten. The head of the combination which had been formed against him, the richest, the most powerful, the most artful of the Hindoos, distinguished by the favour of those who then held the government, fenced round by the superstitious reverence of millions, was hanged in broad day before many thousands of people. Every thing that could make the warning impressive, dignity in the sufferer, solemnity in the proceeding, was found in this case. The helpless rage and vain struggles of the Council made the triumph more signal. From that moment the conviction of every native was that it was safer to take the part of Hastings in a minority than that of Francis in a majority, and that he who was so venturous as to join in running down the Governor-General might chance, in the phrase of the Eastern poet, to find a tiger, while beating the jungle for a deer. The voices of a thousand informers were silenced in an instant. From that time, whatever difficulties Hastings might have to encounter, he was never molested by accusations from natives of India.

It is a remarkable circumstance that one of the letters of Hastings to Dr. Johnson bears date a very few hours after the death of Nuncomar. While the whole settlement was in commotion, while a mighty and ancient priesthood were weeping over the remains of their chief, the conqueror in that deadly grapple sat down, with characteristic

self-possession, to write about the Tour to the Hebrides, Jones's Persian Grammar, and the history, traditions, arts, and natural productions of India.

In the mean time, intelligence of the Rohilla war, and of the first disputes between Hastings and his colleagues had reached London. The Directors took part with the majority, and sent out a letter filled with severe reflections on the conduct of Hastings. They condemned, in strong but just terms, the iniquity of undertaking offensive wars merely for the sake of pecuniary advantage. But they utterly forgot that, if Hastings had by illicit means obtained pecuniary advantages, he had done so, not for his own benefit, but in order to meet their demands. To enjoin honesty, and to insist on having what could not be honestly got, was then the constant practice of the Company. As Lady Macbeth says of her husband, they "would not play false, and yet would wrongly win."

The Regulating Act, by which Hastings had been appointed Governor-General for five years, empowered the Crown to remove him on an address from the Company. Lord North was desirous to procure such an address. The three members of Council who had been sent out from England were men of his own choice. General Clavering, in particular, was supported by a large parliamentary connection, such as no Cabinet could be inclined to disoblige. The wish of the minister was to displace Hastings, and to put Clavering at the head of the government. In the Court of Directors parties were very nearly balanced. Eleven voted against Hastings; ten for him. The Court of Proprietors was then convened. The great sale-room presented a singular appearance. Letters had been sent by the Secretary of the Treasury, exhorting all the supporters of government who held India stock to be in attendance. Lord Sandwich marshalled the friends of the administration with his usual dexterity and alertness. Fifty peers and privy councillors, seldom seen so far eastward, were counted in the crowd. The debate lasted till midnight. The opponents of Hastings had a small superiority on the division; but a ballot was demanded; and the result was that the Governor-General triumphed by a majority of above a hundred votes over the combined

efforts of the Directors and the Cabinet. The ministers were greatly exasperated by this defeat. Even Lord North lost his temper, no ordinary occurrence with him, and threatened to convoke Parliament before Christmas, and to bring in a bill for depriving the Company of all political power, and for restricting it to its old business of trading in silks and teas.

Colonel Maclean, who through all this conflict had zealously supported the cause of Hastings, now thought that his employer was in imminent danger of being turned out, branded with parliamentary censure, perhaps prosecuted. The opinion of the crown lawyers had already been taken respecting some parts of the Governor-General's conduct. It seemed to be high time to think of securing an honourable retreat. Under these circumstances, Maclean thought himself justified in producing the resignation with which he had been intrusted. The instrument was not in very accurate form; but the Directors were too eager to be scrupulous. They accepted the resignation, fixed on Mr. Wheler, one of their own body, to succeed Hastings, and sent out orders that General Clavering, as senior member of Council, should exercise the functions of Governor-General till Mr. Wheler should arrive.

But, while these things were passing in England, a great change had taken place in Bengal. Monson was no more. Only four members of the government were left. Clavering and Francis were on one side, Barwell and the Governor-General on the other; and the Governor-General had the casting vote. Hastings, who had been during two years destitute of all power and patronage, became at once absolute. He instantly proceeded to retaliate on his adversaries. Their measures were reversed; their creatures were displaced. A new valuation of the lands of Bengal, for the purposes of taxation, was ordered; and it was provided that the whole inquiry should be conducted by the Governor-General, and that all the letters relating to it should run in his name. He began, at the same time, to revolve vast plans of conquest and dominion, plans which he lived to see realised, though not by himself. His project was to form subsidiary alliances with the

native princes, particularly with those of Oude and Berar, and thus to make Britain the paramount power in India. While he was meditating these great designs, arrived the intelligence that he had ceased to be Governor-General, that his resignation had been accepted, that Wheeler was coming out immediately, and that, till Wheeler arrived, the chair was to be filled by Clavering.

Had Hastings still been in a minority, he would probably have retired without a struggle; but he was now the real master of British India, and he was not disposed to quit his high place. He asserted that he had never given any instructions which could warrant the steps taken at home. What his instructions had been, he owned he had forgotten. If he had kept a copy of them he had mislaid it. But he was certain that he had repeatedly declared to the Directors that he would not resign. He could not see how the court possessed of that declaration from himself, could receive his resignation from the doubtful hands of an agent. If the resignation were invalid, all the proceedings which were founded on that resignation were null, and Hastings was still Governor-General.

He afterwards affirmed that, though his agents had not acted in conformity with his instructions, he would nevertheless have held himself bound by their acts, if Clavering had not attempted to seize the supreme power by violence. Whether this assertion were or were not true, it cannot be doubted that the imprudence of Clavering gave Hastings an advantage. The General sent for the keys of the fort and of the treasury, took possession of the records, and held a council at which Francis attended. Hastings took the chair in another apartment, and Barwell sat with him. Each of the two parties had a plausible show of right. There was no authority entitled to their obedience within fifteen thousand miles. It seemed that there remained no way of settling the dispute except an appeal to arms; and from such an appeal Hastings, confident of his influence over his countrymen in India, was not inclined to shrink. He directed the officers of the garrison at Fort William and of all the neighbouring stations to obey no orders but his. At the same time, with admirable judgment, he offered to submit the case to the Supreme Court,

and to abide by its decision. By making this proposition he risked nothing; yet it was a proposition which his opponents could hardly reject. Nobody could be treated as a criminal for obeying what the judges should solemnly pronounce to be the lawful government. The boldest man would shrink from taking arms in defence of what the judges should pronounce to be usurpation. Clavering and Francis, after some delay, unwillingly consented to abide by the award of the court. The court pronounced that the resignation was invalid, and that therefore Hastings was still Governor-General under the Regulating Act; and the defeated members of the Council, finding that the sense of the whole settlement was against them, acquiesced in the decision.

About this time arrived the news that, after a suit which had lasted several years, the Franconian courts had decreed a divorce between Imhoff and his wife. The Baron left Calcutta, carrying with him the means of buying an estate in Saxony. The lady became Mrs. Hastings. The event was celebrated by great festivities; and all the most conspicuous persons at Calcutta, without distinction of parties, were invited to the Government House. Clavering, as the Mahommedan chronicler tells the story, was sick in mind and body, and excused himself from joining the splendid assembly. But Hastings, whom, as it should seem, success in ambition and in love had put into high good-humour, would take no denial. He went himself to the General's house, and at length brought his vanquished rival in triumph to the gay circle which surrounded the bride. The exertion was too much for a frame broken by mortification as well as by disease. Clavering died a few days later.

Wheler, who came out expecting to be Governor-General, and was forced to content himself with a seat at the council-board, generally voted with Francis. But the Governor-General, with Barwell's help and his own casting vote, was still the master. Some change took place at this time in the feeling both of the Court of Directors and of the Ministers of the Crown. All designs against Hastings were dropped; and, when his original term of five years expired, he was quietly re-appointed. The truth is, that the fearful dangers to which the public interests in

every quarter were now exposed, made both Lord North and the Company unwilling to part with a Governor whose talents, experience, and resolution, enmity itself was compelled to acknowledge.

The crisis was indeed formidable. That great and victorious empire, on the throne of which George the Third had taken his seat eighteen years before, with brighter hopes than had attended the accession of any of the long line of English sovereigns, had, by the most senseless misgovernment, been brought to the verge of ruin. In America millions of Englishmen were at war with the country from which their blood, their language, their religion, and their institutions were derived, and to which, but a short time before, they had been as strongly attached as the inhabitants of Norfolk and Leicestershire. The great powers of Europe, humbled to the dust by the vigour and genius which had guided the councils of George the Second, now rejoiced in the prospect of a signal revenge. The time was approaching when our island, while struggling to keep down the United States of America, and pressed with a still nearer danger by the too just discontents of Ireland, was to be assailed by France, Spain, and Holland, and to be threatened by the armed neutrality of the Baltic; when even our maritime supremacy was to be in jeopardy; when hostile fleets were to command the Straits of Calpe and the Mexican Sea; when the British flag was to be scarcely able to protect the British Channel. Great as were the faults of Hastings, it was happy for our country that at that conjuncture, the most terrible through which she has ever passed, he was the ruler of her Indian dominions.

An attack by sea on Bengal was little to be apprehended. The danger was that the European enemies of England might form an alliance with some native power, might furnish that power with troops, arms, and ammunition, and might thus assail our possessions on the side of the land. It was chiefly from the Mahrattas that Hastings anticipated danger. The original seat of that singular people was the wild range of hills which runs along the western coast of India. In the reign of Aurungzebe the inhabitants of those regions, led by the great Sevajee,

began to descend on the possessions of their wealthier and less warlike neighbours. The energy, ferocity, and cunning of the Mahrattas, soon made them the most conspicuous among the new powers which were generated by the corruption of the decaying monarchy. At first they were only robbers. They soon rose to the dignity of conquerors. Half the provinces of the empire were turned into Mahratta principalities. Freebooters, sprung from low castes, and accustomed to menial employments, became mighty Rajahs. The Bonslas, at the head of a band of plunderers, occupied the vast regions of Berar. The Guicowar, which is, being interpreted, the Herdsman, founded that dynasty which still reigns in Guzerat. The houses of Scindia and Holkar waxed great in Malwa. One adventurous captain made his nest on the impregnable rock of Gooti. Another became the lord of the thousand villages which are scattered among the green rice-fields of Tanjore.

That was the time throughout India of double government. The form and the power were everywhere separated. The Mussulman nabobs who had become sovereign princes, the Vizier in Oude, and the Nizam at Hyderabad, still called themselves the viceroys of the house of Tamerlane. In the same manner the Mahratta states, though really independent of each other, pretended to be members of one empire. They all acknowledged, by words and ceremonies, the supremacy of the heir of Sevajee, a *roi fainéant* who chewed bang and toyed with dancing girls in a state prison at Sattara, and of his Peshwa or mayor of the palace, a great hereditary magistrate, who kept a court with kingly state at Poonah, and whose authority was obeyed in the spacious provinces of Aurungabad and Bejapoor.

Some months before war was declared in Europe the government of Bengal was alarmed by the news that a French adventurer, who passed for a man of quality, had arrived at Poonah. It was said that he had been received there with great distinction, that he had delivered to the Peshwa letters and presents from Louis the Sixteenth, and that a treaty, hostile to England, had been concluded between France and the Mahrattas.

Hastings immediately resolved to strike the first blow. The title of the Peshwa was not undisputed. A portion of

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the Mahratta nation was favourable to a pretender. The Governor-General determined to espouse this pretender's interest, to move an army across the peninsula of India, and to form a close alliance with the chief of the house of Bonsla, who ruled Berar, and who, in power and dignity, was inferior to none of the Mahratta princes.

The army had marched, and the negotiations with Berar were in progress, when a letter from the English consul at Cairo brought the news that war had been proclaimed both in London and Paris. All the measures which the crisis required were adopted by Hastings without a moment's delay. The French factories in Bengal were seized. Orders were sent to Madras that Pondicherry should instantly be occupied. Near Calcutta works were thrown up which were thought to render the approach of a hostile force impossible. A maritime establishment was formed for the defence of the river. Nine new battalions of sepoys were raised, and a corps of native artillery was formed out of the hardy Lascars of the Bay of Bengal. Having made these arrangements, the Governor-General, with calm confidence, pronounced his presidency secure from all attack, unless the Mahrattas should march against it in conjunction with the French.

The expedition which Hastings had sent westward was not so speedily or completely successful as most of his undertakings. The commanding officer procrastinated. The authorities at Bombay blundered. But the Governor-General persevered. A new commander repaired the errors of his predecessor. Several brilliant actions spread the military renown of the English through regions where no European flag had ever been seen. It is probable that, if a new and more formidable danger had not compelled Hastings to change his whole policy, his plans respecting the Mahratta empire would have been carried into complete effect.

The authorities in England had wisely sent out to Bengal, as commander of the forces and member of the Council, one of the most distinguished soldiers of that time. Sir Eyre Coote had, many years before, been conspicuous among the founders of the British empire in the East. At the council of war which preceded the battle

of Plassey, he earnestly recommended, in opposition to the majority, that daring course, which, after some hesitation, was adopted, and which was crowned with such splendid success. He subsequently commanded in the south of India against the brave and unfortunate Lally, gained the decisive battle of Wandewash over the French and their native allies, took Pondicherry, and made the English power supreme in the Carnatic. Since those great exploits nearly twenty years had elapsed. Coote had no longer the bodily activity which he had shown in earlier days; nor was the vigour of his mind altogether unimpaired. He was capricious and fretful, and required much coaxing to keep him in good humour. It must, we fear, be added that the love of money had grown upon him, and that he thought more about his allowances, and less about his duties, than might have been expected from so eminent a member of so noble a profession. Still he was perhaps the ablest officer that was then to be found in the British army. Among the native soldiers his name was great and his influence unrivalled. Nor is he yet forgotten by them. Now and then a white-bearded old sepooy may still be found who loves to talk of Porto Novo and Pollilore. It is but a short time since one of those aged men came to present a memorial to an English officer, who holds one of the highest employments in India. A print of Coote hung in the room. The veteran recognized at once that face and figure which he had not seen for more than half a century, and, forgetting his salam to the living, halted, drew himself up, lifted his hand, and with solemn reverence paid his military obeisance to the dead.

Coote, though he did not, like Barwell, vote constantly with the Governor-General, was by no means inclined to join in systematic opposition, and on most questions concurred with Hastings, who did his best, by assiduous courtship, and by readily granting the most exorbitant allowances, to gratify the strongest passions of the old soldier.

It seemed likely at this time that a general reconciliation would put an end to the quarrels which had, during some years, weakened and disgraced the government of Bengal. The dangers of the empire might well induce

men of patriotic feeling—and of patriotic feeling neither Hastings nor Francis was destitute—to forget private enmities, and to co-operate heartily for the general good. Coote had never been concerned in faction. Wheler was thoroughly tired of it. Barwell had made an ample fortune, and, though he had promised that he would not leave Calcutta while his help was needed in Council, was most desirous to return to England, and exerted himself to promote an arrangement which would set him at liberty.

A compact was made, by which Francis agreed to desist from opposition, and Hastings engaged that the friends of Francis should be admitted to a fair share of the honours and emoluments of the service. During a few months after this treaty there was apparent harmony at the council-board.

Harmony, indeed, was never more necessary: for at this moment internal calamities, more formidable than war itself, menaced Bengal. The authors of the Regulating Act of 1773 had established two independent powers, the one judicial, and the other political; and, with a carelessness scandalously common in English legislation, had omitted to define the limits of either. The judges took advantage of the indistinctness, and attempted to draw to themselves supreme authority, not only within Calcutta, but through the whole of the great territory subject to the Presidency of Fort William. There are few Englishmen who will not admit that the English law, in spite of modern improvements, is neither so cheap nor so speedy as might be wished. Still, it is a system which has grown up among us. In some points it has been fashioned to suit our feelings; in others, it has gradually fashioned our feelings to suit itself. Even to its worst evils we are accustomed; and therefore, though we may complain of them, they do not strike us with the horror and dismay which would be produced by a new grievance of smaller severity. In India the case is widely different. English law, transplanted to that country, has all the vices from which we suffer here; it has them all in a far higher degree; and it has other vices, compared with which the worst vices from which we suffer are trifles. Dilatory here, it is far more dilatory in a land where the help of an

interpreter is needed by every judge and by every advocate. Costly here, it is far more costly in a land into which the legal practitioners must be imported from an immense distance. All English labour in India, from the labour of the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief, down to that of a groom or a watchmaker, must be paid for at a higher rate than at home. No man will be banished, and banished to the torrid zone, for nothing. The rule holds good with respect to the legal profession. No English barrister will work, fifteen thousand miles from all his friends, with the thermometer at ninety-six in the shade, for the emoluments which will content him in chambers that overlook the Thames. Accordingly, the fees at Calcutta are about three times as great as the fees of Westminster Hall; and this, though the people of India are, beyond all comparison, poorer than the people of England. Yet the delay and expense, grievous as they are, form the smallest part of the evil which English law, imported without modifications into India, could not fail to produce. The strongest feelings of our nature, honour, religion, female modesty, rose up against the innovation. Arrest on mesne process was the first step in most civil proceedings; and to a native of rank arrest was not merely a restraint, but a foul personal indignity. Oaths were required in every stage of every suit; and the feeling of a Quaker about an oath is hardly stronger than that of a respectable native. That the apartments of a woman of quality should be entered by strange men, or that her face should be seen by them, are, in the East, intolerable outrages, outrages which are more dreaded than death, and which can be expiated only by the shedding of blood. To these outrages the most distinguished families of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa were now exposed. Imagine what the state of our own country would be, if a jurisprudence were on a sudden introduced among us, which should be to us what our jurisprudence was to our Asiatic subjects. Imagine what the state of our country would be, if it were enacted that any man, by merely swearing that a debt was due to him, should acquire a right to insult the persons of men of the most honourable and sacred callings and of women of the most shrinking delicacy, to horsewhip a

general officer, to put a bishop in the stocks, to treat ladies in the way which called forth the blow of Wat Tyler. Something like this was the effect of the attempt which the Supreme Court made to extend its jurisdiction over the whole of the Company's territory.

A reign of terror began, of terror heightened by mystery; for even that which was endured was less horrible than that which was anticipated. No man knew what was next to be expected from this strange tribunal. It came from beyond the black water, as the people of India, with mysterious horror, call the sea. It consisted of judges, not one of whom was familiar with the usages of the millions over whom they claimed boundless authority. Its records were kept in unknown characters; its sentences were pronounced in unknown sounds. It had already collected round itself an army of the worst part of the native population, informers, and false witnesses, and common barrators, and agents of chicane, and above all, a banditti of bailiffs' followers, compared with whom the retainers of the worst English sponging-houses, in the worst times, might be considered as upright and tender-hearted. Many natives, highly considered among their countrymen, were seized, hurried up to Calcutta, flung into the common gaol, not for any crime even imputed, not for any debt that had been proved, but merely as a precaution till their cause should come to trial. There were instances in which men of the most venerable dignity, persecuted without a cause by extortioners, died of rage and shame in the gripe of the vile alguazils of Impey. The harems of noble Mahomedans, sanctuaries respected in the East by governments which respected nothing else, were burst open by gangs of bailiffs. The Mussulmans, braver and less accustomed to submission than the Hindoos, sometimes stood on their defence; and there were instances in which they shed their blood in the doorway, while defending, sword in hand, the sacred apartments of their women. Nay, it seemed as if even the faint-hearted Bengalee, who had crouched at the feet of Surajah Dowlah, who had been mute during the administration of Vansittart, would at length find courage in despair. No Mahratta invasion had ever spread through the province such dismay as this inroad of English lawyers.

All the injustice of former oppressors, Asiatic and European, appeared as a blessing when compared with the justice of the Supreme Court.

Every class of the population, English and native, with the exception of the ravenous pettifoggers who fattened on the misery and terror of an immense community, cried out loudly against this fearful oppression. But the judges were immovable. If a bailiff was resisted, they ordered the soldiers to be called out. If a servant of the Company, in conformity with the orders of the government, withstood the miserable catchpoles who, with Impey's writs in their hands, exceeded the insolence and rapacity of gang-robbers, he was flung into prison for a contempt. The lapse of sixty years, the virtue and wisdom of many eminent magistrates who have during that time administered justice in the Supreme Court, have not effaced from the minds of the people of Bengal the recollection of those evil days.

The members of the government were, on this subject, united as one man. Hastings had courted the judges; he had found them useful instruments; but he was not disposed to make them his own masters, or the masters of India. His mind was large; his knowledge of the native character most accurate. He saw that the system pursued by the Supreme Court was degrading to the government and ruinous to the people; and he resolved to oppose it manfully. The consequence was, that the friendship, if that be the proper word for such a connection, which had existed between him and Impey, was for a time completely dissolved. The government placed itself firmly between the tyrannical tribunal and the people. The Chief Justice proceeded to the wildest excesses. The Governor-General and all the members of Council were served with writs, calling on them to appear before the King's justices, and to answer for their public acts. This was too much. Hastings, with just scorn, refused to obey the call, set at liberty the persons wrongfully detained by the Court, and took measures for resisting the outrageous proceedings of the sheriff's officers, if necessary, by the sword. But he had in view another device, which might prevent the necessity of an appeal to arms. He was seldom at a loss

for an expedient ; and he knew Impey well. The expedient, in this case, was a very simple one, neither more nor less than a bribe. Impey was, by act of parliament, a judge, independent of the government of Bengal, and entitled to a salary of eight thousand a year. Hastings proposed to make him also a judge in the Company's service, removable at the pleasure of the government of Bengal ; and to give him, in that capacity, about eight thousand a year more. It was understood that, in consideration of this new salary, Impey would desist from urging the high pretensions of his court. If he did urge these pretensions, the government could, at a moment's notice, eject him from the new place which had been created for him. The bargain was struck ; Bengal was saved ; an appeal to force was averted ; and the Chief Justice was rich, quiet, and infamous.

Of Impey's conduct it is unnecessary to speak. It was of a piece with almost every part of his conduct that comes under the notice of history. No other such judge has dishonoured the English ermine, since Jefferies drank himself to death in the Tower. But we cannot agree with those who have blamed Hastings for this transaction. The case stood thus. The negligent manner in which the Regulating Act had been framed put it in the power of the Chief Justice to throw a great country into the most dreadful confusion. He was determined to use his power to the utmost, unless he was paid to be still ; and Hastings consented to pay him. The necessity was to be deplored. It is also to be deplored that pirates should be able to exact ransom, by threatening to make their captives walk the plank. But to ransom a captive from pirates has always been held a humane and Christian act ; and it would be absurd to charge the payer of the ransom with corrupting the virtue of the corsair. This, we seriously think, is a not unfair illustration of the relative position of Impey, Hastings, and the people of India. Whether it was right in Impey to demand or to accept a price for powers which, if they really belonged to him, he could not abdicate, which, if they did not belong to him, he ought never to have usurped, and which in neither case he could honestly sell, is one question. It is quite another question whether

Hastings was not right to give any sum, however large, to any man, however worthless, rather than either surrender millions of human beings to pillage, or rescue them by civil war.

Francis strongly opposed this arrangement. It may, indeed, be suspected that personal aversion to Impey was as strong a motive with Francis as regard for the welfare of the province. To a mind burning with resentment, it might seem better to leave Bengal to the oppressors than to redeem it by enriching them. It is not improbable, on or the other hand, that Hastings may have been the more willing to resort to an expedient agreeable to the Chief Justice, because that high functionary had already been so serviceable, and might, when existing dissensions were composed, be serviceable again.

But it was not on this point alone that Francis was now opposed to Hastings. The peace between them proved to be only a short and hollow truce, during which their mutual aversion was constantly becoming stronger. At length an explosion took place. Hastings publicly charged Francis with having deceived him, and with having induced Barwell to quit the service by insincere promises. Then came a dispute, such as frequently arises even between honourable men, when they make important agreements by mere verbal communication. An impartial historian will probably be of opinion that they had misunderstood each other; but their minds were so much embittered that they imputed to each other nothing less than deliberate villainy. "I do not," said Hastings, in a minute recorded in the Consultations of the Government, "I do not trust to Mr. Francis's promises of candour, convinced that he is incapable of it. I judge of his public conduct by his private, which I have found to be void of truth and honour." After the Council had risen, Francis put a challenge into the Governor-General's hand. It was instantly accepted. They met, and fired. Francis was shot through the body. He was carried to a neighbouring house, where it appeared that the wound, though severe, was not mortal. Hastings inquired repeatedly after his enemy's health, and proposed to call on him; but Francis coldly declined the visit. He had a proper sense, he said, of the Governor-General's

politeness, but could not consent to any private interview. They could meet only at the Council-board.

In a very short time it was made signally manifest how great a danger the Governor-General had, on this occasion, exposed his country. A crisis arrived with which he, and he alone, was competent to deal. It is not too much to say that, if he had been taken from the head of affairs, the years 1780 and 1781 would have been as fatal to our power in Asia as to our power in America.

The Mahrattas had been the chief objects of apprehension to Hastings. The measures which he had adopted for the purpose of breaking their power, had at first been frustrated by the errors of those whom he was compelled to employ; but his perseverance and ability seemed likely to be crowned with success, when a far more formidable danger showed itself in a distant quarter.

About thirty years before this time, a Mahommedan soldier had begun to distinguish himself in the wars of Southern India. His education had been neglected; his extraction was humble. His father had been a petty officer of revenue; his grandfather a wandering dervise. But though thus meanly descended, though ignorant even of the alphabet, the adventurer had no sooner been placed at the head of a body of troops than he approved himself a man born for conquest and command. Among the crowd of chiefs who were struggling for a share of India, none could compare with him in the qualities of the captain and the statesman. He became a general; he became a sovereign. Out of the fragments of old principalities, which had gone to pieces in the general wreck, he formed for himself a great, compact, and vigorous empire. That empire he ruled with the ability, severity, and vigilance of Lewis the Eleventh. Licentious in his pleasures, implacable in his revenge, he had yet enlargement of mind enough to perceive how much the prosperity of subjects adds to the strength of governments. He was an oppressor; but he had at least the merit of protecting his people against all oppression except his own. He was now in extreme old age; but his intellect was as clear, and his spirit as high, as in the prime of manhood. Such was the great Hyder Ali, the founder of the Mahommedan kingdom of

Mysore, and the most formidable enemy with whom the English conquerors of India have ever had to contend.

Had Hastings been governor of Madras, Hyder would have been either made a friend, or vigorously encountered as an enemy. Unhappily the English authorities in the south provoked their powerful neighbour's hostility, without being prepared to repel it. On a sudden, an army of ninety thousand men, far superior in discipline and efficiency to any other native force that could be found in India, came pouring through those wild passes which, worn by mountain torrents, and dark with jungle, lead down from the tableland of Mysore to the plains of the Carnatic. This great army was accompanied by a hundred pieces of cannon; and its movements were guided by many French officers, trained in the best military schools of Europe.

Hyder was everywhere triumphant. The sepoys in many British garrisons flung down their arms. Some fortresses were surrendered by treachery, and some by despair. In a few days the whole open country north of the Coleroon had submitted. The English inhabitants of Madras could already see by night, from the top of Mount St. Thomas, the western sky reddened by a vast semicircle of blazing villages. The white villas, to which our countrymen retire after the daily labours of government and of trade, when the cool evening breeze springs up from the bay, were now left without inhabitants: for bands of the fierce horsemen of Mysore had already been seen prowling among the tulip-trees, and near the gay verandas. Even the town was not thought secure, and the British merchants and public functionaries made haste to crowd themselves behind the cannon of Fort St. George.

There were the means, indeed, of assembling an army which might have defended the presidency, and even driven the invader back to his mountains. Sir Hector Munro was at the head of one considerable force; Baillie was advancing with another. United, they might have presented a formidable front even to such an enemy as Hyder. But the English commanders, neglecting those fundamental rules of the military art of which the propriety is obvious even to men who have never received a military education, deferred their junction, and were separately

attacked. Baillie's detachment was destroyed. Munro was forced to abandon his baggage, to fling his guns into the tanks, and to save himself by a retreat which might be called a flight. In three weeks from the commencement of the war, the British empire in Southern India had been brought to the verge of ruin. Only a few fortified places remained to us. The glory of our arms had departed. It was known that a great French expedition might soon be expected on the coast of Coromandel. England, beset by enemies on every side, was in no condition to protect such remote dependencies.

Then it was that the fertile genius and serene courage of Hastings achieved their most signal triumph. A swift ship, flying before the south-west monsoon, brought the evil tidings in a few days to Calcutta. In twenty-four hours the Governor-General had framed a complete plan of policy adapted to the altered state of affairs. The struggle with Hyder was a struggle for life and death. All minor objects must be sacrificed to the preservation of the Carnatic. The disputes with the Mahrattas must be accommodated. A large military force and a supply of money must be instantly sent to Madras. But even these measures would be insufficient, unless the war, hitherto so grossly mismanaged, were placed under the direction of a vigorous mind. It was no time for trifling. Hastings determined to resort to an extreme exercise of power, to suspend the incapable governor of Fort St. George, to send Sir Eyre Coote to oppose Hyder, and to intrust that distinguished general with the whole administration of the war.

In spite of the sullen opposition of Francis, who had now recovered from his wound, and had returned to the Council, the Governor-General's wise and firm policy was approved by the majority of the board. The reinforcements were sent off with great expedition, and reached Madras before the French armament arrived in the Indian seas. Coote, broken by age and disease, was no longer the Coote of Wandewash; but he was still a resolute and skilful commander. The progress of Hyder was arrested; and in a few months the great victory of Porto Novo retrieved the honour of the English arms.

In the meantime Francis had returned to England, and Hastings was now left perfectly unfettered. Wheeler had gradually been relaxing in his opposition, and, after the departure of his vehement and implacable colleague, cooperated heartily with the Governor-General, whose influence over the British in India, always great, had, by the vigour and success of his recent measures, been considerably increased.

But, though the difficulties arising from factions within the Council were at an end, another class of difficulties had become more pressing than ever. The financial embarrassment was extreme. Hastings had to find the means, not only of carrying on the government of Bengal, but of maintaining a most costly war against both Indian and European enemies in the Carnatic, and of making remittances to England. A few years before this time he had obtained relief by plundering the Mogul and enslaving the Rohillas; nor were the resources of his fruitful mind by any means exhausted.

His first design was on Benares, a city which in wealth, population, dignity, and sanctity, was among the foremost of Asia. It was commonly believed that half a million of human beings was crowded into that labyrinth of lofty alleys, rich with shrines, and minarets, and balconies, and carved oriels, to which the sacred apes clung by hundreds. The traveller could scarcely make his way through the press of holy mendicants and not less holy bulls. The broad and stately flights of steps which descended from these swarming haunts to the bathing-places along the Ganges were worn every day by the footsteps of an innumerable multitude of worshippers. The schools and temples drew crowds of pious Hindoos from every province where the Brahminical faith was known. Hundreds of devotees came thither every month to die: for it was believed that a peculiarly happy fate awaited the man who should pass from the sacred city into the sacred river. Nor was superstition the only motive which allured strangers to that great metropolis. Commerce had as many pilgrims as religion. All along the shores of the venerable stream lay great fleets of vessels laden with rich merchandise. From the looms of Benares went forth the

most delicate silks that adorned the balls of St. James's and of Versailles; and in the bazaars, the muslins of Bengal and the sabres of Oude were mingled with the jewels of Golconda and the shawls of Cashmere. This rich capital, and the surrounding tract, had long been under the immediate rule of a Hindoo prince, who rendered homage to the Mogul emperors. During the great anarchy of India, the lords of Benares became independent of the court of Delhi, but were compelled to submit to the authority of the Nabob of Oude. Oppressed by this formidable neighbour, they invoked the protection of the English. The English protection was given; and at length the Nabob Vizier, by a solemn treaty, ceded all his rights over Benares to the Company. From that time the Rajah was the vassal of the government of Bengal, acknowledged its supremacy, and engaged to send an annual tribute to Fort William. This tribute Cheyte Sing, the reigning prince, had paid with strict punctuality.

About the precise nature of the legal relation between the Company and the Rajah of Benares, there has been much warm and acute controversy. On the one side, it has been maintained that Cheyte Sing was merely a great subject on whom the superior power had a right to call for aid in the necessities of the empire. On the other side, it has been contended that he was an independent prince, that the only claim which the Company had upon him was for a fixed tribute, and that, while the fixed tribute was regularly paid, as it assuredly was, the English had no more right to exact any further contribution from him than to demand subsidies from Holland or Denmark. Nothing is easier than to find precedents and analogies in favour of either view.

Our own impression is that neither view is correct. It was too much the habit of English politicians to take it for granted that there was in India a known and definite constitution by which questions of this kind were to be decided. The truth is that, during the interval which elapsed between the fall of the house of Tamerlane and the establishment of the British ascendancy, there was no such constitution. The old order of things had passed away; the new order of things was not yet formed. All

was transition, confusion, obscurity. Every body kept his head as he best might, and scrambled for whatever he could get. There have been similar seasons in Europe. The time of the dissolution of the Carlovingian empire is an instance. Who would think of seriously discussing the question, what extent of pecuniary aid and of obedience Hugh Capet had a constitutional right to demand from the Duke of Brittany or the Duke of Normandy? The words "constitutional right" had, in that state of society, no meaning. If Hugh Capet laid hands on all the possessions of the Duke of Normandy, this might be unjust and immoral; but it would not be illegal, in the sense in which the ordinances of Charles the Tenth were illegal. If, on the other hand, the Duke of Normandy made war on Hugh Capet, this might be unjust and immoral; but it would not be illegal, in the sense in which the expedition of Prince Louis Bonaparte was illegal.

Very similar to this was the state of India sixty years ago. Of the existing governments not a single one could lay claim to legitimacy, or could plead any other title than recent occupation. There was scarcely a province in which the real sovereignty and the nominal sovereignty were not disjoined. Titles and forms were still retained which implied that the heir of Tamerlane was an absolute ruler, and that the Nabobs of the provinces were his lieutenants. In reality, he was a captive. The Nabobs were in some places independent princes. In other places, as in Bengal and the Carnatic, they had, like their master, become mere phantoms, and the Company was supreme. Among the Mahrattas, again, the heir of Sevajee still kept the title of Rajah; but he was a prisoner, and his prime minister, the Peshwa, had become the hereditary chief of the State. The Peshwa, in his turn, was fast sinking into the same degraded situation into which he had reduced the Rajah. It was, we believe, impossible to find, from the Himalayas to Mysore, a single government which was at once a government *de facto* and a government *de jure*, which possessed the physical means of making itself feared by its neighbours and subjects, and which had at the same time the authority derived from law and long prescription.

Hastings clearly discerned what was hidden from most

of his contemporaries, that such a state of things gave immense advantages to a ruler of great talents and few scruples. In every international question that could arise, he had his option between the *de facto* ground and the *de jure* ground; and the probability was that one of those grounds would sustain any claim that it might be convenient for him to make, and enable him to resist any claim made by others. In every controversy, accordingly, he resorted to the plea which suited his immediate purpose, without troubling himself in the least about consistency; and thus he scarcely ever failed to find what, to persons of short memories and scanty information, seemed to be a justification for what he wanted to do. Sometimes the Nabob of Bengal is a shadow, sometimes a monarch. Sometimes the Vizier is a mere deputy, sometimes an independent potentate. If it is expedient for the Company to show some legal title to the revenues of Bengal, the grant under the seal of the Mogal is brought forward as an instrument of the highest authority. When the Mogul asks for the rents which were reserved to him by that very grant, he is told that he is a mere pageant, that the English power rests on a very different foundation from a charter given by him, that he is welcome to play at loyalty as long as he likes, but that he must expect no tribute from the real masters of India.

It is true that it was in the power of others, as well as of Hastings, to practise this legerdemain; but in the controversies of governments, sophistry is of little use unless it be backed by power. There is a principle which Hastings was fond of asserting in the strongest terms, and on which he acted with undeviating steadiness. It is a principle which, we must own, though it may be grossly abused, can hardly be disputed in the present state of public law. It is this, that where an ambiguous question arises between two governments, there is, if they cannot agree, no appeal except to force, and that the opinion of the stronger must prevail. Almost every question was ambiguous in India. The English government was the strongest in India. The consequences are obvious. The English government might do exactly what it chose.

The English government now chose to wring money

out of Cheyte Sing. It had formerly been convenient to treat him as a sovereign prince; it was now convenient to treat him as a subject. Dexterity inferior to that of Hastings could easily find, in the general chaos of laws and customs, arguments for either course. Hastings wanted a great supply. It was known that Cheyte Sing had a large revenue, and it was suspected that he had accumulated a treasure. Nor was he a favourite at Calcutta. He had, when the Governor-General was in great difficulties, courted the favour of Francis and Clavering. Hastings, who, less perhaps from evil passions than from policy, seldom left an injury unpunished, was not sorry that the fate of Cheyte Sing should teach neighbouring princes the same lesson which the fate of Nuncomar had already impressed on the inhabitants of Bengal.

In 1778, on the first breaking out of the war with France, Cheyte Sing was called upon to pay, in addition to his fixed tribute, an extraordinary contribution of fifty thousand pounds. In 1779, an equal sum was exacted. In 1780, the demand was renewed. Cheyte Sing, in the hope of obtaining some indulgence, secretly offered the Governor-General a bribe of twenty thousand pounds. Hastings took the money, and his enemies have maintained that he took it intending to keep it. He certainly concealed the transaction, for a time, both from the Council in Bengal and from the Directors at home; nor did he ever give any satisfactory reason for the concealment. Public spirit, or the fear of detection, at last determined him to withstand the temptation. He paid over the bribe to the Company's treasury, and insisted that the Rajah should instantly comply with the demands of the English government. The Rajah, after the fashion of his countrymen, shuffled, solicited, and pleaded poverty. The grasp of Hastings was not to be so eluded. He added to the requisition another ten thousand pounds as a fine for delay, and sent troops to exact the money.

The money was paid. But this was not enough. The late events in the south of India had increased the financial embarrassments of the Company. Hastings was determined to plunder Cheyte Sing, and, for that end, to fasten a quarrel on him. Accordingly, the Rajah was now

required to keep a body of cavalry for the service of the British government. He objected and evaded. This was exactly what the Governor-General wanted. He had now a pretext for treating the wealthiest of his vassals as a criminal. "I resolved"—these are the words of Hastings himself—"to draw from his guilt the means of relief of the Company's distresses, to make him pay largely for his pardon, or to exact a severe vengeance for past delinquency." The plan was simply this, to demand larger and larger contributions till the Rajah should be driven to remonstrate, then to call his remonstrance a crime, and to punish him by confiscating all his possessions.

Cheyte Sing was in the greatest dismay. He offered two hundred thousand pounds to propitiate the British government. But Hastings replied that nothing less than half a million would be accepted. Nay, he began to think of selling Benares to Oude, as he had formerly sold Allahabad and Rohilcund. The matter was one which could not be well managed at a distance; and Hastings resolved to visit Benares.

Cheyte Sing received his liege lord with every mark of reverence, came near sixty miles, with his guards, to meet and escort the illustrious visitor, and expressed his deep concern at the displeasure of the English. He even took off his turban, and laid it in the lap of Hastings, a gesture which in India marks the most profound submission and devotion. Hastings behaved with cold and repulsive severity. Having arrived at Benares, he sent to the Rajah a paper containing the demands of the government of Bengal. The Rajah, in reply, attempted to clear himself from the accusations brought against him. Hastings, who wanted money and not excuses, was not to be put off by the ordinary artifices of Eastern negotiation. He instantly ordered the Rajah to be arrested and placed under the custody of two companies of sepoys.

In taking these strong measures, Hastings scarcely showed his usual judgment. It is possible that, having had little opportunity of personally observing any part of the population of India, except the Bengalees, he was not fully aware of the difference between their character and that of the tribes which inhabit the upper provinces. He

was now in a land far more favourable to the vigour of the human frame than the Delta of the Ganges; in a land fruitful of soldiers, who have been found worthy to follow English battalions to the charge and into the breach. The Rajah was popular among his subjects. His administration had been mild; and the prosperity of the district which he governed presented a striking contrast to the depressed state of Bahar under our rule, and a still more striking contrast to the misery of the provinces which were cursed by the tyranny of the Nabob Vizier. The national and religious prejudices with which the English were regarded throughout India were peculiarly intense in the metropolis of the Brahminical superstition. It can therefore scarcely be doubted that the Governor-General, before he outraged the dignity of Cheyte Sing by an arrest, ought to have assembled a force capable of bearing down all opposition. This had not been done. The handful of sepoys who attended Hastings would probably have been sufficient to overawe Moorshedabad, or the Black Town of Calcutta. But they were unequal to a conflict with the hardy rabble of Benares. The streets surrounding the palace were filled by an immense multitude, of whom a large proportion, as is usual in Upper India, wore arms. The tumult became a fight, and the fight a massacre. The English officers defended themselves with desperate courage against overwhelming numbers, and fell, as became them, sword in hand. The sepoys were butchered. The gates were forced. The captive prince, neglected by his gaolers during the confusion, discovered an outlet which opened on the precipitous bank of the Ganges, let himself down to the water by a string made of the turbans of his attendants, found a boat, and escaped to the opposite shore.

If Hastings had, by indiscreet violence, brought himself into a difficult and perilous situation, it is only just to acknowledge that he extricated himself with even more than his usual ability and presence of mind. He had only fifty men with him. The building in which he had taken up his residence was on every side blockaded by the insurgents. But his fortitude remained unshaken. The Rajah from the other side of the river sent apologies and liberal

offers. They were not even answered. Some subtle and enterprising men were found who undertook to pass through the throng of enemies, and to convey the intelligence of the late events to the English cantonments. It is the fashion of the natives of India to wear large earrings of gold. When they travel the rings are laid aside, lest the precious metal should tempt some gang of robbers; and, in place of the ring, a quill or a roll of paper is inserted in the orifice to prevent it from closing. Hastings placed in the ears of his messengers letters rolled up in the smallest compass. Some of these letters were addressed to the commanders of the English troops. One was written to assure his wife of his safety. One was to the envoy whom he had sent to negotiate with the Mahrattas. Instructions for the negotiation were needed; and the Governor-General framed them in that situation of extreme danger, with as much composure as if he had been writing in his palace at Calcutta.

Things, however, were not yet at the worst. An English officer of more spirit than judgment, eager to distinguish himself, made a premature attack on the insurgents beyond the river. His troops were entangled in narrow streets, and assailed by a furious population. He fell, with many of his men; and the survivors were forced to retire.

This event produced the effect which has never failed to follow every check, however slight, sustained in India by the English arms. For hundreds of miles round, the whole country was in commotion. The entire population of the district of Benares took arms. The fields were abandoned by the husbandmen, who thronged to defend their prince. The infection spread to Oude. The oppressed people of that province rose up against the Nabob Vizier, refused to pay their imposts, and put the revenue officers to flight. Even Bahar was ripe for revolt. The hopes of Cheyte Sing began to rise. Instead of imploring mercy in the humble style of a vassal, he began to talk in the language of a conqueror, and threatened, it was said, to sweep the white usurpers out of the land. But the English troops were now assembling fast. The officers, and even the private men, regarded the Governor-General

with enthusiastic attachment, and flew to his aid with an alacrity which, as he boasted, had never been shown on any other occasion. Major Popham, a brave and skilful soldier who had highly distinguished himself in the Mahratta war, and in whom the Governor-General reposed the greatest confidence, took the command. The tumultuary army of the Rajah was put to rout. His fastnesses were stormed. In a few hours, above thirty thousand men left his standard, and returned to their ordinary avocations. The unhappy prince fled from his country for ever. His fair domain was added to the British dominions. One of his relations indeed was appointed Rajah; but the Rajah of Benares was henceforth to be, like the Nabob of Bengal, a mere pensioner.

By this revolution, an addition of two hundred thousand pounds a year was made to the revenues of the Company. But the immediate relief was not as great as had been expected. The treasure laid up by Cheyte Sing had been popularly estimated at a million sterling. It turned out to be about a fourth part of that sum; and, such as it was, it was seized by the army, and divided as prize-money.

Disappointed in his expectations from Benares, Hastings was more violent than he would otherwise have been, in his dealings with Oude. Sujah Dowlah had long been dead. His son and successor, Asaph-ul-Dowlah, was one of the weakest and most vicious even of Eastern princes. His life was divided between torpid repose and the most odious forms of sensuality. In his court there was boundless waste, throughout his dominions wretchedness and disorder. He had been, under the skilful management of the English government, gradually sinking from the rank of an independent prince to that of a vassal of the Company. It was only by the help of a British brigade that he could be secure from the aggressions of neighbours who despised his weakness, and from the vengeance of subjects who detested his tyranny. A brigade was furnished; and he engaged to defray the charge of paying and maintaining it. From that time his independence was at an end. Hastings was not a man to lose the advantage which he had thus gained. The Nabob soon began to complain of the burden which he had undertaken to bear. His revenues,

he said, were falling off; his servants were unpaid; he could no longer support the expense of the arrangement which he had sanctioned. Hastings would not listen to these representations. The Vizier, he said, had invited the government of Bengal to send him troops, and had promised to pay for them. The troops had been sent. How long the troops were to remain in Oude was a matter not settled by the treaty. It remained, therefore, to be settled between the contracting parties. But the contracting parties differed. Who then must decide? The stronger.

Hastings also argued that, if the English force was withdrawn, Oude would certainly become a prey to anarchy, and would probably be overrun by a Mahratta army. That the finances of Oude were embarrassed he admitted. But he contended, not without reason, that the embarrassment was to be attributed to the incapacity and vices of Asaph-ul-Dowlah himself, and that if less were spent on the troops, the only effect would be that more would be squandered on worthless favourites.

Hastings had intended, after settling the affairs of Benares, to visit Lucknow, and there to confer with Asaph-ul-Dowlah. But the obsequious courtesy of the Nabob Vizier prevented this visit. With a small train he hastened to meet the Governor-General. An interview took place in the fortress which, from the crest of the precipitous rock of Chunar, looks down on the waters of the Ganges.

At first sight it might appear impossible that the negotiation should come to an amicable close. Hastings wanted an extraordinary supply of money. Asaph-ul-Dowlah wanted to obtain a remission of what he already owed. Such a difference seemed to admit of no compromise. There was, however, one course satisfactory to both sides, one course by which it was possible to relieve the finances both of Oude and of Bengal; and that course was adopted. It was simply this, that the Governor-General and the Nabob Vizier should join to rob a third party; and the third party whom they determined to rob was the parent of one of the robbers.

The mother of the late Nabob and his wife, who was the mother of the present Nabob, were known as the Be-

gums or Princesses of Oude. They had possessed great influence over Sujah Dowlah, and had, at his death, been left in possession of a splendid donation. The domains of which they received the rents and administered the government were of wide extent. The treasure hoarded by the late Nabob, a treasure which was popularly estimated at near three millions sterling, was in their hands. They continued to occupy his favourite palace at Fyzabad, the Beautiful Dwelling; while Asaph-ul-Dowlah held his court in the stately Lucknow, which he had built for himself on the shores of the Goomti, and had adorned with noble mosques and colleges.

Asaph-ul-Dowlah had already extorted considerable sums from his mother. She had at length appealed to the English; and the English had interfered. A solemn compact had been made, by which she consented to give her son some pecuniary assistance, and he in his turn promised never to commit any further invasion of her rights. This compact was formally guaranteed by the government of Bengal. But times had changed; money was wanted; and the power which had given the guarantee was not ashamed to instigate the spoiler to excesses such that even he shrank from them.

It was necessary to find some pretext for a confiscation inconsistent, not merely with plighted faith, not merely with the ordinary rules of humanity and justice, but also with that great law of filial piety which, even in the wildest tribes of savages, even in those more degraded communities which wither under the influence of a corrupt half-civilization, retains a certain authority over the human mind. A pretext was the last thing that Hastings was likely to want. The insurrection of Benares had produced disturbances in Oude. These disturbances it was convenient to impute to the Princesses. Evidence for the imputation there was scarcely any; unless reports wandering from one month to another, and gaining something by every transmission, may be called evidence. The accused were furnished with no charge; they were permitted to make no defence; for the Governor-General wisely considered that, if he tried them, he might not be able to find a ground for plundering them. It was agreed between him

and the Nabob Vizier that the noble ladies should, by a sweeping act of confiscation, be stripped of their domains and treasures for the benefit of the Company, and that the sums thus obtained should be accepted by the government of Bengal in satisfaction of its claims on the government of Oude.

While Asaph-ul-Dowlah was at Chunar, he was completely subjugated by the clear and commanding intellect of the English statesman. But, when they had separated, the Vizier began to reflect with uneasiness on the engagements into which he had entered. His mother and grandmother protested and implored. His heart, deeply corrupted by absolute power and licentious pleasures, yet not naturally unfeeling, failed him in this crisis. Even the English resident at Lucknow, though hitherto devoted to Hastings, shrank from extreme measures. But the Governor-General was inexorable. He wrote to the resident in terms of the greatest severity, and declared that, if the spoliation which had been agreed upon were not instantly carried into effect, he would himself go to Lucknow, and do that from which feebler minds recoil with dismay. The resident, thus menaced, waited on his Highness, and insisted that the treaty of Chunar should be carried into full and immediate effect. Asaph-ul-Dowlah yielded, making at the same time a solemn protestation that he yielded to compulsion. The lands were resumed; but the treasure was not so easily obtained. It was necessary to use violence. A body of the Company's troops marched to Fyzabad, and forced the gates of the palace. The Princesses were confined to their own apartments. But still they refused to submit. Some more stringent mode of coercion was to be found. A mode was found, of which, even at this distance of time, we cannot speak without shame and sorrow.

There were at Fyzabad two ancient men, belonging to that unhappy class which a practice, of immemorial antiquity in the East, has excluded from the pleasures of love and from the hope of posterity. It has always been held in Asiatic courts that beings thus estranged from sympathy with their kind are those whom princes may most safely trust. Sujah Dowlah had been of this opinion. He had

given his entire confidence to the two eunuchs; and after his death they remained at the head of the household of his widow.

These men were, by the orders of the British government, seized, imprisoned, ironed, starved almost to death, in order to extort money from the Princesses. After they had been two months in confinement, their health gave way. They implored permission to take a little exercise in the garden of their prison. The officer who was in charge of them stated that, if they were allowed this indulgence, there was not the smallest chance of their escaping, and that their irons really added nothing to the security of the custody in which they were kept. He did not understand the plan of his superiors. Their object in these inflictions was not security but torture; and all mitigation was refused. Yet this was not the worst. It was resolved by an English government that these two infirm old men should be delivered to the tormentors. For that purpose they were removed to Lucknow. What horrors their dungeon there witnessed can only be guessed. But there remains on the records of Parliament, this letter, written by a British resident to a British soldier.

“ Sir, the Nabob having determined to inflict corporal punishment upon the prisoners under your guard, this is to desire that his officers, when they shall come, may have free access to the prisoners, and be permitted to do with them as they shall see proper.”

While these barbarities were perpetrated at Lucknow, the Princesses were still under duress at Fyzabad. Food was allowed to enter their apartments only in such scanty quantities that their female attendants were in danger of perishing with hunger. Month after month this cruelty continued, till at length, after twelve hundred thousand pounds had been wrung out of the Princesses, Hastings began to think that he had really got to the bottom of their coffers, and that no rigour could extort more. Then at length the wretched men who were detained at Lucknow regained their liberty. When their irons were knocked off, and the doors of their prison opened, their quivering lips, the tears which ran down their cheeks, and the thanksgivings which they poured forth to the common Father of

Mussulmans and Christians, melted even the stout hearts of the English warriors who stood by.

But we must not forget to do justice to Sir Elijah Impey's conduct on this occasion. It was not indeed easy for him to intrude himself into a business so entirely alien from all his official duties. But there was something inexpressibly alluring, we must suppose, in the peculiar rankness of the infamy which was then to be got at Lucknow. He hurried thither as fast as relays of palanquin-bearers could carry him. A crowd of people came before him with affidavits against the Begums, ready drawn in their hands. Those affidavits he did not read. Some of them, indeed, he could not read; for they werè in the dialects of Northern India, and no interpreter was employed. He administered the oath to the deponents with all possible expedition, and asked not a single question, not even whether they had perused the statements to which they swore. This work performed, he got again into his palanquin, and posted back to Calcutta, to be in time for the opening of term. This cause was one which, by his own confession, lay altogether out of his jurisdiction. Under the charter of justice, he had no more right to inquire into crimes committed by Asiatics in Oude than the Lord President of the Court of Session of Scotland to hold an assize at Exeter. He had no right to try the Begums, nor did he pretend to try them. With what object, then, did he undertake so long a journey? Evidently in order that he might give, in an irregular manner, that sanction which in a regular manner he could not give, to the crimes of those who had recently hired him; and in order that a confused mass of testimony which he did not sift, which he did not even read, might acquire an authority not properly belonging to it, from the signature of the highest judicial functionary in India.

The time was approaching, however, when he was to be stripped of that robe which has never, since the Revolution, been disgraced so foully as by him. The state of India had for some time occupied much of the attention of the British Parliament. Towards the close of the American war, two committees of the Commons sat on Eastern affairs. In one Edmund Burke took the lead. The other was

under the presidency of the able and versatile Henry Dundas, then Lord Advocate of Scotland. Great as are the changes which, during the last sixty years, have taken place in our Asiatic dominions, the reports which those committees laid on the table of the House will still be found most interesting and instructive.

There was as yet no connection between the Company and either of the great parties in the state. The ministers had no motive to defend Indian abuses. On the contrary, it was for their interest to show, if possible, that the government and patronage of our Oriental empire might, with advantage, be transferred to themselves. The votes, therefore, which, in consequence of the reports made by the two committees, were passed by the Commons, breathed the spirit of stern and indignant justice. The severest epithets were applied to several of the measures of Hastings, especially to the Rohilla war; and it was resolved, on the motion of Mr. Dundas, that the Company ought to recall a Governor-General who had brought such calamities on the Indian people, and such dishonour on the British name. An act was passed for limiting the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. The bargain which Hastings had made with the Chief Justice was condemned in the strongest terms; and an address was presented to the King, praying that Impey might be summoned home to answer for his misdeeds.

Impey was recalled by a letter from the Secretary of State. But the proprietors of India stock resolutely refused to dismiss Hastings from their service, and passed a resolution affirming, what was undeniably true, that they were intrusted by law with the right of naming and removing their Governor-General, and that they were not bound to obey the directions of a single branch of the Legislature with respect to such nomination or removal.

Thus supported by his employers, Hastings remained at the head of the government of Bengal till the spring of 1785. His administration, so eventful and stormy, closed in almost perfect quiet. In the Council there was no regular opposition to his measures. Peace was restored to India. The Mahratta war had ceased. Hyder was no more. A treaty had been concluded with his son, Tippoo;

and the Carnatic had been evacuated by the armies of Mysore. Since the termination of the American war, England had no European enemy or rival in the Eastern seas.

On a general review of the long administration of Hastings, it is impossible to deny that, against the great crimes by which it is blemished, we have to set off great public services. England had passed through a perilous crisis. She still, indeed, maintained her place in the foremost rank of European powers; and the manner in which she had defended herself against fearful odds had inspired surrounding nations with a high opinion both of her spirit and of her strength. Nevertheless, in every part of the world, except one, she had been a loser. Not only had she been compelled to acknowledge the independence of thirteen colonies peopled by her children, and to conciliate the Irish by giving up the right of legislating for them; but in the Mediterranean, in the Gulf of Mexico, on the coast of Africa, on the continent of America, she had been compelled to cede the fruits of her victories in former wars. Spain regained Minorca and Florida; France regained Senegal, Goree and several West Indian Islands. The only quarter of the world in which Britain had lost nothing was the quarter in which her interests had been committed to the care of Hastings. In spite of the utmost exertions both of European and Asiatic enemies, the power of our country in the East had been greatly augmented. Benares was subjected; the Nabob Vizier reduced to vassalage. That our influence had been thus extended, nay, that Fort William and Fort St. George had not been occupied by hostile armies, was owing, if we may trust the general voice of the English in India, to the skill and resolution of Hastings.

His internal administration, with all its blemishes, gives him a title to be considered as one of the most remarkable men in our history. He dissolved the double government. He transferred the direction of affairs to English hands. Out of a frightful anarchy, he educated at least a rude and imperfect order. The whole organization by which justice was dispensed, revenue collected, peace maintained throughout a territory not inferior in population to the dominions

of Lewis the Sixteenth or the Emperor Joseph, was formed and superintended by him. He boasted that every public office, without exception, which existed when he left Bengal, was his creation. It is quite true that this system, after all the improvements suggested by the experience of sixty years, still needs improvement, and that it was at first far more defective than it now is. But whoever seriously considers what it is to construct from the beginning the whole of a machine so vast and complex as a government, will allow that what Hastings effected deserves high admiration. To compare the most celebrated European ministers to him seems to us as unjust as it would be to compare the best baker in London with Robinson Crusoe, who, before he could bake a single loaf, had to make his plough and his harrow, his fences and his scarecrows, his sickle and his flail, his mill and his oven.

The just fame of Hastings rises still higher, when we reflect that he was not bred a statesman; that he was sent from school to a counting-house; and that he was employed during the prime of his manhood as a commercial agent, far from all intellectual society.

Nor must we forget that all, or almost all, to whom, when placed at the head of affairs, he could apply for assistance, were persons who owed as little as himself, or less than himself, to education. A minister in Europe finds himself, on the first day on which he commences his functions, surrounded by experienced public servants, the depositaries of official traditions. Hastings had no such help. His own reflection, his own energy, were to supply the place of all Downing Street and Somerset House. Having had no facilities for learning, he was forced to teach. He had first to form himself, and then to form his instruments; and this not in a single department, but in all the departments of the administration.

It must be added that, while engaged in this most arduous task, he was constantly trammelled by orders from home, and frequently borne down by a majority in Council. The preservation of an empire from a formidable combination of foreign enemies, the construction of a government in all its parts, were accomplished by him, while every ship brought out bales of censure from his employers, and while

the records of every consultation were filled with acrimonious minutes by his colleagues. We believe that there never was a public man whose temper was so severely tried; not Marlborough, when thwarted by the Dutch Deputies; not Wellington, when he had to deal at once with the Portuguese Regency, the Spanish Juntas, and Mr. Percival. But the temper of Hastings was equal to almost any trial. It was not sweet; but it was calm. Quick and vigorous as his intellect was, the patience with which he endured the most cruel vexations, till a remedy could be found, resembled the patience of stupidity. He seems to have been capable of resentment, bitter and long enduring; yet his resentment so seldom hurried him into any blunder, that it may be doubted whether what appeared to be revenge was any thing but policy.

The effect of this singular equanimity was that he always had the full command of all the resources of one of the most fertile minds that ever existed. Accordingly no complication of perils and embarrassments could perplex him. For every difficulty he had a contrivance ready; and, whatever may be thought of the justice and humanity of some of his contrivances, it is certain that they seldom failed to serve the purpose for which they were designed.

Together with this extraordinary talent for devising expedients, Hastings possessed, in a very high degree, another talent scarcely less necessary to a man in his situation; we mean the talent for conducting political controversy. It is as necessary to an English statesman in the East that he should be able to write, as it is to a minister in this country that he should be able to speak. It is chiefly by the oratory of a public man here that the nation judges of his powers. It is from the letters and reports of a public man in India that the dispensers of patronage form their estimate of him. In each case, the talent which receives peculiar encouragement is developed, perhaps at the expense of the other powers. In this country, we sometimes hear men speak above their abilities. It is not very unusual to find gentlemen in the Indian service who write above their abilities. The English politician is a little too much of a debater; the Indian politician a little too much of an essayist.

Of the numerous servants of the Company who have distinguished themselves as framers of minutes and despatches, Hastings stands at the head. He was indeed the person who gave to the official writing of the Indian governments the character which it still retains. He was matched against no common antagonist. But even Francis was forced to acknowledge, with sullen and resentful candour, that there was no contending against the pen of Hastings. And, in truth, the Governor-General's power of making out a case, of perplexing what it was inconvenient that people should understand, and of setting in the clearest point of view whatever would bear the light, was incomparable. His style must be praised with some reservation. It was in general forcible, pure, and polished ; but it was sometimes, though not often, turgid, and, on one or two occasions, even bombastic. Perhaps the fondness of Hastings for Persian literature may have tended to corrupt his taste.

And, since we have referred to his literary tastes, it would be most unjust not to praise the judicious encouragement, which, as a ruler, he gave to liberal studies and curious researches. His patronage was extended, with prudent generosity, to voyages, travels, experiments, publications. He did little, it is true, towards introducing into India the learning of the West. To make the young natives of Bengal familiar with Milton and Adam Smith, to substitute the geography, astronomy, and surgery of Europe for the dotages of the Brahminical superstition, or for the imperfect science of ancient Greece transfused through Arabian expositions, this was a scheme reserved to crown the beneficent administration of a far more virtuous ruler. Still it is impossible to refuse high commendation to a man who, taken from a ledger to govern an empire, overwhelmed by public business, surrounded by people as busy as himself, and separated by thousands of leagues from almost all literary society, gave, both by his example and by his munificence, a great impulse to learning. In Persian and Arabic literature he was deeply skilled. With the Sanscrit he was not himself acquainted ; but those who first brought that language to the knowledge of European students owed much to his encourage-

ment. It was under his protection that the Asiatic Society commenced its honourable career. That distinguished body selected him to be its first president ; but, with excellent taste and feeling, he declined the honour in favour of Sir William Jones. But the chief advantage which the students of Oriental letters derived from his patronage remains to be mentioned. The Pundits of Bengal had always looked with great jealousy on the attempts of foreigners to pry into those mysteries which were locked up in the sacred dialect. The Brahminical religion had been persecuted by the Mahommedans. What the Hindoos knew of the spirit of the Portuguese government might warrant them in apprehending persecution from Christians. That apprehension, the wisdom and moderation of Hastings removed. He was the first foreign ruler who succeeded in gaining the confidence of the hereditary priests of India, and who induced them to lay open to English scholars the secrets of the old Brahminical theology and jurisprudence.

It is indeed impossible to deny that, in the great art of inspiring large masses of human beings with confidence and attachment, no ruler ever surpassed Hastings. If he had made himself popular with the English by giving up the Bengalees to extortion and oppression, or if, on the other hand, he had conciliated the Bengalees and alienated the English, there would have been no cause for wonder. What is peculiar to him is that, being the chief of a small band of strangers, who exercised boundless power over a great indigenious population, he made himself beloved both by the subject many and by the dominant few. The affection felt for him by the civil service was singularly ardent and constant. Through all his disasters and perils, his brethren stood by him with steadfast loyalty. The army, at the same time, loved him as armies have seldom loved any but the greatest chiefs who have led them to victory. Even in his disputes with distinguished military men, he could always count on the support of the military profession. While such was his empire over the hearts of his countrymen, he enjoyed among the natives a popularity, such as other governors have perhaps better merited, but such as no other governor has been able to attain. He

spoke their vernacular dialects with facility and precision. He was intimately acquainted with their feelings and usages. On one or two occasions, for great ends, he deliberately acted in defiance of their opinion; but on such occasions he gained more in their respect than he lost in their love. In general, he carefully avoided all that could shock their national or religious prejudices. His administration was indeed in many respects faulty; but the Bengalee standard of good government was not high. Under the Nabobs, the hurricane of Mahratta cavalry had passed annually over the rich alluvial plain. But even the Mahratta shrank from a conflict with the mighty children of the sea; and the immense rice harvests of the Lower Ganges were safely gathered in, under the protection of the English sword. The first English conquerors had been more rapacious and merciless even than the Mahrattas; but that generation had passed away. Defective as was the police, heavy as were the public burdens, it is probable that the oldest man in Bengal could not recollect a season of equal security and prosperity. For the first time within living memory, the province was placed under a government strong enough to prevent others from robbing, and not inclined to play the robber itself. These things inspired good-will. At the same time, the constant success of Hastings and the manner in which he extricated himself from every difficulty made him an object of superstitious admiration; and the more than regal splendour which he sometimes displayed dazzled a people who have much in common with children. Even now, after the lapse of more than fifty years, the natives of India still talk of him as the greatest of the English; and nurses sing children to sleep with a jingling ballad about the fleet horses and richly caparisoned elephants of Sahib Warren Hostein.

The gravest offences of which Hastings was guilty did not affect his popularity with the people of Bengal; for those offences were committed against neighbouring states. Those offences, as our readers must have perceived, we are not disposed to vindicate; yet, in order that the censure may be justly apportioned to the transgression, it is fit that the motive of the criminal should be taken into consideration. The motive which prompted the worst acts

of Hastings was misdirected and ill-regulated public spirit. The rules of justice, the sentiments of humanity, the plighted faith of treaties, were in his view as nothing, when opposed to the immediate interest of the State. This is no justification, according to the principles either of morality, or of what we believe to be identical with morality, namely, far-sighted policy. Nevertheless the common sense of mankind, which in questions of this sort seldom goes far wrong, will always recognize a distinction between crimes which originate in an inordinate zeal for the commonwealth, and crimes which originate in selfish cupidity. To the benefit of this distinction Hastings is fairly entitled. There is, we conceive, no reason to suspect that the Rohilla war, the revolution of Benares, or the spoliation of the Princesses of Oude, added a rupee to his fortune. We will not affirm that, in all pecuniary dealings, he showed that punctilious integrity, that dread of the faintest appearance of evil, which is now the glory of the Indian civil service. But, when the school in which he had been trained, and the temptations to which he was exposed are considered, we are more inclined to praise him for his general uprightness with respect to money, than rigidly to blame him for a few transactions which would now be called indelicate and irregular, but which even now would hardly be designated as corrupt. A rapacious man he certainly was not. Had he been so, he would infallibly have returned to this country the richest subject in Europe. We speak within compass, when we say that, without applying any extraordinary pressure, he might easily have obtained from the zemindars of the Company's provinces and from neighbouring princes, in the course of thirteen years, more than three millions sterling, and might have outshone the splendour of Carlton House and of the *Palais Royal*. He brought home a fortune such as a Governor-General, fond of state, and careless of thrift, might easily, during so long a tenure of office, save out of his legal salary. Mrs. Hastings, we are afraid, was less scrupulous. It was generally believed that she accepted presents with great alacrity, and that she thus formed, without the connivance of her husband, a private hoard amounting to several lacs of rupees. We are the more inclined to give credit to this

story, because Mr. Gleig, who cannot but have heard it, does not, as far as we have observed, notice or contradict it.

The influence of Mrs. Hastings over her husband was indeed such that she might easily have obtained much larger sums than she was ever accused of receiving. At length her health began to give way; and the Governor-General, much against his will, was compelled to send her to England. He seems to have loved her with that love which is peculiar to men of strong minds, to men whose affection is not easily won or widely diffused. The talk of Calcutta ran for some time on the luxurious manner in which he fitted up the round-house of an Indiaman for her accommodation, on the profusion of sandal-wood and carved ivory which adorned her cabin, and on the thousands of rupees which had been expended in order to procure for her the society of an agreeable female companion during the voyage. We may remark here that the letters of Hastings to his wife are exceedingly characteristic. They are tender, and full of indications of esteem and confidence; but, at the same time, a little more ceremonious than is usual in so intimate a relation. The solemn courtesy with which he compliments "his elegant Marian" reminds us now and then of the dignified air with which Sir Charles Grandison bowed over Miss Byron's hand in the cedar parlour.

After some months, Hastings prepared to follow his wife to England. When it was announced that he was about to quit his office, the feeling of the society which he had so long governed manifested itself by many signs. Addresses poured in from Europeans and Asiatics, from civil functionaries, soldiers, and traders. On the day on which he delivered up the keys of office, a crowd of friends and admirers formed a lane to the quay where he embarked. Several barges escorted him far down the river; and some attached friends refused to quit him till the low coast of Bengal was fading from the view, and till the pilot was leaving the ship.

Of his voyage little is known, except that he amused himself with books and with his pen; and that, among the compositions by which he beguiled the tediousness of

that long leisure, was a pleasing imitation of Horace's *Otium divos rogat*. This little poem was inscribed to Mr. Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth, a man of whose integrity, humanity, and honour, it is impossible to speak too highly, but who, like some other excellent members of the civil service, extended to the conduct of his friend Hastings an indulgence of which his own conduct never stood in need.

The voyage was, for those times, very speedy. Hastings was little more than four months on the sea. In June, 1785, he landed at Plymouth, posted to London, appeared at Court, paid his respects in Leadenhall Street, and then retired with his wife to Cheltenham.

He was greatly pleased with his reception. The King treated him with marked distinction. The Queen, who had already incurred much censure on account of the favour which, in spite of the ordinary severity of her virtue, she had shown to the "elegant Marian," was not less gracious to Hastings. The Directors received him in a solemn sitting; and their chairman read to him a vote of thanks which they had passed without one dissentient voice. "I find myself," said Hastings, in a letter written about a quarter of a year after his arrival in England, "I find myself everywhere, and universally, treated with evidences, apparent even to my own observation, that I possess the good opinion of my country."

The confident and exulting tone of his correspondence about this time is the more remarkable, because he had already received ample notice of the attack which was in preparation. Within a week after he landed at Plymouth, Burke gave notice in the House of Commons of a motion seriously affecting a gentleman lately returned from India. The session, however, was then so far advanced, that it was impossible to enter on so extensive and important a subject.

Hastings, it is clear, was not sensible of the danger of his position. Indeed that sagacity, that judgment, that readiness in devising expedients, which had distinguished him in the East, seemed now to have forsaken him; not that his abilities were at all impaired; not that he was not still the same man who had triumphed over Francis and

Nuncomar, who had made the Chief Justice and the Nabob Vizier his tools, who had deposed Cheyte Sing, and repelled Hyder Ali. But an oak, as Mr. Grattan finely said, should not be transplanted at fifty. A man who, having left England when a boy, returns to it after thirty or forty years passed in India, will find, be his talents what they may, that he has much both to learn and to unlearn before he can take a place among English statesmen. The working of a representative system, the war of parties, the arts of debate, the influence of the press, are startling novelties to him. Surrounded on every side by new machines and new tactics, he is as much bewildered as Hannibal would have been at Waterloo, or Themistocles at Trafalgar. His very acuteness deludes him. His very vigour causes him to stumble. The more correct his maxims, when applied to the state of society to which he is accustomed, the more certain they are to lead him astray. This was strikingly the case with Hastings. In India he had a bad hand; but he was master of the game, and he won every stake. In England he held excellent cards, if he had known how to play them; and it was chiefly by his own errors that he was brought to the verge of ruin.

Of all his errors the most serious was perhaps the choice of a champion. Clive, in similar circumstances, had made a singularly happy selection. He put himself into the hands of Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Loughborough, one of the few great advocates who have also been great in the House of Commons. To the defence of Clive, therefore, nothing was wanting, neither learning nor knowledge of the world, neither forensic acuteness nor that eloquence which charms political assemblies. Hastings intrusted his interests to a very different person, a major in the Bengal army, named Scott. This gentleman had been sent over from India some time before as the agent of the Governor-General. It was rumoured that his services were rewarded with Oriental munificence; and we believe that he received much more than Hastings could conveniently spare. The Major obtained a seat in Parliament, and was there regarded as the organ of his employer. It was evidently impossible that a gentleman

so situated could speak with the authority which belongs to an independent position. Nor had the agent of Hastings the talents necessary for obtaining the ear of an assembly which, accustomed to listen to great orators, had naturally become fastidious. He was always on his legs; he was very tedious; and he had only one topic, the merits and wrongs of Hastings. Every body who knows the House of Commons will easily guess what followed. The Major was soon considered the greatest bore of his time. His exertions were not confined to Parliament. There was hardly a day on which the newspapers did not contain some puff upon Hastings, signed *Asiaticus* or *Bengalensis*, but known to be written by the indefatigable Scott; and hardly a month in which some bulky pamphlet on the same subject, and from the same pen, did not pass to the trunk-makers and the pastry-cooks. As to this gentleman's capacity for conducting a delicate question through Parliament, our readers will want no evidence beyond that which they will find in letters preserved in these volumes. We will give a single specimen of his temper and judgment. He designated the greatest man then living as "that reptile Mr. Burke."

In spite, however, of this unfortunate choice, the general aspect of affairs was favourable to Hastings. The King was on his side. The Company and its servants were zealous in his cause. Among public men he had many ardent friends. Such were Lord Mansfield, who had outlived the vigour of his body, but not that of his mind; and Lord Lansdowne, who, though unconnected with any party, retained the importance which belongs to great talents and knowledge. The ministers were generally believed to be favourable to the late Governor-General. They owed their power to the clamour which had been raised against Mr. Fox's East India Bill. The authors of that bill, when accused of invading vested rights, and of setting up powers unknown to the constitution, had defended themselves by pointing to the crimes of Hastings, and by arguing that abuses so extraordinary justified extraordinary measures. Those who, by opposing that bill, had raised themselves to the head of affairs, would naturally be inclined to extenuate the evils which

had been made the plea for administering so violent a remedy; and such, in fact, was their general disposition. The Lord Chancellor Thurlow, in particular, whose great place and force of intellect gave him a weight in the government inferior only to that of Mr. Pitt, espoused the cause of Hastings with indecorous violence. Mr. Pitt, though he had censured many parts of the Indian system, had studiously abstained from saying a word against the late chief of the Indian Government. To Major Scott, indeed, the young minister had in private extolled Hastings as a great, a wonderful man, who had the highest claims on the government. There was only one objection to granting all that so eminent a servant of the public could ask. The resolution of censure still remained on the journals of the House of Commons. That resolution was, indeed, unjust; but, till it was rescinded, could the minister advise the King to bestow any mark of approbation on the person censured? If Major Scott is to be trusted, Mr. Pitt declared that this was the only reason which prevented the advisers of the Crown from conferring a peerage on the late Governor-General. Mr. Dundas was the only important member of the administration who was deeply committed to a different view of the subject. He had moved the resolution which created the difficulty; but even from him little was to be apprehended. Since he had presided over the committee on Eastern affairs, great changes had taken place. He was surrounded by new allies; he had fixed his hopes on new objects; and whatever may have been his good qualities, —and he had many—flattery itself never reckoned rigid consistency in the number.

From the Ministry, therefore, Hastings had every reason to expect support; and the Ministry was very powerful. The Opposition was loud and vehement against him. But the Opposition, though formidable from the wealth and influence of some of its members, and from the admirable talents and eloquence of others, was outnumbered in Parliament, and odious throughout the country. Nor, as far as we judge, was the Opposition generally desirous to engage in so serious an undertaking as the impeachment of an Indian Governor. Such an impeach-

ment must last for years. It must impose on the chiefs of the party an immense load of labour. Yet it could scarcely, in any manner, affect the event of the great political game. The followers of the coalition were therefore more inclined to revile Hastings than to prosecute him. They lost no opportunity of coupling his name with the names of the most hateful tyrants of whom history makes mention. The wits of Brooks's aimed their keenest sarcasms both at his public and at his domestic life. Some fine diamonds which he had presented, as it was rumoured, to the royal family, and a certain richly carved ivory bed which the Queen had done him the honour to accept from him, were favourite subjects of ridicule. One lively poet proposed, that the great acts of the fair Marian's present husband should be immortalized by the pencil of his predecessor; and that Imhoff should be employed to embellish the House of Commons with paintings of the bleeding Rohillas, of Nuncomar swinging, of Cheyte Sing letting himself down to the Ganges. Another, in an exquisitely humorous parody of Virgil's third eclogue, propounded the question, what that mineral could be of which the rays had power to make the most austere of princesses the friend of a wanton. A third described, with gay malevolence, the gorgeous appearance of Mrs. Hastings at St. James's, the galaxy of jewels, torn from Indian Begums, which adorned her head dress, her necklace gleaming with future votes, and the depending questions that shone upon her ears. Satirical attacks of this description, and perhaps a motion for a vote of censure, would have satisfied the great body of the Opposition. But there were two men whose indignation was not to be so appeased, Philip Francis and Edmund Burke.

Francis had recently entered the House of Commons, and had already established a character there for industry and ability. He laboured indeed under one most unfortunate defect, want of fluency. But he occasionally expressed himself with a dignity and energy worthy of the greatest orators. Before he had been many days in parliament, he incurred the bitter dislike of Pitt, who constantly treated him with as much asperity as the laws of debate would allow. Neither lapse of years nor change

of scene had mitigated the enmities which Francis had brought back from the East. After his usual fashion, he mistook his malevolence for virtue, nursed it, as preachers tell us that we ought to nurse our good dispositions, and paraded it, on all occasions, with Pharisaical ostentation.

The zeal of Burke was still fiercer; but it was far purer. Men unable to understand the elevation of his mind have tried to find out some discreditable motive for the vehemence and pertinacity which he showed on this occasion. But they have altogether failed. The idle story that he had some private slight to revenge has long been given up, even by the advocates of Hastings. Mr. Gleig supposes that Burke was actuated by party spirit, that he retained a bitter remembrance of the fall of the coalition, that he attributed that fall to the exertions of the East India interest, and that he considered Hastings as the head and the representative of that interest. This explanation seems to be sufficiently refuted by a reference to dates. The hostility of Burke to Hastings commenced long before the coalition; and lasted long after Burke had become a strenuous supporter of those by whom the coalition had been defeated. It began when Burke and Fox, closely allied together, were attacking the influence of the crown, and calling for peace with the American republic. It continued till Burke, alienated from Fox, and loaded with the favours of the crown, died, preaching a crusade against the French republic. We surely cannot attribute to the events of 1784 an enmity which began in 1781, and which retained undiminished force long after persons far more deeply implicated than Hastings in the events of 1784 had been cordially forgiven. And why should we look for any other explanation of Burke's conduct than that which we find on the surface? The plain truth is that Hastings had committed some great crimes, and that the thought of those crimes made the blood of Burke boil in his veins. For Burke was a man in whom compassion for suffering, and hatred of injustice and tyranny, were as strong as in Las Casas or Clarkson. And although in him, as in Las Casas and in Clarkson, these noble feelings were alloyed with the infirmity which belongs to human nature, he is, like them, entitled to this

great praise, that he devoted years of intense labour to the service of a people with whom he had neither blood nor language, neither religion nor manners in common, and from whom no requital, no thanks, no applause could be expected.

His knowledge of India was such as few, even of those Europeans who have passed many years in that country, have attained, and such as certainly was never attained by any public man who had not quitted Europe. He had studied the history, the laws, and the usages of the East with an industry, such as is seldom found united to so much genius and so much sensibility. Others have perhaps been equally laborious, and have collected an equal mass of materials. But the manner in which Burke brought his higher powers of intellect to work on statements of facts, and on tables of figures, was peculiar to himself. In every part of those huge bales of Indian information which repelled almost all other readers, his mind, at once philosophical and poetical, found something to instruct or to delight. His reason analysed and digested those vast and shapeless masses; his imagination animated and coloured them. Out of darkness, and dulness, and confusion, he formed a multitude of ingenious theories and vivid pictures. He had, in the highest degree, that noble faculty whereby man is able to live in the past and in the future, in the distant and in the unreal. India and its inhabitants were not to him, as to most Englishmen, mere names and abstractions, but a real country and a real people. The burning sun, the strange vegetation of the palm and the cocoa tree, the ricefield, the tank, the huge trees, older than the Mogul empire, under which the village crowds assemble, the thatched roof of the peasant's hut, the rich tracery of the mosque where the imaum prays with his face to Mecca, the drums, and banners, and gaudy idols, the devotee swinging in the air, the graceful maiden, with the pitcher on her head, descending the steps to the riverside, the black faces, the long beards, the yellow streaks of sect, the turbans and the flowing robes, the spears and the silver maces, the elephants with their canopies of state, the gorgeous palanquin of the prince, and the close litter of the noble

lady, all these things were to him as the objects amidst which his own life had been passed, as the objects which lay on the road between Beaconsfield and St. James's Street. All India was present to the eye of his mind, from the halls where suitors laid gold and perfume at the feet of sovereigns to the wild moor where the gipsy camp was pitched, from the bazaar, humming like a beehive with the crowd of buyers and sellers, to the jungle where the lonely courier shakes his bunch of iron rings to scare away the hyænas. He had just as lively an idea of the insurrection at Benares as of Lord George Gordon's riots, and of the execution of Nuncomar as of the execution of Dr. Dodd. Oppression in Bengal was to him the same thing as oppression in the streets of London.

He saw that Hastings had been guilty of some most unjustifiable acts. All that followed was natural and necessary in a mind like Burke's. His imagination and his passions, once excited, hurried him beyond the bounds of justice and good sense. His reason, powerful as it was, became the slave of feelings which it should have controlled. His indignation, virtuous in its origin, acquired too much of the character of personal aversion. He could see no mitigating circumstances, no redeeming merit. His temper, which, though generous and affectionate, had always been irritable, had now been made almost savage by bodily infirmities and mental vexations. Conscious of great powers and great virtues, he found himself, in age and poverty, a mark for the hatred of a perfidious court and a deluded people. In Parliament his eloquence was out of date. A young generation, which knew him not, had filled the House. Whenever he rose to speak, his voice was drowned by the unseemly interruption of lads who were in their cradles when his orations on the Stamp Act called forth the applause of the great Earl of Chatham. These things had produced on his proud and sensitive spirit an effect at which we cannot wonder. He could no longer discuss any question with calmness, or make allowance for honest differences of opinion. Those who think that he was more violent and acrimonious in debates about India than on other occasions, are ill-informed respecting the last years of his life. In the discussions on the Commercial

Treaty with the Court of Versailles, on the Regency, on the French Revolution, he showed even more virulence than in conducting the impeachment. Indeed it may be remarked that the very persons who called him a mischievous maniac, for condemning in burning words the Rohilla war and the spoliation of the Begums, exalted him into a prophet as soon as he began to declaim, with greater vehemence, and not with greater reason, against the taking of the Bastille and the insults offered to Marie Antoinette. To us he appears to have been neither a maniac in the former case, nor a prophet in the latter, but in both cases a great and good man, led into extravagance by a sensibility which domineered over all his faculties.

It may be doubted whether the personal antipathy of Francis, or the nobler indignation of Burke, would have led their party to adopt extreme measures against Hastings, if his own conduct had been judicious. He should have felt that, great as his public services had been, he was not faultless, and should have been content to make his escape, without aspiring to the honours of a triumph. He and his agent took a different view. They were impatient for the rewards which, as they conceived, were deferred only till Burke's attack should be over. They accordingly resolved to force on a decisive action with an enemy for whom, if they had been wise, they would have made a bridge of gold. On the first day of the session of 1786, Major Scott reminded Burke of the notice given in the preceding year, and asked whether it was seriously intended to bring any charge against the late Governor-General. This challenge left no course open to the Opposition, except to come forward as accusers, or to acknowledge themselves calumniators. The administration of Hastings had not been so blameless, nor was the great party of Fox and North so feeble, that it could be prudent to venture on so bold a defiance. The leaders of the Opposition instantly returned the only answer which they could with honour return; and the whole party was irrevocably pledged to a prosecution.

Burke began his operations by applying for papers. Some of the documents for which he asked were refused by the ministers, who, in the debate, held language such as

strongly confirmed the prevailing opinion, that they intended to support Hastings. In April the charges were laid on the table. They had been drawn by Burke with great ability, though in a form too much resembling that of a pamphlet. Hastings was furnished with a copy of the accusation; and it was intimated to him that he might, if he thought fit, be heard in his own<sup>d</sup> defence at the bar of the Commons.

Here again Hastings was pursued by the same fatality which had attended him ever since the day when he set foot on English ground. It seemed to be decreed that this man, so politic and so successful in the East, should commit nothing but blunders in Europe. Any judicious adviser would have told him that the best thing which he could do would be to make an eloquent, forcible, and affecting oration at the bar of the House; but, that if he could not trust himself to speak, and found it necessary to read, he ought to be as concise as possible. Audiences accustomed to extemporaneous debating of the highest excellence are always impatient of long written compositions. Hastings, however, sat down as he would have done at the Government-house in Bengal, and prepared a paper of immense length. That paper, if recorded on the consultations of an Indian administration, would have been justly praised as a very able minute. But it was now out of place. It fell flat, as the best written defence must have fallen flat, on an assembly accustomed to the animated and strenuous conflicts of Pitt and Fox. The members, as soon as their curiosity about the face and demeanour of so eminent a stranger was satisfied, walked away to dinner, and left Hastings to tell his story till midnight to the clerks and the Serjeant-at-arms.

All preliminary steps having been duly taken, Burke, in the beginning of June, brought forward the charge relating to the Rohilla war. He acted discreetly in placing this accusation in the van; for Dundas had formerly moved, and the House had adopted, a resolution condemning, in the most severe terms, the policy followed by Hastings with regard to Rohilcund. Dundas had little, or rather nothing, to say in defence of his own consistency; but he put a bold face on the matter, and opposed the motion.

Among other things, he declared that, though he still thought the Rohilla war unjustifiable, he considered the services which Hastings had subsequently rendered to the State as sufficient to atone even for so great an offence. Pitt did not speak, but voted with Dundas; and Hastings was absolved by a hundred and nineteen votes against sixty-seven.

Hastings was now confident of victory. It seemed, indeed, that he had reason to be so. The Rohilla war was, of all his measures, that which his accusers might with greatest advantage assail. It had been condemned by the Court of Directors. It had been condemned by the House of Commons. It had been condemned by Mr. Dundas, who had since become the chief minister of the Crown for Indian Affairs. Yet Burke, having chosen this strong ground, had been completely defeated on it. That having failed here, he should succeed on any point, was generally thought impossible. It was rumoured at the clubs and coffee-houses that one or perhaps two more charges would be brought forward, that if, on those charges, the sense of the House of Commons should be against impeachment, the Opposition would let the matter drop, that Hastings would be immediately raised to the peerage, decorated with the star of the Bath, sworn of the Privy Council, and invited to lend the assistance of his talents and experience to the India Board. Lord Thurlow, indeed, some months before, had spoken with contempt of the scruples which prevented Pitt from calling Hastings to the House of Lords; and had even said that, if the Chancellor of the Exchequer was afraid of the Commons, there was nothing to prevent the Keeper of the Great Seal from taking the royal pleasure about a patent of peerage. The very title was chosen. Hastings was to be Lord Daylesford. For, through all changes of scene and changes of fortune, remained unchanged his attachment to the spot which had witnessed the greatness and the fall of his family, and which had borne so great a part in the first dreams of his young ambition.

But in a very few days these fair prospects were overcast. On the thirteenth of June, Mr. Fox brought forward, with great ability and eloquence, the charge respecting the

treatment of Cheyte Sing. Francis followed on the same side. The friends of Hastings were in high spirits when Pitt rose. With his usual abundance and felicity of language, the Minister gave his opinion on the case. He maintained that the Governor-General was justified in calling on the Rajah of Benares for pecuniary assistance, and in imposing a fine when the assistance was contumaciously withheld. He also thought that the conduct of the Governor-General during the insurrection had been distinguished by ability and presence of mind. He censured, with great bitterness, the conduct of Francis, both in India and in Parliament, as most dishonest and malignant. The necessary inference from Pitt's arguments seemed to be that Hastings ought to be honourably acquitted; and both the friends and the opponents of the Minister expected from him a declaration to that effect. To the astonishment of all parties, he concluded by saying that, though he thought it right in Hastings to fine Cheyte Sing for contumacy, yet the amount of the fine was too great for the occasion. On this ground, and on this ground alone, did Mr. Pitt, applauding every other part of the conduct of Hastings with regard to Benares, declare that he should vote in favour of Mr. Fox's motion.

The house was thunderstruck; and it well might be so. For the wrong done to Cheyte Sing, even had it been as flagitious as Fox and Francis contended, was a trifle when compared with the horrors which had been inflicted on Rohilcund. But if Mr. Pitt's view of the case of Cheyte Sing were correct, there was no ground for an impeachment, or even for a vote of censure. If the offence of Hastings was really no more than this, that, having a right to impose a mulct, the amount of which mulct was not defined, but was left to be settled by his discretion, he had, not for his own advantage, but for that of the State, demanded too much, was this an offence which required a criminal proceeding of the highest solemnity, a criminal proceeding, to which, during sixty years, no public functionary had been subjected? We can see, we think, in what way a man of sense and integrity might have been induced to take any course respecting Hastings, except the course which Mr. Pitt took. Such a man might have

thought a great example necessary, for the preventing of injustice, and for the vindicating of the national honour, and might, on that ground, have voted for impeachment both on the Rohilla charge and on the Benares charge. Such a man might have thought that the offences of Hastings had been atoned for by great services, and might, on that ground, have voted against the impeachment, on both charges. With great diffidence, we give it as our opinion that the most correct course would, on the whole, have been to impeach on the Rohilla charge, and to acquit on the Benares charge. Had the Benares charge appeared to us in the same light in which it appeared to Mr. Pitt, we should, without hesitation, have voted for acquittal on that charge. The one course which it is inconceivable that any man of a tenth part of Mr. Pitt's abilities can have honestly taken was the course which he took. He acquitted Hastings on the Rohilla charge. He softened down the Benares charge till it became no charge at all; and then he pronounced that it contained matter for impeachment.

Nor must it be forgotten that the principal reason assigned by the ministry for not impeaching Hastings on account of the Rohilla war was this, that the delinquencies of the early part of his administration had been atoned for by the excellence of the later part. Was it not most extraordinary that men who had held this language could afterwards vote that the latter part of his administration furnished matter for no less than twenty articles of impeachment? They first represented the conduct of Hastings in 1780 and 1781 as so highly meritorious that, like works of supererogation in the Catholic theology, it ought to be efficacious for the cancelling of former offences; and they then prosecuted him for his conduct in 1780 and 1781.

The general astonishment was the greater, because, only twenty-four hours before, the members on whom the minister could depend had received the usual notes from the Treasury, begging them to be in their places and to vote against Mr. Fox's motion. It was asserted by Mr. Hastings, that, early on the morning of the very day on which the debate took place, Dundas called on Pitt, woke

him, and was closeted with him many hours. The result of this conference was a determination to give up the late Governor-General to the vengeance of the Opposition. It was impossible even for the most powerful minister to carry all his followers with him in so strange a course. Several persons high in office, the Attorney-General, Mr. Grenville and Lord Mulgrave, divided against Mr. Pitt. But the devoted adherents who stood by the head of the government without asking questions, were sufficiently numerous to turn the scale. A hundred and nineteen members voted for Mr. Fox's motion; seventy-nine against it. Dundas silently followed Pitt.

That good and great man, the late William Wilberforce, often related the events of this remarkable night. He described the amazement of the House, and the bitter reflections which were muttered against the Prime Minister by some of the habitual supporters of the government. Pitt himself appeared to feel that his conduct required some explanation. He left the treasury bench, sat for some time next to Mr. Wilberforce, and very earnestly declared that he had found it impossible, as a man of conscience, to stand any longer by Hastings. The business, he said, was too bad. Mr. Wilberforce, we are bound to add, fully believed that his friend was sincere, and that the suspicions to which this mysterious affair gave rise were altogether unfounded.

Those suspicions, indeed, were such as it is painful to mention. The friends of Hastings, most of whom, it is to be observed, generally supported the administration, affirmed that the motive of Pitt and Dundas was jealousy. Hastings was personally a favourite with the King. He was the idol of the East India Company and of its servants. If he were absolved by the Commons, seated among the Lords, admitted to the Board of Control, closely allied with the strong-minded and imperious Thurlow, was it not almost certain that he would soon draw to himself the entire management of Eastern affairs? Was it not possible that he might become a formidable rival in the cabinet? It had probably got abroad that very singular communications had taken place between Thurlow and Major Scott, and that, if the First Lord of the Treasury was afraid to

recommend Hastings for a peerage, the Chancellor was ready to take the responsibility of that step on himself. Of all ministers Pitt was the least likely to submit with patience to such an encroachment on his functions. If the Commons impeached Hastings, all danger was at an end. The proceeding, however it might terminate, would probably last some years. In the meantime, the accused person would be excluded from honours and public employments, and could scarcely venture even to pay his duty at court. Such were the motives attributed by a great part of the public to the young minister, whose ruling passion was generally believed to be avarice of power.

The prorogation soon interrupted the discussions respecting Hastings. In the following year, those discussions were resumed. The charge touching the spoliation of the Begums was brought forward by Sheridan, in a speech which was so imperfectly reported that it may be said to be wholly lost, but which was, without doubt, the most elaborately brilliant of all the productions of his ingenious mind. The impression which it produced was such as has never been equalled. He sat down, not merely amidst cheering, but amidst the loud clapping of hands, in which the Lords below the bar and the strangers in the gallery joined. The excitement of the House was such that no other speaker could obtain a hearing; and the debate was adjourned. The ferment spread fast through the town. Within four and twenty hours, Sheridan was offered a thousand pounds for the copyright of his speech, if he would himself correct it for the press. The impression made by this remarkable display of eloquence on severe and experienced critics, whose discernment may be supposed to have been quickened by emulation, was deep and permanent. Mr. Windham, twenty years later, said that the speech deserved all its fame, and was, in spite of some faults of taste, such as were seldom wanting either in the literary or in the parliamentary performances of Sheridan, the finest that had been delivered within the memory of man. Mr. Fox, about the same time, being asked by the late Lord Holland what was the best speech ever made in the House of Commons, assigned the first place, without hesitation, to the great oration of Sheridan on the Oude charge.

When the debate was resumed, the tide ran so strongly against the accused that his friends were coughed and scraped down. Pitt declared himself for Sheridan's motion; and the question was carried by a hundred and seventy-five votes against sixty-eight.

The Opposition, flushed with victory and strongly supported by the public sympathy, proceeded to bring forward a succession of charges relating chiefly to pecuniary transactions. The friends of Hastings were discouraged, and, having now no hope of being able to avert an impeachment, were not very strenuous in their exertions. At length the House, having agreed to twenty articles of charge, directed Burke to go before the Lords, and to impeach the late Governor-General of high crimes and misdemeanours. Hastings was at the same time arrested by the Serjeant-at-arms, and carried to the bar of the Peers.

The session was now within ten days of its close. It was, therefore, impossible that any progress could be made in the trial till the next year. Hastings was admitted to bail; and further proceedings were postponed till the Houses should re-assemble.

When Parliament met in the following winter, the Commons proceeded to elect a committee for managing the impeachment. Burke stood at the head; and with him were associated most of the leading members of the Opposition. But when the name of Francis was read a fierce contention arose. It was said that Francis and Hastings were notoriously on bad terms, that they had been at feud during many years, that on one occasion their mutual aversion had impelled them to seek each other's lives, and that it would be improper and indelicate to select a private enemy to be a public accuser. It was urged on the other side with great force, particularly by Mr. Windham, that impartiality, though the first duty of a judge, had never been reckoned among the qualities of an advocate; that in the ordinary administration of criminal justice among the English, the aggrieved party, the very last person who ought to be admitted into the jury-box, is the prosecutor; that what was wanted in a manager was, not that he should be free from bias, but that he should be able, well-informed, energetic, and active. The ability and information of

Francis were admitted ; and the very animosity with which he was reproached, whether a virtue or a vice, was at least a pledge for his energy and activity. It seems difficult to refute these arguments. But the inveterate hatred borne by Francis to Hastings had excited general disgust. The House decided that Francis should not be a manager. Pitt voted with the majority, Dundas with the minority.

In the meantime, the preparations for the trial had proceeded rapidly ; and on the thirteenth of February, 1788, the sittings of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewellery and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster ; but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from cooperation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of our constitution were laid ; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman, accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither mili-

tary nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way, George Elliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The grey old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace, and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labours in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant

ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There too was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticized, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

The Serjeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis*: such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

His counsel accompanied him, men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession: the bold and strong-minded Law, afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench; the more humane and eloquent Dallas, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Plomer who, near twenty years later, successfully conducted in the same high court the defence of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice-Chancellor and Master of the Rolls.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze

of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact and his urbanity. But, in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit, the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honour. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone, culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigour of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who, within the last ten years, have listened

with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles, Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendour of diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the Company and of the English Presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile Chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard: and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered, by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanours. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honour he has sullied.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!"

When the deep murmur of various emotions had subsided, Mr. Fox rose to address the Lords respecting the course of proceeding to be followed. The wish of the accusers was that the Court would bring to a close the investigation of the first charge before the second was opened. The wish of Hastings and of his council was that the managers should open all the charges, and produce all the evidence for the prosecution, before the defence began. The Lords retired to their own House to consider the question. The Chancellor took the side of Hastings. Lord Loughborough, who was now in opposition, supported the demand of the managers. The division showed which way the inclination of the tribunal leaned. A majority of near three to one decided in favour of the course for which Hastings contended.

When the Court sat again, Mr. Fox, assisted by Mr. Grey, opened the charge respecting Cheyte Sing, and several days were spent in reading papers and hearing witnesses. The next article was that relating to the Princesses of Oude. The conduct of this part of the case was intrusted to Sheridan. The curiosity of the public to hear him was unbounded. His sparkling and highly finished declamation lasted two days; but the Hall was crowded to suffocation during the whole time. It was said that fifty guineas had been paid for a single ticket. Sheridan, when he concluded, contrived, with a knowledge of stage effect which his father might have envied, to sink back, as if exhausted, into the arms of Burke, who hugged him with the energy of generous admiration.

June was now far advanced. The session could not last much longer; and the progress which had been made in the impeachment was not very satisfactory. There were twenty charges. On two only of these had even the case for the prosecution been heard; and it was now a year since Hastings had been admitted to bail.

The interest taken by the public in the trial was great

when the Court began to sit, and rose to the height when Sheridan spoke on the charge relating to the Begums. From that time the excitement went down fast. The spectacle had lost the attraction of novelty. The great displays of rhetoric were over. What was behind was not of a nature to entice men of letters from their books in the morning, or to tempt ladies who had left the masquerade at two to be out of bed before eight. There remained examinations and cross-examinations. There remained statements of accounts. There remained the reading of papers, filled with words unintelligible to English ears, with lacs and crores, zemindars and aumils, sunnuds and perwannahs, jaghires and nuzzurs. There remained bickerings, not always carried on with the best taste or with the best temper, between the managers of the impeachment and the counsel for the defence, particularly between Mr. Burke and Mr. Law. There remained the endless marches and countermarches of the Peers between their House and the Hall: for as often as a point of law was to be discussed, their Lordships retired to discuss it apart; and the consequence was, as a Peer wittily said, that the judges walked and the trial stood still.

It is to be added that, in the spring of 1788, when the trial commenced, no important question, either of domestic or foreign policy, occupied the public mind. The proceeding in Westminster Hall, therefore, naturally attracted most of the attention of Parliament and of the country. It was the one great event of that season. But in the following year the King's illness, the debates on the Regency, the expectation of a change of ministry, completely diverted public attention from Indian affairs; and within a fortnight after George the Third had returned thanks in St. Paul's for his recovery, the States-General of France met at Versailles. In the midst of the agitation produced by these events, the impeachment was for a time almost forgotten.

The trial in the Hall went on languidly. In the session of 1788, when the proceedings had the interest of novelty, and when the Peers had little other business before them, only thirty-five days were given to the impeachment. In 1789, the Regency Bill occupied the Upper House till the

session was far advanced. When the King recovered, the circuits were beginning. The judges left town; the Lords waited for the return of the oracles of jurisprudence; and the consequence was that during the whole year only seventeen days were given to the case of Hastings. It was clear that the matter would be protracted to a length unprecedented in the annals of criminal law.

In truth, it is impossible to deny that impeachment, though it is a fine ceremony, and though it may have been useful in the seventeenth century, is not a proceeding from which much good can now be expected. Whatever confidence may be placed in the decision of the Peers on an appeal arising out of ordinary litigation, it is certain that no man has the least confidence in their impartiality, when a great public functionary, charged with a great state crime is brought to their bar. They are all politicians. There is hardly one among them whose vote on an impeachment may not be confidently predicted before a witness has been examined; and, even if it were possible to rely on their justice, they would still be quite unfit to try such a cause as that of Hastings. They sit only during half the year. They have to transact much legislative and much judicial business. The law-lords, whose advice is required to guide the unlearned majority, are employed daily in administering justice elsewhere. It is impossible, therefore, that during a busy session, the Upper House should give more than a few days to an impeachment. To expect that their Lordships would give up partridge-shooting, in order to bring the greatest delinquent to speedy justice, or to relieve accused innocence by speedy acquittal, would be unreasonable indeed. A well constituted tribunal, sitting regularly six days in the week, and nine hours in the day, would have brought the trial of Hastings to a close in less than three months. The Lords had not finished their work in seven years.

The result ceased to be matter of doubt, from the time when the Lords resolved that they would be guided by the rules of evidence which are received in the inferior courts of the realm. Those rules, it is well known, exclude much information which would be quite sufficient to determine the conduct of any reasonable man, in the most

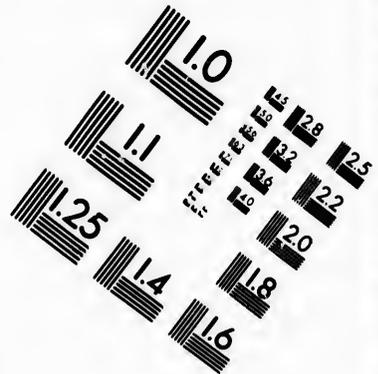
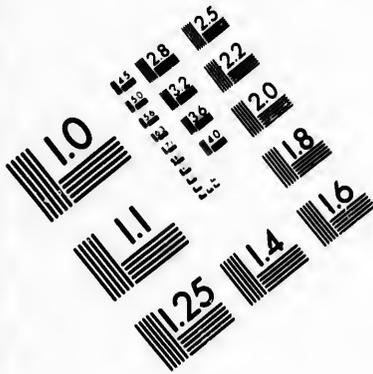
important transactions of private life. Those rules, at every assizes, save scores of culprits whom judges, jury, and spectators firmly believe to be guilty. But when those rules were rigidly applied to offences committed many years before, at the distance of many thousands of miles, conviction was, of course, out of the question. We do not blame the accused and his counsel for availing themselves of every legal advantage in order to obtain an acquittal. But it is clear that an acquittal so obtained cannot be pleaded in bar of the judgment of history.

Several attempts were made by the friends of Hastings to put a stop to the trial. In 1789 they proposed a vote of censure upon Burke, for some violent language which he had used respecting the death of Nuncomar and the connection between Hastings and Impey. Burke was then unpopular in the last degree both with the House and with the country. The asperity and indecency of some expressions which he had used during the debates on the Regency had annoyed even his warmest friends. The vote of censure was carried; and those who had moved it hoped that the managers would resign in disgust. Burke was deeply hurt. But his zeal for what he considered as the cause of justice and mercy triumphed over his personal feelings. He received the censure of the House with dignity and meekness, and declared that no personal mortification or humiliation should induce him to flinch from the sacred duty which he had undertaken.

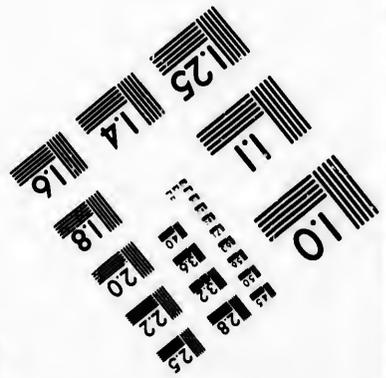
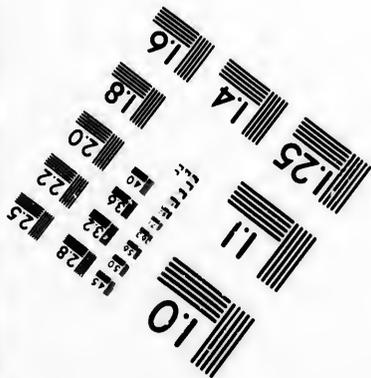
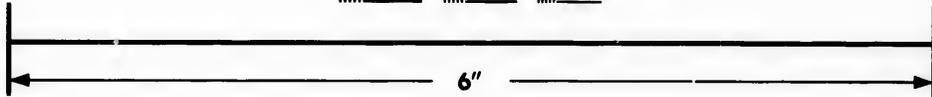
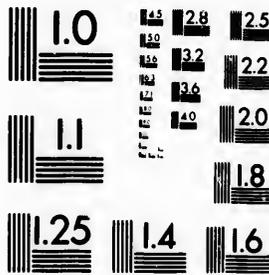
In the following year the Parliament was dissolved; and the friends of Hastings entertained a hope that the new House of Commons might not be disposed to go on with the impeachment. They began by maintaining that the whole proceeding was terminated by the dissolution. Defeated on this point, they made a direct motion that the impeachment should be dropped; but they were defeated by the combined forces of the Government and the Opposition. It was, however, resolved that, for the sake of expedition, many of the articles should be withdrawn. In truth, had not some such measure been adopted, the trial would have lasted till the defendant was in his grave.

At length, in the spring of 1795, the decision was pronounced, near eight years after Hastings had been





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brought by the Serjeant-at-arms of the Commons to the bar of the Lords. On the last day of this great procedure the public curiosity, long suspended, seemed to be revived. Anxiety about the judgment there could be none: for it had been fully ascertained that there was a great majority for the defendant. Nevertheless many wished to see the pageant, and the Hall was as much crowded as on the first day. But those who, having been present on the first day, now bore a part in the proceedings of the last, were few; and most of those few were altered men.

As Hastings himself said, the arraignment had taken place before one generation, and the judgment was pronounced by another. The spectator could not look at the woolsack, or at the red benches of the Peers, or at the green benches of the Commons, without seeing something that reminded him of the instability of all human things, of the instability of power and fame and life, and of the more lamentable instability of friendship. The great seal was borne before Lord Loughborough, who, when the trial commenced, was a fierce opponent of Mr. Pitt's government, and who was now a member of that government, while Thurlow, who presided in the court when it first sat, estranged from all his old allies, sat scowling among the junior barons. Of about a hundred and sixty nobles who walked in the procession on the first day, sixty had been laid in their family vaults. Still more affecting must have been the sight of the managers' box. What had become of that fair fellowship, so closely bound together by public and private ties, so resplendent with every talent and accomplishment? It had been scattered by calamities more bitter than the bitterness of death. The great chiefs were still living, and still in the full vigour of their genius. But their friendship was at an end. It had been violently and publicly dissolved, with tears and stormy reproaches. If those men, once so dear to each other, were now compelled to meet for the purpose of managing the impeachment, they met as strangers whom public business had brought together, and behaved to each other with cold and distant civility. Burke had in his vortex whirled away Windham. Fox had been followed by Sheridan and Grey.

Only twenty-nine Peers voted. Of these only six found

Hastings guilty on the charges relating to Cheyte Sing and to the Begums. On other charges, the majority in his favour was still greater. On some he was unanimously absolved. He was then called to the bar, was informed from the woolsack that the Lords had acquitted him, and was solemnly discharged. He bowed respectfully and retired.

We have said that the decision had been fully expected. It was also generally approved. At the commencement of the trial there had been a strong and indeed unreasonable feeling against Hastings. At the close of the trial there was a feeling equally strong and equally unreasonable in his favour. One cause of the change, was, no doubt, what is commonly called the fickleness of the multitude, but what seems to us to be merely the general law of human nature. Both in individuals and in masses violent excitement is always followed by remission, and often by reaction. We are all inclined to depreciate whatever we have overpraised, and, on the other hand, to show undue indulgence where we have shown undue rigour. It was thus in the case of Hastings. The length of his trial, moreover, made him an object of compassion. It was thought, and not without reason, that, even if he was guilty, he was still an ill-used man, and that an impeachment of eight years was more than a sufficient punishment. It was also felt that, though, in the ordinary course of criminal law, a defendant is not allowed to set off his good actions against his crimes, a great political crime should be tried on different principles, and that a man who had governed an empire during thirteen years might have done some very reprehensible things, and yet might be on the whole deserving of rewards and honours rather than of fine and imprisonment. The press, an instrument neglected by the prosecutors, was used by Hastings and his friends with great effect. Every ship, too, that arrived from Madras or Bengal, brought a cuddy full of his admirers. Every gentleman from India spoke of the late Governor-General as having deserved better, and having been treated worse, than any man living. The effect of this testimony unanimously given by all persons who knew the East, was naturally very great. Retired members of the Indian services, civil or military,

were settled in all corners of the kingdom. Each of them was, of course, in his own little circle, regarded as an oracle on an Indian question; and they were, with scarcely one exception, the zealous advocates of Hastings. It is to be added, that the numerous addresses to the late Governor-General, which his friends in Bengal obtained from the natives and transmitted to England, made a considerable impression. To these addresses we attach little or no importance. That Hastings was beloved by the people whom he governed is true; but the eulogies of pundits, zemindars, Mahomedan doctors, do not prove it to be true. For an English collector or judge would have found it easy to induce any native who could write to sign a panegyric on the most odious ruler that ever was in India. It was said that at Benares, the very place at which the act set forth in the first article of impeachment had been committed, the natives had erected a temple to Hastings; and this story excited a strong sensation in England. Burke's observations on the apotheosis were admirable. He saw no reason for astonishment, he said, in the incident which had been represented as so striking. He knew something of the mythology of the Brahmins. He knew that as they worshipped some gods from love, so they worshipped others from fear. He knew that they erected shrines, not only to the benignant deities of light and plenty, but also to the fiends who preside over smallpox and murder; nor did he at all dispute the claim of Mr. Hastings to be admitted into such a Pantheon. This reply has always struck us as one of the finest that ever was made in Parliament. It is a grave and forcible argument, decorated by the most brilliant wit and fancy.

Hastings was, however, safe. But in everything except character, he would have been far better off if, when first impeached, he had at once pleaded guilty, and paid a fine of fifty thousand pounds. He was a ruined man. The legal expenses of his defence had been enormous. The expenses which did not appear in his attorney's bill were perhaps larger still. Great sums had been paid to Major Scott. Great sums had been laid out in bribing newspapers, rewarding pamphleteers, and circulating tracts. Burke, so early as 1790, declared in the House of Commons

that twenty thousand pounds had been employed in corrupting the press. It is certain that no controversial weapon, from the gravest reasoning to the coarsest ribaldry, was left unemployed. Logan defended the accused Governor with great ability in prose. For the lovers of verse, the speeches of the managers were burlesqued in Simpkin's letters. It is, we are afraid, indisputable that Hastings stooped so low as to court the aid of that malignant and filthy baboon John Williams, who called himself Anthony Pasquin. It was necessary to subsidize such allies largely. The private hoards of Mrs. Hastings had disappeared. It is said that the banker to whom they had been intrusted had failed. Still if Hastings had practised strict economy, he would, after all his losses, have had a moderate competence; but in the management of his private affairs he was imprudent. The dearest wish of his heart had always been to regain Daylesford. At length, in the very year in which his trial commenced, the wish was accomplished; and the domain, alienated more than seventy years before, returned to the descendant of its old lords. But the manor house was a ruin; and the grounds around it had, during many years, been utterly neglected. Hastings proceeded to build, to plant, to form a sheet of water, to excavate a grotto; and, before he was dismissed from the bar of the House of Lords, he had expended more than forty thousand pounds in adorning his seat.

The general feeling both of the Directors and of the proprietors of the East India Company was that he had great claims on them, that his services to them had been eminent, and that his misfortunes had been the effect of his zeal for their interest. His friends in Leadenhall Street proposed to reimburse him the costs of his trial, and to settle on him an annuity of five thousand pounds a year. But the consent of the Board of Control was necessary; and at the head of the Board of Control was Mr. Dundas, who had himself been a party to the impeachment, who had, on that account, been reviled with great bitterness by the adherents of Hastings, and who, therefore, was not in a very complying mood. He refused to consent to what the Directors suggested. The Directors

remonstrated. A long controversy followed. Hastings, in the meantime, was reduced to such distress that he could hardly pay his weekly bills. At length a compromise was made. An annuity for life of four thousand pounds was settled on Hastings; and in order to enable him to meet pressing demands, he was to receive ten years' annuity in advance. The Company was also permitted to lend him fifty thousand pounds, to be repaid by instalments without interest. This relief, though given in the most absurd manner, was sufficient to enable the retired Governor to live in comfort, and even in luxury, if he had been a skilful manager. But he was careless and profuse, and was more than once under the necessity of applying to the Company for assistance, which was liberally given.

He had security and affluence, but not the power and dignity which, when he landed from India, he had reason to expect. He had then looked forward to a coronet, a red riband, a seat at the Council-board, an office at Whitehall. He was then only fifty-two, and might hope for many years of bodily and mental vigour. The case was widely different when he left the bar of the Lords. He was now too old a man to turn his mind to a new class of studies and duties. He had no chance of receiving any mark of royal favour while Mr. Pitt remained in power; and, when Mr. Pitt retired, Hastings was approaching his seventieth year.

Once, and only once, after his acquittal, he interfered in politics; and that interference was not much to his honour. In 1804 he exerted himself strenuously to prevent Mr. Addington, against whom Fox and Pitt had combined, from resigning the Treasury. It is difficult to believe that a man, so able and energetic as Hastings, can have thought that, when Bonaparte was at Boulogne with a great army, the defence of our island could safely be intrusted to a ministry which did not contain a single person whom flattery could describe as a great statesman. It is also certain that, on the important question which had raised Mr. Addington to power, and on which he differed from both Fox and Pitt, Hastings, as might have been expected, agreed with Fox and Pitt, and was decidedly opposed to Addington. Religious intolerance has

never been the vice of the Indian service, and certainly was not the vice of Hastings. But Mr. Addington had treated him with marked favour. Fox had been a principal manager of the impeachment. To Pitt it was owing that there had been an impeachment; and Hastings, we fear, was on this occasion guided by personal considerations, rather than by a regard to the public interest.

The last twenty-four years of his life were chiefly passed at Daylesford. He amused himself with embellishing his grounds, riding fine Arab horses, fattening prize cattle, and trying to rear Indian animals and vegetables in England. He sent for seeds of a very fine custard-apple, from the garden of what had once been his own villa, among the green hedgerows of Allipore. He tried also to naturalize in Worcestershire the delicious leechee, almost the only fruit of Bengal which deserves to be regretted even amidst the plenty of Covent Garden. The Mogul emperors, in the time of their greatness, had in vain attempted to introduce into Hindostan the goat of the table-land of Thibet, whose down supplies the looms of Cashmere with the materials of the finest shawls. Hastings tried, with no better fortune, to rear a breed at Daylesford; nor does he seem to have succeeded better with the cattle of Bootan, whose tails are in high esteem as the best fans for brushing away the mosquitoes.

Literature divided his attention with his conservatories and his menagerie. He had always loved books, and they were now necessary to him. Though not a poet, in any high sense of the word, he wrote neat and polished lines with great facility, and was fond of exercising his talent. Indeed, if we must speak out, he seems to have been more of a Trissotin than was to be expected from the powers of his mind, and from the great part which he had played in life. We are assured in these Memoirs that the first thing which he did in the morning was to write a copy of verses. When the family and guests assembled, the poem made its appearance as regularly as the eggs and rolls; and Mr. Gleig requires us to believe that, if from any accident Hastings came to the breakfast-table without one of his charming performances in his hand, the omission was felt by all as a grievous disappointment. Tastes differ widely.

For ourselves, we must say that, however good the breakfasts at Daylesford may have been—and we are assured that the tea was of the most aromatic flavour, and that neither tongue nor venison-pasty was wanting—we should have thought the reckoning high if we had been forced to earn our repast by listening every day to a new madrigal or sonnet composed by our host. We are glad, however, that Mr. Gleig has preserved this little feature of character, though we think it by no means a beauty. It is good to be often reminded of the inconsistency of human nature, and to look without wonder or disgust on the weaknesses which are found in the strongest minds. Dionysius in the old times, Frederic in the last century, with capacity and vigour equal to the conduct of the greatest affairs, united all the little vanities and affectations of provincial blue-stockings. These great examples may console the admirers of Hastings for the affliction of seeing him reduced to the level of the Hayleys and Sewards.

When Hastings had passed many years in retirement, and had long outlived the common age of men, he again became for a short time an object of general attention. In 1813 the charter of the East India Company was renewed; and much discussion about Indian affairs took place in Parliament. It was determined to examine witnesses at the bar of the Commons; and Hastings was ordered to attend. He had appeared at that bar once before. It was when he read his answer to the charges which Burke had laid on the table. Since that time twenty-seven years had elapsed; public feeling had undergone a complete change; the nation had now forgotten his faults, and remembered only his services. The reappearance, too, of a man who had been among the most distinguished of a generation that had passed away, who now belonged to history, and who seemed to have risen from the dead, could not but produce a solemn and pathetic effect. The Commons received him with acclamations, ordered a chair to be set for him, and, when he retired, rose and uncovered. There were, indeed, a few who did not sympathize with the general feeling. One or two of the managers of the impeachment were present. They state in the same seats which they had occupied when they had been thanked for the services

which they had rendered in Westminster Hall: for, by the courtesy of the House, a member who has been thanked in his place is considered as having a right always to occupy that place. These gentlemen were not disposed to admit that they had employed several of the best years of their lives in persecuting an innocent man. They accordingly kept their seats, and pulled their hats over their brows; but the exceptions only made the prevailing enthusiasm more remarkable. The Lords received the old man with similar tokens of respect. The University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws; and, in the Sheldonian Theatre, the undergraduates welcomed him with tumultuous cheering.

These marks of public esteem were soon followed by marks of royal favour. Hastings was sworn of the Privy Council, and was admitted to a long private audience of the Prince Regent, who treated him very graciously. When the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia visited England, Hastings appeared in their train both at Oxford and in the Guildhall of London, and though surrounded by a crowd of princes and great warriors, was everywhere received with marks of respect and admiration. He was presented by the Prince Regent both to Alexander and to Frederic William; and his Royal Highness went so far as to declare in public that honours far higher than a seat in the Privy Council were due, and would soon be paid to the man who had saved the British dominions in Asia. Hastings now confidently expected a peerage; but, from some unexplained cause, he was again disappointed.

He lived about four years longer, in the enjoyment of good spirits, of faculties not impaired to any painful or degrading extent, and of health such as is rarely enjoyed by those who attain such an age. At length, on the twenty-second of August, 1818, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, he met death with the same tranquil and decorous fortitude which he had opposed to all the trials of his various and eventful life.

With all his faults—and they were neither few nor small—only one cemetery was worthy to contain his remains. In that temple of silence and reconciliation, where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the great

Abbey which has during many ages afforded a quiet resting-place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the great Hall, the dust of the illustrious accused should have mingled with the dust of the illustrious accusers. This was not to be. Yet the place of interment was not ill chosen. Behind the chancel of the parish church of Daylesford, in earth which already held the bones of many chiefs of the house of Hastings, was laid the coffin of the greatest man who has ever borne that ancient and widely extended name. On that very spot, probably, fourscore years before, the little Warren, meanly clad and scantily fed, had played with the children of ploughmen. Even then his young mind had revolved plans which might be called romantic. Yet, however romantic, it is not likely that they had been so strange as the truth. Not only had the poor orphan retrieved the fallen fortunes of his line. Not only had he repurchased the old lands, and rebuilt the old dwelling. He had preserved and extended an empire. He had founded a polity. He had administered government and war with more than the capacity of Richelieu. He had patronized learning with the judicious liberality of Cosmo. He had been attacked by the most formidable combination of enemies that ever sought the destruction of a single victim; and over that combination, after a struggle of ten years, he had triumphed. He had at length gone down to his grave in the fulness of age—in peace, after so many troubles; in honour, after so much obloquy.

Those who look on his character without favour or malevolence will pronounce that, in the two great elements of all social virtue, in respect for the rights of others, and in sympathy for the sufferings of others, he was deficient. His principles were somewhat lax. His heart was somewhat hard. But, though we cannot with truth describe him either as a righteous or as a merciful ruler, we cannot regard without admiration the amplitude and fertility of his intellect, his rare talents for command, for administration, and for controversy, his dauntless courage, his honourable poverty, his fervent zeal for the interests of the State, his noble equanimity, tried by both extremes of fortune, and never disturbed by either.

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