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BY

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## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Theory of Greek Tragedy</th>
<th>1</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Antigone of Sophocles, as represented on the Edinburgh Stage</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Homer and the Homeridae</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Style</td>
<td>172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rhetoric</td>
<td>314</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Language</td>
<td>373</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>English Dictionaries</td>
<td>394</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dryden's Hexastich</td>
<td>401</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Notes on Walter Savage Landor</td>
<td>406</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milton versus Southey and Landor</td>
<td>455</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orthographic Mutineers, with a Special Reference to the Works of Walter Savage Landor</td>
<td>479</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On Wordsworth's Poetry</td>
<td>495</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth</td>
<td>533</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Notes</td>
<td>541</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
LITERARY CRITICISM.

THEORY OF GREEK TRAGEDY.

The Greek tragedy is a dark problem. We cannot say that the Greek drama is such in any more comprehensive sense; for the comedy of Greece depends essentially upon the same principles as our own. Comedy, as the reflex of the current of social life, will shift in correspondence to the shifting movements of civilization. Inevitably as human intercourse in cities grows more refined, comedy will grow more subtle; it will build itself on distinctions of character less grossly defined, and on features of manners more delicate and impalpable. But the fundus, the ultimate resource, the well-head of the comic, must forever be sought in the same field, namely, the ludicrous of incident, or the ludicrous of situation, or the ludicrous which arises in a mixed way between the character and the situation. The age of Aristophanes, for example, answered, in some respects, to our own earliest dramatic era, namely, from 1588 to 1635,—an age not (as Dr. Johnson assumes it to have been, in his elaborate preface to Shakspeare) rude or gross; on the contrary, far more intense with intellectual instincts and agencies
than his own, which was an age of collapse. But in the England of Shakspeare, as in the Athens of Aristophanes, the surface of society in cities still rocked, or at least undulated, with the ground-swell surviving from periods of intestine tumult and insecurity. The times were still martial and restless; men still wore swords in pacific assemblies; the intellect of the age was a fermenting intellect; it was a revolutionary intellect. And comedy itself, colored by the moving pageantries of life, was more sinewy, more audacious in its movements; spoke with something more of an impassioned tone; and was hung with draperies more rich, more voluminous, more picturesque. On the other hand, the age of the Athenian Menander, or the English Congreve, though still an unsettled age, was far less insecure in its condition of police, and far less showy in its exterior aspect. In England it is true that a picturesque costume still prevailed; the whole people were still draped1 professionally; each man's dress proclaimed his calling; and so far it might be said, "natio comœdia est." But the characteristic and dividing spirit had fled, whilst the forms survived; and those middle men had universally arisen whose equivocal relations to different employments broke down the strength of contrast between them. Comedy, therefore, was thrown more exclusively upon the interior man: upon the nuances of his nature, or upon the finer spirit of his manners. It was now the acknowledged duty of comedy to fathom the coy nesses of human nature, and to arrest the fleeting phenomena of human demeanor.

But tragedy stood upon another footing. Whilst
the comic muse in every age acknowledges a relationship which is more than sisterly,—in fact, little short of absolute identity,—the tragic muse of Greece and England stand so far aloof as hardly to recognize each other under any common designation. Few people have ever studied the Grecian drama; and hence may be explained the possibility that so little should have been said by critics upon its characteristic differences, and nothing at all upon the philosophic ground of these differences. Hence may be explained the fact that, whilst Greek tragedy has always been a problem in criticism, it is still a problem of which no man has attempted the solution. This problem it is our intention briefly to investigate.

I. There are cases occasionally occurring in the English drama and the Spanish, where a play is exhibited within a play. To go no further, every person remembers the remarkable instance of this in Hamlet. Sometimes the same thing takes place in painting. We see a chamber, suppose, exhibited by the artist, on the walls of which (as a customary piece of furniture) hangs a picture: And as this picture again might represent a room furnished with pictures, in the mere logical possibility of the case we might imagine this descent into a life below a life going on ad infinitum. Practically, however, the process is soon stopped. A retrocession of this nature is difficult to manage. The original picture is a mimic,—an unreal life. But this unreal life is itself a real life with respect to the secondary picture; which again must be supposed realized with relation to the tertiary picture, if such a thing were attempted. Consequently, at every step of the in
trevolution (to neologize a little in a case justifying a neologism), something must be done to differentiate the gradations, and to express the subordinations of life; because each term in the descending series, being first of all a mode of non-reality to the spectator, is next to assume the functions of a real life in its relations to the next lower or interior term of the series.

What the painter does in order to produce this peculiar modification of appearances, so that an object shall affect us first of all as an idealized or unreal thing, and next as itself a sort of relation to some secondary object still more intensely unreal, we shall not attempt to describe; for in some technical points we should, perhaps, fail to satisfy the reader; and without technical explanations we could not satisfy the question. But, as to the poet, all the depths of philosophy (at least, of any known and recognized philosophy) would less avail to explain, speculatively, the principles which, in such a case, should guide him, than Shakspeare has explained by his practice. The problem before him was one of his own suggesting; the difficulty was of his own making. It was, so to differentiate a drama that it might stand within a drama, precisely as a painter places a picture within a picture; and therefore that the secondary or inner drama should be non-realized upon a scale that would throw, by comparison, a reflex coloring of reality upon the principal drama. This was the problem,—this was the thing to be accomplished; and the secret, the law, of the process by which he accomplishes this is, to swell, tumefy, stiffen, not the diction only, but the tenor of
the thought,—in fact, to stilt it, and to give it a prominence and an ambition beyond the scale which he adopted for his ordinary life. It is, of course, therefore in rhyme,—an artifice which Shakspeare employs with great effect on other similar occasions (that is, occasions when he wished to solemnize or in any way differentiate the life); it is condensed and massed as respects the flowing of the thoughts; it is rough and horrent with figures in strong relief, like the embossed gold of an ancient vase; and the movement of the scene is contracted into short gyrations, so unlike the free sweep and expansion of his general developments.

Now, the Grecian tragedy stands in the very same circumstances, and rises from the same original basis. If, therefore, the reader can obtain a glimpse of the life within a life, which the painter sometimes exhibits to the eye, and which the Hamlet of Shakspeare exhibits to the mind, then he may apprehend the original phasis under which we contemplate the Greek tragedy.

II. But to press further into the centre of things, perhaps the very first element in the situation of the Grecian tragedy, which operated by degrees to evoke all the rest, was the original elevation of the scale by which all was to be measured, in consequence of two accidents: 1st, the sanctity of the ceremonies in which tragedy arose; 2d, the vast size of the ancient theatres.

The first point we need not dwell on; everybody is aware that tragedy in Greece grew by gradual expansions out of an idolatrous rite,—out of sacrificial pomp; though we do not find anybody who has
noticed the consequent overruling effect which this had upon the quality of that tragedy; how, in fact, from this early cradle of tragedy, arose a sanctity which compelled all things to modulate into the same religious key. But next, the theatres—why were they so vast in ancient cities, in Athens, in Syracuse, in Capua, in Rome? Purely from democratic influences. Every citizen was entitled to a place at the public scenical representations. In Athens, for example, the state paid for him. He was present, by possibility and by legal fiction, at every performance; therefore, room must be prepared for him. And, allowing for the privileged foreigners (the domiciled aliens called ἴστοικοι), we are not surprised to hear that the Athenian theatre was adapted to an audience of thirty thousand persons. It is not enough to say naturally—inevitably out of this prodigious compass, exactly ten times over the compass of the large Drury-Lane, burned down a generation ago, arose certain immediate results that moulded the Greek tragedy in all its functions, purposes, and phenomena. The person must be aggrandized, the countenance must be idealized. For upon any stage corresponding in its scale to the colossal dimensions of such a house, the unassisted human figure would have been lost; the unexaggerated human features would have been seen as in a remote perspective, and, besides, have had their expression lost; the un-reverberated human voice would have been undistinguishable from the surrounding murmurs of the audience. Hence the cothurnus to raise the actor; hence the voluminous robes to hide the disproportion thus resulting to the figure; hence the mask large
than life, painted to represent the noble Grecian contour of countenance; hence the mechanism by which it was made to swell the intonations of the voice like the brazen tubes of an organ.

Here, then, you have a tragedy, by its very origin, in mere virtue of the accidents out of which it arose, standing upon the inspiration of religious feeling, pointing, like the spires of our English parish churches, up to heaven by mere necessity of its earliest purpose, from which it could not alter or swerve per saltum; so that an influence once there was always there. Even from that cause, therefore, you have a tragedy ultra-human and Titanic. But next, from political causes falling in with that early religious cause, you have a tragedy forced into a more absolute and unalterable departure from a human standard. That figure so noble, that voice so profound, and, by the very construction of the theatres as well as of the masks, receiving such solemn reverberations, proclaim a being elevated above the ordinary human scale. And then comes the countenance always adjusted to the same unvarying tone of sentiment, namely, the presiding sentiment of the situation, which of itself would go far to recover the key-note of Greek tragedy. These things being given, we begin to perceive a life removed by a great gulf from the ordinary human life even of kings and heroes; we descry a life within a life.

III. Here, therefore, is the first great landing-place, the first station, from which we can contemplate the Greek tragedy with advantage. It is, by comparison with the life of Shakspeare, what the inner life of the mimetic play in Hamlet is to the outer
life of the Hamlet itself. It is a life below a life. That is, it is a life treated upon a scale so sensibly different from the proper life of the spectator, as to impress him profoundly with the feeling of its idealization. Shakspeare's tragic life is our own life exalted and selected; the Greek tragic life presupposed another life,—the spectator's,—thrown into relief before it. The tragedy was projected upon the eye from a vast profundity in the rear; and between this life and the spectator, however near its phantasmasoria might advance to him, was still an immeasurable gulf of shadows.

Hence, coming nearer still to the determinate nature and circumscription of the Greek tragedy, it was not in any sense a development — 1st, of human character; or, 2d, of human passion. Either of these objects attributed to tragedy at once inoculates it with a life essentially on the common human standard. But that neither was so much as dreamed of in the Grecian tragedy is evident from the mere mechanism and ordinary conduct of those dramas which survive; those especially which seem entitled to be viewed as fair models of the common standard. About a thousand lines, of which one fifth must be deducted for the business of the chorus, may be taken as the average extent of a Greek tragic drama. Five acts, of one hundred and sixty lines each, allow no sweep at all for the systole and diastole, the contraction and expansion, the knot and the dénouement, of a tragic interest, according to our modern meaning. The ebb and flow, the inspiration and expiration, cannot find room to play in such a narrow scene. Were the interest made to turn at all upon
the evolution of character, or of passion modified by character, and both growing upon the reader through various aspects of dialogue, of soliloquy, and of multiplied action, it would seem a storm in a wash-hand basin. A passion which advanced and precipitated itself through such rapid harlequin changes would at best impress us with the feeling proper to a hasty melodrame, or perhaps serious pantomime. It would read like the imperfect outline of a play; or, still worse, would seem framed to move through such changes as might raise an excuse for the dancing and the lyric music. But the very external phenomena, the apparatus and scenic decorations, of the Greek tragedy, all point to other functions. Shakspeare—that is, English tragedy—postulates the intense life of flesh and blood, of animal sensibility, of man and woman, breathing, waking, stirring, palpitating with the pulses of hope and fear. In Greek tragedy, the very masks show the utter impossibility of these tempests or conflicts. Struggle there is none, internal or external; not like Hamlet's with his own constitutional inertia, and his gloomy irresolution of conscience; not like Macbeth's with his better feeling as a man, with his generosity as a host. Medea, the most tragic figure in the Greek scene, passes through no flux and reflux of passion, through no convulsions of jealousy on the one hand, or maternal love on the other. She is tossed to and fro by no hurricanes of wrath, wrenched by no pangs of anticipation. All that is supposed to have passed out of the spectator's presence. The dire conflict no more exhibits itself scenically, and "coram populo," than the murder of her two innocent children. Were
it possible that it should, how could the *mask* be justified? The apparatus of the stage would lose all decorum; and Grecian taste, or sense of the appropriate, which much outran the strength of Grecian creative power, would have been exposed to perpetual shocks.

IV. The truth is now becoming palpable: certain great *situations*—not passion in states of growth, of movement, of self-conflict—but fixed, unmoving *situations* were selected; these held on through the entire course of one or more acts. A lyric movement of the chorus, which closed the act, and gave notice that it was closed, sometimes changed this situation; but throughout the act it continued unchanged, like a statuesque attitude. The story of the tragedy was pretty nearly involved and told by implication in the *tableaux vivans* which presided through the several acts. The very slight dialogue which goes on seems meant rather as an additional exposition of the interest—a commentary on the attitude originally assumed—than as any exhibition of passions growing and kindling under the eye of the spectator. The mask, with its monotonous expression, is not out of harmony with the scene; for the passion is essentially fixed throughout, not mantling and undulating with the breath of change, but frozen into marble life.

And all this is both explicable in itself, and peremptorily determined, by the sort of idealized life—life in a state of remotion, unrealized, and translated into a neutral world of high cloudy antiquity—which the tragedy of Athens demanded for its atmosphere.

Had the Greeks, in fact, framed to themselves the
idea of a tumultuous passion, passion expressing itself by the agitations of fluctuating will, as any fit or even possible subject for scenic treatment, in that case they must have resorted to real life; the more real the better. Or, again, had real life offered to their conceptions a just field for scenic exhibition, in that case they must have been thrown upon conflicts of tempestuous passion; the more tempestuous the better. But being, by the early religious character of tragedy, and by the colossal proportions of their theatres, imperiously driven to a life more awful and still,—upon life as it existed in elder days, amongst men so far removed that they had become invested with a patriarchal, or even antediluvian mistiness of antiquity, and often into the rank of demi-gods,—they felt it possible to present this mode of being in states of *suffering*, for suffering is enduring and indefinite; but never in states of *conflict*, for conflict is by its nature fugitive and evanescent. The tragedy of Greece is always held up as a thing long past; the tragedy of England is a thing now passing. We are invited by Sophocles or Euripides, as by some great necromancer, to see long-buried forms standing in solid groups upon the stage,—phantoms from Thebes or from Cyclopian cities. But Shakspeare is a Cornelius Agrippa, who shows us, in his magic glass, creatures yet breathing, and actually mixing in the great game of life upon some distant field, inaccessible to us without a magician's aid.

The Greek drama, therefore, by its very necessities proposing to itself only a few grand attitudes or situations, and brief dialogues as the means of illuminating those situations, with scarcely anything of
action "actually occurring on the stage," from these purposes derives its other peculiarities: in the elementary necessities lay the fundus of the rest.

V. The notion, for example, that murder, or violent death, was banished from the Greek stage, on the Parisian conceit of the shock which such bloody incidents would give to the taste, is perfectly erroneous. Not because it was sanguinary, but because it was action, had the Greeks an objection to such violences. No action of any kind proceeds legitimately on that stage. The persons of the drama are always in a reposing state "so long as they are before the audience." And the very meaning of an act is, that in the intervals, the suspension of the acts, any possible time may elapse, and any possible action may go on.

VI. Hence, also, a most erroneous theory has arisen about Fate as brooding over the Greek tragic scene. This was a favorite notion of the two Schlegels. But it is evident that many Greek tragedies, both amongst those which survive and amongst those the title and subjects of which are recorded, did not and could not present any opening at all for this dark agency. Consequently it was not essential. And, even where it did intervene, the Schlegels seem to have misunderstood its purpose. A prophetic coloring, a coloring of ancient destiny, connected with a character or an event, has the effect of exalting and ennobling. But whatever tends towards this result inevitably translates the persons and their situation from that condition of ordinary breathing life which it was the constant effort of the Greek tragedy to escape; and therefore it was that the
Greek poet preferred the gloomy idea of Fate: not because it was essential, but because it was elevating. It is for this reason, and apparently for this reason only, that Cassandra is connected by Aeschylus with Agamemnon. The Sphinx, indeed, was connected with the horrid tale of OEdipus in every version of the tale; but Cassandra was brought upon the stage out of no certain historic tradition, or proper relation to Agamemnon, but to confer the solemn and mysterious hoar of a dark prophetic woe upon the dreadful catastrophe. Fate was therefore used, not for its own direct moral value as a force upon the will, but for its derivative power of ennobling and darkening.

VII. Hence, too, that habit amongst the tragic poets of travelling back to regions of forgotten fable, and dark legendary mythus. Antiquity availed powerfully for their purposes, because of necessity it abstracted all petty details of individuality and local notoriety—all that would have composed a character. It acted as twilight acts (which removes day's "mutable distinctions"), and reduced the historic person to that sublime state of monotonous gloom which suited the views of a poet who wanted only the situation, but would have repelled a poet who sought also for the complex features of a character. It is true that such remote and fabulous periods are visited at times, though not haunted, by the modern dramatist. Events are sought, even upon the French stage, from Gothic or from Moorish times. But in that case the poet endeavors to improve and strengthen any traits of character that tradition may have preserved, or by a direct effort of power to
create them altogether where history presents blank neutrality; whereas the Greek poet used simply that faint outline of character, in its gross distinctions of good and bad, which the situation itself implied. For example, the Creon of Thebes is pretty uniformly exhibited as tyrannical and cruel. But that was the mere result of his position as a rival originally for the throne, and still more as the executive minister of the popular vengeance against Polynices for having brought a tide of war against his mother land; in that representative character, Creon is compelled to acts of cruelty against Antigone in her sublime exercise of natural piety — both sisterly and filial; and this cruelty to her, and to the miserable wreck, her father, making the very wrath of Heaven an argument for further persecution, terminates in leaving him an object of hatred to the spectator. But, after all, his conduct seems to have been purely official and ministerial. Nor, if the reader think otherwise, will he find any further emanation from Creon's individual will or heart than the mere blank expression of tyranny in a public cause; nothing; in short, of that complexity and interweaving of qualities, that interaction of moral and intellectual powers, which we moderns understand by a character. In short, all the rude outlines of character on the Greek stage were, in the first place, mere inheritances from tradition, and generally mere determinations from the situation; and in no instance did the qualities of a man's will, heart, or constitutional temperament, manifest themselves by and through a collision or strife amongst each other; which is our test of a dramatic character. And therefore it was
that elder or even fabulous ages were used as the true natural field of the tragic poet; partly because antiquity ennobled; partly also because, by abstracting the individualities of a character, it left the historic figure in that neutral state which was most entirely passive to the moulding and determining power of the situation.

Two objections we foresee — 1. That even Æschylus, the sublimest of the Greek tragedians, did not always go back to a high antiquity. He himself had fought in the Persian war; and yet he brings both Xerxes and his father Darius (by means of his appa- rition) upon the stage; though the very Marathon of the father was but ten years earlier than the Thermopylaæ and Salamis of the son. But in this instance the scene is not properly Grecian; it is referred by the mind to Susa, the capital of Persia, far eastward even of Babylon, and four months' march from Hellas. Remoteness of space in that case countervailed the proximity in point of time; though it may be doubted whether, without the benefit of the supernatural, it would, even in that case, have satisfied the Grecian taste. And it certainly would not, had the whole reference of the piece not been so intensely Athenian. For, when we talk of Grecian tragedy, we must re- member that, after all, the Pagan tragedy was in any proper sense exclusively Athenian; and the tendency of the Grecian taste, in its general Grecian character, was in various instances modified or absolutely controlled by that special feature of its ex- istence.

2. It will be urged as indicating this craving after antiquity to be no peculiar or distinguishing feature
of the Greek stage, that we moderns also turn away sometimes with dislike from a modern subject. Thus, if it had no other fault, the Charles I. of Banks is coldly received by English readers, doubtless; but not because it is too modern. The objection to it is, that a parliamentary war is too intensely political; and political, moreover, in a way which doubly defeated its otherwise tragic power; first, because questions too *notorious* and too domineering of law and civil polity were then at issue; the very same which came to a final hearing and settlement at 1688–9. Our very form of government, at this day, is the result of the struggle then going on,—a fact which eclipses and dwarfs any separate or private interest of an individual prince, though otherwise, and by his personal character, in the highest degree, an object of tragic pity and reverence. Secondly, because the political interest afloat at that era (1649) was too complex and intricate; it wanted the simplicity of a poetic interest. That is the objection to Charles I. as a tragedy; not because modern, but because too domineeringly political; and because the political features of the case were too many and too intricate.

VIII. Thus far, therefore, we now comprehend the purposes and true *locus* to the human imagination of the Grecian tragedy—that it was a most imposing scenic exhibition of a few grand situations; grand from their very simplicity, and from the consequences which awaited their *dénouement*; and seeking support to this grandeur from constantly fixing its eye upon elder ages lost in shades of antiquity; or, if departing with that ideal now and then, doing so with
a view to patriotic objects, and seeking an occasional dispensation from the rigor of art in the popular indulgence to whatever touched the glory of Athens. Let the reader take, along with them, two other circumstances, and he will then complete the idea of this stately drama,—first, the character of the Dialogue; secondly, the functions of the Chorus.

IX. From one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty lines of hexameter iambic verse compose the dialogue of each act. This space is sufficient for the purpose of unfolding the situation to the spectator; but, as a means of unfolding a character, would have been by much too limited. For such a purpose, again, as this last, numerous scenes, dialogues, or soliloquies, must have been requisite: whereas, generally, upon the Greek stage, a single scene, one dialogue between two interlocutors, occupies the entire act. The object of this dialogue was, of course, to bring forward the prominent points of the situation, and to improve the interest arising out of,—1, its grandeur; 2, its statuesque arrangement to the eye; or, 3, the burden of tragic consequences which it announced. With such purposes, so distinct from any which are pursued upon the modern stage, arose a corresponding distinction of the dialogue. Had the dialogue ministered to any purpose so progressive and so active as that of developing a character, with new incidents and changes of the speakers coming forward at every moment, as occasions for evoking the pecularities of that character,—in such a case the more it had resembled the movement, the fluctuations, the hurry of actual life and of real colloquial intercourse, the more it would have aided the views
of the poet. But the purpose of the Greek dialogue was not progressive; essentially it was retrospective. For example, the *Heracleidae* opens with as fine and impressive a group as ever sculptor chiselled,—a group of young children, princely daughters of a great hero, whose acts resound through all mythology, namely, of Hercules, of a Grecian cleanser and deliverer from monsters, once irresistible to quell the oppressor, but now dead, and himself the subject of outrage in the persons of his children. These youthful ladies, helpless from their sex, with their grandmother Alcmene, now aged and infirm, have arranged themselves as a marble group on the steps ascending to the altars of a local deity. They have but one guide, one champion,—a brother in arms of the deceased Hercules, and his reverential friend; but this brave man also suffering, through years and martial toils, under the penalties of decaying strength. Such is the situation, such the inauguration, of this solemn tragedy. The dialogue which follows between Iolaus, the faithful guardian of the ladies, and the local ruler of the land, takes up this inaugural picture,—so pompous from blazing altars and cloudy incense,—so ceremonial from the known religious meaning of the attitudes,—so beautiful from the loveliness of the youthful suppliants rising tier above tier according to their ages, and the graduation of the altar steps,—so moving in its picture of human calamity by the contrasting figure of the two gray-haired supporters,—so complete and orbicular in its delineation of human frailty by the surmounting circumstances of its crest, the altar, the priestess, the temple, the serene Grecian sky; this impressive picture, having
of itself appealed to every one of thirty thousand hearts, having already challenged universal attention, is now explained and unfolded through the entire first act. Iolaus, the noble old warrior, who had clung the closer to the fluttering dovecot of his buried friend from the unmerited persecution which had assaulted them, comments to the stranger prince upon the spectacle before him,—a spectacle significant to Grecian eyes, intelligible at once to everybody, but still rare, and witnessed in practice by nobody. The prince, Demophoon, is a ruler of Athens; the scene is placed in the Attic territory, but not in Athens; about fifteen miles, in fact, from that city, and not far from the dread field of Marathon. To the prince Iolaus explains the lost condition of his young flock. The ruler of Argos had driven them out of every asylum in the Peloponnesus. From city to city he had followed them at the heels, with his cruel heralds of persecution. They were a party of unhappy fugitives (most of them proclaiming their innocence by their very age and helplessness), that had run the circle of Greek hospitality; everywhere had been hunted out like wild beasts, or those common nuisances from which their illustrious father had liberated the earth; that the long circuit of their unhappy wanderings had brought them at the last to Athens, in which they had a final confidence, as knowing well, not only the justice of that state, but that she only would not be moved from her purposes by fear of the aggressor. No finer opening can be imagined. The statuesque beauty of the group, and the unparalleled persecution which the first act exposes (a sort of misery and an absolute hostility of
the human race to which our experience suggests no corresponding case, except that of a leper in the middle ages, or the case of a man under a papal interdict), fix the attention of the spectators beyond any other situation in Grecian tragedy. And the compliment to Athens, not verbal, but involved in the very situation, gave a depth of interest to this drama, for the very tutelary region of the drama, which ought to stamp it with a sort of prerogative as in some respects the ideal tragedy or model of the Greek theatre.

Now, this one dialogue, as filling one act of a particular drama, is quite sufficient to explain the view we take of the Greek tragic dialogue. It is altogether retrospective. It takes for its theme the visible group arranged on the stage before the spectators from the first. Looking back to this, the two interlocutors (supposed to come forward upon the stage) contrive between them, one by pertinent questions, the other by judicious management of his replies, to bring out those circumstances in the past fortunes and immediate circumstances of this interesting family, which may put the audience in possession of all which it is important for them to know. The reader sees the dark legendary character which invests the whole tale; and in the following acts this darkness is made more emphatic from the fact that incidents are used of which contradictory versions existed, some poets adopting one version, some another, so cloudy and uncertain were the facts. All this apocryphal gloom aids that sanctity and awe which belong to another and a higher mode of life; to that slumbering life of sculpture, as opposed to painting, which we have
called a life within a life. Grecian taste would inevitably require that the dialogue should be adjusted to this starting-point and standard. Accordingly, in the first place, the dialogue is always (and in a degree quite unperceived by the translators up to this time) severe, massy, simple, yet solemnized intentionally by the use of a select vocabulary, corresponding (in point of archaism and remoteness from ordinary use) to our scriptural vocabulary. Secondly, the metre is of a kind never yet examined with suitable care. There were two objects aimed at in the Greek iambic of the tragic drama; and in some measure these objects were in collision with each other, unless most artfully managed. One was, to exhibit a purified imitation of real human conversation. The other was, to impress upon this colloquial form, thus far by its very nature recalling ordinary human life, a character of solemnity and religious conversation. Partly this was effected by acts of omission and commission; by banishing certain words or forms of words; by recalling others of high antiquity: particular tenses, for instance, were never used by the tragic poets; not even by Euripides (the most Wordsworthian of the Athenian poets in the circumstance of having a peculiar theory of poetic diction, which lowered its tone of separation, and took it down from the cothurnus); other verbal forms, again, were used nowhere but upon the stage. Partly, therefore, this consecration of the tragic style was effected by the antique cast, and the exclusive cast of its phraseology. But, partly also, it was effected by the metre. From whatever cause it may arise,—chiefly, perhaps, from differences in the genius of the
two languages,—certain it is, that the Latin iambics of Seneca, &c. (in the tragedies ascribed to him), cannot be so read by an English mouth as to produce anything like the sonorous rhythmus and the grand intonation of the Greek iambics. This is a curious fact, and as yet, we believe, unnoticed. But over and above this original adaptation of the Greek language to the iambic metre, we have no doubt whatever that the recitation of verse on the stage was of an artificial and semi-musical character. It was undoubtedly much more sustained and intonated with a slow and measured stateliness, which, whilst harmonizing it with the other circumstances of solemnity in Greek tragedy, would bring it nearer to music. Beyond a doubt, it had the effect (and might have the effect even now, managed by a good reader) of the recitative in the Italian opera; as, indeed, in other points, the Italian opera is a much nearer representative of the Greek tragedy, than the direct modern tragedy, professing that title.

X. As to the Chorus, nothing needs to be said upon this element of the Athenian tragedy. Everybody knows how solemn, and therefore how solemnizing, must have been the richest and most lyrical music, the most passionate of the ancient poetry, the most dithyrambic of tragic and religious raptures, supported to the eye by the most hieroglyphic and therefore mysterious of dances. For the dances of the chorus, the strophe and the antistrophe, were symbolic, and therefore full of mysterious meanings; and not the less impressive, because these meanings and these symbols had lost their significancy to the mob; since the very cause of that loss lay in the
antiquity of their origin. One great error which remains to be removed is the notion that the chorus either did support, or was meant to support, the office of a moral teacher. The chorus simply stood on the level of a sympathizing spectator, detached from the business and interests of the action; and its office was to guide or to interpret the sympathies of the audience. Here was a great error of Milton's, which will be found in two separate places. At present it is sufficient to say, that the mysterious solemnity conferred by the chorus presupposes and is in perfect harmony with our theory of a life within a life,—a life sequestrated into some far-off slumbering state, having the severe tranquillity of Hades,—a life symbolized by the marble life of sculpture; but utterly out of all symmetry and proportion to the realities of that human life which we moderns take up as the basis of our tragic drama.
THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES,

AS REPRESENTED ON THE EDINBURGH STAGE.

Every thing in our days is new. Roads, for instance, which, being formerly 'of the earth earthy,' and therefore perishable, are now iron, and next door to being immortal; tragedies, which are so entirely new, that neither we nor our fathers, through eighteen hundred and ninety odd years, gone by, since Cæsar did our little island the honor to sit upon its skirts, have ever seen the like to this 'Antigone;' and, finally, even more new are readers, who, being once an obedient race of men, most humble and deferential in the presence of a Greek scholar, are now become intrinsically mutinous; keep their hats on whilst he is addressing them; and listen to him or not, as he seems to talk sense or nonsense. Some there are, however, who look upon all these new things as being intensely old. Yet, surely the railroads are new? No; not at all. Talus, the iron man in Spenser, who continually ran round the island of Crete, administering gentle warning and correction to offenders, by flooring them with an iron flail, was a very ancient personage in Greek fable; and the received opinion is, that he must have been a Cretan railroad, called The Great Circular Coast-Line, that carried my lords the judges on their circuits of jail-delivery. The 'Antigone,' again, that
wears the freshness of morning dew, and is so fresh and dewy in the beautiful person of Miss Faucit, had really begun to look faded on the Athenian stage, and even 'of a certain age,' about the death of Pericles, whose meridian year was the year 444 before Christ. Lastly, these modern readers, that are so obstinately rebellious to the once Papal authority of Greek, they—No; on consideration, they are new. Antiquity produced many monsters, but none like them.

The truth is, that this vast multiplication of readers, within the last twenty-five years, has changed the prevailing character of readers. The minority has become the overwhelming majority: the quantity has disturbed the quality. Formerly, out of every five readers, at least four were, in some degree, classical scholars: or, if that would be saying too much, if two of the four had 'small Latin and less Greek,' they were generally connected with those who had more, or at the worst, who had much reverence for Latin, and more reverence for Greek. If they did not all share in the services of the temple, all, at least, shared in the superstition. But, now-a-days, the readers come chiefly from a class of busy people who care very little for ancestral crazes. Latin they have heard of, and some of them know it as a good sort of industrious language, that even, in modern times, has turned out many useful books, astronomical, medical, philosophical, and (as Mrs. Malaprop observes) diabolical; but, as to Greek, they think of it as of an ancient mummy: you spend an infinity of time in unswathing it from its old dusty wrappers, and, when you have come to the end, what do you find for your pains? A woman's face, or a baby's, that certainly is not the better for
being three thousand years old; and perhaps a few ears of wheat, stolen from Pharaoh's granary; which wheat, when sown⁶ in Norfolk or Mid-Lothian, reaped, thrashed, ground, baked, and hunted through all sorts of tortures, yields a breakfast roll that (as a Scottish baker observed to me) is 'not just that bad.' Certainly not: not exactly 'that bad;' not worse than the worst of our own; but still, much fitter for Pharaoh's breakfast-table than for ours.

I, for my own part, stand upon an isthmus, connecting me, at one terminus, with the rebels against Greek, and, at the other, with those against whom they are in rebellion. On the one hand, it seems shocking to me, who am steeped to the lips in antique prejudices, that Greek, in unlimited quantities, should not secure a limited privilege of talking nonsense. Is all reverence extinct for old, and ivy-mantled, and worm-eaten things? Surely, if your own grandmother lectures on morals, which perhaps now and then she does, she will command that reverence from you, by means of her grandmotherhood, which by means of her ethics she might not. To be a good Grecian, is now to be a faded potentate; a sort of phantom Mogul, sitting at Delhi, with an English sepoy bestriding his shoulders. Matched against the master of ologies, in our days, the most accomplished of Grecians is becoming what the 'master of sentences' had become long since, in competition with the political economist. Yet, be assured, reader, that all the 'ologies' hitherto christened oölogy, ichthyology, ornithology, conchology, palæodontology, &c., do not furnish such mines of labor as does the Greek language when thoroughly searched. The 'Mithridates' of Adelung improved
by the commentaries of Vater and of subsequent authors, numbers up about four thousand languages and jargons on our polyglot earth; not including the chuckling of poultry, nor caterwauling, nor barking, howling, braying, lowing, nor other respectable and ancient dialects, that perhaps have their elegant and their vulgar varieties, as well as prouder forms of communication. But my impression is, that the Greek, taken by itself, this one exquisite language, considered as a quarry of intellectual labor, has more work in it, is more truly a pièce de résistance, than all the remaining three thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine, with caterwauling thrown into the bargain. So far I side with the Grecian, and think that he ought to be honored with a little genuflexion. Yet, on the other hand, the finest sound on this earth, and which rises like an orchestra above all the uproars of earth, and the Babels of earthly languages, is truth absolute truth; and the hatefulest is conscious falsehood. Now, there is falsehood, nay (which seems strange), even sycophancy, in the old undistinguishing homage to all that is called classical. Yet why should men be sycophants in cases where they must be disinterested? Sycophancy grows out of fear, or out of mercenary self-interest. But what can there exist of either pointing to an old Greek poet? Cannot a man give his free opinion upon Homer, without fearing to be waylaid by his ghost? But it is not that which startles him from publishing the secret demur which his heart prompts, upon hearing false praises of a Greek poet, or praises which, if not false, are extravagant. What he fears, is the scorn of his contemporaries. Let once a party have formed itself considerable enough to
protect a man from the charge of presumption in throwing off the yoke of servile allegiance to all that is called classical,—let it be a party ever so small numerically, and the rebels will soon be many. What a man fears is, to affront the whole storm of indignation, real and affected, in his own solitary person. 'Goth!' 'Vandal!' he hears from every side. Break that storm by dividing it, and he will face its anger. 'Let me be a Goth,' he mutters to himself, 'but let me not dishonor myself by affecting an enthusiasm which my heart rejects!'

Ever since the restoration of letters there has been a cabal, an academic interest, a factious league amongst universities, and learned bodies, and individual scholars, for exalting as something superterrestrial, and quite unapproachable by moderns, the monuments of Greek literature. France, in the time of Louis XIV., England, in the latter part of that time; in fact, each country as it grew polished at some cost of strength, carried this craze to a dangerous excess—dangerous as all things false are dangerous, and depressing to the aspirations of genius. Boileau, for instance, and Addison, though neither of them accomplished in scholarship, nor either of them extensively read in any department of the classic literature, speak every where of the classics as having notoriously, and by the general confession of polished nations, carried the functions of poetry and eloquence to that sort of faultless beauty which probably does really exist in the Greek sculpture. There are few things perfect in this world of frailty. Even lightning is sometimes a failure: Niagara has horrible faults; and Mont Blanc might be improved by a century of chiselling from
judicious artists. Such are the works of blind elements, which (poor things!) cannot improve by experience. As to man who does, the sculpture of the Greeks in their marbles and sometimes in their gems, seems the only act of his workmanship which has hit the bull’s eye in the target at which we are all aiming. Not so, with permission from Messrs. Boileau and Addison, the Greek literature. The faults in this are often conspicuous; nor are they likely to be hidden for the coming century, as they have been for the three last. The idolatry will be shaken: as idols, some of the classic models are destined to totter: and I foresee, without gifts of prophecy, that many laborers will soon be in this field — many idoloclasts, who will expose the signs of disease, which zealots had interpreted as power; and of weakness, which is not the less real because scholars had fancied it health, nor the less injurious to the total effect because it was inevitable under the accidents of the Grecian position.

Meantime, I repeat, that to disparage any thing whatever, or to turn the eye upon blemishes, is no part of my present purpose. Nor could it be: since the one sole section of the Greek literature, as to which I profess myself an enthusiast, happens to be the tragic drama; and here, only, I myself am liable to be challenged as an idolater. As regards the Antigone in particular, so profoundly do I feel the impassioned beauty of her situation in connection with her character, that long ago, in a work of my own (yet unpublished), having occasion (by way of overture introducing one of the sections) to cite before the reader’s eye the chief pomps of the Grecian theatre, after invoking ‘the magnificent witch’ Medea, I call...
Antigone to this shadowy stage by the apostrophe,
'Holy heathen, daughter of God, before God was
known, a flower from Paradise after Paradise was
closed; that quitting all things for which flesh lan-
guishes, safety and honor, a palace and a home, didst
make thyself a houseless pariah, lest the poor pariah
king, thy outcast father, should want a hand to lead
him in his darkness, or a voice to whisper comfort in
his misery; angel, that badst depart for ever the
glories of thy own bridal day, lest he that had shared
thy nursery in childhood, should want the honors of a
funeral; idolatrous, yet Christian Lady, that in the
spirit of martyrdom trodst alone the yawning billows
of the grave, flying from earthly hopes, lest everlast-
ing despair should settle upon the grave of thy brother,'
&c. In fact, though all the groupings, and what I
would call permanent attitudes of the Grecian stage,
are majestic, there is none that, to my mind, towers
into such affecting grandeur, as this final revelation,
through Antigone herself, and through her own dread-
ful death, of the tremendous wo that destiny had sus-
pended over her house. If therefore my business had
been chiefly with the individual drama, I should have
found little room for any sentiment but that of pro-
found admiration. But my present business is diffe-
rent: it concerns the Greek drama generally, and the
attempt to revive it; and its object is to elucidate,
rather than to praise or to blame. To explain this
better, I will describe two things: — 1st, The sort
of audience that I suppose myself to be addressing;
and, 2dly, As growing out of that, the particular
quality of the explanations which I wish to make.

1st, As to the audience: in order to excuse the tone
(which occasionally I may be obliged to assume) of one speaking as from a station of knowledge, to others having no knowledge, I beg it to be understood, that I take that station deliberately, on no conceit of superiority to my readers, but as a companion adapting my services to the wants of those who need them. I am not addressing those already familiar with the Greek drama, but those who frankly confess, and (according to their conjectural appreciation of it) who regret their non-familiarity with that drama. It is a thing well known to publishers, through remarkable results, and is now showing itself on a scale continually widening, that a new literary public has arisen, very different from any which existed at the beginning of this century. The aristocracy of the land have always been, in a moderate degree, literary; less, however, in connection with the current literature, than with literature generally — past as well as present. And this is a tendency naturally favored and strengthened in them, by the fine collections of books, carried forward through successive generations, which are so often found as a sort of hereditary foundation in the country mansions of our nobility. But a class of readers, prodigiously more extensive, has formed itself within the commercial orders of our great cities and manufacturing districts. These orders range through a large scale. The highest classes amongst them were always literary. But the interest of literature has now swept downwards through a vast compass of descents: and this large body, though the busiest in the nation, yet, by having under their undisturbed command such leisure time as they have at all under their command, are eventually able to read more than those even who seem to have
nothing else but leisure. In justice, however, to the nobility of our land, it should be remembered, that their stations in society, and their wealth, their territorial duties, and their various public duties in London, as at court, at public meetings, in parliament, &c., bring crowded claims upon their time; whilst even sacrifices of time to the graceful courtesies of life, are in reference to their stations, a sort of secondary duties. These allowances made, it still remains true that the busier classes are the main reading classes; whilst from their immense numbers, they are becoming effectually the body that will more and more impress upon the moving literature its main impulse and direction. One other feature of difference there is amongst this commercial class of readers: amongst the aristocracy all are thoroughly educated, excepting those who go at an early age into the army; of the commercial body, none receive an elaborate, and what is meant by a liberal education, except those standing by their connections in the richest classes. Thus it happens that, amongst those who have not inherited but achieved their stations, many men of fine and powerful understandings, accomplished in: manners, and admirably informed, not having had the benefits when young of a regular classical education, find (upon any accident bringing up such subjects) a deficiency which they do not find on other subjects. They are too honorable to undervalue advantages, which they feel to be considerable, simply because they were denied to themselves. They regret their loss. And yet it seems hardly worth while, on a simple prospect of contingencies that may never be realized, to undertake an entirely new course of study
for redressing this loss. But they would be glad to avail themselves of any useful information not exacting study. These are the persons, this is the class, to which I address my remarks on the 'Antigone;' and out of their particular situation, suggesting upon all elevated subjects a corresponding tone of liberal curiosity, will arise the particular nature and direction of these remarks.

Accordingly, I presume, secondly, that this curiosity will take the following course:—these persons will naturally wish to know, at starting, what there is differentially interesting in a Grecian tragedy, as contrasted with one of Shakspeare's or of Schiller's: in what respect, and by what agencies, a Greek tragedy affects us, or is meant to affect us, otherwise than as they do; and how far the Antigone of Sophocles was judiciously chosen as the particular medium for conveying to British minds a first impression, and a representative impression, of Greek tragedy. So far, in relation to the ends proposed, and the means selected. Finally, these persons will be curious to know the issue of such an experiment. Let the purposes and the means have been bad or good, what was the actual success? And not merely success, in the sense of the momentary acceptance by half a dozen audiences whom the mere decencies of justice must have compelled to acknowledge the manager's trouble and expense on their behalf; but what was the degree of satisfaction felt by students of the Athenian 9 tragedy in relation to their long-cherished ideal? Did the representation succeed in realizing, for a moment, the awful pageant of the Athenian stage? Did Tragedy in Milton's immortal expression,
— come sweeping by
In sceptred pall?

Or was the whole, though successful in relation to the thing attempted, a failure in relation to what ought to have been attempted? Such are the questions to be answered.

The first elementary idea of a Greek tragedy, is to be sought in a serious Italian opera. The Greek dialogue is represented by the recitative, and the tumultuous lyrical parts assigned chiefly, though not exclusively, to the chorus on the Greek stage, are represented by the impassioned airs, duos, trios, choruses, &c. on the Italian. And here, at the very outset, occurs a question which lies at the threshold of a Fine Art,—that is, of any Fine Art: for had the views of Addison upon the Italian opera had the least foundation in truth, there could have been no room or opening for any mode of imitation except such as belongs to a mechanic art.

The reason for at all connecting Addison with this case is, that he chiefly was the person occupied in assailing the Italian opera; and this hostility arose, probably, in his want of sensibility to good (that is, to Italian) music. But whatever might be his motive for the hostility, the single argument by which he supported it was this,—that a hero ought not to sing upon the stage, because no hero known to history ever summoned a garrison in a song, or charged a battery in a semichorus. In this argument lies an ignorance of the very first principle concerned in every Fine Art. In all alike, more or less directly, the object is to reproduce in the mind some great effect, through
the agency of idem in alio. The idem, the same impression, is to be restored; but in alio, in a different material,—by means of some different instrument. For instance, on the Roman stage there was an art, now entirely lost, of narrating, and, in part of dramatically representing an impassioned tale, by means of dancing, of musical accompaniment in the orchestra, and of elaborate pantomime in the performer. Saltavit Hypermnestram, he danced (that is, he represented by dancing and pantomime the story of) Hypermnestra. Now, suppose a man to object, that young ladies, when saving their youthful husbands at midnight from assassination, could not be capable of waltzing or quadrilling, how wide is this of the whole problem! This is still seeking for the mechanic imitation, some imitation founded in the very fact; whereas the object is to seek the imitation in the sameness of the impression drawn from a different, or even from an impossible fact. If a man, taking a hint from the Roman 'Saltatio' (saltavit Andromachen), should say that he would 'whistle Waterloo,' that is, by whistling connected with pantomime, would express the passion and the changes of Waterloo, it would be monstrous to refuse him his postulate on the pretence that 'people did not whistle at Waterloo.' Precisely so: neither are most people made of marble, but of a material as different as can well be imagined, viz. of elastic flesh, with warm blood coursing along its tubes; and yet, for all that, a sculptor will draw tears from you, by exhibiting, in pure statuary marble, on a sepulchral monument, two young children with their little heads on a pillow, sleeping in each other's arms; whereas, if he had presented them in wax-work, which yet is
far more like to flesh, you would have felt little more pathos in the scene than if they had been shown baked in gilt gingerbread. He has expressed the *idem*, the identical thing expressed in the real children; the sleep that masks death, the rest, the peace, the purity, the innocence; but *in alio*, in a substance the most different; rigid, non-elastic, and as unlike to flesh, if tried by touch, or eye, or by experience of life, as can well be imagined. So of the whistling. It is the very worst objection in the world to say, that the strife of Waterloo did not reveal itself through whistling: undoubtedly it did not; but that is the very ground of the man's art. He will reproduce the fury and the movement as to the only point which concerns you, viz. the effect, upon your own sympathies, through a language that seems without any relation to it: he will set before you what *was* at Waterloo through that which was *not* at Waterloo. Whereas any direct factual imitation, resting upon painted figures drest up in regimentals, and worked by watchwork through the whole movements of the battle, would have been no art whatsoever in the sense of a Fine Art, but a base *mechanic* mimicry.

This principle of the *idem in alio*, so widely diffused through all the higher revelations of art, it is peculiarly requisite to bear in mind when looking at Grecian tragedy, because no form of human composition employs it in so much complexity. How confounding it would have been to Addison, if somebody had told him, that, substantially, he had himself committed the offence (as he fancied it) which he charged so bitterly upon the Italian opera; and that, if the opera had gone farther upon that road than himself, the Greek tragedy,
which he presumed to be so prodigiously exalted beyond modern approaches, had gone farther even than the opera. Addison himself, when writing a tragedy, made this violation (as he would have said) of nature, made this concession (as I should say) to a higher nature, that he compelled his characters to talk in metre. It is true this metre was the common iambic, which (as Aristotle remarks) is the most natural and spontaneous of all metres; and, for a sufficient reason, in all languages. Certainly; but Aristotle never meant to say that it was natural for a gentleman in a passion to talk threescore and ten iambics consecutively: a chance line might escape him once and away; as we know that Tacitus opened one of his works by a regular dactylic hexamer in full curl, without ever discovering it to his dying day (a fact which is clear from his never having corrected it); and this being a very artificial metre, à fortiori Tacitus might have slipped into a simple iambic: But that was an accident, whilst Addison had deliberately and uniformly made his characters talk in verse. According to the common and false meaning [which was his own meaning] of the word nature, he had as undeniably violated the principle of the natural, by this metrical dialogue, as the Italian opera by musical dialogue. If it is hard and trying for men to sing their emotions, not less so it must be to deliver them in verse.

But, if this were shocking, how much more shocking would it have seemed to Addison, had he been introduced to parts which really exist in the Grecian drama? Even Sophocles, who, of the three tragic poets surviving from the wrecks of the Athenian stage, is reputed the supreme artist, if not the most impas-
sioned poet with what horror he would have over-
whelmed Addison, when read by the light of those
principles which he had himself so scornfully applied
to the opera! In the very monsoon of his raving
misery, from calamities as sudden as they were irre-
deemable, a king is introduced, not only conversing,
but conversing in metre; not only in metre, but in the
most elaborate of choral metres; not only under the
torture of these lyric difficulties, but also chanting;
not only chanting, but also in all probability dancing.
What do you think of that, Mr. Addison?

There is, in fact, a scale of graduated ascents in
tnese artifices for unrealizing the effects of dramatic
situations:

1. We may see, even in novels and prose comedies,
a keen attention paid to the inspiriting and dressing of
the dialogue: it is meant to be life-like, but still it is a
little raised, pointed, colored, and idealized.

2. In comedy of a higher and more poetic cast, we
find the dialogue metrical.

3. In comedy or in tragedy alike, which is meant to
be still further removed from ordinary life, we find the
dialogue fettered not only by metre, but by rhyme.
We need not go to Dryden, and others, of our own
middle stage, or to the French stage for this: even in
Shakspeare, as for example, in parts of Romeo and
Juliet (and for no capricious purpose), we may see
effects sought from the use of rhyme. There is another
illustration of the idealizing effect to be obtained from
a particular treatment of the dialogue, seen in the
Hamlet of Shakspeare. In that drama there arises a
necessity for exhibiting a play within a play. This
interior drama is to be further removed from the
spectator than the principal drama; it is a deep below a deep; and, to produce that effect, the poet relies chiefly upon the stiffening the dialogue, and removing it still farther, than the general dialogue of the including or outside drama, from the standard of ordinary life.

4. We find, superadded to these artifices for idealizing the situations, even music of an intermittting character, sometimes less, sometimes more impassioned — recitatives, airs, choruses. Here we have reached the Italian opera.

5. And, finally, besides all these resources of art, we find dancing introduced; but dancing of a solemn, mystical, and symbolic character. Here, at last, we have reached the Greek tragedy. Probably the best exemplification of a Grecian tragedy that ever will be given to a modern reader is found in the Samson Agonistes of Milton. Now, in the choral or lyric parts of this fine drama, Samson not only talks, 1st, metrically (as he does every where, and in the most level parts of the scenic business), but, 2d, in very intricate metres, and, 3d, occasionally in rhymed metres (though the rhymes are too sparingly and too capriciously scattered by Milton), and, 4th, singing or chanting these metres (for, as the chorus sang, it was impossible that he could be allowed to talk in his ordinary voice, else he would have put them out, and ruined the music). Finally, 5th, I am satisfied that Milton meant him to dance. The office of the chorus was imperfectly defined upon the Greek stage. They are generally understood to be the moralizers of the scene. But this is liable to exceptions. Some of them have been known to do very bad things on the stage, and to come
within a trifle of felony: as to misprision of felony, if there is such a crime, a Greek chorus thinks nothing of it. But that is no business of mine. What I was going to say is, that, as the chorus sometimes intermingles too much in the action, so the actors sometimes intermingle in the business of the chorus. Now, when you are at Rome, you must do as they do at Rome. And that the actor, who mixed with the chorus, was compelled to sing, is a clear case; for his part in the choral ode is always in the nature of an echo, or answer, or like an *antiphony* in cathedral services. But nothing could be more absurd than that one of these antiphonies should be sung, and another said. That he was also compelled to dance, I am satisfied. The chorus only *sometimes* moralized, but it *always* danced: and any actor, mingling with the chorus, must dance also. A little incident occurs to my remembrance, from the Moscow expedition of 1812, which may here be used as an illustration: One day King Murat, flourishing his plumage as usual, made a gesture of invitation to some squadrons of cavalry that they should charge the enemy: upon which the cavalry advanced, but maliciously contrived to envelope the king of dandies, before he had time to execute his ordinary manœuvre of riding off to the left and becoming a spectator of their prowess. The cavalry resolved that his majesty should for once ride down at their head to the mêlée, and taste what fighting was like; and he, finding that the thing must be, though horribly vexed, made a merit of his necessity, and afterwards pretended that he liked it very much. Sometimes, in the darkness, in default of other misanthropic visions, the wickedness of this cavalry, their
méchanceté, causes me to laugh immoderately. Now I conceive that any interloper into the Greek chorus must have danced when they danced, or he would have been swept away by their impetus: volens volens, he must have rode along with the orchestral charge, he must have rode on the crest of the choral billows, or he would have been rode down by their impassioned sweep. Samson, and Oedipus, and others, must have danced, if they sang; and they certainly did sing, by notoriously intermingling in the choral business.

'But now,' says the plain English reader, 'what was the object of all these elaborate devices? And how came it that the English tragedy, which surely is as good as the Greek,' (and at this point a devil of defiance whispers to him, like the quarrelsome servant of the Capulets or the Montagus, 'say better,') 'that the English tragedy contented itself with fewer of these artful resources than the Athenian?' I reply, that the object of all these things was—to unrealize the scene. The English drama, by its metrical dress, and by other arts more disguised, unrealized itself, liberated itself from the oppression of life in its ordinary standards, up to a certain height. Why it did not rise still higher, and why the Grecian did, I will endeavor to explain. It was not that the English tragedy was less impassioned; on the contrary, it was far more so; the Greek being awful rather than impassioned; but the passion of each is in a different key. It is not again that the Greek drama sought a lower object than the English: it sought a different object. It is not imparity, but disparity, that divides the two magnificent theatres.

Suffer me, reader at this point, to borrow from my
self, and do not betray me to the authorities that rule in this journal, if you happen to know [which is not likely] that I am taking an idea from a paper which years ago I wrote for an eminent literary journal. As I have no copy of that paper before me, it is impossible that I should save myself any labor of writing. The words at any rate I must invent afresh: and as to the idea, you never can be such a churlish man as, by insisting on a new one, in effect to insist upon my writing a false one. In the following paragraph, therefore, I give the substance of a thought suggested by myself some years ago.

That kind of feeling, which broods over the Grecian tragedy, and to court which feeling the tragic poets of Greece naturally spread all their canvas, was more nearly allied to the atmosphere of death than that of life. This expresses rudely the character of awe and religious horror investing the Greek theatre. But to my own feeling the different principle of passion which governs the Grecian conception of tragedy, as compared with the English, is best conveyed by saying that the Grecian is a breathing from the world of sculpture, the English a breathing from the world of painting. What we read in sculpture is not absolutely death, but still less is it the fulness of life. We read there the abstraction of a life that reposes, the sublimity of a life that aspires, the solemnity of a life that is thrown to an infinite distance. This last is the feature of sculpture which seems most characteristic: the form which presides in the most commanding groups, 'is not dead but sleepeth:' true, but it is the sleep of a life sequestrated, solemn, liberated from the bonds of space and time, and (as to both alike) thrown
(I repeat the words) to a distance which is infinite. It affects us profoundly, but not by agitation. Now, on the other hand, the breathing life—life kindling, trembling, palpitating—that life which speaks to us in painting, this is also the life that speaks to us in English tragedy. Into an English tragedy even festivals of joy may enter; marriages, and baptisms, or commemorations of national trophies: which, or any thing like which, is incompatible with the very being of the Greek. In that tragedy what uniformity of gloom; in the English what light alternating with depths of darkness! The Greek, how mournful; the English, how tumultuous! Even the catastrophes how different! In the Greek we see a breathless waiting for a doom that cannot be evaded; a waiting, as it were, for the last shock of an earthquake, or the inexorable rising of a deluge: in the English it is like a midnight of shipwreck, from which up to the last and till the final ruin comes, there still survives the sort of hope that clings to human energies.

Connected with this original awfulness of the Greek tragedy, and possibly in part its cause, or at least lending strength to its cause, we may next remark the grand dimensions of the ancient theatres. Every citizen had a right to accommodation. There at once was a pledge of grandeur. Out of this original standard grew the magnificence of many a future amphitheatre, circus, hippodrome. Had the original theatre been merely a speculation of private interest, then, exactly as demand arose, a corresponding supply would have provided for it through its ordinary vulgar channels; and this supply would have taken place through rival theatres. But the crushing exaction of 'room for
every citizen,' put an end to that process of subdivision. Drury Lane, as I read (or think that I read) thirty years ago, allowed sitting room for three thousand eight hundred people. Multiply that by ten; imagine thirty-eight thousand instead of thirty-eight hundred, and then you have an idea of the Athenian theatre.  

Next, out of that grandeur in the architectural proportions arose, as by necessity, other grandeurs. You are aware of the cothurnus, or buskin, which raised the actor's heel by two and a half inches; and you think that this must have caused a deformity in the general figure as incommensurate to this height. Not at all. The flowing dress of Greece healed all that.

But, besides the cothurnus, you have heard of the mask. So far as it was fitted to swell the intonations of the voice, you are of opinion that this mask would be a happy contrivance; for what, you say, could a common human voice avail against the vast radiation from the actor's centre of more than three myriads? If, indeed (like the Homeric Stentor), an actor spoke in point of loudness, ἵπτω, ἵπτω, πεπτηχοίητα, as much as other fifty, then he might become audible to the assembled Athenians without aid. But this being impossible, art must be invoked; and well if the mask, together with contrivances of another class, could correct it. Yet if it could, still you think that this mask would bring along with it an overbalancing evil. For the expression, the fluctuating expression, of the features, the play of the muscles, the music of the eye and of the lips,—aids to acting that, in our times, have given immortality to scores, whither would those have vanished? Reader, it mortifies me that all which I said to you upon the peculiar and separate
grandeur investing the Greek theatre is forgotten. For, you must consider, that where a theatre is built for receiving upwards of thirty thousand spectators, the curve described by what in modern times you would call the tiers of boxes, must be so vast as to make the ordinary scale of human features almost ridiculous by disproportion. Seat yourself at this day in the amphitheatre at Verona, and judge for yourself. In an amphitheatre, the stage, or properly the arena, occupying, in fact, the place of our modern pit, was much nearer than in a scenic theatre to the surrounding spectators. Allow for this, and placing some adult in a station expressing the distance of the Athenian stage, then judge by his appearance if the delicate pencilling of Grecian features could have told at the Grecian distance. But even if it could, then I say that this circumstantiality would have been hostile to the general tendencies (as already indicated) of the Grecian drama. The sweeping movement of the Attic tragedy ought not to admit of interruption from distinct human features; the expression of an eye, the loveliness of a smile, ought to be lost amongst effects so colossal. The mask aggrandized the features: even so far it acted favorably. Then figure to yourself this mask presenting an idealized face of the noblest Grecian outline, moulded by some skilful artist Phidias manu, so as to have the effect of a marble bust; this accorded with the aspiring cothurnus; and the motionless character impressed upon the features, the marble tranquility, would (I contend) suit the solemn processional character of Athenian tragedy, far better than the most expressive and flexible countenance on its natural scale. 'Yes,' you say, on considering the character
of the Greek drama, 'generally it might; in forty-nine cases suppose out of fifty: but what shall be done in the fiftieth, where some dreadful discovery or anag-norisis (i.e. recognition of identity) takes place within the compass of a single line or two; as, for instance, in the OEdipus Tyrannus, at the moment when OEdipus by a final question of his own, extorts his first fatal discovery, viz. that he had been himself unconsciously the murderer of Laius?' True, he has no reason as yet to suspect that Laius was his own father; which discovery, when made further on, will draw with it another still more dreadful, viz. that by this parricide he had opened his road to a throne, and to a marriage with his father's widow, who was also his own natural mother. He does not yet know the worst: and to have killed an arrogant prince, would not in those days have seemed a very deep offence: but then he believes that the pestilence had been sent as a secret vengeance for this assassination, which is thus invested with a mysterious character of horror. Just at this point, Jocasta, his mother and his wife, says,13 on witnessing the sudden revulsion of feeling in his face, 'I shudder, oh king, when looking on thy countenance.' Now, in what way could this passing spasm of horror be reconciled with the unchanging expression in the marble-looking mask? This, and similar cases to this, must surely be felt to argue a defect in the scenic apparatus. But I say, no: first, Because the general indistinctiveness from distance is a benefit that applies equally to the fugitive changes of the features and to their permanent expression. You need not regret the loss through absence, of an appearance that would equally, though present, have been lost through dis-
dance. Secondly, The Greek actor had always the resource, under such difficulties, of averting his face; a resource sanctioned in similar cases by the greatest of the Greek painters. Thirdly, The voluminous draperies of the scenic dresses, and generally of the Greek costume, made it an easy thing to muffle the features altogether by a gesture most natural to sudden horror. Fourthly, We must consider that there were no stage lights: but, on the contrary that the general light of day was specially mitigated for that particular part of the theatre; just as various architectural devices were employed to swell the volume of sound. Finally, I repeat my sincere opinion, that the general indistinctness of the expression was, on principles of taste, an advantage, as harmonizing with the stately and sullen monotony of the Greek tragedy. Grandeur in the attitudes, in the gestures, in the groups, in the processions—all this was indispensable: but, on so vast a scale as the mighty cartoons of the Greek stage, an Attic artist as little regarded the details of physiognomy, as a great architect would regard, on the frontispiece of a temple, the miniature enrichments that might be suitable in a drawing-room.

With these views upon the Grecian theatre, and other views that it might oppress the reader to dwell upon in this place, suddenly in December last an opportunity dawned—a golden opportunity, gleaming for a moment amongst thick clouds of impossibility that had gathered through three-and-twenty centuries—for seeing a Grecian tragedy presented on a British stage, and with the nearest approach possible to the beauty of those Athenian pomp which Sophocles which Phidias, which Pericles created, beautified, pro
moted. I protest, when seeing the Edinburgh theatre's programme, that a note dated from the Vatican would not have startled me more, though sealed with the seal of the fisherman, and requesting the favor of my company to take coffee with the Pope. Nay, less: for channels there were through which I might have com-passed a presentation to his Holiness; but the daughter of Oedipus, the holy Antigone, could I have hoped to see her 'in the flesh?' This tragedy in an English version,14 and with German music, had first been placed before the eyes and ears of our countrymen at Convent Garden during the winter of 1844-5. It was said to have succeeded. And soon after a report sprang up, from nobody knew where, that Mr. Murray meant to reproduce it in Edinburgh.

What more natural? Connected so nearly with the noblest house of scenic artists that ever shook the hearts of nations, nobler than ever raised undying echoes amidst the mighty walls of Athens, of Rome, of Paris, of London,—himself a man of talents almost unparalleled for versatility,—why should not Mr. Murray, always so liberal in an age so ungrateful to his profession, have sacrificed something to this occasion? He, that sacrifices so much, why not sacrifice to the grandeur of the Antique? I was then in Edinburgh, or in its neighborhood; and one morning, at a casual assembly of some literary friends, present Professor Wilson, Messrs. J. F., C. N., L. C., and others, advocates, scholars, lovers of classical literature, we proposed two resolutions, of which the first was, that the news was too good to be true. That passed nem. con.; and the second resolution was nearly passing, viz. that a judgment would certainly fall upon Mr
Murray, had a second report proved true, viz. that not the Antigone, but a burlesque on the Antigone, was what he meditated to introduce. This turned out false; the original report was suddenly revived eight or ten months after. Immediately on the heels of the promise the execution followed; and on the last (which I believe was the seventh) representation of the Antigone, I prepared myself to attend.

It had been generally reported as characteristic of myself, that in respect to all coaches, steamboats, railroads, wedding-parties, baptisms, and so forth, there was a fatal necessity of my being a trifle too late. Some malicious fairy, not invited to my own baptism, was supposed to have endowed me with this infirmity. It occurred to me that for once in my life I would show the scandalousness of such a belief by being a trifle too soon, say, three minutes. And no name more lovely for inaugurating such a change, no memory with which I could more willingly connect any reformation, than thine, dear, noble Antigone! Accordingly, because a certain man (whose name is down in my pocket-book for no good) had told me that the doors of the theatre opened at half-past six, whereas, in fact, they opened at seven, there was I, if you please, freezing in the little colonnade of the theatre precisely as it wanted six-and-a-half minutes to seven,—six-and-a-half minutes observe too soon. Upon which his son of absurdity coolly remarked, that, if he had not set me half-an-hour forward, by my own showing, I should have been twenty-three-and-a-half minutes too late. What sophistry! But thus it happened (namely through the wickedness of this man), that, upon entering the theatre, I found myself like Alexander Selkirk...
in a frightful solitude, or like a single family of Arabs gathering at sunset about a solitary coffee-pot in the boundless desert. Was there an echo raised? it was from my own steps. Did any body cough? it was too evidently myself. I was the audience; I was the public. And, if any accident happened to the theatre, such as being burned down, Mr. Murray would certainly lay the blame upon me. My business meantime, as a critic, was— to find out the most malicious seat, i.e. the seat from which all things would take the most unfavorable aspect. I could not suit myself in this respect; however bad a situation might seem, I still fancied some other as promising to be worse. And I was not sorry when an audience, by mustering in strength through all parts of the house, began to divide my responsibility as to burning down the building, and, at the same time, to limit the caprices of my distracted choice. At last, and precisely at half-past seven, the curtain drew up; a thing not strictly correct on a Grecian stage. But in theatres, as in other places, one must forget and forgive. Then the music began, of which in a moment. The overture slipped out at one ear, as it entered the other, which, with submission to Mr. Mendelssohn, is a proof that it must be horribly bad; for, if ever there lived a man that in music can neither forget nor forgive, that man is myself. Whatever is very good never perishes from my remembrance,—that is, sounds in my ears by intervals for ever,—and for whatever is bad, I consign the author, in my wrath, to his own conscience, and to the tortures of his own discords. The most villainous things, however, have one merit; they are transitory as the best things; and that was true of the overture: it perished.
Then, suddenly,—oh, heavens! what a revelation of beauty!—forth stepped, walking in brightness, the most faultless of Grecian marbles, Miss Helen Faucit as Antigone. What perfection of Athenian sculpture! the noble figure, the lovely arms, the fluent drapery! What an unveiling of the ideal statuesque! Is it Hebe? is it Aurora? is it a goddess that moves before us? Perfect she is in form; perfect in attitude;

'Beautiful exceedingly,
Like a ladie from a far countrie.'

Here was the redeeming jewel of the performance. It flattered one's patriotic feelings, to see this noble young countrywoman realizing so exquisitely, and restoring to our imaginations, the noblest of Grecian girls. We critics, dispersed through the house, in the very teeth of duty and conscience, all at one moment unanimously fell in love with Miss Faucit. We felt in our remorse, and did not pretend to deny, that our duty was—to be savage. But when was the voice of duty listened to in the first uproars of passion? One thing I regretted, viz. that from the indistinctness of my sight for distant faces, I could not accurately discriminate Miss Faucit's features; but I was told by my next neighbor that they were as true to the antique as her figure. Miss Faucit's voice is fine and impassioned, being deep for a female voice; but in this organ lay also the only blemish of her personation. In her last scene, which is injudiciously managed by the Greek poet,—too long by much, and perhaps misconceived in the modern way of understanding it,—her voice grew too husky to execute the cadences of the intonations: yet, even in this scene, her fall to the ground, under the burden of
her farewell anguish, was in a high degree sculptur-
esque through the whole succession of its stages.

Antigone in the written drama, and still more in the
personated drama, draws all thoughts so entirely to
herself, as to leave little leisure for examining the
other parts; and, under such circumstances, the first
impulse of a critic's mind is, that he ought to massacre
all the rest indiscriminately; it being clearly his duty
to presume every thing bad which he is not unwillingly
forced to confess good, or concerning which he retains
no distinct recollection. But I, after the first glory of
Antigone's avatar had subsided, applied myself to con-
sider the general 'setting' of this Theban jewel.
Creon, whom the Greek tragic poets take delight in
describing as a villain, has very little more to do (until
his own turn comes for grieving), than to tell Antigone,
by minute-guns, that die she must. 'Well, uncle,
don't say that so often,' is the answer which, secretly,
the audience whispers to Antigone. Our uncle grows
tedious; and one wishes at last that he himself could
be 'put up the spout.' Mr. Glover, from the sepulchral
depth of his voice, gave effect to the odious Creontic
menaces; and, in the final lamentations over the dead
body of Hæmon, being a man of considerable intel-
lectual power, Mr. Glover drew the part into a promi-
nence which it is the fault of Sophocles to have
authorized in that situation; for the closing sympathies
of the spectator ought not to be diverted, for a moment,
from Antigone.

But the chorus, how did they play their part? Mainly
their part must have always depended on the character
of the music: even at Athens, that must have been
very much the case, and at Edinburgh altogether, be-
cause dancing on the Edinburgh stage there was none. How came that about? For the very word, 'orchestral,' suggests to a Greek ear dancing, as the leading element in the choral functions. Was it because dancing with us is never used mystically and symbolically, never used in our religious services? Still it would have been possible to invent solemn and intricate dances, that might have appeared abundantly significant, if expounded by impassioned music. But that music of Mendelssohn!—like it I cannot. Say not that Mendelssohn is a great composer. He is so. But here he was voluntarily abandoning the resources of his own genius, and the support of his divine art, in quest of a chimera: that is, in quest of a thing called Greek music, which for us seems far more irrecoverable than the 'Greek fire.' I myself, from an early date, was a student of this subject. I read book after book upon it; and each successive book sank me lower into darkness, until I had so vastly improved in ignorance, that I could myself have written a quarto upon it, which all the world should not have found it possible to understand. It should have taken three men to construe one sentence. I confess, however, to not having yet seen the writings upon this impracticable theme of Colonel Perronet Thompson. To write experimental music for choruses that are to support the else meagre outline of a Greek tragedy, will not do. Let experiments be tried upon worthless subjects; and if this of Mendelssohn's be Greek music, the sooner it takes itself off the better. Sophocles will be delivered from an incubus, and we from an affliction of the auditory nerves.

It strikes me that I see the source of this music,
We, that were learning German some thirty years ago, must remember the noise made at that time about Mendelssohn, the Platonic philosopher. And why? Was there any thing particular in 'Der Phædon,' on the immortality of the soul? Not at all; it left us quite as mortal as it found us; and it has long since been found mortal itself. Its venerable remains are still to be met with in many worm-eaten trunks, pasted on the lids of which I have myself perused a matter of thirty pages, except for a part that had been too closely perused by worms. But the key to all the popularity of the Platonic Mendelssohn, is to be sought in the whimsical nature of German liberality, which, in those days, forced Jews into paying toll at the gates of cities, under the title of 'swine,' but caressed their infidel philosophers. Now, in this category of Jew and infidel, stood the author of 'Phædon.' He was certainly liable to toll as a hog; but, on the other hand, he was much admired as one who despised the Pentateuch. Now that Mendelssohn, whose learned 'abors lined our trunks, was the father of this Mendelssohn, whose Greek music afflicts our ears. Naturally, then, it strikes me, that as 'papa' Mendelssohn attended the synagogue to save appearances, the filial Mendelssohn would also attend it. I likewise attended the synagogue now and then at Liverpool, and elsewhere. We all three have been cruising in the same latitudes; and, trusting to my own remembrances, I should pronounce that Mendelssohn has stolen his Greek music from the synagogue. There was, in the first chorus of the 'Antigone,' one sublime ascent (and once repeated) that rang to heaven: it might have entered into the music of Jubal's lyre, or have glorified
the timbrel of Miriam. All the rest, tried by the deep standard of my own feeling, that clamors for the impassioned in music, even as the daughter of the horse-leech says, 'Give, give,' is as much without meaning as most of the Hebrew chanting that I heard at the Liverpool synagogue. I advise Mr. Murray, in the event of his ever reviving the 'Antigone,' to make the chorus sing the Hundredth Psalm, rather than Mendelssohn's music; or, which would be better still, to import from Lancashire the Handel chorus-singers.

But then, again, whatever change in the music were made, so as to 'better the condition' of the poor audience, something should really be done to 'better the condition' of the poor chorus. Think of these worthy men, in their white and skyblue liveries, kept standing the whole evening; no seats allowed, no dancing; no tobacco; nothing to console them but Antigone's beauty; and all this in our climate, latitude fifty-five degrees, 30th of December, and Fahrenheit grooping about, I don't pretend to know where, but clearly on his road down to the wine cellar. Mr. Murray, I am perfectly sure, is too liberal to have grudged the expense, if he could have found any classic precedent for treating the chorus to a barrel of ale. Ale, he may object, is an unclassical tipple; but perhaps not. Xenophon, the most Attic of prose writers, mentions pointedly in his Ἀναβάσις, that the Ten Thousand, when retreating through snowy mountains, and in circumstances very like our General Elphinstone's retreat from Cabul, came upon a considerable stock of bottled ale. To be sure, the poor ignorant man calls it barley wine [αἰτρος ρηβαρος:] but the flavor was found so perfectly classical that not one man of the ten thousand, no
even the Attic bee himself, is reported to have left any protest against it, or indeed to have left much of the ale.

But stop: perhaps I am intruding upon other men's space. Speaking, therefore, now finally to the principal question, How far did this memorable experiment succeed? I reply, that, in the sense of realizing all that the joint revivers proposed to realize, it succeeded; and failed only where these revivers had themselves failed to comprehend the magnificent tendencies of Greek tragedy, or where the limitations of our theatres, arising out of our habits and social differences, had made it impossible to succeed. In London, I believe that there are nearly thirty theatres, and many more, if every place of amusement (not bearing the technical name of theatre) were included. All these must be united to compose a building such as that which received the vast audiences, and consequently the vast spectacles, of some ancient cities. And yet, from a great mistake in our London and Edinburgh attempts to imitate the stage of the Greek theatres, little use was made of such advantages as really were at our disposal. The possible depth of the Edinburgh stage was not laid open. Instead of a regal hall in Thebes, I protest I took it for the boudoir of Antigone. It was painted in light colors, an error which was abominable, though possibly meant by the artist (but quite unnecessarily) as a proper ground for relieving the sumptuous dresses of the leading performers. The doors of entrance and exit were most unhappily managed. As to the dresses, those of Creon, of his queen, and of the two loyal sisters, were good: chaste, and yet princely. The dress of the chorus was as bad as bad as could be: a few
surplices borrowed from Episcopal chapels, or rather the ornamented albes, &c. from any rich Roman Catholic establishment, would have been more effective. The Coryphaeus himself seemed, to my eyes, no better than a railway laborer, fresh from tunnelling or boring, and wearing a blouse to hide his working dress. These ill-used men ought to 'strike' for better clothes, in case Antigone should again revisit the glimpses of an Edinburgh moon; and at the same time they might mutter a hint about the ale. But the great hindrances to a perfect restoration of a Greek tragedy, lie in peculiarities of our theatres that cannot be removed, because bound up with their purposes. I suppose that Salisbury Plain would seem too vast a theatre: but at least a cathedral would be required in dimensions, York Minster or Cologne. Lamp-light gives to us some advantages which the ancients had not. But much art would be required to train and organize the lights and the masses of superincumbent gloom, that should be such as to allow no calculation of the dimensions overhead. Aboriginal night should brood over the scene, and the sweeping movements of the scenic groups: bodily expression should be given to the obscure feeling of that dark power which moved in ancient tragedy: and we should be made to know why it is that, with the one exception of the Persæ, founded on the second Persian invasion, in which Æschylus, the author, was personally a combatant, and therefore a contemporary, not one of the thirty-four Greek tragedies surviving, but recedes into the dusky shades of the heroic, or even fabulous times.

A failure, therefore, I think the 'Antigone,' in relation to an object that for us is unattainable; but a
failure worth more than many ordinary successes. We are all deeply indebted to Mr. Murray's liberality, in two senses; to his liberal interest in the noblest section of ancient literature, and to his liberal disregard of expense. To have seen a Grecian play is a great remembrance. To have seen Miss Helen Faucit's Antigone, were that all, with her bust, ὃς ἀγαματος, and her uplifted arm 'pleading against unjust tribunals,' is worth — what is it worth? Worth the money? How mean a thought! To see Helen, to see Helen of Greece, was the chief prayer of Marlow's Dr. Faustus, the chief gift which he exacted from the fiend. To see Helen of Greece? Dr. Faustus, we have seen her: Mr. Murray is the Mephistopheles that showed her to us. It was cheap at the price of a journey to Siberia, and is the next best thing to having seen Waterloo at sunset on the 18th of June, 1815.
HOMER AND THE HOMERIDÆ.

Homer, the general patriarch of Occidental literature, reminds us oftentimes and powerfully, of the river Nile. If you, reader, should (as easily you may) be seated on the banks of that river in the months of February or March, 1842, you may count on two luxuries for a poetic eye — first, on a lovely cloudless morning; secondly, on a gorgeous flora. For it has been remarked, that nowhere, out of tropical regions, is the vernal equipage of nature so rich, so pompously variegated, in buds, and bells, and blossoms, as precisely in this unhappy Egypt — a 'house of bondage' undeniably, in all ages, to its own working population; and yet, as if to mock the misery it witnesses, the gayest of all lands in its spontaneous flora. Now, supposing yourself to be seated, together with a child or two, on some flowery carpet of the Delta; and supposing the Nile — 'that ancient river' — within sight; happy infancy on the one side, the everlasting pomp of waters on the other; and the thought still intruding, that on some quarter of your position, perhaps fifty miles out of sight, stand pointing to the heavens the mysterious pyramids. These circumstances presupposed, it is inevitable that your thoughts should wander
upwards to the dark fountains of origination. The pyramids, why and when did they arise? This infancy, so lovely and innocent, whence does it come, whither does it go? This creative river, what are its ultimate well-heads? That last question was viewed by antiquity as charmed against solution. It was not permitted, they fancied, to dishonor the river Nile by stealing upon his solitude in a state of weakness and childhood —

‘Nec licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre.’

So said Lucan. And in those days no image that the earth suggested could so powerfully express a mysterious secrecy, as the coy fountains of the Nile. At length came Abyssinian Bruce; and that superstition seemed to vanish. Yet now again the mystery has revolved upon us. You have drunk, you say, from the fountains of the Nile. Good; but, my friend, from which fountains? ‘Which king, Bezonian?’ Understand that there is another branch of the Nile — another mighty arm, whose fountains lie in far other regions. The great letter Y, that Pythagorean marvel, is still covered with shades in one-half of its bifurcation. And the darkness which, from the eldest of days, has invested Father Nile with fabulous awe, still broods over his most ancient fountains, defies our curious impertinence, and will not suffer us to behold the survivor of Memphis, and of Thebes — the hundred-gated — other than in his grandeur as a benefactor of nations.

Such thoughts, a world of meditations pointing in the same direction, settle also upon Homer. Eight-and-twenty hundred years, according to the improved
views of chronology, have men drunk from the waters of this earliest among poets. Himself, under one of his denominations, the son of a river [Melesigenes], or the grandson of a river [Mæonides], he has been the parent of fertilizing streams carried off derivatively into every land. Not the fountains of the Nile have been so diffusive, or so creative, as those of Homer—

—— 'a quo ceu fonte perenni,
Vatum Pieriis ora rigantur aquis.'

There is the same gayety of atmosphere, the same 'blue rejoicing sky,' the same absence of the austere and the gloomy sublime, investing the Grecian Homer as invests the Nile of the Delta. And again, if you would go upwards to the fountains of this ancient Nile, or of this ancient Homer, you would find the same mysterious repulsion. In both cases you find their fountains shyly retreating before you; and like the sacred peaks of Ararat, where the framework of Noah's ark reposes, never less surmounted than when a man fancies himself within arm's reach of their central recesses.*

A great poet appearing in early ages, and a great river, bear something of the same relation to human civility and culture. In this view, with a peculiar sublimity, the Hindoos consider a mighty fertilizing river,

* Seven or eight Europeans — some Russian, some English — have not only taken possession of the topmost crag on Ararat by means of the broadest disc which their own persons offered, but have left flags flying, to mark out for those below, the exact station which they had reached. All to no purpose! The bigoted Armenian still replied — these are mere illusions worked by demons.
when bursting away with torrent rapture from its mountain cradle, and billowing onwards through two thousand miles of realms made rich by itself, as in some special meaning 'the Son of God.' The word Burrampooter is said to bear that sublime sense. Hence arose the profound interest about the Nile: what cause could produce its annual swelling? Even as a phenomenon that was awful, but much more so as a creative agency; for it was felt that Egypt, which is but the valley of the Nile, had been the mere creation of the river annually depositing its rich layers of slime. Hence arose the corresponding interest about Homer; for Greece and the Grecian Isles were in many moral respects as much the creation of Homer as Egypt of the Nile. And if, on the one hand, it is unavoidable to assume some degree of civilization before a Homer could exist, on the other, it is certain that Homer, by the picture of unity which he held aloft to the Greeks, in making them co-operate to a common enterprise against Asia, and by the intellectual pleasure which he first engrafted upon the innumerable festivals of Hellas, did more than lawgivers to propagate this early civilization, and to protect it against those barbarizing feuds or migrations which through some centuries menaced its existence.

Having, therefore, the same motive of curiosity—having the same awe, connected first, with secrecy; secondly, with remoteness; and thirdly, with beneficent power, which turn our inquiries to the infant Nile; let us pursue a parallel investigation with regard to the infant Homer. How was Homer possible? how could such a poet as Homer—how could such a poem as the Iliad—arise in days so illiterate? Or rather,
and first of all, was Homer possible? If the *Iliad* could and did arise, not as a long series of separate phenomena, but as one solitary birth of revolutionary power, how was it preserved? how passed onwards from generation to generation? how propagated over Greece during centuries, when our modern facilities for copying on paper, and the general art of reading, were too probably unknown?

We presume every man of letters to be aware, that, since the time of the great German philologer, Fred. Augustus Wolf, (for whose life and services to literature, see Wilhelm Koerte's *Leben und Studien Friedr. Aug. Wolfs*, 1833,) a great shock has been given to the slumbering credulity of men on these Homeric subjects; a galvanic resuscitation to the ancient scepticism on the mere possibility of an *Iliad*, such as we now have it, issuing sound and complete, in the tenth or eleventh century before Christ, from the brain of a blind man, who had not (they say) so much as chalk towards the scoring down of his thoughts. The doubts moved by Wolf in 1795, propagated a controversy in Germany which has subsisted down to the present time. This controversy concerns Homer himself, and his first-born child, the *Iliad*; for as to the *Odyssey*, sometimes reputed the child of his old age, and as to the minor poems, which never could have been ascribed to him by philosophic critics, these are universally given up—as having no more connection with Homer personally than any other of the many epic and cyclical poems which arose during Post-Homeric ages, in a spirit of imitation, more or less diverging from the primitive Homeric model.

Fred. Wolf raised the question soon after the time
of the French Revolution. Afterwards he pursued it [1797] in his letters to Heyne. But it is remarkable that a man so powerful in scholarship, witnessing the universal fermentation he had caused, should not have responded to the general call upon himself to come forward and close the dispute with a comprehensive valuation of all that had been said, and all that yet remained to be said, upon this difficult problem. Voss, the celebrated translator of Homer into German dactylic hexameters, was naturally interested by a kind of personal stake in the controversy. He wrote to Wolf — warmly, perhaps, and in a tone almost of moral remonstrance; but without losing his temper, or forgetting the urbanity of a scholar. 'I believe,' said he in his later correspondence of the year 1796, 'I believe in one Iliad, in one Odyssey, and in one Homer as the sole father of both. Grant that Homer could not write his own name — and so much I will concede that your acute arguments have almost demonstrated — still to my thinking that only enhances the glory of the poet. The unity of this poet, and the unity of his works, are as yet to me unshaken ideas. But what then? I am no bigot in my creed, so as to close my ears against all hostile arguments. And these arguments, let me say plainly, you now owe to us all; arguments drawn from the internal structure of the Homeric poems. You have wounded us, Mr. Wolf, in our affections; you have affronted us, Mr. Wolf, in our tenderest sensibilities. But still we are just men; ready to listen, willing to bear and to forbear. Meantime the matter cannot rest here. You owe it, Mr. Wolf, to the dignity of the subject, not to keep back those proofs which doubtless you possess; proofs, observe, conclusive
proofs. For hitherto, permit me to say, you have merely played with the surface of the question. True, even that play has led to some important results; and for these no man is more grateful than myself. But the main battle is still in arrear.'

Wolf, however, hearkened not to such appeals. He had called up spirits, by his evocation, more formidable than he looked for or could lay. Perhaps, like the goddess Eris at the wedding feast, he had merely sought to amuse himself by throwing a ball of contention amongst the literati: a little mischief was all he contemplated, and a little learned Billingsgate. Things had taken a wider circuit. Wolf's acuteness in raising objections to all the received opinions had fallen upon a kindly soil: the public mind had reacted powerfully; for the German mind is but too naturally disposed to scepticism; and Wolf found himself at length in this dilemma — viz. that either by writing a very inadequate sequel, he must forfeit the reputation he had acquired; or that he must prepare himself for a compass of research to which his spirits were not equal, and to which his studies had not latterly been directed. A man of high celebrity may be willing to come forward in undress, and to throw out such casual thoughts as the occasion may prompt, provided he can preserve his incognito; but if he sees a vast public waiting to receive him with theatrical honors, and a flourish of trumpets announcing his approach, reasonably he may shrink from facing expectations so highly raised, and may perhaps truly plead an absolute impossibility of pursuing further any question under such original sterility of materials, and after so elaborate a cultivation by other laborers.
Wolf, therefore, is not to be blamed for having declined, in its mature stages, to patronize his own question. *His own* we call it, because he first pressed its strongest points; because he first kindled it into a public feud; and because, by his matchless revisal of the Homeric text, he gave to the world, simultaneously with his doubts, the very strongest credentials of his own right to utter doubts. And the public, during the forty-six years' interval which has succeeded to his first opening of the case, have viewed the question as so exclusively *his*, that it is generally known under the name of the Wolfian hypothesis. All this is fair and natural; that rebel who heads the mob of insurgents is rightly viewed as the father of the insurrection. Yet still, in the rigor of justice, we must not overlook the earlier conspirators. Not to speak here of more ancient sceptics, it is certain that in modern times Bentley, something more than one hundred and fifty years back, with his usual divinity of eye, saw the opening for doubts. Already in the year 1689, when he was a young man fresh from college, Bentley gave utterance to several of the Wolfian scruples. And, indeed, had he done nothing more than call attention to the digamma, as applied to the text of Homer, he could not have escaped feeling and communicating these scruples. To a man who was one day speaking of some supposed *hiatus* in the *Iliad*, Bentley, from whom courtesy flowed as naturally as 'milk from a male tiger,' called out — 'Hiatus, man! *Hiatus* in your throat! There is no such thing in Homer.' And, when the other had timidly submitted to him such cases as ΜΕΓΑ ἘΠΩΝ or ΧΑΛΑ ΕΥΝΑ, or ΜΕΛΗΣΙΑ ΟΙΝΟΣ, Bentley showed him that, unless where the final syllable of the prior word hap-
pened to be in arsi, (as suppose in Ἰηληδευ Αχιληος,) universally the hiatus had not existed to the ears of Homer. And why? Because it was cured by the interposition of the digamma: 'Apud Homerum sœpe videtur hiatus esse, ubi prisca littera digamma explebat inter medium spatium.' Thus μελινδεα οινον in Homer's age was μελινδεα Φοινον (from which ΑEolic form is derived our modern word for wine in all the western and central languages of Christendom; F is V, and V is W all the world over — whence vin, wine, vino, wein, wün, and so on; all originally depending upon that ΑEoliac letter F, which is so necessary to the metrical integrity of Homer.) Now, when once a man of Bentley's sagacity had made that step — forcing him to perceive that here had been people of old time tampering with Homer's text, (else how had the digamma dropped out of the place which once it must have occupied,) he could not but go a little further. If you see one or two of the indorsements on a bill misspelt, you begin to suspect general forgery. When the text of Homer had once become frozen and settled, no man could take liberties with it at the risk of being tripped up himself on its glassy surface, and landed in a lugubrious sedentary posture, to the derision of all critics, compositors, pressmen, devils, and devillets. But whilst the text was yet piping hot, or lukewarm, or in the transitional state of cooling, every man who had a private purpose to serve might impress upon its plastic wax whatever alterations he pleased, whether by direct addition or by substitution, provided only he had skill to evade any ugly seam or cicatrice. It is true he could run this adulterated Homer only on that particular road to which he happened to have access
But then, in after generations, when all the Homers were called in by authority for general collation, his would go up with the rest; his forgery would be accepted for a various reading, and would thus have a fair chance of coming down to posterity — which word means, at this moment, you, reader, and ourselves. We are posterity. Yes, even we have been humbugged by this Pagan rascal; and have doubtless drunk off much of his swipes, under the firm faith that we were drinking the pure fragrant wine (the μελημένα Φοίνικα) of Homer.

Bentley having thus warned the public, by one general caveat, that tricks upon travellers might be looked for on this road, was succeeded by Wood, who, in his Essay on the Genius of Homer, occasionally threw up rockets in the same direction. This essay first crept out in the year 1769, but only to the extent of seven copies; and it was not until the year 1775,* that a second edition diffused the new views freely amongst the world. The next memorable era for this question occurred in 1788, during which year it was that Vil- loison published his Iliad; and, as part of its appara
tus, he printed the famous Venetian Scholia, hitherto known only to inspectors of MSS. These Scholia gave strength to the modern doubts, by showing that many of them were but ancient doubts in a new form. Still, as the worshipful Scholiasts do not offer the pleas-

*It is a proof, however, of the interest, even at that time, taken by Germany in English literature, as well as of the inter

est taken in this Homeric question, that one of the seven copies published in 1769 must have found its way to some German scholar; for already, in 1773, a German translation of Wood had been published at Frankfort.
antest reading in the world, most of them being rather drowsy or so — truly respectable men, but somewhat apoplectic — it could not be expected that any explosion of sympathy should follow: the clouds thickened; but the man who was to draw forth the lightnings from their surcharged volumes, had not yet come forward. In the meantime, Herder, not so much by learning as by the sagacity of his genius, threw out some pregnant hints of the disputable points. And finally, in 1795, Wolf marched forth in complete mail, a sheaf of sceptical arrows rattling on his harness, all of which he pointed and feathered, giving by his learning, or by masculine sense, buoyancy to their flight, so as to carry them into every corner of literary Europe. Then began the 'row' — then the steam was mounted which has never since subsided — and then opened upon Germany a career of scepticism, which from the very first promised to be contagious. It was a mode of revolutionary disease, which could not by its very nature confine itself to Homer. The religious reader has since had occasion to see, with pain, the same principles of audacious scepticism applied to books and questions far more important; but, as might be shown upon a fitting occasion, with no reason whatever for serious anxiety as to any popular effect. Meantime, for those numerous persons who do not read Latin or German with fluency, but are familiar with French, the best comprehensive view of Wolf's arguments, (as given in his Homeric Prolegomena, or subsequently in his Briefe an Heyne,) is to be found in Franceson's Essai sur la question — Si Homère a connu l'usage de l'écriture. Berlin, 1818.

This French work we mention, as meeting the wants
of those who simply wish to know how the feud began. But, as that represents only the early stages of the entire speculation, it will be more satisfactory for all who are seriously interested in Homer, and without partisanship seek to know the plain unvarnished truth—'Is Homer a hum, and the Iliad a hoax?—to consult the various papers on this subject which have been contributed by Nitzsch to the great *Allgemeine Encyclopædie* of modern Germany. Nitzsch's name is against him; it is intolerable to see such a thicket of consonants with but one little bit of a vowel amongst them; it is like the proportions between Falstaff's bread and his sack. However, after all, the man did not make his own name, and the name looks worse than it sounds, for it is but our own word *niche*, barbarously written. This man's essays are certainly the most full and representative pleadings which this extensive question has produced. On the other hand, they labor in excess with the prevailing vices of German speculation; viz. 1st, vague indeterminate conception; 2dly, total want of power to methodize or combine the parts, and indeed generally a barbarian inaptitude for composition. But, waiving our quarrel with Nitzsch and with Nitzsch's name, no work of his can be considered as generally accessible; his body is not in court, and, if it were, it talks German. So, in his chair we shall seat ourselves; and now, with one advantage over him—viz. that we shall never leave the reader to muse for an hour over our meaning—we propose to state the outline of the controversy; to report the decisions upon the several issues sent down for trial upon this complex suit; and the apparent tendencies, so far as they are yet discoverable, towards that kind of gen-
eral judgment which must be delivered by the Chancery of European criticism, before this dispute will subside into repose.

The great sectional or subordinate points into which the Homeric controversy breaks up, are these: —

I. *Homer* — that is, the poet as distinct from his works.

II. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* — that is, the poems as distinct from their author.

III. The *Rhapsodoi*, or poetic chanters of Greece; these, and their predecessors or their contemporaries — the *Aoidoi*, the *Citharædi*, the *Homeridæ*.

IV. *Lycurgus*.

V. *Solon* — and the *Pisistratidæ*.

VI. The *Diascenastæ*.

We hardly know at what point to take up this ravelled tissue; but, by way of tracing the whole theme *ab ovo*, suppose we begin by stating the chronological bearings of the principal objects (things as well as persons) connected with the *Iliad*.

*Ilium* was that city of Asia Minor, whose memorable fortunes and catastrophe furnished the subject of the *Iliad*. At what period of human history may we reasonably suppose this catastrophe to have occurred? Never did a great man err so profoundly as Sir Isaac Newton on this very question, in deducing the early chronology of Greece. The semi-fabulous section of Grecian annals he crowded into so narrow a space, and he depressed the whole into such close proximity to the regular opening of history, (that is, to the Olympiads,) that we are perfectly at a loss to imagine with what sort of men, events, and epochs, Sir Isaac would have peopled that particular interval of a thousand
years in Grecian chronology, which corresponds to the scriptural interval between the patriarch Abraham and Solomon, the Jewish king. This interval commences with the year 2000 before Christ, and terminates with the year 1000 before Christ. But such is the fury of Sir Isaac for depressing all events not absolutely fabulous below this latter terminus, that he has really left himself without counters to mark the progress of man, or to fill the cells of history, through a millennium of Grecian life. The whole thousand years, as respects Hellas, is a mere desert upon Sir Isaac's map of time. As one instance of Sir Isaac's modernizing propensities, we never could sufficiently marvel at his supposing the map of the heavens, including those constellations which are derived from the Argonautic enterprise, to have been completed about the very time of that enterprise: as if it were possible that a coarse, clumsy hulk like the ship Argo, at which no possible Newcastle collier but would have sneezed, or that any of the men who navigated her, could take a consecrated place in men's imagination, or could obtain an everlasting memorial in the starry heavens, until time, by removing gross features, and by blending all the circumstances with the solemnities of vast distance, had reconciled the feelings to a sanctity which must have been shocking, as applied to things local and familiar.

Far different from Sir Isaac's is the present chronological theory. Almost universally it is now agreed, that the siege of Troy occurred about 1300, or, at the lowest calculation, more than 1200 years before Christ. What, then, is the chronological relation of Homer to Troy? It is generally agreed, that the period of his
flourishing was from two to three centuries after Troy. By some it was imagined that Homer himself had been a Trojan; and therefore contemporary with the very heroes whom he exhibits. Others, like our Jacob Bryant, have fancied that he was not merely coeval with those heroes, but actually was one of those heroes—viz. Ulysses; and that the Odyssey rehearses the personal adventures, the voyages, the calamities of Homer. It is our old friend the poet, but with a new face; he is now a soldier, a sailor, a king, and, in case of necessity, a very fair boxer, or 'fistic artist,' for the abatement of masterful beggars, 'sorners,' or other nuisances. But these wild fancies have found no success. All scholars have agreed in placing a deep gulf of years between Homer and the Ilium which he sang. Aristarchus fixes the era of Homer at 140 years after the Trojan war; Philochorus at 180 years; Apollodorus at 240; the Arundel Marbles at 302; and Herodotus, who places Homer about 400 years before his own time, (i.e. about 850 before Christ,) ought, therefore, to be interpreted as assuming 350 years at least between Homer and Troy. So that the earliest series of events connected from before and from behind with the Grecian bard, may be thus arranged:

Years bef. Christ.
1220 — Trojan expedition.
1000 — Homer a young man, and contemporary with the building of the first temple at Jerusalem.
820 — Lycurgus brings into the Peloponnesus from Crete, (or else from Ionia,) the Homeric poems, hitherto unknown upon the Grecian continent.
Up to this epoch, (the epoch of transplanting the Iliad from Greece insular and Greece colonial to Greece continental,) the Homeric poems had been left to the custody of two schools, or professional orders, interested in the text of these poems: how interested, or in what way their duties connected them with Homer, we will not at this point inquire. Suffice it, that these two separate orders of men did confessedly exist; one being elder, perhaps, than Homer himself, or even than Troy — viz. the Aoidoi and Citharædi. These, no doubt, had originally no more relation to Homer than to any other narrative poet; their duty of musical recitation had brought them connected with Homer, as it would have done with any other popular poet; and it was only the increasing current of Homer's predominance over all rival poets, which gradually gave such a bias and inflection to these men's professional art, as at length to suck them within the great Homeric tide; they became, but were not originally, a sort of Homeric choir and orchestra — a chapel of priests having a ministerial duty in the vast Homeric cathedral. Through them exclusively, perhaps, certainly through them chiefly, the two great objects were secured — first, that to each separate generation of men Homer was published with all the advantages of a musical accompaniment; secondly, that for distant generations Homer was preserved. We do not thus beg the question as to the existence of alphabetic writing in the days of Homer; on the contrary, we go along with Nitzsch and others in opposing Wolf upon that point. We believe that a laborious art of writing did exist; but with such disadvantages as to writing materials, that Homer (we are satisfied) would have
fared il as regards his chance of reaching the polished ages of Pericles, had he relied on written memorials, or upon any mode of publication less impassioned than the orchestral chanting of the Rhapsodoi. The other order of men dedicated to some Homeric interest, whatever that might be, were those technically known as the Homeric. The functions of these men have never been satisfactorily ascertained, or so as to discriminate them broadly and firmly from the Citharædi and Rhapsodoi. But in two features it is evident that they differ essentially — first, that the Homeric constituted a more local and domestic college of Homeric ministers, confined originally to a single island, not diffused (as were the Rhapsodoi) over all Greece; secondly, that by their very name, which refers them back to Homer as a mere product from his influence, this class of followers is barred from pretending in the Homeric equipage, (like the Citharædi) to any independent existence, still less to any anterior existence. The musical reciters had been a general class of public ministers, gradually sequestered into the particular service of Homer; but the Homericæ were, in some way or other, either by blood, or by fiction of love and veneration, Homer's direct personal representatives.

Thus far, however, though there is evidence of two separate colleges or incorporations who charged themselves with the general custody, transmission, and publication of the Homeric poems, we hear of no care applied to the periodical review of the Homeric text; we hear of no man taking pains to qualify himself for that office by collecting copies from all quarters, or by applying the supreme political authority to the conservation and the authentication of the
Homeric poems. The text of no book can become an object of anxiety, until by numerous corruptions it has become an object of doubt. Lycurgus, it is true, the Spartan lawgiver, did apply his own authority, in a very early age, to the general purpose of importing the Iliad and Odyssey. But there his office terminated. Critical skill, applied to the investigation of an author's text, was a function of the human mind as unknown in the Greece of Lycurgus as in the Germany of Tacitus, or the Tongataboo of Captain Cook. And of all places in Greece, such delicate reactions of the intellect upon its own creations were least likely to arise amongst the illiterate Dorian tribes of the Southern Peloponnesus — wretches that hugged their own barbarizing institutions as the very jewels of their birthright, and would most certainly have degenerated rapidly into African brutality, had they not been held steady, and forcibly shouldered into social progress, by the press of surrounding tribes more intellectual than themselves.

Thus continued matters through about four centuries from Homer. And by that time we begin to feel anxious about the probable state of the Homeric text. Not that we suppose any interregnum in Homer's influence — not that we believe in any possible defect of links in that vast series of traditional transmitters; the integrity of that succession was guarantied by its interwreathing itself with human pleasures, with religious ceremonies, with household and national festivals. It is not that Homer would have become apocryphal or obscure for want of public repetition; on the contrary, too constant and too fervent a repetition would have been the main source of corruptions
in the text. Sympathy in the audience must always have been a primary demand with the Rhapsodoi and, to perfect sympathy, it is a previous condition to be perfectly understood. Hence, when allusions were no longer intelligible or effectual, it might sometimes happen that they would be dropped from the text; and when any Homeric family or city had become extinct, the temptation might be powerful for substituting the names of others who could delight the chanter by fervid gratitude for a distinction which had been merited, or could reward him with gifts for one which had not. But it is not necessary to go over the many causes in preparation, after a course of four centuries, for gradually sapping the integrity of Homer's text. Everybody will agree, that it was at length high time to have some edition 'by authority; ' and that, had the Iliad and Odyssey received no freezing arrest in their licentious tendency towards a general interfusion of their substance with modern ideas, most certainly by the time of Alexander, i. e. about seven centuries from Homer, either poem would have existed only in fragments. The connecting parts between the several books would have dropped out; and all the \( \text{\' epis t e i a i} \), or episodes dedicated to the honor of a particular hero, might, with regard to names less hallowed in the imagination of Greece, or where no representatives of the house remained, have perished utterly. It was a real providential care for the civilization of Greece, which caused the era of state editions to supersede the \( \text{ad libitum} \) text of the careless or the interested, just at that precise period when the rapidly rising tide of Athenian refinement would soon have swept away all the landmarks of primitive
Greece, and when the altered character of the public reciters would have co-operated with the other difficulties of the case to make a true Homeric text irrecoverable. For the Rhapsodoi were in a regular course of degradation to the rank of mere mercenary artists, from that of sacred minstrels, who connected the past with the present, and who sang — precisely because their burthen of truth was too solemn for unimpassioned speech. This was the station they had occupied; but it remains in evidence against them, that they were rapidly sinking under the changes of the times — were open to tribes, and, as one consequence (whilst partly it was one cause) of this degradation, that they had ceased to command the public respect. The very same changes, and through the very same steps, and under the very same agencies, have been since exhibited to Europe in the parallel history of the minstrels. The pig-headed Ritson, in mad pursuit of that single idea which might vex Bishop Percy, made it his business, in one essay, to prove, out of the statutes at large, and out of local court records, that the minstrel, so far from being that honored guest in the courts of princes whom the bishop had described, was, in fact, a rogue and a vagabond by act of Parliament, standing in awe of that great man, the parish beadle, and liable to be kicked out of any hundred or tithing where he should be found trespassing. But what nonsense! the minstrel was, and he was not, all that the bishop and others had affirmed. The contradiction lay in the time; Percy and Ritson spoke of different periods; the bishop of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries — the attorney of the sixteenth and seven-
teenth. Now the Grecian *Rhapsodoi* passed through corresponding stages of declension. Having ministered through many centuries to advancing civilization, finally they themselves fell before a higher civilization; and the particular aspect of the new civilization, which proved fatal to them, was the general diffusion of reading as an art of liberal education. In the age of Pericles, every well-educated man could read; and one result from his skill, as no doubt it had also been one amongst its exciting causes, was—that he had a fine copy at home, beautifully adorned, of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Paper and vellum, for the last six centuries B.C. (that is, from the era of the Egyptian king, Psammetichus,) were much less scarce in Greece than during the ages immediately consecutive to Homer. This fact has been elaborately proved in recent German essays.

How providential, therefore—and with the recollection of that great part played by Greece in propagating Christianity through the previous propagation of her own literature and language, what is there in such an interference unworthy of Providence?—how providential, that precisely in that interval of one hundred and eleven years, between the year 555 B.C., the *locus* of Pisistratus, and 444 B.C., the *locus* of Pericles, whilst as yet the traditional text of Homer was retrievable, though rapidly nearing to the time when it would be strangled with weeds, and whilst as yet the arts of reading and writing had not weakened the popular devotion to Homer by dividing it amongst multiplied books; just then in that critical isthmus of time, did two or three Athenians of rank, first Solon, next Pisistratus, and
Lastly, (if Plato is right,) Hipparchus, step forward to make a public, solemn, and legally operative review of the Homeric poems. They drew the old vessel into dock; laid bare its timbers; and stopped the further progress of decay. What they did more than this, and by what characteristic services each connected his name with a separate province in this memorable restoration of the Iliad and Odyssey—we shall inquire further on.

One century after Pisistratus we come to Pericles; or, counting from the locus of each, (555 B.C., and 444 B.C.,) exactly one hundred and eleven years divide them. One century after Pericles we come to Alexander the Great; or, counting from the locus of each, (444 B.C., and 333 B.C.,) exactly one hundred and eleven years divide them. During the period of two hundred and twenty-two years Homer had rest. Nobody was allowed to torment his text any more. And it is singular enough that this period of two hundred and twenty-two years, during which Homer reigned in the luxury of repose, having nothing to do but to let himself be read and admired, was precisely that ring-fence of years within which lies true Grecian history; for, if any man wishes to master the Grecian history, he needs not to ascend above Pisistratus, nor to come down below Alexander. Before Pisistratus all is mist and fable; after Alexander, all is dependency and servitude. And remarkable it is—that, soon after Alexander, and indirectly through changes caused by him, Homer was again held out for the pleasure of the tormentors. Among the dynasties founded by Alexander's lieutenants, was one memorably devoted to literature. The Macedonian house of the Ptolemies,
when seated on the throne of Egypt, had founded the very first public library and the first learned public. Alexander died in the year 320 B.C.; and already in the year 280 B.C., (that is, not more than forty years after,) the learned Jews of Alexandria and Palestine had commenced, under the royal patronage, that translation of the Hebrew Scriptures into Greek, which, from the supposed number of the translators, has obtained the name of the Septuagint. This was a service to posterity. But the earliest Grecian service to which this Alexandrian library ministers, was Homeric; and strikes us as singular, when we contrast it with the known idolatry towards Homer of that royal soldier, from whom the city itself, with all its novelties, drew its name and foundation. Had Alexander survived forty years longer, as very easily he might if he had insisted upon leaving his heel-taps at Babylon, how angry it would have made him that the very first trial of this new and powerful galvanic battery should be upon the body of the Iliad!

From 280 B.C. to 160 B.C., there was a constant succession of Homeric critics. The immense material found in the public library towards a direct history of Homer and his fortunes, would alone have sufficed to evoke a school of critics. But there was, besides, another invitation to Homeric criticism, more oblique, and eventually more effective. The Alexandrian library contained vast collections towards the study of the Greek language through all its dialects, and through all its chronological stages. This study led back by many avenues to Homer. A verse or a passage which hitherto had passed for genuine, and which otherwise, perhaps, yielded no internal argument for suspicion,
was now found to be veined by some phrase, dialect, terminal form, or mode of using words, that might be too modern for Homer's age, or too far removed in space from Homer's Ionian country. We moderns, from our vast superiority to the Greeks themselves in Greek metrical science, have had an extra resource laid open to us for detecting the spurious in Greek poetry; and many are the condemned passages in our modern editions of Greek books, against which no jealousy would ever have arisen amongst unmetrical scholars. Here, however, the Alexandrian critics, with all their slashing insolence, showed themselves sons of the feeble; they groped about in twilight. But, even without that resource, they contrived to riddle Homer through and through with desperate gashes. In fact, after being 'treated' and 'handled' by three generations of critics, Homer came forth, (just as we may suppose one of Lucan's legionary soldiers, from the rencontre with the amphisbæna, the dipsas, and the water-snake of the African wilderness,) one vast wound, one huge system of confluent ulcers. Often in reviewing the labors of three particularly amongst these Alexandrine scorpions, we think of the Æsopian fable, in which an old man with two wives, one aged as befitted him, and the other young, submits his head alternately to the Alexandrine revision of each. The old lady goes to work at first; and upon 'moral principle' she indignantly extirpates all the black hairs which could ever have inspired him with the absurd fancy of being young. Next comes the young critic: she is disgusted with age; and upon system eliminates, (or, to speak with Aristarchus, 'obelizes,' ) all the gray hairs. And thus between the two ladies and their sep-
arate editions of the old gentleman, he, poor Homeric creature, comes forth as bald as the back of one's hand. Aristarchus might well boast that he had cured Homer of the dry-rot: he has; and by leaving hardly one whole spar of his ancient framework. Nor can we, with our share of persimmon, comprehend what sort of abortion it is which Aristarchus would have us to accept and entertain in the room of our old original *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. To cure a man radically of the toothache, by knocking all his teeth down his throat, seems a suspicious recommendation for 'dental surgery.' And, with respect to the Homer of Aristarchus, it is to be considered, that besides the lines, sentences, and long passages, to which that Herod of critics affixed his *obelus* (†) or stiletto,²⁰ there were entire books which he found no use in assassinating piccemeal; because it was not this line or that line into which he wished to thrust his dagger, but the whole rabble of lines — 'tag, rag, and bobtail.' Which reminds us of Paul Richter, who suggests to some author anxiously revising the table of his own errata — that perhaps he might think it advisable, on second thoughts, to put his whole book into the list of errata; requesting of the reader kindly to erase the total work as an oversight, or general blunder, from page one down to the word *finis*. In such cases, as Martial observes, no plurality of cancellings or erasures will answer the critic's purpose: but, 'una litura potest.' One mighty bucket of ink thrown over the whole will do the business; but, as to obelizing, it is no better than snapping pocket-pistols in a sea-fight, or throwing crackers amongst the petticoats of a female mob.

With the Alexandrine tormentors, we may say that
Homer's pre-Christian martyrdom came to an end. His post-Christian sufferings have been due chiefly to the Germans, who have renewed the warfare not only of Alexandrine critics, but of the ancient Chorizontes. These people we have not mentioned separately, because, in fact, nothing remains of their labors, and the general spirit of their warfare may be best understood from that of modern Germany. They acquired their name of Chorizontes, (or separators,) from their principle of breaking up the Iliad into multiform groups of little tadpole Iliads; as also of splitting the one old hazy but golden Homer, that looms upon us so venerably through a mist of centuries, into a vast reverberation of little silver Homers, that twinkled up and down the world, and lived when they found it convenient.

Now, let us combine the separate points of this chronological deduction into one focus, after which we will examine apart, each for itself, the main questions which we have already numbered as making up the elements of the controversy.

Years bef. Christian Era.

1220 — Troy.

1000 — Solomon the king of Jewry, and Homer the Grecian poet.

800 — Lycurgus the lawgiver, imports the Iliad into Sparta, and thus first introduces Homer to Continental Greece.

555 — Solon, the Athenian lawgiver, Pisistratus, the ruler of Athens, and Hipparchus, his son, do something as yet undetermined for the better ascertaining and maintaining of the original Homeric text.
Years bef. Christian Era.

444 — From the text thus settled, are cited the numerous Homeric passages which we find in Plato, and all the other wits belonging to this period, the noontide of Greek literature, viz. the period of Pericles; and these passages generally coincide with our present text, so that we have no reason to doubt about our present Iliad being essentially the same as that which was used and read in the family of Pisistratus.

333 — This is the main year of Alexander's Persian expedition, and probably the year in which his tutor Aristotle published those notions about the tragic and epic 'unities,' which have since had so remarkable an effect upon the arrangement of the Iliad. In particular the notion of 'episodes,' or digressional narratives, interwoven with the principal narrative, was entirely Aristotelian; and under that notion, people submitted easily to interpolations which would else have betrayed themselves for what they are.

320 — Alexander the Great dies.

280 — The Alexandrian library is applied to for the searching revision of Homer; and a school in Alexandrine critics (in which school, through three consecutive generations, flourished as its leaders — Zenodotus, Aristophanes, and Aristarchus) dedicated themselves to Homer. They are usually called the Alexandrine 'grammatici' or littérateurs.
After the era of 160 B.C., by which time the second Punic war had liberated Rome from her great African rival, the Grecian or eastern states of the Mediterranean began rapidly to fall under Roman conquest. Hence forwards the text of Homer suffered no further disturbance or inquisition, until it reached the little wicked generation (ourselves and our immediate fathers) which we have the honor to address. Now, let us turn from the Iliad, viewed in its chronological series of fortunes, to the Iliad viewed in itself and in its personal relations; i.e. in reference to its author, to its Grecian propagators or philosophers, and to its reformers or restorers, its re-casters or interpolators, and its critical explorers.

A. — Homer.

About the year 1797, Messrs. Pitt and Dundas labored under the scandal of sometimes appearing drunk in the House of Commons; and on one particular evening, this impression was so strong against them, that the morning papers of the following three days fired off exactly one hundred and one epigrams on the occasion. One was this:

Pitt. — I cannot see the Speaker, Hal,—can you?
Dund. — Not see the Speaker! D—m'e, I see two.

Thus it has happened to Homer. Some say, 'There never was such a person as Homer.' * No such person as Homer. On the contrary,' say others, 'there were scores.' This latter hypothesis has much more to plead for itself than the other. Numerous Homers were postulated with some apparent reason, by way of account-
ing for the numerous Homeric poems, and numerous Homeric birthplaces. One man, it was felt, never could be equal to so many claims. Ten camel-loads of poems you may see ascribed to Homer in Fabricius; and more states than seven claimed the man. These claims, it is true, would generally have vanished, if there had been the means of critically probing them; but still there was a \textit{prima facie} case made out for believing in a plurality of Homers; whilst on the other hand, for denying Homer, there never was any but a verbal reason. The polytheism of the case was natural; the atheism was monstrous. Ilgen, in the preface to his edition of the Homeric Hymns, says, 'Homeri nomen, si recte video, derivandum est ex ὄμων et ἀγω.' And so, because the name (like many names) can be made to yield a fanciful emblematic meaning, Homer must be a myth. But in fact, Mr. Ilgen has made little advance with his ὄμων ἀγω. For next comes the question, What do those two little Greek words mean? Αἰω is to join, to fit, to adapt — ὄμω is together or in harmony. But such a mere outline or schematism of an idea may be exhibited under many different constructions. One critic, for instance, understands it in the sense of dove-tailing, or metaphorical cabinet-making, as if it applied chiefly to the art of uniting words into metrical combinations. Another, Mr. Ilgen himself, takes it quite differently; it describes, not the poetical composition, or any labor whatever of the poet as a poet, but the skill of the musical accompaniment and adaptations. By accident the poet may chance to be also the musical reciter of the poem; and in that character he may have an interest in this name of
Oυρνος, but not as a poet. 'Ομηρεῖν and ὀμηρεῖν, says Hesychius, mean συνηφονεῖν, (to harmonize in point of sound;) the latter of the two is used in this sense by Hesiod; and more nicely, says Mr. Ilgen, it means accinere, to sing an accompaniment to another voice or to an instrument; and it means also succinere, to sing such an accompaniment in an under-key, or to sing what we moderns call a second — i. e. an arrangement of notes corresponding, but subordinated to the other or leading part. So says Ilgen in mixed Latin, German, and Greek. Now, we also have our pocket theory. We maintain that ὀφεῖ σῶ is Greek for packing up; and very pretty Greek, considering the hot weather. And our view of the case is this—

'Homer' was a sort of Delphic or prophetic name given to the poet, under a knowledge of that fate which awaited him in Crete, where, if he did not pack up any trunk that has yet been discovered, he was, however, himself packed up in the portmanteau of Lycurgus. Such, at least, is the coloring which the credulous Plutarch, nine hundred years after Lycurgus, gives to the story. ['Man alive!' says a German, apostrophizing this thoughtless Plutarch, 'Man alive! how could Lycurgus make a shipment of Homer's poems in the shape of a parcel for importation, unless there were written copies in Crete at a time when nobody could write? Or, how, why, for what intelligible purpose, could he have consigned this bale to a house in the Peloponnesus, where nobody could read?'] Homer, he thinks, could be imported at that period only in the shape of an orchestra, as a band of Homeric chanters. But, returning seriously to the name 'Ομηρος, we say that,
were the name absolutely bursting with hieroglyphic life this would be no proof that the man Homer, instead of writing a considerable number of octavo volumes, was (to use Mr. Ilgen's uncivil language) 'an abstract idea.' Honest people's children are not to be treated as 'abstract ideas,' because their names may chance to look symbolical. Bunyan's 'Mr. Ready-to-sink' might seem suspicious; but Mr. Strong-i'-th'-arm, who would have been a desirable companion for such an exhausted gentleman, is no abstract idea at all, but a dense broad-shouldered reality in a known street of London, liable to bills, duns, and other affections of our common humanity. Suppose, therefore, that Homer, in some one of his names, really had borne a designation glancing at symbolical meaning, what of that? this should rather be looked upon as a reflex name, artificially constructed for reverberating his glory after it had gathered, than as any predestinating (and so far marvellous) name.

Chrysostom, that eloquent father of early Christianity, had he been baptized by such a name as golden-mouthed (Chrysostomos), you would have suspected for one of Mr. Ilgen's 'abstract ideas;' but, as it happens, we all know that he existed in the body, and that the appellation by which he is usually recognized was a name of honor conferred upon him by the public in commemoration of his eloquence. However, we will bring this point to a short issue, by drawing the reader's attention to the following ease: Any man, who has looked into the body of Greek rhetoricians, must know that in that hebdomas idearum, or septenary system of rhetorical forms
which Hermogenes and many others illustrated, two of the seven (and the foremost two) were the qualities called *gorgotes* and *deinotes*. Now, turn to the list of early Greek rhetoricians or popular orators; and who stands first? Chronologically the first, and the very first, is a certain Tisias, perhaps; but he is a mere *nominis umbra*. The first who made himself known to the literature of Greece, is *Gorgias*; that Gorgias who visited Athens in the days of Socrates, (see Athenæus, for a rigorous examination of the date assigned to that visit by Plato,) the same Gorgias from whose name Plato had derived a title for one of his dialogues. Again, amongst the early Greek orators you will see *Deinarchus*. Gorgias and Deinarchus? Who but would say, were it not that these men had flourished in the meridian light of Athenian literature—'Here we behold two ideal or symbolic orators typifying the qualities of *gorgotes* and *deinotes*!' But a stronger case still is that of Demosthenes. Were this great orator not (by comparison with Homer) a modern person, under the full blaze of history, and coeval with Alexander the Great 333 years B.C., who is there that would not pronounce him a mere allegoric man, when he understood that the name was composed of these two clements—*Demos*, the 'people' in its most democratic expression, and *sthenos*, 'strength?'; this last word having been notoriously used by Homer (*mega sthenos Okeanoio*) to express that sort of power which makes itself known by thundering sound, 'the thundering strength of the people!' or, 'the people's fulminating might!' who would believe that the most potent of Greek orators had actually brought with him this ominous
and magnificent name, this natural patent of presidency to the Athenian hustings? It startles us to find, lurking in any man's name, a prophecy of his after career; as, for instance, to find a Latin legend — 'And his glory shall be from the Nile,' (Est honor à Nilo,) concealing itself in the name Horatio Nelson.\(^2\)

But there the prophecy lies hidden, and cannot be extracted without a painful cork-screw process of anagram. Whereas, in Demosthenes, the handwriting is plain to every child: it seems witchcraft — and a man is himself alarmed at his own predestinating name. Yet for all that, with Mr. Ilgen's permission, Demosthenes was not an 'abstract idea.' Consequently, had Homer brought his name in his waistcoat pocket to the composition of the Iliad, he would still not have been half as mythical in appearance as several well-authenticated men, decent people's sons, who have kicked up an undeniable dust on the Athenian hustings. Besides, Homer has other significant or symbolizing senses. It means a hostage; it means a blind man, as much as a cabinet-maker, or even as a packer of trunks. Many of these 'significant names' either express accidents of birth commonly recurring, such as Benoni, 'The child of sorrow,' a name frequently given by young women in Westmorland to any child born under circumstances of desertion, sudden death, &c. on the part of the father; or express those qualities which are always presumable, Honor, Prudence, Patience, &c., as common female names: or, if they imply anything special, any peculiar determination of general qualities that never could have been foreseen, in that case they must be referred to an admiring posterity — that
senior posterity which was such for Homer, but for us has long ago become a worshipful ancestry.

From the name it is a natural step to the country. All the world knows, by means of a satirical couplet, that

'Seven cities claimed the mighty Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.'

What were the names of these seven cities, (and islands,) we can inform the reader by means of an old Latin couplet amongst our schoolboy recollections —

'Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodos, Argos, Athenæ, Orbis de patria certat, Homere, tua.'

Among these the two first, Smyrna and Chios, have very superior pretensions. Had Homer been passed to his parish as a vagrant, or had Colophon (finding a settlement likely to be obtained by his widow) resolved upon trying the question, she would certainly have quashed any attempt to make the family chargeable upon herself. Smyrna lies under strong suspicion; the two rivers from which Homer's immediate progenitors were named — the Meun and the Meles — bound the plains near to Smyrna. And Wood insists much upon the perfect correspondence of the climate in that region of the Levant with each and all of Homer's atmospherical indications. We suspect Smyrna ourselves, and quite as much as Mr. Wood; but still we hesitate to charge any local peculiarities upon the Smyrniote climate that could nail it in an action of damages. Gay and sunny, pellucid in air and water, we are sure that Smyrna is; in short, everything that could be wished by the public in general, or by surrant dealers in particular. But really that any city
whatever, in that genial quarter of the Mediterranean, should pretend to a sort of patent for sunshine, we must beg to have stated in a private letter 'to the Marines:' us it will not suit.

Meantime these seven places are far from being all the competitors that have entered their names with the clerk of the course. Homer has been pronounced a Syrian, which name in early Greece of course included the Jew; and so, after all, the Iliad may have issued from the synagogue. Babylon, also, dusky Babylon, has put in her claim to Homer; so has Egypt. And thus, if the poet were really derived from an Oriental race, his name (sinking the aspiration) may have been Omar. But those Oriental pretensions are mere bubbles, exhaling from national vanity. The place which, to our thinking, lies under the heaviest weight of suspicion as the seat of Homer's connections, and very often of his own residence, is the island of Crete. Smyrna, we doubt not, was his birthplace. But in those summer seas, quiet as lakes, and basking in everlasting sunshine, it would be inevitable for a stirring animated mind to float up and down the Ægean. 'Home-keeping youths had ever homely wits,' says a great poet of our own; and we doubt not that Homer had a yacht, in which he visited all the festivals of the Ægean Islands. Thus he acquired that earned eye which he manifests for female beauty 'Rosy-fingered,' 'silver-footed,' 'full-bosomed,' 'ox-eyed,' with a large vocabulary of similar notices, show how widely Homer had surveyed the different chambers of Grecian beauty; for it has happened through accidents of migration and consequent modifications of origin, combined with varieties of diet and customs, that
HOMER AND THE HOMERIDÆ. 95

the Greek Islands still differ greatly in the style of their female beauty. Now, the time for seeing the young women of a Grecian city, all congregated under the happiest circumstances of display, was in their local festivals. Many were the fair Phidiacan forms which Homer had beheld moving like goddesses through the mazes of religious choral dances. But at the islands of Ios, of Chios, and of Crete, in particular, we are satisfied that he had a standing invitation. To this hour, the Cretan life delights us with the very echo of the Homeric delineations. Take four several cases: —

I. — The old Homeric superstition, for instance, which connects horses by the closest sympathy, and even by prescience, with their masters — that superstition which Virgil has borrowed from Homer in his beautiful episode of Mezentius — still lingers unbroken in Crete. Horses foresee the fates of riders who are doomed, and express their prescience by weeping in a human fashion. With this view of the horse's capacity it is singular, that in Crete this animal by preference should be called το ἀλόγον, the brute or irrational creature. But the word ἔπνοις has, by some accident, been lost in the modern Greek. As an instance both of the disparaging name, and of the ennobling superstition, take the following stanza from a Cretan ballad of 1825: —

'Ωτεν εκαβαλλίκευς,
Εκλαίε τ' ἀλόγο τούν
Καὶ τοτέσσα το εγνωσόνα
Πως εἶναι ὁ δαιμόνις τούν.'

'Upon which he mounted, and his horse wept: and then he saw clearly how this should bode his death.'
Under the same old Cretan faith, Homer, in II. xvii. 437, says—

"Ανελομα τε σφη
Θεσμα κατα βλεφαρων χαμανεις ήσε μυρομενειν
Ηριοχυο ποηην.

'Tears, scalding tears, trickled to the ground down the eyelids of them, (the horses,) fretting through grief for the loss of their charioteer.'

II. — Another almost decisive record of Homer's familiarity with Cretan life, lies in his notice of the agrimi, a peculiar wild goat, or ibex, found in no part of the Mediterranean world, whether island or mainland, except in Crete. And it is a case almost without a parallel in literature, that Homer should have sent down to all posterity, in sounding Greek, the most minute measurement of this animal's horns, which measurement corresponds with all those recently examined by English travellers, and in particular with three separate pairs of these horns brought to England about the year 1836, by Mr. Pashley, the learned Mediterranean traveller of Trinity College, Cambridge. Mr. Pashley has since published his travels, and from him we extract the following description of these shy but powerful animals, furnished by a Cretan moun-taineer: — 'The agrimia are so active, that they will leap up a perpendicular rock of ten to fourteen feet high. They spring from precipice to precipice; and bound along with such speed, that no dog would be able to keep up with them — even on better ground than that where they are found. The sportsman must never be to windward of them, or they will perceive his approach long before he comes within musket-shot.
They often carry off a ball; and, unless they fall immediately on being struck, are mostly lost to the sportsman, although they may have received a mortal wound. They are commonly found two, three, or four together; sometimes a herd of eight and even nine is seen. They are always larger than the common goat. In the winter time, they may be tracked by the sportsman in the snow. It is common for men to perish in the chase of them. They are of a reddish color, and never black or parti-colored like the common goat. The number of prominences on each horn, indicates the years of the animal's age."

Now Homer in Iliad iv. 105, on occasion of Pandarus drawing out his bow, notices it as an interesting fact, that this bow, so beautifully polished, was derived from [the horns of] a wild goat, αίγος αγριοῦ; and the epithet by which he describes this wild creature is ἵζαλε — preternaturally agile. In his Homeric manner he adds a short digressional history of the fortunate shot from a secret ambush, by which Pandarus had himself killed the creature. From this it appears that, before the invention of gunpowder, men did not think of chasing the Cretan ibex; and from the circumstantiality of the account, it is evident that some honor attached to the sportsman who had succeeded in such a capture. He closes with the measurement of the horns in this memorable line, (memorable as preserving such a fact for three thousand years) —

'Tου νέος εκ νεφαλής ἵζαλε δωρα πεφυκει.'

'The horns from this creature's head measured sixteen dora in length. Now what is a doron? In the Venetian Scholia, some annotator had hit the truth, but had inadvertently used a wrong word. This word,
an oversight, was viewed as such by Heyne, who corrected it accordingly, before any scholar had seen the animal. The *doron* is now ascertained to be a Homeric expression for a *palm*, or sixth part of a Grecian foot; and thus the extent of the horns, in that specimen which Pandarus had shot, would be two feet eight inches. Now the casual specimens sent to Cambridge by Mr. Pashley, (not likely to be quite so select as that which formed a personal weapon for a man of rank,) were all two feet seven and a half inches on the outer margin, and two feet one and a half inches on the inner. And thus the accuracy of Homer's account, (which as Heyne observes, had been greatly doubted in past ages,) was not only remarkably confirmed, but confirmed in a way which at once identifies, beyond all question, the Homeric wild-goat (*aικνοιος*) with the present *agrimi* of Crete; viz. by the unrivalled size of the animal's horns, and by the unrivalled power of the animal's movements, which rendered it necessary to shoot it from an ambush, in days before the discovery of powder.

But this result becomes still more conclusive for our present purpose: viz. for identifying Homer himself as a Cretan by his habits of life, when we mention the scientific report from Mr. Rothman of Trinity College, Cambridge, on the classification and habitat of the animal: — 'It is not the *bouquetin,*' (of the Alps,) to which, however, it bears considerable resemblance, but the real wild-goat, the *capra aegagrus* (Pallas), the supposed origin of all our domestic varieties. The horns present the anterior trenchant edge characteristic of this species. The discovery of the *aegagrus in Crete,* is perhaps a fact of some zoological interest.
as it is the first well-authenticated European locality of this animal?’

Here is about as rigorous a demonstration that the sporting adventure of Pandarus must have been a Cretan adventure as would be required by the Queen’s Bench. Whilst the spirited delineation of the capture, in which every word is emphatic, and picturesquely true to the very life of 1841,* indicates pretty strongly that Homer had participated in such modes of sporting himself.

III. — Another argument for the Cretan habitudes of Homer, is derived from his allusion to the Cretan tumblers — the κυβερνήτες — the most whimsical, perhaps, in the world; and to this hour the practice continues unaltered as in the eldest days. The description is easily understood. Two men place themselves side by side; one stands upright in his natural posture; the other stands on his head. Of course this latter would be unable to keep his feet aloft, and in the place belonging to his head, were it not that his comrade throws his arms round his ankles, so as to sustain his legs inverted in the air. Thus placed, they begin to roll forward, head over heels, and heels over head: every tumble inverts their positions: but always there is one man, after each roll, standing upright on his pins, and another whose lower extremities are presented to the clouds. And thus they go on for hours. The performance obviously requires two associates; or, if the number were increased, it must still be by pairs; and accordingly Homer describes his tumbles as in the dual number.

* 1841 — viz., the date of the first publication of this essay
IV. — A fourth, and most remarkable, among the Homeric mementos of Cretan life, is the τηλολογία — or conversation from a distance. This it is, and must have been, which suggested to Homer his preternatural male voices — Stentor's, for instance, who spoke as loud 'as other fifty men;' and that of Achilles, whom Patroclus roused up with a long pole, like a lion from his lair, to come out and roar at the Trojans; simply by which roar he scares the whole Trojan army. Now, in Crete, and from Colonel Leake, it appears, in Albania, (where we believe that Cretan emigrants have settled,) shepherds and others are found with voices so resonant, aided perhaps by the quality of a Grecian atmosphere, that they are able to challenge a person 'out of sight;' and will actually conduct a ceremonious conversation (for all Cretan mountaineers are as ceremonious as the Homeric heroes) at distances which to us seem incredible. What distance? demands a litigious reader. Why, our own countrymen, modest and veracious, decline to state what they have not measured, or even had the means of computing. They content themselves with saying, that sometimes their guide, from the midst of a solitary valley, would shout aloud to the public in general — taking his chance of any strollers from that great body, though quite out of sight, chancing to be within mouth-shot. But the French are not so scrupulous. M. Zallony, in his Voyage à l'Archipel, &c., says, that some of the Greek islanders 'ont la voix forte et animée; et deux habitans, à une distance d'une demi-lieue, même plus, peuvent très facilement s'entendre, et quelquefois s'entretenir.' Now a royal league is hard upon three English miles, and a sea league, we believe, is two and
a half; so that half a league, *et même plus*, would bring us near to two miles, which seems a long interval at which to conduct a courtship. But this reminds us of an English farmer in the north, who certainly did regularly call in his son to dinner from a place two measured miles distant; and the son certainly came. How far this punctuality, however, might depend on the father's request, or on the son's watch, was best known to the interested party. In Crete, meantime, and again, no doubt, from atmospheric advantages, the *ηλωσοκοπία*, or power of descrying remote objects by the eye, is carried to an extent that seems incredible. This faculty also may be called Homeric; for Homer repeatedly alludes to it.

V.—But the legends and mythology of Crete are what most detect the intercourse of Homer with that island. A volume would be requisite for the full illustration of this truth. It will be sufficient here to remind the reader of the early civilization, long anterior to that of Greece continental, which Crete had received. That premature refinement furnished an *à priori* argument for supposing that Homer would resort to Crete; and inversely, the elaborate Homeric use of Cretan traditional fables, furnishes an *à posteriori* argument that Homer did seek this Island.

It is of great use towards any full Homeric investigation, that we should fix Homer's locality and trace his haunts; for locality, connected with the internal indications of the *Iliad*, is the best means of approximating to Homer's true era; as on the other hand, Homer's era, if otherwise deduced, would assist the indications of the *Iliad* to determine his locality. And
if any reader demands in a spirit of mistrust, How it is that Crete, so harassed by intestine wars from Turkish, Venetian, and recently from Egyptian tyranny, the bloodiest and most exterminating, has been able, through three thousand years, to keep up unbroken her inheritance of traditions? we reply, That the same cause has protected the Cretan usages, which (since the days of our friend Pandarus) has protected the Cretan ibex; viz. the physical conformation of the island — mountains; secret passes where one resolute band of two hundred men is equal to an army; ledges of rock which a mule cannot tread with safety; crags where even infantry must break and lose their cohesion; and the blessedness of rustic poverty, which offers no temptation to the marauder. These have been the Cretan safeguards; and a brave Sfakian population, by many degrees the finest of all Grecian races in their persons and their hearts.

The main point about Homer, the man, which now remains to be settled, amongst the many that might be useful, and the few that are recoverable, is this — *Could he write?* and if he could, did he use that method for fixing his thoughts and images as they arose? or did he trust to his own memory for the rough sketch, and to the chanters for publishing the revised copies?

This question, however, as it will again meet us under the head *Solon and the Pisistratidæ*, we shall defer to that section; and we shall close this personal section on Homer by one remark borrowed from Plato. The reader will have noticed that, amongst the cities pretending to Homer as a native child, stands the city of Argus. Now Plato, by way of putting a summary
end to all such windy pretensions from Dorian cities, introduces in one of his dialogues a stranger who remarks, as a leading characteristic of Homer—that everywhere he keeps the reader moving amongst scenes, images and usages, which reflect the forms and coloring of Ionian life. This remark is important, and we shall use it in our summing up.

PART II.

THE ILIAD.

What is the Iliad about? What is the true and proper subject of the Iliad? If that could be settled, it would facilitate our inquiry. Now everybody knows, that according to the ordinary notion, founded upon the opening lines of this poem, the subject is the Wrath of Achilles. Others, however, have thought, with some reason, that the idea was not sufficiently self-diffusive—was not all-pervasive: it seemed a ligament that passed through some parts of the poem, and connected them intimately, but missed others altogether. It has, therefore, become a serious question—How much of the Iliad is really interwoven, or at all modified, by the son of Peleus, and his feud with Agamemnon? To settle which, a German Jew took a singular method.

We have all heard of that barbarous prince, (the story is told of several,) who, in order to decide territorial pretensions between himself and a brother potentate, sent for a large map of the world; and from his, with a pair of scissors, cutting out the rival states, carefully weighed them against each other, in gold
scales. We see no reason for laughing at the prince; for, the paper being presumed of equal thickness, the map accurate, and on a large scale, the result would exhibit the truth in a palpable shape. Probably on this hint it was, that the Jew cut out of a Greek Iliad every line that could be referred to Achilles and his wrath—not omitting even the debates of Olympus, where they grew out of that. And what was his report? Why, that the wrath of Achilles formed only '26 per shent' upon the whole Iliad; that is, in effect, one quarter of the poem.

Thus far, therefore, we must concede to the Chorizontes, or breakers-up of the Iliad, that the original stem on which the Iliad grew was probably an Achilleis; for it is inconceivable that Homer himself could have expected such a rope of sand as the Iliad now presents, to preserve its order and succession under the rough handling of posterity. Watch the fate of any intricate machine in any private family. All the loose or detached parts of such a machine are sure to be lost. Ask for it at the end of a year, and the more elaborate was the machine, so much the more certain is the destruction which will have overtaken it. It is only when any compound whole, whether engine, poem, or tale, carries its several parts absolutely interlocked with its own substance, that it has a chance of maintaining its integrity.

Now, certainly it cannot be argued by the most idolatrous lover of the Iliad, that the main central books exhibit that sort of natural intercohesion which determines their place and order. But, says the reader here they are; they have held together: no use in asking whether it was natural for them to hold together
They have reached us: it is now past asking — Could Homer expect them to reach us? Yes, they have reached us; but since when? Not, probably, in their present arrangement, from an earlier period than that of Pisistratus. When manuscripts had once become general, it might be easy to preserve even the loosest succession of parts — especially where great veneration for the author, and the general notoriety of the poem, would secure the fidelity of copies. But what the sceptics require to be enlightened upon, is the principle of cohesion which could carry these loose parts of the *Iliad* over that gulf of years between Homer and Pisistratus — the one a whole millennium before our Christian era, the other little more than half a millennium; and whilst traditionary transmission through singers and harpers constituted, perhaps, the sole means of preservation, and therefore of arrangement.

Let not the reader suppose German scepticism to be the sole reason for jealousy with regard to the present canon of the *Iliad*. On the contrary, *some* interpolations are confessed by all parties. For instance, it is certain — and even Eustathius records it as a regular tradition in Greece — that the night-adventure of Diomed and Ulysses against the Trojan camp, their capture of the beautiful horses brought by Rhesas, and of Dolon the Trojan spy, did not originally form a part of the *Iliad*. At present this adventure forms the tenth book, but previously it had been an independent *epos*, or epic narrative, perhaps locally circulated amongst the descendants of Diomed,* and known by 

*Descendants, or perhaps, amongst the worshippers; for, though everybody is not aware of that fact, many of the Grecian
the title of the *Doloneia*. Now, if one such intercalation could pass, why not more? With respect to this particular night episode, it has been remarked, that its place in the series is not asserted by any *internal* indication. There is an allusion, indeed, to the wrath of Achilles; but probably introduced to harmonize it as a part of the *Iliad*, by the same authority which introduced the poem itself: else, the whole book may be dropped out without any *hiatus*. The battle, suggested by Diomed at the end of the ninth Book, takes place in the eleventh; and, as the critics remark, no allusion is made in that eleventh book, by any of the Grecian chiefs, to the remarkable plot of the intervening night.

But of all the incoherences which have been detected in the *Iliad*, as arising out of arbitrary juxtapositions between parts not originally related, the most amusing is that brought to light by the late Wilhelm Mueller. 'It is a fact,' says he, 'that (as the arrangement now stands) Ulysses is not ashamed to attend three dinner parties on one evening.' First, he had a dinner engagement with Agamemnon, which, of course, he keeps, [B. IX. 90;] so prudent a man could heroes at Troy were deified. Ulysses and his wife, Idomeneus, &c., assume even a mystical place in the subsequent superstitions of Greece. But Diomed also became a god: and the occasion was remarkable. A peerage (*i.e.* a godship) had been promised by the gods to his father Tydeus; but when the patent came to be enrolled, a flaw was detected — it was found that Tydeus had once eaten part of a man! What was to be done? The objection was fatal; no cannibal could be a god, though a god might be a cannibal. Tydeus therefore requested Jove to settle the reversion on his son Diomed. 'And *that*,' said Jove, 'I shall have great pleasure in doing.'
not possibly neglect an invitation from the commander of the forces. Even in free and independent England, the sovereign does not ask you to dinner, but commands your attendance. Next he dines with Achilles, [B. IX. 221:] and finally with Diomed, [B. XI. 578:] Now, Diomed was a swell of the first magnitude, and a man of fashion, as may be seen in the 'Troilus and Cressida' of Shakspeare, (who took his character from tradition, and makes him the Greek rival of Troilus.) He therefore pushes his dinner as far towards 'to-morrow' as was well possible; so that it is near morning before that dinner is over. And the sum of the Ithacan's enormities is thus truly stated by Mueller: — 'Deny it who will, the son of Laertes accepts three distinct feeds, between the sunset suppose of Monday and the dawn of Tuesday!'

This is intolerable. Yet, perhaps, apologists will say, (for some people will varnish anything,) 'If the man had three dinners in one day, often, perhaps, in three days he had but one dinner!' For ourselves, we frankly confess, that if there is one man in the Grecian camp whom we should have believed capable of such a thing, it is precisely this cunning Ulysses. Mueller insists on calling him the 'noble' Ulysses; but that is only to blacken his conduct about the dinners. To our thinking, his nearest representative in modern times is 'Sixteen-string Jack,' whose life may be read in the 'Newgate Calendar.' What most amuses ourselves in the business is Mueller's so stealthily pursuing Ulysses through two books of the Iliad,' in order to watch how many dinner parties he attended! And there is a good moral in the whole discovery; for it shows all knaves, that, though hidden
for three thousand years, their tricks are sure to be found out at the last.

In general, it is undeniable that some of the German objections to the present arrangement, as a possible Homeric arrangement, are valid. For instance, the following, against the present position of the duel between Paris and Menelaus: — 'This duel, together with the perfidious shot of Pandarus, and the general engagement which follows, all belonging to the same epos, wear the appearance of being perfectly insulated where they now stand, and betray no sort of connection with any of the succeeding cantos. In the Ἀκιστεία Αίοργδους, which forms the fifth canto, the whole incident is forgotten, and is never revived. The Grecians make no complaint of the treachery practised; nor do the gods (ex officio the avengers of perjury) take any steps to punish it. Not many hours after the duel, Hector comes to his brother's residence; but neither of them utters one word about the recent duel; and as little about what had happened since the duel, though necessarily unknown to Paris. Hector's reproaches, again, to Paris, for his lâchêté, are in manifest contradiction to the single combat which he had so recently faced. Yet Paris takes no notice whatever of the energy manifested by himself. And as to his final evasion, that was no matter of reproach to him, since it was the work of a goddess. Besides, when he announces his intention to Hector of going again to the field of battle, who would not anticipate from him a proposal for re-establishing the interrupted duel? Yet not a syllable of all that. Now, with these broad indications to direct our eyes upon the truth, can we doubt that the duel, in connection with the breach o'
truce, and all that now fills the third and fourth books' — [in a foot note Mueller adds — 'and also the former half of the second book'] — 'originally composed an independent epos, which belonged, very probably, to an earlier stage of the Trojan war, and was first thrust by the authorized arrangers of the "Iliad," into the unhappy place it now occupies; namely, in the course of a day already far overcrowded with events?

In the notes, where Mueller replies to some objections, he again insists upon the impossibility, under the supposition that Homer had authorized the present arrangement, of his never afterwards making the Greeks allude to the infraction of the treaty; especially when Hector proposes a second duel between himself and some one of the Grecian chiefs. Yet, perhaps, as regards this particular feature (namely, the treachery) of the duel, we would suggest, that, as the interposition of Venus is not to be interpreted in any foolish allegorical way, (for the battle interferences of the gods are visible and undisguised,) doubtless the Greeks, not less than the Trojans, understood the interruption as in effect divine; after which, the act of Pandarus is covered by the general apology, no matter in what light Pandarus might have meant it. Even in the first 'Iliad,' it is most childish to understand the whispering of Minerva to Achilles as an allegorical way of expressing, that his good sense, or his prudence arrested his hand. Nonsense! that is not Homer's style of thinking, nor the style of Homeric ages. Where Mars, upon being wounded, howls, and, instead of licking the man who offered him this insult, shows the white feather and limps off in confusion, do these critics imagine an allegory?
What is an allegoric howl? or what does a cur sneaking from a fight indicate symbolically? The Homeric simplicity speaks plainly enough. Venus finds that her man is likely to be beaten; which, by the way, surprises us; for a stout young shepherd, like Paris, ought to have found no trouble in taking the conceit out of an elderly diner-out, such as Mene'aus. And, perhaps, with his mauleys, he would. Finding, however, how the affair was likely to go, Venus withdraws her man. Paris does not come to time; the umpires quarrel; the mob breaks the ring; and a battle royal ensues. But the interference of Venus must have been palpable: and this is one of the circumstances in the 'Iliad' which satisfies us, that the age of Troy was removed by several generations from Homer. To elder days, and men fancied more heroic than those of his own day—(a fancy which Homer expressly acknowledges)—he might find himself inclined to ascribe a personal intercourse with the gods; and he would find everywhere an audience favoring this belief. A generation of men that often rose themselves to divine honors, might readily be conceived to mix personally with the gods. But no man could think thus of his own contemporaries, of whom he must know that the very best were liable to indigestion, and suspected often to have schirrous livers. Really no: a dyspeptic demigod it makes one dyspeptic to think of!

Meantime the duel of Paris is simply overlooked and neglected in the subsequent books of the Iliad: it is nowhere absolutely contradicted by implication: but other cases have been noticed in the Iliad, which involve direct contradictions, and therefore argue either
that Homer in those 'naps' which Horace imputes to him slumbered too profoundly, or that counterfeiters got mixed up with the true bullion of the Iliad. Amongst other examples pointed out by Heyne or by Tranceson, the following deserve notice:

1. Pylèmenes the Paphlagonian, is killed by Ménélaus, (II. v. 579–590;) but further on (II. xiii. 643–658) we find the poor man pretty well in his health, and chief mourner at the funeral of his son Harpalion.

2. Sarpedon is wounded in the leg by Tlepolemus, (II. v. 628, &c.) and an ugly wound it is, for the bone is touched, so that an operation might be looked for. Operation, indeed! Two days after he is stumping about upon his pins, and 'operating' upon other people (II. xii. 290, &c.). The contradiction, if it really is one, was not found out until the approved chronology of the Iliad was settled. Our reason for doubting about the contradiction is simply this: Sarpedon, if we remember, was a son of Jupiter; and Jupiter might have a particular salve for wounded legs.

3. Teucer, however, was an undeniable mortal. Yet he (II. viii. 324) is wounded desperately in the arm by Hector. His neuré is smashed, which generally is taken to mean his bow-string; but some surgical critics understand it as the sinew of his arm. At all events it was no trifle; his brother, Telamônian Ajax, and two other men, carry off the patient groaning heartily, probably upon a shutter, to the hospital. He at last is booked for the doctor, you think. Not at all. Next morning he is abroad on the field of battle, and at his old trade of thumping respectable men (II. xii. 387.)

4. The history of Vulcan, and his long day's tumble
from the sky, in II. i. 586, does not harmonize with the account of the same accident in II. xix. 394.

5. As an inconsistency not in the Iliad internally, but between the Iliad and the Odyssey, it has often been noticed, that in the former this same Vulcan is married to Venus, whilst in the Odyssey his wife is one of the Graces.

'As upon earth,' says Mueller, 'so in Olympus, the fable of the Iliad is but loosely put together; and we are not to look for any very severe succession of motives and results, of promises and performances, even amongst the gods. In the first Iliad, Thetis receives a Jovian guarantee (viz. Jove's authentic nod) on behalf of her offended son Achilles, that he will glorify him in a particular way, and the way was by making the Trojans victorious, until the Grecians should see their error, and propitiate the irritated hero. Mindful of his promise, Jove disposes Agamemnon, by a delusive dream, to lead out the Grecian host to battle. At this point, however, Thetis, Achilles, and the ratifying nod, appear at once to be blown thereby out of the Jovian remembrance. The duel between Paris and Menelaus takes place, and the abrupt close of that duel by Venus, apparently with equal indifference on Jove's part to either incident. Even at the general meeting of the gods in the fourth book, there is no renewal of the proposal for the glorifying of Achilles. It is true that Jove, from old attachments, would willingly deliver the strong-hold of Priam from uin, and lead the whole feud to some peaceful issue. But the passionate female divinities, Juno and Minerva, triumph over his moderation, and the destruction of Troy is finally determined. Now, grant that Jove
wanted firmness for meeting the furious demands of the goddesses, by a candid confession of his previous promise to Thetis, still we might have looked for some intimation that this degradation of himself in the eyes of a confiding suppliant had cost him a struggle. But no; nothing of the kind. In the next great battle the Trojans are severely pressed, and the Greeks are far enough from feeling any regret for the absence of Achilles. Nay, as if expressly to show that Achilles was not wanted, Diomed turns out a trump of the first magnitude; and a son of Priam describes him pointedly as more terrific than Pelides, the goddess-born! And, indeed, it was time to retreat before the man who had wounded Mars, making him yell with pain, and howl like "ten thousand mortals." This Mars, however—he at least must have given some check to the advancing Greeks? True, he had so; but not as fulfilling any Jovian counsels, which, on the contrary, tend rather to the issue of this god's being driven out of the Trojan ranks. First of all, in the eighth book, Jove steps forward to guide the course of war, and with remembrance of his promise to Thetis, he forbids peremptorily both gods and goddesses to interfere on either side; and he seats himself on Mount Ida to overlook the field of battle, threatening to the Greeks, by his impartial scales, a preponderance of calamity. From this review, it appears tolerably certain, that the third to the seventh book belong to no epos that could have been dedicated to the glory of Achilles. The wrath of that hero, his reconciliation, and his return to battle, having been announced in the opening as the theme of the poem, are used as a connecting link for holding together all the cantos about other heroes
which had been intercalated between itself and the close; but this tie is far too slack; and one rude shake makes all the alien parts tumble out.'

**Time of the Iliad.** — Next let us ask, as a point very important towards investigating the succession and possible *nexus* of the events, what is the duration — the compass of time — through which the action of the poem revolves? This has been of old a disputed point; and many are the different 'diaries' which have been abstracted by able men during the last two centuries. Bossu made the period of the whole to be forty-seven days; Wood (in the earliest edition) forty; and a calculation in the *Memoirs de Trevoux* (May, 1708) carries it up to forty-nine. But the *computus* now finally adopted, amended, and ruled irreversibly, is that of Heyne, (as given in a separate *Excursus*,) countersigned by Wolf; this makes the number to be fifty-two; but, with a subsequent correction for an obvious oversight of Heyne's, fifty-one.

'Book I. — Nine days the plague rages, (v. 53.) On the tenth Achilles calls a meeting of the staff officers. What occurs in that meeting subsequently occasions his mother's visit. She tells him, (v. 422,) that Jove had set off the day before to a festival of the Ethiopians, and is not expected back in less than twelve days. From this we gather, that the visit of Thetis to Jove (v. 493) must be transplanted to the twenty-first day. With this day terminates the first book, which contains, therefore, twenty-one days.

'Book II. up to v. 293 of Book VII., comprehends a single day — viz. the twenty-second.

'Book VII. (v. 381, 421, and 432,) the twenty-third day.
'Book VII. (v. 433–465,) the twenty-fourth day.
'Book VIII. up to the close of Book X., the twenty-fifth day and the succeeding night.
'Book XI. up to the close of Book XVIII., the twenty-sixth day.
'Book XIX. to v. 201 of Book XXIII., the twenty-seventh day, with the succeeding night.
'Book XXIII. (v. 109–225,) the twenty-eighth day.
'Book XXIII. (v. 226 to the end,) the twenty-ninth day.

'Book XXIV. — Eleven days long Achilles trails the corpse of Hector round the sepulchre of Patroclus. On the twelfth day a meeting is called of the gods; consequently on the thirty-ninth day of the general action; for this indignity to the dead body of Hector, must be dated from the day of his death, which is the twenty-seventh of the entire poem. On the same thirty-ninth day, towards evening, the body is ransomed by Priam, and during the night is conveyed to Troy. With the morning of the following day, viz. the fortieth, the venerable king returns to Troy; and the armistice of eleven days, which had been concluded with Achilles, is employed in mourning for Hector during nine days, and in preparing his funeral. On the tenth of these days takes place the burning of the body, and the funeral banquet. On the eleventh is celebrated the solemn interment of the remains, and the raising of the sepulchral mound. With the twelfth recommences the war.

'Upon this deduction, the entire Iliad is found to revolve within the space of fifty-one days. Heyne's misreckoning is obvious: he had summed up the eleven days of the corpse-trailing, as a clear addition, by just so much, to the twenty-seven previous days; whereas
the twenty-seventh of those days coincides with the first of the trailing, and is thus counted twice over in effect.'

This *computus*, in the circumstantial detail here presented, is due to Wilhelm Mueller. But substantially, it is guaranteed by numerous scholars. And, as to Heyne's little blunder, corrected by Wolf, it is nothing, for we have ourselves known a Quaker, and a celebrated bank, to make an error of the same amount, in computing the number of days to run upon a bill at six weeks. But we soon 'wolfed' them into better arithmetic, upon finding that the error was against ourselves.

**Name of the Iliad.** — What follows is our own suggestion. We offer it as useful towards our final judgment, in which we shall pronounce firmly upon the site of Homer, as not *essentially* altered; as being *true and very* Homer to this day — that same Homer who was raised into a state property by Pisistratus in 555 B.C.; who was passionately revered by Pericles in 444 B.C.; who was idolized and consecrated by Alexander in 333 B.C. When first arose the *Iliad*? This we cannot now determine: but so much we know, that the eldest author now surviving, in whom that designation occurs as a regular familiar word, is Herodotus; and he was contemporary with Pericles. Herodotus must be considered as the senior author in that great period of Athenian splendor, as Plato and Xenophon were the junior. Herodotus, therefore, might have seen Hipparchus, the son of Pisistratus, if that prince had not been cut off prematurely by jacobinical daggers. It is, therefore, probable in a high degree, that the name *Iliad* was already familiar to
Pisistratus; first, because it is so used by Herodotus as to imply that it was no novelty at that time; secondly, because he who first gathered the entire series of Trojan legends into artificial unity, would be the first to require an expression for that unity. The collector would be the first to want a collective title. Solon, therefore, or Pisistratus, no matter which, did (as we finally believe) first gather the whole cycle of Iliac romances into one body. And to this aggregate whole, he gave the name of Ilias. But why? in what sense? Not for any purpose of deception, small or great. Were that notion once admitted, then we open a door to all sorts of licentious conjectures. Consciously authorizing one falsehood, there is no saying where he would have stopped. But there was no falsehood. Pisistratus, whose original motive for stirring in such an affair, could have been only love and admiration, was not the author, but the sworn foe of adulteration. It was to prevent changes, not to sanction them, that he could ever have interposed with the state authority. And what then did he mean by calling these collected poems the Iliad? He meant precisely what a man would now mean, who should publish a body of ancient romances relating to the round table or to Charlemagne, or to the Crusades; not implying, by any unity in the title, that these romances were all one man's work, or several parts of one individual whole, but that they related to one terminal object. The unity implied, would lie not in the mind conceiving, nor in the nexus of the several divisions, but in the community of subject. As when we call the five books of Moses by the name of Pentateuch, we do not assert any unity running through
these books, as though one took up the subject where another left off; for, in reality, some parts are purely historical, some purely legislative. But we mean that all, whether record of fact, or record of institution and precept, bear upon one object—the founding a separate nation as the depository of truth, and elaborately, therefore, kept from blending with Pagans. On the one hand, therefore, we concede to the sceptics, that several independent poems (though still by possibility from the same author) were united by Pisistratus. But on the other hand, we deny any fraud in this—we deny that the name Iliad was framed to disguise this independence. Some had a closer nexus than others. But what Pisistratus says, is this:—Behold a series of poems, all ancient; all from Homeric days; and (whether Homer's or not) all relating to the great crusade against Ilium.

**SOLON AND PISISTRATUS.**

What was it, service or injury, that these men did to Homer? No one question, in the whole series of Homeric questions, is more perplexing. Homer did a great service to them; if tradition is right, to both of them;—viz. by settling a legal dispute for each; so that it was a knavish return for such national benefits, if they—if these two Athenian statesmen—went about to undermine that text from which they had reaped such singular fruits in their own administration. But we are sure they did no such thing: they were both gentlemen—both scholars. Yet something, certainly, they must have done to Homer: in that point all are agreed: but what it was remains a mystery to this hour. Every man is entitled to his opin-
ion; we to ours; which in some corner or other we shall whisper into the private ear of the public, and into the public ear of our private friends.

The first thing which puzzles every man of reflection, when he hears of this anecdote, is—the extraordinary coincidence that two great lawgivers, at different eras, should both interest themselves in a poet; and not only so, but the particular two who faced and confronted each other in the same way that any leader of English civilization (Alfred suppose) might be imagined as facing and confronting any leader (Charlemagne suppose) of French civilization. For Christian Europe, the names France and England are by analogy what for Greece were the names Sparta and Athens; we mean, as respects the two great features of permanent rivalship and permanent leadership. From the moment when they were regularly organized by law and institutions, Athens and Sparta became the two counterforces of Greece. About 800 B.C., Lycurgus draws up a system of laws for Sparta; more than two centuries later, Solon draws up a system of laws for Athens. And most unaccountably, each of these political leaders takes upon him, not passively as a private literary citizen, to admire the Homeric poems—that might be natural in men of high birth enjoying the selectest advantages of education—but actually to privilege Homer, to place him on the matricula of denizens, to consecrate his name, and to set in motion the whole machinery of government on behalf of his poems. Wherefor, and for what purpose? Or the part of Lycurgus, for a purpose well-known and appreciated, viz. to use the Iliad as the basis of public instruction, and thus mediately as the basis of a
warlike morality—but on the part of Solon, for no purpose ever yet ascertained. Strangely enough, from the literary land, and from the later period, we do not learn the 'how' and the 'why;' from the gross illiterate land and the short period, we do.

What Lycurgus did was rather for an interest of Greece than for any interest of Homer. The order of his thoughts was not, as has been supposed—'I love Homer; and I will show my love by making Sparta co-operate in extending his influence;' no, but this—'I love Sparta; and I will show my love by making Homer co-operate with the martial foundations of the land; I will introduce a martial poem like the Iliad, to operate through public education and through public festivals.' For Solon, on the other hand, Homer must have been a final object; no means towards something else, but an end per se. Doubtless, Solon, as little as Lycurgus, could be indifferent to the value of this popular poem for his own professional objects. But, practically, it is not likely that Solon could find any opening for Homeric services in that direction. Precisely those two causes which would ensure to Solon a vast superiority to Lycurgus in all modes of intellectual liberality, viz. his chronologic period and his country, must have also caused that the whole ground would be pre-occupied. For education, for popular influence, Athens would have already settled upon Homer all the dowry of distinction which Solon might risk to settle. Athens surely in the sixth century B. C., if Sparta in the ninth.

At this point our suspicions revolve upon us. That the two vanward potentates of Greece—Athens and Sparta—should each severally ascribe to her own
greatest lawgiver separate Homeric labor, looks too much like the Papal heraldries of European sovereigns: all the great ones are presumed to have rendered a characteristic service to the church. 'Are you the most Christian? Be it so; but I am the most Catholic; and my brother here is the most faithful, or Defender of the Faith.' 'Was Homer, do you say, an Ionian? And did Athens first settle his text? With all my heart: and we Dorians might seem to have no part in that inheritance; being rather asinine in our literary character; but for all that, Dorian as he was, you cannot deny that my countryman, Lycurgus, first introduced Homer upon the continent of Greece.' Indeed the Spartans had a craze about the *Iliad*, as though it bore some special relation to themselves: for Plutarch mentions it as a current saying in Sparta — that Hesiod was the poet for Helots, (and in a lower key perhaps they added — for some other people beside;) since, according to his poetry, the end of man's existence is — to plough and to harrow; but Homer, said they, is the Spartan poet; since the moral of the *Iliad* proclaims — that the whole duty of man lies in fighting.

Meantime, though it cannot be denied that these repeated attempts in Greek statesmen to connect themselves with Homer by some capital service, certainly do look too much like the consequent attempts of western nations to connect their ancestries with Troy — still there seems to be good historic authority for each of the cases separately. Or, if any case were suspicious, it would be that of Lycurgus. Solon, the legislatorial founder of Athens — the Pisistratidæ or final princes of Athens — these great men, it is unde-
nable, did link their names with Homer: each and all by specific services. What services? what could be the service of Solon? Or, after Solon, what service could remain for Pisistratus?

A conceited Frenchman pretended to think that history, to be read beneficially, ought to be read backwards, i. e. in an order inverse to the chronological succession of events. This absurd rule might, in the present case, be applied with benefit. Pisistratus and his son Hipparchus stand last in the order of Homeric modifiers. Now if we ascertain what it was that they did, this may show us what it was that their predecessors did not do; and to that extent it will narrow the range from which we have to select the probable functions of those predecessors.

What then was the particular service to Homer by which Pisistratus and his son made themselves so famous? The best account of this is contained in an obscure grammaticus or litterateur, one Diomedes, no small fool, who thus tells his tale: — 'The poems of Homer, in process of time, were it by fire, by flood, by earthquake, had come near to extinction; they had not absolutely perished, but they were continually coming near to that catastrophe by wide dispersion. From this dispersion it arose naturally that one place possessed a hundred Homeric books; some second place a thousand; some third place a couple of hundreds; and the Homeric poetry was fast tending to oblivion. In that conjuncture there occurred to Pisistratus, who ruled at Athens about 555 years B. C., the following scheme: — With the double purpose of gaining glory for himself and preservation for Homer, he dispersed a notification through Greece, that every man
who possessed any Homeric fragments, was to deliver them into Athenian hands at a fixed rate of compensation. The possessors naturally hastened to remit their quotas, and were honestly paid. Indeed, Pisistratus did not reject even those contributors who presented verses already sent in by another; to these also he paid the stipulated price, without any discount at all. And by this means it happened that oftentimes he recovered, amongst a heap of repetitions, one, two, or more verses that were new. At length this stage of the labor was completed; all the returns from every quarter had come in. Then it was that Pisistratus summoned seventy men of letters, at salaries suitable to their pretensions, as critical assessors upon these poems; giving to each man separately a copy of the lines collected by himself, with the commission of arranging them according to his individual judgment. When the commissioners had closed their labors, Pisistratus reassembled them, and called upon each man separately to exhibit his own result. This having been done, the general voice, in mere homage to merit and the truth, unanimously pronounced the revisions of Aristarchus and Zenodotus to be the best; and after a second collation between these two, the edition of Aristarchus was found entitled to the palm.'

Now the reader must not allow himself to be repelled by the absurd anachronisms of this account, which brings Pisistratus of the sixth century B.C., face to face with Aristarchus of the third; nor must he allow too much weight to the obvious plagiarism from the old marvellous legend of the seventy-two Jewish translators. That very legend shows him how possible it is for a heap of falsehood, and even miracles,
to be embroidered upon a story which, after all, is true in its main texture. We all know it to be true, in spite of the fables engrafted upon the truth, that under the patronage of a Macedonian prince, seventy-two learned Jews really were assembled at Alexandria, and did make that Greek translation of the Hebrew Scriptures, which, from the number of the translators, we still call the Septuagint. And so we must suppose this ignorant Diomedes, though embossing the story according to his slender means, still to have built upon old traditions. Even the rate of payment has been elsewhere recorded, by which it appears that 'penny-a-liners' (of whom we hear so much in our day) existed also for early Athens.

If this legend were accurate even in its commencement, it would put down Plato's story, that the Homeric poems were first brought to Athens by Hipparchus, the son of Pisistratus; and it would put down the mere possibility that Solon, thirty or forty years earlier than either, had ever intermeddled with those poems. But, if we adopt the tradition about Lycurgus, or even if we reject it, we must believe that copies of the Iliad and Odyssey (that is, quoad the substance, not quoad the present arrangement) existed in Athens long before the Pisistratidæ, or even Solon. Were it only through the Rhapsodoi, or musical reciters of the Homeric poems, both Iliad and Odyssey must have been known many a long year before Pisistratus; or else we undertake to say they would never have been known at all. For, in a maritime city like Athens, communicating so freely with Ionia and with all insular Greece, so constitutionally gay besides, how is it possible to suppose that the fine old poetic romances
enanted to the accompaniment of harps, about the paladins of Greece, could be unknown or unwelcomed, unless by supposing them non-existent? If they lurked anywhere, they would assuredly float across these sunny seas of the Ægean to Athens; that city which, in every age, (according to Milton, Par. Reg.) was equally 'native to famous wits' and 'hospitable' — that is, equally fertile in giving birth to men of genius itself, and forward to welcome those of foreign states.

Throughout this story of Diomedes, disfigured as it is, we may read that the labors of Pisistratus were applied to written copies. That is a great point in advance. And instantly it reacts upon Solon, as a means of approximating to the nature of his labors. If (as one German writer holds) Solon was the very first person to take down the Iliad in writing, from the recitations of the Rhapsodoi, then it would seem that this step had suggested to Pisistratus the further improvement of collating Solon's written copy with such partial copies, or memorials, or recollections of reciters, as would be likely to exist in many different parts of Greece, amongst families or cities tracing their descent from particular heroes of the Iliad. If, on the other hand, Pisistratus was the first man who matured a written copy, what will then remain open to Solon for his share in the play? This; viz. that he applied some useful check to the exorbitancies of the musical rehearsers. The famous Greek words, still surviving in Plato and Diogenes Laertius, support this notion. The words must be true, though they may be obscure. They must involve the fact, though they may conceal it. What are they? Let us review
them. To chant εἰς ὑπολήψεως — and to chant ἐς ἱποβόλης — these were the new regulations introduced by Solon and his successor. Now, what is the meaning of ὑπολήψις? The commonest sense of the word is — opinion. Thus, on the title-page of Lord Shaftesbury's Characteristics, stands, as a general motto, Πάντα ὑπολήψις, 'All things are matters of opinion. This, however, is a sense which will not answer. Another and rarer sense is — succession. And the way in which the prepositions ἐν and sub are used by the ancients to construct the idea of succession, (a problem which Dr. Parr failed to solve,) is by supposing such a case as the slated roof of a house. Were the slates simply contiguous by their edges, the rain would soon show that their succession was not perfect. But, by making each to underlap the other, the series is made virtually perfect. In this way, the word came to be used for succession. And, applied to the chanters, it must have meant that, upon some great occasion periodically recurring, they were obliged by the new law to pursue the entire series of the several rhapsodies composing the Iliad, and not to pick and choose, as heretofore, with a view to their own convenience, or to local purposes. But what was the use of this? We presume that it had the same object in view as the rubric of the English church, (we believe also of the Jewish synagogue,) in arranging the succession of lessons appointed for each day's service; viz. to secure the certainty that, within a known period of time, the whole of the canonical books should be read once through from beginning to end. The particular purpose is of our own suggestion; but the fact itself is placed beyond all doubt. Plato says, that the chanters
were obliged, at the great Panathenaic festival, to recite the *Iliad* ἵς ὑπολίπωσι ἔριντες; where the first expression (ἵς ὑπολίπωσι) applies to the persons, the second (ἔριντες) to the poem.

The popular translation would be— that they were obliged, by relieving each other, or by regular relays of chanters, to recite the whole poem in its order, by succession of party, from beginning to end. This very story is repeated by an orator still extant not long after Plato. And in his case there is no opening to doubt, for he does not affirm the story, he assumes it, and recalls it to the people's attention as a thing notorious to them all. The other expression ἵς ὑποβολεῖς or ὑποβοληδής has occasioned some disputing; but why, we cannot conjecture. If ever there was a word whose meaning is certain in a position like this, that word is ὑποβολεῖς, with its derivatives. And we are confounded at hearing that less than a Boeckh would not suffice to prove that the ἵς ὑποβολεῖς means, 'by way of suggestion,' 'under the condition of being prompted.' The meaning of which is evident: a state copy of the *Iliad*, however it was obtained by Solon, a canon of the Homeric text, was confided to a prompter, whose duty was to check the slightest deviation from this authorized standard, to allow of no shortenings, omissions, or sycophantic altera-

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25"Sycophantic" refers to alterations that were intended to be subtle or manipulative, appearing to highlight the correctness of the text without actually altering its meaning. These alterations were often used in ancient texts to enhance the perceived authenticity of the work.
Author of a passage in the *Iliad*, it was high time for statesmen to look about them, and to see that a poem, which was thus solemnly adjudged to be good evidence in the supreme courts of law, should have its text authenticated. And in fact, several new cases (see Eustathius on the second *Iliad*,) were decided not long after on the very same Homeric evidence.

But does not this prompter's copy presuppose a complete manuscript of the *Iliad*? Most certainly it does; and the question is left to the reader, whether this in fact was the service by which Pisistratus followed up and completed the service of Solon, (as to going through the whole *Iliad*;) or whether both services were due to Solon; in which case it will become necessary to look out for some new idea of the service that could remain open to Pisistratus.

Towards that idea, let us ask universally what services *could* be rendered by a statesman in that age to a poem situated as the *Iliad*? Such a man might restore; might authenticate; might assemble; might arrange.

1. He might restore — as from incipient decay and corruption.

2. He might authenticate — as between readings that were doubtful.

3. He might assemble — as from local dispersion of parts.

4. He might arrange — as from an uncertain and arbitrary succession.

All these services, we have little doubt, were, in fact, rendered by Pisistratus. The three first are already involved in the story of our foolish friend Diomedes. Pisistratus would do justice to the wise enact-
ment of Solon, by which the *Iliad* was raised into a liturgy, periodically rehearsed by law at the greatest of the Athenian festivals: he would admire the regulation as to the prompter's (or state) copy. But this latter ordinance was rather the outline of a useful idea, than one which the first proposer could execute satisfactorily. Solon probably engrossed upon brazen tablets such a text as any one man could obtain. But it would be a work of time, of labor, of collation, and fine taste, to complete a sound edition. Even the work of Pisistratus was liable, as we know, to severe maltreatment by the Alexandrine critics. And by the way, those very Alexandrine revisals presuppose a received and orthodox text: for how could Zenodotus or Aristarchus breathe their mildewing breath upon the received readings, how could they pronounce *X* or *r*, for instance, spurious, unless by reference to some standard text in which *X* or *r* was adopted for legitimate? However, there is one single argument upon which the reader may safely allow himself to suspect the suspicions of Aristarchus, and to amend his emendations. It is this: Valkenaer points out to merited reprobation a correction applied by Aristarchus to the autobiographical sketch of himself, which Phœnix gives to Achilles in *Il.* X. Phœnix, in his old age, goes back to his youthful errors in a spirit of amiable candor. Out of affection to his mother, whose unmerited ill-treatment he witnessed with filial sympathy, he had offered at her request, an injury to his father for which he could obtain no forgiveness. *Τυ πιδομην*, says Phœnix: her I obeyed. Which passage one villain alters into *Τυ η πιδομην*, her I did *not* obey: and thus the whole story is ruined. But Aristarchus goes further: he cancels and stilettoes

26
the whole passage. Why then? Upon what conceivable objection? Simply, in both cases, upon the ridiculous allegation — that this confession, so frank, and even pathetic, was immoral; and might put bad thoughts into the minds of 'our young men.' Oh, you two old vagabonds! And thus, it seems, we have had a Bowdler's Iliad, long before our own Bowdler's Shakspeare. It is fit, however, that this anecdote should be known, as it shows the sort of principles that governed the revisal of Aristarchus. An editor, who could castrate a text upon any plea of disliking the sentiment, is not trustworthy. And for our parts, we should far prefer the authorized edition of Pisistratus to all the remodelled copies that were issued from the Alexandrine library.

So far, with reference to the three superior functions of Pisistratus. As to the fourth, his labor of arrangement, there is an important explanation to be made. Had the question been simply this — given four-and-twenty cantos of the Iliad, to place them in the most natural order; the trouble would have been trivial for the arranger, and the range of objections narrower for us. Some books determine their own place in the series; and those which leave it doubtful are precisely the least important. But the case is supposed to have been very different. The existing distribution of the poem into twenty-four tolerably equal sections, designated by the twenty-four capitals of the Greek alphabet, is ascribed to Aristarchus. Though one incomparable donkey, a Greek scholiast, actually denies this upon the following ground: Do you know reader, (says he,) why Homer began the Iliad with the word menin, \( \text{μ} \text{η} \text{ν} \text{ι} \text{n} \)\(^27\)? Look this way and I will tell you: it is a great mystery. What does the little \( \mu \) of the Greek
alphabet signify numerically? Why, forty. Good:
And what does the \( \eta \) mean? Why, eight. Now, put
both together, you have a prophecy or a promise on the
part of Homer, that he meant to write forty-eight
books, which proves that the Iliad must have had origin-
ally twenty-four. Take twenty-four from forty-eight,
and there remain just twenty-four books for the Odys-
sey. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

But what Aristarchus did was a trifle—interesting
rather to the eye or the bookbinder than the under-
standing. There was an earlier and a former impor-
tant arrangement, due probably to Pisistratus.\(^{28}\)

**THE AOIDOI, RHAPSODOI, HOMERIDÆ.**

The Germans are exceedingly offended, that any
man in ancient days, should presume to call himself a
*rhapsodos*, without sending down a sealed letter to pos-
teriority, stating all the reasons which had induced him to
take so unaccountable a step. And the uproar is incon-
ceivable which they have raised about the office or
function indicated by the word, as well as about the
word itself considered etymologically. We, for our
part, honestly confess, that, instead of finding that
perplexity in the *rhapsodos* which our German brothers
find for us, we are chiefly perplexed in accounting for
their perplexity. However, we had been seduced into
writing a very long essay on the several classes named
in our title, until we came to this discovery; that, how-
ever curious in itself, the whole inquiry *could* not be,
and was not, by the Germans themselves, connected
with any one point at issue about Homer or the *Iliad.*
After all the fighting on the question, it remains past
denial, that the one sole proposition by which the *rhap*
sodoi have been brought even into any semblance of connection with Homer, is the following:—Every narrative poem of any length, was called a rhapsodia, and hence it is, that the several subordinate narratives of the Iliad, such as that called the Αριστεία Ἀγαμέμνονος, the prowess of Agamemnon— the Αριστεία Διονυσία, the prowess of Ajax— Περιποταμος μαχη, the battle by the river side— Οἰλοποιεία, the fabric of the arms— Νεωκαταλόγος, the muster of the ships— Δωλονεία, the adventure of Dolon—and many others, which are now united into a composite structure called the Iliad were always introduced by the chanter with a proemial address to some divinity. And the Hymns, which we have now under the name of Homer, are supposed to have been occasional preludes of that sort. But say the Germans, these prelusive hymns were often the composition confessedly of the chanters. Well, and what then? Why nothing, reader; simply nothing. Only we, out of our benignity and mere grace, not wishing to see brother literati exposing themselves in this way, without a rag of logic about them, are resolved to suppose them tending to this inference—that if these fellows forged a beginning, they might also have forged a middle and an end. Some such hypothetic application of the long feuds about the rhapsodoi, is the one sole discoverable bearing that even the microscope of criticism will ever detect upon the Homeric questions. But really for any useful purpose, as well might a man suggest, that by possibility a great poet arose in Greece 900 years B.C., that his name was Nothos Kibdéllos; that he lived in a hole; and that he forged the Iliad. Well then, if he did, Nothos is Homer And that is simply saying that
Homer ought to be spelled by a different arrangement of letters. We see no possible value in such unmeaning conjectures. Dean Swift's objection to the Iliad, to the Greek language, and to all ancient history, being obviously a modern hoax, inasmuch as Andromache was evidently a corruption of Andrew Mackay, and Alexander the Great, only the war-cry of a schoolboy, ('All eggs under the grate!') to hide their eggs on the approach of the schoolmaster, is worth a thousand such dull objections. The single fact which we know about these preludes is, that they were pure detached generalities, applicable to all cases indifferently; ἀναιδοτα, irrelevant as an old Greek author calls them; and, to prevent any misconstruction of his meaning, as if that musical metaphor were applied by him to the mere music of the chanter, he adds — καὶ οὕτω τὸ προς το πνευμα δῆλοι; and they foreshow nothing at all that relates to the subject. Now, from this little notice of their character, it is clear, that, like doxologies, or choral burdens or refrains to songs, they were not improvised; not impromptus; they were stereotyped forms, ready for all occasions. Ἀ θεός principium, says Horace: with this opening a man could never go wrong, let the coming narrative point which way it would. And Pindar observes, that in fact all the Homeric ῥαψοδοὶ did draw their openings from Jove. Or by way of variety, the Muses would be a good inauguration, or Apollo; and, as some man rightly suggests, in a great city like Athens, or Ephesus, the local divinity. Having, therefore, this dispensation once and forever from caring for the subject of their chants, the chanters are very little likely to have forged anything; except a bank note. Far more probable it is, that
their preludes were sold, like queen's heads, at so much a dozen, leaving time to the chanters for clarifying their voices with summat cool, and to the harpers for splicing their broken harp-strings.

But the Germans, who will not leave this bone after all its fruitless mumbling, want to pick a quarrel about the time when these rhapsodoi began to exist. What does that signify? We will quarrel with no man 'about the age of Sir Archy's great-grandmother;' and yet, on consideration, we will. If they will persist in making a row, we shall try to rap their knuckles. They say that their rhapsodoi were, comparatively with Homer, young people. We say that they were not. And now that our blood is up, we insist upon it — that they were as old as the hills; twice as old as Homer; three times as old, if it will vex them more. We cannot say that we know this 'of our own knowledge;' but we have better evidence for it than any which they can have against it. In a certain old scholiast on Aristophanes, there is a couplet quoted from Hesiod in the following terms: —

'Εν Δήλω τοτε πρωτόν ἔγιναι Ομήρου ἀοίδοι,
Μέλπομεν, ἐν νεαροῖς τίμους ἀφαντες ἀοιδήν.

'Then first in Delos did I and Homer, two bards, perform as musical reciters, laying the nexus of our poetry in original hymns.' He means to tell you that they were none of your beggarly itinerant rhapsodoi, who hired the bellman to write a poetic address for them. They had higher pretensions; they killed their own mutton. And not only were the preluding hymns their own copyrights, (pirates and teggs be off!) but also they had a meaning. They were spe-
cially connected with the *epos*, or narrative, that followed, and not (as usually) irrelevant; so that they formed the transitional passages which connected one *epos* with another. Plato again, who stood nearer to Homer than any one of us, by the little difference of two thousand, two hundred and sixty years, swears that he knows Homer to have been a *rhapsodos*.

But what does the word mean? We intend to write a German quarto upon this question. It will be adapted to the use of posterity. Meantime, for the present flighty generation, whose ear must be powerfully tweaked to make it listen through a single page, we shall say thus much. Strabo, in a passage which deserves closer attention than it has received, explains why it is that poetry in general was called *aoidé* or song. This name having been established, then afterwards each special kind of poetry bore this appellation, viz., *aoidé*, or *odé*, or *odia*, as a common or generic element in its designation, whilst its differential element was prefixed. Thus goat-song, or *tragodia*, revel-song, or *komodia*, were designations (derived from their occasional origins) of tragedy and comedy, both being chanted. On the same principle, *rhapsodia* shows by its ending that it is poetry, some kind or other: but what kind? Why, that secret is confided to the keeping of *rhaps*. And what may *rhaps* mean? Oh, Sir, you are not to know all for nothing. Please to subscribe for a copy of our quarto. For the present, however, understand that *rhapto* means *to sew with a needle*, consequently to connect. But, say you, all poetry must have some connection internally at least. True, but this circumstance is more noticeable and emphatic with regard to long narrative
poems. The more were the parts to be connected, the more was the connection: more also depended upon it; and it caught the attention more forcibly. An ode, a song, a hymn, might contain a single ebulition of feeling. The connection might lie in the very rapture and passion, without asking for any effort on the poet's part. But, in any *epos* or epic romance, the several adventures, and parts of adventures, had a connecting link running through them, such as bespoke design and effort in the composer, viz., the agency of a single hero, or of a predominant hero. And thus *rhapsodia*, or linked song, indicated by an inevitable accident of all narrations, that it was narrative poetry. And a *rhapsodos* was the personal correlate of such poetry; he was the man that chanted it.

Well, and what is there in all this to craze a man's brain, to make him smite his forehead in desperation, or to ball up his huge fist in defiance? Yet scarcely is one row over before another commences. Pindar, it seems, has noticed the *rhapsodoi*; and, as if it were not enough to fight furiously about the explanation of that word, a second course of fights is undertaken about Pindar's explanation of the explanation. The Pindaric passages are two; one in the 3d Isthmian, which we confess makes even ourselves (in Kentuck phrase) 'wolvy about the shoulders, *i.e.* prurient for fighting. Speaking of Homer, Pindar, says, that he established (*i.e.* raised into life and celebrity) all modes of excellence, *παντα ἄρεσκων*. It is a poet's way of saying that Homer did this as a *rhapsodos*. *Rhabdos*, therefore, is used as the symbol of a *rhapsodos*; it is, or it may be conceived to
HOMER AND THE HOMERIDÆ.

137

de, his instrument for connecting the narrative poem which gives him his designation. But what instrument? Is it a large darning-needle for sewing the parts together? If so, Homer will want a thimble. No, says one big solemn critic, not a needle: none but an ass would think of such a thing. Well, old fellow, what is it then? It is, says he, a cane—a wand—a rattan. And what is Homer to do with a cane? Why, understand, that when his singing robes were on, (for it is an undoubted fact, that the ancient *rhapsodos* not only chanted in full pontificals, but had two sets of robes, *crimson* when he chanted the *Iliad*, *violet-colored* when he chanted the *Odyssey,* in that case the *rhapsodos* held his stick in his right hand. But what sort of a stick? *Stick* is a large genus, running up from switch to cudgel, from rod to bludgeon. And our own persuasion is—that this stick or pencil of wood had something to do with the roll of remembrances, (not perhaps written copies, but mechanical suggestions for recovering the main succession of paragraphs,) which the *rhapsodos* used as short-hand notes for aiding his performance. But this is a subject which we must not pursue.

The other passage of Pindar is in the second Nemean — 'Οθεν περ και ὁμηριδαι ὑμίτων ἔλεων τα πολλα ἀοίδοι ἄνθρωποι. Of a certain conquerer at the games, Pindar says—that he took his beginning, his *coup d'essai*, from that point, viz. Jove, whence the Homeridæ take theirs; alluding to the prelusive hymns. Now, what seems most remarkable to us in this passage is, the art with which Pindar identifies the three classes of — 1. *Homeridae* — 2. *Aoidoi* — 3. *Rhapsodoi.* The words ὑμίτων ἔλεων ἀοίδοι are an ingenious way of ex-
pressing that the *aoidoi* were the same as the *rhapsodoi*. Now, where Pindar saw no essential difference except as a species differs from a genus, it is not likely that we of this day shall detect one. At all events, it is certain that no discussion connected with any one of these three classes has thrown any light upon the main question as to the integrity of the *Iliad*. The *aoidoi*, and perhaps the *rhapsodoi*, certainly existed in the days of Homer. The *Homerida* must have arisen after him: but when, or under what circumstances, no record remains to say. Only the place of the *Homeridae* is known: it was Crete: and this seems to connect them personally with Homer. But all is too obscure to penetrate; and in fact has not been penetrated.

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**PART III.**

**VERDICT ON THE HOMERIC QUESTION.**

We will now, reader, endeavor to give you the heads of a judgment, or verdict, on this great question, drawn up with extreme care by ourselves.

I. — Rightly was it said by Voss, that all arguments worth a straw in this matter must be derived from the internal structure of the *Iliad*. Let us, therefore, hold an inquest upon the very body of this memorable poem; and, first of all, let us consider its outside characteristics, its style, language, metrical structure.

One of the arguments on which the sceptics rely is this—a thousand years, say they, make a severe trial of a man's style. What is very good Greek at one end of that period will probably be unintelligible Greek at the other. And throughout this period it will have
been the duty of the *rhapsodoi*, or public reciters, to court the public interest, to sustain it, to humor it, by adapting their own forms of delivery to the existing state of language. Well, what of that? Why this—that under so many repeated alterations, the Iliad, as we now have it, must resemble Sir Francis Drake's ship—repaired so often, that not a spar of the original vessel remained.

In answer to this, we demand—why a thousand years? Doubtless there was that space between Homer and the Christian era. But why particularly connect the Greek language with the Christian era? In this artifice, reader, though it sounds natural to bring forward our Christian era in a question that is partly chronological, already there is bad faith. The Greek language had nothing to do with the Christian era. Mark this, and note well—that already, in the era of Pericles, whose chronological locus is 444 years B.C., the Greek language had reached its consummation. And by that word we mean its state of rigid fixation. Will any man deny that the Greek of Thucydides, Sophocles, Euripides, who were in the fullest sense, contemporaries with Pericles, that the Greek of Plato or Xenophon, who were at least children of some growth before Pericles died, continued through all after ages (in the etymological sense of the word) *standard* Greek? That is, it was standing Greek; Greek which *stood* still, and never after varied; so that eighteen hundred and ninety years after, at the final capture of Constantinople by the Ottomans, it remained the true familiar Greek of educated people; as all educated people talked; and removed even from the vulgar Greek of the mob only
as the written language of books always differs from the spoken dialect of the uneducated. The time, therefore, for which we have to account, is not a thousand years, but a little more than one-half of that space. The range, therefore, the compass of time within which Homer had to struggle with the agencies of change, was about five centuries and a half.

Now the tendency to change is different in different languages; both from internal causes, (mechanism, &c.) and from causes external to the language, laid in the varying velocities of social progress. Secondly, besides this varying liability to change, in one language as compared with another, there is also a varying rate of change in the same language compared with itself. Change in language is not, as in many natural products, continuous: it is not equable, but eminently by fits and starts. Probably one hundred and fifty years at stagnant periods of history do less to modify a language than forty years amidst great struggles of intellect. And one thing we must insist on, which is, that between Homer and Pisistratus, the changes in Grecian society, likely to affect the language, were not to be compared, for power, with those acting upon English society ever since the Reformation.

This being premised, we request attention to the following case. Precisely on this very summer day so bright and brilliant, of 1841, are the five hundred years completed (less by forty-five years than the interspace between Homer and Pisistratus) since Chaucer was a stout boy, 'alive,' and, probably, 'kicking:' for he was fined, about 1341, for kicking a Franciscan friar in Fleet-street; though Ritson erroneously asserts
that the story was a 'hum,' invented by Chatterton. Now, what is the character of Chaucer's diction? A great delusion exists on that point. Some ninety or one hundred words that are now obsolete, certainly not many more, vein the whole surface of Chaucer; and thus a *prima facie* impression is conveyed that Chaucer is difficult to understand: whereas a very slight practice, familiarizes his language. The Canterbury Tales were not made public until 1380; but the composition was certainly proceeding between 1350 and 1380; and before 1360 some considerable parts were published. Here we have a space greater by thirty-five years, than that between Homer and Pisistratus. And observe—had Chaucer's Tales the benefit of an oral recitation, were they assisted to the understanding by the pauses in one place, the hurrying and crowding of important words at another, and by the proper distribution of emphasis everywhere,—(all which, though impracticable in regular singing, is well enough accomplished in a chant, or *λόγος μενελίμενος*) there is no man, however unfamiliar with old English, but might be made to go along with the movement of his admirable tales, though he might still remain at a loss for the meaning of insulated words.

Not Chaucer himself, however, but that model of language which Chaucer ridicules and parodies, as becoming obsolete in his days, the rhyme of Sir Thopas,—a model which may be safely held to represent the language of the two centuries previous,—is the point of appeal. Sir Thopas is clearly a parody of the Metrical Romances. Some of those hitherto published by Ritson, &c., are not older than Chaucer; but some ascend much higher, and may be referred to 1200, or
perhaps earlier. Date them from 1240, and that places a period of six centuries complete between ourselves and them. Notwithstanding which, the greater part of the Metrical Romances, when aided by the connection of events narrated, or when impassioned, remain perfectly intelligible to this hour.

'What for labour, and what for faint,
Sir Bevis was well nigh attaint.'

This is a couplet from Bevis, of Southampton; and another we will quote from the romance of Sir Gawaine and Sir Ywaine. In a vast forest, Sir G., by striking a shield suspended to a tree, had caused a dreadful storm to succeed; which, subsiding, is followed by a gloomy apparition of a mailed knight, who claims the forest for his own, taxes Sir Gawaine with having intruded on his domain, and concludes a tissue of complaints with saying that he had

'With weathers waken'd him of rest,
And done him wrong in his forest.'

Now these two casual recollections well and fairly represent the general current of the language; not certainly what would now be written, but what is perfectly luminous from the context. At present, for instance, faint is an adjective; but the context and the corresponding word labour, easily teach the reader that it here means faintness. So, again, 'weather' is not now used for storms; but it is so used by a writer as late as Lord Bacon, and yet survives in such words as weather-beaten,' weather-stained.'

Now, we say that the interval of time between these romances and ourselves, is greater than between Homer and the age of Pericles. We say, also, that the
constant succession of metrical writers connecting the
time of Homer with that of Pericles, such as the au-
thors of the 'Nostoi,' (or Memorable Returns home-
ward from Troy,) of the 'Cypria,' of the many Cycli-
cal poems, next of the Lyric poets, a list closing with
Pindar, in immediate succession to whom, and through
most of his life strictly a contemporary with Pindar,
comes Æschylus, close upon whose heels follow the
whole cluster of dramatic poets, who glorified the
life of Pericles—this apparently continuous series of
verse writers, without the interposition of a single
prose writer, would inevitably have the effect of keep-
ing alive the poetic forms and choice of words, in a
degree not so reasonably to be expected, under any
interrupted succession. Our Chaucer died an old man,
above seventy, in the year 1400; that is, in the con-
cluding year of the fourteenth century. The next
century, that is, the fifteenth, was occupied in much
of its latter half by the civil wars of the two Roses,
which threw back the development of the English
literature, and tended to disturb the fluent transmission
of Chaucer's and Gower's diction. The tumultuous
century which came next, viz. the sixteenth, the former
half of which was filled with the Reformation, caused
a prodigious fermentation and expansion of the English
intellect. But such convulsions are very unfavorable to
the steady conservation of language, and of everything
else depending upon usage. Now, in Grecian history,
there are no corresponding agitations of society; the
currents of tradition seem to flow downwards, without
meeting anything to ripple their surface. It is true
that the great Persian war did agitate Greece pro-
foundly, and, by combining the Greeks from every
quarter in large masses, this memorable war must have given a powerful shock to the stagnant ideas inherited from antiquity. But, as this respects Homer, observe how thoroughly its operation is defeated: for the outrageous conflagration of Sardis occurred about 500 B.C.; and the final events of the war, Salamis, Platæa, &c. occurred in 480 B.C. But already, by Pisistratus, whose locus is fifty years before the affair of Sardis, Homer had been revised and settled, and (as one might express it) stereotyped. Consequently, the chief political revolution affecting Greece collectively, if you except the Dorian migrations, &c., between Homer and Pericles, was intercepted from all possibility of affecting the Homeric diction, &c., by the seasonable authentication of the entire Homeric text under the seal and imprimatur of Pisistratus. Here is the old physical guarantee urged by Æsop's lamb versus wolf, that Homer's text could not have been reached by any influence, direct or oblique, from the greatest of the post-Homeric convulsions. It would be the old miracle of the Greek proverb (Ἀνω ποταμον, &c.) which adopted the reflux of rivers towards their fountains as the liveliest type of the impossible.

There is also a philosophic reason, why the range of diction in Chaucer should be much wider, and liable to greater changes, than that of Homer. Revise those parts of Chaucer which at this day are most obscure, and it will uniformly be found that they are the subjective sections of his poetry; those, for instance, in which he is elaborately decomposing a character. A character is a subtle fugacious essence which does, or does not, exist, according to the capacity of the eye which is applied to it. In Homer's age, no such
meditative differences were perceived. All is *objective* in the descriptions, and external. And in those cases where the mind or its affections must be noticed, always it is by the broad distinctions of anger, fear, love, hatred, without any vestige of a sense for the more delicate interblendings or *nuances* of such qualities. But a language built upon these elementary distinctions is necessarily more durable than another, which, applying itself to the subtler phenomena of human nature, exactly in that proportion applies itself to what is capable of being variously viewed, or viewed in various combinations, as society shifts its aspects.

The result from all this is, that, throughout the four hundred and forty-five years from Homer to Pisistratus, the diction even of real life would not have suffered so much alteration, as in modern times it would be likely to do within some single centuries. But with respect to poetry, the result is stronger.

The diction of poetry is everywhere a privileged diction. The antique or scriptural language is everywhere affected in serious or impassioned poetry. So that no call would arise from modern adaptations, until the language had grown unintelligible. Nor would *that* avail to raise such a call. The separate non-intelligibility of a word would cause no difficulty, whilst it would give the grace of antique coloring. For a word which is separately obscure is not so *in nexu*. Suppose, reader, we were to ask you the meaning of the English word *chode*, you might be a little puzzled. Yet it is an honest and once an industrious word, though now retired from business; and it stands in our authorized translation of the Bible:
where, if you had chanced to meet it *in loco*, you would easily have collected from the context that it was the past tense of *chide*. Again, what Southern reader of Sir Walter Scott ever failed to gather the full sense of the Scottish dialect? or what Scotchman to gather the sense of the Irish dialect so plentifully strewed in modern tales? or what landsman to gather the sense of the marine dialect in our nautical novels? In all such cases, the passion, the animation and movement of the feeling, very often the logic, as they arise from the context, carry you fluently along with the meaning.

Equating, therefore, the sleeping state of early Greece with the stirring progress of modern Christian lands, we come to this conclusion, that Homer, the genuine unaltered Homer, would not, by all likelihood, be more archaic in his coloring of style than the *Froissart* of Lord Berners is to ourselves. That is, we equate four hundred and forty-five early Greek years with the last three hundred and twenty English years. But we will concede something more. The common English translation of the long prose romance, called *Mort d'Arthur*, was composed, we believe, about the year 1480. This will therefore be three hundred and sixty years old. Now, both Lord Berners and the *Mort d'Arthur*, are as intelligible as this morning's newspaper in June, 1841. And one proof that they are so is, that both works have been reprinted *verbatim et literatim* in this generation for popular use. Something venerable and solemn there is in both these works, as again in the *Paston Letters*, which are hard upon four hundred years old, but no shadow of difficulty.

B. *Homer's Lexis.* — Now, reader, having stated
by practical examples, what effect was to have been anticipated from age, let us next inquire what effect has taken place. Observe the monstrous dishonesty of these German critics. What if a man should argue thus: 'This helmet never can have descended from Mambrino; for, if it had, there would have been weather-stains, cracks, dints of swords,' &c. To which it is replied: — 'Doubtless; but have you looked to see if there are not such marks of antiquity?' Would you not think the disparager of the helmet worthy of the treadmill, if it should turn out that he had never troubled himself to examine it? These Germans argue a priori, that, upon certain natural causes, there would arise a temptation to the Homeric chanters for adapting the diction to their audience. Conditionally we grant this — that is, if a deep night of darkness fell suddenly upon the language. But our answer is, that this condition never would be realized; and that a solemnizing twilight is the very utmost which could ever steal over Homer's diction. Meantime, where is the sense of calculating a priori what would be likely to happen, when by simply opening a book, we can see what has happened? These Germans talk as if the Homer we have now, spoke exactly such Greek as Euripides and Sophocles. Or, if some slight differences are admitted, as though these were really too inconsiderable to meet the known operation of chance and change through four and a half centuries. To hear them, you must suppose that Homer differed little more from the golden writers of Greece than as Pope's diction differs from that of 1841. Who now says, writ for wrote and for written? Who says 'tis and 'twas since
Queen Anne's reign? There are not twelve consecutive lines in Pope, Swift, Addison, which will not be found marked by such slight peculiarities of their age. Yet their general agreement with ourselves is so striking, that the difficulty is to detect the differences. Now, if Homer were in that condition relating to the age of Pericles—were it even that he exhibited no more sombre hues than those which Æschylus exhibits, as compared with his younger brothers of the drama, we should grant at once that a case is made out, calling for some explanation. There has been a change. There is something to account for. Somebody has been 'doctoring' this man, would be the inference. But how stands the truth? Why, reader. the Homeric lexis is so thoroughly peculiar and individual, that it requires a separate lexicon; and if all men do not use a separate lexicon, it is only because that particular vocabulary has been digested into the series of general vocabularies. Pierce Plowman is not half so unlike in diction to Sir Walter Scott as is Homer to Euripides. And, instead of simply accounting for the time elapsed, and fairly answering to the reasonable attrition of that time, the Homeric diction is sufficient to account for three such spaces. What would the infidels have? Homer, they say, is an old—old—very old man, whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door; and, therefore—what? Why, he ought to look very old indeed. Well, good men, he does look very old indeed. He ought, they say, to be covered with lichens and ivy. Well, he is covered with lichens and ivy. And sure we are, that few people will undertake to know how a man looks, when he is five hundred years old, by comparison with himself at four
nundred. Suffice it here to say, for the benefit of the unlearned, that not one of our own earliest writers, hardly Thomas of Ercildoune, has more of peculiar antique words in his vocabulary than Homer.

C. Homer's Metre. — In this case, the Germans themselves admit the extraordinary character of the Homeric rhythmus. 'How free, how spirited in its motion!' they all exclaim; 'how characteristically his own!' Well, now, did the father of sophisms ever hear of such stuff as this, when you connect it with what these Germans say elsewhere? 'As well might a woman say, that you had broken her china cups, but that you had artfully contrived to preserve the original Chinese designs. How could you preserve the form or surface if you destroy the substance? And, if these imaginary adapters of Homer modernized his whole diction, how could they preserve his metrical effects? With the peculiar word or idiom would vanish the peculiar prosody. Even a single word is not easily replaced by another having the same sense, the same number of syllables, and in each syllable the same metrical quantity; but how immeasurably more difficult is this, when the requisition is for a whole sentence or clause having the same sense in the same number of syllables and the same prosody? Why, a man would not doctor three lines in a century under such intolerable conditions. And, at the end of his labor, like Addison's small poet, who worked for years upon the name of 'Mary Bohun,' in order to bind its stubborn letters within the hoop-ring of an anagram, he would probably fail, and go mad into the bargain. If the metre is characteristically Homeric, as say these infidels, then is the present text, (so inextricably co-
adumated with the metre,) upon their own showing, the good old Homeric text — and no mistake.

But, reader, the Homeric metre is not truly described by these men. It is certainly kenapeck, to use a good old English word — that is to say, recognizable; you challenge it for Homer’s whenever you meet it. Characteristic it is, but not exactly for the reason they assign. The fact is, though flowing and lively, it betrays the immaturity of the metrical art. Those constraints, from which the Germans praise its freedom, are the constraints of exquisite art. This is a difficult subject; for, in our own literature, the true science of metrical effects has not belonged to our later poets, but to the elder. Spenser, Shakspere, Milton, are the great masters of exquisite versification. And Waller, who was idly reputed to have refined our metre, was a mere trickster, having a single tune moving in his imagination, without compass and without variety. Chaucer, also, whom Dryden in this point so thoroughly misunderstood, was undoubtedly a most elaborate master of metre, as will appear when we have a really good edition of him. But in the Pagan literature this was otherwise. We see in the Roman poets that, precisely as they were antique, they were careless, or at least very inartificial in the management of their metre. Thus Lucilius, Ennius, even Lucretius, leave a class of faults in their verse, from which Virgil would have revolted. And the very same class of faults is found in Homer. But though faults as regards severe art, they are in the very spirit of naïveté or picturesque naturalness, and wear the stamp of a primitive age — artless and inexperienced.

This article would require a volume. But we wil.
content ourselves with one illustration. Every scholar
is aware of the miserable effect produced where there
is no _caesura_, in that sense of the word _caesura_ which
means the interlocking of the several feet into the
several words. Thus, imagine a line like this:

'Urbem Romam primo condit Romulus auno.'

Here, the six feet of the hexameter are separately
made out by six several words. Each word is a foot;
and no foot interlocks into another. So that there is
no _caesura_. Yet even _that_ is not the worst fault of the
line. The other and more destructive is — the coinci-
dence of the _ictus_, or emphasis, with the first syllable
of every foot.

Now in Homer we see both faults repeatedly. Thus,
to express the thundering pace with which a heavy stone
comes trundling back from an eminence, he says:

'Autis epeita pedónde kulindeto laïs anaides.'

Here there is the shocking fault, to any metrical ear,
of making the emphasis fall regularly on the first syl-
labile, which in effect obliterates all the benefit of the
caesura.

Now, Virgil has not one such line in all his works,
nor could have endured such a line. In that verse
expressing the gallop or the caracoling of a horse, he
also has five dactyles —

'Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.'

But he takes care to distribute the accents properly, on
which so much even of the ancient versification de-
pended: except in the two last feet, the emphasis of
Virgil's line never coincides with the first syllable of
the foot. Homer, it will be said, wished to express
mimetically the rolling, thundering, leaping motion of the stone. True, but so did Virgil wish to express the thundering gallop of the horse, in which the beats of the hoofs return with regular intervals. Each sought for a picturesque effect — each adopted a dactylic structure; but to any man who has studied this subject, we need not say, that picturesqueness, like any other effect, must be subordinated to a higher law of beauty. Whence, indeed, it is that the very limits of imitation arise for every art, sculpture, painting, &c., indicating what it ought to imitate, and what it ought not to imitate. And unless regard is had to such higher restraints, metrical effects become as silly and childish as the musical effects in Kotzwarra's *Battle of Prague*, with its ridiculous attempts to mimic the firing of cannon, groans of the wounded, &c., instead of involving the passion of a battle in the agitation of the music.

These rudenesses of art, however, are generally found in its early stages. And we are satisfied that, as art advanced, these defects must have been felt for such; so that, had any license of improvement existed, they would have been removed. That they were left unvouched in the ages of the great lyrical masters, when metre was so scientifically understood, is a strong argument that Homer was sacred from all tampering. Over the whole field of the Homeric versification, both for its quality of faults and its quality of merits, lies diffused this capital truth — that no opening existed for the correction, in any age after the perception of a fault (that is, when the temptation to correct) could first have arisen.

D. *The Homeric Formulae.* — Here is another countersign for the validity of our present Homeric text.
In our own metrical romances, or wherever a poem is meant not for readers but for chanters and oral reciters, these *formulae*, to meet the same recurring cases, exist by scores. Thus every woman who happens to be young, is described as 'so bright of ble,' or complexion: always a man goes 'the mountenance of a mile,' before he overtakes or is overtaken. And so on through a vast bead-roll of cases. In the same spirit Homer has his eternal τὸν δ' ἀΰτ' ὑποδει ιδὼν, οὗ κεῖνα πτερο-

Now these again, under any refining spirit of criticism, at liberty to act freely, are characteristics that would have disappeared. Not that they are faults: on the contrary, to a reader of sensibility, such recurrences wear an aspect of childlike simplicity, beautifully recalling the features of Homer's primitive age. But they would have appeared faults to all commonplace critics in literary ages.

We say, therefore, that first, the Diction of the *Iliad*, (B;) secondly, the Metre of the *Iliad*, (C;) thirdly, the *Formulae* and recurring Clauses of the *Iliad*, (D;)—all present us with so many separate attestations to the purity of the Homeric text from any considerable interference. For every one of these would have given way to the 'Adapters,' had any such people operated upon Homer.

II. — The first class of arguments, therefore, for the sanity of the existing Homer, is derived from language. Our second argument we derive from the *ideality* of *Achilles*. This we owe to a suggestion of Mr. Wordsworth's. Once, when we observed to him, that of imagination, in his own sense, we saw no instance
in the _Iliad_, he replied — 'Yes: there is the character of Achilles; this is imaginative, in the same sense as Ariosto’s Angelica.' _Character_ is not properly the word: nor was it what Mr. Wordsworth meant. It is an idealized conception. The excessive beauty of Angelica, for instance, robs the Paladins of their wits; draws anchorites into guilt; tempts the baptized into mortal feud; summons the unbaptized to war; brings nations together from the ends of the earth. And so, with different but analogous effects, the very perfection of courage, beauty, strength, speed, skill of eye, of voice, and all personal accomplishments, are embodied in the son of Peleus. He has the same supremacy in modes of courtesy, and doubtless, according to the poet’s conception, in virtue. In fact, the astonishing blunder which Horace made in deciphering his Homeric portrait, gives the best memorandum for recalling the real points of his most self-commanding character: —

"Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat armis."

Was that man _iracundus_, who, in the very opening of the _Iliad_, makes his anger bend under the most brutal insult to the public welfare? When two people quarrel, it is too commonly the unfair award of careless bystanders, that ‘one is as bad as the other;’ whilst generally it happens that one of the parties is but the respondent in a quarrel originated by the other. Homer says of the two chiefs, _διωστηθη εοισαντε_, they stood aloof in feud; but what was the nature of the feud? Agamemnon had inflicted upon Achilles, himself a king and the most brilliant chieftain of the
confederate army, the very foulest outrage (matter and manner) that can be imagined. Because his own brutality to a priest of Apollo had caused a pestilence, and he finds that he must resign this priest's daughter, he declares that he will indemnify himself by seizing a female captive from the tents of Achilles. Why of Achilles more than of any other man? Color of right, or any relation between his loss and his redress, this brutal Agamemnon does not offer by pretence. But he actually executes his threat. Nor does he ever atone for it. Since his returning Briseis, without disavowing his right to have seized her, is wide of the whole point at issue. Now, under what show of common sense can that man be called iracundus, who calmly submits to such an indignity as this? Or, is that man inexorabilis, who sacrifices to the tears and gray hairs of Priam, his own meditated revenge, giving back the body of the enemy who had robbed him of his dearest friend? Or is there any gleam of truth in saying that jura negat sibi nata, when of all the heroes in the Iliad, he is the most punctiliously courteous, the most ceremonious in his religious observances, and the one who most cultivated the arts of peace? Or is that man the violent defier of all law and religion, who submits with so pathetic a resignation to the doom of early death?

'Enough, I know my fate — to die; to see no more
My much-loved parents, or my native shore.'

Charles XII. of Sweden threatened to tickle that man who had libelled his hero Alexander. But Alexander himself would have tickled master Horace for this gross libel on Achilles, if they had happened to be contemporaries.
The character, in short, of the matchless Pelides, has an ideal finish and a divinity about it, which argue, that it never could have been a fiction or a gradual accumulation from successive touches. It was raised by a single flash of creative imagination, it was a reality seen through the harmonizing abstractions of two centuries; and it is in itself a great unity, which penetrates every section where it comes forward, with an identification of these several parts as the work of one man.

III. — Another powerful guarantee of the absolute integrity which belongs to the *Iliad*, lies in the Ionic forms of language, combined everywhere (as Plato remarks) with Ionic forms of life. Homer had seen the modes of Dorian life, as in many cities of Crete. But his heart turned habitually to the Ionian life of his infancy. Here the man who builds on pretences of recasting, &c., will find himself in this dilemma. If, in order to account for the poem still retaining its Ionic dress, which must have been affected by any serious attempts at modernizing it, he should argue that the Ionic dialect, though not used on the continent, continued to be perfectly intelligible; then, our good Sir, what call for recasting it? Nobody supposes that an antique form of language would be objectionable *per se*, or that it would be other than solemn and religious in its effect, so long as it continued to be intelligible. On the other hand, if he argues that it must gradually have grown unintelligible or less intelligible, (for that the Ionic of Herodotus, in the age of Pericles, was very different from the Homeric,) in that case, to whom would it be unintel-
ligible? Why, to the Athenians, for example, or to some people of continental Greece. But on that sup-
position, it would have been exchanged for some form of Attic or other continental Greek— to be Ionian by
descent, did not imply the use of a dialect formed in Asia Minor. And not only would heterogeneous
forms of language have thus crept into the *Iliad*, but inevitably in making these changes, other heterogenei-
ties in the substance would have crept in concurrently.
That purity and sincerity of Ionic life, which arrested
the eye of Plato, would have melted away under such modern adulterations.

IV. — But another argument, against the possibility
of such recasts, is founded upon a known remarkable
fact. It is a fact of history, coming down to us from
several quarters, that the people of Athens were
exceedingly discontented with the slight notice taken
of themselves in the *Iliad*. Now observe, already
this slight notice is in itself one argument of Homer's
antiquity; and the Athenians did wrong to murmur
at so many petty towns of the Peloponnesus being
glorified, while in *their* case Homer only gives one
line or so to Menestheus their chief. Let them be
thankful for getting anything. Homer knew what
Athens was in those days much better than any of
us; and surely Glasgow or Liverpool could not com-
plain of being left out of the play, in a poem on the
Crusades. But there was another case that annoyed
the Athenians equally. Theseeus, it is well known,
was a great scamp; in fact, a very bad fellow indeed.
You need go no further than Ariadne, (who, by most
tradition, hanged herself in her garters, at Naxos,) to
prove that. Now, Homer, who was determined to tell no lies in the matter, roundly blurts out the motive for his base desertion of Ariadne, which had the double guilt of cruelty and of ingratitude, as in Jason's conduct towards Medea. It was, says the honest bard, because he was desperately in love with Aegle. This line in Homer, was like a coroner's verdict on Ariadne — *died by the villany of Theseus.* It was impossible to hide this conduct in their national hero, if it were suffered to stand. An attempt was, therefore, made to eject it. Pisistratus is charged, in this one instance, with having smuggled in a single forged line. But, even in his own lifetime, it was dismally suspected; and, when Pisistratus saw men looking askance at it, he would say — 'Well, Sir, what's in the wind now? What are you squinting at?' Upon which the man would answer — 'Oh, nothing, Sir, I was only looking at things in general.' But Pisistratus knew better — it was no go — *that* he saw — and the line is obelized to this day. Now, where Athens failed, is it conceivable that anybody else would succeed?

V. — A fifth argument, upon which we rely much, is the Circumstantiality of the *Iliad.* Let the reader pause to consider what *that* means in this particular case. The invention of little personal circumstances and details, is now a well-known artifice of novelists. We see even in our oldest metrical romances, a tendency to this mode of giving a lively expression to the characters, as well as of giving a colorable reality to the tale. Yet, even with us, it is an art that has never but once been successf
applied to regular history. De Foe is the only author known, who has so plausibly circumstanced his false historical records, as to make them pass for genuine, even with literary men and critics. In his *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, he assumes the character of a soldier who had fought under Gustavus Adolphus, (1628–31,) and afterwards (1642–45) in our own parliamentary war; in fact, he corresponds chronologically to Captain Dalgetty. In other works he personates a sea captain, a hosier, a runaway apprentice, an officer under Lord Peterborough in his Catalanian expedition. In this last character, he imposed upon Dr. Johnson, and by men better read in history he has actually been quoted as a regular historical authority. How did he accomplish so difficult an end? Simply by inventing such little circumstastiations of any character or incident, as seem by their apparent inertness of effect, to verify themselves; for, where the reader is told that such a person was the posthumous son of a tanner; that his mother married afterwards a Presbyterian schoolmaster, who gave him a smattering of Latin; but, the schoolmaster dying of the plague, that he was compelled at sixteen to enlist for bread; in all this, as there is nothing at all amusing, we conclude, that the author could have no reason to detain us with such particulars, but simply because they were true. To invent, when nothing at all is gained by inventing, there seems no imaginable temptation. It never occurs to us, that this very construction of the case, this very inference from such neutral details, was precisely the object which De Foe had in view, and by which he meant to profit. He thus gains the opportunity of impressing upon his tales a
double character; he makes them so amusing, that girls read them for novels; and he gives them such an air of verisimilitude, that men read them for histories.

Now this is one amongst the many acts by which, in comparison of the ancients, we have so prodigiously extended the compass of literature. In Grecian, or even in Roman literature, no dream ever arose of interweaving a fictitious interest with a true one. Nor was the possibility then recognized of any interest founded in fiction, even though kept apart from historic records. Look at Statius; look at Virgil; look at Valerius Flaccus; or look at the entire Greek drama; not one incident beyond the mere descriptive circumstances of a battle, or a storm, or a funeral solemnity, with the ordinary turns of skill or chance in the games which succeed, can be looked upon as matter of invention. All rested upon actual tradition: — in the Æneid, for instance, upon ancient Italian traditions still lingering amongst the people; in the Thebaid, where the antiquity of the story is too great to allow of this explanation, doubtless they were found in Grecian poems. Four centuries after the Christian era, if the Satyricon of Petronius Arbiter is excepted, and a few sketches of Lucian, we find the first feeble tentative development of the romance interest. The Cyropædia was simply one-sided in its information. But, in the Iliad, we meet with many of these little individual circumstances, which can be explained (consistently with the remark here made) upon no principle whatever except that of downright, notorious truth. Homer could not have wandered so far astray from the universal sympathies of his country, as ever to think
of fictions so useless; and if he had, he would soon have been recalled to the truth by disagreeable experiences; for the construction would have been — that he was a person very ill-informed, and not trustworthy through ignorance.

Thus, in speaking of Polydamas, Homer says (Iliad xviii. 250) that he and Hector were old cronies; which might strike the reader as odd, since Polydamas was no fighting man at all, but cultivated the arts of peace. Partly, therefore, by way of explaining their connection — partly for the simple reason that doubtless, it was a fact, Homer adds that they were born in the same night; a circumstance which is known to have had considerable weight upon early friendships in the houses of Oriental princes.

'Εκτὸς δ' ἦν ἐτάιγος, εἰ δ' εν νυκτὶ γενότο.
' To Hector he was a bosom friend,
   For in one night they were born.'

Now, we argue, that had Homer not lived within a reasonable number of generations after Troy, he never would have learned a little fact of this kind. He must have heard it from his nurse, good old creature, who had heard her grandfather talk with emotion of Troy and its glorious palaces, and of the noble line of princes that perished in her final catastrophe. A ray of that great sunset had still lingered in the old man's youth; and the deep impression of so memorable a tragedy had carried into popular remembrance vast numbers of specialities and circumstantialities, such as might be picked out of the Iliad, that could have no attraction for the mind, out simply under the one condition that they were true. An interval as great as
four centuries, when all relation between the house of Priam and the surrounding population would have been obliterated, must have caused such petty anecdotes to lose their entire interest, and, in that case, they would never have reached Homer. Here, therefore, is a collateral indication that Homer lived probably within two centuries of Troy. On the other hand, if the *Iliad* had ever become so obsolete in its diction that popular feeling called for a *diaskeuē*, or thorough recast, in that case, we argue that all such trivial circumstances (interesting only to those who knew them for facts) would have dropped out of the composition.

VI. — That argument is of a nature to yield us an extensive field, if we had space to pursue it. The following, which we offer as our argument, is negative: it lies in the absence of all anachronisms, which would most certainly have arisen in any modern remodelling, and which do in fact disfigure all the Greek forgeries of letters, &c. in Alexandrian ages. How inevitable, amongst a people so thoroughly uncritical as the Greeks, would have been the introduction of anachronisms by wholesale, had a more modern hand been allowed to tamper with the texture of the poem! But, on the contrary, all inventions, rights, usages, known to have been of later origin than the Homeric ages, are absent from the *Iliad*. For instance, in any recast subsequent to the era of 700 B. C., how natural it would have been to introduce the trumpet! And cavalry again, how excellent a resource for varying and inspiriting the battles: whereas Homer introduces horses only as attached to the chariots; and the chariots as used only by a few leading heroes, whose
heavy mail made it impossible for them to go on foot, as the mass of the army did. Why, then, did Homer himself forbear to introduce cavalry? Was he blind to the variety he would have gained for his descriptive scenes? No; but simply upon the principle, so absolute for him of adhering to the facts. But what caused the fact? Why was there no cavalry? Evidently from the enormous difficulty of carrying any number of horses by sea, under the universal non-adaptation to such a purpose of the Greek shipping. The 'horse-marines' had not begun to show out; and a proper 'troop-ship' must have been as little known to Agamemnon, as the right kind of Havana cigars or as duelling pistols to Menelaus.

VII. — A seventh argument for the integrity of our present Iliad in its main section, lies in the nexus of its subordinate parts. Every canto in this main section implies every other. Thus the funeral of Hector implies that his body had been ransomed. That fact implies the whole journey of Priam to the tents of Achilles. This implies the death and last combat of Hector. But how should Hector and Achilles have met in battle, after the wrathful vow of Achilles? That argues the death of Patroclus as furnishing the sufficient motive. But the death of Patroclus argues the death of Sarpedon, the Trojan ally, which it was that roused the vindictive fury of Hector. These events in their turn argue the previous success of the Trojans, which had moved Patroclus to interfere. And this success of the Trojans argues the absence of Achilles, which again argues the feud with Agamemnon. The whole of this story unfolds like a process of
vegetation. And the close intertexture of the several parts is as strong a proof of unity in the design and execution, as the intense life and consistency in the conception of Achilles.

VIII. — By an eighth argument, we reply to the objection sometimes made to the transmission of the Iliad, through the rhapsodoi, from the burden which so long a poem would have imposed upon the memory. Some years ago was published, in this journal,* a paper on the Flight of the Kalmuck Tartars from Russia. Bergmann, the German from whom that account was chiefly drawn, resided for a long time amongst the Kalmucks, and had frequent opportunities of hearing musical recitations from the Dschangaeriade. This is the great Tartar epic; and it extends to three hundred and sixty cantos, each averaging the length of an Homeric book. Now, it was an ordinary effort for a minstrel to master a score of these cantos, which amounts pretty nearly to the length of the Iliad. But a case more entirely in point is found in a minor work of Xenophon's. A young man is there introduced as boasting that he could repeat by heart the whole of the Iliad and the Odyssey — a feat, by the way, which has been more than once accomplished by English school-boys. But the answer made to this young man is, that there is nothing at all extraordinary in that; for that every common rhapsodos could do as much. To us, indeed, the whole objection seems idle. The human memory is capable of far greater efforts; and the music would prodigiously lighten the effort. But, as it is an

* Blackwood's Magazine
objection often started, we may consider it fortunate that we have such a passage as this in Xenophon, which not only illustrates the kind of qualification looked for in a rhapsodos, but shows also that such a class of people continue to practise in the generation subsequent to that of Pericles.

Upon these eight arguments we build. This is our case. They are amply sufficient for the purpose. Homer is not a person known to us separately and previously, concerning whom we are inquiring whether, in addition to what else we know of him, he did not also write the Iliad. 'Homer' means nothing else but the man who wrote the Iliad. Somebody, you will say, must have written it. True; but, if that somebody should appear by any probable argument, to have been a multitude of persons, there goes to wreck the unity which is essential to the idea of a Homer. Now, this unity is sufficiently secured, if it should appear that a considerable section of the Iliad — and that section by far the most full of motion, of human interest, of tragical catastrophe, and through which runs as the connecting principle, a character the most brilliant, magnanimous, and noble, that Pagan morality could conceive — was, and must have been, the work and conception of a single mind. Achilles revolves through that section of the Iliad in a series of phases, each of which looks forward and backward to all the rest. He travels like the sun through his diurnal course. We see him first of all rising upon us as a princely councillor for the welfare of the Grecian host. We see him atrociously insulted in this office: yet still, though a king and unused to opposition, and boil-
ing with youthful blood, nevertheless commanding his passion, and retiring in clouded majesty. Even thus, though having now so excellent a plea for leaving the army, and though aware of the early death that awaited him if he stayed, he disdains to profit by the evasion. We see him still living in the tented field, and generously unable to desert those who had so insultingly deserted him. We see him in a dignified retirement, fulfilling all the duties of religion, friendship, hospitality; and, like an accomplished man of taste, cultivating the arts of peace. We see him so far surrendering his wrath to the earnest persuasion of friendship, that he comes forth at a critical moment for the Greeks to save them from ruin. What are his arms? He has none at all. Simply by his voice he changes the face of the battle. He shouts, and nations fly from the sound. Never but once again is such a shout recorded by a poet —

'He called so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded.'

Who called? That shout was the shout of an archangel. Next we see him reluctantly allowing his dearest friend to assume his own arms; the kindness and the modesty of his nature forbidding him to suggest, that not the divine weapons but the immortal arm of the wielder had made them invincible. His friend perishes. Then we see him rise in his noontide wrath, before which no life could stand. The frenzy of his grief makes him for a time cruel and implacable. He sweeps the field of battle like a monsoon. His revenge descends perfect, sudden, like a curse from heaven. We now recognize the goddess-born. This is his avatar. Had he moved to battle under the ordinary motives of Ajax, Diomed,
HOMER AND THE HOMERIDÆ.

and the other heroes, we never could have sympathized or gone along with so withering a course. We should have viewed him as a 'scourge of God,' or fiend, born for the tears of women and the maledictions of mothers. But the poet, before he would let him loose upon men, creates for him a sufficient, or at least palliating motive. In the sternest of his acts, we read only the anguish of his grief. This is, surely the perfection of art. At length the work of destruction is finished; but, if the poet leaves him at this point, there would be a want of repose, and we should be left with a painful impression of his hero as forgetting the earlier humanities of his nature, and brought forward only for final exhibition in his terrific phases. Now, therefore, by machinery the most natural, we see this great hero travelling back within our gentler sympathies, and revolving to his rest like the sun disrobed of his blazing terrors. We see him settling down to that humane and princely character in which he had been first exhibited — we see him relenting at the sight of Priam's gray hairs, touched with the sense of human calamity, and once again mastering his passion — grief now, as formerly he had mastered his wrath. He consents that his feud shall sleep: he surrenders the corpse of his capital enemy; and the last solemn chords of the poem rise with a solemn intonation from the grave of 'Hector, the tamer of horses' — that noble soldier who had so long been the column of his country, and to whom, in his dying moments, the stern Achilles had declared — but then in the middle career of his grief — that no honorable burial should ever be granted.

Such is the outline of an Achilleis, as it might be gathered from the Iliad: and for the use of schools
we are surprised that such a beautiful whole has not long since been extracted. A tale, more affecting by its story and vicissitudes does not exist; and, after this, who cares in what order the non-essential parts of the poem may be arranged, or whether Homer was their author? It is sufficient that one mind must have executed this Achilleis, in consequence of its intense unity. Every part implies every other part. With such a model before him as this poem on the wrath of Achilles, Aristotle could not carry his notions of unity too high. And the unifying mind which could conceive and execute this Achilleis — that is what we mean by Homer. As well might it be said, that the parabola described by a cannon-ball was in one-half due to a first discharge, and in the other half to a second, as that one poet could lay the preparations for the passion and sweep of such a poem, whilst another conducted it to a close. Creation does not proceed by instalments: the steps of its revolution are not successive, but simultaneous; and the last book of the Achilleis was undoubtedly conceived in the same moment as the first.

What effect such an Achilleis, abstracted from the Iliad, would probably leave upon the mind, it happens that we can measure by our own childish experience. In Russell's Ancient Europe, a book much used in the last century, there is an abstract of the Iliad, which presents very nearly the outline of an Achilleis, such as we have supposed. The heroes are made to speak in a sort of stilted, or at least buskined language, not unsuited to youthful taste: and from the close convergence of the separate parts, the interest is condensed. This book, in our eighth year, we read.
was our first introduction to the 'Tale of Troy divine;' and we do not deceive ourselves in saying, that this memorable experience drew from us the first unselfish tears that ever we shed; and by the stings of grief which it left behind, demonstrated its own natural pathos.

Whether the same mind conceived also the Odyssey, is a separate question. We are certainly inclined to believe, that the Odyssey belongs to a post-Homeric generation — to the generation of the Nostoi, or homeward voyages of the several Grecian chiefs. And with respect to all the burlesque or satiric poems ascribed to Homer, such as the Batrachomyomachia, the Margites, &c., the whole fiction seems to have arisen out of an uncritical blunder; they had been classed as Homeric poems — meaning by the word 'Homeric,' simply that they had a relation or reference to Homer, which they certainly have. At least we may say this of the Batrachomyomachia, which still survives, that it undoubtedly points to the Iliad as a mock-heroic parody upon its majestic forms and diction. In that sense it is Homeric — i.e. it relates to Homer's poetry; it presupposes it as the basis of its own fun. But subsequent generations, careless and uncritical, understood the word Homeric to mean — actually composed by Homer. How impossible this was, the reader may easily imagine to himself by the parallel case of our own parodies on Scripture. What opening for a parody could have arisen in the same age as that Scriptural translation? 'Howbeit,' 'peradventure,' 'lifted up his voice and wept,' 'found favor in thy sight,' — phrases such as these have, to our modern feelings, a deep coloring of antiquity; placed, therefore, in juxtaposition with modern words or modern
ideas, they produce a sense of contrast which is strongly connected with the ludicrous. But nothing of this result could possibly exist for those who first used these phrases in translation. The words were such as, in their own age, ranked as classical and proper. These were no more liable to associations of the ludicrous, than the serious style of our own age is at this moment. And on the same principle, in order to suppose the language of the Iliad, as, for example, the solemn formulae which introduce all the replies and rejoinders, open to the ludicrous, they must, first of all, have had time to assume the sombre hues of antiquity. But even that is not enough: the Iliad must previously have become so popular, that a man might count with certainty upon his own ludicrous travesties, as applying themselves at once to a serious model, radicated in the universal feeling. Otherwise, to express the case mechanically, there is no resistance, and consequently no possibility of a rebound. Hence it is certain that the burlesques of the Iliad could not be Homeric, in the sense which an unlearned public imagined; and as to the satiric poem of the Margites, it is contrary to all the tendencies of human nature, that a public sensibility to satire should exist, until the simple age of Homer had been supplanted by an age of large cities, and a complex state of social refinement. Thus far we abjure, as monstrous moral anchronisms, the parodies and lampoons attributed to Homer. Secondly, upon the Odyssey, as liable to heavy suspicion, we suspend our judgment, with a weight of jealousy against it. But finally, as regards the Iliad, we hold that its noblest section has a perfect and separate unity; that it was therefore written by
one man; that it was also written a thousand years before our Christian era; and that it has not been essentially altered. These are the elements which make up our compound meaning, when we assert the existence of Homer, in any sense interesting to modern ages. And for the affirmation of that question in that interesting sense, we believe ourselves to have offered more and weightier arguments than all which the German army of infidels have been able to muster against it.
STYLE.

Amongst the never-ending arguments for thankfulness in the privilege of a British birth — arguments more solemn even than numerous, and telling more when weighed than when counted, *ponderer quam numero* — three aspects there are of our national character which trouble the uniformity of our feelings. A good son, even in such a case, is not at liberty to describe himself as 'ashamed.' Some gentler word must be found to express the character of his distress. And, whatever grounds of blame may appear against his venerated mother, it is one of his filial duties to suppose — either that the blame applies but partially, or, if it should seem painfully universal, that it is one of those excesses to which energetic natures are liable, through the very strength of their constitutional characteristics. Such things do happen. It is certain, for instance, that to the deep sincerity of British nature, and to that shyness or principle of reserve which is inseparable from self-respect, must be traced philosophically the churlishness and unsocial bearing, for which, at one time, we were so angrily arraigned by the smooth south of Europe. That facile obsequiousness, which attracts the inconsiderate in Belgians
Frenchmen, and Italians, is too generally a mixed product from impudence and insincerity. Want of principle and want of moral sensibility compose the original *fundus* of southern manners: and the natural product, in a specious hollowness of demeanor, has been afterwards propagated by imitation through innumerable people, who may have partaken less deeply, or not at all, in the original moral qualities that have moulded such a manner.

Great faults, therefore, may grow out of great virtues in excess. And this consideration should make us cautious even towards an enemy; much more when approaching so holy a question as the merits of our maternal land. Else, and supposing that a strange nation had been concerned in our judgment, we should declare ourselves mortified and humiliated by three expressions of the British character, too public to have escaped the notice of Europe. First, we writhe with shame when we hear of semi-delirious lords and ladies, sometimes theatrically costumed in caftans and turbans, proclaiming to the whole world — as the law of their households — that all nations and languages are free to enter their gates, with one sole exception directed against their British compatriots; that is to say, abjuring by sound of trumpet that land through which only they themselves have risen into consideration; spurning those for countrymen — 'without whom,' (as M. Gourville had the boldness to tell Charles II.) 'without whom, by G— Sir, you yourself are nothing.' We all know who *they* are that have done this thing: we *may* know, if we inquire, how many conceited coxcombs are at this moment acting upon that precedent; in which we scruple not to avow, is con-
tained a fund of satire, more crying than any which Juvenal found in the worst days of Rome. And we may ask calmly—Would not death, judicial death, have visited such an act amongst the ancient republics? Next, but with that indulgence which belongs to an infirmity rather than an error of the will, we feel ashamed for the obstinate obtuseness of our country, in regard to one and the most effective of the Fine Arts. It will be understood that we speak of music. In painting and in sculpture it is now past disputing that if we are destined to inferiority at all, it is an inferiority only to the Italians and the ancient Greeks; an inferiority which, if it were even sure to be permanent, we share with all the other malicious nations around us. On that head we are safe. And in the most majestic of the Fine Arts, in poetry, we have a clear and vast pre-eminence as regards all nations; no nation but ourselves have equally succeeded in both forms of the higher poetry, epic and tragic. Whilst of meditative or philosophic poetry, (Young's, Cowper's, Wordsworth's,) — to say nothing of lyric—we may affirm what Quinctilian says justly of Roman satire—'tota quidem nostra est.' If, therefore, in every mode of composition through which the impassioned mind speaks, a nation has excelled its rivals, we cannot be allowed to suppose any general defect of sensibility as a cause of obtuseness with regard to music. So little, however, is the grandeur of this divine art suspected amongst us generally, that a man will write an essay deliberately for the purpose of putting on record his own preference of a song, to the most elaborate music of Mozart: he will glory in his shame, and though speaking in the character of one confess-
ing to a weakness, will evidently view himself in the light of a candid man, laying bare a state of feeling which is natural and sound, opposed to a class of false pretenders who, whilst servile to rules of artists, in reality contradict their own musical instincts, and feel little or nothing of what they profess. Strange that even the analogy of other arts should not open his eyes to the delusion he is encouraging! A song, an air, a tune — that is, a short succession of notes revolving rapidly upon itself, how could that, by possibility, offer a field of compass sufficient for the development of great musical effects? The preparation pregnant with the future, the remote correspondence, the questions, as it were, which to a deep musical sense, are asked in one passage, and answered in another; the iteration and ingemination of a given effect, moving through subtle variations that sometimes disguise the theme, sometimes fitfully reveal it, sometimes throw it out tumultuously to the daylight, — these and ten thousand forms of self-conflicting musical passion — what room could they find, what opening, for utterance in so limited a field as an air or song? A hunting-box, a park-lodge, may have a forest grace and the beauty of appropriateness; but what if a man should match such a bauble against the Pantheon, or against the minsters of York and Strasburg? A repartee may by accident be practically effective; it has been known to crush a party scheme, and an oration of Cicero's, or of Burke's, could have done no more; but what judgment would match the two against each other as developments of power? Let him who finds the \textit{maximum} of his musical gratification in a song, be assured, by that one fact, that his sensibility is rude and unde-
veloped. Yet exactly upon this level is the ordinary state of musical feeling throughout Great Britain; and the howling wilderness of the psalmody in most parish churches of the land, countersigns the statement. There is, however, accumulated in London more musical science than in any capital of the world. This, gradually diffused, will improve the feeling of the country. And, if it should fail to do so, in the worst case we have the satisfaction of knowing, through Jean Jacques Rousseau, and by later evidences, that, sink as we may below Italy and Germany in the sensibility to this divine art, we cannot go lower than France. Here, however, and in this cherished obtuseness as to a pleasure so important for human life, and at the head of the physico-intellectual pleasures, we find a second reason for quarrelling with the civilization of our country. At the summit of civilization in other points, she is here yet uncultivated and savage.

A third point is larger. Here (properly speaking) our quarrel is co-extensive with that general principle in England, which tends in all things to set the matter above the manner, the substance above the external show; a principle noble in itself, but inevitably wrong wherever the manner blends inseparably with the substance.

This general tendency operates in many ways: but our own immediate purpose is concerned with it only so far as it operates upon style. In no country upon earth, where it is possible to carry such a maxim into practical effect, is it a more determinate tendency of the national mind to value the matter of a book, not only as paramount to the manner, but even as distinct from it, and as capable of a separate insulation. What
first gave a shock to such a tendency, must have been the unwilling and mysterious sense—that, in some cases, the matter and the manner were so inextricably interwoven, as not to admit of this coarse bisection. The one was embedded, entangled, and interfused through the other, in a way which bade defiance to such gross mechanical separations. But the tendency to view the two elements as in a separate relation still predomi-
nates; and, as a consequence, the tendency to under-
value the accomplishment of style. Do we mean that the English, as a literary nation, are practically less sensible of the effects of a beautiful style? Not at all. Nobody can be insensible to these effects. And, upon a known fact of history, viz. the exclusive cultivation of popular oratory in England, throughout the 17th and 18th centuries, we might presume a peculiar and exalted sense of style amongst ourselves. Until the French Revolution, no nation of Christendom ex-
cept England had any practical experience of popular rhetoric; any deliberative eloquence, for instance; any forensic eloquence that was made public; any democratic eloquence of the hustings; or any form whatever of public rhetoric beyond that of the pulpit. Through two centuries at least, no nation could have been so constantly reminded of the powers for good and evil which belong to style. Often it must have happened, to the mortification or joy of multitudes, that one man out of windy nothings has contructed an overwhelming appeal to the passions of his hearers, whilst another has thrown away the weightiest cause by his manner of treating it. Neither let it be said, that this might not arise from differences of style, but because the triumphant demagogue made use of fic-
tions, and, therefore, that his triumph was still obtained by means of his matter, however hollow that matter might have proved upon investigation. That case, also, is a possible case; but often enough two orators have relied upon the same identical matter—the facts, for instance, of the slave-trade—and one has turned this to such good account by his arrangements, by his modes of vivifying dry statements, by his arts of illustration, by his science of connecting things with human feeling, that he has left his hearers in convulsions of passion; whilst the other shall have used every tittle of the same matter without eliciting one scintillation of sympathy, without leaving behind one distinct impression in the memory, or planting one murmur in the heart.

In proportion, therefore, as the English people have been placed for two centuries and a quarter, (i.e. since the latter decennium of James the First's reign,) under a constant experience of popular eloquence thrown into all channels of social life, they must have had peculiar occasion to feel the effects of style. But to feel is not to feel consciously. Many a man is charmed by one cause who ascribes the effect to another. Many a man is fascinated by the artifices of composition, who fancies that it is the subject which has operated so potently. And even for the subtlest of philosophers who keeps in mind the interpenetration of the style and the matter, it would be as difficult to distribute the true proportion of their joint action, as, with regard to the earliest rays of the dawn, it would be to say how much of the beauty lay in the heavenly light which chased away the darkness—how much in the rosy color which that light entangled.
Easily, therefore, it may have happened, that, under the constant action and practical effects of style, a nation may have failed to notice the cause as the cause. And, besides the disturbing forces which mislead the judgment of the auditor in such a case, there are other disturbing forces which modify the practice of the speaker. That is good rhetoric for the hustings which is bad for a book. Even for the highest forms of popular eloquence, the laws of style vary much from the general standard. In the senate, and for the same reason in a newspaper, it is a virtue to reiterate your meaning: tautology becomes a merit: variation of the words, with a substantial identity of the sense and dilution of the truth, is oftentimes a necessity. A man who should content himself with a single condensed enunciation of a perplexed doctrine, would be a madman and a felo-de-se, as respected his reliance upon that doctrine. Like boys who are throwing the sun's rays into the eyes of a mob by means of a mirror, you must shift your lights and vibrate your reflections at every possible angle, if you would agitate the popular mind extensively. Every mode of intellectual communication has its separate strength and separate weakness; its peculiar embarrassments, compensated by peculiar resources. It is the advantage of a book, that you can return to the past page if anything in the present depends upon it. But, return being impossible in the case of a spoken harangue, where each sentence perishes as it is born, both the speaker and the hearer become aware of a mutual interest in a much looser style, and a perpetual dispensation from the severities of abstract discussion. It is for the benefit of both, that the weightier propositions should be
detained before the eye a good deal longer than the chastity of taste or the austerity of logic would tolerate in a book. [Time must be given for the intellect to eddy about a truth, and to appropriate its bearings. There is a sort of previous lubrication, such as the boa-constrictor applies to any subject of digestion, which is requisite to familiarize the mind with a startling or a complex novelty. And this is obtained for the intellect by varying the modes of presenting it,—now putting it directly before the eye, now obliquely, now in an abstract shape, now in the concrete; all which being the proper technical discipline for dealing with such cases, ought no longer to be viewed as a licentious mode of style, but as the just style in respect of those licentious circumstances.] And the true art for such popular display is—to contrive the best forms for appearing to say something new, when in reality you are but echoing yourself; to break up massy chords into running variations; and to mask, by slight differences in the manner, a virtual identity in the substance.

We have been illustrating a twofold neutralizing effect applied to the advantages, otherwise enjoyed by the English people, for appreciating the forms of style. What was it that made the populace of Athens and of Rome so sensible to the force of rhetoric and to the magic of language? It was the habit of hearing these two great engines daily worked for purposes interesting to themselves as citizens, and sufficiently intelligible to command their willing attention. The English amongst modern nations have had the same advantages, allowance being made for the much less intense concentration of the audience. In the ancient repub-
lies it was always the same city; and, therefore, the same audience, except in so far as it was spread through many generations. This has been otherwise in England; and yet, by newspaper reports, any great effect in one assize town, or electoral town, has been propagated to the rest of the empire, through the eighteenth and the present century. But all this, and the continual exemplification of style as a great agency for democratic effect, have not availed to win a sufficient practical respect, in England, for the arts of composition as essential to authorship. And the reason is, because, in the first place, from the intertexture of style and matter, from the impossibility that the one should affect them otherwise than in connection with the other, it has been natural for an audience to charge on the superior agent what often belonged to the lower. This, in the first place; and, secondly, because the modes of style appropriate to popular eloquence being essentially different from those of written composition, any possible experience on the hustings, or in the senate, would pro tanto tend rather to disqualify the mind for appreciating the more chaste and more elaborate qualities of style fitted for books; and thus a real advantage of the English in one direction has been neutralized by two causes in another.

Generally and ultimately, it is certain, that our British disregard or inadequate appreciation of style, though a very lamentable fault, has had its origin in the manliness of the British character; in the sincerity and directness of the British taste; in the principle of 'esse quam videri,' which might be taken as the key to much in our manner, much in the philosophy of our lives; and finally in that same love for the practi-
cal and the tangible which has so memorably governed the course of our higher speculations from Bacon to Newton. But, whatever may have been the origin of this most faulty habit, whatever mixed causes now support it, beyond all question it is, that such a habit of disregard or of slight regard applied to all the arts of composition does exist in the most painful extent, and is detected by a practised eye in every page of almost every book that is published.

If you could look anywhere with a right to expect continual illustrations of what is good in the manifold qualities of style, it should reasonably be amongst our professional authors; but, as a body, they are distinguished by the most absolute carelessness in this respect. Whether in the choice of words and idioms, or in the construction of their sentences, it is not possible to conceive the principle of lazy indifference carried to a more revolting extremity. Proof lies before you, spread out upon every page, that no excess of awkwardness, or of inelegance, or of unrythmical cadence, is so rated in the tariff of faults as to balance, in the writer's estimate, the trouble of remoulding a clause, of interpolating a phrase, or even of striking the pen through a superfluous word. In our own experience it has happened, that we have known an author so laudably fastidious in this subtle art, as to have recast one chapter of a series no less than seventeen times; so difficult was the ideal or model of excellence which he kept before his mind; so indefatigable was his labor for mounting to the level of that ideal. Whereas, on the other hand, with regard to a large majority of the writers now carrying forward the literature of the country from the last
generation to the next, the evidence is perpetual — not so much that they rest satisfied with their own random preconceptions of each clause or sentence, as that they never trouble themselves to form any such preconceptions. Whatever words tumble out under the blindest accidents of the moment, those are the words retained; whatever sweep is impressed by chance upon the motion of a period, that is the arrangement ratified. To fancy that men thus determinately careless as to the grosser elements of style would pause to survey distant proportions, or to adjust any more delicate symmetries of good composition, would be visionary. As to the links of connection, the transitions, and the many other functions of logic in good writing, things are come to such a pass, that what was held true of Rome in two separate ages, by two great rhetoricians, and of Constantinople in an age long posterior, may now be affirmed of England: the idiom of our language, the mother tongue, survives only amongst our women and children; not, Heaven knows, amongst our women who write books — they are often painfully conspicuous for all that disfigures authorship; but amongst well-educated women not professionally given to literature. Cicero and Quinctilian, each for his own generation, ascribed something of the same pre-eminence to the noble matrons of Rome; and more than one writer of the lower empire has recorded of Byzantium, that in the nurseries of that city was found the last home for the purity of the ancient Greek. No doubt it might have been found also amongst the innumerable mob of that haughty metropolis, but stained with corruptions and vulgar abbreviations. Or wherever it might lurk, assuredly it was
not amongst the noble, the officials, or the courtiers; else it was impossible that such a master of affectation as Nicetas Choniates, for instance, should have found toleration. But the rationale of this matter lies in a small compass: why are the local names, whenever they have resulted from the general good sense of a country, faithful to the local truth, grave, and unaffected? Simply because they are not inventions of any active faculty, but mere passive depositions from a real impression upon the mind. On the other hand, wherever there is an ambitious principle set in motion for name-inventing, there it is sure to terminate in something monstrous and fanciful. Women offend in such cases even more than men; because more of sentiment or romance will mingle with the names they impose. Sailors again err in an opposite spirit; there is no affectation in their names, but there is too painful an effort after ludicrous allusions to the gravities of their native land — 'Big Wig Island,' or 'the Bishop and his Clerks:' or the name becomes a memento of real incidents, but too casual and personal to merit this lasting record of a name, such as Point Farewell, or Cape Turn-again. This fault applies to many of the Yankee names, and to many more in the southern and western states of North America, where the earliest population has usually been of a less religious character: and, most of all, it applies to the names of the back settlements. These people live under influences the most opposite to those of false refinement; coarse necessities, elementary features of peril or embarrassment, primary aspects of savage nature, compose the scenery of their thoughts; and these are reflected by their names. Dismal Swamp expresses a condition
of unreclaimed nature, which must disappear with growing civilization. *Big Bone Lick* tells a tale of cruelty that cannot often be repeated. Buffaloes, like all cattle, derive medicinal benefit from salt; they come in droves for a thousand miles to lick the masses of rock salt. The new settlers observing this, lie in ambush to surprise them: twenty-five thousand noble animals, in one instance, were massacred for their hides. In the following year the usual crowds advanced; but the first who snuffed the tainted air wheeled round, bellowed, and 'recoiled' far into his native woods. Meantime the large bones remain to attest the extent of the merciless massacre. Here, as in all cases, there is a truth expressed; but again too casual and special. Besides that, from contempt of elegance, or from defect of art, the names resemble the seafaring nomenclature in being too rudely compounded.

As with the imposition of names, so with the use of the existing language, most classes stand between the pressure of two extremes — of coarseness, of carelessness, of imperfect art, on the one hand, of spurious refinement and fantastic ambition upon the other. Authors have always been a dangerous class for any language. Amongst the myriads who are prompted to authorship by the coarse love of reputation, or by the nobler craving for sympathy, there will always be thousands seeking distinctions through novelties of diction. Hopeless of any audience through mere weight of matter, they will turn for their last resource to such tricks of innovation as they can bring to bear upon language. What care they for purity or simplicity of diction, if at any cost of either they can win
a special attention to themselves? Now, the great body of women are under no such unhappy bias. If they happen to move in polished circles, or have received a tolerable education, they will speak their native language of necessity with truth and simplicity. And supposing them not to be professional writers, (as so small a proportion can be, even in France or England,) there is always something in the situation of women which secures a fidelity to the idiom. From the greater excitability of females, and the superior vivacity of their feelings, they will be liable to far more irritations from wounded sensibilities. It is for such occasions chiefly that they seek to be effective in their language. Now, there is not in the world so certain a guarantee for pure idiomatic diction, without tricks or affectation, as a case of genuine excitement. Real situations are always pledges of a real natural language. It is in counterfeit passion, in the mimical situations of novels, or in poems that are efforts of ingenuity, and no ebullitions of absolute unsimulated feeling, that female writers endeavor to sustain their own jaded sensibility, or to reinforce the languishing interest of their readers by extravagances of language. No woman in this world, under a movement of resentment from a false accusation, or from jealousy, or from confidence betrayed, ever was at leisure to practise vagaries of caprice in the management of her mother tongue; strength of real feeling shuts out all temptation to the affectation of false feeling.

Hence the purity of the female Byzantine Greek. Such caprices as they had took some other course and found some other vent than through their mother tongue. Hence, also, the purity of female English
Would you desire at this day to read our noble language in its native beauty, picturesque from idiomatic propriety, racy in its phraseology, delicate yet sinewy in its composition—steal the mail-bags, and break open all the letters in female handwriting. Three out of four will have been written by that class of women who have the most leisure and the most interest in a correspondence by the post—that class who combine more of intelligence, cultivation, and of thoughtfulness, than any other in Europe—the class of unmarried women above twenty-five—an increasing class; women who, from mere dignity of character, have renounced all prospects of conjugal and parental life, rather than descend into habits unsuitable to their birth. Women capable of such sacrifices, and marked by such strength of mind, may be expected to think with deep feeling, and to express themselves (unless where they have been too much biased by bookish connections) with natural grace. Not impossibly these same women, if required to come forward in some public character, might write ill and affectedly. They would then have their free natural movement of thought distorted into some accommodation to artificial standards, amongst which they might happen to select a bad one for imitation. But in their letters they write under the benefit of their natural advantages; not warped, on the one hand, into that constraint or awkwardness which is the inevitable effect of conscious exposure to public gaze; yet, on the other, not left to vacancy or the chills of apathy, but sustained by some deep sympathy between themselves and their correspondents.

So far as concerns idiomatic English, we are satis-
fied from the many beautiful female letters which we have heard upon chance occasions from every quarter of the empire, that they, the educated women of Great Britain—above all, the interesting class of women unmarried upon scruples of sexual honor—and also (as in Constantinople of old) the nurseries of Great Britain, are the true and best depositaries of the old mother idiom. But we must not forget, that though this is another term for what is good in English, when we are talking of a human and a popular interest, there is a separate use of the language, as in the higher forms of history or philosophy, which ought not to be idiomatic. As respects that which is, it is remarkable that the same orders cling to the ancient purity of diction amongst ourselves who did so in pagan Rome—viz. women, for the reasons just noticed, and people of rank. So much has this been the tendency in England, that we know a person of great powers, but who has in all things a one-sided taste, and is so much a lover of idiomatic English as to endure none else, who professes to read no writer since Lord Chesterfield. It is certain that this accomplished nobleman, who has been most unjustly treated from his unfortunate collision with a national favorite, and in part also from the laxity of his moral principles, where, however, he spoke worse than he thought, wrote with the ease and careless grace of a high-bred gentleman. But his style is not peculiar: it has always been the style of his order. After making the proper allowance for the continual new infusions into our peerage from the bookish class of lawyers, and for some modifications derived from the learned class of spiritual peers, the tone of Lord Chesterfield has
always been the tone of our old aristocracy; a tone of elegance and propriety, above all things free from the stiffness of pedantry or academic rigor, and obeying Cæsar's rule of shunning *tanquam scopulum* any *insolens verbum*. It is, indeed, through this channel that the solicitudes of our British nobility have always flowed: other qualities might come and go according to the temperament of the individual; but what in all generations constituted an object of horror for that class, was bookish precision and professional peculiarity. From the free popular form of our great public schools, to which nine out of ten amongst our old nobility resorted, it happened unavoidably that they were not equally clear of popular vulgarities; indeed, from another cause, *that* could not have been avoided—for it is remarkable that a connection, as close as through an umbilical cord, has always been maintained between the very highest orders of our aristocracy and the lowest of our democracy, by means of nurses. The nurses and immediate personal attendants of all classes come from the same sources, most commonly from the peasantry of the land; they import into all families alike, into the highest and the lowest, the coarsest expressions from the vernacular language of anger and contempt. Whence, for example, it was, that about five or six years ago, when a new novel circulated in London, with a private understanding that it was a juvenile effort from two very young ladies of the very highest rank, nobody who reflected at all could feel much surprise that one of the characters should express her self-esteem by the popular phrase that she did not 'think small beer of herself.' Equally in its faults and its merits, the
language of high life has always tended to simplicity and the vernacular ideal, recoiling from every mode of bookishness. And in this, as in so many other instances, it is singular to note the close resemblance between polished England and polished Rome. Augustus Cæsar was so little able to enter into any artificial forms of tortuous obscurities of ambitious rhetoric, that he could not so much as understand them. Even the old antique forms of language, where it happened that they had become obsolete, were to him disgusting. And probably the main bond of connection between himself and Horace was their common and excessive hatred of obscurity; from which quality, indeed, the very intellectual defects of both, equally with their good taste, alienated them to intensity.

The pure racy idiom of colloquial or household English, we have insisted, must be looked for in the circles of well-educated women not too closely connected with books. It is certain that books, in any language, will tend to encourage a diction too remote from the style of spoken idiom; whilst the greater solemnity, and the more ceremonial costume of regular literature must often demand such a non-idiomatic diction, upon mere principles of good taste. But why is it that in our day literature has taken so determinate a swing towards this professional language of books, as to justify some fears that the other extreme of the free colloquial idiom will perish as a living dialect? The apparent cause lies in a phenomenon of modern life, which, on other accounts also, is entitled to anxious consideration. It is in newspapers that we must look for the main reading of this generation
and in newspapers, therefore, we must seek for the causes operating upon the style of the age. Seventy years ago this tendency in political journals to usurp upon the practice of books, and to mould the style of writers, was noticed by a most acute observer, himself one of the most brilliant writers in the class of satiric sketches and personal historians that any nation has produced. Already, before 1770, the late Lord Oxford was in the habit of saying to any man who consulted him on the cultivation of style—‘Style is it that you want? Oh, go and look into the newspapers for a style.’ This was said half contemptuously and half seriously. But the evil has now become overwhelming. One single number of a London morning paper, which in half a century has expanded from the size of a dinner napkin to that of a breakfast tablecloth, from that to a carpet, and will soon be forced, by the expansions of public business, into something resembling the mainsail of a frigate, already is equal in printed matter to a very large octavo volume. Every old woman in the nation now reads daily a vast miscellany in one volume royal octavo. The evil of this, as regards the quality of knowledge communicated, admits of no remedy. Public business, in its whole unwieldy compass, must always form the subject of these daily chronicles. Nor is there much room to expect any change in the style. The evil effect of this upon the style of the age may be reduced to two forms. Formerly the natural impulse of every man was, spontaneously to use the language of life; the language of books was a secondary attainment not made without effort. Now, on the contrary, the daily composers of newspapers
have so long dealt in the professional idiom of books, as to have brought it home to every reader in the nation who does not violently resist it by some domestic advantages. Time was, within our own remembrance, that if you should have heard, in passing along the street, from any old apple-woman such a phrase as ‘I will avail myself of your kindness,’ forthwith you would have shied like a skittish horse—you would have run away in as much terror as any old Roman upon those occasions when *Bos loquobatur*. At present you swallow such marvels as matters of course. The whole artificial dialect of books has come into play as the dialect of ordinary life. This is one form of the evil impressed upon our style by journalism; a dire monotony of bookish idiom has encrusted and stiffened all native freedom of expression, like some scaly leprosy or elephantiasis, barking and hide-binding the fine natural pulses of the elastic flesh. Another and almost a worse evil has established itself in the prevailing structure of sentences. Every man who has had any experience in writing, knows how natural it is for hurry and fulness of matter to discharge itself by vast sentences, involving clause within clause *ad infinitum*—how difficult it is, and how much a work of time, to break up this huge fasciculus of cycle and epicycle into a graceful succession of sentences, long intermingled with short, each modifying the other, and arising musically by links of spontaneous connection. Now the plethoric form of period, this monster model of sentence, bloated with decomplex intercalations, and exactly repeating the form of syntax which distinguishes an act of Parliament, is the prevailing mode.
n newspaper eloquence. Crude undigested masses of suggestion, furnishing rather raw materials for composition and jotting for the memory, than any formal developments of the ideas, describe the quality of writing which must prevail in journalism: not from defect of talents, which are at this day of that superior class which may be presumed from the superior importance of the function itself; but from the necessities of hurry and of instant compliance with an instant emergency, granting no possibility for revision, or opening for amended thought, which are evils attached to the flying velocities of public business.

As to structure of sentence, and the periodic involution, that scarcely admits of being exemplified in the conversation of those who do not write. But the choice of phraseology is naturally and easily echoed in the colloquial forms of those who surrender themselves to such an influence. To mark in what degree this contagion of bookishness has spread, and how deeply it has moulded the habits of expression in classes naturally the least likely to have been reached by a revolution so artificial in its character, we will report a single record from the memorials of our own experience. Some eight years ago, we had occasion to look for lodgings in a newly-built suburb of London. The mistress of the house, (with respect to whom we have nothing to report more than that she was in the worst sense a vulgar woman, that is, not merely a low-bred person — so much might have been expected from her occupation — but morally vulgar by the evidence of her own complex precautions against fraud, reasonable enough in so dangerous a capital, but not calling for the very ostentatious display of them which
she obtruded upon us,) was in regular training, it appeared, as a student of newspapers. She had no children: the newspapers were her children. There lay her studies; that branch of learning constituted her occupation, from morning to night: and the following were amongst the words which she — this semibarbarian — poured from her cornucopia during the very few minutes of our interview; which interview was brought to an abrupt issue by mere nervous agitation upon our part. The words, as noted down within an hour of the occasion, and after allowing a fair time for our recovery, were these: — first, 'Category;' secondly, 'predicament;' (where, by the way, from the twofold iteration of the idea — Greek and Roman — it appears that the old lady was 'twice armed;') — thirdly, 'individuality;' fourthly, 'procrastination;' fifthly, 'speaking diplomatically, would not wish to commit herself;' sixthly, 'would spontaneously adapt the several modes of domestication to the reciprocal interests,' &c.; and finally, (which word it was that settled us; we heard it as we reached the topmost stair on the second floor; and, without further struggle against our instincts, round we wheeled, rushed down forty-five stairs, and exploded from the house with a fury causing us to impinge against an obese or protuberant gentleman and calling for mutual explanations; a result which nothing could account for, but a steel bow, or mustachios on the lip of an elderly woman; meantime the fatal word was,) seventhly, 'anteriorly.' Concerning which word we solemnly depose and make affidavit, that neither from man, woman, nor book, had we ever heard it before this unique rencontre with this abominable woman on the staircase. The occasion which
'urnished the excuse for such a word was this: From the staircase window we saw a large shed in the rear of the house: apprehending some nuisance of 'manufacturing industry' in our neighborhood, — 'What's that?' we demanded. Mark the answer: 'A shed; and anteriorly to the existing shed there was —'; what there was, posterity must consent to have wrapt up in darkness, for there came on our nervous seizure, which intercepted further communication. But observe, as a point which took away any gleam of consolation from the case, the total absence of all malaprop picturesqueness, that might have defeated its deadly action upon the nervous system. No: it is due to the integrity of her disease, and to the completeness of our suffering, that we should attest the unimpeachable correctness of her words and of the syntax by which she connected them.

Now, if we could suppose the case that the old household idiom of the land were generally so extinguished amongst us as it was in this particular instance — if we could imagine, as a universal result of journalism, that a coarse unlettered woman, having occasion to say, 'this or that stood in such a place before the present shed,' should take as a natural or current formula, 'anteriorly to the existing shed there stood,' &c. — what would be the final effect upon our literature? Pedantry, though it were unconscious pedantry, once steadily diffused through a nation as to the very moulds of its thinking, and the general tendencies of its expression, could not but stiffen the natural graces of composition, and weave fetters about the free movement of human thought. This would interfere as effectually with our power of enjoying much that is
excellent in our past literature, as it would with our future powers of producing. And such an agency has been too long at work amongst us, not to have already accomplished some part of these separate evils. Amongst women of education, as we have argued above, standing aloof from literature, and less uniformly drawing their intellectual sustenance from newspapers, the deadening effects have been partially counteracted. Here and there, amongst individuals, alive to the particular evils of the age, and watching the very set of the current, there may have been even a more systematic counteraction applied to the mischief. But the great evil in such cases is this—that we cannot see the extent of the changes wrought or being wrought, from having ourselves partaken in them. Tempora mutantur; and naturally, if we could review them with the neutral eye of a stranger, it would be impossible for us not to see the extent of those changes. But our eye is not neutral: we also have partaken in the changes; et nos mutamur in illis. And this fact disturbs the power of appreciating those changes. Every one of us would have felt, sixty years ago, that the general tone and coloring of a style was stiff, bookish, pedantic, which, from the habituation of our organs, we now feel to be natural and within the privilege of learned art. Direct objective qualities it is always by comparison easy to measure; but the difficulty commences when we have to combine with this outer measurement of the object another corresponding measurement of the subjective or inner qualities by which we apply the measure; that is, when besides the objects projected to a distance from the spectator we have to allow for variations or disturbances in the
very eye which surveys them. The eye cannot see itself; we cannot project from ourselves, and contemplate as an object our own contemplating faculty, or appreciate our own appreciating power. Biases, therefore, or gradual warpings, that have occurred in our critical faculty as applied to style, we cannot allow for; and these biases will unconsciously mask, to our perceptions, an amount of change in the quality of popular style such as we could not easily credit.

Separately from this change for the worse in the drooping idiomatic freshness of our diction, which is a change that has been going on for a century, the other characteristic defect of this age lies in the tumid and tumultuary structure of our sentences. The one change has partly grown out of the other. Ever since a more bookish air was impressed upon composition without much effort by the Latinized and artificial phraseology, by forms of expression consecrated to books, and by 'long-tailed words in osity and ation,' either because writers felt that already, in this one act of preference shown to the artificial vocabulary, they had done enough to establish a deferential character of regular composition, and on that consideration thought themselves entitled to neglect the combination of their words into sentences and periods; or because there is a real natural sympathy between the Latin phraseology and a Latin structure of sentence; certain it is and remarkable, that our popular style, in the common limited sense of arrangement applied to words, or the syntaxes of sentences, has labored with two faults that might have been thought incompatible: it has been artificial, by artifices peculiarly adapted to the powers of the Latin language, and yet at the very same time
careless and disordinate. There is a strong idea expressed by the Latin word *inconditus, disorganized,* or rather *unorganized.* Now, in spite of its artificial bias, that is the very epithet which will best characterize our newspaper style. To be viewed as susceptible of organization, such periods must already be elaborate and artificial; to be viewed as not having received it, such periods must be careless.

But perhaps the very best illustration of all this will be found in putting the case of English style into close juxtaposition with the style of the French and Germans—our only very important neighbors. As leaders of civilization, as *powers* in an intellectual sense, there are but three nations in Europe—England, Germany, France. As to Spain, and Italy, outlying extremities, they are not moving bodies; they rest upon the past. Russia and North America are the two bulwarks of Christendom—east and west. But the three powers *at the centre* are in all senses the motive forces of civilization. In all things they have the initiation; and they preside.

By this comparison we shall have the advantage of doing what the French express by *s'orienter*—the Germans by *sich orientiren.* Learning one of our bearings on the compass, we shall be able to deduce the rest; and we shall be able to conjecture our valuation as respects the art, by finding our place amongst the artists.

With respect to French style, we can imagine the astonishment of an English author, practised in composition, and with no previous knowledge of French literature, who should first find himself ranging freely amongst a French library. That particular fault of
style which in English books is all but universal, absolutely has not an existence in the French. Speaking rigorously and to the very letter of the case, we, upon a large experience in French literature, affirm, that it would be nearly impossible (perhaps strictly so) to cite an instance of that cumbrous and unwieldy style which disfigures English composition so extensively. Enough could not be adduced to satisfy the purpose of illustration. And to make a Frenchman sensible of the fault as a possibility, you must appeal to some translated model.

But why? The cause of this national immunity from a fault so common everywhere else, and so natural, when we look into the producing occasions, is as much entitled to our notice as the immunity itself. The fault is inevitable, as one might fancy, to two conditions of mind — hurry in the first place, want of art in the second. The French must be liable to these disadvantages as much as their neighbors: by what magic is it that they evade them or neutralize them in the result? The secret lies here; beyond all nations, by constitutional vivacity, the French are a nation of talkers; and the model of their sentences is moulded by that fact. Conversation, which is a luxury for other nations, is for them a necessity; by the very law of their peculiar intellect and of its social training, they are colloquial. Hence it happens, that there are no such people endured or ever heard of in France as alloquial wits; people who talk to but not with a circle; the very finest of their beaux esprits must submit to the equities of conversation, and would be crushed summarily as monsters, if they were to seek a selfish mode of
display, or a privilege of lecturing any audience of a salon who had met for purposes of social pleasure. 'De monologue,' as Madame de Staël, in her broken English, described this mode of display when speaking of Coleridge, is so far from being tolerated in France as an accomplishment, that it is not even understood as a disease. This kind of what may be called irresponsible talk, when a man runs on perpetuo tenore, not accountable for any opinion to his auditors, open to no contradiction, has sometimes procured for a man in England the affix of River to his name: Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis œrum. But that has been in cases where the talking impulse was sustained by mere vivacity of animal spirits, without knowledge to support it, and liable to the full weight of Archbishop Huet's sarcasm—that it was a diarrhoea of garrulity, a fluxe de bouche. But in cases like that of Coleridge, where the solitary display, if selfish, is still dignified by a pomp of knowledge, and a knowledge which you feel to have been fused and combined by the genial circumstances of the speaker's position in the centre of an admiring circle,—we English do still recognize the métier of a professional talker as a privileged mode of social display. People are asked to come and hear such a performer, as you form a select party to hear Thalberg or Paganini. The thing is understood at least with us; right or wrong, there is an understanding amongst the company that you are not to interrupt the great man of the night. You may prompt him by a question; you may set him in motion; but to begin arguing against him would be felt as not less unseasonable, than to insist on whistling Jim Crow during the bravuras and tours de force of the great musical artists.
In France, therefore, from the intense adaptation of the national mind to real colloquial intercourse, for which reciprocation is indispensable, the form of sentence in use is adjusted to that primary condition; brief, terse, simple; shaped to avoid misunderstanding, and to meet the impatience of those who are waiting for their turn. People who write rapidly everywhere write as they talk: it is impossible to do otherwise. Taking a pen into his hand, a man frames his periods exactly as he would do if addressing an audience. So far the Englishman and the Frenchman are upon the same level. Suppose them, therefore, both preparing to speak: an Englishman in such a situation has no urgent motive for turning his thoughts to any other object than the prevailing one of the moment—viz. how best to convey his meaning. That object weighs also with the Frenchman; but he has a previous, a paramount, object to watch—the necessity of avoiding des longueurs. The rights, the equities of conversation are but dimly present to the mind of the Englishman. From the mind of a Frenchman they are never absent. To an Englishman, the right of occupying the attention of the company seems to inhere in things rather than in person: if the particular subject under discussion should happen to be a grave one, then, in right of that, and not by any right of his own, a speaker will seem to an Englishman invested with the privilege of drawing largely upon the attention of a company. But to a Frenchman this right of participation in the talk is a personal right, which cannot be set aside by any possible claims in the subject: it passes by necessity to and fro, backwards and forwards, between the
several persons who are present; and, as in the games of battledore and shuttlecock, or of 'hunt the slipper,' the momentary subject of interest never can settle or linger for any length of time in any one individual, without violating the rules of the sport, or suspending its movement. Inevitably, therefore, the structure of sentence must forever be adapted to this primary function of the French national intellect—the function of communicativeness, and to the necessities (for to the French they are necessities) of social intercourse.

Hence it is that in French authors, whatever may otherwise be the differences of their minds, or the differences of their themes, uniformly we find the periods short, rapid, unelaborate—Pascal or Helvetius, Condillac or Rousseau, Montesquieu or Voltaire, Buffon or Duclos,—all alike are terse, perspicuous, brief. Even Mirabeau or Chateaubriand, so much modified by foreign intercourse, in this point adhere to their national models. Even Bossuet or Bourdaloue, where the diffusiveness and amplitude of oratory might have been pleaded as a dispensation, are not more licentious in this respect than their compatriots. One rise in every sentence, one gentle descent,—that is the law for French composition; even too monotonously so—and thus it happens that such a thing as a long or an involved sentence could not be produced from French literature, though a sultan were to offer his daughter in marriage to the man who should find it. Whereas now, amongst us English, not only is the too general tendency of our sentences towards hyperbolical length, but it will be found continually that instead of one rise and one corresponding fall—
one *arsis* and one *thesis* — there are many. Flux and reflux, swell and cadence, that is the movement for a sentence; but our modern sentences agitate us by rolling fires, after the fashion of those internal earthquakes that, not content with one throe, run along spasmodically like boys playing at what is called 'drake-stone.'

It is not often that a single fault can produce any vast amount of evil. But there are cases where it does; and this is one; the effect of weariness and of repulsion, which may arise from this single vice of unwieldy comprehensiveness in the structure of sentences, cannot better be illustrated than by a frank exposure of what often happens to ourselves, and (as we differ as to this case only by consciously noticing what all feel) must often happen to others. In the evening, when it is natural that we should feel a craving for rest, some book lies near us which is written in a style, clear, tranquil, easy to follow. Just at that moment comes in the wet newspaper, dripping with the dewy freshness of its news; and even in its parliamentary memorials promising so much interest, that, let them be treated in what manner they may merely for the subjects, they are often commandingly attractive. The attraction indeed is but too potent, the interest but too exciting. Yet, after all, many times we lay aside the journal, and we acquiesce in the gentler stimulation of the book. Simply the news we may read; but the discussions, whether direct from the editor, or reported from the Parliament, we refuse or we delay. And why? It is the subject, perhaps you think, it is the great political question — too agitating by the consequences it may happen to involve.
No. All this, if treated in a winning style, we could bear. It is the effort, the toil, the exertion of mind requisite to follow the discussion through endless and labyrinthine sentences — this it is which compels us to forego the journal, or to lay it aside until the next morning.

Those who are not accustomed to watch the effects of composition upon the feelings, or have had little experience in voluminous reading pursued for weeks, would scarcely imagine how much of downright physical exhaustion is produced by what is technically called the periodic style of writing: it is not the length, the \(\alpha\nu\rho\varepsilon\alpha\nu\tau\omicron\alpha\lambda\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\alpha\), the paralytic flux of words: it is not even the cumbrous involution of parts within parts, separately considered, that bears so heavily upon the attention. It is the suspense, the holding-on, of the mind until what is called the \(\alpha\nu\varepsilon\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\OMICRON---this it is which wears out the faculty of attention. A sentence, for example, begins with a series of if\(s\); perhaps a dozen lines are occupied with expanding the conditions under which something is affirmed or denied: here you cannot dismiss and have done with the ideas as you go along; all is hypothetic; all is suspended in air. The conditions are not fully to be understood until you are acquainted with the dependency; you must give a separate attention to each clause of this complex hypothesis, and yet having done that by a painful effort, you have done nothing at all; for you must exercise a reacting attention through the corresponding latter section, in order to follow out its relations to all parts of the hypothesis which sustained it. In fact, under the rude yet also artificial character of newspaper
style, each separate monster period is a vast arch, which, not receiving its keystone, not being locked into self-supporting cohesion, until you nearly reach its close, imposes of necessity upon the unhappy reader all the onus of its ponderous weight through the main process of its construction. The continued repetition of so Atlantean an effort soon overwhelms the patience of any reader, and establishes at length that habitual feeling which causes him to shrink from the speculations of journalists, or (which is more likely) to adopt a worse habit than absolute neglect, which we shall notice immediately.

Meantime, as we have compared ourselves on this important point with the French, let us now complete our promise, by noticing our relation in the same point to the Germans. Even on its own account, and without any view to our present purpose, the character of German prose is an object of legitimate astonishment. Whatever is bad in our own ideal of prose style, whatever is repulsive in our own practice, we see there carried to the most outrageous excess. Herod is out-heroded, Sternhold is out-sternholded, with a zealotry of extravagance that really seems like willful burlesque. Lessing, Herder, Paul Richter, and Lichtenberg, with some few beside, either prompted by nature or trained upon foreign models, have avoided the besetting sin of German prose. Any man of distinguished talent, whose attention has been once called steadily to this subject, cannot fail to avoid it. The misfortune of most writers has been, that once occupied with the interest of things, and overwhelmed by the embarrassments of disputed doctrines, they never advert to any question affecting what they view, by comparison, as
a trifle. The *iū docendum*, the thing to be taught, has availed to obscure or even to annihilate for their eyes every anxiety as to the mode of teaching. And, as one conspicuous example of careless style acts by its authority to create many more, we need not wonder at the results, even when they reach a point of what may be called monstrous. Among ten thousand offenders, who carry their neglect of style even to that point, we would single out Immanuel Kant. Such is the value of his philosophy in some sections, and partially it is so very capable of a lucid treatment, intelligible to the plainest man of reflective habits, that within no long interval we shall certainly see him naturalized amongst ourselves; there are particular applications of his philosophy not contemplated by himself, for which we venture to predict that the Christian student will ultimately be thankful, when the elementary principles have been brought under a clear light of interpretation. Attention will then be forced upon his style, and facts will come forward not credible without experimental proof. For instance, we have lying before us at this moment his *Critik der Practischen Vernunft* in the unpirated edition of Hartnoch — the respectable publisher of all Kant's great works. The text is therefore authentic: and being a 4th edition, (Riga, 1797,) must be presumed to have benefited by the author's careful revision: we have no time for search, but on barely throwing open the book, we see a sentence at pp. 70, 71, exactly covering one whole octavo page of thirty-one lines, each line averaging forty-five to forty-eight letters. Sentences of the same calibre, some even of far larger bore, we have observed in this and other works of the same author
And it is not the fact taken as an occasional possibility, it is the prevailing character of his style, that we insist on as the most formidable barrier to the study of his writings, and to the progress of what will soon be acknowledged as important in his principles. A sentence is viewed by him, and by most of his countrymen, as a rude mould or elastic form admitting of expansion to any possible extent: it is laid down as a rude outline, and then by superstruction and épi-
superstruction it is gradually reared to a giddy altitude which no eye can follow. Yielding to his natural impulse of subjoining all additions, or exceptions, or modifications — not in the shape of separate consecutive sentences, but as intercalations and stuffings of one original sentence, Kant might naturally enough have written a book from beginning to end in one vast hyperbolical sentence. We sometimes see an English Act of Parliament which does literally accomplish that end, by an artifice which in law has a purpose and a use. Instead of laying down a general proposition, which is partially false until it has received its proper restraints, the framer of the act endeavors to evade even this momentary falsehood by coupling the re-
straints with the very primary enunciation of the truth: e. g. A. shall be entitled, provided always that he is under the circumstances of e, or i, or o, to the right of X. Thus, even a momentary compliance with the false notion of an absolute unconditional claim to X is evaded; a truth which is only a conditional truth, is stated as such from the first. There is, therefore, a theoretic use. But what is the practical result? Why, that when you attempt to read an Act of Parliament where the exceptions, the secondary exceptions to the
exceptions, the limitations and the sublimitations, descend *seriatim*, by a vast scale of dependencies, the mind finds itself overtasked: the energy of the most energetic begins to droop; and so inevitable is that result, that Mr. Pitt, a minister unusually accomplished for such process by constitution of mind and by practice, publicly avowed his inability to follow so trying a conflict with technical embarrassments. He declared himself to be lost in the labyrinth of clauses: the Ariadne's clue was wanting for his final extrication: and he described his situation at the end with the simplicity natural to one who was no charlatan, and sought for no reputation by the tricks of a funambulist: 'In the crowd of things excepted and counter-excepted, he really ceased to understand the main point — what it was that the law allowed, and what it was that it disallowed.'

We might have made our readers merry with the picture of German prose; but we must not linger. It is enough to say, that it offers the counterpole to the French style. Our own popular style, and (what is worse) the tendency of our own, is to the German extreme. For those who read German there is this advantage — that German prose, as written by the mob of authors, presents, as in a Brobdignagian mirror, the most offensive faults of our own.

But these faults — are they in practice so wearisome and exhausting as we have described them? Possibly not; and, where that happens to be the case, let the reader ask himself if it is not by means of an evasion worse in its effects than any fault of style could ever prove in its most exaggerated form. Shrinking, through long experience, from the plethoric form of cumulation
and 'periodic' writing in which the journalist supports or explains his views, every man who puts a business value upon his time, slips naturally into a trick of short-hand reading. It is more even by the effort and tension of mind required, than by the mere loss of time, that most readers are repelled from the habit of careful reading. An evil of modern growth is met by a modern remedy. Every man gradually learns an art of catching at the leading words, and the cardinal or hinge-joints of transition, which proclaim the general course of a writer's speculation. Now it is very true, and is sure to be objected — that, where so much is certain to prove mere iteration and teasing tautology, little can be lost by this or any other process of abridgment. Certainly, as regards the particular subject concerned, there may be no room to apprehend a serious injury. Not there, not in any direct interest, but in a far larger interest — indirect for the moment, but the most direct and absolute of all interests for an intellectual being, the reader suffers a permanent debilitation. He acquires a factitious propensity, he forms an incorrigible habit of desultory reading. Now, to say of a man's knowledge, that it will be shallow or (which is worse than shallow) will be erroneous and insecure in its foundations, is to say little of such a habit: it is by reaction upon a man's faculties, it is by the effects reflected upon his judging and reasoning powers, that loose habits of reading tell eventually. And these are durable effects. Even as respects the minor purpose of information, better it is, by a thousand-fold, to have read threescore of books (chosen judiciously) with severe attention, than to have raced through the library of the Vatican at a newspaper pace.
But, as respects the final habits acquired, habits of thinking coherently, and of judging soundly — better that a man should have not read one line throughout his life, than have travelled through the journals of Europe by this random process of 'reading short.'

Yet, by this Parthian habit of aiming at full gallop — of taking flying shots at conspicuous marks, and, like Parthians also, directing their chance arrows whilst retreating, and revolting with horror from a direct approach to the object, — thus it is, that the young and the flexible are trained amongst us under the increasing tyranny of journalism. A large part of the evil, therefore, belongs to style; for 't is this which repels readers, and enforces the short-hand process of desultory reading. A large part of the evil, therefore, is of a nature to receive a remedy.

It is with a view to that practical part of the extensive evil, that we have shaped our present notice of popular style, as made operative amongst ourselves. One single vice of periodic syntax, a vice unknown to the literature of Greece, and, until Paterculus, even of Rome, (although the language of Rome was so naturally adapted to that vice,) has with us counterbalanced all possible vices of any other order. Simply by the vast sphere of its agency for evil, in the habits of mind which it produces and supports, such a vice merits a consideration which would else be disproportionate. Yet, at the same time, it must not be forgotten, that if the most operative of all vices, after all it is but one. What are the others?

It is a fault, amongst many faults, of such works as we have on this subject of style — that they collect the list of qualities, good or bad, to which composition is
liable, not under any principle from which they might be deduced á priori, so as to be assured that all had been enumerated, but by a tentative groping, a mere conjectural estimate. The word style has with us a twofold meaning; one sense, the narrow one, expressing the mere synthesis onomatōn, the syntax or combination of words into sentences; the other of far wider extent, and expressing all possible relations that can arise between thoughts and words—the total effect of a writer, as derived from manner. Style may be viewed as an organic thing and as a mechanic thing. By organic, we mean that which, being acted upon, reacts—and which propagates the communicated power without loss. By mechanic, that which, being impressed with motion, cannot throw it back without loss, and therefore soon comes to an end. The human body is an elaborate system of organs; it is sustained by organs. But the human body is exercised as a machine, and, as such, may be viewed in the arts of riding, dancing, leaping, &c., subject to the laws of motion and equilibrium. Now, the use of words is an organic thing, in so far as language is connected with thoughts, and modified by thoughts. It is a mechanic thing, in so far as words in combination determine or modify each other. The science of style, as an organ of thought, of style in relation to the ideas and feelings, might be called the organology of style. The science of style, considered as a machine, in which words act upon words, and through a particular grammar, might be called the mechanology of style. It is of little importance by what name these two functions of composition are expressed. But it is of great importance not to confound the functions; that function
by which style maintains a commerce with thought, and that by which it chiefly communicates with grammar and with words. A pedant only will insist upon the names—but the distinction in the ideas, under some name, can be neglected only by the man who is careless of logic.

We know not how far we may be ever called upon to proceed with this discussion: if it should happen that we were, an interesting field of questions would lie before us for the first part, (the organology.) It would lead us over the ground trodden by the Greek and Roman rhetoricians; and over those particular questions which have arisen by the contrast between the circumstances of the ancients and our own since the origin of printing. Punctuation,\textsuperscript{35} trivial as such an innovation may seem, was the product of typography; and it is interesting to trace the effects upon style even of that one slight addition to the resources of logic. Previously, a man was driven to depend for his security against misunderstanding upon the pure virtue of his syntax. Miscollocation or dislocation of related words disturbed the whole sense: its least effect was to give no sense; often it gave a dangerous sense. Now, punctuation was an artificial machinery for maintaining the integrity of the sense against all mistakes of the writer; and, as one consequence, it withdrew the energy of men's anxieties from the natural machinery, which lay in just and careful arrangement. Another and still greater machinery of art for the purpose of maintaining the sense, and with the effect of relaxing the care of the writer, lay in the exquisitely artificial structure of the Latin language, which, by means of its terminal
forms, indicated the arrangement, and referred the proper predicate to the proper subject, spite of all that affectation or negligence could do to disturb the series of the logic or the succession of the syntax. Greek, of course, had the same advantage in kind, but not in degree; and thence rose some differences which have escaped all notice of rhetoricians. Here also would properly arise the question started by Charles Fox, (but probably due originally to the conversation of some far subtler friend, such as Edmund Burke,) how far the practice of foot-notes — a practice purely modern in its form — is reconcilable with the laws of just composition; and whether in virtue, though not in form, such foot-notes did not exist for the ancients, by an evasion we could point out. The question is clearly one which grows out of style in its relations to thought — how far, viz., such an excrescence as a note argues that the sentence to which it is attached has not received the benefit of a full development for the conception involved; whether if thrown into the furnace again and re-melted, it might not be so recast as to absorb the redundancy which had previously flowed over into a note. Under this head would fall not only all the differential questions of style and composition between us and the ancients, but also the questions of merit as fairly distributed amongst the moderns compared with each other. The French, as we recently insisted, undoubtedly possess one vast advantage over all other nations in the good taste which governs the arrangement of their sentences; in the simplicity (a strange pretension to make for anything French) of the modulation under which their thoughts flow; in the absence of all
cumbersome involution, and in the quick succession of their periods. In reality this invaluable merit tends to an excess; and the style coupé as opposed to the style soutenu, flippancy opposed to gravity, the sub-sultory to the continuous, these are the two frequent extremities to which the French manner betrays men. Better, however, to be flippant, than, by a revolting form of tumor and perplexity, to lead men into habits of intellect such as result from the modern vice of English style. Still, with all its practical value, it is evident that the intellectual merits of the French style are but small. They are chiefly negative, in the first place; and, secondly, founded in the accident of their colloquial necessities. The law of conversation has prescribed the model of their sentences; and in that law there is quite as much of self-interest at work as of respect for equity. Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim. Give and take is the rule, and he who expects to be heard must condescend to listen; which necessity, for both parties, binds over both to be brief. Brevity so won could at any rate have little merit; and it is certain that, for profound thinking, it must sometimes be a hinderance. In order to be brief, a man must take a short sweep of view: his range of thought cannot be extensive; and such a rule, applied to a general method of thinking, is fitted rather to aphorisms and maxims as upon a known subject, than to any process of investigation as upon a subject yet to be fathomed. Advancing still further into the examination of style as the organ of thinking, we should find occasion to see the prodigious defects of the French in all the higher qualities of prose composition. One advantage, for a practical purpose
of life. is sadly counterbalanced by numerous faults, many of which are faults of stamina, lying not in any corrigible defects, but in such as imply penury of thinking, from radical inaptitude in the thinking faculty to connect itself with the feeling, and with the creative faculty of the imagination. There are many other researches belonging to this subtlest of subjects, affecting both the logic and the ornaments of style, which would fall under the head of organology. But for instant practical use, though far less difficult for investigation, yet, for that reason, far more tangible and appreciable, would be all the suggestions proper to the other head of mechanology. Half a dozen rules for evading the most frequently recurring forms of awkwardness, of obscurity, of misproportion, and of double meaning, would do more to assist a writer in practice, laid under some necessity of hurry, than volumes of general disquisition. It makes us blush to add, that even grammar is so little of a perfect attainment amongst us, that with two or three exceptions, (one being Shakspeare, whom some affect to consider as belonging to a semi-barbarous age,) we have never seen the writer, through a circuit of prodigious reading, who has not sometimes violated the accidence or the syntax of English grammar.

Whatever becomes of our own possible speculations, we shall conclude with insisting on the growing necessity of style as a practical interest of daily life. Upon subjects of public concern, and in proportion to that concern, there will always be a suitable (and as letters extend, a growing) competition. Other things being equal, or appearing to be equal, the determining principle for the public choice will lie in the style.
Of a German book, otherwise entitled to respect, it was said — er lässt sich nicht lesen, it does not permit itself to be read: such and so repulsive was the style. Among ourselves, this has long been true of newspapers: they do not suffer themselves to be read in extenso, and they are read short — with what injury to the mind may be guessed. The same style of reading, once largely practised, is applied universally. To this special evil an improvement of style would apply a special redress. The same improvement is otherwise clamorously called for by each man's interest of competition. Public luxury, which is gradually consulted by everything else, must at length be consulted in style.

PART II.

It is a natural resource, that whatsoever we find it difficult to investigate as a result, we endeavor to follow as a growth; failing analytically to probe its nature, historically we seek relief to our perplexities by tracing its origin. Not able to assign the elements of its theory, we endeavor to detect them in the stages of its development. Thus, for instance, when any feudal institution (be it Gothic, Norman, or Anglo-Saxon) eludes our deciphering faculty, from the imperfect records of its use and operation, then we endeavor conjecturally to amend our knowledge, by watching the circumstances in which that institution arose; and from the necessities of the age, as indicated by facts which have survived, we are sometimes able to trace, through all their corresponding stages of
growth, the natural succession of arrangements which such necessities would be likely to prescribe.

This mode of oblique research, where a more direct one is denied, we find to be the only one in our power. And, with respect to the liberal arts, it is even more true than with respect to laws or institutions; because remote ages, widely separated, differ much more in their pleasures than they can ever do in their social necessities. To make property safe and life sacred—that is everywhere a primary purpose of law. But the intellectual amusements of men are so different, that the very purposes and elementary functions of these amusements are different. They point to different ends as well as different means. The drama, for instance, in Greece, connects itself with religion; in other ages, religion is the power most in resistance to the drama. Hence, and because the elder and ruder ages are most favorable to a ceremonial and mythological religion, we find the tragedy of Greece defunct before the literary age arose. Aristotle’s era may be taken as the earliest era of refinement and literary development. But Aristotle wrote his Essay on the Greek Tragedy just a century after the chefs d’œuvre of that tragedy had been published.

If, therefore, it is sometimes requisite for the proper explanation even of a law or legal usage, that we should go to its history, not looking for a sufficient key to its meaning in the mere analogies of our own social necessities, much more will that be requisite in explaining an art or a mode of intellectual pleasure. Why it was that the ancients had no landscape painting, is a question deep almost as the mystery of life, and harder of solution than all the problems of jurispru-
dence combined. What causes moulded the tragedy of the ancients could hardly be guessed, if we did not happen to know its history and mythologic origin. And with respect to what is called *Style*, not so much as a sketch — as an outline — as a hint could be furnished towards the earliest speculations upon this subject, if we should overlook the historical facts connected with its earliest development.

What was it that first produced into this world that celebrated thing called *Prose*? It was the bar, it was the hustings, it was the *Bema* (βημα). What Gibbon and most historians of the Mussulmans have rather absurdly called the pulpit of the Caliphs, should rather be called the rostrum, the Roman military *suggestus*, or Athenian *bema*. The fierce and generally illiterate Mahometan harangued his troops; preach he could not; he had no subject for preaching. Now this function of man, in almost all states of society, the function of public haranguing was for the Pagan man, who had no printing-press, more of a mere necessity, through every mode of public life, than it is for the modern man of Christian light: for as to the modern man of Mahometan twilight, his perfect bigotry denies him this characteristic resource of Christian energies. Just four centuries have we of the Cross propagated our light by this memorable invention; just four centuries have the slaves of the Crescent clung to their darkness by rejecting it. Christianity signs her name; Islamism makes her mark. And the great doctors of the Mussulmans, take their stand precisely where Jack Cade took *his* a few years after printing had been discovered. Jack and they both make it felony to be found with a spelling-book, and sorcery to deal with syntax.
Yet with these differences, all of us alike, Pagan, Mussulman, Christian, have practised the arts of public speaking as the most indispensable resource of public administration and of private intrigue. Whether the purpose were to pursue the interests of legislation, or to conduct the business of jurisprudence, or to bring the merits of great citizens pathetically before their countrymen; or (if the state were democratic enough) oftentimes to explain the conduct of the executive government—oftentimes, also, to prosecute a scheme of personal ambition; whether the audience were a mob, a senate, a judicial tribunal, or an army; equally (though not in equal degrees) for the Pagan of twenty-five hundred years back, and for us moderns, the arts of public speaking, and consequently of prose as opposed to metrical composition, have been the capital engine—the one great intellectual machine—of civil life.

This, to some people, may seem a matter of course; 'would you have men speak in rhyme?' We answer, that when society comes into a state of refinement, the total uses of language are developed in common with other arts; but originally, and whilst man was in his primitive condition of simplicity, it must have seemed an unnatural, nay, an absurd, thing to speak in prose. For in those elder days, the sole justifying or exciting cases for a public harangue, would be cases connected with impassioned motives. Rare they would be, as they had need to be, where both the 'hon. gentleman' who moves, and his 'hon. friend' who seconds, are required to speak in Trimeter Iambic. Hence the necessity that the oracles should be delivered in verse. Who ever heard of a prose oracle? And hence, as
Grecian taste expanded, the disagreeable criticisms whispered about in Athens as to the coarse quality of the verses that proceeded from Delphi. It was like bad Latin from Oxford. Apollo himself, to turn out of his own temple, in the very age of Sophocles, such Birmingham hexameters as sometimes astonished Greece, was like our English court keeping a Stephen Duck, the thresher, for the national poet-laureate, at a time when Pope was fixing an era in the literature. Metre fell to a discount in such learned times. But, in itself, metre must always have been the earliest vehicle for public enunciations of truth among men, for these obvious reasons: — 1. That, if metre rises above the standard of ordinary household life, so must any truth of importance and singularity enough to challenge a public utterance. 2. That, because religious communications will always have taken a metrical form, by a natural association of feeling, whatsoever is invested with a privileged character will seek something of religious sanction, by assuming the same external shape; and 3. That expressions, or emphatic verbal forms, which are naturally courted for the sake of pointed effect, receive a justification from metre, as being already a departure from common usage to begin with, whereas, in plain prose, they would appear so many affectations. Metre is naturally and necessarily adopted in cases of impassioned themes, for the very obvious reason, that rhythmus is both a cause of impassioned feeling, an ally of such feeling, and a natural effect of it; but upon other subjects not impassioned, metre is also a subtle ally, because it serves to introduce, and to reconcile with our sense of propriety, various arts of condensation.
antithesis, and other rhetorical effects, which, without
the metre (as a key for harmonizing them) would strike
the feelings as unnatural, or as full of affectation.
Interrogations, for example, passionate ejaculations,
&c., seem no more than natural, when metre (acting
as a key) has attuned and prepared the mind for such
effects. The metre raises the tone of coloring, so as
to introduce richer tints, without shocking or harshly
jarring upon the presiding key, when without this
semi-conscious pitching of the expectations, the sensi-
bility would have been revolted. Hence, for the very
earliest stages of society, it will be mere nature that
prompts men to metre: it is a mode of inspiration—it
is a promise of something preternatural; and less than
preternatural cannot be any possible emergency that
should call for a public address. Only great truths
could require a man to come forward as a spokesman:
he is then a sort of interpreter between God and man,
his creature.

At first, therefore, it is mere nature which prompts
metre. Afterwards, as truth begins to enlarge itself—as
truth loses something of its sanctity by descending
amongst human details—that mode of exalting it, and
of courting attention, is dictated by artifice, which
originally was a mere necessity of nature raised above
herself. For these reasons, it is certain that men,
challenging high authentic character, will continue to
speak by metre for many generations after it has
cesscd to be a mere voice of habitual impulse. What-
soever claims an oracular authority, will take the or-
dinary external form of an oracle. And after it has
cesscd to be a badge of inspiration, metre will be re-
ained as a badge of professional distinction;—Py-
thagoras, for instance, within five centuries of Christ, Thales or Theognis, will adopt metre out of a secondary prudence; Orpheus and the elder Sibyl, out of an original necessity.

Those people are, therefore, mistaken who imagine that prose is either a natural or a possible form of composition in early states of society. It is such truth only as ascends from the earth, not such as descends from heaven, which can ever assume an unmetrical form. Now, in the earliest states of society, all truth that has any interest or importance for man will connect itself with heaven. If it does not originally come forward in that sacred character, if it does not borrow its importance from its sanctity; then, by an inverse order, it will borrow a sanctity from its importance. Even agricultural truth, even the homeliest truths of rural industry, brought into connection with religious inspiration, will be exalted (like the common culinary utensils in the great vision of the Jewish prophet) and transfigured into vessels of glorious consecration. All things in this early stage of social man are meant mysteriously, have allegoric values; and week-day man moves amongst glorified objects. So that if any doctrine, principle, or system of truth should call for communication at all, infallibly the communication will take the tone of a revelation; and the holiness of a revelation will express itself in the most impassioned form — perhaps with accompaniments of music, but certainly with metre.

Prose, therefore, strange as it may seem to say so, was something of a discovery. If not great invention, at least great courage would be required for the man who should first swim without the bladders of metre.
It is all very easy talking, when you and your ancestors, for fifty generations back, have talked prose. But that man must have had *triplex as* about his *praeordia*, who first dared to come forward with pure prose to a people who had never heard anything but metre. It was like the case of the first physician who dared to lay aside the ample wig and gold-headed cane. All the Jovian terrors of his professional being laid aside, he was thrown upon his mere natural resources of skill and good sense. Who was the first lion-hearted man that ventured to make sail in this frail boat of prose? We believe the man's name is reputed to have been Pherecydes. But as nothing is less worth remembering than the mere hollow shell of a name, where all the pulp and the kernel is gone, we shall presume Herodotus to have been the first respectable artist in prose. And, what was this worthy man's view of prose? From the way in which he connected his several books or 'fyttes' with the names of the muses, and from the romantic style of his narratives, as well as from his using a dialect which had certainly become a poetic dialect, in literary Greece, it is pretty clear that Herodotus stood, and meant to stand, on that isthmus between the regions of poetry and blank unimpassioned prose, which in modern literature is occupied by such works as *Mort d'Arthur*. In Thucydides, we see the first exhibition of stern philosophic prose. And, considering the very brief interval between the two writers, who stand related to each other, in point of time, pretty much as Dryden and Pope, it is quite impossible to look for the solution of their characteristic differences in the mere graduations of social development. Pericles, as a young man, would most certainly ask Hero-
dotus to dinner, if business or curiosity ever drew that amiable writer to Athens. As an elderly man, Pericles must often have seen Thucydides at his levees; although by that time the sacrifice of his 'social pleasure ill exchanged for power,' may have abridged his opportunity of giving 'feeds' to literary men. But will anybody believe that the mere advance of social refinement, within the narrow period of one man's public life, could bring about so marvellous a change, as that the friend of his youth should naturally write very much in the spirit of Sir John Mandeville, and the friend of his old age, like Machiavel or Gibbon? No, no; the difference between these two writers does not reflect the different aspects of literary Greece at two eras so slightly removed, too great to be measured by that scale; as though those of the picturesque Herodotus were a splendid semi-barbarous generation, those of the meditative Thucydides, speculative, political, experimental,—but we must look to subjective differences of taste and temperament in the men. The men, by nature, and by powerful determination of original sensibility, belong to different orders of intellect. Herodotus was the Froissart of antiquity. He was the man that should have lived to record the Crusades. Thucydides, on the other hand, was obviously the Tacitus of Greece, who (had he been privileged to benefit by some metempsychosis dropping him into congenial scenes of modern history) would have made his election for the wars of the French League, or for our Parliamentary war, or for the colossal conflicts which grew out of the French Revolution. The one was the son of nature, fascinated by the mighty powers of chance
or of tragic destiny, as they are seen in elder times moulding the form of empires, or training the currents of revolutions. The other was the son of political speculation, delighting to trace the darker agencies which brood in the mind of man—the subtle motives, the combinations, the plots which gather in the brain of 'dark viziers,' when entrusted with the fate of millions, and the nation-wielding tempests which move at the bidding of the orator.

But these subjective differences were not all; they led to objective differences, by determining each writer's mind to a separate object. Does any man fancy that these two writers imagined, each for himself, the same audience? Or again, that each represented his own audience as addressed from the same station? The earlier of the two, full of those qualities which fit a man for producing an effect as an artist, manifestly comes forward in a theatrical character, and addresses his audience from a theatrical station. Is it readers whom he courts? No, but auditors. Is it the literary body whom he addresses—a small body everywhere? No, but the public without limitation. Public! but what public? Not the public of Lacedæmon, drunk with the gloomy insolence of self-conceit—not the public of Athens, amiably vain, courteous, affable, refined: No, it is the public of universal Hellas, an august congress representing the total civilization of the earth: so that of any man not known at Olympia, prince, emperor, whatever he might call himself, if he were not present in person or by proxy, you might warrantably affirm that he was homo ignorabilis—a person of whose existence nobody was bound to take notice; a man to be ignored by a grand jury. This
representative champ de Mai, Herodotus addressed. And in what character did he address it? What character did he ascribe to the audience? What character did he assume to himself? Them he addressed sometimes in their general character of human beings; but still having a common interest in a central net-work of civilization, investing a certain ring-fence, beginning in Sicily and Carthage, whence it ran round through Lybia, Egypt, Syria, Persia, the Ionian belt or zone, and terminating in the majestic region of Men — the home of liberty — the Pharos of truth and intellectual power — the very region in which they were all at that moment assembled. There was such a collective body dimly recognized at times by the ancients, as corresponds to our modern Christendom, and having some unity of possible interest by comparison with the unknown regions of Scythias, Indias, and Ethiopias, lying in a far wider circle beyond; regions that, from their very obscurity, and from the utter darkness of their exterior relations, must at times have been looked to with eyes of anxiety — as permanently harboring that possible deluge of savage eruption which, about one hundred and fifty years after, did actually swallow up the Grecian colony of Bactria, (or Bokhara,) as founded by Alexander; swallowed it so suddenly and so effectually, that merely the blank fact of its tragical catastrophe has reached posterity. It was surprised probably in one night, like Pompeii by Vesuvius; or, like the planet itself by Noah's flood. Or more nearly its fate resembled those starry bodies which have been seen, traced, recorded, fixed in longitude and latitude for generations; and then suddenly are observed to be missing by some of our wandering telescopes that
keep watch and ward over the starry heavens. The agonies of a perishing world have been going on; but all is bright and silent in the heavenly host. Infinite space has swallowed up the infinite agonies. Perhaps the only record of Bactria was the sullen report of some courier from Susa, who would come back with his letters undelivered; simply reporting that on reaching such a ferry on some nameless river, or such an outpost upon a heath, he found it in possession of a fierce unknown race — the ancestors of future Affghans or Tartars.

Such a catastrophe, as menacing by possibility the whole of civilization, and under that hypothetical peril as giving even to Greece herself an interest in the stability even of Persia her great enemy, a great resisting mass interjacent between Greece and the unknown enemies to the far north-east, or east, could not but have mixed occasionally with Greek anticipations for the future; and in a degree quite inappreciable by us who know the geographical limits of Asia. To the ancients, these were by possibility, in a strict sense, infinite. The terror from the unknown Scythians of the world was certainly vague and indistinct; but, if that disarmed the terror or broke its sting, assuredly the very same cause would keep it alive: for the peril would often swell upon the eye, merely from its uncertain limits. Far oftener, however, those glorious certainties revolved upon the Grecian imagination which presented Persia in the character of her enemy, than those remote possibilities which might connect her as a common friend against some horrid enemy from the infinite deserts of Asia. In this character it was that Herodotus at times addressed the assembled
Greece, at whose bar he stood. That the intensity of this patriotic idea intermitted at times; that it was suffered to slumber through entire books; this was but an artist's management which caused it to swell upon the ear all the more sonorously, more clamorously, more terrifically, when the lungs of the organ filled once more with breath, when the trumpet stop was opened, and the 'foudroyant' style of the organist commenced the hailstone chorus from Marathon. Here came out the character in which Herodotus appeared. The *Iliad* had taken Greece as she was during the building of the first temple at Jerusalem—in the era of David and Solomon—a thousand years before Christ. The eagle's plume in her cap at that era was derived from Asia. It was the Troad, it was Asia that in those days constituted the great enemy of Greece. Greece universal had been Confederated against the Asia of that day, and, after an Iliad of woes, had triumphed. But now another era of five hundred years has passed since Troy. Again there has been an universal war raging between Greece and a great foreign potentate. Again this enemy of Greece is called Asia. But what Asia? The Asia of the *Iliad* was a petty maritime Asia. But Asia now means Persia; and Persia, taken in combination with its dependences of Syria and Egypt, means the world, *oikouménē*. The frontier line of the Persian empire 'marched' or confined with the Grecian; but now so vast was the revolution effected by Cyrus, that, had not the Persians been withheld by their dismal bigotry from cultivating maritime facilities, the Greeks must have sunk under the enormous power now brought to bear upon them. At one blow the whole territory of what is now Turkey
in Asia, viz. the whole of Anatolia and of Armenia, had been extinguished as a neutral and interjacent force for Greece. At one blow, by the battle of Thymbra, the Persian armies had been brought nearer by much more than a thousand miles to the gates of Greece.

That danger it is necessary to conceive, in order to conceive that subsequent triumph. Herodotus— whose family and nearest generation of predecessors must have trembled after the thoughtless insult offered to Sardis, under the expectation of the vast revenge prepared by the great king—must have had his young imagination filled and diluted with the enormous display of Oriental power, and been thus prepared to understand the terrific collisions of the Persian forces with those of Greece. He had heard in his travels how the glorious result was appreciated in foreign lands. He came back to Greece with a twofold freight of treasures. He had two messages for his country. One was—a report of all that was wonderful in foreign lands; all that was interesting from its novelty or its vast antiquity; all that was regarded by the natives for its sanctity, or by foreigners with amusement, as a measure of colossal power in mechanics. And these foreign lands, we must remember, constituted the total world to a Greek. Rome was yet in her infant days, unheard of beyond Italy. Egypt and the other dependencies of Persia composed the total map south of Greece. Greece, with the Mediterranean islands, and the eastern side of the Adriatic, together with Macedon and Thrace, made up the world of Europe. Asia, which had not yet received the narrow limitation imposed upon that word by Rome, was
co-extensive with Persia; and it might be divided into Asia *cis*-Tigritana, and Asia *trans*-Tigritana; the Euxine and the Caspian were the boundaries to the north; and to one advancing further, the Oxus was the northern boundary, and the Indus the eastern. The Punjab, as far as the river Sutlege, that is, up to our present British cantonments at Ludiana, was indistinctly supposed to be within the jurisdiction of the Great King. Probably he held the whole intervening territory of the late Runjeet Singh, as now possessed by the Sikhs. And beyond these limits all was a mere path of ideal splendor, or a dull repetition of monotonous barbarism.

The report which personal travels enabled Herodotus to make of this extensive region, composing neither more nor less than the total map of the terraqueous globe as it was then supposed to exist, (all the rest being a mere Nova Zembla in their eyes,) was one of two revelations which the great traveller had to lay at the feet of Greece. The other was a connected narrative of their great struggle with the King of Persia. The earth bisected itself into two parts — Persia and Greece. All that was not Persia was Greece: all that was not Greece was Persia. The Greek traveller was prepared to describe the one section to the other section; and having done this, to relate in a connected shape the recent tremendous struggle of the one section with the other. Here was Captain Cook fresh from his triple circumnavigation of the world: here was Mungo Park fresh from the Niger and Timbuctoo: here was Bruce, fresh from the coy fountains of the Nile: here was Phipps, Franklin, Parry, from the Arctic circle: here was Leo Africanus from Moorish
palaces: here was Manjeville from Prester John, from the Cham of Tartary, and from the golden cities of Hindostan; from Agra and Lahore of the Great Mogul. This was one side of the medal; and on the other was the patriotic historian who recorded what all had heard by fractions, but none in the whole series. Now, if we consider how rare was either character in ancient times, how difficult it was to travel where no license made it safe, where no preparations in roads, inns, carriages, made it convenient; that even five centuries in advance of this era, little knowledge was generally circulated of any region, unless so far as it had been traversed by the Roman legions; considering the vast credulity of the audience assembled—a gulf capable of swallowing mountains; and, on the other hand, that here was a man fresh from the Pyramids and the Nile, from Tyre, from Babylon, and the temple of Belus—a traveller who had gone in with his sickle to a harvest yet untouched—that this same man, considered as an historian, spoke of a struggle with which the earth was still agitated; that the people who had triumphed so memorably in this war, happened to be the same people who were then listening; that the leaders in this glorious war, whose names had already passed into spiritual powers, were the fathers of the present audience; combining into one picture all these circumstances—one must admit that no such meeting between giddy expectation, and the very excess of power to meet its most clamorous calls, is likely to have occurred before or since upon this earth. Hither had assembled people from the most inland and most illiterate parts of Greece; people that would have settled a pension for life upon any man who would
have described to them so much as a crocodile or ichneumon. To these people, the year of his public recitation would be the meridian year of their lives. He saw that the whole scene would become almost a dramatic work of art; in the mere gratification of their curiosity, the audience might be passive and neutral; in the history of the war, they became almost actors, as in a dramatic scene. This scenical position could not escape the traveller-historian. His work was recited with the exaggeration that belongs to scenic art. It was read probably with gesticulations by one of those thundering voices, which Aristophanes calls a 'damnable' voice, from its ear-piercing violence.

*Prose* is a thing so well known to all of us, most of our 'little accounts' from shoemakers, dress-makers, &c. being made out in prose—most of our sorrows and of our joys having been communicated to us through prose, and very few indeed through metre, (unless on St. Valentine's day,) that its further history, after leaving its original Olympic cradle, must be interesting to everybody. Who were they that next took up the literary use of Prose? Confining our notice to people of celebrity, we may say that the House of Socrates (*Domus Socratica* is the expression of Horace) were those who next attempted to popularize Greek prose; viz. the old gentleman himself, the founder of the concern, and his two apprentices, Plato and Xenophon. We acknowledge a sneaking hatred towards the whole household, founded chiefly on the intense feeling we entertain that all three were humbugs. We own the stony impeachment. Aristotle, who may be looked upon as literary grandson to Socrates, is quite a different person. But for the rest we cherish a sentimenta.
I may call it a Platonic) disgust. As relates to the style, however, in which they have communicated their philosophy, one feature of peculiarity is too remarkable to pass without comment. Some years ago, in one of our four or five Quarterly Reviews, (Theological it was, Foreign, or else Westminster,) a critical opinion was delivered with respect to a work of Coleridge's which opens a glimpse into the true philosophy of prose composition. It was not a very good-natured opinion in that situation, since it was no more true of Coleridge than it is of every other man who adopts the same aphoristic form of expression for his thoughts; but it was eminently just. Speaking of Coleridge's 'Aphorisms,' the reviewer observed — that this detached and insulated form of delivering thoughts was, in effect, an evasion of all the difficulties connected with composition. Every man as he walks through the streets, may contrive to jot down an independent thought; a short-hand memorandum of a great truth. So far as that purpose is concerned, even in tumultuous London.

'Puræ sunt plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obstet.'

Standing on one leg you may accomplish this. The labor of composition begins when you have to put your separate threads of thought into a loom; to weave them into a continuous whole; to connect, to introduce them; to blow them out or expand them; to carry them to a close. All this evil is evaded by the aphoristic form. This one remark, we repeat, lifts up a corner of that curtain which hangs over the difficult subjects of style and composition. Indicating what is not in one form, it points to what is in others. It was an original re-
mark, we doubt not, to the reviewer. But it is too weighty and just to have escaped meditative men in former times; and accordingly the very same remark will be found one hundred and fifty years ago expanded in the *Huetiana*.

But what relation has this remark to the House of Socrates? Did *they* write by aphorisms? No, certainly; but they did what labors with the same radical defect, considered in relation to the true difficulties of composition. Let us dedicate a paragraph to these great dons of literature. If we have any merely English scholars amongst our readers, it may be requisite first to inform them that Socrates himself wrote nothing. He was too much occupied with his talking—'ambitiosa loquelâ.' In this respect, Socrates differed, as in some others that we could mention, from the late Mr. Coleridge—who found time both for talking and for writing at the least ten volumes octavo. From the pupils of Socrates it is that we collect his pretended philosophy; and as there were only two of these pupils who published, and as one of them intensely contradicts the other, it would be found a hard matter at *Nisi Prius* to extract any verdict as to what it was that constituted the true staple of the Socratic philosophy. We fear that any jury, who undertook that question, would finally be carted to the bounds of the county, and shot into the adjacent county like a ton of coals. For Xenophon uniformly introduces the worthy hen-pecked philosopher as prattling innocent nothings, more limpid than small beer; whilst Plato never lets him condescend to any theme below those of Hermes Trismegistus, or Thomas Aquinas. One or other must be a liar. And the manner of the philosopher, under
these two Boswellian reporters, is not less different than his matter: with Xenophon, he reminds us much of an elderly hen, superannuated a little, performing 'the hen's march,' and clucking vociferously; with Plato, he seems much like a deep-mouthed hound in a chase after some unknown but perilous game; much as such a hound is described by Wordsworth ranging over the aërial heights of Mount Righi, his voice at times muffled by mighty forests, and then again swelling as he emerges upon the Alpine breezes; whilst the vast intervals between the local points from which the intermitting voice ascends, proclaim the storm-like pace at which he travels. In Plato, there is a gloomy grandeur at times from the elementary mysteries of man's situation and origin, snatches of music from some older and Orphic philosophy, which impress a vague feeling of solemnity towards the patriarch of the school, though you can seldom trace his movement through all this high and vapory region; you would be happy, therefore, to believe that there had been one word of truth in ascribing such colloquies to Socrates; but how can that be, when you recollect the philosophic υάππα of Xenophon, seems to pass the deciphering power of Œdipus.

Now, this body of inexplicable discord between the two evangelists of Socrates, as to the whole sources from which he drew his philosophy, as to the very wells from which he raised it, and the mode of medicating the draught, makes it the more worthy of remark that both should have obstinately adopted the same disagreeable form of composition. Both exhibit the whole of their separate speculations under the form of dialogue. It is always Socrates and Crito, or Socrates
and Phaedrus, or Socrates and Ischomachus; in fact, Socrates and some man of straw or good-humored nine-pin set up to be bowled down as a matter of course. How inevitably the reader feels his fingers itching, to take up the cudgels instead of Crito for one ten minutes! Had we been favored with an interview, we can answer for it that the philosopher should not have had it all his own way: there should have been a 'scratch' at least between us; and instead of waiting to see Crito punished without delivering one blow that would 'have made a dent in a pound of butter,' posterity should have formed a ring about us, crying out — 'Pull baker, pull devil' — according as the accidents of the struggle went this way or that. If dialogue must be the form, at least it should not have been collusive dialogue. Whereas, with Crito and the rest of the men who were in training for the part of disputants, it was a matter of notoriety — that, if they presumed to put in a sly thrust under the ribs of the philosopher, those about Socrates, of ἀμφι τον Σωκράτην, would kick them into the kennel. It was a permanent 'cross' that was fought throughout life between Socrates and his obsequious antagonists.

As Plato and Xenophon must have hated each other with a theological hatred, it is a clear case that they would not have harmonized in anything if they had supposed it open to evasion. They would have got another atmosphere had it been possible. Diverging from each other in all points beside, beyond doubt they would have diverged as to this form of dialogue, had they not conceived that it was essential to the business of philosophy. It is plain from this one fact, how narrow was the range of conception which the Socratic school applied to the possible modes of deal-
ing with polemic truth. They represented the case thus: — Truth, they fancied, offered itself by separate units, by moments, (to borrow a word from dynamics,) by what Cicero calls 'apices rerum' and 'punctiun-culæ.' Each of these must be separately examined. It was like the items in a disputed account. There must be an auditor to check and revise each severally for itself. This process of auditing could only be carried on through a brisk dialogue. The philosopher in monologue was like a champion at a tournament with nobody to face him. He was a chess-player with no opponent. The game could not proceed. But how mean and limited a conception this was, which lay as a basis for the whole Socratic philosophy, becomes apparent to any man who considers any ample body of truth, whether polemic truth or not, in all its proportions. Take Warburton's *Divine Legation of Moses*, and imagine a Socratic man dealing with that. How does Warburton establish that Moses held such a legation? He lays down a syllogism, the major of which asserts a general law with regard to false or unsound religions, — viz. that no such religion could sustain itself, or rear itself, to any height or duration without the aid of a particular doctrine, viz. — the doctrine of a resurrection. This is the major; then for his minor. Warburton maintains, that the Mosaic religion did sustain itself without that doctrine. Whence the conclusion follows formally — that, having accomplished what was hopeless for a merely human invention, the Mosaic dispensation could not have been such a human invention; that it enjoyed a secret support from God; and that Moses was truly what he represented himself — God's ambassador. Consider how
little the Platonic and Xenophontic mode of philosophizing would apply to this case. You may see fit to deny the entire major proposition of the bishop, and yet you may find it impossible to quarrel with the separate arguments, with each of them or with all of them, on which the major is built. All may be unexceptionable; and yet, when the record is closed, you may see cause to say, — 'Bishop, your materials are good; but they are not strong enough to support the weighty column which you have built upon them.' But this is an objection which cannot be made until you have heard him to the end. You must suspend; whereas the Socratic man never does suspend. A man who brings an alphabet of reasons, which are professedly to avail cumulatively in proof of his thesis, will not consider himself answered because you object to P or Q amongst his arguments. 'My proofs are separate and independent,' he replies; 'it is my glory that I can afford to give you a pawn or so, and yet win the game.' Another mode of proceeding against the bishop would be this: — You might concede his major, and utterly deny, as many men have denied, his minor. But whether you see cause to go against the upper or lower proposition; against the rule, or against the subsumption under the rule; equally you find that the Socratic mode of process is quite unavailing, or availing only by accident. And even this is not by any means the worst case supposable. Here, by the supposition, you have a long train of arguments, which may be valid as a *cumulus*, notwithstanding that, Socratically, you might find this or that in particular to be a hollow nut. And again, such a train may be supposed, to which, Socratically, you force an assen*
cervatim and articulatim; all the items, what the Romans called the nomina in a creditor's account, are unimpeachable; and yet, as a whole, as the 'tottle of a whole,' you protest against them as insufficient for the probandum. They are good; but not good for so much. They are available, and for the length of a mile, suppose; but they do not reach the three miles of the object in question. In the first case, Socrates negatives some of the parts, and yet he cannot negative the result. He is partially victorious, and yet is beaten as to the whole. In the second case, Socrates affirms all the parts, and yet cannot affirm the result. He is universally victorious in the detail, and yet is beaten upon the whole question. Yet, in all this, we repeat—the Socratic weakness is not adequately exposed. There is a far larger and subtler class of cases where the arguments for and against are not susceptible of this separate valuation. One is valid only through and by a second, which second again is involved in a third; and so on. Thus, by way of a brief instance, take all the systems of political economy which have grown up since Turgot and Quesnel. They are all polemic—that is, all have moulded themselves in hostility to some other ideas—all had their birth in opposition. But it would be impossible to proceed Socratically with any one of them. If you should attempt to examine Ricardo sentence by sentence, or even chapter by chapter, his apologist would loudly resist such a process as inapplicable. You must hold on—you must keep fast hold of certain principles until you have time to catch hold of certain others—seven or eight, suppose; and then from the whole taken in continuation, but not from any one as an
insulated principle, you come into a power of adjudicating upon the pretensions of the whole theory. The doctrine of value, for example — could you understand that taken apart? could you value it apart? As a Socratic logician, could you say of it either *affirmatur* or *negatur*, until you see it coming round and revolving in the doctrines of rent, profits, machinery, &c., which are so many functions of value; and which doctrines first react with a weight of verification upon the other?

These, unless parried, are knock-down blows to the Socratic, and therefore to the Platonic philosophy, if treated as a *modus philosophandi*; and if that philosophy is treated as a body of doctrines apart from any *modus* or *ratio docendi*, we should be glad to hear what they are. For we never could find any either in Plato or Xenophon, which are insisted on as essential. Accidental hints and casual suggestions cannot be viewed as doctrines in that sense which is necessary to establish a separate school. And all the German Tiedemanns and Tennemanns, the tedious men and the tenpenny-men, that have written their twelve or their eighteen volumes *viritim* upon Plato, will find it hard to satisfy their readers unless they make head against these little objections; because these objections seem to impeach the very *method* of the 'Socraticæ Chartæ,' and except as the authors or illustrators of a method the Socratici are no school at all.

But are not we travelling a little out of our proper field, in attacking this method? Our business was with this method considered as a *form of style*, not considered as a *form of logic*. True, O rigorous reader. Yet digressions and moderate excursions have a license. Besides which, on strict consideration.
doubts arise whether we have been digressing. For whatsoever acted as a power on Greek prose, through many ages, whatsoever gave it a bias towards any one characteristic excess, becomes important in virtue of its relations to our subject. Now, the form of dialogue so obstinately maintained by the earliest philosophers, who used prose as the vehicle of their teaching, had the unhappy effect of impressing from the earliest era of Attic literature a colloquial taint upon the prose literature of that country. The great authority of Socrates, maintained for ages by all sorts of fables, naturally did much to strengthen this original twist in the prose style. About fifty years after the death of Socrates, the writings of Aristotle were beginning to occupy the attention of Greece; and in them we see as resolute a departure from the dialogue form as in his elders of the same house the adherence to that form had been servile and bigoted. His style, though arid from causes that will hereafter be noticed, was much more dignified, or at least more grave and suitable to philosophic speculation than that of any man before him. Contemporary with the early life of Socrates was a truly great man, Anaxagoras, the friend and reputed preceptor of Pericles. It is probable he may have written in the style of Aristotle. Having great systematic truths to teach, such as solved existing phenomena, and not such as raised fresh phenomena for future solution, he would naturally adopt the form of continuous exposition. Nor do we at this moment remember a case of any very great man who had any real and novel truth to communicate, having adopted the form of dialogue, excepting only the case of Galileo. Plato, indeed, like Galileo, demanded geom-
etry as a qualification in his students— that is, in those who paid him a διδακτον or fee for the privilege of personally attending his conversations: but he demanded no such qualification in his readers; or else we can assure him that very few copies of his Opera Omnia would have been sold in Athens. This low qualification it was for the readers of Plato, and still more for those of Xenophon, which operated to diffuse the reputation of Socrates. Besides, it was a rare thing in Greece to see two men sounding the trumpet on behalf of a third. And we hope it is not ungenerous to suspect, that each dallied with the same purpose as our Chatterton and Macpherson, viz. to turn round on the public when once committed and compromised by some unequivocal applause, saying, 'Gentlemen of Athens, this idol Socrates is a phantom of my brain: as respects the philosophy ascribed to him, I am Socrates.'

But in what mode does the conversational taint, which we trace to the writings of the Socratici, enforced by the imaginary martyrdom of Socrates, express itself? In what forms of language? By what peculiarities? By what defects of style? We will endeavor to explain. One of the Scaligers (if we remember it was the elder,) speaking of the Greek article ὅ, ἡ, τὸ, called it loquacissimae gentis flabellum. Now, pace superbissimi viri, this seems nonsense; because the use of the article is not capricious, but grounded in the very structure and necessities of the Greek language. Garrulous or not, the poor men were obliged by the philosophy of their tongue to use the article in certain situations. And, to say the truth, these situations were very much the same as in English. Allowing for a few cases of
proper names, participles, or adjectives postponed to their substantives, &c., the two general functions of the article were,—1, to individualize, as, e. g. 'It is not any sword that will do, I will have the sword of my father;' and 2, the very opposite function, viz., to generalize in the highest degree—a use which our best English grammars wholly overlook—as e. g. 'Let the sword give way to the gown;' not that particular sword, but every sword, where each is used as a representative symbol of the corresponding professions. 'The peasant presses on the kibes of the courtier,' where the class is indicated by the individual. In speaking again of diseases, and the organs affected, we usually accomplish this generalization by means of the definite article. We say, 'He suffered from a headache;' but also we say, 'from the headache;' and invariably we say, 'He died of the stone,' &c. And though we fancy it a peculiarity of the French language to say, 'Le cœur lui étoit navré de douleur,' yet we ourselves say, 'The heart was affected in his case.' In all these uses of the definite article, there is little real difference between the Greek language and our own. The main difference is in the negative use—in the meaning implied by the absence of the article, which, with the Greeks, expresses our article a, but with us is a form of generalization. In all this there was nothing left free to the choice. And Scaliger had no right to find any illustration of Greek levity in what was unavoidable.

But what we tax as undignified in the Greek prose style, as a badge of garrulity, as a taint from which the Greek prose never cleansed itself, are all those forms of lively colloquialism, with the fretfulness, and
hurry, and demonstrative energy of people unduly excited by bodily presence and by ocular appeals to their sensibility. Such a style is picturesque no doubt; so is the Scottish dialect of low life as first employed in novels by Sir Walter Scott: that dialect greatly assisted the characteristic expression: it furnished the benefit of a Doric dialect; but what man in his senses would employ it in a grave work, and speaking in his own person? Now, the colloquial expletives, so profusely employed by Plato, his *aqua*, his *γε*, &c., the forms of his sentences, the forms of his transitions, and other intense peculiarities of the chattering man, as opposed to the meditating man, have crept over the face of Greek literature; and though some people think everything holy which is printed in Greek characters, we must be allowed to rank these forms of expression as mere vulgarities. Sometimes, in Westmoreland, if you chance to meet an ancient father of his valley, one who is thoroughly vernacular in his talk, being unsinged by the modern furnace of revolution, you may have a fancy for asking him how far it is to the next town. In which case, you will receive for answer pretty nearly the following words:—"Why like, it's gaily nigh like, to four mile like." Now, if the prurience of your curiosity should carry you to torment and vex this aged man, by pressing a special investigation into this word *like*, the only result is likely to be that you will kill *him*, and do yourself no good. Call it an expletive, indeed! a filling up! Why, to him it is the only indispensable part of the sentence; the sole fixture. It is the balustrade which enables him to descend the stairs of conversation, without falling overboard; and if the word were proscribed by Parliament,
he would have no resource but in everlasting silence. Now, the expletives of Plato are as gross, and must have been, to the Athenian, as unintelligible as those of the Westmoreland peasant. It is true the value, the effect to the feelings, was secured by daily use, and by the position in the sentence. But so it is to the English peasant. \textit{Like} in his use is a modifying, a restraining particle, which forbids you to understand anything in a dangerous, unconditional sense. But then, again, the Greek particle of transition, that eternal \textit{ὁδώ}, and the introductory formula of \textit{μετὰ} and \textit{ὁδώ}, however earnestly people may fight for them, because in fact Greek, is now past mending. The \textit{ὁδώ} is strictly equivalent to the \textit{whereby} of a sailor: 'whereby I went to London; whereby I was robbed; whereby I found the man that robbed me.' All relations, all modes of succession or transition are indicated by one and the same particle. This could arise, even as a license, only in the laxity of conversation. But the most offensive indication of the conversational spirit, as presiding in Greek prose, is to be found in the morbid energy of oaths scattered over the face of every prose composition which aims at rhetorical effect. The literature is deformed with a constant roulade of 'by Jove,' 'by Minerva,' \&c., as much as the conversation of high-bred Englishmen in the reign of Charles II. In both cases, this habit belonged to a state of transition; and if the prose literature of Greece had been cultivated by a succession of authors as extended as that of England, it would certainly have outworn this badge of spurious energy. That it did not, is a proof that the Greek literature did not reach the consummation of art.
PART III.

Reader, you are beginning to suspect us. 'How long do we purpose to detain people?' For anything that appears, we may be designing to write on to the twentieth century; for twice thirty years. 'And whither are we going?' Towards what object? which is as urgent a quære as how far. Perhaps we may be leading you into treason; or (which indeed is pretty much the same thing) we may be paving the way to 'Repeal.' You feel symptoms of doubt and restiveness; and, like Hamlet with his father's ghost, you will follow us no further unless we explain what it is that we are in quest of.

Our course, then, for the rest of our progress, the outline of our method, will pursue the following objects. We shall detain you a little longer on the Grecian prose literature; and we shall pursue that literature within the gates of Latium. What was the Grecian idea of style, what the Roman, will appear as a deduction from this review. With respect to the Greeks, we shall endeavor to show that they had not arrived at a full expanded consciousness of the separate idea expressed by style; and, in order to account for this failure, we shall point out the deflexion — the bias — which was impressed upon the Greek speculations in this particular, by the tendency of their civil life. That was made important in the eyes of the speculative critic, which was indispensable for the actual practitioner; that was indispensable for the actual practitioner, which was exacted by the course of public ambition. The political aspirant, who needed a command of fluent eloquence, sought for so much
which he will be resisted. Were this done, we should no longer see those incoherent sketches which are now circulating in the world upon questions of taste, of science, of practical address, as applied to the management of style and rhetoric: the public ear would no longer be occupied by feeble Frenchmen—Rollin, Rapin, Batteux, Bonhours, Du Bos, and id genus omne; nor by the elegant but desultory Blair; nor by scores of others who bring an occasional acuteness or casual information to this or that subsection of their duty, whilst (taken as general guides) they are universally insufficient:—No; but the business of rhetoric, the management of our mother-tongue in all offices to which it can be applied, would become as much a matter of systematic art, as regular a subject for training and mechanic discipline, as the science of discrete quantity in Arithmetic, or of continuous quantity in Geometry. But will not that be likely to impress a character of mechanic monotony upon style, like the miserable attempts at reforming handwriting? Look at them; touch them; or, if you are afraid of soiling your fingers, hold them up with the tongs; they reduce all characteristic varieties of writing to one form of blank identity, and that the very vilest form of scribbling which exists in Europe, viz. to the wooden scratch (as if traced with a skewer) universally prevailing amongst French people. Vainly would Aldoriusius apply his famous art, (viz. the art of deciphering a man's character from handwriting,) to the villanous scrawls which issue from this modern laboratory of pseudo-calligraphy. All pupils under these systems write alike: the predestined thief is confounded with the patriot or martyr; the innocent
young girl with the old hag that watches country wagons for victims. In the same indistinguishable character, so far as this reforming process is concerned, would Joseph Hume sign a motion for retrenching three half-crowns per annum from the orphan daughter of a man who had died in battle; and Queen Adelaide write a subscription towards a fresh church for carrying on war, from generation to generation, upon sin and misery.

Now, if a mechanic system of training for Style would have the same levelling effects as these false calligraphies, better by far that we should retain our old ignorance. If art is to terminate in a killing monotony, welcome the old condition of inartificial simplicity! — So say you, reader: aye, but so say we. This does not touch us: — The mechanism we speak of will apply to no meritorious qualities of style, but to its faults, and, above all, to its awkwardnesses; in fact, to all that now constitutes the friction of style; the needless joltings and retardations of our fluent motion. As to the motion itself, in all that is positive, in its derivation, in its exciting impulses, in its speed, and its characteristic varieties, it will remain unaffected. The modes of human feeling are inexhaustible; the forms by which feeling connects itself with thought are indefeasibly natural; the channels through which both impress themselves upon language are infinite. All these are imperturbable by human art: they are past the reach of mechanism: you might as well be afraid that some steam-engine — Atlas, suppose, or Samson, (whom the Germans call Simpson,) — should perfidiously hook himself to the earth's axis, and run away with us to Jupiter. Let Simpson do his worst, we defy
him. And so of style: in that sense, under which we all have an interest in its free movements, it will for ever remain free. It will defy art to control it. In that sense, under which it ever *can* be mechanized, we have all an interest in wishing that it should be so. Our final object therefore is a meritorious one, with no intermixture of evil. This being explained, and our course onwards having been mapped out, let us now proceed with our work, first recapitulating in direct juxtaposition with each other the points of our future movement:

1. Greek and Latin literature we shall examine only for the sake of appraising or deducing the sort of ideas which they had upon the subject of style. It will appear that these ideas were insufficient. At the best they were tentative. 2. From them, however, may be derived a hint, a dim suggestion, of the true question in arrear; and, universally, that goes a great way towards the true answer. 'Dimidium facti,' says the Roman proverb, 'qui bene capit, habit.' To have made a good beginning is one-half of the work. *Prudens interrogatio,* says a wise modern; to have shaped your question skilfully, is, in that sense, and with a view to the answer, a good beginning. 3. Having laid this foundation towards an answer, we shall then attempt the answer itself. 4. After which, that is, after removing to the best of our power such difficulties to the *higher understanding* as beset the subject of style, rhetoric, composition, having (if we do not greatly delude ourselves) removed the one great bar to a right theory of style, or a practical discipline of style, we shall leave to some future work of more suitable dimensions the filling up of our outline. Our-
selves we shall confine to such instant suggestions—practical, popular, broadly intelligible, as require no extensive preparation to introduce them on the author's part; no serious effort to understand them on the reader's. Whatever is more than this, will better suit with the variable and elastic proportions of a separate book, than with the more rigid proportions of a miscellaneous journal.

Coming back, then, for hasty purposes, to Greek literature, we wish to direct the reader's eye upon a remarkable phenomenon in the history of that literature, and subsequently of all human genius; not so remarkable, but that multitudes must have noticed it, and yet remarkable enough to task a man's ingenuity in accounting for it. The earliest known occasion, on which this phenomenon drew a direct and strong gaze upon itself, was in a little historical sketch composed by a Roman officer during the very opening era of Christianity. We speak of the Historia Romana, written and published about the very year of the Crucifixion by Velleius Paterculus in the court of Tiberius Cæsar, the introduction to which presents us with a very interesting outline of general history. The style is sometimes clumsy and unwieldy, but nervous, masculine, and such as became a soldier. In higher qualities, in thoughtfulness, and the spirit of finer observation, it is far beyond the standard of a mere soldier; and it shows, in common with many other indications lying on the face of Roman society at that era, how profoundly the great struggles that had recently convulsed the world must have terminated in that effect which followed in the wake of the French Revolution; viz. in a vast stimulation to the meditative faculties.
of man. The agitation, the frenzy, the sorrow of the times, reacted upon the human intellect, and forced men into meditation. Their own nature was held up before them in a stern form. They were compelled to contemplate an ideal of man, far more colossal than 's brought forward in the tranquil aspects of society; and they were often engaged, whether they would or not, with the elementary problems of social philosophy. Mere danger forced a man into thoughts which else were foreign to his habits. Mere necessity of action forced him to decide. Such changes went along with the Reformation; such changes went along with the French Revolution; such changes went along with the great recasting of Roman society under the two earliest Cæsars. In every page of Paterculus we read the swell and agitation of waters subsiding from a deluge. Though a small book, it is tumid with revolutionary life. And something also is due, no doubt, to the example of the mighty leader in the Roman Revolution, to the intellectual and literary tastes diffused by him—

'The foremost man of all this world,'

who had first shown the possibility of uniting the military leader's truncheon with the most brilliant stylus of the rhetorician. How wonderful and pleasing to find such accomplishments of accurate knowledge, comprehensive reading, and study, combined with so searching an intellect, in a man situated as Paterculus, reared amongst camps, amidst the hurry of forced marches, and under the privations of solitary outposts. The old race of hirsute centurions—how changed!—how perfectly regenerated by the influence of three Cæsars in succession applying a paternal encouragement to literature.
Admiring this man so much, we have paused to review the position in which he stood. Now, recurring to that remark, (amongst so many original remarks,) by which, in particular, he connects himself with our subject, we may venture to say — that, if it was a very just remark for his experience, it is far more so for ours. What he remarked, what he founded upon a review of two nations and two literatures — we may now countersign by an experience of eight or nine. His remark was — upon the tendency of intellectual power to gather in clusters; its unaccountable propensity (he thought it such) to form into separate insulated groups. This tendency he illustrates first in two cases of Grecian literature. Perhaps that might have been an insufficient basis for a general theory. But it occurred to Paterculus in confirmation of his doctrine, that the very same tendency had reappeared in his native literature. The same phenomenon had manifested itself, and, more than once, in the history of Roman intellect; the same strong *nisus* of great wits to gather and crystallize about a common nucleus. That marked gregariousness in human genius had taken place amongst the poets and orators of Rome, which had previously taken place amongst the poets, orators, and artists of Greece. What importance was attached by Paterculus to this interesting remark, what stress he laid upon its appreciation by the reader, is evident from the emphatic manner in which he introduces it, as well as from the conscious disturbance of the symmetry which he incurs rather than suppress it. These are his words: — 'Notwithstanding that this section of my work has considerably outrun the proportions of that model which I had laid
down for my guidance, and although perfectly aware
that, in circumstances of hurry so unrelenting, which
like a revolving wheel or the eddy of rapid waters,
allows me no respite or pause, I am summoned rather
to omit what is necessary than to court what is re-
dundant; still, I cannot prevail on myself to forbear
from uttering and giving a pointed expression to a
thought which I have often revolved in my mind, but
to this hour have not been able satisfactorily to account
for in theory: (nequeo tamen temperare mihi quin rem
saepe agitatam animo meo, neque ad liquidum ratione
perductam, signem stylo.) Having thus bespoke the
reader’s special attention, the writer goes on to ask if
any man can sufficiently wonder on observing that
eminent genius, in almost every mode of its develop-
ment, (eminentissima cujusque professionis ingenia,) had
gathered itself into the same narrow ring-fence of
a single generation. Intelligents that in each several
department of genius were capable of distinguished
execution, (cujusque clari operis capacia ingenia,) had
sequestrated themselves from the great stream
and succession of their fellow-men into a close insu-
lated community of time, and into a corresponding
stage of proficiency measured on their several scales
of merit, (in similitudinem et temporum et profectum
semetipsa ab aliis separaverunt.) Without giving all
the exemplifications by which Paterculus has supported
this thesis, we shall cite two: Una (neque multorum
annorum spatio divisa) atas per divini spiritus viros,
Eschylum, Sophoclem, Euripidem, illustravit Tragæ-
diam. Not that this trinity of poets was so contempo-
rary as brothers are; but they were contemporary
as youthful uncles in relation to elderly nephews:
Æschylus was viewed as a senior by Sophocles, Sophocles by Euripides; but all might by possibility have met together (what a constellation!) at the same table. Again, says Paterculus, *Quid ante Isocratem, quid post ejus auditores, clarum in oratoribus fuit?* Nothing of any distinction in oratory before Isocrates, nothing after his personal audience. So confined was that orbit within which the perfection of Greek tragedy within which the perfection of Greek eloquence revolved. The same law, the same strong tendency, he insists, is illustrated in the different schools of Greek comedy; and again of Greek philosophy. Nay, it is more extensively illustrated amongst Greek artists in general: *'Hoc idem evenisse grammaticis, plastis, pictoribus, sculptoribus, quisquis temporum institerit notis — reperiet.'*

From Greece Paterculus translates the question to his own country in the following pointed manner: summing up the whole doctrine, and re-affirming it in a form almost startling and questionable by its rigor — *'Adeo artatum angustiis temporum,'* so punctually concentrated was all merit within the closest limits of time, *'ut nemo memoria dignus, alter ab altero videri nequiverint:'* no man of any consideration but he might have had ocular cognizance of all others in his own field who attained to distinction. He adds — *'Neque hoc in Græcis quam in Romanis evenit magis.'*

His illustrations from the Roman literature we do not mean to follow: one only, as requisite for our purpose, we cite: — *'Oratio, ac vis forensis, perfectumque prosæ eloquentiæ decus (pace P. Crassi et Gracchorum dixerim) ita universa sub principe operis sui erupit Tullio, ut mirari neminem possis nisi aut*
ab illo visum, aut qui illum viderit.' This is said with epigrammatic point; the perfection of prose, and the brilliancy of style as an artificial accomplishment, was so identified with Cicero's generation, that no distinguished artist, none whom you could greatly admire, but might be called his contemporary; none so much his senior, but Cicero might have seen him — none so much his junior, but he might have seen Cicero. It is true that Crassus, in Cicero's infancy, and the two Gracchi, in the infancy of Crassus, (neither of whom, therefore, could have been seen by Cicero,) were memorably potent as orators; in fact, for tragical results to themselves, (which, by the way, was the universal destiny of great Roman orators;) and nobody was more sensible of their majestic pretensions, merely as orators, than Cicero himself, who has, accordingly, made Crassus and Antony predominant speakers in his splendid dialogues De Oratore. But they were merely demoniac powers, not artists. And with respect to these early orators, (as also with respect to some others, whose names we have omitted,) Paterculus has made a special reservation. So that he had not at all overlooked the claims of these great men; but he did not feel that any real exception to his general law was created by orators, who were indeed wild organs of party rage or popular frenzy, but who wilfully disdained to connect themselves with the refinements of literature. Such orators did not regard themselves as intellectual, but as political, powers. Confining himself to oratory, and to the perfection of prose composition, written or spoken, in the sense of great literary accomplishments, beginning in natural power but perfected by art, Paterculus stands to his
assertion—that this mode of human genius had so crowded its development within the brief circuit of Cicero's life, (threescore years and three,) as that the total series of Roman orators formed a sort of circle, centring in that supreme orator's person, such as, in modern times, we might call an electrical circle; each link of the chain having been either electrified by Cicero, or having electrified him. Seneca, with great modesty, repeats the very same assertion in other words: 'Quicquid Romana facundia habuit, quod insolenti Graecie aut opponat aut praferat, circa Ciceronem effloruit.' A most ingenuous and self-forgetting homage in him; for a nobler master of thinking than himself, Paganism has not to show, nor—when the cant of criticism has done its worst—a more brilliant master of composition. And were his rule construed literally, it would exclude the two Plinys, the two Senecas, Tacitus, Quinctilian, and others, from the matricula of Roman eloquence. Not one of these men could have seen Cicero; all were divided by more than one generation; and yet, most unquestionably, though all were too reasonable to have fancied themselves any match for the almighty orator in public speaking, yet not one but was an equally accomplished artist in written composition, and under a law of artificial style far more difficult to manage.

However, with the proper allowances for too unmodified a form of expression, we must allow that the singular phenomenon first noticed by Paterculus, as connecting itself with the manifestations of human genius, is sufficiently established by so much of human history as even he had witnessed. For, if it should be alleged that political changes accounted for the
extinction of oral eloquence, concurrently with the death of Cicero, still there are cases more than enough, even in the poetry of both Greece and Rome, to say nothing of the arts, which bear out the general fact of human genius coming forward by insulated groups and clusters; or, if Pagan ages had left that point doubtful, we have since witnessed Christian repetitions of the truth on the very widest scale. The Italian age of Leo X. in the fifteenth century, the French age of Louis XIV. in the seventeenth century, the German age, commencing with Kant, Wieland, Goethe, in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—all illustrate the tendency to these intermitting paroxysms of intellectual energy. The lightning and the storm seem to have made the circuit of the whole European heavens, to have formed vortices successively in every civilized land, and to have discharged themselves, by turns, from every quarter of the atmosphere. In our own country there have been three such gatherings of intellectual power:—1st, the age of Shakspere, Spenser, and the great school of dramatists that were already dying out in the latter days of Ben Jonson, (1636,) and were finally extinguished by the great civil commotions beginning in 1642; 2dly, the age of Queen Anne and George I.; 3dly, the age commencing with Cowper, partially roused, perhaps, by the American war, and afterwards so powerfully stimulated (as was the corresponding era of Kant and Wieland) by the French Revolution. This last volcanic eruption of the British genius has displayed enormous power and splendor. Let malice and the base detraction of contemporary jealousy say what it will, greater originality of genius, more expansive
variety of talent, never was exhibited than in our own country since the year 1793. Every mode of excellence, except only dramatic excellence, (in which we have nothing modern to place by the side of Schiller's Wallenstein,) has been revealed in dazzling lustre. And he that denies it — may he be suffocated by his own bilious envy!

But the point upon which we wish to fix the reader's attention, in citing this interesting observation of the Roman officer, and the reason for which we have cited it at all, is not so much for the mere fact of those spring-tides occurring in the manifestations of human genius, intermitting pulses (so to speak) in human energies, as the psychological peculiarity which seems to affect the cycle of their recurrences. Paterculus occupies himself chiefly with the causes of such phenomena; and one main cause he suggests as lying in the emulation which possesses men when once a specific direction has been impressed upon the public competitions. This, no doubt, is one of the causes. But a more powerful cause, perhaps, lies in a principle of union than in any principle of division amongst men — viz. in the principle of sympathy. The great Italian painters, for instance, were doubtless evoked in such crowds by the action of this principle. To hear the buzz of idolizing admiration settling for years upon particular works of art and artists, kindles something better than merely the ambition and rivalship of men; it kindles feelings happier and more favorable to excellence — viz. genial love and comprehension of the qualities fitted to stir so profound and lasting an emotion. This contagion of sympathy runs electrically through society, searches high and low for congenial
powers, and suffers none to lurk unknown to the possessor. A vortex is created which draws into its suction whatever is liable to a similar action. But, not to linger upon this question of causes, what we wish to place under the reader's eye is rather the peculiar type which belongs to these revolutions of national intellect, according to the place which each occupies in the order of succession. Possibly it would seem an over-refinement if we were to suggest that the odd terms in the series indicate creative energies, and the even terms reflective energies; and we are far enough from affecting the honors of any puerile hypothesis. But, in a general way, it seems plausible and reasonable, that there will be alternating successions of power in the first place, and next of reaction upon that power from the reflective faculties. It does seem natural, that first of all should blossom the energies of creative power; and, in the next era of the literature, when the consciousness has been brightened to its own agencies, will be likely to come forward the agencies of the national mind on what it has created. The period of meditation will succeed to the period of production. Or, if the energies of creation are again partially awake, finding themselves forestalled, as regards the grander passions, they will be likely to settle upon the feebler elements of manners. Social differences will now fix the attention by way of substitute for the bolder differences of nature. Should a third period, after the swing of the pendulum through an arch of centuries, succeed for the manifestation of the national genius, it is possible that the long interval, since the inaugural era of creative art, will have so changed all the elements of society, and the aspects
of life, as to restore the mind to much of its infant freedom; it may no longer feel the captivity of an imitative spirit in dealing with the very same class of creations as exercised its earliest powers. The original national genius may now come forward in perfectly new forms, without the sense of oppression from imitable models. The hoar of ages may have withdrawn some of these models from active competition. And thus it may not be impossible that oscillations between the creative and reflective energies of the mind might go on through a cycle of many ages.

In our own literature we see this scheme of oscillations illustrated. In the Shakspearean period we see the fulness of life and the enormity of power throwing up a tropical exuberance of vegetation. A century afterwards we see a generation of men, lavishly endowed with genius, but partly degraded by the injurious training of a most profligate era growing out of great revolutionary convulsions, and partly lowered in the tone of their aspirations by a despair of rivalling the great creations of their predecessors. We see them universally acquiescing in humbler modes of ambition; showing sometimes a corresponding merit to that of their greatest forefathers, but merit (if sometimes equal) yet equal upon a lower scale. Thirdly. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, we see a new birth of original genius, of which it is not lawful to affirm any absolute inferiority, even by comparison with the Shakspearian age of Titans. For whatsoever is strictly and thoroughly original, being sui generis, cannot be better or worse than any other model of excellence which is also original. One animal structure, compared with another of a different class, is equally good.
and perfect. One valley, which is no copy of another, but has a separate and peculiar beauty, cannot be compared for any purpose of disadvantage with another. One poem, which is composed upon a law of its own, and has a characteristic or separate beauty of its own, cannot be inferior to any other poem whatsoever. The class, the order, may be inferior; the scale may be a lower one; but the individual work, the degree of merit marked upon the scale, must be equal — if only the poem is equally original. In all such cases, understand, ye miserable snarlers, at contemporary merit, that the puerile goût de comparaison (as La Bruyere calls it) is out of place; universally you cannot affirm any imparity, where the ground is preoccupied by disparity. Where there is no parity of principle, there is no basis for comparison.

Now, passing with the benefit of these explanations, to Grecian literature, we may observe that there were in that field of human intellect no more than two developments of power from first to last. And, perhaps, the unlearned reader (for it is to the praise and honor of a powerful journal, that it has the unlearned equally with the learned amongst its readers) will thank us for here giving him, in a very few words, such an account of the Grecian literature in its periods of manifestation, and in the relations existing between these periods — that he shall not easily forget them.

There were, in illustration of the Roman aide-de-camp's doctrine, two groups or clusters of Grecian wits; two depositions or stratifications of the national genius; and these were about a century apart. What makes them specially rememberable is — the fact that each of these brilliant clusters had gathered separately
about that man as central pivot, who, even apart from this relation to the literature, was otherwise the leading spirit of his age. It is important for our purpose—it will be interesting, even without that purpose, for the reader—to notice the distinguishing character, or marks, by which the two clusters are separately recognized; the marks, both personal and chronological. As to the personal distinctions, we have said—that in each case severally the two men, who offered the nucleus to the gathering, happened to be otherwise the most eminent and splendid men of the period. Who were they? The one was Pericles, the other was Alexander of Macedon. Except Themistocles, who may be ranked as senior to Pericles by just one generation, (or thirty-three years,\(^{39}\)) in the whole deduction of Grecian annals no other public man, statesman, captain-general, administrator of the national resources, can be mentioned as approaching to these two men in splendor of reputation, or even in real merit. Pisistratus was too far back: Alcibiades, who might (chronologically speaking) have been the son of Pericles, was too unsteady, and (according to Mr. Coleridge's coinage) 'unreliable;' or, perhaps, in more correct English, too 'unrelyuponable.'

Thus far our purpose prospers. No man can pretend to forget two such centres as Pericles for the elder group, or Alexander of Macedon, (the 'strong he-goat' of Jewish prophecy,) for the junior. Round these two foci, in two different but adjacent centuries gathered the total starry heavens—the galaxy, the Pantheon of Grecian intellect. All that Greece produced—of awful solemnity in her tragic stage, of riotous mirth and fancy in her comic stage, of power in her elo-
quence, of wisdom in her philosophy; all that has since tingled in the ears of twenty-four centuries, of her prosperity in the arts, her sculpture, her architecture, her painting, her music—everything, in short, excepting only her higher mathematics, which waited for a further development—which required the incubation of the musing intellect for yet another century—revolved like two neighboring planetary systems about these two solar orbs. Two mighty vortices, Pericles and Alexander the Great, drew into strong eddies about themselves all the glory and the pomp of Greek literature, Greek eloquence, Greek wisdom, Greek art. Next, that we may still more severely search the relations in all points between the two systems, let us assign the chronological locus of each: because that will furnish another element towards the exact distribution of the chart representing the motion and the oscillations of human genius. Pericles had a very long administration. He was Prime Minister of Athens for upwards of one entire generation. He died in the year 429 before Christ, and in a very early stage of that great Peloponnesian war, which was the one sole intestine war for Greece affecting every nook and angle in the land. Now, in this long public life of Pericles, we are at liberty to fix on any year as his chronological locus. On good reasons, not called for in this place, we fix on the year 444. This is too remarkable to be forgotten. *Four, four, four,* what at some games of cards is called a 'prial,' (we presume, by an elision of the first vowel a, for *partial,* ) forms an era which no man can forget. It was the fifteenth year before the death of Pericles, and not far from the bisecting year of his political life. Now, passing to
the other system, the *locus* of Alexander is quite as remarkable, as little liable to be forgotten when once indicated, and more easily determined, because selected from a narrower range of choice. The exact chronological *locus* of Alexander the Great is 333 years before Christ. Everybody knows how brief was the career of this great man: it terminated in the year 320 before Christ. But the *annus mirabilis* of his public life, the most effective and productive year throughout his oriental anabasis, was the year 333 before Christ. Here we have another *prial,* a prial of threes, for the *locus* of Alexander.

Thus far the elements are settled, the chronological longitude and latitude of the two great planetary systems into which the Greek literature breaks up and distributes itself: 444 and 333 are the two central years for the two systems: allowing, therefore, an interspace of 111 years between the *foci* of each. It is thought by some people, that all those stars which you see glittering so restlessly on a keen frosty night in a high latitude, and which seem to have been sown broadcast with as much carelessness as grain lies on a threshing-floor — here showing vast zaarahs of desert blue sky; there again lying close and to some eyes presenting

‘The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest,’

are in fact all gathered into zones or *strata*; that our own wicked little earth, (with the whole of our peculiar solar system,) is a part of such a zone; and that all this perfect geometry of the heavens, these radii in the mighty wheel, would become apparent, if we, the spectators, could but survey it from the true *centre* which centre may be far too distant for any vision of
man, naked or armed, to reach. However that may be, it is most instructive to see how many apparent scenes of confusion break up into orderly arrangement, when you are able to supply an a priori principle of organization to their seeming chaos. The two vortices of the Greek literature are now separated; the chronological loci of their centres are settled. And next, we request the reader thoughtfully to consider who they are of whom the elder system is composed.

In the centre, as we have already explained, is Pericles — the great practical statesman; and that orator of whom (amongst so many that vibrated thunderbolts) it was said peculiarly that he thundered and lightened as if he held this Jovian attribute by some individual title. We spare you Milton's magnificent description from the Paradise Regained of such an orator 'wielding at will that fierce democracy,' partly because the closing line in its reference 'to Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne,' too much points the homage to Demosthenes; but still more, because by too trivial a repetition of splendid passages, a serious injury is done to great poets. Passages of great musical effect, metrical bravuras are absolutely vulgarized by too perpetual a parroting — and the care of Augustus Cæsar ne nomen suum obsoleveret,40 that the majesty of his name should not be vulgarized by bad poets, is more seriously needed in our days on behalf of great poets, to protect them from trivial or too parrot-like a citation.

Passing onwards from Pericles, you find that all the rest in his system were men in the highest sense creative; absolutely setting the very first examples, each in his peculiar walk of composition; themselves without previous models, and yet destined every man of
them to become models for all after-generations; themselves without fathers or mothers, and yet having all posterity for their children. First come the three men divini spiritūs, under a heavenly afflatus, Æschylus — Sophocles — Euripides, the creators of Tragedy out of a village mummery. Next comes Aristophanes, who breathed the breath of life into Comedy. Then comes the great philosopher Anaxagoras, who first theorized successfully upon man and the world. Next come, whether great or not, the still more famous philosophers — Socrates, Plato, Xenophon. Then comes, leaning upon Pericles, as sometimes Pericles leaned upon him, the divine artist, Phidias; and behind this immortal man walk Herodotus and Thucydides. What a procession to Eleusis would these men have formed; what a frieze, if some great artist could arrange it as dramatically as Chaucer has arranged the Pilgrimage to Canterbury.

It will be granted that this is unmasking a pretty strong battery of great guns for the Athens of Pericles. Now, let us step on a hundred years forward. We are now within hail of Alexander; and a brilliant consistory of Grecian men, that is, by which he is surrounded. There are now exquisite masters of the more refined Comedy; there are, again, great philosophers, for all the great schools are represented by able successors; and above all others, there is the one philosopher who played with men's minds (according to Lord Bacon's comparison) as freely as ever his princely pupil with their persons — there is Aristotle. There are great orators, and, above all others, there is that orator whom succeeding generations (wisely or not) have adopted as the representative name for what is
conceivable in oratorial perfection — there is Demosthenes. Aristotle and Demosthenes are in themselves bulwarks of power; many hosts lie in those two names. For artists, again, to range against Phidias, there is Lysippus the sculptor, and there is Apelles the painter. For great captains and masters of strategic art, there is Alexander himself, with a glittering cortège of general officers, well qualified to wear the crowns which they will win, and to head the dynasties which they will found. Historians there are now, as in that former age. And, upon the whole, it cannot be denied that the 'turn-out' is showy and imposing.

Before coming to that point, that is, before comparing the second 'deposit' (geologically speaking) of Grecian genius with the first, let us consider what it was (if anything) that connected them. Here, reader, we would wish to put a question. Saving your presence, Did you ever see what is called a dumb-bell? We have; and know it by more painful evidence than that of sight.

You, therefore, oh reader! if personally cognisant of dumb-bells, we shall remind — if not, we shall inform — that it is a cylindrical bar of iron, issuing at each end in a globe of the same metal, and usually it is sheathed in green baize; but, perfidiously so, if that covering is meant to deny or to conceal the fact of those heart-rending thumps which it inflicts upon one's too confiding fingers every third ictus. By the way, we have a vague remembrance that the late Mr. Thur-tell — the same who was generally censured for murdering the late Mr. Weare — once in a dark lobby attempted to murder a friend by means of a dumb-bell; in which he showed his judgment — we mean in his
choice of tools; for otherwise, in attempting to murder his friend, he was to blame. Now, reader, it is under this image of the dumb-bell we couch an allegory. Those globes at each end, are the two systems or separate clusters of Greek literature; and that cylinder which connects them, is the long man that ran into each system — binding the two together. Who was that? It was Isocrates. Great we cannot call him in conscience; and, therefore, by way of compromise, we call him long, which, in one sense, he certainly was; for he lived through four-and-twenty Olympiads, each containing four solar years. He narrowly escaped being a hundred years old; and though that did not carry him from centre to centre, yet, as each system might be supposed to portend a radius each way of twenty years, he had, in fact, a full personal cognisance (and pretty equally) of the two systems, remote as they were, which composed the total world of Grecian genius. Two circumstances have made this man interesting to all posterity; so that people, the most remote and different in character, (Cicero, for instance, and Milton,) have taken a delight in his memory. One is, that the school of rhetoric in Athens, which did not finally go down till the reign of Justinian, and, therefore, lasted above nine hundred and forty years without interruption, began with him. He was, says Cicero De Orat., 'Pater eloquentiae;' and elsewhere he calls him 'Communis magister oratorum.' True, he never practised himself, for which he had two reasons—'my lungs,' he tells us himself, 'are weak;' and secondly, I am naturally, as well as upon principle, a coward,' There he was right. A man would never have seen twenty-four Olympiads who had gone about brawling
and giving 'jaw,' as Demosthenes and Cicero did. You see what *they* made of it. The other feature of interest in this long man is precisely that fact, viz. that he *was* long. Everybody looks with kindness upon the snowy-headed man who saw the young prince Alexander of Macedon within four years of his starting for Persia; and personally knew most of those that gave lustre to the levees of Pericles. Accordingly, it is for this quality of length that Milton honors him with a touching memorial; for Isocrates was 'that old man eloquent' of Milton's sonnet, whom the battle of Chaeronea, 'fatal to liberty, killed with report.' This battle, by which Philip overthrew the last struggles of dying independence in Greece, occurred in the year 338 before Christ. Philip was himself assassinated two years later. Consequently, had Isocrates pulled out, like Caoutchouc, a little longer, he might have seen the silver shields, or Macedonian life-guards, embarking for Persia. In less than five years from that same battle, 'fatal to liberty,' Alexander was taking fatal liberties with Persia, and tickling the catastrophe of Darius. There were just seventy good years between the two expeditions — the Persian anabasis of Cyrus the younger, and the Persian anabasis of Alexander; but Isocrates knew personally many officers and *savans* in both.

Others, beside Cicero and Milton, have taken a deep interest in Isocrates; and, for the very circumstance we have been noticing, his *length*, combined with the accident of position which made that length effective in connecting the twofold literature of Greece. Had he been 'long' in any other situation than just in that dreary desert between the oasis of Pericles and the
oasis of Alexander, what good would that have done us? 'A wounded snake' or an Alexandrine verse would have been as useful. But he, feeling himself wanted, laid his length down like a railroad, exactly where he could be useful — with his positive pole towards Pericles, and his negative pole towards Alexander. Even Gibbon — even the frosty Gibbon — condescends to be pleased with this seasonable application of his two termini: — 'Our sense,' says he, in his 40th chapter, 'of the dignity of human nature is exalted by the simple recollection, that Isocrates was the companion of Plato and Xenophon; that he assisted, perhaps with the historian Thucydides, at the first representations of the Ædipus of Sophocles and the Iphigenia of Euripides.' So far in relation to the upper terminus of the long man; next, with reference to the lower terminus, Gibbon goes on: — and that his pupils, Æschines and Demosthenes, contended for the crown of patriotism in the presence of Aristotle, the master of Theophrastus, who taught at Athens with the founders of the Stoic and Epicurian sects.'

Now then, reader, you are arrived at that station from which you overlook the whole of Greek literature, as a few explanations will soon convince you. Where is Homer, where is Hesiod? You ask — where is Pindar? Homer and Hesiod lived a thousand years B. C., or, by the lowest computations, near nine hundred. For anything that we know, they may have lived with Tubal Cain. At all events, they belong to no power or agency that set in motion the age of Pericles, or that operated on that age. Pindar, again, was a solitary emanation of some unknown influences, at Thebes, more than five hundred years B. C. He may
be referred to the same era as Pythagoras. These are all that can be cited before Pericles.

Next, for the ages after Alexander, it is certain that Greece Proper was so much broken in spirit by the loss of her autonomy dating from that era—as never again to have rallied sufficiently to produce a single man of genius; not one solitary writer, who acted as a power upon the national mind. Callimachus was nobody, and not decidedly Grecian. Theocritus, a man of real genius in a limited way, is a Grecian in that sense only according to which an Anglo-American is an Englishman. Besides that, one swallow does not make a summer. Of any other writers, we possess only a few fragments: and of Anacreon, who must have been a poet of original power, from the very extended influence of his writings, we do not certainly know that we have any remains at all. Of those which pass under his name, not merely the authorship, but the era is very questionable indeed. Plutarch and Lucian, the unlearned reader must understand that both belong to post Christian ages. And for all the Greek emigrants who may have written histories, such as we now value for their matter more than for their execution, one and all they belong too much to Roman civilization, that we should ever think of connecting them with native Greek literature. Polybius in the days of the second Scipio, Dion Cassius, and Appian, in the acme of Roman civility, are no more Grecian authors, because they wrote in Greek, than the Emperor Marcus Antoninus, or Julian, were other than Romans, because, from monstrous coxcombry, they choose to write in Greek their barren memoranda. As well might Gibbon be thought not an Englishman, or
Leibnitz not a German; because the former, in composing the first draft of his essay on literature, and the latter in composing his *Theodicét*, used the French language. The motive in all these cases was analogous: amongst the Greek writers it was the affectation of reaching a particular body of educated men, a learned class, to the exclusion of the uninstructed multitude. With the affectors of French, the wish was, to reach a particular body of thinkers, with whose feelings they had a special sympathy from personal habituation to their society, and to whose prejudices, literary or philosophic, they had adapted their train of argument.

No: the Greek literature ends at the point we have fixed, viz., with the era of Alexander. No power, no heart-subduing agency, was ever again incarnated in any book, system of philosophy, or other model of creative energy, growing upon Grecian soil or from Grecian roots. Creation was extinct — the volcano was burned out. What books appeared at scattered intervals, during the three centuries still remaining before the Christian era, lie under a reproach, one and all, which perhaps has not been perceived. From the titles and passing notices of their objects, or mode of dealing with their objects, such as we derive from Cicero and many others, it is evident that they were merely professional books; text-books for lectures addressed to students, or polemic works addressed to competitors. Chairs of rhetoric and philosophy had now been founded in Athens. A great university, the resort of students from all nations, was established, and, in a sense sufficient to insure the perpetual succession of these corporate bodies, was endowed. Books, therefore, and laboring with the same two opposite defects
as are unjustly charged upon the schoolmen of the middle ages, viz., dulness from absolute monotony, and visionariness from the aërial texture of the speculations, continued to be written in discharge of professional obligations, or in pursuit of professional interest. The *sumnum bonum* was discussed until it had become the capital affliction of human patience; the *sumnum malum* of human life. Beyond these there was no literature; and these products of dreaming indolence, which terminated in making the very name of Greek philosopher, and Greek rhetorician, a jest and a byword amongst the manlier Romans, no more constituted a literature than a succession of academic studies from the pupils of a royal institution can constitute a school of fine arts.

Here, therefore, at this era of Alexander, 333 B. C., when every Greek patriot had reason to say of his native literature, *'Venimus ad summum fortunam'* — we have seen the best of our days — we must look for the Greek ideas of style, and the Greek theories of composition, in the uttermost development that either could have received. In the earlier system of Greek intellectual strength — in the era of Pericles, the powers of style would be most comprehensively exercised. In the second system, in the era of Alexander, the light of conscious recognition and direct examination would be most effectually applied. The first age furnished the power — the second furnished the science. The first brought the concrete model — the second brought the abstracting skill; and between them the whole compass of Greek speculation upon this point would be brought to a focus. Such being the state of preparation, what was the result?
PART IV.

"Such being the state of preparation, what was the result?" These were the words which concluded our last essay. There had been two manifestations of the Grecian intellect, revelations in two separate forms, the first having gathered about Pericles in the year 444 B. C., the second about Alexander the Great in 333 B. C.; the first being a pure literature of creative power, the second, in a great measure, of reflective power; the first fitted to call out the differences of style, the second to observe, classify, and discuss them: under these circumstances of favorable preparation, what had been the result? Where style exists in strong coloring as a practice or art, we reasonably expect that style should soon follow as a theory — as a science explaining that art, tracing its varieties, and teaching its rules. To use ancient distinctions, where the 'rhetorica utens' has been cultivated with eminent success, (as in early Greece it had,) it is but natural to expect many consequent attempts at a 'rhetorica docens.' And especially, it is natural to do so in a case where the theorizing intellect had been powerfully awakened. What, therefore, we ask again, had been in fact the result?

We must acknowledge that it had fallen far below the reasonable standard of our expectations. Greece, it is true, produced a long series of works on rhetoric; many of which, though not easily met with, survive to this day: and one which stands first in order of time — viz. the great work of Aristotle — is of such distinguished merit, that some eminent moderns have not scrupled to rank it as the very foremost legacy, in
point of psychological knowledge, which Pagan literature has bequeathed to us. Without entering upon so large a comparison as that, we readily admit the commanding talent which this work displays. But it is under an equivocal use of the word 'rhetoric' that the Rhetoric of Aristotle could ever have been classed with books treating of style. There is in fact a complex distinction to which the word rhetoric is liable: 1st, it means the rhetorica utens, as when we praise the rhetoric of Seneca or Sir Thomas Browne; not meaning anything which they taught, but something which they practised; not a doctrine which they delivered, but a machinery of composition which they employed. 2dly, it means the rhetorica docens, as when we praise the rhetoric of Aristotle or Hermogenes; writers far enough from being rhetorical by their own style of writing, but writers who professedly taught others to be rhetorical. 3dly, the rhetorica utens itself is subdivided into two meanings, so wide apart that they have very little bearing on each other: one being applied to the art of persuasion, the dexterous use of plausible topics for recommending any opinion whatever to the favor of an audience: this is the Grecian sense universally; the other being applied to the art of composition — the art of treating any subject ornamentally, gracefully, affectingly. There is another use of the word rhetoric distinct from all these, and hitherto, we believe, not consciously noticed: of which at some other time.

Now, this last subdivision of the word rhetoric, viz. 'Rhetoric considered as a practising art — rhetorica utens,' which is the sense exclusively indicated by our modern use of the term, is not at all concerned in the
rhetoric of Aristotle. It is rhetoric as a mode of moral
suasion, as a technical system for obtaining a readiness in giving to the false a coloring of plausibility, to
the doubtful a coloring of probability, or in giving to
the true, when it happens to be obscure, the benefit of
a convincing exposition — this it is which Aristotle
undertakes to teach: and not at all the art of ornamental composition. In fact, it is the whole body of public extempore speakers whom he addresses, not the body
of deliberate writers in any section whatever. And
therefore, whilst conceding readily all the honor which
is claimed for that great man's rhetoric, by this one
distinction as to what it was that he meant by rhetoric,
we evade at once all necessity for modifying our gen-
eral proposition; viz. that style in our modern sense,
as a theory of composition, as an art of constructing
sentences and weaving them into coherent wholes, was
not effectually cultivated amongst the Greeks. It was
not so well understood, nor so distinctly contemplated
in the light of a separate accomplishment, as afterwards among the Romans. And we repeat, that this
result from circumstances primâ facie so favorable to
the very opposite result, is highly remarkable. It is so
remarkable, that we shall beg permission to linger a
little upon those features in the Greek literature, which
most of all might seem to have warranted our expect-
ing from Greece the very consummation of this deli-
cate art. For these same features, which would separ-
rately have justified that expectation, may happen,
when taken in combination with others, to account for
its disappointment.

There is, then, amongst the earliest phenomena of the
Greek literature, and during its very inaugural period,
one which of itself and singly furnishes a presumption for expecting an exquisite investigation of style. It lies in the fact, that two out of the three great tragic poets carried his own characteristic quality of style to a morbid excess; to such an excess as should force itself, and in fact did force itself, into popular notice. Had these poets all alike exhibited that sustained and equable tenor of tragic style which we find in Sophocles, it is not probable that the vulgar attention would have been fixed by its character. Where a standard of splendor is much raised, provided all parts are simultaneously raised on the same uniform scale, we know by repeated experience in many modes of display, whether in dress, in architecture, in the embellishment of rooms, &c., that this raising of the standard is not perceived with much vivacity; and that the feelings of the spectator are soon reconciled to alterations that are harmonized. It is always by some want of uniformity, some defect in following out the scale, that we become roused to conscious observation of the difference between this and our former standards. We exaggerate these differences in such a case, as much as we undervalue them in a case where all is symmetrical. We might expect, therefore, beforehand, that the opposite characteristics as to style of Æschylus and Euripides, would force themselves upon the notice of the Athenian populace; and, in fact, we learn from the Greek scholiasts on these poets, that this effect did really follow. These scholiasts, indeed, belong to a later age. But we know by traditions which they have preserved, and we know from Aristotle himself, the immediate successor of the great tragic poets, (indirectly we know also from the stormy
ridicule of Aristophanes, who may be viewed as contemporary with those poets,) that Æschylus was notorious to a proverb amongst the very mob, for the stateliness, pomp, and towering character of his diction; whilst Euripides was equally notorious, not merely for a diction in a lower key, more household, more natural, less elaborate, but also for cultivating such a diction by study and deliberate preference. Having such great models of contrasting style to begin with, having the attention converged upon these differences by the furious merriment of Aristophanes, less than a Grecian wit would have felt a challenge in all this to the investigation of style, as a great organ of difference between man and man, between poet and poet.

But there was a more enduring reason, in the circumstances of Greece for entitling us to expect from her the perfect theory of style. It lay in those accidents of time and place which obliged Greece to spin most of her speculations, like a spider, out of her own bowels. Now, for such a kind of literature style is, generally speaking, paramount; for a literature less self-evolved, style is more liable to neglect. Modern nations have labored under the very opposite disadvantage. The excess of external materials has sometimes oppressed their creative power, and sometimes their meditative power. The exuberance of objective knowledge — that knowledge which carries the mind to materials existing out of itself, such as natural philosophy, chemistry, physiology, astronomy, geology, where the mind of the student goes for little, and the external object for much — has had the effect of weaning men from subjective speculation.
where the mind is all in all, and the alien object next to nothing; and in that degree has weaned them from the culture of style. Now, on the other hand, if you suppose a man in the situation of Baron Trenck at Spandau, or Spinosa in the situation of Robinson Crusoe at Juan Fernandez, or a contemplative monk of the thirteenth century in his cell—you will perceive that—unless he were a poor feeble-minded creature like Cowper's Bastile prisoner, thrown by utter want of energy upon counting the very nails of his dungeon in all permutations and combinations—rather than quit the external world, he must in his own defence, were it only as a relief from gnawing thoughts, cultivate some subjective science; that is, some branch of knowledge which, drawing everything from the mind itself, is independent of external resources. Such a science is found in the relations of man to God, that is in theology; in the determinations of space, that is in geometry; in the relations of existence or being universally to the human mind, otherwise called metaphysics or ontology; in the relations of the mind to itself, otherwise called logic. Hence it was that the scholastic philosophy evolved itself, like a vast spider's loom, between the years 1100 and 1400. Men shut up in solitude—with the education oftentimes of scholars—with a life of leisure—but with hardly any books, and no means of observation—were absolutely forced, if they would avoid lunacy, from energies unoccupied with any object, to create an object out of those very energies: they were driven by mere pressure of solitude, and sometimes of external silence, into raising vast aërial Jacob's ladders of vapory metaphysics, just as endless as those meteorologic
phenomena which technically bear that name—just as sublime and aspiring in their tendency upwards—and sometimes (but not always, wicked critic!) just as unsubstantial. In this land of the practical and the ponderable, we so little understand or value such abstractions, though once our British schoolmen took the tead in these subtleties, that we confound their very natures and names. Most people with us mean by metaphysics, what is properly called psychology. Now, these two are so far from being the same thing, that the former could be pursued (and, to say the truth, was, in fact, under Aristotle created) by the monk in his unfurnished cell, where nothing ever entered but moonbeams. Whereas psychology is but in part a subjective science; in some proportion it is also objective, depending on multiplied experience, or on multiplied records of experience. Psychology, therefore, could not have been cultivated extensively by the schoolmen; and in fact would not have been cultivated at all, but for the precedent of Aristotle. He, who laid the foundation of their metaphysics, which have nothing to do with man, had also written a work on man; viz. on the human soul, besides other smaller works on particular psychological phenomena (such as dreaming). Hence, through mere imitation, arose the short sketches of psychology amongst the schoolmen. Else their vocation say to metaphysics, and that vocation arose entirely out of their circumstances—solitude, scholarship, and no books. Total extinction there was for them of all objective materials, and therefore, as a consequence inevitable, reliance on the solitary energies of their own minds. Like Christabel's chamber lamp, and the angels from which it was suspended, all was the invention of the unprompted artist.
Models he had none before him, for printed books were yet sleeping in futurity, and the gates of a grand asceticism were closed upon the world of life. We moderns, indeed, fancy that the necessities of the Romish church—the mere instincts of self-protection in Popery—were what offered the bounty on this air-woven philosophy; and partly that is true; but it is most certain that all the bounties in this world would have failed to operate effectually, had they not met with those circumstances in the silent life of monasteries, which favored the growth of such a self-spun metaphysical divinity. Monastic life predisposed the restlessness of human intellect to move in that direction. It was one of the few directions compatible with solitude and penury of books. It was the only one that opened an avenue at once to novelty and to freedom of thought. Now, then, precisely what the monastic life of the schoolmen was, in relation to philosophy, the Greece of Pericles had been in relation to literature. What circumstances, what training, or predisposing influences existed for the monk in his cell; the same (or such as were tantamount) existed for the Grecian wit in the atmosphere of Athens. Three great agencies were at work, and unconsciously moulding the efforts of the earliest schoolmen about the opening of the Crusades, and of the latest, some time after their close;—three analogous agencies, the same in virtue, though varied in circumstances, gave impulse and guidance to the men of Greece, from Pericles, at the opening of Greek literature, to Alexander of Macedon, who witnessed its second harvest. And these agencies were:

1st. Leisure in excess, with a teeming intellect;
the burden, under a new-born excitement, of having nothing to do. 2d. Scarcity, without an absolute famine, of books; enough to awake the dormant cravings, but not enough to gratify them without personal participation in the labors of intellectual creation. 3d. A revolutionary restlessness, produced by the recent establishment of a new and growing public interest.

The two first of these agencies, for stimulating intellects already roused by agitating changes, are sufficiently obvious; though few, perhaps, are aware to what extent idleness prevailed in Pagan Greece, and even in Rome, under the system of household slavery, and under the bigoted contempt of commerce. But, waiving that point, and, for the moment, waiving also the degree of scarcity which affected books at the era of Pericles, we must say one word as to the two great analogous public interests which had formed themselves separately, and with a sense of revolutionary power, for the Greeks on the one hand, and for the schoolmen on the other. As respected the Grecians, and especially the Athenians, this excitement lay in the sentiment of nationality which had been first powerfully organized by the Persian war. Previously to that war the sentiment no doubt smouldered obscurely; but the oriental invasion it was which kindled it into a torrent of flame. And it is interesting to remark, that the very same cause which fused and combined these scattered tribes into the unity of Hellas viz. their common interest in making head against an awful invader, was also the cause which most of all separated them into local parties by individual rivalry, and by characteristic services. The arrogant Spartan, and with a French-like self-glorification,
boasted forever of his little Thermopylae. Ten years earlier the far sublimer display of Athenian Marathon, to say nothing of after services at Salamis, or elsewhere, had placed Attica at the summit of the Greek family. No matter whether selfish jealousy would allow that pre-eminence to be recognized, doubtless it was felt. With this civic pre-eminence arose concurrently for Athens the development of an intellectual pre-eminence. On this we need say nothing. But even here, although the pre-eminence was too dazzling to have been at any time overlooked, yet with some injustice in every age to Athens, her light has been recognized, but not what gave it value — the contrasting darkness of all around her. This did not escape Paterculus, whose understanding is always vigilant. 'We talk,' says he, 'of Grecian eloquence, or Grecian poetry, when we should say Attic: for who has ever heard of Theban orators, of Lacedæmonian artists, or Corinthian poets?" Æschylus, the first great author of Athens, (for Herodotus was not Athenian,) personally fought in the Persian war. Consequently the two modes of glory for Athens were almost of simultaneous emergence. And what we are now wishing to insist on, is, that precisely by and through this great unifying event, viz. the double inroad of Asia militant upon Greece, Greece first became generally and reciprocally known to Greece herself: that Greece was then first arranged and cast, as it were, dramatically, according to her capacities, services, duties; that a general consciousness was then diffused of the prevailing relations in which each political family stood to the rest; and that, in the leading states, every intellectual citizen drew a most agitating excite-
ment from the particular character of glory which had settled upon his own tribe, and the particular station which had devolved upon it amongst the champions of civilization.

That was the positive force acting upon Athens. Now, reverting to the monkish schoolmen, in order to complete the parallel, what was the corresponding force acting upon them? Leisure, and want of books, were accidents common to both parties—to the scholastic age and to the age of Pericles. These were the negative forces; concurring with others to sustain a movement once begun, but incapable of giving the original impulse. What was the active, the affirmative force, which effected for the scholastic monks that unity and sense of common purposes, which had been effected for the Greeks by the sudden development of a Grecian interest opposed to a Persian—of a civilized interest, under sudden peril, opposed to the barbarism of the universal planet?

What was there for the race of monkish schoolmen, laboring through three centuries, in the nature of a known palpable interest, which could balance so grand a principle of union and of effort, as this acknowledged guardianship of civilization had suddenly unfolded, like a banner, for the Greeks during the infancy of Pericles? What could there be of corresponding grandeur?

Beforehand, this should have seemed impossible. But, in reality, a far grander mode of interest had arisen for the schoolmen; grander, because more indefinite; more indefinite, because spiritual. It was this:—The Western or Latin Church had slowly developed her earthly power. As an edifice of civi
greatness, throughout the western world, she stood erect and towering. In the eleventh century, beyond all others, she had settled her deep foundations. The work thus far was complete. But blank civil power, though indispensable, was the feeblest of her arms; and, taken separately, was too frail to last, besides that it was liable to revolutions. The authority by which chiefly she ruled, had ruled, and hoped to rule, was spiritual; and with the growing institutions of the age, embodying so much of future resistance, it was essential that this spiritual influence should be founded on a subtle philosophy—difficult to learn, difficult to refute; as also that many dogmas already established, such as tradition, by way of prop to infallibility, should receive a far ampler development. The Latin church, we must remember, was not yet that church of Papal Rome, in the maturity of its doctrines and its pretensions, which it afterwards became. And when we consider how vast a benefactrix this church had been to early Christendom, when moulding and settling its foundations, as also in what light she must have appeared to her own pious children, in centuries where as yet only the first local breezes of opposition had begun to whisper amongst the Albigenses, &c., we are bound, in all candor, to see that a sublimer interest could not have existed for any series of philosophers, than the profound persuasion, that by marrying metaphysics to divinity, two sciences even separately so grand: and by the pursuit of labyrinthine truth, they were building up an edifice reaching to the heavens—the great spiritual fortress of the Catholic church.

Here let us retrace the course of our speculations, est the reader should suppose us to be wandering.
First, for the sake of illustrating more vividly the influences which acted on the Greece of Pericles, we bring forward another case analogously circumstanced, as moulded by the same causes; — 1. The same condition of intellect under revolutionary excitement; 2. The same penury of books; 3. The same chilling gloom from the absence of female charities; the consequent reaction of that oppressive ennui, which Helvetius fancied, amongst all human agencies, to be the most potent stimulant for the intellect; 4. The same (though far different) enthusiasm and elevation of thought, from disinterested participation in forwarding a great movement of the age; for the one side, involving the glory of their own brilliant country, and concurrent with civilization; for the other, co-extensive with all spiritual truth and all spiritual power.

Next, we remark, that men living permanently under such influences, must, of mere necessity, resort to that order of intellectual pursuits which requires little aid ab extra; that order, in fact, which philosophically is called 'subjective,' as drawing much from our own proper selves, or little (if anything) from extraneous objects.

And then, thirdly, we remark, that such pursuits are peculiarly favorable to the culture of style. In fact, they force that culture. A man who has absolute facts to communicate from some branch of study, external to himself, as physiology, suppose, or anatomy, or astronomy, is careless of style; or, at least, he may be so, because he is independent of style; for what he has to communicate, neither readily admits, nor much needs, any graces in the mode of communication; the matter transcends and oppresses the man-
ner. The matter tells without any manner at all. But he who has to treat a vague question, such as Cicero calls a *quaestio infinita*, where everything is to be finished out of his own peculiar feelings, or his own way of viewing things, (in contradistinction to a *quaestio infiniti*, where determinate data from without, already furnish the main materials,) soon finds that the manner of treating it not only transcends the matter, but very often, and in a very great proportion, *is* the matter.

In very many subjective exercises of the mind, as, for instance, in that class of poetry which has been formally designated by this epithet, (meditative poetry, we mean, in opposition to the Homeric, which is intensely objective,) the problem before the writer is — to project his own inner mind; to bring out consciously what yet lurks by involution in many unanalyzed feelings; in short, to pass through a prism, and radiate into distinct elements, what previously had been even to himself but dim and confused ideas, intermixed with each other. Now, in such cases, the skill with which detention or conscious arrest is given to the evanescent, external projection to what is internal, outline to what is fluxionary, and body to what is vague — all this depends entirely on the command over language, as the one sole means of embodying ideas. And, in such cases, the style, or, in the largest sense, *manner*, is confluent with the matter. But, at all events, even by those who are most impatient of any subtleties, or what they consider 'metaphysical' distinctions, thus much must be conceded — viz. that those who rest upon external facts, tangible realities, and circumstantial details, in short, generally upon the *objective*, whether in a case of narration or
of argument, must forever be less dependent upon
style, than those who have to draw upon their own
understandings and their own peculiar feelings for
the furniture and matter of their composition.) A
single illustration will make this plain. It is an old
remark, and, in fact, a subject of continual experience
that lawyers fail as public speakers in the House of
Commons. Even Erskine, the greatest of modern ad
vocates, was nobody as a senator; and the 'fluent
Murray,' two generations before him, had found his
fluency give way under that mode of trial. But why?
How was it possible that a man's fluency in one cham-
ber of public business, should thus suddenly be de-
feated and confounded in another? The reason is
briefly expressed in Cicero's distinction between a
quæstio finita and a quæstio infinita. In the courts of
law, the orator was furnished with a brief; an abstract
of facts; downright statements upon oath; circum-
stances of presumption; and, in short, a whole volume
of topics external to his own mind. Sometimes, it is
true, the advocate would venture a little out to sea,
proprio marti: in a case of crim. con., for instance,
he would attempt a little picture of domestic happiness
drawn from his own funds. But he was emboldened
to do this from his certain knowledge, that in the facts
of his brief he had always a hasty retreat in case of
any danger that he should founder. If the little pic-
ture prospered, it was well: if not, if symptoms of
weariness began to arise in the audience, or of hesita-
tion in himself, it was but to cut the matter short, and
return to the terra firma of his brief, when all again
was fluent motion. Besides that each separate transi-
tion, and the distribution of the general subject offered
themselves spontaneously in a law case; the logic was given as well as the method. Generally speaking, the mere order of chronology dictated the succession and arrangement of the topics. Now on the other hand, in a House of Commons' oration, although sometimes there may occur statements of facts and operose calculations, still these are never more than a text, at the very best, for the political discussion, but often no more than a subsequent illustration or proof attached to some one of its heads. The main staple of any long speech must always be some general view of national policy; and, in Cicero's language, such a view must always be \textit{infinita} — that is, not determined \textit{ab extra}, but shaped and drawn from the funds of one's own understanding. The facts are here subordinate and ministerial; in the case before a jury, the facts are all in all. The forensic orator satisfies his duty, if he does but take the facts exactly as they stand in his brief, and place them before his audience in that order, and even (if he should choose it) in those words. The parliamentary orator has no opening for facts at all, but as he himself may be able to create such an opening by some previous expositions of doctrine or opinion, of the probable or the expedient. The one is always creeping along shore — the other is always out at sea. Accordingly, the degrees of anxiety which severally affect the two cases, is best brought to the test in this one question — 'What shall \textbf{I} say next?' — an anxiety besetting orators like that which besets poor men in respect to their children's daily bread. — 'This moment it is secured; but, alas! for the next!' Now, the judicial orator finds an instant relief: the very points of the case are numbered; and, if he cannot
find more to say upon No. 7, he has only to pass on, and call up No. 8. Whereas, the deliberative orator, in a senate or a literary meeting, finds himself always in this situation—that having reached with difficulty that topic which we have supposed to be No. 7, one of three cases uniformly occurs: either he does not perceive any No. 8 at all; or, secondly, he sees a distracting choice of No. 8's—the ideas to which he might next pass are many, but he does not see whither they will lead him; or, thirdly, he sees a very fair and promising No. 8, but cannot in any way discover, off-hand, how he is to effect a transition to this new topic. He cannot, with the rapidity requisite, modulate out of the one key into the other. His anxiety increases, utter confusion masters him, and he breaks down.

We have made this digression by way of seeking, in a well known case of public life, an illustration of the difference between a subjective and an objective exercise of the mind. It is the sudden translation from the one exercise to the other, which, and which only, accounts for the failure of advocates when attempting senatorial efforts. Once used to depend on memorials or briefs of facts, or of evidence not self-derived, the advocate, like a child in leading-strings, loses that command over his own internal resources, which otherwise he might have drawn from practice. In fact, the advocate, with his brief lying before him, is precisely in the condition of a parliamentary speaker, who places a written speech or notes for a speech in his hat. This trick has sometimes been practised: and the consternation which would befall the orator in the case of such a hat-speech being suddenly blown away, precisely realizes the situation of a nisi prius
orator when first getting on his legs in the House of Commons. He has swum with bladders all his life: suddenly he must swim without them.

This case explains why it is, that all subjective branches of study favor the cultivation of style. — Whosoever is entirely independent of the mind, and external to it, is generally equal to its own enunciation. Ponderable facts and external realities are intelligible in almost any language: they are self-explained and self-sustained. But the more closely any exercise of mind is connected with what is internal and individual in the sensibilities, that is, with what is philosophically termed subjective, precisely in that degree, and the more subtly, does the style or the embodying of the thoughts cease to be a mere separable ornament, and in fact the more does the manner, as we expressed it before, become confluent with the matter. In saying this, we do but vary the form of what we once heard delivered on this subject by Mr. Wordsworth: his remark was by far the weightiest thing we ever heard on the subject of style; and it was this — That it is in the highest degree unphilosophic to call language or diction 'the dress of thoughts;' and what was it then that he would substitute? Why this: he would call it 'the incarnation of thoughts.' Never, in one word, was so profound a truth conveyed. Mr. Wordsworth was thinking, doubtless, of poetry like his own; viz. that which is eminently meditative. And the truth is apparent on consideration: for, if language were merely a dress, then you could separate the two: you could lay the thoughts on the left hand, the language on the right. But, generally speaking, you can no more deal thus with poetic thoughts, than you can with soul
and body. The union is too subtle; the intertexture too ineffable, each co-existing not merely with the other, but each in and through the other. An image, for instance, a single word, often enters into a thought as a constituent part. In short, the two elements are not united as a body with a separable dress, but as a mysterious incarnation. And thus, in what proportion the thoughts are subjective, in that same proportion does their very essence become identical with the expression, and the style become confluent with the matter.

The Greeks, by want of books, philosophical instruments, and innumerable other aids to all objective researches, being thrown more exclusively than we upon their own unaided minds, cultivated logic, ethics, metaphysics, psychology—all thoroughly subjective studies. The schoolmen, in the very same situation, cultivated precisely the same field of knowledge. The Greeks, indeed, added to their studies that of geometry; for the inscription over the gate of the Academy (Let no one enter who is not instructed in geometry) sufficiently argues that this science must have made some progress in the days of Pericles, when it could thus be made a general qualification for admission to a learned establishment within thirty years after his death. But geometry is partly an objective, partly a subjective study. With this exception, the Greeks and the monastic schoolmen trode the very same path.

Consequently, in agreement with our principle, both ought to have found themselves in circumstances favorable to the cultivation of style. And it is certain that they did. As an art, as a practice, it was feliciously pursued in both cases. It is true that the harsh
ascetic mode of treating philosophy by the schoolmen, generated a corresponding barrenness, aridity and repulsiveness, in the rigid forms of their technical language. But however offensive to genial sensibilities, this diction was a perfect thing in its kind; and, to do it justice, we ought rather to compare it with the exquisite language of algebra, equally irreconcilable to all standards of aesthetic beauty; but yet for the three qualities of elliptical rapidity, (that rapidity which constitutes what is meant by elegance in mathematics,) — of absolute precision — and of simplicity, this algebraic language is unrivalled amongst human inventions. On the other hand, the Greeks, whose objects did not confine them to these austere studies, carried out their corresponding excellence in style upon a far wider and indeed a comprehensive scale. Almost all modes of style were exemplified amongst them. Thus, we endeavor to show that the subjective pursuits of the Greeks and the schoolmen ought to have favored a command of appropriate diction; and afterwards that it did.

But, fourthly, we are entitled to expect — that wherever style exists in great development as a practice, it will soon be investigated with corresponding success as a theory. If fine music is produced spontaneously in short snatches by the musical sensibility of a people, it is a matter of certainty that a science of composition, that counterpoint, that thorough-bass, will soon be cultivated with a commensurate zeal. This is matter of such obvious inference, that in any case where it fails, we look for some extraordinary cause to account for it. Now, in Greece, with respect to style, the inference did fail. Style, as an art, was in
a high state of culture: style, as a science, was nearly neglected. How is this to be accounted for? It arose naturally enough out of one great phenomenon in the condition of ancient times, and the relation which that bore to literature, and to all human exertion of the intellect.

Did the reader ever happen to reflect on the great idea of Publication? An idea we call it; because, even in our own times, with all the mechanic aids of steam-presses, &c., this object is most imperfectly approached, and is destined, perhaps, forever to remain an unattainable ideal; useful (like all ideals) in the way of regulating our aims, but also as a practicable object not reconcilable with the limitation of human power. For it is clear that, if books were multiplied by a thousand-fold, and truth of all kinds were carried to the very fireside of every family, nay, placed below the eyes of every individual, still the purpose of any universal publication would be defeated and utterly confounded, were it only by the limited opportunities of readers. One condition of publication defeats another. Even so much as a general publication is a hopeless idea. Yet, on the other hand, publication, in some degree, and by some mode, is a sine qua non condition for the generation of literature. Without a larger sympathy than that of his own personal circle, it is evident that no writer could have a motive for those exertions and previous preparations, without which excellence is not attainable in any art whatsoever.

Now, in our own times, it is singular, and really philosophically curious, to remark the utter blindness of writers, readers, publishers, and all parties whatever
interested in literature, as to the trivial fraction of publicity which settles upon each separate work. The very multiplication of books has continually defeated the object in a growing progression. Readers have increased, the engines of publication have increased; but books, increasing in a still greater proportion, have left as the practical result—an average quotient of publicity for each book, taken apart, continually decreasing. And if the whole world were readers, probably the average publicity for each separate work would reach a minimum—such would be the concurrent increase of books. But even this view of the case keeps out of sight the most monstrous forms of this phenomenon. The inequality of the publication has the effect of keeping very many books absolutely without a reader. The majority of books are never opened; five hundred copies may be printed, or half as many more; of these, it may happen, that five are carelessly turned over. Popular journals, again, which carry a promiscuous miscellany of papers into the same number of hands, as a stage-coach must convey all its passengers at the same rate of speed, dupe the public with a notion that here at least all are read. Not at all. One or two are read from the interest attached to their subjects. Occasionally one is read a little from the ability with which it treats a subject not otherwise attractive. The rest have a better chance certainly than books, because they are at any rate placed under the eye and in the hand of readers. But this is no more than a variety of the same case. A hasty glance may be taken by one in a hundred at the less attractive papers; but reading is out of the question. Then, again, another delusion, by which all parties disguise
the truth, is, the absurd belief that, not being read at present, a book may, however, be revived hereafter. Believe it not! This is possible only with regard to books that demand to be studied, where the merit is slowly discovered. Every month, every day indeed, produces its own novelties, with the additional zest that they are novelties. Every future year, which will assuredly fail in finding time for its own books, how should it find time for defunct books? No, no—every year buries its own literature. Since Waterloo, there have been added upwards of fifty thousand books and pamphlets to the shelves of our native literature, taking no account of foreign importations. Of these fifty thousand, possibly two hundred still survive; possibly twenty will survive for a couple of centuries; possibly five or six thousand may have been indifferently read: the rest not so much as opened. In this hasty sketch of a calculation, we assume a single copy to represent a whole edition. But in order to have the total sum of copies numerically neglected since Waterloo, it will be requisite to multiply forty-four thousand by five hundred at the least, but probably by a higher multiplier. At the very moment of writing this—by way of putting into a brighter light the inconceivable blunder as to publicity habitually committed by sensible men of the world—let us mention what we now see before us in a public journal. Speaking with disapprobation of a just but disparaging expression applied to the French war-mania by a London morning paper, the writer has described it as likely to irritate the people of France. O, genius of arithmetic. The offending London journal has a circulation of four thousand copies daily—and it is assumed that thirty-
three millions, of whom assuredly not twenty-five individuals will ever see the English paper as a visible object, nor five ever read the passage in question, are to be maddened by one word in a colossal paper laid this morning on a table amongst fifty others, and to-morrow morning pushed off that table by fifty others of more recent date. How are such delusions possible? Simply from the previous delusion, of ancient standing, connected with printed characters: what is printed seems to every man invested with some fatal character of publicity such as cannot belong to mere MS.; whilst in the meantime, out of every thousand printed pages, one at the most, but at all events a very small proportion indeed, is in any true sense more public when printed than previously as a manuscript; and that one, even that thousandth part, perishes as effectually in a few days to each separate reader, as the words perish in our daily conversation. Out of all that we talk, or hear others talk, through the course of a year, how much remains on the memory at the closing day of December? Quite as little, we may be sure, survives from most people's reading. A book answers its purpose by sustaining the intellectual faculties in motion through the current act of reading; and a general deposition or settling takes effect from the sum of what we read; even that, however, chiefly according to the previous condition in which the book finds us for understanding it, and referring them to heads under some existing arrangement of our knowledge. Publication is an idle term applied to what is not published: and nothing is published which is not made known publicly to the understanding as well as to the eye: whereas, for the enormous majority of
what is printed, we cannot say so much as that it is
made known to the eyes.

For what reason have we insisted on this unpleasant
view of a phenomenon incident to the limitation of
our faculties, and apparently without remedy? Upon
another occasion it might have been useful to do so,
were it only to impress upon every writer the vast
importance of compression. Simply to retrench one
word from each sentence, one superfluous epithet, for
example, would probably increase the disposable time
of the public by one twelfth part; in other words, would
add another month to the year, or raise any sum of volumes read from eleven to twelve hundred.
A mechanic operation would effect that change: but,
by cultivating a closer logic and more severe habits of
thinking, perhaps two sentences out of each three
might be pruned away; and the amount of possible
publication might thus be increased in a threefold
degree. A most serious duty, therefore, and a duty
which is annually growing in solemnity, appears to be
connected with the culture of an unwordy diction;
much more, however, with the culture of clear think-
ing; that being the main key to good writing, and
consequently to fluent reading.

But all this, though not unconnected with our general
theme, is wide of our immediate purpose. The course
of our logic at this point runs in the following order.
The Athenians, from causes assigned, ought to have
consummated the whole science and theory of style.
But they did not. Why? Simply from a remarkable
deflection or bias given to their studies by a difficulty
connected with publication. For some modes of
literature the Greeks had a means of publication, for
many they had not. That one difference, as we shall show, disturbed the just valuation of style.

Some mode of publication must have existed for Athens, that is evident. The mere fact of a literature proves it. For without public sympathy how can a literature arise? or public sympathy without a regular organ of publication? What poet would submit to the labors of his most difficult art, if he had no reasonable prospect of a large audience, and somewhat of a permanent audience to welcome and adopt his productions?

Now then, in the Athens of Pericles, what was the audience, how composed, and how ensured, on which the literary composer might rely? By what channel, in short, did the Athenian writer calculate on a publication?

This is a very interesting question; and, as regards much in the civilization of Greece, both for what it caused and what it prevented, is an important question. In the elder days, in fact we may suppose through the five hundred years from the Trojan expedition to Pisistratus and Solon, all publication was effected through two classes of men — the public reciters and the public singers. Thus no doubt it was, that the Iliad and Odyssey were sent down to the hands of Pisistratus, who has the traditional reputation of having first arranged and revised these poems. These reciters or singers to the harp, would probably rehearse one entire book of the Iliad at every splendid banquet. Every book would be kept in remembrance and currency by the peculiar local relations of particular states or particular families to ancestors connected with Troy. This mode of publication, however, had the disadvan-
stage, that it was among the arts ministerial to sensual enjoyment. And it is some argument for the extensive diffusion of such a practice in the early times of Greece, that both in later Greece of later times, and, by adoption from in the Rome of cultivated ages, we find the as commonly established by way of a dinner appurtenance—that is, exercises of display addressed to the ear, recitations of any kind with and without music—not at all less frequently than or the corresponding display to the eye, (dances or combats of gladiators.) These were doubtless inheritances from the ancient usages of Greece, modes of publication resorted to long before the Olympic games, by the mere necessitous cravings for sympathy; and kept up long after that institution, as in itself too brief and rare in its recurrence to satisfy the necessity.

Such was the earliest effort of publication, and in its feeble infancy; for this, besides its limitation in point of audience, was confined to narrative poetry. But when the ideal of Greece was more and more exalted by nearer comparison with barbarous standards, after the sentiment of patriotism had coalesced with vindictive sentiments, and when towering cities began to reflect the grandeur of this land as in a visual mirror, these cravings for publicity became more restless and irrepressible. And at length in the time of Pericles, concurrently with the external magnificence of the city, arose for Athens two modes of publication, each upon a scale of gigantic magnitude.

What were these? The Theatre and the Agora or Forum; publication by the Stage, and publication by the Hustings. These were the extraordinary modes
of publication which arose for Athens; one by a sudden birth, like that of Minerva, in the very generation of Pericles; the other slowly maturing itself from the generation of Pisistratus, which preceded that of Pericles by a hundred years. This double publication, scenic and forensic, was virtually, and for all the loftier purposes of publication, the press of Athens. And however imperfect a representative this may seem of a typographical publication, certain it is that in some important features the Athenian publication had separate advantages of its own. It was a far more effective and correct publication, in the first place; enjoying every aid of enforcing accompaniment, from voice, gesture, scenery, music; and suffering in no instance from false reading or careless reading. Then secondly, it was a far wider publication; each drama being read (or heard, which is a far better thing) by twenty-five or thirty thousand persons, counterbalancing at least forty editions, such as we on an average publish, each oration being delivered with just emphasis, to perhaps seven thousand. But why, in this mention of a stage or hustings publication, as opposed to a publication by the printing-press, why was it, we are naturally admonished to ask, that the Greeks had no press? The ready answer will be, because the art of printing had not been discovered. But that is an error, the detection of which we owe to the present Archbishop of Dublin. The art of printing was discovered. It had been discovered repeatedly. The art which multiplied the legends upon a coin or medal, (a work which the ancients performed by many degrees better than we moderns, for we make it a mechanic art, they a fine art,) had in effect anticipated the art of printing. It was
an art, this typographic mystery, which awoke and went back to sleep many times over, from mere defect of materials. Not the defect of typography as an art, but the defect of paper as a material for keeping this art in motion — there lay the reason, as Dr. Whately most truly observes, why printed books had no existence amongst the Greeks of Pericles, or afterwards amongst the Romans of Cicero. And why was there no paper? The common reason applying to both countries was the want of linen rags; and that want arose from the universal habit of wearing woollen garments. In this respect, Athens and Rome were on the same level. But for Athens, the want was driven to a further extremity by the slenderness of her commerce with Egypt, whence only any substitute could have been drawn.

Even for Rome itself, the scarcity of paper ran through many degrees. Horace, the poet, was amused with the town of Equotuticum for two reasons; as incapable of entering into hexameter verse, from its prosodial quantity, \textit{(versu quod dicere non est,)} and because it purchased water, \textit{(vaenit vilissima rerum aqua)}: a circumstance in which it agrees with the well known Clifton, above the hot wells of Bristol, where water is bought by the shilling's worth. But neither Horatian Equotuticum, nor Bristolian Clifton, can ever have been as 'hard up' for water as the Mecca caravan. And the differences were as great, in respect to the want of paper, between the Athens of Pericles or Alexander, and the Rome of Augustus Caesar. Athens had bad poets, whose names have come down to modern times: but Athens could no more have afforded to punish bad authors by sending their works to grocers —
than London, because gorged with the wealth of two Indies, can afford to pave her streets with silver. This practice of applying unsaleable authors to the ignoble uses of retail dealers in petty articles, must have existed in Rome for some time before it could have attracted the notice of Horace, and upon some considerable scale as a known public usage, before it could have roused any echoes of public mirth as a satiric allusion, or have had any meaning and sting.

In that one revelation of Horace, we see a proof how much paper had become more plentiful. It is true, that so long as men dressed in woollen materials, it was impossible to look for a cheap paper. Maga might have been printed at Rome very well for ten guineas a copy. Paper was dear, undoubtedly; but it could be had. On the other hand, how desperate must have been the bankruptcy at Athens in all materials for receiving the record of thoughts, when we find a polished people having no better tickets or cards for conveying their sentiments to the public than shells? Thence came the very name for civil banishment, viz. ostracism, because the votes were marked on an ostracon, or marine shell. Again, in another great and most splendid city, you see men reduced to petalism, or marking their votes by the petals of shrubs. Elsewhere, as indeed many centuries nearer to our own times, in Constantinople, bull’s hide was used for the same purpose.

Well might the poor Greeks adopt the desperate expedient of white plastered walls as the best memorandum-book for a man who had thoughts occurring to
him in the night-time. Brass only, or maroële, could offer any lastling memorial for thoughts; and upon what material the parts were written out for the actors on the Athenian stage, or how the elaborate revisals of the text could be carried on, is beyond our power of conjecture.

In this appalling state of embarrassment for the great poet or prose writer, what consequences would naturally arise? A king's favorite and friend like Aristotle might command the most costly materials. For instance, if you look back from this day to 1800, into the advertising records or catalogues of great Parisian publishers, you will find more works of excessive luxury, costing from a thousand francs for each copy, all the way up to as many guineas, in each separate period of fifteen years, than in the whole forty among the wealthier and more enterprising publishers of Great Britain. What is the explanation? Can the very moderate incomes of the French gentry afford to patronize works which are beyond the purses of our British aristocracy, who, besides, are so much more of a reading class? Not so: the patronage for these Parisian works of luxury is not domestic, it is exotic: chiefly from emperors and kings; from great national libraries; from rich universities; from the grandees of Russia, Hungary, or Great Britain; and generally from those who, living in splendid castles or hotels, require corresponding furniture, and therefore corresponding books; because to such people books are necessarily furniture; since upon the principles of good taste, they must correspond with the splendor of all around them. And in the age of Alexander, there were already purchasers enough among royal houses,
or the imitators of such houses, to encourage costly copies of attractive works. Aristotle was a privileged man. But in other less favored cases, the strong yearnings for public sympathy were met by blank impossibilities. Much martyrdom, we feel assured, was then suffered by poets. Thousands, it is true, perish in our days, who have never had a solitary reader. But still, the existence in print gives a delusive feeling that they have been read. They are standing in the market all day, and somebody, unperceived by themselves, may have thrown an eye upon their wares. The thing is possible. But for the ancient writer there was a sheer physical impossibility that any man should sympathize with what he never could have seen, except under the two conditions we have mentioned.

These two cases there were of exemption from this dire physical resistance; two conditions which made publication possible: and under the horrible circumstances of sequestration for authors in general, need it be said, that to benefit by either advantage was sought with such a zeal as, in effect, extinguished all other literature? If a man could be a poet for the stage, a scriptor scenicus, in that case he obtained a hearing. If a man could be admitted as an orator, as a regular demagogus, from the popular bema, or hustings, in that case he obtained a hearing. If his own thoughts were a torment to him, until they were reverberated from the hearts and flashing eyes and clamorous sympathy of a multitude; thus only an outlet was provided, a mouth was opened, for the volcano surging within his brain. The vast theatre was an organ of publication; the political forum was an organ of publication.
And on this twofold arena a torch was applied to that inflammable gas, which exhaled spontaneously from so excitable a mind as the mind of the Athenian.

Need we wonder, then, at the torrent-like determination with which Athenian literature, from the era 444 B. C., to the era 333 B. C., ran headlong into one or other channel — the scenical poetry or the eloquence of the hustings? For an Athenian in search of popular applause, or of sympathy, there was no other avenue to either; unless, indeed, in the character of an artist, or of a leading soldier: but too often, in this latter class, it happened that mercenary foreigners had a preference. And thus it was, that during that period when the popular cast of government throughout Greece awakened patriotic emulation, scarcely anything is heard of in literature (allowing for the succession to philosophic chairs, which made it their pride to be private and exclusive) except dramatic poetry on the one hand, comic or tragic, and political oratory on the other.

As to this last avenue to the public ear, how it was abused, in what excess it became the nuisance and capital scourge of Athens, there needs only the testimony of all contemporary men who happened to stand aloof from that profession, or all subsequent men even of that very profession, who were not blinded by some corresponding interest in some similar system of delusion. Euripides and Aristophanes, contemporary with the earliest practitioners of name and power on that stage of jugglers, are overrun with expressions of horror for these public pests. 'You have every qualification,' says Aristophanes to an aspirant, 'that could be wished for a public orator; 

\[ θορηματα \] — a
voice like seven devils — πασίων γέγονες — you are by nature a scamp — ἀγωνιός εἰ — you are up to snuff in the business of the forum.' From Euripides might be gathered a small volume, relying merely upon so much of his works as yet survives, in illustration of the horror which possessed him for this gang of public misleaders:

'Tonv t' εδο' ὁ θετῶν εν πόλεις οἰκουμένας
Ἀμοινος τ' ἀμυλλυτ' — οἱ καλοὶ λίγον λογοῖ.

'This is what overthrows cities, admirably organized, and the households of men — your superfine harangues.' Cicero, full four centuries later, looking back to this very period from Pericles to Alexander, friendly as he was by the esprit de corps to the order of orators, and professionally biased to uphold the civil uses of eloquence; yet, as an honest man, cannot deny that it was this gift of oratory, hideously abused, which led to the overthrow of Athens, and the ruin of Grecian liberty: — 'Ilia vetus Graecia, qua quondam opibus, imperio gloriā floruit, hoc uno malo concidit — libertate immoderatā ac licentiā concionum.' Quin- tilian, standing on the very same ground of professional prejudice, all in favor of public orators, yet is forced into the same sorrowful confession. In one of the Declamations ascribed to him, he says — 'Civitā tum status scimus ab oratoribus esse conversos;' and in illustration he adds the example of Athens: 'sive illam Atheniensium civitatem, (quondam late principem,) intueri placeat, accisas ejus vires animadverte- mus vitio concionantium.' Root and branch, Athens was laid prostrate by her wicked radical orators; for radical, in the elliptic phrase of modern politics, they
were almost to a man; and in this feature above all others, (a feature often scornfully exposed by Euripides,) those technically known as οἱ λέγοιτες — the speaking men, and as οἱ διαμαχόντες — the misleaders of the mob, offer a most suitable ancestry for the modern leaders of radicalism — that with their base, fawning flatteries of the people, they mixed up the venom of vipers against their opponents and against the aristocracy of the land.

'Υπο λυκαίτεις ἡματοις μαγειρίκοις —

'Subtly to wheedle the people with honeyed words dressed to its palate' — this had been the ironical advice of the scoffing Aristophanes. That practice made the mob orator contemptible to manly tastes rather than hateful. But the sacrifice of independence — the 'pride which licks the dust' — is the readiest training for all uncharitableness and falsehood towards those who seem either rivals for the same base purposes, or open antagonists for nobler. And accordingly it is remarked by Euripides, that these pestilent abusers of the popular confidence would bring a mischief upon Athens before they had finished, equally by their sycophancies to the mob, and by their libels of foreign princes. Hundreds of years afterwards, a Greek writer, upon reviewing this most interesting period of one hundred and eleven years, from Pericles to Alexander, sums up and repeats the opinion of Euripides in this general representative portrait of Attic oratory, with respect to which we wish to ask, can any better delineation be given of a Chartist, or generically of a modern Jacobin? — 'Ο διαμαχόγος καυσοδίασκαλεί τοὺς πολλοὺς, λέγω τα νεκρωτικήα — 'The mob-leader dupes the multitude with false doctrines, whilst delivering
things soothing to their credulous vanity.' This is one half of his office — sychophancy to the immediate purse-holders, and poison to the sources of truth — the other half is expressed with the same spirit of prophecy as regards the British future — καὶ διαζόλας αὐτοὺς ἐξαλλο- τροῖον πρὸς τοὺς ἀριστοὺς, 'and by lying calumnies he utterly alienates their affections from their own native aristocracy.'

Now this was a base pursuit, though somewhat relieved by the closing example of Demosthenes, who, amidst much frailty, had a generous nature; and he showed it chiefly by his death, and in his lifetime, to use Milton's words, by uttering many times 'odious truth,' which, with noble courage, he compelled the mob to hear. But one man could not redeem a national dishonor. It was such, and such it was felt to be. Men, therefore, of elevated natures, and men of gentle pacific natures, equally revolted from a trade of lies, as regarded the audience, and of strife, as regarded the competitors. There remained the one other pursuit of scenical poetry; and it hardly needs to be said, what crowding there was amongst all the energetic minds of Athens into one or other of these pursuits — the one for the unworldly and idealizing, the other for the coarsely ambitious. These, therefore, became the two quasi professions of Athens; and at the same time, in a sense more exclusive than can now be true of our professions, became the sole means of publication for truth of any class, and a publication by many degrees more certain, more extensive, and more immediate, than ours by the press.

The Athenian theatre published an edition of thirty thousand copies in one day, enabling, in effect every
male citizen capable of attending, from the age of twenty to sixty, together with many thousands of domiciled aliens, to read the drama, with the fullest understanding of its sense and poetic force that could be affected by natural powers of voice and action, combined with all possible auxiliaries of art, of music, of pantomimic dancing; and the whole carried home to the heart by visible and audible sympathy in excess. This, but in a very inferior form, as regarded the adjuncts of art, and the scale of the theatre, and the mise en scène, was precisely the advantage of Charles I. for appreciating Shakspeare.

It was a standing reproach of the Puritans adopted even by Milton, a leaden shaft feathered and made buoyant by his wit, that the king had adopted that stage poet as the companion of his closet retirements. So it would have been a pity, if these malignant persecutors of the royal solitude should have been liars as well as fanatics. Doubtless, as king, and in his afflictions, this storm-vexed man did read Shakspeare. But that was not the original way in which he acquired his acquaintance with the poet. A Prince of Wales, what between public claims and social claims, finds little time for reading, after the period of childhood; that is, at any period when he can comprehend a great poet. And it was as Prince of Wales that Charles prosecuted his studies of Shakspeare. He saw continually at Whitehall, personated by the best actors of the time, illustrated by the stage management, and assisted by the mechanic displays of Inigo Jones, all the principal dramas of Shakspeare actually performed. That was publication with an Athenian advantage. A thousand copies of a book may be brought into public libraries,
and not one of them opened. But the three thousand copies of a play, which Drury Lane used to publish in one night, were in the most literal sense as well as in spirit read, properly punctuated by the speakers, made intelligible by voice and action, endowed with life and emphasis: in short, on each successive performance, a very large edition of a fine tragedy was published in the most impressive shape; not merely with accuracy, but with a mimic reality that forbade all forgetting, and was liable to no inattention.

Now, if Drury Lane published a drama for Shakespeare by three thousand copies in one night, the Athenian theatre published ten times that amount for Sophocles. And this mode of publication in Athens not co-operating (as in modern times) with other modes, but standing out in solitary conspicuous relief, gave an unnatural bounty upon that one mode of poetic composition; as the hustings did upon one mode of prose composition. And those two modes, being thus cultivated to the utter exclusion of all others not benefiting by that bounty of publication, gave an unnatural bias to the national style; determined, in effect, upon too narrow a scale the operative ideal of composition — and finally made the dramatic artist and the mob orator the two sole intellectual professions for Athens. Hence came a great limitation of style in practice: and hence, for reasons connected with these two modes of composition, a general neglect of style as a didactic theory.
No art, cultivated by man, has suffered more in the revolutions of taste and opinion than the art of rhetoric. There was a time when, by an undue extension of this term, it designated the whole cycle of accomplishments which prepared a man for public affairs. From that height it has descended to a level with the arts of alchemy and astrology, as holding out promises which consist in a mixed degree of impostures and of trifles. If we look into the prevailing theory of rhetoric, under which it meets with so degrading an estimate, we shall find that it fluctuates between two different conceptions, according to one of which it is an art of ostentatious ornament, and according to the other an art of sophistry. A man is held to play the rhetorician, when he treats a subject with more than usual gayety of ornament; and perhaps we may add, as an essential element in the idea, with conscious ornament. This is one view of rhetoric; and, under this, what it accomplishes is not so much to persuade as to delight; not so much to win the assent, as to stimulate the attention, and captivate the taste. And

*Whately's Elements of Rhetoric.
even this purpose is attached to something separable and accidental in the manner.

But the other idea of rhetoric lays its foundation in something essential to the matter. This is that rhetoric of which Milton spoke, as able 'to dash maturest counsels, and to make the worse appear the better reason.' Now it is clear, that argument of some quality or other must be taken as the principle of this rhetoric; for those must be immature counsels indeed that could be dashed by mere embellishments of manner, or by artifices of diction and arrangement.

Here then we have in popular use two separate ideas of rhetoric, one of which is occupied with the general end of the fine arts; that is to say, intellectual pleasure. The other applies itself more specifically to a definite purpose of utility.

Such is the popular idea of rhetoric, which wants both unity and precision. If we seek these from the formal teachers of rhetoric, our embarrassment is not much relieved. All of them agree that rhetoric may be defined the art of persuasion. But if we inquire what is persuasion, we find them vague and indefinite, or even contradictory. To waive a thousand of others, Dr. Whately, in the work before us, insists upon the conviction of the understanding as 'an essential part of persuasion;' and, on the other hand, the author of the Philosophy of Rhetoric is equally satisfied that there is no persuasion without an appeal to the passions. Here are two views. We, for our parts, have a third, which excludes both: where conviction begins, the field of rhetoric ends — that is our opinion: and, as to the passions, we contend that they are not within the province of rhetoric, but of eloquence.
In this view of rhetoric and its functions we coincide with Aristotle; as indeed originally we took it up on a suggestion derived from him. But as all parties may possibly fancy a confirmation of their views in Aristotle, we shall say a word or two in support of our own interpretation of that author, which will surprise our Oxford friends. Our explanation involves a very remarkable detection, which will tax many thousands of books with error in a particular point supposed to be as well established as the hills. We question, indeed, whether a Congreve rocket, or a bomb, descending upon the schools of Oxford, would cause more consternation than the explosion of that novelty which we are going to discharge.

Many years ago, when studying the Aristotelian rhetoric at Oxford, it struck us that, by whatever name Aristotle might describe the main purpose of rhetoric, practically, at least, in his own treatment of it, he threw the whole stress upon finding such arguments for any given thesis as, without positively proving or disproving it, gave it a colorable support. We could not persuade ourselves that it was by accident that the topics, or general heads of argument, were never in an absolute and unconditional sense true—but contained so much of plausible or colorable truth as is expressed in the original meaning of the word probable. A ratio probabilis, in the Latin use of the word probabilis, is that ground of assent—not which the understanding can solemnly approve and abide by—but the very opposite to this; one which it can submit to for a moment, and countenance as within the limits of the plausible.49 That this was the real governing law of Aristotle's procedure, it was not
possible to doubt: but was it consciously known to himself? If so, how was it to be reconciled with his own formal account of the office of rhetoric, so often repeated, that it consisted in finding enthymemes? What then was an enthymeme?

Oxford! thou wilt think us mad to ask. Certainly we knew, what all the world knows, that an enthymeme was understood to be a syllogism of which one proposition is suppressed — major, minor, or conclusion. But what possible relation had that to rhetoric? Nature sufficiently prompts all men to that sort of ellipsis; and what impertinence in a teacher to build his whole system upon a solemn precept to do this or that, when the rack would not have forced any man to do otherwise! Besides, Aristotle had represented it as the fault of former systems, that they applied themselves exclusively to the treatment of the passions — an object foreign to the purpose of the rhetorician, who, in some situations, is absolutely forbidden by law to use any such arts: whereas, says he, his true and universal weapon is the enthymeme, which is open to him everywhere. Now what opposition, or what relation of any kind, can be imagined between the system which he rejects and the one he adopts, if the enthymeme is to be understood as it usually has been? The rhetorician is not to address the passions, but — what? to mind that, in all his arguments, he suppresses one of his propositions! And these follies are put into the mouth of Aristotle.

In this perplexity a learned Scottish friend communicated to us an Essay of Facciolati's, read publicly about a century ago, (Nov. 1724,) and entitled De Enthymemate, in which he maintains, that the re-
ceived idea of the enthymeme is a total blunder, and triumphantly restores the lost idea. 'Nego,' says he, 'nego enthymema esse syllogismum mutilum, ut vulgo dialectici docent. Nego, inquam, et pernego enthymema enunciatione una et conclusione constare, quamvis ita in scholis omnibus finiatur, et a nobis ipsis finitum sit aliquando — no lentibus extra locum lites suscipere.' I deny peremptorily that an enthymeme consists of one premiss and the conclusion: although that doctrine has been laid down universally in the schools, and upon one occasion even by myself, as unwilling to move the question unseasonably.

Facciolati is not the least accurate of logicians, because he happens to be the most elegant. Yet, we apprehend, that at such innovations, Smiglecius will stir in his grave; Keckermannus will groan; 'Dutch Burgersdyk' will snort; and English Cracken thorpius, (who has the honor to be an ancestor of Mr. Wordsworth's,) though buried for two centuries, will revisit the glimpses of the moon. And really, if the question were for a name, Heaven forbid that we should disturb the peace of logicians: they might have leave to say, as of the Strid in Wharfdale,

'It has borne that name a thousand years,
And shall a thousand more.'

But, whilst the name is abused, the idea perishes. Facciolati undoubtedly is right: nor is he the first who has observed the error. Julius Pacius, who understood Aristotle better than any man that ever lived, had long before remarked it. The arguments of Facciolati we shall give below; it will be sufficient here to state the result. An enthymeme differ
from a syllogism, not in the accident of suppressing one of its propositions; either may do this, or neither; the difference is essential, and in the nature of the matter; that of the syllogism being certain and apodeictic; that of the enthymeme probable, and drawn from the province of opinion.

This theory tallies exactly with our own previous construction of Aristotle’s rhetoric, and explains the stress which he had laid at the outset upon enthymemes. Whatsoever is certain, or matter of fixed science, can be no subject for the rhetorician: where it is possible for the understanding to be convinced, no field is open for rhetorical persuasion. Absolute certainty, and fixed science, transcend and exclude opinion and probability. The province of rhetoric, whether meant for an influence upon the actions, or simply upon the belief, lies amongst that vast field of cases where there is a pro and a con, with the chance of right and wrong, true and false, distributed in varying proportions between them. There is also an immense range of truths, where there are no chances at all concerned, but the affirmative and the negative are both true; as, for example, the goodness of human nature and its wickedness; the happiness of human life and its misery; the charms of knowledge, and its hollowness; the fragility of human prosperity, in the eye of religious meditation, and its security, as estimated by worldly confidence and youthful hope. In all these cases the rhetorician exhibits his art by giving an impulse to one side, and by withdrawing the mind so steadily from all thoughts or images which support the other, as to leave it practically under the possession of this partial estimate.
Upon this theory, what relation to rhetoric shall we assign to style and the ornamental arts of composition? In some respect they seem liable to the same objection as that which Aristotle has urged against appeals to the passions; both are extra-essential, or ἐξὼ τῷ πραγμάτω; they are subjective arts, not objective; that is, they do not affect the thing which is to be surveyed, but the eye of him who is to survey. Yet, in a feast, the epicure holds himself not more obliged to the cook for the venison, than to the physician who braces his stomach to enjoy. And any arts, which conciliate regard to the speaker, indirectly promote the effect of his arguments. On this account, and because (under the severest limitation of rhetoric) they are in many cases indispensable to the perfect interpretation of the thoughts; we may admit arts of style and ornamental composition as the ministerial part of rhetoric. But, with regard to the passions, as contended for by Dr. Campbell,—it is a sufficient answer, that they are already preoccupied by what is called Eloquence.

Mr. Coleridge, as we have often heard, is in the habit of drawing the line with much philosophical beauty between rhetoric and eloquence. On this topic we were never so fortunate as to hear him: but if we are here called upon for a distinction, we shall satisfy our immediate purpose by a very plain and brief one. By Eloquence, we understand the overflow of powerful feelings upon occasions fitted to excite them. But Rhetoric is the art of aggrandizing and bringing out into strong relief, by means of various and striking thoughts, some aspect of truth which of itself is supported by no spontaneous feelings, and therefore rests upon artificial aids.
Greece, as may well be imagined, was the birthplace of Rhetoric; to which of the Fine Arts was it not? and here, in one sense of the word Rhetoric, the art had its consummation: for the theory, or \textit{ars docens}, was taught with a fulness and an accuracy by the Grecian masters, not afterwards approached. In particular, it was so taught by Aristotle, whose system, we are disposed to agree with Dr. Whately, in pronouncing the best, as regards the primary purpose of a teacher; though otherwise, for elegance, and as a practical model in the art he was expounding, neither Aristotle, nor any less austere among the Greek rhetoricians, has any pretensions to measure himself with Quintilian. In reality, for a triumph over the difficulties of the subject, and as a lesson on the possibility of imparting grace to the treatment of scholastic topics, naturally as intractable as that of Grammar or Prosody, there is no such \textit{chef-d'œuvre} to this hour in any literature, as the Institutions of Quintilian. Laying this one case out of the comparison, however, the Greek superiority was indisputable.

Yet how is it to be explained, that with these advantages on the side of the Greek rhetoric as an \textit{ars docens}, rhetoric as a practical art (the \textit{ars utens}) never made any advances amongst the Greeks to the brilliancy which it attained in Rome? Up to a certain period, and throughout the palmy state of the Greek republics, we may account for it thus: Rhetoric, in its finest and most absolute burnish, may be called an \textit{eloquentia umbratica}; that is, it aims at an elaborate form of beauty, which shrinks from the trife of business, and could neither arise nor make itself felt in a tumultuous assembly. Certain features,
it is well known, and peculiar styles of countenance, which are impressive in a drawing-room, become ineffective on a public stage. The fine tooling, and delicate tracery, of the cabinet artist is lost upon a building of colossal proportions. Extemporaneousness, again, a favorable circumstance to impassioned eloquence, is death to Rhetoric. Two characteristics indeed there were, of a Greek popular assembly, which must have operated fatally on the rhetorician—its fervor, in the first place, and, secondly, the coarseness of a real interest. All great rhetoricians, in selecting their subject, have shunned the determinate cases of real life: and even in the single instance of a deviation from the rule—that of the author (whoever he be) of the Declamations attributed to Quintilian, the cases are shaped with so romantic a generality, and so slightly circumstanced, as to allow him all the benefit of pure abstractions.

We can readily understand, therefore, why the fervid oratory of the Athenian Assemblies, and the intense reality of its interest, should stifle the growth of Rhetoric: the smoke, tarnish, and demoniac glare of Vesuvius easily eclipse the pallid coruscations of the Aurora Borealis. And in fact, amongst the greater orators of Greece, there is not a solitary gleam of rhetoric: Isocrates may have a little, being (to say the truth) neither orator nor rhetorician in any eminent sense; Demosthenes has none. But when those great thunders had subsided, which reached 'to Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne,' when the 'fierce democracy' itself had perished, and Greece had fallen under the common circumstances of the Roman Empire, how came it that Greek rhetoric did not blossom
concurrently with Roman? Vegetate it did: and a rank crop of weeds grew up under the name of Rhetoric, down to the times of the Emperor Julian and his friend Libanius, (both of whom, by the way, were as worthless writers as have ever abused the Greek language.) But this part of Greek literature is a desert with no oasis. The fact is, if it were required to assign the two bodies of writers who have exhibited the human understanding in the most abject poverty, and whose works by no possibility emit a casual scintillation of wit, fancy, just thinking, or good writing, we should certainly fix upon Greek rhetoricians, and Italian critics. Amongst the whole mass there is not a page, that any judicious friend to literature would wish to reprieve from destruction. And in both cases we apprehend that the possibility of so much inanity is due in part to the quality of the two languages. The diffuseness and loose structure of Greek style unfit it for the closeness, condensation, and to a\(^{\text{2}}\) of rhetoric; the melodious beauty of the mere sounds, which both in the Italian and in the Greek are combined with much majesty, dwells upon the ear so delightfully, that in no other language is it so easy as in these two to write with little or no meaning, and to flow along through a whole wilderness of inanity, without particularly rousing the reader's disgust.

In the literature of Rome it is that we find the true El Dorado of rhetoric, as we might expect from the sinewy compactness of the language. Livy, and, above all preceding writers, Ovid, display the greatest powers of rhetoric in forms of composition, which were not particularly adapted to favor that talent.
The contest of Ajax and Ulysses, for the arms of Achilles, in one of the latter Books of the Metamorphoses, is a *chef-d'œuvre* of rhetoric, considering its metrical form; for metre, and especially the flowing heroic hexameter, is no advantage to the rhetorician. The two Plinys, Lucan, (though again under the disadvantage of verse,) Petronius Arbiter, and Quintilian, but above all, the Senecas, (for a Spanish cross appears to improve the quality of the rhetorician,) have left a body of rhetorical composition such as no modern nation has rivalled. Even the most brilliant of these writers, however, were occasionally surpassed, in particular *braevuras* of rhetoric, by several of the Latin Fathers, particularly Tertullian, Arnobius, St. Austin, and a writer whose name we cannot at this moment recall. In fact, a little African blood operated as genially in this respect as Spanish, whilst an Asiatic cross was inevitably fatal. Partly from this cause, and partly because they wrote in an unfavorable language, the Greek Fathers are, one and all, mere Birmingham rhetoricians. Even Gregory Nazianzen is so, with submission to Messieurs of the Port Royal, and other bigoted critics, who have pronounced him at the very top of the tree among the fine writers of antiquity. Undoubtedly, he has a turgid style of mouthy grandiloquence, (though often the merest bombast): but for keen and polished rhetoric he is singularly unfitted, by inflated habits of thinking, by loitering diffuseness, and a dreadful trick of calling names. The spirit of personal invective is peculiarly adverse to the coolness of rhetoric. As to Chrysostom, and Basil, with less of pomp and swagger than Gregory, they have not at all more of rhetoric.
burnish and compression. Upon the whole, looking back through the dazzling files of the ancient rhetoricians, we are disposed to rank the Senecas and Tertullian as the leaders of the band: for St. Austin, in his Confessions, and wherever he becomes peculiarly interesting, is apt to be impassioned and fervent in a degree which makes him break out of the proper pace of rhetoric. He is matched to trot, and is continually breaking into a gallop. Indeed, his Confessions have in parts, particularly in those which relate to the death of his young friend, and his own frenzy of grief, all that real passion which is only imagined in the Confessions of Rousseau, under a preconception derived from his known character and unhappy life. By the time of the Emperor Justinian, or in the century between that time and the era of Mahomet, (A. D. 620,) which century we regard as the common crepusculum, between ancient and modern history, all rhetoric, of every degree and quality, seems to have finally expired.

In the literature of modern Europe, rhetoric has been cultivated with success. But this remark applies only with any force to a period which is now long past; and it is probable, upon various considerations, that such another period will never revolve. The rhetorician's art, in its glory and power, has silently faded away before the stern tendencies of the age; and if, by any peculiarity of taste, or strong determination of the intellect, a rhetorician, en grand costume, were again to appear amongst us, it is certain that he would have no better welcome than a stare of surprise as a posture-maker or balancer, not more elevated in the general estimate, but far less amusing, than the
opera-dancer or equestrian gymnast. No—the age of Rhetoric, like that of Chivalry, is gone, and passed amongst forgotten things; and the rhetorician can have no more chance for returning, than the rhapsodist of early Greece, or the Troubadour of romance. So multiplied are the modes of intellectual enjoyment in modern times, that the choice is absolutely distracted; and in a boundless theatre of pleasures, to be had at little or no cost of intellectual activity, it would be marvellous, indeed, if any considerable audience could be found for an exhibition which presupposes a state of tense exertion on the part both of auditor and performer. To hang upon one's own thoughts as an object of conscious interest, to play with them, to watch and pursue them through a maze of inversions, evolutions, and harlequin changes, implies a condition of society either like that in the monastic ages, forced to introvert its energies from mere defect of books; (whence arose the scholastic metaphysics, admirable for its subtlety, but famishing the mind, whilst it sharpened its edge in one exclusive direction;) or, if it implies no absolute starvation of intellect, as in the case of the Roman rhetoric, which arose upon a considerable (though not very various) literature, it proclaims at least a quiescent state of the public mind, unoccupied with daily novelties, and at leisure from the agitations of eternal change.

Growing out of the same condition of society, there is another cause at work which will forever prevent the resurrection of rhetoric, viz.—the necessities of public business, its vast extent, complexity, fulness of detail, and consequent vulgarity, as compared with that of the ancients. The very same cause, by the
way, furnishes an answer to the question moved by Hume, in one of his Essays, with regard to the declension of eloquence in our deliberative assemblies. Eloquence, senatorial and forensic, at least, has languished under the same changes of society which have proved fatal to rhetoric. The political economy of the ancient republics, and their commerce, were simple and unelaborate — the system of their public services, both martial and civil, was arranged on the most naked and manageable principles; for we must not confound the perplexity in our modern explanations of these things, with a perplexity in the things themselves. The foundation of these differences was in the differences of domestic life. Personal wants being few, both from climate and from habit, and, in the great majority of the citizens, limited almost to the pure necessities of nature; hence arose, for the mass of the population, the possibility of surrendering themselves, much more than with us, either to the one paramount business of the state — war, or to a state of Indian idleness. Rome, in particular, during the ages of her growing luxury, must be regarded as a nation supported by other nations, by largesses, in effect, that is to say, by the plunder of conquest. Living, therefore, upon foreign alms, or upon corn purchased by the product of tribute or of spoils, a nation could readily dispense with that expansive development of her internal resources, upon which modern Europe has been forced by the more equal distribution of power amongst the civilized world.

The changes which have followed in the functions of our popular assemblies, correspond to the great
revolution here described. Suppose yourself an ancient Athenian, at some customary display of Athenian oratory, what will be the topics? Peace or war, vengeance for public wrongs, or mercy to prostrate submission, national honor and national gratitude, glory and shame, and every aspect of open appeal to the primal sensibilities of man. On the other hand, enter an English Parliament, having the most of a popular character in its constitution and practice, that is anywhere to be found in the Europe of this day; and the subject of debate will probably be a road-bill, a bill for enabling a coal-gas company to assume certain privileges against a competitor in oil-gas; a bill for defranchising a corrupt borough, or perhaps some technical point of form in the Exchequer bills' bill. So much is the face of public business vulgarized by details. The same spirit of differences extends to forensic eloquence. Grecian and Roman pleadings are occupied with questions of elementary justice, large and diffusive, apprehensible even to the uninstructed, and connecting themselves at every step with powerful and tempestuous feelings. In British trials, on the contrary, the field is foreclosed against any interest of so elevating a nature, because the rights and wrongs of the case are almost inevitably absorbed to an unlearned eye by the technicalities of the law, or by the intricacy of the facts.

But this is not always the case — doubtless not; subjects for eloquence, and, therefore, eloquence, will sometimes arise in our senate, and our courts of justice. And in one respect our British displays are more advantageously circumstanced than the ancient, being more conspicuously brought forward into effect by their contrast to the ordinary course of business.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since seldom coming, in the long years set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.'

But still the objection of Hume remains unimpeached as to the fact, that eloquence is a rarer growth of modern than of ancient civil polity, even in those countries which have the advantage of free institutions. The letter of this objection is sustained, but substantially it is disarmed, so far as its purpose was to argue any declension on the part of Christian nations, by this explanation of ours, which traces the impoverished condition of civil eloquence to the complexity of public business.

But eloquence in one form or other is immortal, and will never perish so long as there are human hearts moving under the agitations of hope and fear, love and passionate hatred. And, in particular to us of the modern world, as an endless source of indemnification for what we have lost in the simplicity of our social systems, we have received a new dowry of eloquence, and that of the highest order, in the sanctities of our religion—a field unknown to antiquity—for the Pagan religions did not produce much poetry, and of oratory none at all.

On the other hand, that cause, which, operating upon eloquence, has but extinguished it under a single direction, to rhetoric has been unconditionally fatal. Eloquence is not banished from the public business of this country as useless, but as difficult, and as not spontaneously arising from topics such as generally

*Shakspeare, Sonnet 52
furnish the staple of debate. But rhetoric, if attempted on a formal scale, would be summarily exploded as pure foppery, and trifling with time. Falstaff, on the field of battle, presenting his bottle of sack for a pistol, or Polonius with his quibbles, could not appear a more unseasonable plaisanteur than a rhetorician alighting from the clouds upon a public assembly in Great Britain, met for the dispatch of business.

Under these malign aspects of the modern structure of society, a structure to which the whole world will be moulded as it becomes civilized, there can be no room for any revival of rhetoric in public speaking; and from the same and other causes, acting upon the standard of public taste, quite as little room in written composition. In spite, however, of the tendencies to this consummation, which have been long maturing, it is a fact, that, next after Rome, England is the country in which rhetoric prospered most — at a time when science was unborn as a popular interest, and the commercial activities of after-times were yet sleeping in their rudiments. This was in the period from the latter end of the sixteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century; and, though the English rhetoric was less true to its own ideal than the Roman, and often modulated into a higher key of impassioned eloquence, yet, unquestionably, in some of its qualities, it remains a monument of the very finest rhetorical powers.

Omitting Sir Philip Sidney, and omitting his friend, Lord Brooke, (in whose prose there are some bursts of pathetic eloquence, as there is of rhetoric in his verse, though too often harsh and affectedly obscure,)
the first very eminent rhetorician in the English literature is Donne. Dr. Johnson inconsiderately classes him in company with Cowley, &c., under the title of *Metaphysical Poets*; but *Rhetorical* would have been a more accurate designation. In saying *that*, however, we must remind our readers, that we revert to the original use of the word *Rhetoric*, as laying the principal stress upon the management of the thoughts, and only a secondary one upon the ornaments of style. Few writers have shown a more extraordinary compass of power than Donne; for he combined what no other man has ever done—the last sublimation of dialectical subtlety and address with the most impassioned majesty. Massy diamonds compose the very substance of his poem on the *Metempsychosis*, thoughts and descriptions which have the fervent and gloomy sublimity of Ezekiel or Aeschylus, whilst a diamond dust of rhetorical brilliances is strewed over the whole of his occasional verses and prose. No criticism was ever more unhappy than that of Dr. Johnson's, which denounces all this artificial display as so much perversion of taste. There cannot be a falser thought than this; for, upon that principle, a whole class of compositions might be vicious, by conforming to its own ideal. The artifice and machinery of rhetoric furnishes in its degree as legitimate a basis for intellectual pleasure as any other; that the pleasure is of an inferior order, can no more attain the idea or model of the composition, than it can impeach the excellence of an epigram that it is not a tragedy. Every species of composition is to be tried by its own laws; and if Dr. Johnson had urged explicitly, (what was evidently moving in his thoughts,) that a metrical
structure, by holding forth the promise of poetry, defrauds the mind of its just expectations,—he would have said what is notoriously false. Metre is open to any form of composition, provided it will aid the expression of the thoughts; and the only sound objection to it is, that it has not done so. Weak criticism, indeed, is that which condemns a copy of verses under the ideal of poetry, when the mere substitution of another name and classification suffices to evade the sentence, and to reinstate the composition in its rights as rhetoric. It may be very true that the age of Donne gave too much encouragement to his particular vein of composition; that, however, argues no depravity of taste, but a taste erring only in being too limited and exclusive.

The next writers of distinction, who came forward as rhetoricians, were Burton in his Anatomy of Melancholy, and Milton in many of his prose works. They labor under opposite defects: Burton is too quaint, fantastic, and disjointed. Milton too slow, solemn, and continuous. In the one we see the flutter of a parachute; in the other the stately and voluminous gyrations of an ascending balloon. Agile movement, and a certain degree of fancifulness, are indispensable to rhetoric. But Burton is not so much fanciful as capricious; his motion is not the motion of freedom, but of lawlessness: he does not dance, but caper. Milton, on the other hand, polonaises with a grand Castilian air, in paces too sequacious and processional; even in his passages of merriment, and when stung into a quicker motion by personal disdain for an unworthy antagonist, his thoughts and his imagery still appear to move to the music of the organ.
In some measure it is a consequence of these peculiarities, and so far it is the more a duty to allow for them, that the rhetoric of Milton, though wanting in animation, is unusually superb in its coloring; its very monotony is derived from the sublime unity of the presiding impulse; and hence, it sometimes ascends into eloquence of the highest kind, and sometimes even into the raptures of lyric poetry. The main thing, indeed, wanting to Milton, was to have fallen upon happier subjects: for, with the exception of the 'Areopagitica,' there is not one of his prose works upon a theme of universal interest, or perhaps fitted to be the groundwork of a rhetorical display.

But, as it has happened to Milton sometimes to give us poetry for rhetoric, in one instance he has unfortunately given us rhetoric for poetry: this occurs in the Paradise Lost, where the debates of the fallen angels are carried on by a degrading process of gladiatorial rhetoric. Nay, even the councils of God, though not debated to and fro, are, however, expounded rhetorically. This is astonishing; for no one was better aware than Milton* of the distinction between the discursive and intuitive acts of the mind, as apprehended by the old metaphysicians, and the incompatibility of the former with any but a limitary intellect. This indeed was familiar to all the writers of his day: but, as old Gifford has shown, by a most idle note upon a passage in Massinger, that it is a distinction which has now perished (except indeed in Germany), — we shall recall it to the reader's atten-

* See the fifth book of the Paradise Lost, and passages in his prose writings.
An intuition is any knowledge whatsoever, sensuous or intellectual, which is apprehended immediately: a notion on the other hand, or product of the discursive faculty, is any knowledge whatsoever which is apprehended medially. All reasoning is carried on discursively; that is, discurrendo,—by running about to the right and the left, laying the separate notices together, and thence mediately deriving some third apprehension. Now this process, however glorious a characteristic of the human mind as distinguishing it from the brute, is degrading to any supra-human intelligence, divine or angelic, by arguing limitation. God must not proceed by steps, and the fragmentary knowledge of accretion; in which case, at starting he has all the intermediate notices as so many bars between himself and the conclusion; and even at the penultimate or antepenultimate act, he is still short of the truth. God must see, he must intuit, so to speak; and all truth must reach him simultaneously, first and last, without succession of time, or partition of acts; just as light, before that theory had been refuted by the Satellites of Jupiter, was held not to be propagated in time, but to be here and there at one and the same indivisible instant. Paley, from mere rudeness of metaphysical skill, has talked of the judgment and the judiciousness of God: but this is profaneness, and a language unworthily applied even to an angelic being. To judge, that is, to subsume one proposition under another,—to be judicious, that is, to collate the means with the end, are acts impossible in the divine nature, and not to be ascribed, even under the license of a figure, to any being which transcends the limitations of humanity. Many other instances there
are in which Milton is taxed with having too grossly sensualized his supernatural agents; some of which, however, the necessities of the action may excuse; and at the worst they are readily submitted to as having an intelligible purpose—that of bringing so mysterious a thing as a spiritual nature or agency within the limits of the representable. But the intellectual degradation fixed on his spiritual beings by the rhetorical debates, is purely gratuitous, neither resulting from the course of the action, nor at all promoting it. Making allowances, however, for the original error in the conception, it must be granted that the execution is in the best style: the mere logic of the debate, indeed, is not better managed than it would have been by the House of Commons. But the colors of style are grave and suitable to afflicted angels. In the Paradise Regained, this is still more conspicuously true: the oratory there, on the part of Satan in the Wilderness, is no longer of a rhetorical cast, but in the grandest style of impassioned eloquence that can be imagined as the fit expression for the movements of an angelic despair; and in particular the speech, on being first challenged by our Saviour, beginning,

"'Tis true, I am that spirit unfortunate,"

is not excelled in sublimity by any passage in the poem.

Milton, however, was not destined to gather the spolia opima of English rhetoric: two contemporaries of his own, and whose literary course pretty nearly coincided with his own in point of time, surmounted all competition, and in that amphitheatre became the
Protagonistæ. These were Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Browne; who, if not absolutely the foremost in the accomplishments of art, were, undoubtedly, the richest, the most dazzling, and, with reference to their matter, the most captivating of all rhetoricians. In them first, and, perhaps, (if we except occasional passages in the German John Paul Richter,) in them only, are the two opposite forces of eloquent passion and rhetorical fancy brought into an exquisite equilibrium, approaching, receding — attracting, repelling — blending, separating — chasing and chased, as in a fugue, and again lost in a delightful interfusion, so as to create a middle species of composition, more various and stimulating to the understanding than pure eloquence, more gratifying to the affections than naked rhetoric. Under this one circumstance of coincidence, in other respects their minds were of the most opposite temperament: Sir Thomas Browne, deep, tranquil, and majestic as Milton, silently premeditating, and 'disclosing his golden couplets,' as under some genial instinct of incubation; Jeremy Taylor, restless, fervid, aspiring, scattering abroad a prodigality of life, not unfolding but creating, with the energy, and the 'myriad-mindedness,' of Shakspeare. Where, but in Sir T. B., shall one hope to find music so Miltonic, an intonation of such solemn chords as are struck in the following opening bar of a passage in the Urn-burial — 'Now, since these bones have rested quietly in — to say - the drums and another, — to be judicious, that is, to consider the means with the end, are acts impossible in the divine nature, and not to be ascribed, even under the license of a figure, to any being which transcends the limitations of humanity. Many other instances there
**Rhetoric.**

*us of rhetoric! Time expounded, not by generations or centuries, but by the vast periods of conquests and dynasties; by cycles of Pharaohs and Ptolemies, Antiochi, and Arsacides! And these vast successions of time distinguished and figured by the uproars which revolve at their inaugurations—by the drums and tramplings rolling overhead upon the chambers of forgotten dead—the trepidations of time and mortality vexing, at secular intervals, the everlasting Sabbaths of the grave! Show us, oh pedant, such another strain from the oratory of Greece or Rome! For it is not an 'Ου μα τες ἐν Μαγαδώνι τεβηκοτας, or any such bravura, that will make a fit antiphony to this sublime rapture. We will not, however, attempt a descant upon the merits of Sir T. Browne, after the admirable one by Mr. Coleridge: and as to Jeremy Taylor, we would as readily undertake to put a belt about the ocean as to characterize him adequately within the space at our command. It will please the reader better that he should characterize himself, however imperfectly, by a few specimens selected from some of his rarest works; a method which will, at the same time, have the collateral advantage of illustrating an important truth in reference to this florid or Corinthian order of rhetoric, which we shall have occasion to notice a little further on:—

'It was observed by a Spanish confessor,—that in persons not however,' was not destitutions which they spolia opima of English rhetoric: two contemporaries of his own, and whose literary course pretty nearly coincided with his own in point of time, surmounted all competition, and in that amphitheatre became the
from their bed of mud, and slime of Nilus, start up into an equal and continual length, and uninterrupted but with few knots, and are strong and beauteous, with great distances and intervals; but, when they are grown to their full length, they lessen into the point of a pyramid, and multiply their knots and joints, interrupting the fineness and smoothness of its body. So are the steps and declensions of him that does not grow in grace. At first, when he springs up from his impurity by the waters of baptism and repentance, he grows straight and strong, and suffers but few interruptions of piety; and his constant courses of religion are but rarely intermitted, till they ascend up to a full age, or towards the ends of their life: then they are weak, and their devotions often intermitted, and their breaks are frequent, and they seek excuses, and labor for dispensations, and love God and religion less and less, till their old age, instead of a crown of their virtue and perseverance, ends in levity and unprofitable courses, light and useless as the tufted feathers upon the cane, every wind can play with it and abuse it, but no man can make it useful.'

'If we consider the price that the Son of God paid for the redemption of a soul, we shall better estimate of it, than from the weak discourses of our imperfect and unlearned philosophy. Not the spoil of rich provinces — not the estimate of kingdoms — not the price of Cleopatra's draught, — not anything that was corruptible or perishing; for that, which could not one minute retard the term of its own natural dissolution, could not be a price for the redemption of one perishing soul. When God made a soul, it was only faciología
he spake the word, and it was done. But, when man had lost his soul, which the spirit of God had breathed into him, it was not so soon recovered. It is like the resurrection, which hath troubled the faith of many, who are more apt to believe that God made a man from nothing, than that he can return a man from dust and corruption. But for this resurrection of the soul, for the re-implacing of the Divine image, for the re-entitling it to the kingdoms of grace and glory, God did a greater work than the creation; He was fain to contract Divinity to a span; to send a person to die for us, who of himself could not die, and was constrained to use rare and mysterious arts to make him capable of dying: He prepared a person instrumental to his purpose, by sending his Son from his own bosom, — a person both God and man, an enigma to all nations and to all sciences; one that ruled over all the angels, that walked on the pavements of heaven, whose feet were clothed with stars; whose understanding is larger than that infinite space which we imagine in the uncircumscribed distance beyond the first orb of heaven; a person to whom felicity was as essential as life to God. This was the only person that was designed in the eternal decrees, to pay the price of a soul — less than this person could not do it. Nothing less than an infinite excellence could satisfy for a soul lost to infinite ages; who was to bear the load of an infinite anger from the provocation of an eternal God. And yet, if it be possible that Infinite can receive degrees, this is but one-half of the abyss, and I think the lesser
It was a strange variety of natural efficacies, that manna should corrupt in twenty-four hours, if gathered upon Wednesday or Thursday, and that it should last till forty-eight hours, if gathered upon the even of the Sabbath; and that it should last many hundreds of years, when placed in the sanctuary by the ministry of the high-priest. But so it was in the Jews' religion; and manna pleased every palate, and it filled all appetites; and the same measure was a different proportion, it was much, and it was little; as if nature, that it might serve religion, had been taught some measures of infinity, which is everywhere and nowhere, filling all things, and circumscribed with nothing, measured by one omer, and doing the work of two; like the crowns of kings, fitting the brows of Nimrod and the most mighty warrior, and yet not too large for the temples of an infant prince.'

'His mercies are more than we can tell, and they are more than we can feel: for all the world, in the abyss of the Divine mercies, is like a man diving into the bottom of the sea, over whose head the waters run insensibly and unperceived, and yet the weight is vast, and the sum of them is immeasurable: and the man is not pressed with the burden, nor confounded with numbers: and no observation is able to recount, no sense sufficient to perceive, no memory large enough to retain, no understanding great enough to apprehend this infinity.'

These passages are not cited with so vain a purpose as that of furnishing a sea-line for measuring the 'soundless deeps' of Jeremy Taylor, but to illustrate
that one remarkable characteristic of his style—which we have already noticed—viz. the everlasting strife and fluctuation between his rhetoric and his eloquence, which maintain their alternations with a force and inevitable recurrence, like the systole and diastole—the contraction and expansion—of some living organ. For this characteristic he was indebted in mixed proportions to his own peculiar style of understanding, and the nature of his subject. Where the understanding is not active and teeming, but possessed by a few vast and powerful ideas, (which was the case of Milton,) there the funds of a varied rhetoric are wanting. On the other hand, where the understanding is all alive with the subtility of distinctions, and nourished (as Jeremy Taylor's was) by casuistical divinity, the variety and opulence of the rhetoric is apt to be oppressive. But this tendency, in the case of Taylor, was happily checked and balanced by the commanding passion, intensity, and solemnity of his exalted theme, which gave a final unity to the tumultuous motions of his intellect. The only very obvious defects of Taylor were in the mechanical part of his art, in the mere technique; he writes like one who never revises, nor tries the effect upon his ear of his periods as musical wholes; and in the syntax and connection of the parts seems to have been habitually careless of slight blemishes.

Jeremy Taylor died in a few years after the Restoration. Sir Thomas Browne, though at that time nearly thirty years removed from the first surreptitious edition of his Religio Medici, lingered a little longer. But, when both were gone, it may be truly affirmed that the great oracles of rhetoric were finally silenced.
South and Barrow, indeed, were brilliant dialecticians in different styles; but, after Tillotson, with his meagre intellect, his low key of feeling, and the smug and scanty draperies of his style, had announced a new era, — English divinity ceased to be the racy vineyard that it had been in ages of ferment and struggle. Like the soil of Sicily, (vide Sir H. Davy's *Agricultural Chemistry,* ) it was exhausted forever by the tilth and rank fertility of its golden youth.

Since then, great passions and high thinking have either disappeared from literature altogether, or thrown themselves into poetic forms which, with the privilege of a masquerade, are allowed to assume the spirit of past ages, and to speak in a key unknown to the general literature. At all events, no pulpit oratory of a rhetorical cast, for upwards of a century, has been able to support itself, when stripped of the aids of voice and action. Robert Hall and Edward Irving, when printed, exhibit only the spasms of weakness. Nor do we remember one memorable burst of rhetoric in the pulpit eloquence of the last one hundred and fifty years, with the exception of a fine oath ejaculated by a dissenting minister of Cambridge, who, when appealing for the confirmation of his words to the grandeur of man's nature, swore — By this and by the other, and at length, 'By the Iliad, by the Odyssey' — as the climax, in a long bead-roll of *speciosa miracula,* which he had apostrophized as monuments of human power. As to Foster, he has been prevented from preaching by a complaint affecting the throat; but, judging from the quality of his celebrated Essays, he could never have figured as a truly splendid rhetorician; for the imagery and orna-
mental parts of his Essays have evidently not grown up in the loom, and concurrently with the texture of the thoughts, but have been separately added afterwards, as so much embroidery or fringe.

Politics, meantime, however, inferior in any shape to religion, as an ally of real eloquence, might yet either when barbed by an interest of intense personality, or on the very opposite footing of an interest comprehensively national, have irritated the growth of rhetoric such as the spirit of the times allowed. In one conspicuous instance it did so; but generally it had little effect, as a cursory glance over the two last centuries will show.

In the reign of James I. the House of Commons first became the theatre of struggles truly national. The relations of the people and the crown were then brought to issue; and under shifting names, continued sub judice from that time to 1688; and from that time, in fact, a corresponding interest was directed to the proceedings of Parliament. But it was not until 1642 that any free communication was made of what passed in debate. During the whole of the Civil War, the speeches of the leading members upon all great questions were freely published in occasional pamphlets. Naturally they were very much compressed; but enough survives to show that, from the agitations of the times, and the religious gravity of the House, no rhetoric was sought, or would have been tolerated. In the reign of Charles II, judging from such records as we have of the most critical debates, (that preserved by Locke, for instance, through the assistance of his patron Lord Shaftesbury,) the general tone and standard of Parliamentary eloquence had taken pretty
nearly its present form and level. The religious gravity had then given way; and the pedantic tone, stiffness, and formality of punctual divisions, had been abandoned for the freedom of polite conversation. It was not, however, until the reign of Queen Anne that the qualities and style of parliamentary eloquence were submitted to public judgment; this was on occasion of the trial of Dr. Sacheverel, which was managed by members of the House of Commons. The Whigs, however, of that era had no distinguished speakers. On the Tory side, St. John (Lord Bolingbroke) was the most accomplished person in the house. His style may be easily collected from his writings, which have all the air of having been dictated without premeditation; and the effect of so much showy and fluent declamation, combined with the graces of his manner and person, may be inferred from the deep impression which they seem to have left upon Lord Chesterfield, himself so accomplished a judge, and so familiar with the highest efforts of the age of Mr. Pulteney and Lord Chatham. With two exceptions indeed, to be noticed presently, Lord Bolingbroke came the nearest of all Parliamentary orators who have been particularly recorded, to the ideal of a fine rhetorician. It was no disadvantage to him that he was shallow, being so luminous and transparent; and the splendor of his periodic diction, with his fine delivery, compensated his defect in imagery. Sir Robert Walpole was another Lord Londonderry; like him, an excellent statesman, and a first-rate leader of the House of Commons, but in other respects a plain, unpretending man; and, like Lord Londonderry, he had the reputation of a block
head with all eminent blockheads, and of a man of talents with those who were themselves truly such. 'When I was very young,' says, Burke, 'a general fashion told me I was to admire some of the writings against that minister; a little more maturity taught me as much to despise them.' Lord Mansfield, 'the fluent Murray,' was or would have been, but for the condensation of law, another Bolingbroke. 'How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost!' says Pope; and, if the comparison were suggested with any studied propriety, it ascribes to Lord Mansfield the talents of a first-rate rhetorician. Lord Chatham had no rhetoric at all, any more than Charles Fox of the next generation: both were too fervent, too Demosthenic, and threw themselves too ardently upon the graces of nature. Mr. Pitt came nearer to the idea of a rhetorician, in so far as he seemed to have more artifice; but this was only in the sonorous rotundity of his periods, which were cast in a monotonous mould; for in other respects he would have been keenly alive to the ridicule of rhetoric in a First Lord of the Treasury.

All these persons, whatever might be their other differences, agreed in this—that they were no jugglers, but really were that which they appeared to be, and never struggled for distinctions which did not naturally belong to them. But next upon the roll comes forward an absolute charlatan—a charlatan the most accomplished that can ever have figured upon so intellectual a stage. This was Sheridan—a mocking-bird through the entire scale, from the highest to the lowest note of the gamut; in fact, to borrow a coarse word, the mere impersonation of
humbug. Even as a wit, he has been long known to be a wholesale plagiarist; and the exposures of his kind biographer, Mr. Moore, exhibit him in that line as the most hide-bound and sterile of performers, lying perdue through a whole evening for a casual opportunity, or by miserable stratagem creating an artificial one, for exploding some poor starveling jest; and, in fact, sacrificing to this petty ambition, in a degree never before heard of, the ease and dignity of his life. But it is in the character of a rhetorical orator, that he, and his friends in his behalf, have put forward the hollowest pretensions. In the course of the Hastings' trial, upon the concerns of paralytic Begums, and ancient Rannies, hags that, if ever actually existing, were no more to us and our British sympathies, than we to Hecuba, did Mr. Sheridan make his capital exhibition. The real value of his speech was never at any time misappreciated by the judicious; for his attempts at the grand, the pathetic, and the sentimental, had been continually in the same tone of falsetto and horrible fustian. Burke, however, who was the most double-minded person in the world, cloaked his contempt in hyperbolical flattery; and all the unhappy people who have since written lives of Burke, adopt the whole for mere gospel truth. Exactly in the same vein of tumid inanity, is the speech which Mr. Sheridan puts into the mouth of Rolla the Peruvian. This the reader may chance to have heard upon the stage; or, in default of that good luck, we present him with the following fragrant twaddle from one of the Begummiads, which has been enshrined in the praises (si quid sua carmina possunt) of many worthy critics; the subject is Filial Piety.
piety,' (Mr. Sheridan said,) 'it was impossible by words to describe, but description by words was unnecessary. It was that duty which they all felt and understood, and which required not the powers of language to explain. It was in truth more properly to be called a principle than a duty. It required not the aid of memory; it needed not the exercise of the understanding; it awaited not the slow deliberations of reason; it flowed spontaneously from the fountain of our feelings; it was involuntary in our natures; it was a quality of our being, innate and coeval with life, which, though afterwards cherished as a passion, was independent of our mental powers; it was earlier than all intelligence in our souls; it displayed itself in the earliest impulses of the heart, and was an emotion of fondness that returned in smiles of gratitude the affectionate solicitudes, the tender anxieties, the endearing attentions experienced before memory began, but which were not less dear for not being remembered. It was the sacrament of nature in our hearts, by which the union of the parent and child was seated and rendered perfect in the community of love; and which, strengthening and ripening with life, acquired vigor from the understanding, and was most lively and active when most wanted.' Now we put it to any candid reader, whether the above Birmingham ware might not be vastly improved by one slight alteration, viz. omitting the two first words, and reading it as a conundrum. Considered as rhetoric, it is evidently fitted 'to make a horse sick;' but as a conundrum in the Lady's Magazine, we contend that it would have great success.

How it aggravates the disgust with which these
paste-diamonds are now viewed, to remember that they were paraded in the presence of Edmund Burke — nay, (credite posteri!) in jealous rivalry of his genuine and priceless jewels. Irresistibly one is reminded of the dancing efforts of Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Skeggs, against the native grace of the Vicar of Wakefield's family: — ‘The ladies of the town strove hard to be equally easy, but without success. They swam, sprawled, languished, and frisked; but all would not do. The gazers, indeed, owned that it was fine; but neighbor Flamborough observed, that Miss Livy's feet seemed as pat to the music as its echo.’ Of Goldsmith it was said, in his epitaph, — Nil tetigit quod non ornavit; of the Drury-Lane rhetorician it might be said, with equal truth, — Nil tetigit quod non fuco adulteravit. But avaunt, Birmingham! let us speak of a great man.

All hail to Edmund Burke, the supreme writer of his century, the man of the largest and finest understanding! Upon that word, understanding, we lay a stress: for oh! ye immortal donkeys, who have written 'about him and about him,' with what an obstinate stupidity have ye brayed away for one-third of a century about that which ye are pleased to call his 'fancy.' Fancy in your throats, ye miserable twaddlers! as if Edmund Burke were the man to play with his fancy, for the purpose of separable ornament. He was a man of fancy in no other sense than as Lord Bacon was so, and Jeremy Taylor, and as all large and discursive thinkers are and must be: that is to say, the fancy which he had in common with all mankind, and very probably in no eminent
degree, in him was urged into unusual activity under the necessities of his capacious understanding. His great and peculiar distinction was that he viewed all objects of the understanding under more relations than other men, and under more complex relations. According to the multiplicity of these relations, a man is said to have a *large* understanding; according to their subtilty, a *fine* one; and in an angelic understanding, all things would appear to be related to all. Now, to apprehend and detect moral relations, or to pursue them steadily, is a process absolutely impossible without the intervention of physical analogies. To say, therefore, that a man is a great thinker, or a fine thinker, is but another expression for saying that he has a *schematizing* (or, to use a plainer but less accurate expression, a figurative) understanding. In that sense, and for that purpose, Burke is figurative: but understood, as he has been understood by the long-eared race of his critics, not as thinking in and by his figures, but as deliberately laying them on by way of enamel or after-ornament,—not as *incarnating*, but simply as *dressing* his thoughts in imagery,—so understood, he is not the Burke of reality, but a poor fictitious Burke, modelled after the poverty of conception which belongs to his critics.

It is true, however, that, in some rare cases, Burke *did* indulge himself in a pure rhetorician's use of fancy; consciously and profusely lavishing his ornaments for mere purposes of effect. Such a case occurs, for instance, in that admirable picture of the degradation of Europe, where he represents the different crowned heads as bidding against each other at Basle for the favor and countenance of Regicide.
Others of the same kind there are in his brilliant letter on the Duke of Bedford's attack upon him in the House of Lords: and one of these we shall here cite, disregarding its greater chance for being already familiar to the reader, upon two considerations; first, that it has all the appearance of being finished with the most studied regard to effect; and, secondly, for an interesting anecdote connected with it, which we have never seen in print, but for which we have better authority than could be produced perhaps for most of those which are. The anecdote is, that Burke, conversing with Dr. Lawrence and another gentleman on the literary value of his own writings, declared that the particular passage in the entire range of his works which had cost him the most labor, and upon which, as tried by a certain canon of his own, his labor seemed to himself to have been the most successful, was the following:

After an introductory paragraph which may be thus abridged—'The crown has considered me after long service. The crown has paid the Duke of Bedford by advance. He has had a long credit for any service which he may perform hereafter. He is secure, and long may he be secure, in his advance, whether he performs any services or not. His grants are engrafted on the public law of Europe, covered with the awful hoar of innumerable ages. They are guarded by the sacred rule of prescription. The learned professors of the Rights of Man, however, regard prescription not as a title to bar all other claims—but as a bar against the possessor and proprietor. They hold an immemorial possession to be no more than an aggravated injustice.' Then follows the passage in question:
Such are their ideas; such their religion; and such their law. But as to our country and our race, as long as the well-compacted structure of our church and state, the sanctuary, the holy of holies of that ancient law, defended by reverence, defended by power, a fortress at once and a temple (*Templum in modum arcis*), shall stand inviolate on the brow of the British Sion; — as long as the British monarchy, not more limited than fenced by the orders of the state, shall, like the proud Keep of Windsor, rising in the majesty of proportion, and girt with the double belt of his kindred and coeval towers, as long as this awful structure shall oversee and guard the subjected land — so long the mounds and dykes of the low, fat, Bedford level † will have nothing to fear from all the pickaxes of all the levellers of France. As long as our sovereign lord the king, and his faithful subjects the lords and commons of this realm, the triple cord which no man can break: the solemn sworn constitutional frank-pledge of this nation; the firm guarantees of each other's being, and each other's rights; the joint and several securities, each in its place and order for every kind and every quality of property and of dignity, — as long as these endure, so long the Duke of Bedford is safe; and we are all safe together; — the high from the blights of envy, and the spoliation of rapacity; the low from the iron hand of oppression, and the insolent spurn of contempt. Amen! and so be it: and so it will be,

"Dum domus Æneae Capitolii immobile saxum
Accolet; imperiumque pater Romanus habebit."

* Tacitus of the Temple of Jerusalem.
† Bedford level, a rich tract of land so called in Bedfordshire.
This was the sounding passage which Burke alleged as the *chef-d'œuvre* of his rhetoric; and the argument, upon which he justified his choice, is specious — if not convincing. He laid it down as a maxim of composition, that every passage in a rhetorical performance, which was brought forward prominently and relied upon as a *key* (to use the language of war) in sustaining the main position of the writer, ought to involve a thought, an image, and a sentiment: and such a synthesis he found in the passage which we have quoted. This criticism, over and above the pleasure which it always gives to hear a great man's opinion of himself, is valuable, as showing that Burke, because negligent of trivial inaccuracies, was not at all the less anxious about the larger proprieties and decorums: [for this passage, confessedly so labored, has several instances of slovenliness in trifles;] and that, in the midst of his apparent hurry, he carried out a jealous vigilance upon what he wrote, and the eye of a person practised in artificial effects.

An ally of Burke's upon East Indian politics, ought to have a few words of notice, not so much for any power that he actually had as a rhetorician, but because he is sometimes reputed such. This was Sir Philip Francis, who, under his early disguise of Junius, had such a success as no writer of libels ever will have again. It is our private opinion, that this success rested upon a great delusion which has never been exposed. The general belief is — that Junius was read for his elegance; we believe no such thing. The pen of an angel would not, upon such a theme as personal politics, have upheld the interest attached to Junius, had there been no other cause in co-opera
tion. Language, after all, is a limited instrument: and it must be remembered that Junius, by the extreme narrowness of his range, which went entirely upon matters of fact, and personal interests, still further limited the compass of that limited instrument. For it is only in the expression and management of general ideas, that any room arises for conspicuous elegance. The real truth is this: the interest in Junius travelled downwards; he was read in the lower ranks, because in London it speedily became known that he was read with peculiar interest in the highest. This was already a marvel; for newspaper patriots under the signatures of Publicola, Brutus, and so forth, had become a jest and a by-word to the real, practical statesman; and any man at leisure to write for so disinterested a purpose as 'his country's good,' was presumed, of course, to write in a garret. But here for the first time a pretended patriot, a Junius Brutus, was anticipated with anxiety, and read with agitation. Is any man simple enough to believe that such a contagion could extend to cabinet ministers, and official persons overladen with public business, on so feeble an excitement as a little reputation in the art of constructing sentences with elegance; an elegance which, after all, excluded eloquence and every other positive quality of excellence? That this can have been believed, shows the readiness with which men swallow marvels. The real secret was this: — Junius was read with the profoundest interest by members of the cabinet, who would not have paid half-a-crown for all the wit and elegance of this world, simply because it was most evident that some traitor was amongst them; and that either directly by
one of themselves, or through some abuse of his confidence by a servant, the secrets of office were betrayed. The circumstances of this breach of trust are now fully known; and it is readily understood why letters, which were the channel for those perfidies, should interest the ministry of that day in the deepest degree. The existence of such an interest, but not its cause, had immediately become known: it descended, as might be expected, amongst all classes: once excited, it seemed to be justified by the real merits of the letters; which merit again, illustrated by its effects, appeared a thousand times greater than it was; and, finally, this interest was heightened and sustained by the mystery which invested the author. How much that mystery availed in keeping alive the reputation of Junius, is clear from this fact, that, since the detection of Junius, the Letters have much declined in popularity; and ornamented editions of them are no longer the saleable article which they were some years ago.

In fact, upon any other principle, the continued triumph of Junius, and his establishment as a classical author, is a standing enigma. One talent, undoubtedly, he had in a rare perfection—the talent of sarcasm. He stung like a scorpion. But, besides that such a talent has a narrow application, an interest of personality cannot be other than fugitive, take what direction it may: and malignity cannot embalm itself in materials that are themselves perishable. Such were the materials of Junius. His vaunted elegance was, in a great measure, the gift of his subject: general terseness, short sentences, and a careful avoiding of all awkwardness of construction—these
were his advantages. And from these he would have been dislodged by a higher subject, or one that would have forced him out into a wider compass of thought. Rhetorician he was none, though he has often been treated as such; for, without sentiment, without imagery, without generalization, how should it be possible for rhetoric to subsist? It is an absolute fact, that Junius has not one principle, aphorism, or remark of a general nature in his whole armory—not in a solitary instance did his barren understanding ascend to an abstraction, or general idea, but lingered forever in the dust and rubbish of individuality, amongst the tangible reality of things and persons. Hence, the peculiar absurdity of that hypothesis which discovered Junius in the person of Burke. The opposition was here too pointedly ludicrous between Burke, who exalted the merest personal themes into the dignity of philosophic speculations, and Junius, in whose hands the very loftiest dwindled into questions of person and party.

Last of the family of rhetoricians, and in a form of rhetoric as florid as the age could bear, came Mr. Canning. 'Sufficit,' says a Roman author, 'in una civitate esse unum rhetorem.' But, if more were in his age unnecessary, in ours they would have been intolerable. Three or four Mr. Cannings would have been found a nuisance: indeed, the very admiration which crowned his great displays, manifested of itself the unsuitableness of his style to the atmosphere of public affairs; for it was of that kind which is offered to a young lady rising from a brilliant performance on the piano-forte. Something, undoubtedly, there was of too juvenile an air, too gaudy a flutter of plumage,
in Mr. Canning's more solemn exhibitions; but much indulgence was reasonably extended to a man, who, in his class, was so complete. He was formed for winning a favorable attention by every species of popular fascination: to the eye he recommended himself almost as much as the Bolingbroke of a century before: his voice, and his management of it, were no less pleasing: and upon him, as upon St. John, the air of a gentleman sate with a native grace. Scholarship and literature, as far as they belong to the accomplishments of a gentleman, he too brought forward in the most graceful manner: and above all, there was an impression of honor, generosity, and candor, stamped upon his manner, agreeable rather to his original character, than to the wrench which it had received from an ambition resting too much on mere personal merits. What a pity that this 'gay creature of the elements' had not taken his place contentedly, where nature had assigned it, as one of the ornamental performers of the time! His station was with the lilies of the field, which toil not, neither do they spin. He should have thrown himself upon the admiring sympathies of the world as the most dazzling of rhetorical artists, rather than have challenged their angry passions in a vulgar scuffle for power. In that case he would have been alive at this hour — he would have had a perpetuity of that admiration which to him was as the breath of his nostrils; and would not, by forcing the character of rhetorician into an incongruous alliance with that of trading politician, have run the risk of making both ridiculous.

In thus running over the modern history of rhetoric
we have confined ourselves to the literature of England: the rhetoric of the continent would demand a separate notice, and chiefly on account of the French pulpit orators. For, laying them aside, we are not aware of any distinct body of rhetoric — properly so called — in modern literature. Four continental languages may be said to have a literature regularly mounted in all departments, viz. the French, Italian, Spanish, and German; but each of these have stood under separate disadvantages for the cultivation of an ornamented rhetoric. In France, whatever rhetoric they have, (for Montaigne, though lively, is too gossipping for a rhetorician,) arose in the age of Louis XIV.; since which time, the very same development of science and public business, operated there and in England, to stifle the rhetorical impulses, and all those analogous tendencies in arts and in manners which support it. Generally it may be assumed that rhetoric will not survive the age of the ceremonious in manners, and the gorgeous in costume. An unconscious sympathy binds together the various forms of the elaborate and the fanciful, under every manifestation. Hence it is that the national convulsions by which modern France has been shaken, produced orators, Mirabeau, Isnard, the Abbé Maury, but no rhetoricians. Florian, Chateaubriand, and others, who have written the most florid prose that the modern taste can bear, are elegant sentimentalists, sometimes maudlin and semi-poetic, sometimes even eloquent, but never rhetorical. There is no eddying about their own thoughts, no motion of fancy self-sustained from its own activities; no flux and reflux of thought, half meditative, half capricious; but strains of feeling
genuine or not, supported at every step from the excitement of independent external objects.

With respect to the German literature, the case is very peculiar. A chapter upon German rhetoric would be in the same ludicrous predicament as Van Troll's chapter on the snakes of Iceland, which delivers its business in one summary sentence, announcing, that snakes in Iceland — there are none. Rhetoric, in fact, or any form of ornamented prose, could not possibly arise in a literature, in which prose itself had no proper existence till within these seventy years. Lessing was the first German who wrote prose with elegance; and even at this day, a decent prose style is the rarest of accomplishments in Germany. We doubt, indeed, whether any German has written prose with grace, unless he had lived abroad, (like Jacobi, who composed indifferently in French and German,) or had at least cultivated a very long acquaintance with English and French models. Frederick Schlegel has been led, by his comprehensive knowledge of other literatures, to observe this singular defect in that of his own country. Even he, however, must have fixed his standard very low, when he could praise, as elsewhere he does, the style of Kant. Certainly in any literature, where good models of prose existed, Kant would be deemed a monster of vicious diction, so far as regards the construction of his sentences. He does not, it is true, write in the hybrid dialect which prevailed up to the time of our George the First, when every other word was Latin, with a German inflexion; but he has in perfection that obtuseness which renders a German taste insensible to all beauty in the balancing and structure of peri-
ids, and to the art by which a succession of periods modify each other. Every German regards a sentence in the light of a package, and a package not for the mail-coach, but for the wagon, into which his privilege is to crowd as much as he possibly can. Having framed a sentence, therefore, he next proceeds to pack it, which is effected partly by unwieldy tails and codicils, but chiefly by enormous parenthetic involutions. All qualifications, limitations, exceptions, illustrations, are stuffed and violently rammed into the bowels of the principal proposition. That all this equipage of accessories is not so arranged as to assist its own orderly development, no more occurs to a German as any fault, than that in a package of shawls or of carpets, the colors and patterns are not fully displayed. To him it is sufficient that they are there. And Mr. Kant, when he has succeeded in packing up a sentence which covers three close-printed octavo pages, stops to draw his breath with the air of one who looks back upon some brilliant and meritorious performance. Under these disadvantages, it may be presumed that German rhetoric is a nonentity; but these disadvantages would not have arisen, had there been a German bar or a German senate, with any public existence. In the absence of all forensic and senatorial eloquence, no standard of good prose style—nay, which is more important, no example of ambition directed to such an object—has been at any time held up to the public mind in Germany; and the pulpit style has been always either rustically negligent, or bristling with pedantry.

These disadvantages with regard to public models
of civil eloquence, have in part affected the Italians; the few good prose writers of Italy have been historians; and it is observable that no writers exist in the department of what are called Moral Essayists; a class which, with us and the French, were the last depositaries of the rhetorical faculty, when depressed to its lowest key. Two other circumstances may be noticed as unfavorable to an Italian rhetoric; one, to which we have adverted before, in the language itself — which is too loitering for the agile motion, and the \( \mu \alpha \tau \iota \chi \iota \varepsilon \sigma \rho \omicron \omicron \omicron \omicron \nu \rho \omicron \omicron \omicron \omicron \) of rhetoric; and the other in the constitution of the national mind, which is not reflective, nor remarkably fanciful — the two qualities most indispensable to rhetoric. As a proof of the little turn for reflection which there is in the Italian mind, we may remind the reader that they have no meditative or philosophic poetry, such as that of our Young, Cowper, &c.; a class of poetry which existed very early indeed in the English literature, (e.g. Sir T. Davies, Lord Brooke, Henry More, &c.;) and which, in some shape, has arisen at some stage of almost every European literature.

Of the Spanish rhetoric, à priori, we should have figured well: but the rhetoric of their pulpit in past times, which is all that we know of it, is vicious and unnatural; whilst, on the other hand, for eloquence profound and heartfelt, measuring it by those many admirable proclamations issued in all quarters of Spain during 1808–9, the national capacity must be presumed to be of the very highest order.

We are thus thrown back upon the French pulpit orators as the only considerable body of modern rhetoricians out of our own language. No writers
are more uniformly praised; none are more entirely neglected. This is one of those numerous hypocrisies so common in matters of taste, where the critic is always ready with his good word, as the readiest way of getting rid of the subject. To blame might be hazardous; for blame demands reasons; but praise enjoys a ready dispensation from all reasons and from all discrimination. Superstition, however, as it is, under which the French rhetoricians hold their reputation, we have no thought of attempting any disturbance to it in so slight and incidental a notice as this. Let critics by all means continue to invest them with every kind of imaginary splendor. Meantime let us suggest, as a judicious caution, that French rhetoric should be praised with a reference only to its own narrow standard: for it would be a most unfortunate trial of its pretensions, to bring so meagre a style of composition into a close comparison with the gorgeous opulence of the English rhetoric of the same century. Under such a comparison, two capital points of weakness would force themselves upon the least observant of critics—first, the defect of striking imagery; and, secondly, the slenderness of the thoughts. The rhetorical manner is supported in the French writers chiefly by an abundance of ohs and ah's—by interrogatories—apostrophes—and startling exclamations: all which are mere mechanical devices for raising the style; but in the substance of the composition, apart from its dress, there is nothing properly rhetorical. The leading thoughts in all pulpit eloquence being derived from religion, and, in fact, the common inheritance of human nature,—if they cannot be novel, for that very reason cannot be
undignified; but, for the same reason, they are apt to become unaffecting and trite, unless varied and individualized by new infusions of thought and feeling. The smooth monotony of the leading religious topics, as managed by the French orators, und... of the sentence a new flexure—or what may be called a separate articulation: old thoughts are surveyed from novel stations and under various angles: and a field absolutely exhausted throws up eternally fresh verdure under the fructifying lava of burning imagery. Human life, for example, is short—human happiness is frail: how trite, how obvious a thesis! Yet, in the beginning of the Holy Dying, upon that simplest of themes how magnificent a descant! Variations the most original upon a ground the most universal, and a sense of novelty diffused over truths coeval with human life! Finally, it may be remarked of the imagery in the French rhetoric, that it is thinly sown, common-place, deficient in splendor, and, above all, merely ornamental; that is to say, it does no more than echo and repeat what is already said in the ought which it is brought to illustrate; whereas, in Taylor, and in Burke, it will be found usually times, will and amplify the thought, or to fortify it by unnatural; wh. argument of its truth. Thus, for in-profound and heart-edge above quoted, from Taylor, admirable proclamation—man to the continual mercies Spain during 1808–9, the mind is staggered by the ap-presumed to be of the very infinite a reality, and of so

We are thus thrown back to escape our notice; but orators as the only consi... from the case of a mar-rhetoricians out of our own ocean, and yet insensible;
to that world of waters above him, from the uniformity and equality of its pressure, flashes upon us with a sense of something equally marvellous, in a case which we know to be a physical fact. We are thus reconciled to the proposition, by the same image which illustrates it.

In a single mechanical quality of good writing, that is, in the structure of their sentences, the French rhetoricians, in common with French writers generally of that age, are superior to ours. This is what in common parlance is expressed (though inaccurately) by the word *style*, and is the subject of the third part of the work before us. Dr. Whately, however, somewhat disappoints us by his mode of treating it. He alleges, indeed, with some plausibility, that his subject bound him to consider style no further than as it was related to the purpose of persuasion. But besides that it is impossible to treat it with effect in that mutilated section—even within the limits assumed, we are not able to trace any outline of the law or system by which Dr. Whately has been governed in the choice of his topics: we find many very acute remarks delivered, but all in a desultory way, which leave the reader no means of judging how much of the ground has been surveyed, and how much omitted. We regret also that he has not addressed himself more specifically to the question of English style, a subject which has not yet received the comprehensive discussion which it merits. In the age of our great rhetoricians, it is remarkable that the English language had never been made an object of conscious attention. No man seems to have reflected that there was a wrong and a right in the choice of words—in the
choice of phrases—in the mechanism of sentences—or even in the grammar. Men wrote eloquently, because they wrote feelingly: they wrote idiomatically because they wrote naturally, and without affectation: but if a false or acephalous structure of sentence,—if a barbarous idiom, or an exotic word happened to present itself,—no writer of the 17th century seems to have had any such scrupulous sense of the dignity belonging to his own language, as should make it a duty to reject, or worth his while to re-model a line. The fact is, that verbal criticism had not as yet been very extensively applied even to the classical languages: the Scaligers, Casaubon, and Salmasius, were much more critics on things than critics philologically. However, even in that age, the French writers were more attentive to the cultivation of their mother tongue, than any other people. It is justly remarked by Schlegel, that the most worthless writers amongst the French, as to matter, generally take pains with their diction; or perhaps it is more true to say, that with equal pains, in their language it is more easy to write well than in one of greater compass. It is also true, that the French are indebted for their greater purity from foreign idioms, to their much more limited acquaintance with foreign literature. Still, with every deduction from the merit, the fact is as we have said; and it is apparent, not only by innumerable evidences in the concrete, but by the superiority of all their abstract auxiliaries in the art of writing. We English, even at this day, have no learned grammar of our language; nay, we have allowed the blundering attempt, in that department, of an imbecile stranger, to supersede the learned
(however imperfect) works of our Wallis, Lowth, &c. ; we have also no sufficient dictionary; and we have no work at all, sufficient or insufficient, on the phrases and idiomatic niceties of our language, corresponding to the works of Vaugelas and others, for the French.

Hence an anomaly, not found perhaps in any literature but ours, that the most eminent English writers do not write their mother tongue without continual violations of propriety. With the single exception of Mr. Wordsworth, who has paid an honorable attention to the purity and accuracy of his English, we believe that there is not one celebrated author of this day who has written two pages consecutively, without some flagrant impropriety in the grammar, (such as the eternal confusion of the preterite with the past participle, confusion of verbs transitive with intransitive, &c. &c.) or some violation more or less of the vernacular idiom. If this last sort of blemish does not occur so frequently in modern books, the reason is, — that since Dr. Johnson's time, the freshness of the idiomatic style has been too frequently abandoned for the lifeless mechanism of a style purely bookish and artificial.

The practical judgments of Dr. Whately are such as will seldom be disputed. Dr. Johnson for his triads and his antithetic balances; he taxes more than once with a plethoric and tautologic tympany of sentence; and in the following passage, with a very happy illustration: — 'Sentences, which might have been expressed as simple ones, are expanded into complex ones by the addition of clauses which add little or nothing to the sense; and which have been compared
to the false handles and key-holes with which furniture is decorated, that serve no other purpose than to correspond to the real ones. Much of Dr. Johnson's writings is chargeable with this fault.'

We recollect a little biographic sketch of Dr. Johnson, published immediately after his death, in which, amongst other instances of desperate tautology, the author quotes the well known lines from the imitation of Juvenal —

'*Let observation, with extensive view,  
Survey mankind from China to Peru;'

and contends, with some reason, that this is saying in effect, — *Let observation with extensive observation observe mankind extensively.* Certainly Dr. Johnson was the most faulty writer in this kind of inanity that ever has played tricks with language. On the other hand, Burke was the least so; and we are petrified to find him described by Dr. Whately as a writer 'qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,' and as on that account offensive to good taste. The understanding of Burke was even morbidly impatient of tautology: progress and motion — everlasting motion — was a mere necessity of his intellect. We will venture to offer a king's ransom for one unequivocal case of tautology from the whole circle of Burke's writings. The principium indiscernibilium, upon which Leibnitz affirmed the impossibility of finding any two leaves of a tree that should be mere duplicates of each other, may be applied to Burke as safely as to nature; no two propositions, we are satisfied, can be found in him, which do not contain a larger variety than is requisite to their justification.
Speaking of the advantages for energy and effect in the license of arrangement open to the ancient languages, especially to the Latin, Dr. Whately cites the following sentence from the opening of the 4th Book of Q. Curtius: — Darius tanti modo exercitus rex, qui, triumphantis magis quam dimicantis more, curru sublimis inicerat prælum, — per loca, quæ prope immensis agminibus compleverat, jam inania, et ingenti solitudine vasta fugiebat. 'The effect,' says he, 'of the concluding verb, placed where it is, is most striking.' The sentence is far enough from a good one: but, confining ourselves to the sort of merit for which it is here cited, as a merit peculiar to the Latin, we must say that the very same position of the verb, with a finer effect, is attainable, and, in fact, often attained in English sentences: see, for instance, the passage in the Duke of Gloucester's soliloquy — Now is the winter of our discontent — and ending, In the deep bosom of the ocean buried. See also another at the beginning of Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity on the thanklessness of the labor employed upon the foundations of truth, which, says he, like those of buildings, 'are in the bosom of the earth concealed.' The fact is, that the common cases of inversion, such as the suspension of the verb to the end, and the anticipation of the objective case at the beginning, are not sufficient illustrations of the Latin structure. All this can be done as well by the English. It is not mere power of inversion, but of self-intrication, and of self-dislocation, which mark the extremity of the artificial structure; that power by which a sequence of words, that naturally is directly consecutive, commences, intermits, and reappears at a remote part
of the sentence, like what is called drake-stone on the surface of a river. In this power the Greek is almost as much below the Latin as all modern languages; and in this, added to its elliptic brevity of connection and transition, and to its wealth and abstractions 'the long-tailed words in osity and ation,' lie the peculiar capacities of the Latin for rhetoric.

Dr. W. lays it down as a maxim in rhetoric, that 'elaborate stateliness is always to be regarded as a worse fault than the slovenliness and languor which accompany a very loose style.' But surely this is a rash position: — stateliness the most elaborate, in an absolute sense, is no fault at all; though it may happen to be so in relation to a given subject, or to any subject under given circumstances. 'Belshazzar the king made a great feast for a thousand of his lords.' Reading these words, who would not be justly offended in point of taste, had his feast been characterized by elegant simplicity? Again, at a coronation, what can be more displeasing to a philosophic taste than a pretended chastity of ornament, at war with the very purposes of a solemnity essentially magnificent? An imbecile friend of ours, in 1825, brought us a sovereign of a new coinage, 'which' (said he) 'I admire, because it is so elegantly simple.' This, he flattered himself, was thinking like a man of taste. But mark how we sent him to the right about; 'and that, weak-minded friend, is exactly the thing which a coin ought not to be: the duty of a golden coin is to be as florid as it can, rich with Corinthian ornaments, and as gorgeous as a peacock's tail.' So of rhetoric, imagine that you read these words of introduction, 'And on a set day, Tullius Cicero re-
turned thanks to Caesar on behalf of Marcus Marcellus,' what sort of a speech is reasonably to be expected? The whole purpose being a festal and ceremonial one, thanksgiving its sole burden first and last, what else than the most 'elaborate stateliness?' If it were not stately, and to the very verge of the pompous, Mr. Wolf would have had one argument more than he had, and a better than any he has produced, for suspecting the authenticity of that thrice famous oration.

In the course of his dissertation on style, Dr. W., very needlessly, enters upon the thorny question of the *quiddity,* or characteristic difference, of poetry as distinguished from prose. We could much have wished that he had forborne to meddle with a *questio vexata* of this nature, both because, in so incidental and cursory a discussion, it could not receive a proper investigation; and because Dr. Whately is apparently not familiar with much of what has been written on that subject. On a matter so slightly discussed, we shall not trouble ourselves to enter farther, than to express our astonishment that a logician like Dr. Whately should have allowed himself to deliver so nugatory an argument as this which follows:— 'Any composition in *verse.* (and none that is not,) is always called, whether good or bad, a poem, by all who have no favorite hypothesis to maintain.' And the inference manifestly is, that it is rightly so called. Now, if a man has taken up any fixed opinion on the subject, no matter whether wrong or right, and has reasons to give for his opinion, this man comes under the description of those who have a favorite hypothesis to maintain. It follows, therefore, that the only clas
of people whom Dr. Whately will allow as unbiassed judges on this question — a question not of fact, but of opinion — are those who have, and who profess to have, no opinion at all upon the subject; or, having one, have no reasons for it. But, apart from this contradiction, how is it possible that Dr. Whately should, in any case, plead a popular usage of speech, as of any weight in a philosophic argument? Still more, how is it possible in this case, where the accuracy of the popular usage is the very thing in debate, so that — if pleaded at all — it must be pleaded as its own justification? Alms-giving — and nothing but alms-giving — is universally called charity, and mistaken for the charity of the Scriptures, by all who have no favorite hypothesis to maintain — i. e. by all the inconsiderate. But Dr. Whately will hardly draw any argument from this usage in defence of that popular notion.

Speaking thus freely of particular passages in Dr. Whately's book, we are so far from meaning any disrespect to him, that, on the contrary, if we had not been impressed with the very highest respect for his talents, by the acuteness and originality which illuminate every part of his book, we could not have allowed ourselves to spend as much time upon the whole, as we have, in fact, spent upon single paragraphs. In reality, there is not a section of his work which has not furnished us with occasion for some profitable speculations; and we are, in consequence, most anxious to see his Logic, which treats a subject so much more important than rhetoric, and so obstinately misrepresented, that it would delight us much to anticipate a radical exposure of the errors on this
subject, taken up from the days of Lord Bacon. It has not fallen in our way to quote much from Dr. Whately *totidem verbis*; our apology for which will be found in the broken and discontinuous method of treatment by short sections and paragraphs, which a subject of this nature has necessarily imposed upon him. Had it coincided with our purpose to go more into detail, we could have delighted our readers with some brilliant examples of philosophical penetration, applied to questions interesting from their importance or difficulty, with the happiest effect. As it is, we shall content ourselves with saying, that, in any elementary work, it has not been our fortune to witness a rarer combination of analytical acuteness, with severity of judgment; and when we add that these qualities are recommended by a scholar-like elegance of manner, we suppose it hardly necessary to add, that Dr. Whately's is incomparably the best book of its class, since the days of Campbell's *Philosophy of Rhetoric*.

[Note.—In what is said at the beginning of this paper of the true meaning of the enthymeme, as determined by Facciolati, we must be understood with an exclusive reference to rhetoric. In logic the old acceptation cannot be disturbed.]
No language is stationary, except in rude and early periods of society. The languages of nations like the English and French, walking in the van of civilization, having popular institutions, and taking part in the business of the earth with morbid energy, are placed under the action of causes that will not allow them any respite from change. Neologism, in revolutionary times, is not an infirmity of caprice, seeking (to use the proverb of Cervantes) "for better bread than is made of wheat," but is a mere necessity of the unresting intellect. New ideas, new aspects of old ideas, new relations of objects to each other, or to man — the subject who contemplates those objects — absolutely insists on new words. And it would not be a more idle misconception to find a disease in the pains of growth, than to fancy a decay of vernacular purity in the multitude of verbal coinages which modern necessities of thought and action are annually calling forth on the banks of the Thames and the Seine.

Such coinages, however, do not all stand upon the same basis of justification. Some are regularly formed from known roots upon known analogies;
others are formed licentiously. Some again meet a real and clamorous necessity of the intellect; others are fitted to gratify the mere appetite for innovation. They take their rise in various sources, and are moulded with various degrees of skill. Let us throw a hasty glance on the leading classes of these coinages, and of the laws which appear to govern them, or of the anomalies with which they are sometimes associated. There are also large cases of innovation, in which no process of coinage whatever is manifested, but perhaps a simple restoration of old words, long since obsolete in literature and good society, yet surviving to this hour in provincial usage; or, again, an extension and emancipation of terms heretofore narrowly restricted to a technical or a professional use; as we see exemplified in the word *ignore*, which, until very lately, was so sacred to the sole use of grand juries, that a man would have been obscurely suspected by a policeman, and would indeed have suspected himself, of something like petty larceny, in forcing it into any general and philosophic meaning; which, however, it has now assumed, with little offence to good taste, and with yeoman service to the intellect. Other cases again there are, and at present far too abundant, in which the necessities of social intercourse, and not unfrequently the necessities of philosophic speculation, are provisionally supplied by *slang*, and the phraseology that is born and bred in the streets. The market-place and the highway, the *forum* and the *trivium*, are rich seed-plots for the sowing and the reaping of many indispensable ideas. That a phrase belongs to the slang dictionary is certainly no absolute recommendation; sometimes such
a phrase may be simply disgusting from its vulgarity, without adding anything to the meaning or to the rhetorical force. How shocking to hear an official dignitary saying (as but yesterday was heard), "What on earth could the clause mean?" Yet neither is it any safe ground of absolute excommunication even from the sanctities of literature that a phrase is entirely a growth of the street. The word humbug, for instance (as perhaps I may have occasion to show further on), rests upon a rich and comprehensive basis; it cannot be rendered adequately either by German or by Greek, the two richest of human languages; and without this expressive word we should all be disarmed for one great case, continually recurrent, of social enormity. A vast mass of villany, that cannot otherwise be reached by legal penalties or brought within the rhetoric of scorn, would go at large with absolute impunity, were it not through the stern Rhadamanthian aid of this virtuous and inexorable word.

Meantime, as it would not suit the purposes of a sketch to be too systematic in the treatment of a subject so inexhaustible as language and style, neither would it be within the limits of just proportion that I should be too elaborate in rehearsing beforehand the several avenues and classes of cases through which an opening is made for new words amongst ourselves or the French. I will select such cases for separate notice as seem most interesting or most seasonable. But previously, as a proper mode of awakening the reader into giving relief and just prominence to the subject, I will point attention to the varying scale of appreciation applied to the diction and the national
language, as a ground of national distinction and honor, by the five great intellectual nations of ancient and modern history, namely, the Greeks, the Romans, the French, the English, and the Germans. In no country, except one, is such a preface more requisite than in England, where it is strange enough that, whilst the finest models of style exist, and sub-consciously operate effectively as sources of delight, the conscious valuation of style is least perfectly developed.

Every nation has reason to feel interested in the pretensions of its own native language; in the original quality of that language or characteristic kind of its powers, and in the particular degree of its expansions at the period in question. Even semi-barbarous tribes sometimes talk grandiloquently on this head, and ascribe to uncultivated jargons a fertility or a range of expressiveness quite incompatible with the particular stage of social development which the national capacities have reached. Not only in spite of its barbarism, but oftentimes in mere virtue of its barbarism, we find a language claiming by its eulogists to possess more than ordinary powers of picturesque expression. Such a claim is continually put forward on behalf of the Celtic languages, as, for instance, the Armoric, the Welsh, the Irish, the Manx, the Gaelic. Such a claim is put forward also for many oriental languages. Yet, in most of these cases, there is a profound mistake committed; and generally the same mistake. Without being strictly barbarous, all these languages are uncultured and rude in a degree corresponding to the narrow social development of the races who speak them. These
races are precisely in that state of imperfect expansion, both civilly and intellectually, under which the separation has not fully taken place between poetry and prose. Their social condition is too simple and elementary to require much cultivation of intellectual topics. Little motive exists for writing, unless on occasions of poetic excitement. The subdued coloring, therefore, of prose has not yet been (to speak physiologically) secreted. And the national diction has the appearance of being more energetic and sparkling, simply because it is more inflated; the chastities of good taste not having yet been called forth by social necessities to disentangle the separate forms of impassioned and non-impassioned composition. The Kalmuck Tartars, according to a German traveller, namely, Bergmann, long resident amongst them, speak in rapturous terms of their own language; but it is probable that the particular modes of phraseology which fascinate their admiration are precisely those which a more advanced civilization, and a corresponding development of taste, would reject as spurious. Certainly, in the case of a language and a literature likely to be much in advance of the Kalmuck, namely, the Arabic, at the era of Mahomet, we find this conjecture realized. The Koran is held by the devout Mahometan to be the most admirable model of composition; but exactly those ornaments of diction or of imagery, which he regards as the jewels of the whole, are most entirely in the childish taste of imperfect civilization. That which attracts the Arab critic or the Persian is most of all repulsive to the masculine judgment of the European
Barbarism, in short, through all degrees, generates its own barbaresque standards of taste; and nowhere so much as in the great field of diction and ornamental composition. A high civilization is an indispensable condition for developing the full powers of a language; and it is equally a condition for developing the taste which must preside over the appreciation of diction and style. The elder civilizations of Egypt and of Asiatic empires are too imperfectly known at this day to furnish any suggestions upon the subject. The earliest civilization that offers a practical field of study to our own age is the superb one of Greece.

It cannot be necessary to say that from that memorable centre of intellectual activity have emanated the great models in art and literature, which, to Christendom, when recasting her mediaeval forms, became chiefly operative in controlling her luxuriance, and in other negative services, though not so powerful for positive impulse and inspiration. Greece was in fact too ebullient with intellectual activity,—an activity too palestric, and purely human,—so that the opposite pole of the mind, which points to the mysterious and the spiritual, was, in the agile Greek, too intensely a child of the earth, starved and palsied; whilst in the Hebrew, dull and inert intellectually, but in his spiritual organs awake and sublime, the case was precisely reversed. Yet, after all, the result was immeasurably in favor of the Hebrew. Speaking in the deep sincerities of the solitary and musing heart, which refuses to be duped by the whistling of names, we must say of the Greek that —laudatur et alget—he has won the admiration of
the human race, he is numbered amongst the chief brilliances of earth, but on the deeper and more abiding nature of man he has no hold. He will perish when any deluge of calamity overtakes the libraries of our planet, or if any great revolution of thought remoulds them, and will be remembered only as a generation of flowers is remembered; with the same tenderness of feeling, and with the same pathetic sense of a natural predestination to evanescence. Whereas the Hebrew, by introducing himself to the secret places of the human heart, and sitting there as incubator over the awful germs of the spiritualities that connect man with the unseen worlds, has perpetuated himself as a power in the human system; he is coënduring with man's race, and careless of all revolutions in literature or in the composition of society. The very languages of these two races repeat the same expression of their intellectual differences, and of the differences in their missions. The Hebrew, meagre and sterile as regards the numerical wealth of its ideas, is infinite as regards their power; the Greek, on the other hand, rich as tropic forests in the polymorphous life, the life of the dividing and distinguishing intellect, is weak only in the supreme region of thought. The Hebrew has scarcely any individuated words. Ask a Hebrew scholar if he has a word for a ball (as a tennis-ball, pila lusoria); he says, "O, yes." What is it, then? Why, he gives you the word for globe. Ask for orb, for sphere, &c., still you have the same answer; the individual circumstantiations are swallowed up in the generic outline. But the Greek has a felicitous parity of wealth in the abstract and the concrete. Even as vocal lan-
languages, the Hebrew and the Greek obey the same prevailing law of difference. The Hebrew is a sublime monochord, uttering vague vowel sounds as indistinct and shy as the breathings of an Æolian harp when exposed to a fitful breeze. The Greek is more firmly articulated by consonants, and the succession of its syllables runs through a more extensive compass of sonorous variety than can be matched in any other known language. The Spanish and the Italian, with all the stateliness of their modulation, make no approach to the canorous variety of the sounds of the Greek. Read a passage from almost any Greek poet, and each syllable seems to have been placed in its present position as a relief, and by way of contrast to the syllable which follows and precedes.

Of a language thus and otherwise so divinely endowed, the Greeks had a natural right to be proud. Yet were they so? There is no appearance of it; and the reason no doubt lay in their insulated position. Having no intellectual intercourse with foreign nations, they had virtually no intercourse at all—none which could affect the feelings of the literary class, or generally of those who would be likely to contemplate language as a subject of aesthetic admiration. Each Hellenic author might be compared with others of his compatriot authors, in respect to his management of their common language; but not the language itself compared as to structure or capacities with other languages; since these other languages (one and all) were in any practical sense hardly assumed to exist. In this there was no arrogance Aliens, as to country and civil polity, being objects
of jealousy in the circumstances of Greece, there could be no reason for abstaining from any designation, however hostile, which might seem appropriate to the relation between the parties. But, in reality, the term barbarians seems, for many ages, to have implied nothing either hostile or disrespectful. By a natural onomatopoeia, the Greeks used the iterated syllables barbar to denote that a man was unintelligible in his talk; and by the word barbarian originally it is probable that no sort of reproach was intended, but simply the fact that the people so called spoke a language not intelligible to Greeks. Latterly the term seems to have been often used as one of mere convenience for classification, indicating the non-Hellenes in opposition to the Hellenes; and it was not meant to express any qualities whatever of the aliens—simply they were described as being aliens. But in the earliest times it was meant, by the word barbarians, to describe them under the idea of men who were ἔξωτοι, men who, speaking in a tongue different from the Grecian, spoke unintelligibly; and at this day it is very probable that the Chinese mean nothing more by the seemingly offensive term outside barbarians. The mis-translations must be many between ourselves and the Chinese; and the probability is, that this reputedly arrogant expression means only "the aliens, or external people, who speak in tongues foreign to China." Arrogant or not arrogant, however, in the mouth of the Greeks, the word barbarians included the whole human race not living in Hellas, or in colonies thrown off from Hellas. Having no temptation or facilities for holding any intellectual intercourse with those who could not
communicate through the channel of the Greek language, it followed that the Greeks had no means or opportunity for comparing their own language with the languages of other nations; and, together with this power of mutual comparison, fell away the call and excitement to vanity upon that particular subject. Greece was in the absolute insolation of the phoenix, the unique of birds, that dies without having felt a throb of exultation or a pang of jealousy, because it has exposed its gorgeous plumage and the mysterious solemnities of its beauty only to the dusky recesses of Thebaic deserts.

Not thus were the Romans situated. The Greeks, so profound and immovable was their self-conceit, never in any generation came to regard the Romans with the slightest tremor of jealousy, as though they were or ever could be rivals in literature. The Roman nobles, as all Greece knew, resorted in youth to Athens as to the eternal well-head of learning and eloquence; and the literary or the forensic efforts of such persons were never viewed as by possibility efforts of competition with their masters, but simply as graceful expressions of homage to the inimitable by men whose rank gave a value to this homage. Cicero and other Romans of his day were egregiously duped by their own vanity, when they received as sincere the sycophantic praises of mercenary Greek rhetoricians. No Greek ever in good faith admired a Roman upon intellectual grounds, except indeed as Polybius did, whose admiration was fixed upon the Roman institutions, not upon their literature; though even in his day the Roman literature had already put forth a masculine promise, and in Plau-
tus, at least, a promise of unborrowed excellence. The Greeks were wrong; the Romans had some things in their literature which a Greek could neither have rivalled nor even understood. They had a peculiar rhetoric, for example, such as Ovid's in the contest for the arms of Achilles,—such as Seneca's, which, to this hour, has never been properly examined, and which not only has no parallel in Grecian literature, but which, strangely enough, loses its whole effect and sense when translated into Greek; so entirely is it Roman by incommunicable privilege of genius.

But, if the Greeks did no justice to their Roman pupils, on the other hand, the Roman pupils never ceased to regard the Greeks with veneration, or to acknowledge them for their masters in literature: they had a foreign literature before their eyes challenging continual comparison; and this foreign literature was in a language which also challenged comparison with their own. Every Roman of distinction understood Greek; often talked it fluently, declaimed in it, and wrote books in it. But there is no language without its own peculiar genius, and therefore none without its separate powers and advantages. The Latin language has in excess such an original character, and consequently such separate powers. These Romans were not slow to discover. Studying the Greek so closely, they found by continual collation in what quarter lay the peculiar strength of the Latin. And, amongst others, Cicero did himself the greatest honor, and almost redeems the baseness of his political conduct, by the patriotic fervor which he now and then exhibits in defending the claims of his native
language and native literature. He maintains also, more than once, and perhaps with good reason, the native superiority of the Roman mind to the Grecian in certain qualities of racy humor, &c.61

Here, namely, in the case of Cicero, we have the first eminent example (though he himself records some elder examples amongst his own countrymen) of a man standing up manfully to support the pretensions of his mother tongue. And this might be done in a mere spirit of pugnacious defiance to the arrogance of another nation—a spirit which finds matter of quarrel in a straw. But here also we find the first example of a statesman's seriously regarding a language in the light of a foremost jewel amongst the trophies of nationality.

Coming forward to our own times, we find sovereign rulers, on behalf of great nations, occasionally raising disputes which presume some sense of the value and dignity attached to a language. Cromwell, for instance, insisted upon Cardinal Mazarine's surrendering his pretension to have the French language used in a particular negotiation; and accordingly Latin was substituted. But this did not argue in Cromwell any real estimation of the English language. He had been weak enough to wish that his own life and annals should be written in Latin rather than in English. The motive, it is true, might be to facilitate the circulation of the work amongst the literati of the continent. But vernacular translations would more certainly have been executed all over the continent in the absence of a Latin original; for this, by meeting the demand of foreigners in part (namely, of learned foreigners), would pro tanto have
lessened the motives to such translations. And apart from this preference of a Latin to a domestic portraiture addressing itself originally to his own countrymen, or, if Latin were otherwise the preferable language, apart from Cromwell's preference of a Latin Casaubon to a Latin Milton, in no instance did Cromwell testify any sense of the commanding rank due to English literature amongst the contemporary literatures of Christendom, nor any concern for its extension.

In the case of resisting the French arrogance, Cromwell had seemed to express homage to the language of his country, but in reality he had only regarded the political dignity of his country. A pretension may be lighter than a feather; and yet in behalf of our country we do right to suffer no insolent aggression upon it by an enemy. But this argues no sincere regard for that pretension on its own account. We have known a sailor to knock an Italian down for speaking disrespectfully of English tenor voices. The true and appropriate expression of reverence to a language is not by fighting for it, as a subject of national rivalry, but by taking earnest pains to write it with accuracy, practically to display its beauty, and to make its powers available for commensurate ends. Tried by this test, which of the three peoples that walk at the head of civilization—French, Germans, or English—have best fulfilled the duties of their position?

To answer that the French only have been fully awake to these duties is painful, but too manifestly it is true. The French language possesses the very highest degree of merit, though not in the very high-
est mode of merit; it is the unique language of the planet as an instrument for giving effect to the powers, and for meeting the necessities of social gayety and colloquial intercourse. This is partly the effect, and partly the cause, of the social temperament which distinguishes the French; partly follows the national disposition, and partly leads to it. The adaptation of the language to the people, not perhaps more really prominent in this case than in others, is more conspicuously so; and it may be in a spirit of gratitude for this genial coöperation in their language that the French are in a memorable degree anxious to write it with elegance and correctness. They take a pride in doing so; and it is remarkable that grammatical inaccuracies, so common amongst ourselves, and common even amongst our literary people, are almost unknown amongst the educated French.83

But mere fidelity to grammar would leave but a negative impression; the respect which the French show to their language expresses itself chiefly in their way of managing it, that is, in their attention to style and diction. It is the rarest thing possible to find a French writer erring by sentences too long, too intricate and loaded with clauses, or too clumsy in their structure. The very highest qualities of style are not much within the ideal of French composition; but in the executive results French prose composition usually reveals an air of finish, of self-restraint under any possible temptation to des longueurs, and of graceful adroitness in the transitions.

Precisely the reverse of all this is found in the
compositions of the German, who is the greatest nuisance, in what concerns the treatment of language, that the mind of man is capable of conceiving. Of his language the German is proud, and with reason, for it is redundantly rich. Even in its Teutonic section it is so rich as to be self-sufficing, and capable, though awkwardly, of dispensing with the Greek and Latin counter-section. This independence of alien resources has sometimes been even practically adopted as the basis of a dictionary, and officially patronized. Some thirty years ago, the Prussian government was said to have introduced into the public service a dictionary which rejected all words not purely vernacular. Such a word, for instance, as philosophie was not admissible; the indigenous word weltweisheit was held to be not only sufficient, which it really is, but exclusively legitimate. Yet, with all this scrupulosity and purism of veneration for his native language, to which he ascribes every quality of power and beauty, and amongst others—credite posteri!—sometimes even vocal beauty and euphony, the true German has no sense of grace or deformity in the management of his language. Style, diction, the construction of sentences, are ideas perfectly without meaning to the German writer. If a whole book were made up of a single sentence, all collateral or subordinate ideas being packed into it as parenthetical intercalations,—if this single sentence should even cover an acre of ground, the true German would see in all that no want of art, would recognize no opportunities thrown away for the display of beauty. The temple would in his eyes exist, because the materials of the temple—the stone, the
lime, the iron, the timber—had been carted to the ground. A sentence, even when insulated and viewed apart for itself, is a subject for complex art: even so far it is capable of multiform beauty, and liable to a whole nosology of malconformations. But it is in the relation of sentences, in what Horace terms their "junctura," that the true life of composition resides. The mode of their nexus,—the way in which one sentence is made to arise out of another, and to prepare the opening for a third,—this is the great loom in which the textile process of the moving intellect reveals itself and prospers. Here the separate clauses of a period become architectural parts, aiding, relieving, supporting each other. But how can any approach to that effect, or any suggestion of it, exist for him who hides and buries all openings for parts and graceful correspondences in one monotonous continuity of period, stretching over three octavo pages? Kant was a great man, but he was obtuse and deaf as an antediluvian boulder with regard to language and its capacities. He has sentences which have been measured by a carpenter, and some of them run two feet eight by six inches. Now, a sentence with that enormous span is fit only for the use of a megatherium or a pre-Adamite. Parts so remote as the beginning and the end of such a sentence can have no sensible relation to each other; not much as regards their logic, but none at all as regards their more sensuous qualities,—rhythmus, for instance, or the continuity of metaphor. And it is clear that, if the internal relations of a sentence fade under the extravagant misproportion of its scale a fortiori must the outer relations. If two figures,
or other objects, are meant to modify each other visually by means of color, of outline, or of expression, they must be brought into juxtaposition, or at least into neighborhood. A chasm between them, so vast as to prevent the synthesis of the two objects in one coëxisting field of vision, interrupts the play of all genial comparison. Periods, and clauses of periods, modify each other, and build up a whole, then, only when the parts are shown as parts, cohering and conspiring to a common result. But, if each part is separately so vast as to eclipse the disc of the adjacent parts, then substantially they are separate wholes, and do not coalesce to any joint or complex impression.

We English in this matter occupy a middle position between the French and the Germans. Agreeably to the general cast of the national character, our tendency is to degrade the value of the ornamental, whenever it is brought before us under any suggestion of comparison or rivalry with the substantial or grossly useful. Viewing the thoughts as the substantial objects in a book, we are apt to regard the manner of presenting these thoughts as a secondary or even trivial concern. The one we typify as the metallic substance, the silver or gold, which constitutes the true value, that cannot perish in a service of plate; whereas the style too generally, in our estimate, represents the mere casual fashion given to the plate by the artist—an adjunct that any change of public taste may degrade into a positive disadvantage. But in this we English err greatly; and by these three capital oversights:

1. It is certain that style, or (to speak by the most
general expression) the management of language, ranks amongst the fine arts, and is able therefore to yield a separate intellectual pleasure quite apart from the interest of the subject treated. So far it is already one error to rate the value of style as if it were necessarily a dependent or subordinate thing. On the contrary, style has an absolute value, like the product of any other exquisite art, quite distinct from the value of the subject about which it is employed, and irrelatively to the subject; precisely as the fine workmanship of Scopas the Greek, or of Cellini the Florentine, is equally valued by the connoisseur, whether embodied in bronze or marble, in an ivory or golden vase. But

2. If we do submit to this narrow valuation of style, founded on the interest of the subject to which it is ministerial, still, even on that basis, we English commit a capital blunder, which the French earnestly and sincerely escape; for, assuming that the thoughts involve the primary interest, still it must make all the difference in the world to the success of those thoughts, whether they are treated in the way best fitted to expel the doubts or darkness that may have settled upon them; and, secondly, in cases where the business is, not to establish new convictions, but to carry old convictions into operative life and power, whether they are treated in the way best fitted to rekindle in the mind a practical sense of their value. Style has two separate functions—first, to brighten the intelligibility of a subject which is obscure to the understanding; secondly, to regenerate the normal power and impressiveness of a subject which has become dormant to the sensibilities. Darkness gath
ers upon many a theme, sometimes from previous mistreatment, but oftener from original perplexities investing its very nature. Upon the style it is, if we take that word in its largest sense— upon the skill and art of the developer, that these perplexities greatly depend for their illumination. Look, again, at the other class of cases, when the difficulties are not for the understanding, but for the practical sensibilities as applicable to the services of life. The subject, suppose, is already understood sufficiently; but it is lifeless as a motive. It is not new light that is to be communicated, but old torpor that is to be dispersed. The writer is not summoned to convince, but to persuade. Decaying lineaments are to be retraced, and faded coloring to be refreshed. Now, these offices of style are really not essentially below the level of those other offices attached to the original discovery of truth. He that to an old conviction, long since inoperative and dead, gives the regeneration that carries it back into the heart as a vital power of action,—he, again, that by new light, or by light trained to flow through a new channel, reconciles to the understanding a truth which hitherto had seemed dark or doubtful,—both these men are really, quoad us that benefit by their services, the discoverers of the truth. Yet these results are amongst the possible gifts of style. Light to see the road, power to advance along it—such being amongst the promises and proper functions of style, it is a capital error, under the idea of its ministeriality, to undervalue this great organ of the advancing intellect— an organ which is equally important considered as a tool for the culture and popularization
of truth, and also (if it had no use at all in that way) as a mode *per se* of the beautiful, and a fountain of intellectual pleasure. The vice of that appreciation, which we English apply to style, lies in representing it as a mere ornamental accident of written composition—a trivial embellishment, like the mouldings of furniture, the cornices of ceilings, or the arabesques of tea-urns. On the contrary, it is a product of art the rarest, subtlest, and most intellectual; and, like other products of the fine arts, it is then finest when it is most eminently disinterested, that is, most conspicuously detached from gross palpable uses. Yet, in very many cases, it really *has* the obvious uses of that gross palpable order; as in the cases just noticed, when it gives light to the understanding, or power to the will, removing obscurities from one set of truths, and into another circulating the life-blood of sensibility. In these cases, meantime, the style is contemplated as a thing separable from the thoughts; in fact, as the *dress* of the thoughts—a robe that may be laid aside at pleasure. But

3. There arises a case entirely different, where style cannot be regarded as a *dress* or alien covering, but where style becomes the *incarnation* of the thoughts. The human body is not the dress or apparel of the human spirit; far more mysterious is the mode of their union. Call the two elements A and B: then it is impossible to point out A as existing aloof from B, or *vice versa*. A exists in and through B, B exists in and through A. No profound observer can have failed to observe this illustrated in the capacities of style. Imagery is sometimes not the mere alien apparelling of a thought, and of a nature
to be detached from the thought, but is the coefficient that, being superadded to something else, absolutely makes the thought.

In this third case, our English tendency to undervalue style goes more deeply into error than in the other two. In those two we simply underrate the enormous services that are or might be rendered by style to the interests of truth and human thinking; but, in the third case, we go near to abolish a mode of existence. This is not so impossible an offence as might be supposed. There are many ideas in Leibnitz, in Kant, in the schoolmen, in Plato at times, and certainly in Aristotle (as the ideas of antiperistasis, entelecheia, &c.), which are only to be arrested and realized by a signal effort — by a struggle and a nisus both of reflection and of large combination. Now, where so much depends upon an effort — on a spasmodic strain — to fail by a hair's breadth is to collapse. For instance, the idea involved in the word transcendental,65 as used in the critical philosophy of Kant, illustrates the metaphysical relations of style.
ENGLISH DICTIONARIES.

It has already, I believe, been said more than once in print that one condition of a good dictionary would be to exhibit the history of each word; that is, to record the exact succession of its meanings. But the philosophic reason for this has not been given; which reason, by the way, settles a question often agitated, viz. whether the true meaning of a word be best ascertained from its etymology, or from its present use and acceptation. Mr. Coleridge says, 'the best explanation of a word is often that which is suggested by its derivation' (I give the substance of his words from memory). Others allege that we have nothing to do with the primitive meaning of the word; that the question is—what does it mean now? and they appeal, as the sole authority they acknowledge, to the received—

Usus, penes quem est jus et norma loquendi.

In what degree each party is right, may be judged from this consideration—that no word can ever deviate from its first meaning per saltum: each successive stage of meaning must always have been determined by that which preceded. And on this one law depends the whole philosophy of the case: for it thus appears
that the original and primitive sense of the word will contain virtually all which can ever afterwards arise: as in the evolution-theory of generation, the whole series of births is represented as involved in the first parent. Now, if the evolution of successive meanings has gone on rightly, i. e. by simply lapsing through a series of close affinities, there can be no reason for recurring to the primitive meaning of the word: but, if it can be shown that the evolution has been faulty, i. e. that the chain of true affinities has ever been broken through ignorance, then we have a right to reform the word, and to appeal from the usage ill-instructed to a usage better-instructed. Whether we ought to exercise this right, will depend on a consideration which I will afterwards notice. Meantime I will first give a few instances of faulty evolution.

1. Implicit. This word is now used in a most ignorant way; and from its misuse it has come to be a word wholly useless: for it is now never coupled, I think, with any other substantive than these two—faith and confidence: a poor domain indeed to have sunk to from its original wide range of territory. Moreover, when we say, implicit faith, or implicit confidence, we do not thereby indicate any specific kind of faith and confidence differing from other faith or other confidence: but it is a vague rhetorical word which expresses a great degree of faith and confidence; a faith that is unquestioning, a confidence that is unlimited; i. e. in fact, a faith that is a faith, a confidence that is a confidence. Such a use of the word ought to be abandoned to women: doubtless, when sitting in a bower in the month of May, it is pleasant to hear from a lovely mouth—'I put implicit confi-
idence in your honor: but, though pretty and becoming to such a mouth, it is very unfitting to the mouth of a scholar: and I will be bold to affirm that no man, who had ever acquired a scholar's knowledge of the English language, has used the word in that lax and unmeaning way. The history of the word is this. — Implicit (from the Latin implicitus, involved in, folded up) was always used originally, and still is so by scholars, as the direct antithete of explicit (from the Latin explicitus, evolved, unfolded): and the use of both may be thus illustrated.

Q. 'Did Mr. A. ever say that he would marry Miss B.? — A. 'No; not explicitly (i. e. in so many words); but he did implicitly — by showing great displeasure if she received attentions from any other man; by asking her repeatedly to select furniture for his house; by consulting her on his own plans of life.'

Q. 'Did Epicurus maintain any doctrines such as are here ascribed to him?' — A. 'Perhaps not explicitly, either in words or by any other mode of direct sanction: on the contrary, I believe he denied them — and disclaimed them with vehemence: but he maintained them implicitly: for they are involved in other acknowledged doctrines of his, and may be deduced from them by the fairest and most irresistible logic.'

Q. 'Why did you complain of the man? Had he expressed any contempt for your opinion?' — A. 'Yes, he had: not explicit contempt, I admit; for he never opened his stupid mouth; but implicitly he expressed the utmost that he could: for, when I had spoken two hours against the old newspaper, and in favor of the new one, he went instantly and put his name down as a subscriber to the old one.'
Q. 'Did Mr. — approve of that gentleman's conduct and way of life?' — A. 'I don't know that I ever heard him speak about it; but he seemed to give it his implicit approbation by allowing both his sons to associate with him when the complaints ran highest against him.'

These instances may serve to illustrate the original use of the word; which use has been retained from the sixteenth century down to our own days by an uninterrupted chain of writers. In the eighteenth century this use was indeed nearly effaced; but still in the first half of that century it was retained by Saunderson the Cambridge professor of mathematics (see his Algebra, &c.), with three or four others, and in the latter half by a man to whom Saunderson had some resemblance in spring and elasticity of understanding, viz. by Edmund Burke. Since his day I know of no writers who have avoided the slang and unmeaning use of the word, excepting Messrs. Coleridge and Wordsworth; both of whom (but especially the last) have been remarkably attentive to the scholar-like* use of words, and to the history of their own language.

Thus much for the primitive use of the word implicit.

* Among the most shocking of the unscholarlike barbarisms, now prevalent, I must notice the use of the word 'nice' in an objective instead of a subjective sense: 'nice' does not and cannot express a quality of the object, but merely a quality of the subject: yet we hear daily of 'a very nice letter'—'a nice young lady,' &c., meaning a letter or a young lady that it is pleasant to contemplate: but 'a nice young lady'—means a fastidious young lady; and 'a nice letter' ought to mean a letter that is very delicate in its rating and in the choice of its company.
Now, with regard to the history of its transition into its present use, it is briefly this; and it will appear at once, that it has arisen through ignorance. When it was objected to a papist that his church exacted an assent to a great body of traditions and doctrines to which it was impossible that the great majority could be qualified, either as respected time— or knowledge — or culture of the understanding, to give any reasonable assent,—the answer was: 'Yes; but that sort of assent is not required of a poor uneducated man; all that he has to do—is to believe in the church: he is to have faith in *her* faith: by that act he adopts for his own whatsoever the church believes, though he may never have heard of it even: his faith is implicit, i. e. involved and wrapped up in the faith of the church, which faith he firmly believes to be the true faith upon the conviction he has that the church is preserved from all possibility of erring by the spirit of God.'* Now, as this sort of believing by proxy or implicit belief (in which the belief was not *immediate* in the thing proposed to the belief, but in the authority of another person who believed in that thing and thus *mediately* in the thing itself) was constantly attacked by the learned assailants of popery,—it naturally happened that many unlearned readers of these pro-

*Thus Milton, who (in common with his contemporaries) always uses the word accurately, speaks of Ezekiel 'swallowing his implicit roll of knowledge'— i. e. coming to the knowledge of many truths not separately and in detail, but by the act of arriving at some one master truth which involved all the rest. — So again, if any man or government were to suppress a book, that man or government might justly be reproached as the implicit destroyer of all the wisdom and virtue that might have been the remote products of that book.
protestant polemics caught at a phrase which was so much bandied between the two parties: the spirit of the context sufficiently explained to them that it was used by protestants as a term of reproach, and indicated a faith that was an erroneous faith by being too easy—too submissive—and too passive: but the particular mode of this erroneousness they seldom came to understand, as learned writers naturally employed the term without explanation, presuming it to be known to those whom they addressed. Hence these ignorant readers caught at the last result of the phrase 'implicit faith' rightly, truly supposing it to imply a resigned and unquestioning faith; but they missed the whole immediate cause of meaning by which only the word 'implicit' could ever have been entitled to express that result.

I have allowed myself to say so much on this word 'implicit,' because the history of the mode by which its true meaning was lost applies almost to all other corrupted words—mutatis mutandis: and the amount of it may be collected into this formula,—that the result of the word is apprehended and retained, but the schematismus by which that result was ever reached is lost. This is the brief theory of all corruption of words. The word schematismus I have unwillingly used because no other expresses my meaning. So great and extensive a doctrine however lurks in this word, that I defer the explanation of it to a separate article. Meantime a passable sense of the word will occur to everybody who reads Greek. I now go on to a few more instances of words that have forfeited their original meaning through the ignorance of those who used them.
'Punctual.' This word is now confined to the meagre denoting of accuracy in respect to time—fidelity to the precise moment of an appointment. But originally it was just as often, and just as reasonably, applied to space as to time; 'I cannot punctually determine the origin of the Danube; but I know in general the district in which it rises, and that its fountain is near that of the Rhine.' Not only, however, was it applied to time and space, but it had a large and very elegant figurative use. Thus in the History of the Royal Society by Sprat (an author who was finical and nice in his use of words)—I remember a sentence to this effect: 'the Society gave punctual directions for the conducting of experiments;' i. e. directions which descended to the minutiae and lowest details. Again in the once popular romance of Parismus Prince of Bohemia—'She' (I forget who) 'made a punctual relation of the whole matter;' i. e. a relation which was perfectly circumstantial and true to the minutest features of the case.
DRYDEN'S HEXASTICH.

It is a remarkable fact, that the very finest epigram in the English language happens also to be the worst. Epigram I call it in the austere Greek sense; which thus far resembled our modern idea of an epigram, that something pointed and allied to wit was demanded in the management of the leading thought at its close, but otherwise nothing tending towards the comic or the ludicrous. The epigram I speak of is the well-known one of Dryden dedicated to the glorification of Milton. It is irreproachable as regards its severe brevity. Not one word is there that could be spared; nor could the wit of man have cast the movement of the thought into a better mould. There are three couplets. In the first couplet we are reminded of the fact that this earth had, in three different stages of its development, given birth to a trinity of transcendent poets; meaning narrative poets, or, even more narrowly, epic poets. The duty thrown upon the second couplet is to characterize these three poets, and to value them against each other, but in such terms as that, whilst nothing less than the very highest praise should be assigned to the two elder poets in this
Iriny — the Greek and the Roman — notwithstanding, by some dexterous artifice, a higher praise than the highest should suddenly unmask itself, and drop, as it were, like a diadem from the clouds upon the brows of their English competitor. In the kind of expectation raised, and in the extreme difficulty of adequately meeting this expectation, there was pretty much the same challenge offered to Dryden as was offered, somewhere about the same time, to a British ambassador when dining with his political antagonists. One of these — the ambassador of France — had proposed to drink his master, Louis XIV., under the character of the sun, who dispensed life and light to the whole political system. To this there was no objection; and immediately, by way of intercepting any further draughts upon the rest of the solar system, the Dutch ambassador rose, and proposed the health of their high mightinesses the Seven United States, as the moon and six * planets, who gave light in the absence of the sun. The two foreign ambassadors, Monsieur and Mynheer, secretly enjoyed the mortification of their English brother, who seemed to be thus left in a state of bankruptcy, 'no funds' being available for retaliation, or so they fancied. But suddenly our British representative toasted his master as Joshua, the son of Nun that made the sun and moon stand still. All had seemed lost for England, when in an instant of time both her antagonists were checkmated. Dryden assumed something of the same position. He gave away the supreme jewels in his exchequer; apparently nothing remained behind; all was exhausted. To

* 'Six planets:' — No more had then been discovered.
Homer he gave A; to Virgil he gave B; and, behold! after these were given away, there remained nothing at all that would not have been a secondary praise. But, in a moment of time, by giving A and B to Milton, at one sling of his victorious arm he raised him above Homer by the whole extent of B, and above Virgil by the whole extent of A. This felicitous evasion of the embarrassment is accomplished in the second couplet; and, finally, the third couplet winds up with graceful effect, by making a *resumé*, or recapitulation of the logic concerned in the distribution of prizes just announced. Nature, he says, had it not in her power to provide a third prize separate from the first and second; her resource was, to join the first and second in combination: 'To make a third, she joined the former two.'

Such is the abstract of this famous epigram; and, judged simply by the outline and tendency of the thought, it merits all the vast popularity which it has earned. But in the meantime, it is radically vicious as regards the filling in of this outline; for the particular quality in which Homer is accredited with the pre-eminence, viz., *loftiness of thought*, happens to be a mere variety of expression for that quality, viz. *majesty*, in which the pre-eminence is awarded to Virgil. Homer excels Virgil in the very point in which lies Virgil's superiority to Homer; and that synthesis, by means of which a great triumph is reserved to Milton, becomes obviously impossible, when it is perceived that the supposed analytic elements of this synthesis are blank reiterations of each other.

Exceedingly striking it is, that a thought should
have prospered for one hundred and seventy years, which, on the slightest steadiness of examination, turns out to be no thought at all, but mere blank vacuity. There is, however, this justification of the case, that the mould, the set of channels, into which the metal of the thought is meant to run, really has the felicity which it appears to have: the form is perfect; and it is merely in the matter, in the accidental filling up of the mould, that a fault has been committed. Had the Virgilian point of excellence been loveliness instead of majesty, or any word whatever suggesting the common antithesis of sublimity and beauty; or had it been power on the one side, matched against grace on the other, the true lurking tendency of the thought would have been developed, and the sub-conscious purpose of the epigram would have fulfilled itself to the letter.

N. B. — It is not meant that loftiness of thought and majesty are expressions so entirely interchangeable, as that no shades of difference could be suggested; it is enough that these ‘shades’ are not substantial enough, or broad enough, to support the weight of opposition which the epigram assigns to them. Grace and elegance, for instance, are far from being in all relations synonymous; but they are so to the full extent of any purposes concerned in this epigram. Nevertheless, it is probable enough that Dryden had moving in his thoughts a relation of the word majesty, which, if developed, would have done justice to his meaning. It was, perhaps, the decorum and sustained dignity of the composition — the workmanship apart from the native grandeur of the materials — the majestic style of the artistic treatment as
distinguished from the original creative power — which Dryden, the translator of the Roman poet, familiar therefore with his weakness and with his strength, meant in this place to predicate as characteristically observable in Virgil.
NOTES ON WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.*

Nobody in this generation reads The Spectator. There are, however, several people still surviving who have read No. 1; in which No. 1 a strange mistake is made. It is there asserted, as a general affection of human nature, that it is impossible to read a book with satisfaction until one has ascertained whether the author of it be tall or short, corpulent or thin, and, as to complexion, whether he be a "black" man (which, in the Spectator’s time, was the absurd expression for a swarthy man), or a fair man, or a sallow man, or perhaps a green man, which Southey affirmed to be the proper description of many stout artificers in Birmingham, too much given to work in metallic fumes; on which account the name of Southey is an abomination to this day in certain furnaces of Warwickshire. But can anything be more untrue than this Spectatorial doctrine? Did ever the youngest of female novel readers, on a sultry day, decline to eat a bunch of grapes until she knew whether the fruiterer were a good-looking man? Which of us ever heard a stranger inquiring for a "Guide to the Trosachs,"

out saying, "I scruple, however, to pay for this book, until I know whether the author is heather-legged." On this principle, if any such principle prevailed, we authors should be liable to as strict a revision of our physics before having any right to be read, as we all are before having our lives insured from the medical advisers of insurance offices; fellows that examine one with stethoscopes; that pinch one, that actually punch one in the ribs, until a man becomes savage, and—in case the insurance should miss fire in consequence of the medical report—speculates on the propriety of prosecuting the medical ruffian for an assault, for a most unprovoked assault and battery, and, if possible, including in the indictment the now odious insurance office as an accomplice before the fact. Meantime the odd thing is, not that Addison should have made a mistake, but that he and his readers should, in this mistake, have recognized a hidden truth,—the sudden illumination of a propensity latent in all people, but now first exposed; for it happens that there really is a propensity in all of us, very like what Addison describes very different, and yet, after one correction the very same. No reader cares about an author's person before reading his book; it is after reading it, and supposing the book to reveal something of the writer's moral nature, as modifying his intellect; it is for his fun, his fancy, his sadness, possibly his craziness, that any reader cares about seeing the author in person. Afflicted with the very satyriasis of curiosity no man ever wished to see the author of a Ready Reckoner, or of a treatise on the Agistment Tithe on the Present deplorable Dry-rot in Potatoes.
"Bundle off, sir, as fast as you can," the most diligent reader would say to such an author, in case he insisted on submitting his charms to inspection. "I have had quite enough distress of mind from reading your works, without needing the additional dry-rot of your bodily presence." Neither does any man, on descending from a railway train, turn to look whether the carriage in which he has ridden happens to be a good-looking carriage, or wish for an introduction to the coach-maker. Satisfied that the one has not broken his bones, and that the other has no writ against his person, he dismisses with the same frigid scowl both the carriage and the author of its existence.

But, with respect to Mr. Landor, as at all connected with this reformed doctrine of the Spectator, a difficulty arises. He is a man of great genius, and, as such, he ought to interest the public. More than enough appears of his strong, eccentric nature, through every page of his now extensive writings, to win, amongst those who have read him, a corresponding interest in all that concerns him personally; in his social relations, in his biography, in his manners, in his appearance. Out of two conditions for attracting a personal interest, he has powerfully realized one. His moral nature, shining with colored light through the crystal shrine of his thoughts, will not allow of your forgetting it. A sunset of Claude, or a dying dolphin can be forgotten, and generally is forgotten; but not the fiery radiations of a human spirit built by nature to animate a leader in storms, a martyr, a national reformer, an arch-rebel, as circumstances might dictate, but whom too much wealth, and the accidents of education, have
turned aside into a contemplative recluse. Had Mr. Landor, therefore, been read in any extent answering to his merits, he must have become, for the English public, an object of prodigious personal interest. We should have had novels upon him, lampoons upon him, libels upon him; he would have been shown up dramatically on the stage; he would, according to the old joke, have been "traduced" in French, and also "over-set" in Dutch. Meantime he has not been read. It would be an affectation to think it. Many a writer is, by the sycophancy of literature, reputed to be read, whom in all Europe not six eyes settle upon through the revolving year. Literature, with its cowardly falsehoods, exhibits the largest field of conscious Phrygian adulation that human life has ever exposed to the derision of the heavens. Demosthenes, for instance, or Plato, is not read to the extent of twenty pages annually by ten people in Europe. The sale of their works would not account for three readers; the other six or seven are generally conceded as possibilities furnished by the great public libraries. But, then, Walter Savage Landor, though writing a little in Latin, and a very little in Italian, does not write at all in Greek. So far he has some advantage over Plato; and, if he writes chiefly in dialogue, which few people love to read any more than novels in the shape of letters, that is a crime common to both. So that he has the d——l's luck and his own, all Plato's chances, and one of his own beside — namely, his English. Still, it is no use counting chances; facts are the thing. And printing-presses, whether of Europe or of England, bear witness that neither Plato nor Landor is a marketable commodity.
In fact, these two men resemble each other in more particulars than it is at present necessary to say. Especially they were both inclined to be luxurious; both had a hankering after purple and fine linen; both hated "filthy dowlas" with the hatred of Falstaff, whether in apparelling themselves or their diction; and both bestowed pains as elaborate upon the secret art of a dialogue, as a lapidary would upon the cutting of a sultan's rubies.

But might not a man build a reputation on the basis of not being read? To be read is undoubtedly something: to be read by an odd million or so, is a sort of feather in a man's cap; but it is also a distinction that he has been read absolutely by nobody at all. There have been cases, and one or two in modern times, where an author could point to a vast array of his own works, concerning which no evidence existed that so much as one had been opened by human hand, or glanced at by human eye. That was awful; such a sleep of pages by thousands in one eternal darkness, never to be visited by light; such a rare immunity from the villanies of misconstruction; such a Sabbath from the impertinencies of critics! You shuddered to reflect that, for anything known to the contrary, there might lurk jewels of truth explored in vain, or treasure forever intercepted to the interests of man. But such a sublimity supposes total defect of readers; whereas it can be proved against Mr. Landor, that he has been read by at least a score of people, all wide awake; and if any treason is buried in a page of his, 'hank Heaven, by this time it must have been found out and reported to the authorities. So that neither
can Landor plead the unlimited popularity of a novelist, aided by the interest of a tale, and by an artist, nor the total obscuration of a German metaphysician. Neither do mobs read him, as they do M. Sue; nor do all men turn away their eyes from him, as they do from Hegel.«3

This, however, is true only of Mr. Landor’s prose works. His first work was a poem, namely, Gebir and it had the sublime distinction, for some time, of having enjoyed only two readers; which two were Southey and myself. It was on first entering at Oxford that I found “Gebir” printed and (nominally) published; whereas, in fact, all its advertisements of birth and continued existence were but so many notifications of its intense privacy. Not knowing Southey at that time, I vainly conceited myself to be the one sole purchaser and reader of this poem. I even fancied myself to have been pointed out in the streets of Oxford, where the Landors had been well known in times preceding my own, as the one inexplicable man authentically known to possess “Gebir,” or even (it might be whispered mysteriously) to have read “Gebir.” It was not clear but this reputation might stand in lieu of any independent fame, and might raise me to literary distinction. The preceding generation had greatly esteemed the man called “Single-Speech Hamilton;” not at all for the speech (which, though good, very few people had read), but entirely for the supposed fact that he had exhausted himself in that one speech, and had become physically incapable of making a second; so that afterwards, when he really did make a second, everybody was incredulous; until
the thing being past denial, naturally the world was
disgusted, and most people dropped his acquaintance.
To be a Mono-Gebirist was quite as good a title to
notoriety; and five years after, when I found that I
had "a brother near the throne," namely, Southey,
mortification would have led me willingly to resign alto-
gether in his favor. Shall I make the reader acquainted
with the story of Gebir?

Gebir is the king of Gibraltar; which, however, it
would be an anachronism to call Gibraltar, since it
drew that name from this very Gebir; and doubtless,
by way of honor to his memory. Mussulmans tell a
different story; but who cares for what is said by
infidel dogs? King, then, let us call him of Calpe;
and a very good king he is; young, brave, of upright
intentions; but being also warlike, and inflamed by
popular remembrances of ancient wrongs, he resolves
to seek reparation from the children's children of the
wrong-doers; and he weighs anchor in search of Mr.
Pitt's "indemnity for the past," though not much re-
garding that right honorable gentleman's "security for
the future." Egypt was the land that sheltered the
wretches that represented the ancestors that had done
the wrong. To Egypt, therefore, does king Gebir steer
his expedition, which counted ten thousand picked "nen."

"Incenst

By meditating on primeval wrongs,
He blew his battle-horn; at which uprose
Whole nations: here ten thousand of most might
He called aloud; and soon Charoba saw
His dark helm hover o'er the land of Nile."
Who is Charoba? As respects the reader, she is the heroine of the poem; as respects Egypt, she is queen by the grace of God, defender of the faith, and so forth. Young and accustomed to unlimited obedience, how could she be otherwise than alarmed by the descent of a host far more martial than her own effeminate people, and assuming a religious character—avengers of wrong in some forgotten age? In her trepidation, she turns for aid and counsel to her nurse Dalica. Dalica, by the way, considered as a word, is a dactyle, that is, you must not lay the accent on the i, but on the first syllable. Dalica, considered as a woman, is about as bad a one as even Egypt could furnish. She is a thorough gypsy; a fortune-teller, and something worse, in fact. She is a sorceress, "stiff in opinion;" and it needs not Pope's authority to infer that—of course she "is always in the wrong." By her advice, but for a purpose known best to herself, an interview is arranged between Charoba and the invading monarch. At this interview, the two youthful sovereigns, Charoba the queen of hearts and Gebir the king of clubs, fall irrevocably in love with each other. There's an end of club law; and Gebir is ever afterwards disarmed. But Dalica, that wicked Dalica, that sad old dactyle, who sees everything clearly that happens to be twenty years distant, cannot see a pike-staff if it is close before her nose; and of course she mistakes Charoba's agitations of love for paroxysms of anger. Charoba is herself partly to blame for this; but you must excuse her. The poor child readily confided her terrors to Dalica; but how can she be expected to make a love confidante of a tawny old
witch like her? Upon this mistake, however, proceeds the whole remaining plot. Dr. Dalica (which means doctor D., and by no means dear D.), having totally mistaken the symptoms, the diagnosis, the prognosis, and everything that ends in osis, necessarily mistakes also the treatment of the case, and, like some other doctors, failing to make a cure, covers up her blunders by a general slaughter. She visits her sister, a sorceress more potent than herself, living

"Deep in the wilderness of woe, Masar."

Between them they concert hellish incantations. From these issues a venomous robe, like that of the centaur Nessus. This, at a festal meeting between the two nations and their princes, is given by Charoba to her lover—her lover, but as yet not recognized as such by her, nor, until the moment of his death, avowed as such by himself. Gebir dies—the accursed robe, dipped in the "viscous poison* exuding from the gums of the gray cerastes, and tempered by other venomous juices of plant and animal, proves too much for his rocky constitution—Gibraltar is found not impregnable—the blunders of Dalica, the wicked nurse, and the arts of her sister Myrthyr, the wicked witch, are found too potent; and in one moment the union of two nations, with the happiness of two sovereigns, is wrecked forever. The closing situation of the parties—monarch and monarch, nation and nation, youthful king and youthful queen, dying or despairing—nation and nation that had been reconciled, starting asunder once again amidst festival and flowers—these objects are scenically effective. The conception of the grouping
NOTES ON WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

is good: the *mise en scene* is good; but, from want of pains-taking, not sufficiently brought out into strong relief; and the dying words of Gebir, which wind up the whole, are too bookish; they seem to be part of some article which he had been writing for the Gibraltar Quarterly.

There are two episodes, composing jointly about two-sevenths of the poem, and by no means its weakest parts. One describes the descent of Gebir to Hades. His guide is a man—who is this man?

"Living— they called him Aroar."

Is he *not* living, then? No. Is he dead, then? No, nor dead either. Poor Aroar cannot live, and cannot die—so that he is in an almighty fix. In this disagreeable dilemma, he contrives to amuse himself with politics—and, rather of a jacobinical cast: like the Virgilian Æneas, Gebir is introduced not to the shades of the past only, but of the future. He sees the pre-existing ghosts of gentlemen who are yet to come, silent as ghosts ought to be, but destined at some far distant time to make a considerable noise in our upper world. Amongst these is our worthy old George III., who (strange to say!) is not foreseen as galloping from Windsor to Kew, surrounded by an escort of dragoons, nor in a scarlet coat riding after a fox, nor taking his morning rounds amongst his sheep and his turnips; but in the likeness of some savage creature. whom really, were it not for his eyebrows and his "slanting" forehead, the reader would never recognize:
"Aroar! what wretch that nearest us? what wretch
Is that, with eyebrows white and slanting brow?
________________________—O king!
iberia bore him; but the breed accurst
Inclement winds blew blighting from north-east."

Iberia is spiritual England; and north-east is mystical Hanover. But what, then, were the "wretch's" crimes? The white eyebrows I confess to; those were certainly crimes of considerable magnitude: but what else? Gebir has the same curiosity as myself, and propounds something like the same fishing question:

"He was a warrior then, nor feared the gods?"

To which Aroar answers—

"Gebir! he feared the demons, not the gods;
Though them, indeed, his daily face adored,
And was no warrior; yet the thousand lives
Squandered as if to exercise a sling, &c. &c."

Really Aroar is too Tom-Painish, and seems up to a little treason. He makes the poor king answerable for more than his own share of national offences, if such they were. [All of us in the last generation were rather fond of fighting and assisting at fights in the character of mere spectators. I am sure I was. But if that is any fault, so was Plato, who (though probably inferior as a philosopher to you and me, reader) was much superior to either of us as a cock-fighter. So was Socrates in the preceding age; for, as he notoriously haunted the company of Alcibiades at all hours, he must often have found his pupil diverting himself with these fighting quails which he kept in such numbers. Be assured that the oracle's "wisest of
men" lent a hand very cheerfully to putting on the spurs when a main was to be fought; and, as to betting, probably that was the reason that Xantippe was so often down upon him when he went home at night. To come home reeling from a fight, without a drachma left in his pocket, would naturally provoke any woman. Posterity has been very much misinformed about these things; and, no doubt, about Xantippe, poor woman, in particular. If she had had a disciple to write books, as her cock-fighting husband had, perhaps we should have read a very different story. By the way, the propensity to scandalum magnatum in Aroar was one of the things that fixed my youthful attention, and perhaps my admiration, upon Gebir. For myself, as perhaps the reader may have heard, I was and am a Tory; and in some remote geological era, my bones may be dug up by some future Buckland as a specimen of the fossil Tory. Yet, for all that, I loved audacity; and I gazed with some indefinite shade of approbation upon a poet whom the attorney-general might have occasion to speak with.

This, however, was a mere condiment to the main attraction of the poem. That lay in the picturesque-ness of the images, attitudes, groups, dispersed everywhere. The eye seemed to rest everywhere upon festal processions, upon the panels of Theban gates, or upon sculptured vases. The very first lines that by accident met my eye were those which follow. I cite them in mere obedience to the fact as it really was; else there are more striking illustrations of this sculpturesque faculty in Mr. Landor; and for this faculty it was that both Southey and myself separately and
independently had named him the English Valerius Flaccus.

**Gebir on Repairing to His First Interview with Charoba.**

"But Gebir, when he heard of her approach,
Laid by his orbed shield: his vizer helm,
His buckler and his corslet he laid by,
And bade that none attend him: at his side
Two faithful dogs that urge the silent course,
Shaggy, deep-chested, croucht; the crocodile,
Crying, oft made them raise their flaccid ears,
*And push their heads within their master's hand.*
There was a lightning paleness in his face,
Such as Diana rising over the rocks
Showered on the lonely Latmian; on his brow
Sorrow there was, but there was naught severe."

"And the long moonbeam on the hard wet sand
*Lay like a jasper column half up-reared.*"

"The king, who sate before his tent, descried
*The dust rise reddened from the setting sun.*"

Now let us pass to the imaginary dialogues:—

**Marshal Bugeaud and Arab Chieftain.**—This dialogue, which is amongst the shortest, would not challenge a separate notice, were it not for the freshness in the public mind, and the yet uncicatrized rawness of that atrocity which it commemorates. Here is an official account from the commander-in-chief:—

"Of seven hundred refractory and rebellious, who took refuge in the caverns, thirty" [says the glory-hunting Marshal], "and thirty only, are alive; and of these thirty there are four only who are capable of labor, or indeed of motion." How precious to the Marshal's heart must be that harvest of misery
from which he so reluctantly allows the discount of about one-half per cent! Four only out of seven hundred, he is happy to assure Christendom, remain capable of hopping about; as to working, or getting honest bread, or doing any service in this world to themselves or others, it is truly delightful to announce, for public information, that all such practices are put a stop to forever.

Amongst the fortunate four, who retain the power of hopping, we must reckon the Arab Chieftain, who is introduced into the colloquy in the character of respondent. He can hop, of course, *ex hypothesi*, being one of the ever-lucky quaternion; he can hop a little also as a rhetorician; indeed, as to *that*, he is too much for the Marshal; but on the other hand he cannot see; the cave has cured him of any such impertinence as staring into other people's faces; he is also lame, the cave has shown him the absurdity of rambling about;—and, finally, he is a beggar; or, if he will not allow himself to be called by that name, upon the argument [which seems plausible] that he cannot be a beggar if he never begs, it is not the less certain that, in case of betting a sixpence, the chieftain would find it inconvenient to stake the cash.

The Marshal, who apparently does not pique himself upon politeness, adresses the Arab by the following assortment of names—"Thief, assassin, traitor, blind graybeard! lame beggar!" The three first titles being probably mistaken for compliments, the Arab pockets in silence; but to the double-barrelled discharges of the two last he replies thus:—"Cease here. Thou canst never make me beg for bread, for
water, or for life; my gray beard is from God; my blindness and lameness are from thee." This is a pleasant way of doing business; rarely does one find little accounts so expeditiously settled and receipted. Beggar? But how if I do not beg? Graybeard? Put that down to the account of God. Cripple? Put that down to your own. Getting sulky under this mode of fencing from the desert-born, the Marshal invites him to enter one of his new-made law courts, where he will hear of something probably not to his advantage. Our Arab friend, however, is no connoisseur in courts of law: small wale of courts in the desert; he does not so much "do himself the honor to decline" as he turns a deaf ear to this proposal, and on his part presents a little counter invitation to the Marshal for a pic-nic party to the caves of Dahra. "Enter" (says the unsparing Sheik), "and sing and whistle in the cavern where the bones of brave men are never to bleach, are never to decay. Go, where the mother and infant are inseparable forever— one mass of charcoal; the breasts that gave life, the lips that received it—all, all, save only where two arms in color and hardness like corroded iron, cling round a brittle stem, shrunken, warped, and where two heads are calcined. Even this massacre, no doubt, will find defenders in your country, for it is the custom of your country to cover blood with lies, and lies with blood." "And (says the facetious French Marshal) here and there a sprinkling of ashes over both." Aâlab. "Ending in merriment, as befits ye. But is it ended?" But is it ended? Ay; the wilderness beyond Algiers returns an echo to those ominous words of the blin
and mutilated chieftain. No, brave Arab, although the Marshal scoffingly rejoins that at least it is ended for you, ended it is not; for the great quarrel by which human nature pleads with such a fiendish spirit of warfare, carried on under the countenance of him who stands first in authority under the nation that stands second in authority amongst the leaders of civilization; — quarrel of that sort, once arising, does not go to sleep again until it is righted forever. As the English martyr at Oxford said to his fellow-martyr — "Brother, be of good cheer, for we shall this day light up a fire in England that, by the blessing of God, cannot be extinguished forever," — even so the atrocities of these hybrid campaigns between baffled civilization and barbarism, provoked into frenzy, will, like the horrors of the middle passage rising up from the Atlantic deep, suddenly, at the bar of the British senate, sooner or later reproduce themselves, in strong reactions of the social mind throughout Christendom, upon all the horrors of war that are wilful and superfluous. In that case there will be a consolation in reserve for the compatriots of those, the brave men, the women, and the innocent children, who died in that fiery furnace at Dahra.

"Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven." 72

The caves of Dahra repeated the woe to the hills, and the hills to God. But such a furnace, though fierce, may be viewed as brief indeed if it shall terminate in permanently pointing the wrath of nations,
(as in this dialogue it has pointed the wrath of genius), to the particular outrage and class of outrages which it concerns. The wrath of nations is a consuming wrath, and the scorn of intellect is a withering scorn, for all abuses upon which either one or the other is led, by strength of circumstances, to settle itself systematically. The danger is for the most part that the very violence of public feeling should rock it asleep— the tempest exhausts itself by its own excesses—and the thunder of one or two immediate explosions, by satisfying the first clamors of human justice and indignation, is too apt to intercept that sustained roll of artillery which is requisite for the effectual assault of long-established abuses. Luckily in the present case of the Dahra massacre there is the less danger of such a result, as the bloody scene has happened to fall in with a very awakened state of the public sensibility as to the evils of war generally, and with a state of expectation almost romantically excited as to the possibility of readily or soon exterminating these evils.

Hope, meantime, even if unreasonable, becomes wise and holy when it points along a path of purposes that are more than usually beneficent. According to a fine illustration of Sir Phillip Sidney's, drawn from the practice of archery, by attempting more than we can possibly accomplish, we shall yet reach further than ever we should have reached with a less ambitious aim; we shall do much for the purification of war, if nothing at all for its abolition; and atrocities of this Algerine order are amongst the earliest that will give way. They will sink before the growing illumination and (what is equally important) before the growing
Combination of minds acting simultaneously from various centres, in nations otherwise the most at variance. By a rate of motion continually accelerated, the gathering power of the press, falling in with the growing facilities of personal intercourse, is, day by day, bringing Europe more and more into a state of fusion, in which the sublime name of Christendom will continually become more and more significant, and will express a unity of the most awful order, namely, in the midst of strife, long surviving as to inferior interests and subordinate opinions, will express an agreement continually more close, and an agreement continually more operative, upon all capital questions affecting human rights, duties, and the interests of human progress. Before that tribunal, which every throb of every steam-engine, in printing houses and on railroads, is hurrying to establish, all flagrant abuses of belligerent powers will fall prostrate; and, in particular, no form of pure undisguised murder will be any longer allowed to confound itself with the necessities of honorable warfare.

Much already has been accomplished on this path; more than people are aware of; so gradual and silent has been the advance. How noiseless is the growth of corn! Watch it night and day for a week, and you will never see it growing; but return after two months, and you will find it all whitening for the harvest. Such, and so imperceptible, in the stages of their motion, are the victories of the press. Here is one instance. Just forty-seven years ago, on the shores of Syria, was celebrated, by Napoleon Bonaparte, the most damnable carnival of murder that romance has fabled, or that
history has recorded. Rather more than four thousand men—not (like Tyrolese or Spanish guerillas), even in pretence, "insurgent rustics," but regular troops, serving the Pacha and the Ottoman Sultan, not old men that might by odd fractions have been thankful for dismissal from a life of care or sorrow, but all young Albanians, in the early morning of manhood, the oldest not twenty-four—were exterminated by successive rolls of musketry, when helpless as infants, having their arms pinioned behind their backs like felons or the scaffold, and having surrendered their muskets (which else would have made so desperate a resistance), on the faith that they were dealing with soldiers and men of honor. I have elsewhere examined, as a question in casuistry, the frivolous pretences for this infamous carnage, but that examination I have here no wish to repeat; for it would draw off the attention from one feature of the case, which I desire to bring before the reader, as giving to this Jaffa tragedy a depth of atrocity wanting in that of Dahra. The four thousand and odd young Albanians had been seduced, trepanned, fraudulently decoyed, from a post of considerable strength, in which they could and would have sold their lives at a bloody rate, by a solemn promise of safety from authorized French officers. "But," said Napoleon, in part of excuse, "these men, my aides-de-camp, were poltroons; to save their own lives, they made promises which they ought not to have made." Suppose it so; and suppose the case one in which the supreme authority has a right to disavow his agents; what then? This entitles that authority to refuse his ratification to the terms agreed on; but this
at the same time, obliges him to replace the hostile parties in the advantages from which his agents had wiled them by these terms. A robber, who even owns himself such, will not pretend that he may refuse the price of the jewel as exorbitant, and yet keep possession of the jewel. And next comes a fraudulent advantage, not obtained by a knavery in the aid-de-camp, but in the leader himself. The surrender of the weapons, and the submission to the fettering of the arms, were not concessions from the Albanians, filched by the representatives of Napoleon, acting (as he says) without orders, but by express falsehoods, emanating from himself. The officer commanding at Dahra could not have reached his enemy without the shocking resource which he employed; Napoleon could. The officer at Dahra violated no covenant; Napoleon did. The officer at Dahra had not by lies seduced his victims from their natural advantages; Napoleon had. Such was the atrocity of Jaffa in the year 1799. Now, the relation of that great carnage to the press, the secret argument through which that vast massacre connects itself with the progress of the press, is this—that in 1799, and the two following years, when most it had become important to search the character and acts of Napoleon, excepting Sir Robert Wilson, no writer in Europe, no section of the press, cared much to insist upon this, by so many degrees, the worst deed of modern military life. From that deed all the waters of the Atlantic would not have cleansed him; and yet, since 1804, we have heard much oftener of the sick men whom he poisoned in his Syrian hospital (an act of merely erroneous
numanitv), and more of the Duc d'Enghien's execution, than of either; though this, savage as it was, admits of such palliations as belong to doubtful provocations in the sufferer, and to extreme personal terror in the inflicter. Here, then, we have a case of wholesale military murder, emanating from Christendom, and not less treacherous than the worst which have been ascribed to the Mahometan Timur, or even to any Hindoo Rajah, which hardly moved a vibration of anger, or a solitary outcry of protestation from the European press (then, perhaps, having the excuse of deadly fear for herself), or even from the press of moral England, having no such excuse. Fifty years have passed; a less enormity is perpetrated, but again by a French leader; and, behold, Europe is now convulsed from side to side by unaffected indignation! So travels the press to victory; such is the light, and so broad, which itdiffuses; such is the strength for action by which it combines the hearts of nations.

MELANCHANTON AND CALVIN.

Of Mr. Landor's notions in religion it would be useless, and without polemic arguments it would be arrogant, to say that they are false. It is sufficient to say that they are degrading. In the dialogue between Melancthon and Calvin, it is clear that the former represents Mr. L. himself, and is not at all the Melancthon whom we may gather from his writings. Mr. Landor has heard that he was gentle and timid in action; and he exhibits him as a mere development of that key note; as a compromiser of all that is severe in doctrine; and as on effeminate picker and chooser in
NOTES ON WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. 427

morals. God, in his conception of him, is not a father so much as a benign, but somewhat weak, old grandfather; and we, his grandchildren, being now and then rather naughty, are to be tickled with a rod made of feathers, but, upon the whole, may rely upon an eternity of sugar-plums. For instance, take the puny idea ascribed to Melancthon upon Idolatry; and consider, for one moment, how little it corresponds to the vast machinery reared up by God himself against this secret poison and dreadful temptation of human nature. Melancthon cannot mean to question the truth or the importance of the Old Testament; and yet, if his view of idolatry (as reported by L.) be sound, the Bible must have been at the root of the worst mischief ever yet produced by idolatry. He begins by describing idolatry as "Jewish;" insinuating that it was an irregularity chiefly besetting the Jews. But how perverse a fancy! In the Jews, idolatry was a disease; in Pagan nations, it was the normal state. In a nation (if any such nation could exist) of crétins or of lepers, nobody would talk of cretinism or leprosy as of any morbid affection; that would be the regular and natural condition of man. But where either was spoken of with horror as a ruinous taint in human flesh, it would argue that naturally (and, perhaps, by a large majority) the people were uninfected. Amongst Pagans, nobody talked of idolatry — no such idea existed — because that was the regular form of religious worship. To be named at all, idolatry must be viewed as standing in opposition to some higher worship that is not idolatry. But, next, as we are all agreed that in idolatry there is something evil, and differ only as to
the propriety of considering it a Jewish evil, in what does this evil lie? It lies, according to the profound Landorian Melancthon, in this, that different idolaters figure the Deity under different forms; if they could all agree upon one and the same mode of figuring the invisible Being, there need be no quarrelling; and in this case, consequently, there would be no harm in idolatry, none whatever. But, unhappily, it seems each nation, or sometimes section of a nation, has a different fancy; they get to disputing; and from that they get to boxing, in which, it is argued, lies the true evil of idolatry. It is an extra cause of broken heads. One tribe of men represent the Deity as a beautiful young man, with a lyre and a golden bow; another as a snake; and a third—Egyptians, for instance, of old—as a beetle or an onion; these last, according to Juvenal's remark, having the happy privilege of growing their own gods in their own kitchen-gardens. In all this there would be no harm, were it not for subsequent polemics and polemical assaults. Such, if we listen to Mr. L., is Melancthon's profound theory[^4] of a false idolatrous religion. Were the police everywhere on an English footing, and the magistrates as unlike as possible to Turkish Cadis, nothing could be less objectionable; but, as things are, the beetle-worshipper despises the onion-worshipper; which breeds ill blood; whence grows a cudgel; and from the cudgel a constable; and from the constable an unjust magistrate. Not so, Mr. Landor; thus did not Melancthon speak; and if he did, and would defend it for a thousand times, then for a thousand times he would deserve to be trampled by posterity into the
German mire which he sought to evade by his Grecian disguise. The true evil of idolatry is this: There is one sole idea of God, which corresponds adequately to his total nature. Of this idea, two things may be affirmed: the first being, that it is at the root of all absolute grandeur, of all truth, and of all moral perfection; the second being, that, natural and easy as it seems when once unfolded, it could only have been unfolded by revelation; and, to all eternity, he that started with a false conception of God, could not, through any effort of his own, have exchanged it for a true one. All idolaters alike, though not all in equal degrees, by intercepting the idea of God through the prism of some representative creature that partially resembles God, refract, splinter, and distort that idea. Even the idea of light, of the pure, solar light — the old Persian symbol of God — has that depraving necessity. Light itself, besides being an imperfect symbol, is an incarnation for us. However pure itself, or in its original divine manifestation, for us it is incarnated in forms and in matter that are not pure: it gravitates towards physical alliances, and therefore towards unspiritual pollutions. And all experience shows that the tendency for man, left to his own imagination, is downwards. The purest symbol, derived from created things, can and will condescend to the grossness of inferior human natures, by submitting to mirror itself in more and more carnal representative symbols, until finally the mixed element of resemblance to God is altogether buried and lost. God, by this succession of imperfect interceptions, falls more and more under the taint and limitation of the alien elements associated
with all created things; and, for the ruin of all moral
grandeur in man, every idolatrous nation left to itself
will gradually bring round the idea of God into the
idea of a powerful demon. Many things check and
disturb this tendency for a time; but finally, and under
that intense civilization to which man intellectually is
always hurrying under the eternal evolution of physi-
cal knowledge, such a degradation of God’s idea,
ruinous to the moral capacities of man, would un-
doubtedly perfect itself, were it not for the kindling of
a purer standard by revelation. Idolatry, therefore, is
not merely an evil, and one utterly beyond the power
of social institutions to redress, but, in fact, it is the
fountain of all other evil that seriously menaces the
destiny of the human race

PORSON AND SOUTHEY.

The two dialogues between Southey and Porson
relate to Wordsworth; and they connect Mr. Landor
with a body of groundless criticism, for which vainly
he will seek to evade his responsibility by pleading the
cautions posted up at the head of his Conversations,
namely, — “Avoid a mistake in attributing to the writer
any opinions in this book but what are spoken under
his own name.” If Porson, therefore, should happen
to utter villainies that are indictable, that (you are to
understand) is Porson’s affair. Render unto Landor
the eloquence of the dialogue, but render unto Porson
any kicks which Porson may have merited by his
atrocities against a man whom assuredly he never
heard of, and probably never saw. Now, unless
Wordsworth ran into Porson in the streets of Cam-
bridge on some dark night about the era of the French Revolution, and capsized him into the kennel—a thing which is exceedingly improbable, considering that Wordsworth was never tipsy except once in his life, yet, on the other hand, is exceeding probable, considering that Porson was very seldom otherwise—barring this one opening for a collision, there is no human possibility or contingency known to insurance offices, through which Porson ever could have been brought to trouble his head about Wordsworth. It would have taken three witches, and three broomsticks, clattering about his head, to have extorted from Porson any attention to a contemporary poet that did not give first-rate feeds. And a man that, besides his criminal conduct in respect of dinners, actually made it a principle to drink nothing but water, would have seemed so depraved a character in Porson's eyes that, out of regard to public decency, he would never have mentioned his name, had he even happened to know it. "O no! he never mentioned him." Be assured of that. As to Poetry, be it known that Porson read none whatever, unless it were either political or obscene. With no seasoning of either sort, "wherefore," he would ask indignantly, "should I waste my time upon a poem?" Porson had read the Rolliad, because it concerned his political party; he had read the epistle of Oberea, Queen of Otaheite, to Sir Joseph Banks, because, if Joseph was rather too demure, the poem was not. Else, and with such exceptions, he condescended not to any metrical writer subsequent to the era of Pope, whose Eloisa to Abelard he could say by heart, and could even sing from beginning to end; which, indeed.
he would do, whether you chose it or not, after a sufficient charge of brandy, and sometimes even though threatened with a cudgel, in case he persisted in his molestations. Waller he had also read and occasionally quoted with effect. But as to a critique on Wordsworth, whose name had not begun to mount from the ground when Porson died, as reasonably and characteristically might it have been put into the mouth of the Hetman Platoff. Instead of Porson’s criticisms on writings which he never saw, let us hear Porson’s account of a fashionable rout in an aristocratic London mansion: it was the only party of distinction that this hirsute but most learned Theban ever visited; and his history of what passed (comic alike and tragic) is better worth preserving than “Brantome,” or even than Swift’s “Memoirs of a Parish Clerk.” It was by the hoax of a young Cantab that the professor was ever decoyed into such a party: the thing was a swindle; but his report of its natural philosophy is not on that account the less picturesque:—

SOUTHEY.— Why do you repeat the word rout so often?

Porson.— I was once at one by mistake; and really I saw there what you describe; and this made me repeat the word and smile. You seem curious.

SOUTHEY.— Rather, indeed.

Porson.— I had been dining out; there were some who smoked after dinner: within a few hours, the fumes of their pipes produced such an effect on my head that I was willing to go into the air a little. Still I continued hot and thirsty; and an undergraduate, whose tutor was my old acquaintance proposed that we should turn into an oyster-cellar, and refresh ourselves with oysters and porter. The rogue, instead of this, conducted me to a fashionable house in the neighborhood of St
James'; and, although I expostulated with him, and insisted that we were going up stairs and not down, he appeared to me so ingenuous in his protestations to the contrary that I could well disbelieve him no longer. Nevertheless, receiving on the stairs many shoves and elbowings, I could not help telling him plainly, that, if indeed it was the oyster-cellar in Fleet street, the company was much altered for the worse; and that, in future, I should frequent another. When the fumes of the pipes had left me, I discovered the deceit by the brilliancy and indecency of the dresses; and was resolved not to fall into temptation. Although, to my great satisfaction, no immodest proposal was directly made to me, I looked about anxious that no other man should know me beside him whose wantonness had conducted me thither; and I would have found the door, from which every effort I made appeared to remove me farther and farther. * * * A pretty woman said loudly, "He has no gloves on!" "What nails the creature has!" replied an older one—"Piano-forte keys wanting the white."

I pause to say that this, by all accounts which have reached posterity, was really no slander. The professor's forks had become rather of the dingiest, probably through inveterate habits of scratching up Greek roots from diluvian mould, some of it older than Deucalion's flood, and very good, perhaps, for turnips, but less so for the digits which turn up turnips. What followed, however, if it were of a nature to be circumstantially repeated, must have been more trying to the sensibilities of the Greek oracle, and to the blushes of the policemen dispersed throughout the rooms, than even the harsh critique upon his nails; which, let the wits say what they would in their malice, were no doubt washed regularly enough once every three years. And, even if they were not, I should say that this is not
so strong a fact as some that are reported about many a continental professor. Mrs. Cl—nt, with the two-fold neatness of an Englishwoman and a Quaker, told me that, on visiting Pestalozzi, the celebrated education professor, at Yverdun, about 1820, her first impression, from a distant view of his dilapidated premises, was profound horror at the grimness of his complexion, which struck her as no complexion formed by nature, but as a deposition from half a century of atmospheric rust — a most ancient ærugo. She insisted on a radical purification, as a sine qua non towards any interview with herself. The mock professor consented. Mrs. Cl. hired a stout Swiss charwoman, used to the scouring of staircases, kitchen floors, &c.; the professor, whom, on this occasion, one may call "the prisoner," was accommodated with a seat (as prisoners at the bar sometimes are with us) in the centre of a mighty washing-tub, and then scoured through a long summer forenoon, by the strength of a brawny Helvetian arm. "And now, my dear friends," said Mrs. Cl. to myself, "is it thy opinion that this was cruel? Some people say it was; and I wish to disguise nothing; — it was not mere soap that I had him scoured with, but soap and sand; so say honestly, dost thee call that cruel?" Laughing no more than the frailty of my human nature compelled me, I replied, "Far from it; on the contrary, everybody must be charmed with her consideration for the professor, in not having him cleaned on the same principle as her carriage, namely, taken to the stable-yard, mopped severely" ["Mobbed, dost thee say?" she exclaimed. "No, no," I said, "not mobbed, but mopped until the gravel should be all gone"], "then pelted with
buckets of water by firemen, and, finally, currycombed and rubbed down by two grooms, keeping a sharp susurrus" between them, so as to soothe his wounded feelings; after all which, a feed of oats might not have been amiss." The result, however, of this scouring extraordinary was probably as fatal as to Mambrino's helmet in Don Quixote. Pestalozzi issued, indeed, from the washing-tub like Aeson from Medea's kettle; he took his station amongst a younger and fairer generation; and the dispute was now settled whether he belonged to the Caucasian or Mongolian race. But his intellect was thought to have suffered seriously. The tarnish of fifty or sixty years seemed to have acquired powers of reacting as a stimulant upon the professor's fancy, through the rete mucosum, or through — Heaven knows what. He was too old to be converted to cleanliness; the Paganism of a neglected person at seventy becomes a sort of religion interwoven with the nervous system — just as the well-known Plica Polonica from which the French armies suffered so much in Poland, during 1807-8, though produced by neglect of the hair, will not be cured by extirpation of the hair. The hair becomes matted into Medusa locks, or what look like snakes; and to cut these off is oftentimes to cause nervous frenzy, or other great constitutional disturbance. I never heard, indeed, that Pestalozzi suffered apoplexy from his scouring; but certainly his ideas on education grew bewildered, and will be found essentially damaged, after that great epoch — his baptism by water and sand.

Now, in comparison of an Orson like this man of Yverdun — this great Swiss reformer, who might, per.
haps, have bred a pet variety of typhus-fever for his own separate use—what signify nails, though worse than Caliban's or Nebuchadnezzar's?

This Greek professor Porson—whose knowledge of English was so limited that his total cargo might have been embarked on board a walnut-shell, on the bosom of a slop-basin, and insured for three halfpence—astonishes me, that have been studying English for thirty years and upwards, by the strange discoveries that he announces in this field. One and all, I fear, are mares' nests. He discovered, for instance, on his first and last reception amongst aristocratic people, that in this region of society a female bosom is called her neck. But, if it really had been so called, I see no objection to the principle concerned in such disguises; and I see the greatest to that savage frankness which virtually is indicated with applause in the Porsonian remark. Let us consider. It is not that we cannot speak freely of the female bosom, and we do so daily. In discussing a statue, we do so without reserve; and in the act of suckling an infant, the bosom of every woman is an idea so sheltered by the tenderness and sanctity with which all but ruffians invest the organ of maternity, that no man scruples to name it, if the occasion warrants it. He suppresses it only as he suppresses the name of God; not as an idea that can itself contain any indecorum, but, on the contrary, as making other and more trivial ideas to become indecorous when associated with a conception rising so much above their own standard. Equally, the words affliction, guilt, penitence, remorse, &c., are proscribed from the ordinary current of conversation amongst
mere acquaintances; and for the same reason, namely, that they touch chords too impassioned and profound for harmonizing with the key in which the mere social civilities of life are exchanged. Meantime, it is not true that any custom ever prevailed in any class of calling a woman's bosom her neck. Porson goes on to say, that, for his part, he was born in an age when people had thighs. Well, a great many people have thighs still. But in all ages there must have been many of whom it is lawful to suspect such a fact zoologically; and yet, as men honoring our own race, and all its veils of mystery, not too openly to insist upon it, which, luckily, there is seldom any occasion to do.

Mr. Landor conceives that we are growing worse in the pedantries of false delicacy. I think not. His own residence in Italy has injured his sense of discrimination. It is not his countrymen that have grown conspicuously more demure and prudish, but he himself that has grown in Italy more tolerant of what is really a blamable coarseness. Various instances occur in these volumes of that faulty compliance with Southern grossness. The tendencies of the age, among ourselves, lie certainly in one channel towards excessive refinement. So far, however, they do but balance the opposite tendencies in some other channels. The craving for instant effect in style—as it brings forward many disgusting Germanisms and other barbarisms—as it transplants into literature much slang from the street—as it reacts painfully upon the grandeurs of the antique scriptural diction, by recalling into colloquial use many consecrated words which thus lose their
Gothic beauty—also operates daily amongst journalists, by the temptations of apparent strength that lurking in plain speaking or even in brutality. What other temptation, for instance, can be supposed to govern those who, in speaking of hunger as it affects our paupers, so needlessly affect us by the very coarsest English word for the Latin word venter? Surely the word stomach would be intelligible to everybody, and yet disgust nobody. It would do for him that affects plain speaking; it would do for you and me that revolt from gross speaking. Signs from abroad speak the very same language, as to the liberal tendencies (in this point) of the nineteenth century. Formerly, it was treason for a Spaniard, even in a laudatory copy of verses, to suppose his own Queen lowered to the level of other females by the possession of legs! Constitutionally, the Queen was incapable of legs. How else her Majesty contrived to walk, or to dance, the Inquisition soon taught the poet was no concern of his. Royal legs for females were an inconceivable thing—except amongst Protestant nations; some of whom the Spanish Church affirmed to be even disfigured by tails! Having tails, of course they might have legs. But not Catholic Queens. Now-a-days, so changed is all this that if you should even express your homage to her Most Catholic Majesty, by sending her a pair of embroidered garters—which certainly presuppose legs—there is no doubt that the Spanish Minister of Finance would gratefully carry them to account—or the principle that "every little helps." Mr. Porson is equally wrong, as I conceive, in another illustration of this matter, drawn from the human toes, and spe-
specifically from the great toe. It is true, that, in refined society, upon any rare necessity arising for alluding to so inconsiderable a member of the human statue, generally this is done at present by the French term *doigt de-pied* — though not always — as may be seen in various honorary certificates granted to chiropodists within the last twenty months. And whereas Mr. Person asks pathetically — What harm has the great toe done, that it is never to be named? I answer — The greatest harm; as may be seen in the first act of "Coriolanus," where Menenius justly complains that this arrogant subaltern of the crural system,

"—— Being basest, meanest, vilest,
Still goeth foremost."

Even in the villany of running away from battle, this unworthy servant still asserts precedency. I repeat, however, that the general tendencies of the age, as to the just limits of *parrhesia* (using the Greek word in a sense wider than of old), are moving at present upon two opposite tracks; which fact it is, as in some other cases, that makes the final judgment difficult.

**ROMAN IMPERATOR.**

Mr. Landor, though really learned, often puts his learning into his pocket.

Thus, with respect to the German Empire, Mr. L asserts that it was a chimæra; that the *Imperium Germanicum* was a mere usage of speech, founded (if I understand him) not even in a legal fiction, but in a blunder; that a German *Imperator* never had a true historical existence; and, finally, that even the Roman
title of *Imperator* — which, unquestionably, surmounted in grandeur all titles of honor that ever were or will be — ranged in dignity below the title of *Rex*.

I believe him wrong in every one of these doctrines; let us confine ourselves to the last. The title of *Imperator* was not *originally* either above or below the title of *Rex*, or even upon the same level; it was what logicians call *disparatē* — it radiated from a different centre, precisely as the modern title of *Decanus*, or *Dean*, which is originally astrological [see the elder Scaliger on Manilius], has no relation, whether of superiority or equality or inferiority, to the title of *Colonel*, nor the title of *Cardinal* any such relation to that of *Field-Marshal*; and quite as little had *Rex* to *Imperator*. Masters of Ceremonies, or Lord Chamberlains, may certainly *create* a precedence in favor of any title whatever in regard to any other title; but such a precedence for any of the cases before us would be arbitrary, and not growing out of any internal principle, though useful for purposes of convenience. As regards the Roman *Imperator*, originally like the Roman *Prætor* — this title and the official rank pointed exclusively to military distinctions. In process of time, the *Prætor* came to be a legal officer, and the *Imperator* to be the supreme political officer. But the motive for assuming the title of *Imperator*, as the badge or cognizance of the sovereign authority, when the great transfiguration of the Republic took place, seems to have been this. An essentially new distribution of political powers had become necessary, and this change masked itself to Romans, published itself in menaces and muttering thunder to foreign states, through the
martial title of *Imperator*. A new equilibrium was demanded by the changes which time and luxury and pauperism had silently worked on the composition of Roman society. If Rome was to be saved from herself — if she was to be saved from the eternal flux and reflux — action and reaction — amongst her oligarchy of immense estates (which condition of things it was that forced on the great *sine quâ non* reforms of Cæsar, against all the babble of the selfish Cicero, of the wicked Cato, and of the debt-ridden Senate) — then it was indispensable that a new order of powers should be combined for bridling her internal convulsions. To carry her off from her own self-generated vortex, which would, in a very few years, have engulfs her and drawn her down into fragments, some machinery as new as steam-power was required; her own native sails filled in the wrong direction. There were already powers in the constitution equal to the work, but distracted and falsely lodged. These must be gathered into one hand. And, yet, as names are all-powerful upon our frail race, this recast must be verbally disguised. The title must be such as, whilst flattering the Roman pride, might yet announce to Oriental powers a plenipotentiary of Rome who argued all disputed points, not so much strongly as (an Irish phrase) with "a strong back" — not so much piquing himself on Aristotelian syllogisms that came within *Barbary* and *Celarent*, as upon thirty legions that stood within *vall*. The Consulship was good for little; *that*, with some reservations, could be safely resigned into subordinate hands. The Consular name, and the name of Senate, which was still suffered to retain an obscure
vitality and power of resurrection, continued to throw a popular lustre over the government. Millions were duped. But the essential offices, the offices in which settled the organs of all the life in the administration were these: — 1, of Military Commander-in-Chief (including such a partition of the provinces as might seal the authority in this officer's hands, and yet flatter the people through the Senate); 2, of Censor, so as to watch the action of morals and social usages upon politics; 3, of Pontifex Maximus; 4, and finally, of Tribune. The tribunitial power, next after the military power, occupied the earliest anxieties of the Cæsars. All these powers, and some others belonging to less dignified functions, were made to run through the same central rings (or what in mail-coach harness is called the turrets): the "ribbons" were tossed up to one and the same imperial coachman, looking as amiable as he could, but, in fact, a very truculent personage, having powers more unlimited than was always safe for himself. And now, after all this change of things, what was to be the name? By what title should men know him? Much depended upon that. The tremendous symbols of S. P. Q. R. still remained; nor had they lost their power. On the contrary, the great idea of the Roman destiny, as of some vast phantom moving under God to some unknown end, was greater than ever; the idea was now so great, that it had outgrown all its representative realities. Consul and Proconsul would no longer answer, because they represented too exclusively the interior or domestic fountains of power, and not the external relations to the 'terraqueous globe which were beginning to expand with
sudden accelerations of velocity. The central power could not be forgotten by any who were near enough to have tasted its wrath; but now there was arising a necessity for expressing, by some great unity of denomination, so as no longer to lose the totality in the separate partitions—the enormity of the circumference. A necessity for this had repeatedly been found in negotiations, and in contests of ceremonial rank with oriental powers, as between ourselves and China. With Persia, the greatest of these powers, an instinct of inevitable collision had, for some time, been ripening. It became requisite that there should be a representative officer for the whole Roman grandeur, and one capable of standing on the same level as the Persian king of kings; and this necessity arose at the very same moment that a new organization was required of Roman power for domestic purposes. There is no doubt that both purposes were consulted in the choice of the title of Imperator. The chief alternative title was that of Dictator. But to this, as regarded Romans, there were two objections—first, that it was a mere provisional title, always commemorating a transitional emergency, and pointing to some happier condition, which the extraordinary powers of the officer ought soon to establish. It was in the nature of a problem, and continually asked for its own solution. The Dictator dictated. He was the greatest ipse dixit that ever was heard of. It reminded the people verbally of despotic powers and autocracy. Then again, as regarded foreign nations, unacquainted with the Roman constitution, and throughout the servile East incapable of understanding it, the title of Dictator had no meaning at all. The
Speaker is a magnificent title in England, and makes brave men sometimes shake in their shoes. But, yet, if from rustic ignorance it is not understood, even that title means nothing.

Of the proudest Speaker that England ever saw, namely, Sir Edward Seymour, it is recorded that his grandeur failed him, sank under him, like the Newgate drop, at the very moment when his boiling anger most relied upon and required it. He was riding near Barnet, when a rustic wagoner ahead of him, by keeping obstinately the middle of the road, prevented him from passing. Sir Edward motioned to him magnificently, that he must turn his horses to the left. The carter, on some fit of the sultks (perhaps from the Jacobinism innate in man), despised this pantomime, and sturdily persisted in his mutinous disrespect. On which Sir Edward shouted—"Fellow, do you know who I am?" "Noo-ah," replied our rebellious friend, meaning, when faithfully translated, no. "Are you aware, sirrah," said Sir Edward, now thoroughly incensed, "that I am the right honorable the Speaker? At your peril, sir, in the name of the Commons of England, in Parliament assembled, quarter instantly to the left." This was said in that dreadful voice which sometimes reprimanded penitent offenders, kneeling at the bar of the House. The carter, more struck by the terrific tones than the words, spoke an aside to "Dobbin" (his "thill" horse), which procured an opening to the blazing Speaker, and then replied thus—"Speaker! Why, if so be as thou canst speak, whoy-y-y-y-y" (in the tremulous undulation with which he was used to utter his sovereign
whoah-h-h-h to his horses), “whoy-y-y-y didn’t-a speak afore?” The wagoner, it seemed, had presumed Sir Edward, from his mute pantomime, to be a dumb man; and all which the proud Speaker gained, by the proclamation of his style and title, was, to be exonerated from that suspicion, but to the heavy discredit of his sanity. A Roman Dictator stood quite as poor a chance with foreigners, as our Speaker with a rustic. “Dictator! let him dictate to his wife; but he sha’n’t dictate to us.” Any title, to prosper with distant nations, must rest upon the basis of arms. And this fell in admirably with the political exigency for Rome herself. The title of Imperator was liable to no jealousy. Being entirely a military title, it clashed with no civil pretensions whatever. Being a military title, that recorded a triumph over external enemies in the field, it was dear to the patriotic heart; whilst it directed the eye to a quarter where all increase of power was concurrent with increase of benefit to the State. And again, as the honor had been hitherto purely titular, accompanied by some auctoritas, in the Roman sense (not always honor, for Cicero was an Imperator for Cilician exploits, which he reports with laughter), but no separate authority in our modern sense. Even in military circles it was open to little jealousy; nor apparently could ripen into a shape that ever would be so, since, according to all precedent, it would be continually balanced by the extension of the same title, under popular military suffrage, to other fortunate leaders. Who could foresee, at the inauguration of this reform, that this precedent would be abolished? who could guess that henceforwards no
more triumphs (but only a sparing distribution of triumphal decorations), henceforward no more imperatorial titles for anybody out of the one consecrated family? All this was hidden in the bosom of the earliest Imperator; he seemed, to the great mass of the people, perfectly innocent of civic ambition; he rested upon his truncheon, that is, upon S. P. Q. R.; like Napoleon, he said, "I am but the first soldier of the republic," that is, the most dutiful of her servants; and, like Napoleon, under cover of this martial paludamentum, he had soon filched every ensign of authority by which the organs of public power could speak. But, at the beginning, this title of Imperator was the one by far the best fitted to mask all this, to disarm suspicion, and to win the confidence of the people.

The title, therefore, began in something like imposture; and it was not certainly at first the gorgeous title into which it afterwards blossomed. The earth did not yet ring with it. The rays of its diadem were not then the first that said All hail! to the rising—the last that said Farewell! to the setting sun. But still it was already a splendid distinction; and, in a Roman ear, it must have sounded far above all competition from the trivial title (in that day) of "Rex," unless it were the Persian Rex, namely, "Rex Regum." Romans gave the title; they stooped not to accept it.

Even Mark Antony, in the all-magnificent description of him by Shakspeare's Cleopatra, could give it in showers—kings waited in his ante-room, "and from his pocket fell crowns and sceptres." The title of Imperator was indeed repeated in glory that transcended the glory of earth, but it was not, therefore, sown in dishonor.
We are all astonished at Mr. Landor — myself and three hundred select readers. What can he mean by tilting against the Imperator — Semper Augustus? Before him the sacred fire (that burned from century to century) went pompously in advance — before him the children of Europe and Asia — of Africa and the islands, rode as dorypheroi; his somatophilakes were princes; and his empire, when burning out in Byzantium, furnished from its very ruins the models for our western honors and ceremonial. Had it even begun in circumstances of ignominy, that would have been cured easily by its subsequent triumph. Many are the titles of earth that have found a glory in looking back to the humility of their origin as its most memorable feature. The fisherman who sits upon Mount Palatine, in some respects the grandest of all potentates, as one wielding both earthly and heavenly thunders, is the highest example of this. Some, like the Mamelukes of Egypt and the early Janizaries of the Porte, have glorified themselves in being slaves. Others, like the Caliphs, have founded their claims to men's homage in the fact of being successors to those who (between ourselves) were knaves. And once it happened to Professor Wilson and myself, that we travelled in the same post-chaise with a most agreeable madman, who, amongst a variety of other select facts which he communicated, was kind enough to give us the following etymological account of our much-respected ancestors the Saxons; which furnishes a further illustration (quite unknown to the learned) of the fact — that honor may glory in deducing itself from circumstances of humility. He assured us that
these worthy Pagans were a league, comprehending every single brave man of German blood; so much so, that on sailing away they left that unhappy land in a state of universal cowardice, which accounts for the licking it subsequently received from Napoleon. The Saxons were very poor, as brave men too often are. In fact they had no breeches, and, of course, no silk stockings. They had, however, sacks, which they mounted on their backs, whence naturally their name Sax-on. Sacks-on! was the one word of command, and that spoken, the army was ready. In reality it was treason to take them off. But this indorsement of their persons was not assumed on any Jewish principle of humiliation; on the contrary, in the most flagrant spirit of defiance to the whole race of man. For they proclaimed that, having no breeches nor silk stockings of their own, they intended, wind and weather permitting, to fill these same sacks with those of other men. The Welshmen then occupying England were reputed to have a good stock of both, and in quest of this Welsh wardrobe the Sacks-on army sailed. With what success it is not requisite to say, since here in one post-chaise, four hundred and thirty years after, were three of their posterity, the professor, the madman, and myself, indorsees (as you may say) of the original indorsers, who were all well equipped with the object of this great Sacks-on exodus.

It is true that the word emperor is not in every situation so impressive as the word king. But that arises in part from the latter word having less of specialty about it; it is more catholic, and to that extent more poetic; and in part from accidents of
position which disturb the relations of many other titles besides. The *Proconsul* had a grander sound, as regarded military expeditions, than the principal from whom he emanated. The *Surena* left a more awful remembrance of his title upon the comrades of Julian in his Persian expedition than the Surena's master. And there are many cases extant in which the word *angel* strikes a deeper key — cases where power is contemplated, as well as beauty or mysterious existence — than the word archangel, though confessedly higher in the hierarchies of heaven.

Let me now draw the reader's attention to *Count Julian*, a great conception of Mr. Landor's.

The fable of Count Julian (that is, when comprehending all the parties to that web, of which *he* is the centre) may be pronounced the grandest which modern history unfolds. It is, and it is not, scenical. In some portions (as the fate so mysterious of Roderick, and in a higher sense of Julian) it rises as much above what the stage could illustrate, as does Thermopylae above the petty details of narration. The man was mad that, instead of breathing from a hurricane of harps some mighty ode over Thermopylae, fancied the little conceit of weaving it into a metrical novel or succession of incidents. Yet, on the other hand, though rising higher, Count Julian sinks lower: though the passions rise far above Troy, above Marathon, above Thermopylae, and are such passions as could not have existed under Paganism, in some respects they condescend and preconform to the stage. The characters are all different, all marked, all *in position*; by which, never assuming fixed attitudes as to purpose and inter...
est, the passions are deliriously complex, and the situations are of corresponding grandeur. Metius Fuffetius Alban traitor! that wert torn limb from limb by antagonist yet confederate chariots, thy tortures, seen by shuddering armies, were not comparable to the unseen tortures in Count Julian's mind; who — whether his treason prospered or not, whether his dear outraged daughter lived or died, whether his king were trampled in the dust by the horses of infidels, or escaped as a wreck from the fiery struggle, whether his dear native Spain fell for ages under misbelieving hounds, or, combining her strength, tossed off them, but then also himself, with one loathing from her shores — saw, as he looked out into the mighty darkness, and stretched out his penitential hands vainly for pity or for pardon, nothing but the blackness of ruin, and ruin that was too probably to career through centuries. "To this pass," as Caesar said to his soldiers at Pharsalia, "had his enemies reduced him;" and Count Julian might truly say, as he stretched himself a rueful suppliant before the Cross, listening to the havoc that was driving onwards before the dogs of the Crescent, "My enemies, because they would not remember that I was a man, forced me to forget that I was a Spaniard: — to forget thee, O native Spain, — and, alas! thee, O faith of Christ!"

The story is wrapped in gigantic mists, and looms upon one like the Grecian fable of Oedipus; and there will be great reason for disgust, if the deep Arabic researches now going on in the Escorial, or at Vienna, should succeed in stripping it of its grandeurs. For as it stands at present, it is the most fearful lessor
extant of the great moral, that crime propagates crime, and violence inherits violence; nay, a lesson on the awful necessity which exists at times, that one tremendous wrong should blindly reproduce itself in endless retaliatory wrongs. To have resisted the dread temptation, would have needed an angel's nature; to have yielded, is but human; should it, then, plead in vain for pardon? and yet, by some mystery of evil, to have perfected this human vengeance, is, finally, to land all parties alike, oppressor and oppressed, in the passions of hell.

Mr. Landor, who always rises with his subject, and dilates like Satan into Teneriffe or Atlas, when he sees before him an antagonist worthy of his powers, is probably the one man in Europe that has adequately conceived the situation, the stern self-dependency and the monumental misery of Count Julian. That sublimity of penitential grief, which cannot accept consolation from man, cannot hear external reproach, cannot descend to notice insult, cannot so much as see the curiosity of by-standers; that awful carelessness of all but the troubled deeps within his own heart, and of God's spirit brooding upon their surface, and searching their abysses, never was so majestically described as in the following lines; it is the noble Spaniard, Hernando, comprehending and loving Count Julian in the midst of his treasons, who speaks: — Tarik, the gallant Moor, having said that at last the Count must be happy; for that

"Delicious calm
Follows the fierce enjoyment of revenge."

Hernando replies thus: —
"That calm was never his; no other will be. Not victory, that o'ershadows him, sees he. No airy and light passion stirs abroad To ruffle or to soothe him; all are quelled Beneath a mightier, sterner, stress of mind. Wakeful he sits, and lonely, and unmoved, Beyond the arrows, shouts, and views of men. As oftentimes an eagle, ere the sun Throws o'er the varying earth his early ray, Stands solitary—stands immovable Upon some highest cliff, and rolls his eye, Clear, constant, unobservant, unabased, In the cold light above the dews of morn."

One change suggests itself to me as possibly for the better, namely, if the magnificent line—

"Beyond the arrows, shouts, and views of men"—

were transferred to the secondary object, the eagle, placed after what is now the last line, it would give a fuller rythmus to the close of the entire passage; it would be more literally applicable to the majestic and solitary bird, than to the majestic and solitary man; whilst the figurative expression even more impassioned might be found for the utter self-absorption of Count Julian's spirit—too grandly sorrowful to be capable of disdain.

It completes the picture of this ruined prince, that Hernando, the sole friend (except his daughter) still cleaving to him, dwells with yearning desire upon his death, knowing the necessity of this consummation to his own secret desires, knowing the forgiveness which would settle upon his memory after that last penalty should have been paid for his errors, comprehending the peace that would then swallow up the storm:
"For his own sake I could endure his loss,
Pray for it, and thank God: yet mourn I must
Him above all, so great, so bountiful,
So blessed once!"

It is no satisfaction to Hernando that Julian should
"yearn for death with speechless love," but Julian does
so; and it is in vain now amongst these irreparable
ruins, to wish it otherwise.

"'Tis not my solace that 'tis so his desire:
Of all who pass us in life's drear descent
We grieve the most for those who wished to die."

How much, then, is in this brief drama of Count
Julian, chiselled, as one might think, by the hands of
that sculptor who fancied the great idea of chiselling
Mount Athos into a demigod, which almost insists on
being quoted; which seems to rebuke and frown on
one for not quoting it: passages to which, for their
solemn grandeur, one raises one's hat as at night in
walking under the Coliseum; passages which, for their
luxury of loveliness, should be inscribed on the phy-
lacteries of brides, or upon the frescoes of Ionia, illus-
trated by the gorgeous allegories of Rubens.

"Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparibile tempus,
Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore."

Yet, reader, in spite of time, one word more on the
subject we are quitting. Father Time is certainly be-
come very importunate and clamorously shrill since he
has been fitted up with that horrid railway whistle;
and even old Mother Space is growing rather imperti-
nent, when she speaks out of monthly journals licensed
to carry but small quantities of bulky goods; yet one
thing I must say in spite of them both.
It is, that although we have had from men of memorable genius, Shelley in particular, both direct and indirect attempts (some of them powerful attempts) to realize the great idea of Prometheus, which idea is so great, that (like the primeval majesties of Human Innocence, of Avenging Deluges that are past, of Fiery Visitations yet to come) it has had strength to pass through many climates, and through many religions, without essential loss, but surviving, without tarnish, every furnace of chance and change; so it is that, after all has been done which intellectual power could do since Aeschylus (and since Milton in his Satan), no embodiment of the Promethean situation, none of the Promethean character, fixes the attentive eye upon itself with the same secret feeling of fidelity to the vast archetype, as Mr. Landor's "Count Julian." There is in this modern aerolith the same jewell-y uesto, which cannot be mistaken; the same "non imitabile fulgur," and the same character of "fracture," or cleavage, as mineralogists speak, for its beaming iridescent grandeur, redoubling under the crush of misery. The color and the coruscation are the same when splintered by violence; the tones of the rocky 81 harp are the same when swept by sorrow. There is the same spirit of heavenly persecution against his enemy, persecution that would have hung upon his rear, and "burned after him to the bottomless pit," though it had yawned for both; there is the same gulf fixed between the possibilities of their reconciliation, the same immortality of resistance, the same abysma. anguish. Did Mr. Landor consciously cherish this Aeschylean ideal in composing "Count Julian"? I know not; there it is.
MILTON VERSUS SOUTHEY AND LANDOR.

This conversation is doubly interesting: interesting by its subject, interesting by its interlocutors; for the subject is Milton, whilst the interlocutors are Southey and Landor. If a British gentleman, when taking his pleasure in his well-armed yacht, descries, in some foreign waters, a noble vessel, from the Thames or the Clyde, riding peaceably at anchor—and soon after, two smart-looking clippers, with rakish masts, bearing down upon her in company—he slackens sail: his suspicions are slightly raised; they have not shown their teeth as yet, and perhaps all is right; but there can be no harm in looking a little closer; and, assuredly, if he finds any mischief in the wind against his countryman, he will show his teeth also; and, please the wind, will take up such a position as to rake both of these pirates by turns. The two dialogists are introduced walking out after breakfast, 'each his Milton in his pocket;' and says Southey, 'Let us collect all the graver faults we can lay our hands upon, without a too minute and troublesome research;'—just so; there would be danger in that—help might put off from shore;—'not,' says he, 'in the spirit of Johnson, but in our own.' Johnson we may suppose, is some old ruffian well known upon that coast; and faults' may be a flash term for what the Americans
call 'notions.' A part of the cargo it clearly is; and one is not surprised to hear Landor, whilst assenting to the general plan of attack, suggesting in a whisper, 'that they should abase their eyes in reverence to so great a man, without absolutely closing them;' which I take to mean—that, without trusting entirely to their boarders, or absolutely closing their ports, they should depress their guns and fire down into the hold, in respect of the vessel attacked standing so high out of the water. After such plain speaking, nobody can wonder much at the junior pirate (Landor) muttering, 'It will be difficult for us always to refrain.' Of course it will refraining was no part of the business, I should fancy, taught by that same buccaneer, Johnson. There is mischief, you see, reader, singing in the air—'miching malhecho'—and it is our business to watch it.

But, before coming to the main attack, I must suffer myself to be detained for a few moments by what Mr. L. premises upon the 'moral' of any great fable, and the relation which it bears, or should bear, to the solution of such a fable. Philosophic criticism is so far improved, that, at this day, few people, who have reflected at all upon such subjects, but are agreed as to one point: viz., that in metaphysical language the moral of an epos or a drama should be immanent, not transient; or, otherwise, that it should be vitally distributed through the whole organization of the tree, not gathered or secreted into a sort of red berry or race-mus, pendent at the end of its boughs. This view Mr. Landor himself takes, as a general view; but, strange to say, by some Landorian perverseness, where there occurs a memorable exception to this rule (as in the Paradise Lost'), in that case he insists upon the rule
in its rigor—the rule, and nothing but the rule. Where, on the contrary, the rule does really and obviously take effect (as in the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey'), there he insists upon an exceptional case. There is a moral, in his opinion, hanging like a tassel of gold bullion from the 'Iliad;'—and what is it? Something so fantastic, that I decline to repeat it. As well might he have said, that the moral of 'Othello' was—'Try Warren's Blacking!' There is no moral, little or big, foul or fair, to the 'Iliad.' Up to the 17th book, the moral might seem dimly to be this—'Gentlemen, keep the peace: you see what comes of quarrelling.' But there this moral ceases;—there is now a break of gauge: the narrow gauge takes place after this; whilst up to this point, the broad gauge—viz., the wrath of Achilles, growing out of his turn-up with Agamemnon—had carried us smoothly along without need to shift our luggage. There is no more quarrelling after Book 17, how then can there be any more moral from quarrelling? If you insist on my telling you what is the moral of the 'Iliad,' I insist upon your telling me what is the moral of a rattlesnake or the moral of a Niagara. I suppose the moral is—that you must get out of their way, if you mean to moralize much longer. The going-up (or anabasis) of the Greeks against Troy, was a fact; and a pretty dense fact; and, by accident, the very first in which all Greece had a common interest. It was a joint-stock concern—a representative expedition—whereas, previously there had been none; for even the Argonautic expedition, which is rather of the darkest, implied no confederation except amongst individuals. How could it? For the Argr is supposed to have measured only
twenty-seven tons: how she would have been classed at Lloyd's is hard to say, but certainly not as A 1. There was no state-cabin; everybody, demi-gods and all, pigged in the steerage amongst beans and bacon. Greece was naturally proud of having crossed the herring-pond, small as it was, in search of an entrenched enemy; proud also of having licked him 'into Almighty smash;' this was sufficient; or if an impertinent moralist sought for something more, doubtless the moral must have lain in the booty. A peach is the moral of a peach, and moral enough; but if a man will have something better—a moral within a moral—why, there is the peach-stone, and its kernel, out of which he may make ratafia, which seems to be the ultimate morality that can be extracted from a peach. Mr. Archdeacon Williams, indeed, of the Edinburgh Academy, has published an octavo opinion upon the case, which asserts that the moral of the Trojan war was (to borrow a phrase from children) tit for tat. It was a case of retaliation for crimes against Hellas, committed by Troy in an earlier generation. It may be so; Nemesis knows best. But this moral, if it concerns the total expedition to the Troad, cannot concern the 'Iliad,' which does not take up matters from so early a period, nor go on to the final catastrophe of Ilium.

Now, as to the 'Paradise Lost,' it happens that there is—whether there ought to be or not—a pure golden moral, distinctly announced, separately contemplated, and the very weightiest ever uttered by man or realized by fable. It is a moral rather for the drama of a world than for a human poem. And this moral is made the more prominent and memorable by the
grandeur of its annunciation. The jewel is not more splendid in itself than in its setting. Excepting the well-known passage on Athenian oratory in the 'Paradise Regained,' there is none even in Milton where the metrical pomp is made so effectually to aid the pomp of the sentiment. Hearken to the way in which a roll of dactyles is made to settle, like the swell of the advancing tide, into the long thunder of billows breaking for leagues against the shore:

'That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence.'

Hear what a motion, what a tumult, is given by the dactylic close to each of the introductory lines! And how massily is the whole locked up into the peace of heaven, as the aerial arch of a viaduct is locked up into tranquil stability by its key-stone, through the deep spondaic close,

'And justify the ways of God to man.'

That is the moral of the Miltonic epos; and as much grander than any other moral formally illustrated by poets, as heaven is higher than earth.

But the most singular moral, which Mr. Landor anywhere discovers, is in his own poem of 'Gebir.' Whether he still adheres to it, does not appear from the present edition. But I remember distinctly, in the original edition, a Preface (now withdrawn) in which he made his acknowledgments to some book read at a Welsh Inn for the outline of the story; and as to the moral, he declared it to be an exposition of that most mysterious offence, Over-Colonization. Much I mused, in my youthful simplicity, upon this criminal novelty. What might it be? Could I, by mistake, have com
mitted it myself? Was it a felony, or a misdemeanor? — liable to transportation, or only to fine and imprisonment? Neither in the Decemviral Tables nor in the Code of Justinian, nor the maritime Code of Oleron, nor in the Canon Law, nor the Code Napoleon, nor our own Statutes at large, nor in Jeremy Bentham, had I read of such a crime as a possibility. Undoubtedly the vermin, locally called Squatters,* both in the wilds of America and Australia, who pre-occupy other men's estates, have latterly illustrated the logical possibility of such an offence; but they were quite unknown at the era of Gebir. Even Dalica, who knew as much wickedness as most people, would have stared at this unheard of villany, and have asked, as eagerly as I did—'What is it now? Let's have a shy at it in Egypt.' I, indeed, knew a case, but Dalica did not, of shocking over-colonization. It was the case, which even yet occurs on out-of-the-way roads, where a man, unjustly big, mounts into the inside of a stage-coach already sufficiently crowded. In streets and squares, where men could give him a wide berth, they had tolerated the injustice of his person; but now, in a chamber so confined, the length and breadth of his wickedness shines revealed to every eye. And if the coach should upset, which it would

*Squatters:—They are a sort of self-elected warming-pans. What we in England mean by the political term 'warming-pans,' are men who occupy, by consent, some official place, or Parliamentary seat, until the proper claimant is old enough in law to assume his rights. When the true man comes to bed, the warming-pan respectfully turns out. But these ultra-marine warming-pans wouldn't turn out. They showed fight, and wouldn't hear of the true man, even as a bed-fellow.
not be the less likely to do for having him on board, somebody or other (perhaps myself) must lie beneath this monster, like Enceladus under Mount Etna, calling upon Jove to come quickly with a few thunderbolts and destroy both man and mountain, both succubus and incubus, if no other relief offered. Meantime, the only case of over-colonization notorious to all Europe, is that which some German traveller (Riedesel, I think) has reported so eagerly, in ridicule of our supposed English credulity; viz.—the case of the foreign swindler, who advertised that he would get into a quart bottle, filled Drury Lane, pocketed the admission money, and decamped, protesting (in his adieu to the spectators) that it lacerated his heart to disappoint so many noble islanders; but that on his next visit he would make full reparation by getting into a vinegar cruet.' Now, here certainly was a case of over-colonization, not perpetrated, but meditated. Yet, when one examines this case, the crime consisted by no means in doing it, but in not doing it; by no means in getting into the bottle, but in not getting into it. The foreign contractor would have been probably a very unhappy man, had he fulfilled his contract by over-colonizing the bottle, but he would have been decidedly a more virtuous man. He would have redeemed his pledge; and, if he had even died in the bottle, we should have honored him as a 'vir bonus, cum malá fortuná compositus;' as a man of honor matched in single duel with calamity, and also as the best of conjurers. Over-colonization, therefore, except in the one case of the stage-coach, is apparently no crime; and the offence of King Gebir, in my eyes remains a mystery to this day.
What next solicits notice is in the nature of a digression: it is a kind of parenthesis on Wordsworth.

'Landor. — When it was a matter of wonder how Keats, who was ignorant of Greek, could have written his "Hyperion," Shelley, whom envy never touched gave as a reason — "because he was a Greek." Wordsworth, being asked his opinion of the same poem called it, scoffingly, "a pretty piece of paganism;" yet he himself, in the best verses he ever wrote — and beautiful ones they are — reverts to the powerful influence of the "pagan creed."

Here are nine lines exactly in the original type. Now, nine tailors are ranked, by great masters of algebra, as = one man; such is the received equation; or, as it is expressed, with more liveliness, in an old English drama, by a man who meets and quarrels with eighteen tailors — 'Come, hang it! I'll fight you both.' But, whatever be the algebraic ratio of tailors to men, it is clear that nine Landorian lines are not always equal to the delivery of one accurate truth, or to a successful conflict with three or four signal errors. Firstly — Shelley's reason, if it ever was assigned, is irrelevant as regards any question that must have been intended. It could not have been meant to ask — Why was the 'Hyperion' so Grecian in its spirit? for it is anything but Grecian. We should praise it falsely to call it so; for the feeble, though elegant, mythology of Greece was incapable of breeding anything so deep as the mysterious portents that, in the 'Hyperion,' run before and accompany the passing away of divine immemorial dynasties. Nothing can be more impressive than the picture of Saturn in his palsy of affliction, and
of the mighty goddess his grand-daughter, or than the
secret signs of coming woe in the palace of Hyperion.
These things grew from darker creeds than Greece
had ever known since the elder traditions of Pro-
metheus—creeds that sent down their sounding plum-
mets into far deeper wells within the human spirit.
What had been meant, by the question proposed to
Shelley, was no doubt—How so young a man as Keats,
not having had the advantage of a regular classical
education, could have been so much at home in the
details of the elder mythology? Tooke’s ‘Pantheon’
might have been obtained by favor of any English
schoolboy, and Dumoustier’s ‘Lettres à Emile sur la
Mythologie’ by favor of very many young ladies; but
these, according to my recollection of them, would
hardly have sufficed. Spence’s ‘Polymetis,’ however,
might have been had by favor of any good library;
and the ‘Bibliotheca’ of Apollodorus, who is the cock
of the walk on this subject, might have been read by
favor of a Latin translation, supposing Keats really
unequal to the easy Greek text. There is no wonder
in the case; nor, if there had been, would Shelley’s
kind remark have solved it. The treatment of the
facts must, in any case, have been due to Keats’s
genius, so as to be the same whether he had studied
Greek or not; the facts, apart from the treatment,
must in any case have been had from a book. Sec-
ondly—Let Mr. Landor rely upon it—that Words-
worth never said the thing ascribed to him here as any
formal judgment, or what Scottish law would call
deliverance, upon the ‘Hyperion.’ As to what he
might have said incidentally and collaterally; the
meaning of words is so entirely affected by their posi
tion in a conversation—what followed, what went before—that five words dislocated from their context never would be received as evidence in the Queen's Bench. The court which, of all others, least strictly weighs its rules of evidence, is the female tea-table; yet even that tribunal would require the deponent to strengthen his evidence, if he had only five detached words to produce. Wordsworth is a very proud man, as he has good reason to be; and perhaps it was I, myself, who once said in print of him—that it is not the correct way of speaking, to say that Wordsworth is as proud as Lucifer; but, inversely, to say of Lucifer that some people have conceived him to be as proud as Wordsworth. But, if proud, Wordsworth is not haughty, is not ostentatious, is not anxious for display, is not arrogant, and, least of all, is he capable of descending to envy. Who or what is it that he should be envious of? Does anybody suppose that Wordsworth would be jealous of Archimedes if he now walked upon earth, or Michael Angelo, or Milton? Nature does not repeat herself. Be assured she will never make a second Wordsworth. Any of us would be jealous of his own duplicate; and, if I had a doppelganger, who went about personating me, copying me, and pirating me, philosopher as I am, I might (if the Court of Chancery would not grant an injunction against him) be so far carried away by jealousy as to attempt the crime of murder upon his carcass; and no great matter as regards him. But it would be a sad thing for me to find myself hanged; and for what, I beseech you? for murdering a sham, that was either nobody at all, or oneself repeated once too often. But if you show to Wordsworth a man as great as himself
still that great man will not be much like Wordsworth—the great man will not be Wordsworth's doppelganger. If not impar (as you say) he will be dispar; and why, then, should Wordsworth be jealous of him, unless he is jealous of the sun, and of Abd el Kâder, and of Mr. Waghorn—all of whom carry off a great deal of any spare admiration which Europe has to dispose of. But suddenly it strikes me that we are all proud, every man of us; and I daresay with some reason for it, 'be the same more or less.' For I never came to know any man in my whole life intimately, who could not do something or other better than anybody else. The only man amongst us that is thoroughly free from pride, that you may at all seasons rely on as a pattern of humility, is the pickpocket. That man is so admirable in his temper, and so used to pocketing anything whatever which Providence sends in his way, that he will even pocket a kicking, or anything in that line of favors which you are pleased to bestow. The smallest donations are by him thankfully received, provided only that you, whilst half-blind with anger in kicking him round a figure of eight, like a dexterous skater, will but allow him (which is no more than fair) to have a second 'shy' at your pretty Indian pocket-handkerchief, so as to convince you, on cooler reflection, that he does not always miss. Thirdly—Mr. Landor leaves it doubtful what verses those are of Wordsworth's which celebrate the power 'of the Pagan creed;' whether that sonnet in which Wordsworth wishes to exchange for glimpses of human life, then and in those circumstances, 'for throrn,' the sight

'— Of Proteus coming from the sea,
And hear old Triton wind his wreathed horn;'

30
whether this, or the passage on the Greek mythology in 'The Excursion.' Whichever he means, I am the last man to deny that it is beautiful, and especially if he means the latter. But it is no presumption to deny firmly Mr. Landor's assertion, that these are 'the best verses Wordsworth ever wrote.' Bless the man!

'There are a thousand such elsewhere,
As worthy of your wonder:—'

Elsewhere, I mean, in Wordsworth's poems. In reality it is impossible that these should be the best; for even if, in the executive part, they were so, which is not the case, the very nature of the thought, of the feeling, and of the relation, which binds it to the general theme, and the nature of that theme itself, forbid the possibility of merits so high. The whole movement of the feeling is fanciful: it neither appeals to what is deepest in human sensibilities, nor is meant to do so. The result, indeed, serves only to show Mr. Landor's slender acquaintance with Wordsworth. And what is worse than being slenderly acquainted, he is erroneously acquainted even with these two short breathings from the Wordsworthian shell. He mistakes the logic, Wordsworth does not celebrate any power at all in Paganism. Old Triton indeed! he's little better, in respect of the terrific, than a mail-coach guard, nor half as good, if you allow the guard his official seat, a coal-black night, lamps blazing back upon his royal scarlet, and his blunderbuss correctly slung. Triton would not stay, I engage, for a second look at the old Portsmouth mail, as once I knew it. But, alas! better things than ever stood on Triton's pins are now as little able to stand up for themselves, or to startle the silent...
helds in darkness, with the sudden flash of their
glory — gone before it had full come — as Triton is to
play the Freyschütz chorus on his humbug of a horn.
But the logic of Wordsworth is this — not that the
Greek mythology is potent; on the contrary, that it
is weaker than cowslip tea, and would not agitate
the nerves of a hen sparrow; but that, weak as it is —
ay, by means of that very weakness — it does but the
better serve to measure the weakness of something
which he thinks yet weaker — viz. the death-like torpor
of London society in 1808, benumbed by conventional
apathy and worldliness —

'Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life.'

This seems a digression from Milton, who is prop-
perly the subject of this colloquy. But, luckily, it is
not one of my sins. Mr. Landor is lord within the
house of his own book; he pays all accounts what-
ever; and readers that have either a bill, or bill of ex-
ceptions, to tender against the concern, must draw
upon him. To Milton he returns upon a very dangerous
topic indeed — viz. the structure of his blank verse.
I know of none that is so trying to a wary man's
nerves. You might as well tax Mozart with harshness
in the divinest passages of 'Don Giovanni,' as Milton
with any such offence against metrical science. Be
assured, it is yourself that do not read with understand-
ing, not Milton that by possibility can be found deaf to
the demands of perfect harmony. You are tempted,
after walking round a line threescore times, to exclaim
at last — 'Well, if the Fiend himself should rise up
before me at this very moment, in this very study of
wine, and say that no screw was loose in that line,
then would I reply—‘Sir, with submission, you are _—_.’ ‘What!’ suppose the Fiend suddenly to demand in thunder, ‘what am I?’ ‘Horribly wrong, you wish exceedingly to say; but, recollecting that some people are choleric in argument, you confine yourself to the polite answer—‘That, with deference to his better education, you conceive him to lie;’—that’s a bad word to drop your voice upon in talking with a fiend, and you hasten to add—under a slight, a _very_ slight mistake.’ Ay, you might venture on that opinion with a fiend. But how if an angel should undertake the case? And angelic was the ear of Milton. Many are the _primâ facie_ anomalous lines in Milton; many are the suspicious lines, which in many a book I have seen many a critic peering into, with eyes made up for mischief, yet with a misgiving that all was not quite safe, very much like an old raven looking down a marrow-bone. In fact, such is the metrical skill of the man, and such the perfection of his metrical sensibility, that, on any attempt to take liberties with a passage of his, you feel as when coming, in a forest, upon what seems a dead lion; perhaps he may _not_ be dead, but only sleeping; nay, perhaps he may _not_ be sleeping, but only shamming. And you have a jealousy, as to Milton, even in the most flagrant case of almost palpable error, that, after all, there may be a plot in it. You may be put down with shame by some man reading the line otherwise, reading it with a different emphasis, a different _caesura_, or perhaps a different suspension of the voice, so as to bring out a new and self-justifying effect. It must be _added_, that, in reviewing Milton’s metre, it is quite _necessary_ to have such books as ‘Nare’s English
Orthoëpy' (in a late edition), and others of that class, lying on the table; because the accentuation of Milton's age was, in many words, entirely different from ours. And Mr. Landor is not free from some suspicion of inattention as to this point. Over and above this accentual difference, the practice of our elder dramatists in the resolution of the final tion (which now is uniformly pronounced shon), will be found exceedingly important to the appreciation of a writer's verse. Contribution, which now is necessarily pronounced as a word of four syllables, would then, in verse, have five, being read into con-tri-bu-ce-on. Many readers will recollect another word, which for years brought John Kemble into hot water with the pit of Drury Lane. It was the plural of the word ache. This is generally made a dissyllable by the Elizabethan dramatists; it occurs in the 'Tempest.' Prospero says—

'I'll fill thy bones with aches.'

What follows, which I do not remember literatim, is such metrically as to require two syllables for aches. But how, then, was this to be pronounced? Kemble thought akies would sound ludicrous; aitches therefore he called it: and always the pit howled like a famished menagerie, as they did also when he chose (and he constantly chose) to pronounce beard like bird. Many of these niceties must be known, before a critic can ever allow himself to believe that he is right in obelizing, or in marking with so much as a ? any verse whatever of Milton's. And there are some of these niceties, I am satisfied, not even yet fully investigated.

It is, however, to be borne in mind, after all allow
ances and provisional reservations have been made that Bentley's hypothesis (injudiciously as it was managed by that great scholar) has really a truth of fact to stand upon. Not only must Milton have composed his three greatest poems, the two 'Paradises and the 'Samson,' in a state of blindness—but subsequently, in the correction of the proofs, he must have suffered still more from this conflict with darkness, and, consequently, from this dependence upon careless readers. This is Bentley's case: as lawyers say 'My lord, that is my case.' It is possible enough to write correctly in the dark, as I myself often do, when losing or missing my lucifers—which, like some elder lucifers, are always rebelliously straying into places where they can have no business. But it is quite impossible to correct a proof in the dark. At least, if there is such an art, it must be a section of the black art. Bentley gained from Pope that admirable epithet of slashing, ["the ribbalds—from slashing Bentley down to piddling Theobalds;" i.e. Tibbalds as it was pronounced], altogether from his edition of the 'Paradise Lost.' This the doctor founded on his own hypothesis as to the advantage taken of Milton's blindness; and corresponding was the havoc which he made of the text. In fact, on the really just allegation that Milton must have used the services of an amanuensis; and the plausible one that this amanuensis, being often weary of his task, would be likely to neglect punctilious accuracy; and the most improbable allegation that this weary person would also be very conceited, and add much rubbish of his own; Bentley resigned himself luxuriously, without the whisper of a scruple, to his own sense of what was or was not
poetic, which sense happened to be that of the adder for music. The deaf adder heareth not though the musician charm ever so wisely. No scholarship, which so far beyond other men Bentley had, could gain him the imaginative sensibility which, in a degree so far beyond average men, he wanted. Consequently the world never before beheld such a scene of massacre as his 'Paradise Lost' exhibited. He laid himself down to his work of extermination like the brawniest of reapers going in steadily with his sickle, coat stripped off, and shirt sleeves tucked up, to deal with an acre of barley. One duty, and no other, rested upon his conscience; one voice he heard—Slash away, and hew down the rotten growths of this abominable amanuensis. The carnage was like that after a pitched battle. The very finest passages in every book of the poem were marked by italics, as dedicated to fire and slaughter. 'Slashing Dick' went through the whole forest, like a woodman marking with white paint the giant trees that must all come down in a month or so. And one naturally reverts to a passage in the poem itself, where God the Father is supposed to say to his Filial assessor on the heavenly throne, when marking the desolating progress of Sin and Death,—

'See with what havoc these fell dogs advance
To ravage this fair world.'

But still this inhuman extravagance of Bentley, in following out his hypothesis, does not exonerate us from bearing in mind so much truth as that hypothesis really must have had, from the pitiable difficulties of the great poet's situation.
My own opinion, therefore, upon the line, for instance, from 'Paradise Regained,' which Mr. Landor appears to have indicated for the reader's amusement, viz.:

'As well might recommend
Such solitude before choicest society,'

is—that it escaped revision from some accident calling off the ear of Milton whilst in the act of having the proof read to him. Mr. Landor silently prints it in italics, without assigning his objection; but, of course, that objection must be—that the line has one foot too much. It is an Alexandrine, such as Dryden scattered so profusely, without asking himself why; but which Milton never tolerates except in the choruses of the Samson.

'Not difficult, if thou hearken to me'—
is one of the lines which Mr. Landor thinks that 'no authority will reconcile' to our ears. I think otherwise. The caesura is meant to fall not with the comma after difficult, but after thou; and there is a most effective and grand suspension intended. It is Satan who speaks—Satan in the wilderness; and he marks, as he wishes to mark, the tremendous opposition of attitude between the two parties to the temptation.

'Not difficult if thou —'

there let the reader pause, as if pulling up suddenly four horses in harness, and throwing them on their haunches—not difficult if thou (in some mysterious sense the son of God); and then, as with a burst of thunder, again giving the reins to your quadriga,

'——hearken to me:'
that is, to me, that am the Prince of the Air, and able to perform all my promises for those that hearken to my temptations.

Two lines are cited under the same ban of irreconcilability to our ears, but on a very different plea. The first of these lines is—

'Launcelot, or Pellias, or Pellinore;'

The other

'Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus.'

The reader will readily suppose that both are objected to as 'roll-calls of proper names.' Now, it is very true that nothing is more offensive to the mind than the practice of mechanically packing into metrical successions, as if packing a portmanteau, names without meaning or significance to the feelings. No man ever carried that atrocity so far as Boileau, a fact of which Mr. Landor is well aware; and slight is the sanction or excuse that can be drawn from him. But it must not be forgotten that Virgil, so scrupulous in finish of composition, committed this fault. I remember a passage ending

'—Noëmonaque Prytаниnque;' 

but, having no Virgil within reach, I cannot at this moment quote it accurately. Homer, with more excuse, however, from the rudeness of his age, is a deadly offender in this way. But the cases from Milton are very different. Milton was incapable of the Homeric or Virgilian blemish. The objection to such rolling musketry of names is, that unless interspersed with epithets, or broken into irregular groups by brief circumstances of parentage, country, or romantic inc:
dent, they stand audaciously perking up their heads like lots in a catalogue, arrow-headed palisades, or young larches in a nursery ground, all occupying the same space, all drawn up in line, all mere iterations of each other. But in

‘Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus,’

though certainly not a good line when insulated, (better, however, in its connection with the entire succession of which it forms part), the apology is, that the massy weight of the separate characters enables them to stand like granite pillars or pyramids, proud of their self-supporting independency.

Mr. Landor makes one correction by a simple improvement in the punctuation, which has a very fine effect. Rarely has so large a result been distributed through a sentence by so slight a change. It is in the ‘Samson.’ Samson says, speaking of himself (as elsewhere) with that profound pathos, which to all hearts invests Milton’s own situation in the days of his old age, when he was composing that drama—

‘Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him

Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves.’

Thus it is usually printed; that is, without a comma in the latter line; but, says Landor, ‘there ought to be commas after eyeless, after Gaza, after mill.’ And why? because thus ‘the grief of Samson is aggravated at every member of the sentence.’ He (like Milton) was—1. blind; 2. in a city of triumphant enemies; 3. working for daily bread; 4. herding with slaves. Samson literally, and Milton with those whom politically he regarded as such.

Mr. Landor’s perfectly wrong, I must take the
liberty of saying, when he demurs to the line in Paradise Regained:

'From that placid aspect and meek regard,'
on the ground that 'meek regard conveys no new idea to placid aspect.' But aspect is the countenance of Christ when passive to the gaze of others: regard is the same countenance in active contemplation of those others whom he loves or pities. The placid aspect expresses, therefore, the divine rest; the meek regard expresses the divine benignity: the one is the self-absorption of the total Godhead, the other the eternal emanation of the Filial Godhead.

'By what ingenuity,' says Landor, 'can we erect into a verse —

"In the bosom of bliss, and light of light?"

Now really it is by my watch exactly three minutes too late for him to make that objection. The court cannot receive it now; for the line just this moment cited, the ink being hardly yet dry, is of the same identical structure. The usual iambic flow is disturbed in both lines by the very same ripple, viz., a trochee in the second foot, placid in the one line, bosom in the other. They are a sort of snags, such as lie in the current of the Mississippi. There they do nothing but mischief. Here, when the lines are read in their entire nexus, the disturbance stretches forwards and backwards with good effect on the music. Besides, if it did not, one is willing to take a snag from Milton, but one does not altogether like being snagged by the Mississippi. One sees no particular reason for bearing it, if one only knew how to be revenged on a river.

But, of these metrical skirmishes, though full of
importance to the impassioned text of a great poet (for mysterious is the life that connects all modes of passion with rhythmus), let us suppose the casual reader to have had enough. And now at closing for the sake of change, let us treat him to a harlequin trick upon another theme. Did the reader ever happen to see a sheriff's officer arresting an honest gentleman, who was doing no manner of harm to gentle or simple, and immediately afterwards a second sheriff's officer arresting the first—by which means that second officer merits for himself a place in history; for at the same moment he liberates a deserving creature (since an arrested officer cannot possibly bag his prisoner), and he also avenges the insult put upon that worthy man? Perhaps the reader did not ever see such a sight; and, growing personal, he asks me, in return, if I ever saw it. To say the truth, I never did; except once, in a too-flattering dream; and though I applauded so loudly as even to waken myself, and shouted 'encore,' yet all went for nothing; and I am still waiting for that splendid exemplification of retributive justice. But why? Why should it be a spectacle so uncommon? For surely those official arresters of men must want arresting at times as well as better people. At least, however, en attendant one may luxuriate in the vision of such a thing; and the reader shall now see such a vision rehearsed. He shall see Mr. Landor arresting Milton—Milton, of all men!—for a flaw in his Roman erudition; and then he shall see me instantly stepping up, tapping Mr. Landor on the shoulder, and saying, 'Officer, you're wanted;' whilst to Milton I say, touching my hat, Now, sir, be off run for your life, whilst I hold
his man in custody, lest he should fasten on you again.'

What Milton had said, speaking of the 'watchful cherubim,' was—

'Four faces each
Had, like a double Janus;'

Upon which Southey—but, of course, Landor, ventriloquizing through Southey—says, 'Better left this to the imagination: double Januses are queer figures.' Not at all. On the contrary, they became so common, that finally there were no other. Rome, in her days of childhood, contented herself with a two-faced Janus; but, about the time of the first or second Cæsar, a very ancient statue of Janus was exhumed, which had four faces. Ever afterwards, this sacred resurgent statue became the model for any possible Janus that could show himself in good company. The quadrifrons Janus was now the orthodox Janus; and it would have been as much a sacrilege to rob him of any single face as to rob a king's statue* of its horse. One thing may recall this to Mr. Landor's memory. I think it was Nero, but certainly it was one of the first six Cæsars, that built, or that finished, a magnificent temple to Janus; and each face was so managed as to point down an avenue leading to a separate marketplace. Now, that there were four market-places, I

*A king's statue:—Till very lately the etiquette of Europe was, that none but royal persons could have equestrian statues. Lord Hopetoun, the reader will object, is allowed to have a horse, in St. Andrew's Square, Edinburgh. True, but observe that he is not allowed to mount him. The first person, so far as I remember, that, not being royal, has, in our island, seated himself comfortably in the saddle, is the Duke of Wellington.
will make oath before any Justice of the Peace. One was called the *Forum Julium*, one the *Forum Augustum*, a third the *Forum Transitorium*: what the fourth was called is best known to itself, for really I forget. But if anybody says that perhaps it was called the *Forum Landorium*, I am not the man to object; for few names have deserved such an honor more, whether from those that then looked forward into futurity with one face, or from our posterity that will look back into the vanishing past with another.
ORTHOGRAPHIC MUTINEERS.

WITH A SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE WORKS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

As we are all of us crazy when the wind sets in some particular quarter, let not Mr. Landor be angry with me for suggesting that he is outrageously crazy upon one solitary subject of spelling. It occurs to me, as a plausible solution of his fury upon this point, that perhaps in his earliest school-days, when it is understood that he was exceedingly pugnacious, he may have detested spelling, and (like Roberte the Devil of*) have found it more satisfactory for all parties, that when the presumptuous schoolmaster differed from him on the spelling of a word, the question between them should be settled by a stand-up fight. Both parties would have the victory at times: and if, according to Pope's expression, 'justice rul'd the ball,' the schoolmaster (who is always a villain) would be floored three times out of four; no great matter whether wrong or not upon the immediate point of spelling discussed. It is in this way, viz., from the irregular adjudications upon litigated spelling, which must have arisen under such a mode of investigating the matter, that we account for Mr. Landor's being sometimes in the right, but too often (with regard to
long words) egregiously in the wrong. As he grew stronger and taller, he would be coming more and more amongst polysyllables, and more and more would be getting the upper hand of the schoolmaster; so that at length he would have it all his own way, one round would decide the turn-up; and thenceforward his spelling would become frightful. Now, I myself detested spelling as much as all people ought to do, except Continental compositors, who have extra fees for doctoring the lame spelling of ladies and gentlemen. But, unhappily, I had no power to thump the schoolmaster into a conviction of his own absurdities; which, however, I greatly desired to do. Still, my nature, powerless at that time for any active recusancy, was strong for passive resistance; and that is the hardest to conquer. I took one lesson of this infernal art, and then declined ever to take a second; and in fact, I never did. Well I remember that unique morning's experience. It was the first page of Entick's Dictionary that I had to get by heart; a sweet sentimental task; and not, as may be fancied, the spelling only, but the horrid attempts of this depraved Entick to explain the supposed meaning of words that probably had none; many of these, it is my belief, Entick himself forged. Among the strange, grim-looking words, to whose acquaintance I was introduced on that unhappy morning, were abalienate and ablaqueation—most respectable words, I am fully persuaded, but so exceedingly retired in their habits, that I never once had the honor of meeting either of them in any book, pamphlet, journal, whether in prose or numerous verse, though haunting such society myself all my life. I also formed the acquaintance, at that time, of
the word *abacus*, which, as a Latin word, I have often used, but, as an English one, I really never had occasion to spell, until this very moment. Yet, after all, what harm comes of such obstinate recusancy against orthography? I was an 'occasional conformist;' I conformed for one morning, and never more. But, for all that, I spell as well as my neighbors; and I can spell *ablaqueation* besides, which I suspect that some of them can not.

My own spelling, therefore, went right, because I was left to nature, with strict neutrality on the part of the authorities. Mr. Landor's too often went wrong, because he was thrown into a perverse channel by his continued triumphs over the prostrate schoolmaster. To toss up, as it were, for the spelling of a word, by the best of nine rounds, inevitably left the impression that chance governed all; and this accounts for the extreme capriciousness of Landor.

It is a work for a separate dictionary in quarto to record all the proposed revolutions in spelling through which our English blood, either at home or in America, has thrown off, at times, the surplus energy that consumed it. I conceive this to be a sort of cutaneous affection, like nettle-rash, or ringworm, through which the patient gains relief for his own nervous distraction, whilst, in fact, he does no harm to anybody: for usually he forgets his own reforms, and if he should not, everybody else does. Not to travel back into the seventeenth century, and the noble army of short-hand writers who have all made war upon orthography, for secret purposes of their own, even in the last century, and in the present, what a list of eminent rebels against the spelling-book might be called up to answer for
their wickedness at the bar of the Old Bailey, if anybody would be kind enough to make it a felony. Cowper, for instance, too modest and too pensive to raise upon any subject an open standard of rebellion, yet, in quiet Olney, made a small émeute as to the word 'Grecian.' Everybody else was content with one 'e;' but he recollecting the cornucopia of e's, which Providence had thought fit to empty upon the mother word Greece, deemed it shocking to disinherit the poor child of its hereditary wealth, and wrote it, therefore, Grecian throughout his Homer. Such a modest reform the sternest old Tory could not find in his heart to denounce. But some contagion must have collected about this word Greece; for the next man, who had much occasion to use it—viz., Mitford— who wrote that 'History of Greece' so eccentric, and so eccentrically praised by Lord Byron, absolutely took to spelling like a heathen, slashed right and left against decent old English words, until, in fact, the whole of Entick's Dictionary (ablaqueation and all) was ready to swear the peace against him. Mitford, in course of time, slept with his fathers; his grave, I trust, not haunted by the injured words whom he had tomahawked; and, at this present moment, the Bishop of St. David's reigneth in his stead. His Lordship, wound over to episcopal decorum, has hitherto been sparing in his assaults upon pure old English words: but one may trace the insurrectionary taint, passing down from Cowper through the word Grecian, in many of his Anglo-Hellenic forms. For instance, he insists on our saying—not Heracleidæ and Pelopidae, as we all used to do—but Heracleids and Pelopids. A list of my Lord's barbarities, in many other cases,
upon unprotected words, poor shivering aliens that fall into his power, when thrown upon the coast of his diocese, I had — had, I say, for, alas! fuit Ilium.

Yet, really, one is ashamed to linger on cases so mild as those, coming, as one does, in the order of atrocity, to Elphinstone, to Noah Webster, a Yankee — which word means, not an American, but that separate order of Americans, growing in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, or Connecticut, in fact, a New Englander — and to the rabid Ritson. Noah would naturally have reduced us all to an antediluvian simplicity. Shem, Ham, and Japheth, probably separated in consequence of perverse varieties in spelling; so that orthographical unity might seem to him one condition for preventing national schisms. But as to the rabid Ritson, who can describe his vagaries? What great arithmetician can furnish an index to his absurdities, or what great decipherer furnish a key to the principles of these absurdities? In his very title-pages, nay, in the most obstinate of ancient technicalities, he showed his cloven foot to the astonished reader. Some of his many works were printed in Pall-Mall; now, as the world is pleased to pronounce that word Pel-Mel, thus and no otherwise (said Ritson) it shall be spelled for ever. Whereas, on the contrary, some men would have said: The spelling is well enough, it is the public pronunciation which is wrong. This ought to be Paul-Maul; or, perhaps — agreeably to the sound which we give to the a in such words as what, quantity, want — still better, and with more gallantry, Poll-Moll. The word Mr., again, in Ritson's reformation, must have astonished the Post-office. He insisted that this cabalistical-looking form,
which might as reasonably be translated into *monster* was a direct fraud on the national language, quite as bad as clipping the Queen's coinage. How, then, should it be written? Reader! reader! that you will ask such a question! *mister*, of course; and mind that you put no capital *m*; unless, indeed, you are speaking of some great gun, some mister of misters, such as Mr. Pitt of old, or perhaps a reformer of spelling. The plural, again, of such words as *romance*, *age*, *horse*, he wrote *romancees*, *agees*, *horsees*; and upon the following equitable consideration, that, inasmuch as the *e* final in the singular is mute, that is, by a general vote of the nation has been allowed to retire upon a superannuation allowance, it is abominable to call it back upon active service — like the modern Chelsea pensioners — as must be done, if it is to bear the whole weight of a separate syllable like *ces*. Consequently, if the nation and Parliament mean to keep faith, they are bound to hire a stout young *e* to run in the traces with the old original *e*, taking the whole work off his aged shoulders. Volumes would not suffice to exhaust the madness of Ritson upon this subject. And there was this peculiarity in his madness, over and above its clamorous ferocity, that being no classical scholar (a meagre self-taught Latinist, and no Grecian at all), though profound as a black-letter scholar, he cared not one straw for ethnographic relations of the words, nor unity of analogy, which are the principles that generally have governed reformers of spelling. He was an attorney, and moved constantly under the *monomaniac* idea that an action lay on behalf of the misused letters, mutes, liquids, vowels, and diphthongs, against somebody or other (John Doe, was
it, or Richard Roe?) for trespass on any rights of theirs which an attorney might trace, and of course for any direct outrage upon their persons. Yet no man was more systematically an offender in both ways than himself; tying up one leg of a quadruped word, and forcing it to run upon three; cutting off noses and ears, if he fancied that equity required it: and living in eternal hot water with a language which he pretended eternally to protect.

And yet all these fellows were nothing in comparison of Mr.' Pinkerton. The most of these men did but ruin the national spelling; but Pinkerton — the monster Pinkerton — proposed a revolution which would have left us nothing to spell. It is almost incredible — if a book regularly printed and published, bought and sold, did not remain to attest the fact — that this horrid barbarian seriously proposed, as a glorious discovery for refining our language, the following plan. All people were content with the compass of the English language: its range of expression was equal to anything; but, unfortunately, as compared with the sweet, orchestral languages of the south — Spanish the stately, and Italian the lovely — it wanted rhythmus and melody. Clearly, then, the one supplementary grace, which it remained for modern art to give, is that every one should add at discretion o and a, ino and ano, to the end of the English words. The language, in its old days, should be taught struttare struttissimamente. As a specimen, Mr. Pinkerton favored us with his own version of a famous passage in Addison, viz., 'The Vision of Mirza.' The passage, which begins thus, 'As I sat on the top of a rock,' being translated into, 'As I sat
on the toppino of a rocko,' &c. But luckilissime this proposalio of the absurdissimo Pinkertonio was not adoptado by anybody-ini whatever-ano.

Mr. Landor is more learned, and probably more consistent in his assaults upon the established spelling than most of these elder reformers. But that does not make him either learned enough or consistent enough. He never ascends into Anglo-Saxon, or the many cognate languages of the Teutonic family, which is indispensable to a searching inquest upon our language; he does not put forward in this direction even the slender qualifications of Horne Tooke. But Greek and Latin are quite unequal, when disjoined from the elder wheels in our etymological system, to the working of the total machinery of the English language. Mr. Landor proceeds upon no fixed principles in his changes. Sometimes it is on the principle of internal analogy within itself, that he would distort or retrotort the language; sometimes on the principle of external analogy with its roots; sometimes on the principle of euphony, or of metrical convenience. Even within such principles he is not uniform. All well-built English scholars, for instance, know that the word fealty cannot be made into a dissyllable: trisyllabic it ever was with the elder poets — Spenser, Milton, &c.; and so it is amongst all the modern poets who have taken any pains with their English studies: e. g.

'The eagle, lord of land and sea,
Stoop'd — down to pay him feal-ty.'

It is dreadful to hear a man say feal-ty in any case; but here it is luckily impossible. Now, Mr. Landor generally is correct, and trisects the word; but once
at least, he bisects it. I complain, besides, that Mr. Landor, in urging the authority of Milton for orthographic innovations, does not always distinguish as to Milton's motives. It is true, as he contends, that, in some instances, Milton reformed the spelling in obedience to the Italian precedent: and certainly without blame; as in _sorran, sdeign_, which ought not to be printed (as it is) with an elision before the s, as if short for disdain; but in other instances Milton's motive had no reference to etymology. Sometimes it was this. In Milton's day the modern use of italics was nearly unknown. Everybody is aware that, in our authorized version of the Bible, published in Milton's infancy, italics are never once used for the purpose of emphasis—but exclusively to indicate such words or auxiliary forms as, though implied and _virtually_ present in the original, are not textually expressed, but must be so in English, from the different genius of the language. Now, this want of a proper technical resource amongst the compositors of the age, for indicating a peculiar stress upon the word, evidently drove Milton into some perplexity for a compensatory contrivance. It was unusually requisite for _him_, with his elaborate metrical system and his divine ear, to have an art for throwing attention upon his accents, and upon his muffling of accents. When, for instance, he wishes to direct a bright jet of emphasis upon the possessive pronoun _their_, he writes it as we now write it. But, when he wishes to take off the accent, he writes _t thir_. Like Ritson, he writes _therefor_ and _wherefor_ without the final _e_; not regarding the analogy, but plainly the metrical quantity: for it was shocking to his classical feeling that a sound so short to the ear
should be represented to the eye by so long a combination as *fore*; and the more so, because uneducated people did then, and do now, often equilibrate the accent between the two syllables, or rather make the *quantity* long in both syllables, whilst giving an overbalance of the *accent* to the last. The 'Paradise Lost,' being printed during Milton's blindness, did not receive the full and consistent benefit of his spelling reforms, which (as I have contended) certainly arose partly in the imperfections of typography at that æra; but such changes as had happened most to impress his ear with a sense of their importance, he took a special trouble, even under all the disadvantages of his darkness, to have rigorously adopted. He must have astonished the compositors, though not quite so much as the tiger-cat Ritson or the Mr. (viz. monster) Pinkerton—each after *his* kind—astonished *their* compositors.

But the caprice of Mr. Landor is shown most of all upon Greek names. *Nous autres* say 'Aristotle,' and are quite content with it until we migrate into some extra-superfine world; but this title will not do for *him*: 'Aristotles' it must be. And why so? Because, answers the Landor, if once I consent to say Aristotle, then I am pledged to go the whole hog; and perhaps the next man I meet is Empedocles, whom, in that case, I must call Empedocle. Well, do so. *Call* him Empedocle; it will not break his back, which seems broad enough. But, now, mark the contradictions in which Mr. Landor is soon landed. He says, as everybody says, Terence, and not Terentius, Horace, and not Horatius; but he must leave off such horrid practices, because he dares not call Lucretius by the analogous name of Lucrece, since *that* would be
putting a she instead of a he; nor Propertius by the name of Properce, because that would be speaking French instead of English. Next he says, and continually he says, Virgil for Virgilius. But, on that principle, he ought to say Valer for Valerius; and yet again he ought not: because as he says Tully and not Tull for Tullius, so also is he bound, in Christian equity, to say Valery for Valer; but he cannot say either Valer or Valery. So here we are in a mess. Thirdly, I charge him with saying Ovid for Ovidius: which I do, which everybody does, but which he must not do: for if he means to persist in that, then, upon his own argument from analogy, he must call Didius Julianus by the shocking name of Did, which is the same thing as Tit—since T is D soft. Did was a very great man indeed, and for a very short time indeed. Probably Did was the only man that ever bade for an empire, and no mistake, at a public auction. Think of Did's bidding for the Roman empire; nay, think also of Did's having the lot actually knocked down to him; and of Did's going home to dinner with the lot in his pocket. It makes one perspire to think that, if the reader or myself had been living at that time, and had been prompted by some whim within us to bid against him—that is, he or I—should actually have come down to posterity by the abominable name of Anti-Did. All of us in England say Livy when speaking of the great historian, not Livius. Yet Livius Andronicus it would be impossible to indulge with that brotherly name of Livy. Marcus Antonius is called—not by Shakspeare only, but by all the world—Mark Antony; but who is it that ever called Marcus Brutus by the affectionate
name of Mark Brute? 'Keep your distance,' we say to that very doubtful brute, 'and expect no pet names from us.' Finally, apply the principle of abbreviation, involved in the names of Pliny, Livy, Tully, all substituting *y* for *ius*, to Marius— that grimmest of grim visions that rises up to us from the phantasmagoria of Roman history. Figure to yourself, reader, that truculent face, trenched and scarred with hostile swords, carrying thunder in its ominous eye-brows, and frightening armies a mile off with its scowl, being saluted by the tenderest of feminine names, as 'My Mary.'

Not only, therefore, is Mr. Landor inconsistent in these innovations, but the innovations themselves, supposing them all harmonized and established, would but plough up the landmarks of old hereditary feelings. We learn oftentimes, by a man's bearing a good-natured sobriquet amongst his comrades, that he is a kind-hearted, social creature, popular with them all! And it is an illustration of the same tendency, that the scale of popularity for the classical authors amongst our fathers, is registered tolerably well, in a gross general way, by the difference between having and *not* having a familiar name. If we except the first Cæsar, the mighty Caius Julius, who was too majestic to invite familiarity, though too gracious to have repelled it, there is no author whom our forefathers loved, but has won a sort of Christian name in the land. Homer, and Hesiod, and Pindar, we all say; we cancel the alien *us*; but we never say Theocrit for Theocritus. Anacreon remains rigidly Grecian marble; but *that* is only because his name is not of a plastic form— else everybody loves the sad old fellow. The same bar to familiarity existed in the names of the
tragic poets, except perhaps for Æschylus; who, however, like Cæsar, is too awful for a caressing name. But Roman names were, generally, more flexible. Livy and Sallust have ever been favorites with men; Livy with everybody; Sallust, in a degree that may be called extravagant, with many celebrated Frenchmen, as the President des Brosses, and in our own days with M. Lerminier, a most eloquent and original writer (‘Études Historiques’); and two centuries ago, with the greatest of men, John Milton, in a degree that seems to me absolutely mysterious. These writers are baptized into our society—have gained a settlement in our parish: when you call a man Jack, and not Mr. John, it's plain you like him. But, as to the gloomy Tacitus, our fathers liked him not. He was too vinegar a fellow for them; nothing hearty or genial about him; he thought ill of everybody; and we all suspect that, for those times, he was perhaps the worst of the bunch himself. Accordingly, this Tacitus, because he remained so perfectly tacit for our jolly old forefathers' ears, never slipped into the name Tacit for their mouths; nor ever will, I predict, for the mouths of posterity. Coming to the Roman poets, I must grant that three great ones, viz., Lucretius, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus, have not been complimented with the freedom of our city, as they should have been, in a gold box. I regret, also, the ill fortune, in this respect, of Catullus, if he was really the author of that grand headlong dithyrambic, the Atys: he certainly ought to have been ennobled by the title of Catull. Looking to very much of his writings, much more I regret the case of Plautus; and I am sure that if her Majesty would warrant his bear-
ing the name and arms of *Plaut* in all time coming, it would gratify many of us. As to the rest, or those that anybody cares about, Horace, Virgil, Ovid, Lucan, Martial, Claudian, all have been raised to the peerage. Ovid was the great poetic favorite of Milton; and not without a philosophic ground: his festal gayety, and the brilliant velocity of his *aurora borealis* intellect, forming a deep natural equipoise to the mighty gloom and solemn planetary movement in the mind of the other; like the wedding of male and female counterparts. Ovid was, therefore, rightly Milton's favorite. But the favorite of all the world is Horace. Were there ten peerages, were there three blue ribbons, vacant, he ought to have them all.

Besides, if Mr. Landor could issue decrees, and even harmonize his decrees for reforming our Anglo-Grecian spelling — decrees which no Council of Trent could execute, without first rebuilding the Holy Office of the Inquisition — still there would be little accomplished. The names of all continental Europe are often in confusion, from different causes, when Anglicized: German names are rarely spelled rightly by the *laity* of our isle: Polish and Hungarian never. Many foreign towns have in England what botanists would call *trivial* names; Leghorn, for instance, Florence, Madrid, Lisbon, Vienna, Munich, Antwerp, Brussels, the Hague, — all unintelligible names to the savage Continental native. Then, if Mr. Landor reads as much of Anglo-Indian books as I do, he must be aware that, for many years back, they have all been at sixes and sevens; so that now most Hindoo words are in masquerade, and we shall soon require *English* pundits in Leadenhall Street. How does he like, for instance, *Sipahee*, the
modern form for Sepoy? or Tepheen for Tiffin? At this rate of metamorphosis, absorbing even the consecrated names of social meals, we shall soon cease to understand what that disjune was which his sacred Majesty graciously accepted at Tillietudlem. But even elder forms of oriental speech are as little harmonized in Christendom. A few leagues of travelling make the Hebrew unintelligible to us; and the Bible becomes a Delphic mystery to Englishmen amongst the countrymen of Luther. Solomon is there called Salamo; Samson is called Simson, though probably he never published an edition of Euclid. Nay, even in this native isle of ours, you may be at cross purposes on the Bible with your own brother. I am, myself, next door neighbor to Westmoreland, being a Lancashire man; and, one day, I was talking with a Westmoreland farmer, whom, of course, I ought to have understood very well; but I had no chance with him: for I could not make out who that No was, concerning whom or concerning which, he persisted in talking. It seemed to me, from the context, that No must be a man, and by no means a chair; but so very negative a name, you perceive, furnished no positive hints for solving the problem. I said as much to the farmer, who stared in stupefaction. 'What,' cried he, 'did a far-larn'd man, like you, fresh from Oxford, never hear of No, an old gentleman that should have been drowned, but was not, when all his folk were drowned?' 'Never, so help me Jupiter,' was my reply: 'never heard of him to this hour, any more than of Yes, an old gentleman that should have been hanged, but was not, when all his folk were hanged. Populous No — I had read of in the Prophets; but
that was not an old gentleman.' It turned out that the farmer and all his compatriots in bonny Martindale had been taught at the parish school to rob the Patriarch Noah of one clear moiety appertaining in fee simple to that ancient name. But afterwards I found that the farmer was not so entirely absurd as he had seemed. The Septuagint, indeed, is clearly against him; for there, as plain as a pikestaff, the farmer might have read נוֹה. But, on the other hand, Pope, not quite so great a scholar as he was a poet, yet still a fair one, always made Noah into a monosyllable; and that seems to argue an old English usage; though I really believe Pope's reason for adhering to such an absurdity was with a prospective view to the rhymes blow, or row, or stow (an important idea to the Ark), which struck him as likely words, in case of any call for writing about Noah.

The long and the short of it is — that the whole world lies in heresy or schism on the subject of orthography. All climates alike groan under heterography. It is absolutely of no use to begin with one's own grandmother in such labors of reformation. It is toil thrown away: and as nearly hopeless a task as the proverb insinuates that it is to attempt a reformation in that old lady's mode of eating eggs. She laughs at one. She has a vain conceit that she is able, out of her own proper resources, to do both, viz., the spelling and the eating of the eggs. And all that remains for philosophers, like Mr. Landor and myself, is — to turn away in sorrow rather than in anger, dropping a silent tear for the poor old lady's infatuation.
ON WORDSWORTH'S POETRY.

Heretofore, upon one impulse or another, I have retraced fugitive memorials of several persons celebrated in our own times; but I have never undertaken an examination of any man's writings. The one labor is, comparatively, without an effort; the other is both difficult, and, with regard to contemporaries, is invidious. In genial moments the characteristic remembrances of men expand as fluently as buds travel into blossoms; but criticism, if it is to be conscientious and profound, and if it is applied to an object so unlimited as poetry, must be almost as unattainable by any hasty effort as fine poetry itself. "Thou hast convinced me," says Rasselas to Imlac, "that it is impossible to be a poet;" so vast had appeared to be the array of qualifications. But, with the same ease, Imlac might have convinced the prince that it was impossible to be a critic. And hence it is, that, in the sense of absolute and philosophic criticism, we have little or none; for, before that can exist, we must have a good psychology; whereas, at present, we have none at all.

If, however, it is more difficult to write critical sketches than sketches of personally recollections, often
it is much less connected with painful scruples. Of books, resting only on grounds which, in sincerity, you believe to be true, and speaking without anger or scorn you can hardly say the thing which ought to be taken amiss. But of men and women you dare not, and must not, tell all that chance may have revealed to you. Sometimes you are summoned to silence by pity for that general human infirmity, which you also, the writer, share. Sometimes you are checked by the consideration that perhaps your knowledge of the case was originally gained under opportunities allowed by confidence or by unsuspecting carelessness. Sometimes the disclosure would cause quarrels between parties now at peace. Sometimes it would carry pain, such as you could not feel justified in carrying, into the mind of him who was its object. Sometimes, again, if right to be told, it might be difficult to prove. Thus, for one cause or another, some things are sacred, and some things are perilous, amongst any personal revelations that else you might have it in your power to make. And seldom, indeed, is your own silent retrospect of such connections altogether happy. "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of princes,"—this has been the warning,—this has been the farewell moral, winding up and pointing the experience of dying statesmen. Not less truly it might be said, "Put not your trust in the intellectual princes of your age:" form no connections too close with any who live only in the atmosphere of admiration and praise. The love or the friendship of such people rarely contracts itself into the narrow circle of individuals. You if you are brilliant like themselves, they will hate; you if you are dull, I'll despise. Gaze, therefore, ou
the splendor of such idols as a passing stranger. Look for a moment as one sharing in the idolatry; but pass on before the splendor has been sullied by human frailty, or before your own generous homage has been confounded with offerings of weeds.

Safer, then, it is to scrutinize the works of eminent poets, than long to connect yourself with themselves, or to revive your remembrances of them in any personal record. Now, amongst all works that have illustrated our own age, none can more deserve an earnest notice than those of the Laureate; and on some grounds, peculiar to themselves, none so much. Their merit in fact is not only supreme but unique; not only supreme in their general class, but unique as in a class of their own. And there is a challenge of a separate nature to the curiosity of the readers, in the remarkable contrast between the first stage of Wordsworth's acception with the public and that which he enjoys at present. One original obstacle to the favorable impression of the Wordsworthian poetry, and an obstacle purely self-created, was his theory of poetic diction. The diction itself, without the theory, was of less consequence; for the mass of readers would have been too blind or too careless to notice it. But the preface to the second edition of his Poems (2 vols. 1799–1800), compelled them to notice it. Nothing more injudicious was ever done by man. An unpopular truth would, at any rate, have been a bad inauguration, for what, on other accounts the author had announced as “an experiment.” His poetry was already an experiment as regarded the quality of the subjects selected, and as regarded the mode of treating them. That was surely trial enough for the
reader's untrained sensibilities, without the unpopular truth besides, as to the diction. But, in the mean time, this truth, besides being unpopular, was also, in part, false: it was true, and it was not true. And it was not true in a double way. Stating broadly, and allowing it to be taken for his meaning, that the diction of ordinary life, in his own words, "the very language of man," was the proper diction for poetry, the writer meant no such thing; for only a part of this diction, according to his own subsequent restriction, was available for such a use. And, secondly, as his own subsequent practice showed, even this part was available only for peculiar classes of poetry. In his own exquisite "Laodamia," in his "Sonnets," in his "Excursion," few are his obligations to the idiomatic language of life, as distinguished from that of books, or of prescriptive usage. Coleridge remarked, justly, that "The Excursion" bristles beyond most poems with what are called "dictionary" words; that is, polysyllabic words of Latin or Greek origin. And so it must ever be, in meditative poetry upon solemn philosophic themes. The gamut of ideas needs a corresponding gamut of expressions; the scale of the thinking, which ranges through every key, exacts, for the artist, an unlimited command over the entire scale of the instrument which he employs. Never, in fact, was there a more erroneous direction than that given by a modern rector of the Glasgow University to the students,—viz., that they should cultivate the Saxon part of our language, at the cost of the Latin part. Nonsense! Both are indispensable; and, speaking generally without stopping to distinguish as to subjects, both are equally indispensable. Pathos, in situations which are homely, or at al
connected with domestic affections, naturally moves by Saxon words. Lyrical emotion of every kind, which (to merit the name of *lyrical*), must be in the state of flux and reflux, or, generally, of agitation, also requires the Saxon element of our language. And why? Because the Saxon is the aboriginal element; the basis, and not the superstructure: consequently it comprehends all the ideas which are natural to the heart of man and to the elementary situations of life. And, although the Latin often furnishes us with duplicates of these ideas, yet the Saxon or monosyllabic part has the advantage of precedence in our use and knowledge; for it is the language of the nursery, whether for rich or poor, in which great philological academy no toleration is given to words in "osity" or "ation." There is, therefore, a great advantage, as regards the consecration to our feelings, settled, by usage and custom, upon the Saxon strands, in the mixed yarn of our native tongue. And, universally, this may be remarked— that, wherever the passion of a poem is of that sort which uses, presumes, or postulates the ideas, without seeking to extend them, Saxon will be the "cocoon" (to speak by the language applied to silk-worms) which the poem spins for itself. But, on the other hand, where the motion of the feeling is by and through the ideas, where (as in religious or meditative poetry—Young's for instance, or Cowper's) the pathos creeps and kindles underneath the very tissues of the thinking, there the Latin will predominate; and so much so that, whilst the flesh, the blood and the muscle, will be often almost exclusively Latin, the articulations only, or hinges of connection, will be anglo-Saxon.

But a blunder, more perhaps from thoughtlessness and
careless reading, than from malice on the part of the professional critics, ought to have roused Wordsworth into a firmer feeling of the entire question. These critics have fancied that, in Wordsworth's estimate, whatsoever was plebeian was also poetically just in diction; not as though the impassioned phrase were sometimes the vernacular phrase, but as though the vernacular phrase were universally the impassioned. They naturally went on to suggest, as a corollary, which Wordsworth could not refuse, that Dryden and Pope must be translated into the flash diction of prisons and the slang of streets, before they could be regarded as poetically costumed. Now, so far as these critics were concerned, the answer would have been—simply to say, that much in the poets mentioned, but especially of the racy Dryden, actually is in that vernacular diction for which Wordsworth contended; and, for the other part, which is not, frequently it does require the very purgation, (if that were possible), which the critics were presuming to be so absurd. In Pope, and sometimes in Dryden, there is much of the unfeeling and the prescriptive slang which Wordsworth denounced. During the eighty years between 1660 and 1740, grew up that scrofulous taint in our diction which was denounced by Wordsworth as technically "poetic language;" and, if Dryden and Pope were less infected than others, this was merely because their understandings were finer. Much there is in both poets, as regards diction, which does require correction. And if, so far, the critics should resist Wordsworth's principle of reform, not he, but they, would have been found the patrons of deformity. This course would soon have turned the tables upon the critics. Fo the
poets, or the class of poets, whom they unwisely selected as models, susceptible of no correction, happen to be those who chiefly require it. But their foolish selection ought not to have intercepted or clouded the question when put in another shape, since in this shape it opens into a very troublesome dilemma. Spenser, Shakspeare, the Bible of 1610, and Milton,—how say you, William Wordsworth,—are these right and true as to diction, or are they not? If you say they are, then what is it that you are proposing to change? What room for a revolution? Would you, as Sancho says, have “better bread than is made of wheat?” But if you say, no, they are not; then, indeed, you open a fearful range to your own artillery, but in a war greater than you could, apparently, have contemplated. In the first case, that is, if the leading classics of the English literature are, in quality of diction and style, loyal to the canons of sound taste, then you cut away the locus standi for yourself as a reformer: the reformation applies only to secondary and recent abuses. In the second, if they also are faulty, you undertake an onus of hostility so vast that you will be found fighting against the stars.

It is clear, therefore, that Wordsworth erred, and caused unnecessary embarrassment, equally to the attack and to the defence, by not assigning the names of the parties offended, whom he had specially contemplated. The bodies of the criminals should have been had into court. But much more he erred in another point, where his neglect cannot be thought of without astonishment. The whole appeal turned upon a comparison between two modes of phraseology; each of these, the bad and the good, should have been extensively illustrated; and
until that is done, the whole dispute is an aërial subtilty equally beyond the grasp of the best critic and the worst. How could a man so much in earnest, and so deeply interested in the question, commit so capital an oversight? *Tantamne rem tam negligenter?* The truth is, that, at this day, after a lapse of forty-seven years, and some discussion, the whole question moved by Wordsworth is still a *res integra*. And for this reason, that no sufficient specimen has ever been given of the particular phraseology which each party contemplates as good or as bad: no man, in this dispute, steadily understands even himself; and, if he did, no other person understands him for want of distinct illustrations. Not only the answer, therefore, is still entirely in arrear, but even the question has not yet practically explained itself so as that an answer to it could be possible.

Passing from the diction of Wordsworth's poetry to its matter, the least plausible objection ever brought against it was that of Mr. Hazlitt: "One would suppose," he said, "from the tenor of his subjects, that on this earth there was neither marrying nor giving in marriage." But as well might it be said of Aristophanes: "One would suppose, that in Athens no such thing had been known as sorrow and weeping." Or Wordsworth himself might say reproachfully to some of Mr. Hazlitt's more favored poets: "Judging by your themes, a man must believe that there is no such thing on our planet as fighting and kicking." Wordsworth has written many memorable poems (for instance, "On the Tyrolean and the Spanish Insurrections;" "On the Retreat from Moscow;" "On the Feast of Brougham Castle"), all sympathizing powerfully with the martial spirit. Other
poets, favorites of Mr. Hazlitt, have never struck a solitary note from this Tyrtaean lyre; and who blames them? Surely, if every man finds his powers limited, every man would do well to respect this silent admonition of nature, by not travelling out of his appointed walk, through any coxcombrity of sporting a spurious versatility. And in this view, what Mr. Hazlitt made the reproach of the poet, is amongst the first of his praises. But there is another reason why Wordsworth could not meddle with festal raptures like the glory of a wedding-day. These raptures are not only too brief, but (which is worse) they tend downwards: even for as long as they last, they do not move upon an ascending scale. And even that is not their worst fault: they do not diffuse or communicate themselves: the wretches chiefly interested in a marriage are so selfish, that they keep all the rapture to themselves. Mere joy, that does not linger and reproduce itself in reverberations or mirrors, is not fitted for poetry. What would the sun be itself, if it were a mere blank orb of fire that did not multiply its splendors through millions of rays refracted and reflected; or if its glory were not endlessly caught, splintered, and thrown back by atmospheric repercussions?

There is, besides, a still subtler reason (and one that ought not to have escaped the acuteness of Mr. Hazlitt), why the muse of Wordsworth could not glorify a wedding festival. Poems no longer than a sonnet he might derive from such an impulse: and one such poem of his there really is. But whosoever looks searchingly into the characteristic genius of Wordsworth, will see that he does not willingly deal with a passion in its direct aspect.
or presenting an unmodified contour, but in forms more complex and oblique, and when passing under the shadow of some secondary passion. Joy, for instance, that wells up from constitutional sources, joy that is ebullient from youth to age, and cannot cease to sparkle, he yet exhibits in the person of Matthew, the village schoolmaster, as touched and overgloomed by memories of sorrow. In the poem of "We are Seven," which brings into day for the first time a profound fact in the abysses of human nature, namely, that the mind of an infant cannot admit the idea of death, any more than the fountain of light can comprehend the aboriginal darkness (a truth on which Mr. Ferrier has since commented beautifully in his "Philosophy of Consciousness"); the little mountaineer, who furnishes the text for this lovely strain, she whose fulness of life could not brook the gloomy faith in a grave, is yet (for the effect upon the reader) brought into connection with the reflex shadows of the grave: and if she herself has not, the reader has, the gloom of that contemplation obliquely irradiated, as raised in relief upon his imagination, even by her. Death and its sunny antipole are forced into connection. I remember again to have heard a man complain, that in a little poem having for its very subject the universal diffusion and the gratuitous diffusion of joy —

"Pleasure is spread through the earth,
In stray gifts to be claimed by whoever shall find,"

a picture occurs which overpowered him with melancholy: it was this —

1 See the exquisite poems, so little understood by the commonplace reader, of The Two April Mornings, and The Fountain.
"In sight of the spires
    All alive with the fires
Of the sun going down to his rest,
In the broad open eye of the solitary sky,
They dance,—there are three, as jocund as free,—
While they dance on the calm river's breast." ¹

Undeniably there is (and without ground for complaint there is) even here, where the spirit of gayety is professedly invoked, an oblique though evanescent image flashed upon us of a sadness that lies deep behind the laughing figures, and of a solitude that is the real possessor in fee of all things, but is waiting an hour or so for the dispossession of the false dancing tenants.

An inverse case, as regards the three just cited, is found in the poem of 'Hart-leap-well,' over which the mysterious spirit of the noon-day, Pan, seems to brood. Out of suffering is there evoked the image of peace. Out of the cruel leap, and the agonizing race through thirteen hours; out of the anguish in the perishing brute, and the headlong courage of his final despair,

"Not unobserved by sympathy divine," —

out of the ruined lodge and the forgotten mansion,

¹ Coleridge had a grievous infirmity of mind as regarded pain. He could not contemplate the shadows of fear, of sorrow, of suffering, with any steadiness of gaze. He was, in relation to that subject, what in Lancashire they call nesh, i.e., soft, or effeminate. This frailty claimed indulgence, had he not erected it at times into a ground of superiority. Accordingly, I remember that he also complained of this passage in Wordsworth, and on the same ground, as being too overpoweringly depressing in the fourth line, when modified by the other five.
bowers that are trodden under foot, and pleasure-houses
that are dust, the poet calls up a vision of *palingenesis*; he interposes his solemn images of suffering, of decay, and ruin, only as a visionary haze through which gleams transpire of a trembling dawn far off, but surely on the road.

"The pleasure-house is dust: behind, before,
This is no common waste, no common gloom;
But Nature in due course of time once more
Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

She leaves these objects to a slow decay,
That what we are, and have been, may be known
But, at the coming of the milder day,
These monuments shall all be overgrown."

This influx of the joyous into the sad, and the sad into the joyous, this reciprocal entanglement of darkness in light, and of light in darkness, offers a subject too occult for popular criticism; but merely to have suggested it, may be sufficient to account for Wordsworth not having chosen a theme of pure garish sunshine, such as the hurry of a wedding-day, so long as others, more picturesque or more plastic, were to be had. A wedding-day is, in many a life, the sunniest of its days. But unless it is overcast with some event more tragic than could be wished, its uniformity of blaze, without shade or relief, makes it insipid to the mere bystander. Accordingly, all *epithalamia* seem to have been written under the inspiration of a bank-note.

Far beyond these causes of repulsiveness to ordinary readers was the class of subjects selected, and the mode of treating them. The earliest line of readers, the var
in point of time, always includes a majority of the young, the commonplace, and the unimpassioned. Subsequently, these are sifted and winnowed, as the rear ranks come forward in succession. But at first it was sure to ruin any poems, that the situations treated are not those which reproduce to the fancy of readers their own hopes and prospects. The meditative are interested by all that has an interest for human nature. But what cares a young lady, dreaming of lovers kneeling at her feet, for the agitations of a mother forced into resigning her child? or of a shepherd at eighty parting forever amongst mountain solitudes with an only son of seventeen, innocent and hopeful, whom soon afterwards the guilty town seduces into ruin irreparable? Romances and novels in verse constitute the poetry which is immediately successful; and that is a poetry, it may be added, which, after one generation, is unsuccessful forever.

But this theme is too extensive. Let us pass to the separate works of Wordsworth; and, in deference to the opinion of the world, let us begin with "The Excursion." This poem, as regards its opening, seems to require a recast. The inaugurating story of Margaret is in a wrong key, and rests upon a false basis. It is a case of sorrow from desertion. So at least it is represented. Margaret loses, in losing her husband, the one sole friend of her heart. And the wanderer, who is the presiding philosopher of the poem, in retracing her story, sees nothing in the case but a wasting away through sorrow, at once natural in its kind, and preternatural in its degree.

There is a story somewhere told of a man who com-
plained, and his friends complained, that his face looked almost always dirty. The man explained this strange affection out of a mysterious idiosyncrasy in the face itself, upon which the atmosphere so acted as to force out stains or masses of gloomy suffusion, just as it does upon some qualities of stone in vapory weather. But, said his friend, had you no advice for this strange affection? O yes: surgeons had prescribed; chemistry had exhausted its secrets upon the case; magnetism had done its best; electricity had done its worst. His friend mused for some time, and then asked: "Pray, amongst these painful experiments, did it ever happen to you to try one that I have read of, namely, a basin of soap and water?" And perhaps, on the same principle, it might be allowable to ask the philosophic wanderer, who washes the case of Margaret with so many coats of metaphysical varnish, but ends with finding all unavailing, "Pray, amongst your other experiments, did you ever try the effect of a guinea?" Supposing this, however, to be a remedy beyond his fortitude, at least he might have offered a little rational advice, which costs no more than civility. Let us look steadily at the case. The particular calamity under which Margaret groaned was the loss of her husband, who had enlisted. There is something, even on the husband's part, in this enlistment, to which the reader can hardly extend his compassion. The man had not gone off; it is true, as a heartless deserter of his family, or in profligate quest of pleasure: cheerfully he would have stayed and worked, had trade been good; but, as it was not, he found it impossible to support the spectacle of domestic suffering he takes the bounty of a recruiting sergeant, and off he
marches with his regiment. Nobody reaches the summit of heartlessness at once; and, accordingly, in this early stage of his desertion, we are not surprised to find that part (but what part?) of the bounty had been silently conveyed to his wife. So far we are barely not indignant; but as time wears on we become highly so; for no letter does he ever send to his poor, forsaken partner, either of tender excuse, or of encouraging prospects. Yet, if he had done this, still we must condemn him. Millions have supported (and supported without praise or knowledge of man) that trial from which he so weakly fled. Even in this, and going no further, he was a voluptuary. Millions have heard and acknowledged, as a secret call from Heaven, the summons, not only to take their own share of household suffering, as a mere sacrifice to the spirit of manliness, but also to stand the far sterner trial of witnessing the same privations in a wife and little children. To evade this, to slip his neck out of the yoke, when God summons a poor man to such a trial, is the worst form of cowardice. And Margaret's husband, by adding to this cowardice subsequently an entire neglect of his family, not so much as intimating the destination of the regiment, forfeits his last hold upon our lingering sympathy. But with him, t will be said, the poet has not connected the leading thread of the interest. Certainly not; though in some degree by a reaction from his character depends the respectability of Margaret's grief. And it is impossible to turn away from his case entirely, because from the act of the enlistment is derived the whole movement of the story. Here it is that we must tax the wandering philosopher with treason. He found so luxurious a
pleasure in contemplating a pathetic *phthisis* of heart in the abandoned wife, that the one obvious counsel in her particular distress which dotage could not have overlooked he suppresses. And yet this in the revolution of a week would have brought her effectual relief. Surely the regiment, into which her husband had enlisted, bore some number: it was the king's "dirty half-hundred"—or the rifle brigade—or some corps known to men and the Horse Guards. Instead, therefore, of suffering poor Margaret to loiter at a gate, looking for answers to her questions from vagrant horsemen,—a process which reminds one of a sight, sometimes extorting at once smiles and deep pity, in the crowded thoroughfares of London, namely, a little child innocently asking with tearful eyes from strangers for the mother whom it has lost in that vast wilderness,—the wanderer should at once have inquired for the station of that detachment which had enlisted him. This *must* have been in the neighborhood. Here he would have obtained all the particulars. That same night he would have written to the War-Office; and in a very few days an official answer, bearing the indorsement, *On H. M.' Service*, would have placed Margaret in communication with the truant. To have overlooked a point of policy so broadly apparent as this, vitiates and nullifies the very basis of the story. Even for a romance it will not do; far less for a philosophic poem dealing with intense realities. No such case of distress could have lived for one fortnight, nor have survived a single interview with the rector, the curate, the parish-clerk, with the schoolmaster, the doctor, the attorney, the innkeeper, or the exciseman.
But, apart from the vicious mechanism of the incidents, the story is even more objectionable by the doubtful quality of the leading character from which it derives its pathos. Had any one of us readers held the office of coroner in her neighborhood, he would have found it his duty to hold an inquest upon the body of her infant. This child, as every reader could depose (now when the details have been published by the poet), died of neglect; not through direct cruelty, but through criminal self-indulgence. Self-indulgence in what? Not in liquor, yet not altogether in fretting. Sloth, and the habit of gadding abroad, were most in fault. The Wanderer himself might have been called as a witness for the crown, to prove that the infant was left to sleep in solitude for hours: the key even was taken away, as if to intercept the possibility (except through burglary) of those tender attentions from some casual stranger, which the unfeeling mother had withdrawn. The child absolutely awoke whilst the philosopher was listening at the door. It cried; but finally hushed itself to sleep. That looks like a case of Dalby's carminative. But this crisis could not have been relied on: tragical catastrophes arise from neglected crying; ruptures in the first place, a very common result in infants; rolling out of bed followed by dislocation of the neck; fits, and other short cuts to death. It is hardly any praise to Margaret that she carried the child to that consummation by a more ingering road.

This first tale, therefore, must and will, if Mr. Wordsworth retains energy for such recasts of a laborious work, be cut away from its connection with “The Excursion.” This is the more to be expected from a
poet aware of his own importance and anxious for the perfection of his works, because nothing in the following books depends upon this narrative. No timbers or main beams need to be sawed away; it is but a bolt that is to be slipped, a rivet to be unscrewed. And yet, on the other hand, if the connection is slight, the injury is great; for we all complain heavily of entering a temple dedicated to new combinations of truth through a vestibule of falsehood. And the falsehood is double; falsehood in the adjustment of the details (however separately possible), falsehood in the character which, wearing the mask of profound sentiment, does apparently repose upon dyspepsy and sloth.

Far different in value and in principle of composition is the next tale in "The Excursion." This occupies the fourth book, and is the impassioned record from the infidel solitary of those heart-shaking chapters in his own life which had made him what the reader finds him. Once he had not been a solitary; once he had not been an infidel; now he is both. He lives in a little, urn-like valley (a closet-recess from Little Langdale by the description), amongst the homely household of a yeoman: he is become a bitter cynic; and not against man alone, or society alone, but against the laws of hope or fear, upon which both repose. If he endures the society with which he is now connected, it is because, being dull, that society is of few words; it is because, being tied to hard labor, that society goes early to bed, and packs up its dulness at eight, p. m., in blankets; it is because, under the acute inflictions of Sunday, or the chronic inflictions of the Christmas holidays, that dull society is easily laid into a magnetic sleep by three
passes of metaphysical philosophy. The narrative of
this misanthrope is grand and impassioned; not creeping
by details and minute touches, but rolling through capital
events, and uttering its pathos through great representa-
tive abstractions. Nothing can be finer than when, upon
the desolation of his household, upon the utter emptying
of his domestic chambers by the successive deaths of
children and youthful wife, just at that moment the
mighty phantom of the French Revolution rises solemnly
above the horizon; even then new earth and new heavens are promised to human nature; and suddenly
the solitary man, translated by the frenzy of human
grief into the frenzy of supernatural hopes, adopts these
radiant visions for the darlings whom he has lost —

"Society becomes his glittering bride,
And airy hopes his children."

Yet it is a misfortune in the fate of this fine tragic
movement, rather than its structure, that it tends to col-
lapse: the latter strains, colored deeply by disappoint-
ment, do not correspond with the grandeur of the first.
And the hero of the record becomes even more painfully
a contrast to himself than the tenor of the incidents to
their earlier tenor. Sneering and querulous comments
upon so broad a field as human folly, make poor com-
ensation for the magnificence of youthful enthusiasm.
But may not this defect be redressed in a future section
of the poem? It is probable, from a hint dropped by
the author, that one collateral object of the philosophical
discussions is — the reconversion of the splenetic infidel
to his ancient creed in some higher form, and to his
ancient temper of benignant hope: in which case, what
now we feel to be a cheerless depression, will sweep round into a noble reascent — quite on a level with the aspirations of youth, and differing, not in degree, but only in quality of enthusiasm. Yet, if this is the poet's plan, it seems to rest upon a misconception. For how should the sneering sceptic, who has actually found solace in Voltaire's "Candide," be restored to the benignities of faith and hope by argument? It was not in this way that he lost his station amongst Christian believers. No false philosophy it had been which wrecked his Christian spirit of hope; but, on the contrary, his bankruptcy in hope which wrecked his Christian philosophy. Here, therefore, the poet will certainly find himself in an "almighty fix;" because any possible treatment, which could restore the solitary's former self, such as a course of sea-bathing, could not interest the reader; and reversely, any successful treatment through argument that could interest the philosophic reader would not, under the circumstances, seem a plausible restoration for the case.

What is it that has made the recluse a sceptic? Is it the reading of bad books? In that case he may be reclaimed by the arguments of those who have read better. But not at all. He has become the unbelieving cynic that he is, 1st, through his own domestic calamities predisposing him to gloomy views of human nature; and, 2dly, through the overclouding of his high-toned expectations from the French Revolution, which has disposed him, in a spirit of revenge for his own disappointment, to contemptuous views of human nature. Now, surely the dejection which supports his gloom, and the despondency which supports his contempt, are not of a
nature to give way before philosophic reasonings. Make him happy by restoring what he has lost, and his genial philosophy will return of itself. Make him triumphant by realizing what had seemed to him the golden promises of the French Revolution, and his political creed will moul] her sickly feathers. Do this, and he is still young enough for hope; but less than this restoration of his morning visions will not call back again his morning happiness; and breaking spears with him in logical tournaments will mend neither his hopes nor his temper.

Indirectly, besides, it ought not to be overlooked, that, as respects the French Revolution, the whole college of philosophy in "The Excursion," who are gathered together upon the case of the recluse, make the same mistake that he makes. Why is the recluse disgusted with the French Revolution? Because it had not fulfilled many of his expectations; and, of those which it had fulfilled, some had soon been darkened by reverses. But really this was childish impatience. If a man depends for the exuberance of his harvest upon the splendor of the coming summer, you do not excuse him for taking prussic acid because it rains cats and dogs through the first ten days of April. All in good time, we say; take it easy; make acquaintance with May and June before you do anything rash. The French Revolution has not, even yet [1845], come into full action. It was the explosion of a prodigious volcano, which scattered its lava over every kingdom of every continent, everywhere silently manuring them for social struggles; this lava is gradually fertilizing all; the revolutionary movement is moving onwards at this hour as inexorably as ever. Listen, if you have ears for such spiritual
sounds, to the mighty tide even now slowly coming up
from the sea to Milan, to Rome, to Naples, to Vienna. Hearken to the gentle undulations already breaking
against the steps of that golden throne which stretches
from St. Petersburgh to Astrachan;—tremble at the
hurricanes which have long been mustering about the
pavilions of the Ottoman Padishah. All these are long
swells setting in from the French Revolution. Even as
regards France herself, that which gave the mortal
offence to the sympathies of the solitary was the Reign
of Terror. But how thoughtless to measure the cycles
of vast national revolutions by metres that would not
stretch round an ordinary human passion! Even to a
frail sweetheart you would grant more indulgence than
to be off in a pet because some transitory cloud arose
between you. The Reign of Terror was a mere fleeting
phasis. The Napoleon dynasty was nothing more. Even
that scourge, which was supposed by many to have mastered the Revolution, has itself passed away upon the wind,
—leaving no wreck, relic, or record behind, except pre-
cisely those changes which it worked, not as an enemy to
the Revolution (which also it was), but as its servant and
its tool. See, even whilst we speak, the folly of that
cynical sceptic who would not allow time for great
natural processes of purification to travel onwards to
their birth, or wait for the evolution of natural results
—the storm that shocked him has wheeled away;—
the frost and the hail that offended him have done their
office;—the rain is over and gone;—happier days
have descended upon France;—the voice of the turtle
is heard in all her forests;—man walks with his head
erect;—bastiles are no more;—every cottage is
searched by the golden light of law; and the privileges of conscience are consecrated forever.

Here, then, the poet himself, the philosophic wanderer, the learned vicar, are all equally in fault with the solitary sceptic; for they all agree in treating his disappointment as sound and reasonable in itself; but blamable only in relation to those exalted hopes which he never ought to have encouraged. Right (they say), to consider the French Revolution, now, as a failure; but not right originally, to have expected that it should succeed. Whereas, in fact, it has succeeded; it is propagating its life; it is travelling on to new births—conquering, and yet to conquer.

It is not easy to see, therefore, how the Laureate can avoid making some change in the constitution of his poem, were it only to rescue his philosophers, and, therefore, his own philosophy, from the imputation of precipitancy in judgment. They charge the sceptic with rash judgment à partie ante; and, meantime, they themselves are more liable to that charge à partie post. If he, at the first, hoped too much (which is not clear, but only that he hoped too impatiently), they afterwards recant too blindly. And this error they will not, themselves, fail to acknowledge, as soon as they awaken to the truth, that the Revolution did not close on the 18th Brumaire, 1799, at which time it was only arrested or suspended, in one direction, by military shackles, but is still mining under ground, like the ghost in Hamlet, through every quarter of the globe.1

1 The reader must not understand the writer as unconditionally approving of the French Revolution. It is his belief that the
In paying so much attention to "The Excursion" (of which, in a more extended notice, the two books entitled, "The Churchyard amongst the Mountains," would have claimed the profoundest attention), we yield less to our own opinion than to that of the public. Or, perhaps, it is not so much the public as the vulgar opinion, governed entirely by the consideration that "The Excursion" is very much the longest poem of its author; and, secondly, that it bears currently the title of a philosophic poem; on which account it is presumed to have a higher dignity. The big name and the big size are allowed to settle its rank. But in this there is much delusion. In the very scheme and movement of "The Excursion" there are two defects which interfere greatly with its power to act upon the mind as a whole, or with any effect of unity; so that, infallibly it will be read, by future generations, in parts and fragments; and, being thus virtually dismembered into many small poems, it will scarcely justify men in allowing it the rank of a long one. One of these defects is the undulatory character of the course pursued by the poem, which resistance to the revolution was, in many high quarters, a sacred duty; and that this resistance it was which forced out, from the Revolution itself, the benefits which it has since diffused. To speak by the language of mechanics, the case was one which illustrated the composition of forces. Neither the Revolution singly, nor the resistance to the Revolution singly, was calculated to regenerate social man. But the two forces in union — where the one modified mitigated, or even neutralized the other, at times, and where, at times, each entered into a happy combination with the other, — yielded for the world those benefits which, by its separate tendency, either of the two was fitted to stifle.
does not ascend uniformly, or even keep one steady level, but trespasses, as if by forgetfulness, or chance, into topics furnishing little inspiration, and not always closely connected with the presiding theme. In part this arises from the accident that a slight tissue of narrative connects the different sections; and to this the movement of the narrative, the fluctuations of the speculative themes, are in part obedient: the succession of the incidents becomes a law for the succession of the thoughts, as oftentimes it happens that these incidents are the proximate occasions of the thoughts. Yet, as the narrative is not of a nature to be moulded by any determinate principle of coercing passion, but bends easily to the caprices of chance and the moment, unavoidably it stamps, by reaction, a desultory or even incoherent character upon the train of the philosophic discussions. You know not what is coming next; and, when it does come, you do not always know why it comes. This has the effect of crumbling the poem into separate segments, and causes the whole (when looked at as a whole) to appear a rope of sand. A second defect lies in the colloquial form which the poem sometimes assumes. It is dangerous to conduct a philosophic discussion by talking. If the nature of the argument could be supposed to roll through logical quillets, or metaphysical conundrums, so that, on putting forward a problem, the interlocutor could bring matters to a crisis, by saying, “Do you give it up?”—in that case there might be a smart reciprocation of dialogue, of swearing and denying, giving and taking, butting, rebutting, and “surrebutting”;"¹ and

¹ “Surrebutting”: this is not, directly, a term from Aristotle's
this would confer an interlocutory or amœbean character upon the process of altercation. But the topics, and the quality of the arguments being moral, in which always the reconciliation of the feelings is to be secured by gradual persuasion, rather than the understanding to be floored by a solitary blow, inevitably it becomes impossible that anything of this brilliant conversational sword-play, cut-and-thrust, "carte" and "tierce," can make for itself an opening. Mere decorum requires that the speakers should be prosy. And you yourself, though sometimes disposed to say, "Do now, dear old soul, cut it short," are sensible that he cannot cut it short. Disquisitions, in a certain key, can no more turn round upon a sixpence than a coach-and-six. They must have sea-room to "wear" ship, and to tack. This in itself is often tedious; but it leads to a worse tediousness: a practised eye sees from afar the whole evolution of the coming argument; and then, besides the pain of hearing the parties preach, you hear them preach from a text which already in germ had warned you of all the buds and blossoms which it was laboriously to produce. And this second blemish, unavoidable if the method of dialogue is adopted, becomes more painfully apparent through a third, almost inalienable from the natural constitution of the subjects concerned. It is, that in cases where a large interest of human nature is treated, such as the position of man in this world, his duties, his difficulties, many parts become necessary as transitiona.

mint, but indirectly it is; for it belongs to the old science of "special pleading," which, in part, is an offset from the Aristotelian logic.
or connecting links, which, _per se_, are not attractive, nor can by any art be made so. Treating the whole theme _in extenso_, the poet is driven, by natural corollary, or by objections too obvious to be evaded, into discussions not chosen by his own taste, but dictated by the logic or the tendencies of the question, and by the impossibility of dismissing with partiality any one branch of a subject which is essential to the integrity of the speculation, simply because it is at war with the brilliancy of its development.

Not, therefore, in "The Excursion" must we look for that reversionary influence which awaits Wordsworth with posterity. It is the vulgar superstition in behalf of big books and sounding titles; it is the weakness of supposing no book entitled to be considered a power in the literature of the land, unless physically it is weighty, that must have prevailed upon Coleridge and others to undervalue, by comparison with the direct philosophic poetry of Wordsworth, those earlier poems which are all short, but generally scintillating with gems of far profounder truth. Let the reader understand, however, that, by "truth," I understand, not merely that truth which takes the shape of a formal proposition, reducible to "mood" and "figure," but truth which suddenly strengthens into solemnity an impression very feebly acknowledged previously, or truth which suddenly unveils a connection between objects always before regarded as irrelate and independent. In astronomy, to gain the rank of discoverer, it is not required that you should reveal a star absolutely new; find out with respect to an old star some new affection—as, for instance, that it has an ascertainable parallax—
and immediately you bring it within the verge of a human interest; or of some old familiar planet, that its satellites suffer periodical eclipses, and immediately you bring it within the verge of terrestrial uses. Gleams of steadier vision, that brighten into certainty appearances else doubtful, or that unfold relations else unsuspected, are not less discoveries of truth than the revelations of the telescope, or the conquests of the diving-bell. It is astonishing how large a harvest of new truths would be reaped, simply through the accident of a man's feeling, or being made to feel, more deeply than other men. He sees the same objects, neither more nor fewer, but he sees them engraved in lines far stronger and more determinate; and the difference in the strength makes the whole difference between consciousness and sub-consciousness. And in questions of the mere understanding, we see the same fact illustrated: the author who rivets notice the most, is not he that perplexes men by truths drawn from fountains of absolute novelty,—truths unsunned as yet, and obscure from that cause; but he that awakens into illuminated consciousness old lineaments of truth long slumbering in the mind, although too faint to have extorted attention. Wordsworth has brought many a truth into life, both for the eye and for the understanding, which previously had slumbered indistinctly for all men.

For instance, as respects the eye, who does not acknowledge instantaneously the strength of reality in that saying upon a cataract seen from a station two miles off, that it was "frozen by distance"? In all nature there is not an object so essentially at war with the stiffening of frost, as the headlong and desperate life
of a cataract; and yet notoriously the effect of distance is to lock up this frenzy of motion into the most petrific column of stillness. This effect is perceived at once when pointed out; but how few are the eyes that ever would have perceived it for themselves! Twilight, again,—who before Wordsworth ever distinctly noticed its abstracting power?—that power of removing, softening, harmonizing, by which a mode of obscurity executes for the eye the same mysterious office which the mind so often within its own shadowy realms executes for itself. In the dim interspace between day and night, all disappears from our earthly scenery, as if touched by an enchanter's rod, which is either mean or inharmonious, or unquiet, or expressive of temporary things. Leaning against a column of rock, looking down upon a lake or river, and at intervals carrying your eyes forward through a vista of mountains, you become aware that your sight rests upon the very same spectacle, unaltered in a single feature, which once at the same hour was beheld by the legionary Roman from his embattled camp, or by the roving Briton in his "wolf-skin vest," lying down to sleep, and looking

—— "through some leafy bower,
Before his eyes were closed."

How magnificent is the summary or abstraction of the elementary features in such a scene, as executed by the poet himself, in illustration of this abstraction daily executed by nature, through her handmaid Twilight! Listen, reader, to the closing strain, solemn as
twilight is solemn, and grand as the spectacle which it
describes:—

"By him [i. e., the roving Briton] was seen,
The self-same vision which we now behold,
At thy meek bidding, shadowy Power, brought forth,
These mighty barriers, and the gulf between;
The floods, the stars,—a spectacle as old
As the beginning of the heavens and earth."

Another great field there is amongst the pomps of
nature, which, if Wordsworth did not first notice, he
certainly has noticed most circumstantially. I speak of
cloud-scenery, or those pageants of sky-built architecture,
which sometimes in summer, at noon-day, and in all sea-
sons about sunset, arrest or appal the meditative; "per-
plexing monarchs" with the spectacle of armies ma-
œuvring, or deepening the solemnity of evening by
towering edifices that mimic—but which also in mimick-
ing mock—the transitory grandeurs of man. It is
singular that these gorgeous phenomena, not less than
those of the *Aurora Borealis*, have been so little noticed
by poets. The *Aurora* was naturally neglected by the
southern poets of Greece and Rome, as not much seen in
their latitudes.* But the cloud-architecture of the day-

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* But then, says the reader, why is it not proportionably the
more noticed by poets of the north? Certainly, that question is
fair. And the answer, it is scarcely possible to doubt, is this:—
That until the rise of Natural Philosophy, in Charles the Second's
reign, there was no name for the appearance; on which account,
some writers have been absurd enough to believe that the *Aurora*
did not exist, noticeably, until about 1690. Shakspeare, in his
journey down to Stratford (always performed on horseback), must
often have been belated: he must sometimes have seen, he could
not but have admired, the fiery skirmishes of the *Aurora*. And
ight belongs alike to north and south. Accordingly, I remember one notice of it in Hesiod, a case were the clouds exhibited

"The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest."

Another there is, a thousand years later, in Lucan: amongst the portents which presaged the dreadful convulsions destined to shake the earth at Pharsalia, is noticed by him some fiery coruscation of arms in the heavens; but, so far as I recollect, the appearances might have belonged equally to the workmanship of the clouds or the Aurora. Up and down the next eight hundred years are scattered evanescent allusions to these vapory appearances; in Hamlet and elsewhere occur gleams of such allusions; but I remember no distinct picture of one before that in the "Antony and Cleopatra" of Shakspeare, beginning,

"Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish."

Subsequently to Shakspeare, these notices, as of all phenomena whatsoever that demanded a familiarity with nature in the spirit of love, became rarer and rarer. At length, as the eighteenth century was winding up its accounts, forth stepped William Wordsworth, of whom, as a reader of all pages in nature, it may be said that, if we except Dampier, the admirable buccaneer, and some few professional naturalists, he first and he last looked at natural objects with the eye that neither will be dazzled from without nor cheated by preconceptions from within. Most men look at nature in the hurry of
a confusion that distinguishes nothing; their error is from without. Pope, again, and many who live in towns,* make such blunders as that of supposing the moon to tip with silver the hills behind which she is rising, not by erroneous use of their eyes (for they use them not at all), but by inveterate preconceptions. Scarcely has there been a poet with what could be called a learned eye, or an eye _extensively_ learned, before Wordsworth. Much affectation there has been of that sort since his rise, and at all times much counterfeit enthusiasm; but the sum of the matter is this, that Wordsworth had his passion for nature fixed in his blood;—it was a necessity, like that of the mulberry-leaf to the silk-worm; and through his commerce with nature did he live and breathe. Hence it was, namely, from the _truth_ of his love, that his knowledge grew; whilst most others, being merely hypocrites in their love, have turned out merely _charlatans_ in their knowledge. This chapter, therefore, of _sky_ scenery, may be said to have been revivified amongst the resources of poetry by Wordsworth—rekindled, if not absolutely kindled. The sublime scene endorsed upon the draperies of the storm in "The Excursion,"—that witnessed upon the passage of the Hamilton Hills in Yorkshire,—the

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* It was not, however, that all poets then lived in towns; neither had Pope himself generally lived in towns. But it is perfectly useless to be familiar with nature unless there is a public trained to love and value nature. It is not what the individual sees that will fix itself as beautiful in his recollections, but what he sees under a consciousness that others will sympathize with his feelings. Under any other circumstances familiarity does but realize the adage, and "breeds contempt." The great despisers of _rural_ scenery are rustics.
solemn "sky prospect" from the fields of France, are unrivalled in that order of composition; and in one of these records Wordsworth has given first of all the true key-note of the sentiment belonging to these grand pageants. They are, says the poet, speaking in a case where the appearance had occurred towards night,

"Meek nature's evening comment on the shows
And all the fuming vanities of earth"

Yes, that is the secret moral whispered to the mind. These mimicries express the laughter which is in heaven at earthly pomps. Frail and vapory are the glories of man, even as the parodies of those glories are frail which nature weaves in clouds.

As another of those natural appearances which must have haunted men's eyes since the Flood, but yet had never forced itself into conscious notice until arrested by Wordsworth, I may notice an effect of iteration daily exhibited in the habits of cattle:

"The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising,
There are forty feeding like one."

Now, merely as a fact, and if it were nothing more, this characteristic appearance in the habits of cows, when all repeat the action of each, ought not to have been over-looked by those who profess themselves engaged in holding up a mirror to nature. But the fact has also a profound meaning as a hieroglyphic. In all animals which live under the protection of man a life of peace and quietness, but do not share in his labors or in his pleasures, what we regard is the species, and not the
individual. Nobody but a grazier ever looks at one cow amongst a field of cows, or at one sheep in a flock. But as to those animals which are more closely connected with man, not passively connected, but actively, being partners in his toils and perils and recreations, such as horses, dogs, falcons, they are regarded as individuals, and are allowed the benefit of an individual interest. It is not that cows have not a differential character, each for herself; and sheep, it is well known, have all a separate physiognomy for the shepherd who has cultivated their acquaintance. But men generally have no opportunity or motive for studying the individualities of creatures, however otherwise respectable, that are too much regarded by all of us in the reversionary light of milk, and beef, and mutton. Far otherwise it is with horses, who share in man's martial risks, who sympathize with man's frenzy in hunting, who divide with man the burdens of noonday. Far otherwise it is with dogs, that share the hearths of man, and adore the footsteps of his children. These man loves; of these he makes dear, though humble friends. These often fight for him; and for them he will sometimes fight. Of necessity, therefore, every horse and every dog is an individual — has a sort of personality that makes him separately interesting — has a beauty and a character of his own. Go to Melton, therefore, and what will you see? Every man, every horse, every dog, glorying in the plentitude of life, is in a different attitude, motion, gesture, action. It is not there the sublime unity which you must seek, where forty are like one; but the sublime infinity, like that of ocean, like that of Flora, like that of nature, where no
repetitions are endured, no leaf the copy of another leaf no absolute identity, and no painful tautologies. This subject might be pursued into profounder recesses; but in a popular discussion it is necessary to forbear.

A volume might be filled with such glimpses of novelty as Wordsworth has first laid bare, even to the apprehension of the senses. For the understanding, when moving in the same track of human sensibilities, he has done only not so much. How often (to give an instance or two) must the human heart have felt that there are sorrows which descend far below the region in which tears gather; and yet who has ever given utterance to this feeling until Wordsworth came with his immortal line —

"Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears"?

This sentiment, and others that might be adduced (such as "The child is father of the man"), have even passed into the popular mind, and are often quoted by those who know not whom they are quoting. Magnificent, again, is the sentiment, and yet an echo to one which lurks amongst all hearts, in relation to the frailty of merely human schemes for working good, which so often droop and collapse through the unsteadiness of human energies,—

"Foundations must be laid In Heaven."

How? Foundations laid in realms that are above? But that is at war with physics; — foundations must be laid below. Yes; and even so the poet throws the mind yet more forcibly on the hyperphysical character
—on the grandeur transcending all physics—of those shadowy fountains which alone are enduring.

But the great distinction of Wordsworth, and the pledge of his increasing popularity, is the extent of his sympathy with what is really permanent in human feelings, and also the depth of this sympathy. Young and Cowper, the two earlier leaders in the province of meditative poetry, are too circumscribed in the range of their sympathies, too exclusive, and oftentimes not sufficiently profound. Both these poets manifested the quality of their strength by the quality of their public reception. Popular in some degree from the first, they entered upon the inheritance of their fame almost at once. Far different was the fate of Wordsworth; for, in poetry of this class, which appeals to what lies deepest in man, in proportion to the native power of the poet, and his fitness for permanent life, is the strength of resistance in the public taste. Whatever is too original will be hated at the first. It must slowly mould a public for itself; and the resistance of the early thoughtless judgments must be overcome by a counter resistance to itself, in a better audience slowly mustering against the first. Forty and seven years* it is since William Wordsworth first appeared as an author. Twenty of those years he was the scoff of the world, and his poetry a by-word of scorn. Since then, and more than once, senates have rung with acclamations to the echo of his name. Now at this moment, while we are talking about him, he has entered upon his seventy-sixth year. For himself, according to the course of nature, he cannot be far from his setting; but his poetry is but now clearing the clouds that gathered about its rising. Meditative poetry is perhaps tha

* Written in 1845.
which will finally maintain most power upon generations more thoughtful; and in this department, at least, there is little competition to be apprehended by Wordsworth from anything that has appeared since the death of Shakspeare.⁹⁸
THE KNOCKING AT THE GATE

IN MACBETH.

"Whence is that knocking?
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red."

MACBETH, Act II., Scene 2.

From my boyish days I had always felt a great perplexity on one point in Macbeth. It was this: the knocking at the gate, which succeeds to the murder of Duncan, produced to my feelings an effect for which I never could account. The effect was, that it reflected back upon the murder a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity; yet, however obstinately I endeavored with my understanding to comprehend this, for many years I never could see why it should produce such an effect.

Here I pause for one moment to exhort the reader never to pay any attention to his understanding, when it stands in opposition to any other faculty of his mind. The mere understanding, however useful and indispensable, is the meanest faculty in the human mind, and the most to be distrusted; and yet the great majority
of people trust to nothing else; which may do for ordinary life, but not for philosophical purposes. Of this out of ten thousand instances that I might produce, I will cite one. Ask of any person whatsoever, who is not previously prepared for the demand by a knowledge of perspective, to draw in the rudest way the commonest appearance which depends upon the laws of that science; as, for instance, to represent the effect of two walls standing at right angles to each other, or the appearance of the houses on each side of a street, as seen by a person looking down the street from one extremity. Now, in all cases, unless the person has happened to observe in pictures how it is that artists produce these effects, he will be utterly unable to make the smallest approximation to it. Yet why? For he has actually seen the effect every day of his life. The reason is—that he allows his understanding to override his eyes. His understanding, which includes no intuitive knowledge of the laws of vision, can furnish him with no reason why a line which is known and can be proved to be a horizontal line, should not appear a horizontal line; a line that made any angle with the perpendicular, less than a right angle, would seem to him to indicate that his houses were all tumbling down together. Accordingly, he makes the line of his houses a horizontal line, and fails, of course, to produce the effect demanded. Here, then, is one instance out of many, in which not only the understanding is allowed to override the eyes, but where the understanding is positively allowed to obliterate the eyes, as it were, for not only does the man believe the evidence of his understanding, in opposition to that of his eyes, but, (what is monstrous!) the idiot is not aware that his
eyes ever gave such evidence. He does not know that he has seen (and therefore quoad his consciousness has not seen) that which he has seen every day of his life.

But to return from this digression, my understanding could furnish no reason why the knocking at the gate in Macbeth should produce any effect direct or reflected. In fact, my understanding said positively that it could not produce any effect. But I knew better; I felt that it did; and I waited and clung to the problem until further knowledge should enable me to solve it. At length, in 1812, Mr. Williams made his début on the stage of Ratcliffe Highway, and executed those unparalleled murders which have procured for him such a brilliant and undying reputation. On which murders, by the way, I must observe, that in one respect they have had an ill effect, by making the connoisseur in murder very fastidious in his taste, and dissatisfied by anything that has since been done in that line. All other murders look pale by the deep crimson of his; and, as an amateur once said to me in a querulous tone, 'There has been absolutely nothing doing since his time, or nothing that's worth speaking of.' But this is wrong; for it is unreasonable to expect all men to be great artists, and born with the genius of Mr. Williams. Now it will be remembered, that in the first of these murders, (that of the Marrs,) the same incident (of a knocking at the door, soon after the work of extermination was complete) did actually occur, which the genius of Shakspeare has invented; and all good judges, and the most eminent dilettanti, acknowledged the felicity of Shakspeare's suggestion, as soon as it was actually realized. Here, then, was a
fresh proof that I was right in relying on my own feeling, in opposition to my understanding; and I again set myself to study the problem; at length I solved it to my own satisfaction; and my solution is this. Murder, in ordinary cases, where the sympathy is wholly directed to the case of the murdered person, is an incident of coarse and vulgar horror; and for this reason, that it flings the interest exclusively upon the natural but ignoble instinct by which we cleave to life; an instinct, which, as being indispensable to the primal law of self-preservation, is the same in kind, (though different in degree,) amongst all living creatures; this instinct, therefore, because it annihilates all distinctions, and degrades the greatest of men to the level of 'the poor beetle that we tread on,' exhibits human nature in its most abject and humiliating attitude. Such an attitude would little suit the purposes of the poet. What then must he do? He must throw the interest on the murderer. Our sympathy must be with him; (of course I mean a sympathy of comprehension, a sympathy by which we enter into his feelings, and are made to understand them,—not a sympathy of pity or approbation.) In the murdered person, all strife of thought, all flux and reflux of passion and of pur-

1 It seems almost ludicrous to guard and explain my use of a word, in a situation where it would naturally explain itself. But it has become necessary to do so, in consequence of the unscholarlike use of the word sympathy, at present so general, by which, instead of taking it in its proper sense, as the act of reproducing in our minds the feelings of another, whether for hatred, indignation, love, pity, or approbation, it is made a mere synonyme of the word pity; and hence, instead of saying 'sympathy with another,' many writers adopt the monstrous barbarism of 'sympathy for another.'
pose, are crushed by one overwhelming panic; the fear of instant death smites him 'with its petrific mace.' But in the murderer, such a murderer as a poet will condescend to, there must be raging some great storm of passion,—jealousy, ambition, vengeance, hatred,—which will create a hell within him; and into this hell we are to look.

In Macbeth, for the sake of gratifying his own enormous and teeming faculty of creation, Shakspeare has introduced two murderers; and, as usual in his hands, they are remarkably discriminated: but, though in Macbeth the strife of mind is greater than in his wife, the tiger spirit not so awake, and his feelings caught chiefly by contagion from her,—yet, as both were finally involved in the guilt of murder, the murderous mind of necessity is finally to be presumed in both. This was to be expressed; and on its own account, as well as to make it a more proportionable antagonist to the unoffending nature of their victim, 'the gracious Duncan,' and adequately to expound 'the deep damnation of his taking off,' this was to be expressed with peculiar energy. We were to be made to feel that the human nature, i.e., the divine nature of love and mercy, spread through the hearts of all creatures, and seldom utterly withdrawn from man,—was gone, vanished, extinct; and that the fiendish nature had taken its place. And, as this effect is marvellously accomplished in the dialogues and soliloquies themselves, so it is finally consummated by the expedient under consideration; and it is to this that I now solicit the reader's attention. If the reader has ever witnessed a wife, daughter, or sister, in a fainting fit, he may chance to have observed that the most affecting moment in
such a spectacle, is \textit{that} in which a sigh and a stirring announce the recommencement of suspended life. Or, if the reader has ever been present in a vast metropolis, on the day when some great national idol was carried in funeral pomp to his grave, and chancing to walk near the course through which it passed, has felt powerfully, in the silence and desertion of the streets, and in the stagnation of ordinary business, the deep interest which at that moment was possessing the heart of man, — if all at once he should hear the death-like stillness broken up by the sound of wheels rattling away from the scene, and making known that the transitory vision was dissolved, he will be aware that at no moment was his sense of the complete suspension and pause in ordinary human concerns so full and affecting, as at that moment when the suspension ceases, and the goings-on of human life are suddenly resumed. All action in any direction is best expounded, measured, and made apprehensible, by reaction. Now apply this to the case in Macbeth. Here, as I have said, the retiring of the human heart, and the entrance of the fiendish heart, was to be expressed and made sensible. Another world has stept in; and the murderers are taken out of the region of human things, human purposes, human desires. They are transfigured: Lady Macbeth is 'unsexed;' Macbeth has forgot that he was born of woman; both are conformed to the image of devils; and the world of devils is suddenly revealed. But how shall this be conveyed and made palpable? In order that a new world may step in, this world must for a time disappear. The murderers, and the murder, must be insulated — cut off by an immeasurable gulph from the ordinary tide and succession of human affairs —
locked up and sequestered in some deep recess; we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested — laid asleep — tranced — racked into a dread armistice; time must be annihilated; relation to things without abolished; and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncope and suspension of earthly passion. Hence it is, that when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds; the knocking at the gate is heard; and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced: the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live, first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them.

O, mighty poet! Thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art; but are also like the phenomena of nature, like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers,—like frost and snow, rain and dew, hail-storm and thunder, which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert,—but that, the further we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident!
NOTES.

Note 1. Page 2.

"The whole people were still draped professionally."—For example, physicians never appeared without the insignia of their calling; clergymen would have incurred the worst suspicions had they gone into the streets without a gown and bands. Ladies, again, universally wore masks, as the sole substitute known to our ancestors for the modern parasol; a fact, perhaps, not generally known.

Note 2. Page 17.

The five acts which old tradition prescribed as binding upon the Greek tragic drama cannot always be marked off by the interruptions of the chorus. In the *Heracleidae* of Euripides they can. But it is evident that these acts existed for the sake of the chorus, by way of allowing sufficient openings (both as to number and length) for the choral dances; and the necessity must have grown out of the time allowed for a dramatic representation, and originally, therefore, out of the mere accidental convenience prescribed by the social usages of Athens. The rule, therefore, was at any rate an arbitrary rule. Purely conventional it would have been, and local, had it even grown out of any Attic superstition (as we have sometimes thought it might) as to the number of the choral dances. But most probably it rested upon a sort of convention, which of all is the least entitled to respect or translation to foreign
soils, namely, the mere local arrangement of meals and sleeping hours in Athens; which, having prescribed a limited space to the whole performance, afterwards left this space to be distributed between the recitation and the more popular parts, addressed to eye and ear as the mob of Athens should insist. Horace, in saying roundly, as a sort of brutum fulmen, "Non quinto brevior, non sit productior, actu fabulae," delivers this capricious rule in the capricious manner which becomes it. The stet pro ratione voluntas comes forward equally in the substance of the precept and the style of its delivery.


Valckenaer, in his immortal series of comments on the Phænissa of Euripides, notices the peculiar spirit and tendency of the innovations introduced into the tragic diction by this youngest of the great Athenian dramatists. These innovations ran in the very same direction as those of Wordsworth in our own times; to say this, however, without further explanation, considering how profoundly the views of Wordsworth in this matter have been misunderstood, would simply be—to mislead the English reader equally as to Euripides. Yet, as we should be sorry to discuss so great a theme indirectly and in a corner, it may be enough for the present to remark—that Euripides did not mean to tax his great predecessors Æschylus and Sophocles with any error of taste in the cast of their diction. Having their purposes, they chose wisely. But he felt that the Athenian tragedy had two functions—1, to impress awe, and religious terror; 2, to impress pity. This last he adopted as his own peculiar function; and with it a corresponding diction—less grand (it is true) and stately, but counterbalancing this loss by a far greater power of pure (sometimes we may say, of holy) household pathos. Such also was the change wrought by Wordsworth.

Note 4. Page 22.

Any man, who has at all studied the Greek iambics, must well remember those forms of the metre which are used in a cadence at the close of a resounding passage, meant to express a full pause, and the prodigious difference from such as were meant for weaker lines, or less impressive metrical effects. These cadences, with their full body of rhythmus, are never reproduced in the Latin imitations of the iambic hexameter: nor does it seem within the compass of
Latin metre to reach such effects: though otherwise, and especially by the dactylic hexameter, the Latin language is more powerful than the Greek.

Note 5. Page 23.

Viz., in the brief Introduction to the *Samson Agonistes*, and in a remarkable passage (taxed not unreasonably with bigotry by Wordsworth) of the *Paradise Regained*.

Note 6. Page 27.

*When sown;’ as it has been repeatedly; a fact which some readers may not be aware of.


Boileau, it is true, translated Longinus. But there goes little Greek to *that*. It is in dealing with Attic Greek, and Attic *poets*, that a man can manifest his Grecian skill.


*Before God was known;’ — *i. e.* known in Greece.

Note 9. Page 34.

At times, I say pointedly, the *Athenian* rather than the *Grecian* tragedy, in order to keep the reader’s attention awake to a remark made by Paterculus, — viz. That although Greece coquetishly welcomed homage to herself, as generally concerned in the Greek literature, in reality Athens only had any original share in the drama, or in the oratory of Greece.


*The supreme artist:’ — It is chiefly by comparison with Euripides, that Sophocles is usually crowned with the laurels of *art*. But there is some danger of doing wrong to the truth in blindly adhering to these old rulings of critical courts. The judgments would sometimes be reversed, if the pleadings were before us. There were blockheads in those days. Undoubtedly
It is past denying that Euripides at times betrays marks of carelessness in the structure of his plots, as if writing too much in a hurry: the original cast of the fable is sometimes not happy, and the evolution or disentangling is too precipitate. It is easy to see that he would have remoulded them in a revised edition, or diaskeue [διασκευή]. On the other hand, I remember nothing in the Greek drama more worthy of a great artist than parts in his Phænissæ. Neither is he the effeminately tender, or merely pathetic poet that some people imagine. He was able to sweep all the chords of the impassioned spirit. But the whole of this subject is in arrear: it is in fact res integra, almost unbroken ground.

Note 11. Page 42.

I see a possible screw loose at this point: if you see it, reader, have the goodness to hold your tongue.

Note 12. Page 45.

'Athenian Theatre':' — Many corrections remain to be made. Athens, in her bloom, was about as big as Calcutta, which contained, forty years ago, more than half a million of people; or as Naples, which (being long rated at three hundred thousand), is now known to contain at least two hundred thousand more. The well known census of Demetrius Phalereus gave twenty-one thousand citizens. Multiply this by 5, or 4\(\frac{3}{4}\), and you have their families. Add ten thousand, multiplied by 4\(\frac{3}{4}\), for the Metoikoi. Then add four hundred thousand for the slaves: total, about five hundred and fifty thousand. But upon the fluctuations of the Athenian population there is much room for speculation. And, quaære, was not the population of Athens greater two centuries before Demetrius, in the days of Pericles?

Note 13. Page 47.

Having no Sophocles at hand, I quote from memory, not pretending therefore to exactness: but the sense is what I state.

Whose version, I do not know. But one unaccountable error was forced on one’s notice. Thebes, which by Milton and by every scholar is made a monosyllable, is here made a dissyllable. But Thebez, the dissyllable, is a Syrian city. It is true that Casaubon deduces from a Syriac word meaning a case or enclosure (a theca), the name of Thebes, whether Boeotian or Egyptian. It is probable, therefore, that Thebes the hundred-gated of Upper Egypt, Thebes the seven-gated of Greece, and Thebes of Syria, had all one origin as regards the name. But this matters not; it is the English name that we are concerned with.

Note 15. Page 50.

‘False:’ or rather inaccurate. The burlesque was not on the Antigone, but on the Medea of Euripides; and very amusing.


But in this instance, perhaps, distance of space, combined with the unrivalled grandeur of the war, was felt to equiponderate the distance of time, Susa, the Persian capital, being fourteen hundred miles from Athens.

Note 17. Page 59.

Στέφανος ὀφείλεται ἀγαλμάτος, her bosom as the bosom of a statue; an expression of Euripides, and applied, I think, to Polyxena at the moment of her sacrifice on the tomb of Achilles, as the bride that was being married to him at the moment of his death.

Note 18. Page 59.

Amongst the questions which occurred to me as requiring an answer, in connection with this revival, was one with regard to the comparative fitness of the Antigone for giving a representative idea of the Greek stage. I am of opinion that it was the worst choice which could have been made; and for the very reason which no doubt governed that choice, viz.—because the austerity of the tragic passion is disfigured by a love episode Rousseau in his letter to D’Alembert upon his article Genez in
the French Encyclopédie, asks,—"Qui est-ce qui doute que, sur nos théatres, la meilleure pièce de Sophocle ne tombât tout-à-plat?"

And his reason (as collected from other passages) is—because an interest derived from the passion of sexual love can rarely be found on the Greek stage, and yet cannot be dispensed with on that of Paris. But why was it so rare on the Greek stage? Not from accident, but because it did not harmonize with the principle of that stage, and its vast overhanging gloom. It is the great infirmity of the French, and connected constitutionally with the gayety of their temperament, that they cannot sympathize with this terrific mode of grandeur. We can. And for us the choice should have been more purely and severely Grecian; whilst the slenderness of the plot in any Greek tragedy, would require a far more effective support from tumultuous movement in the chorus. Even the French are not uniformly insensible to this Grecian grandeur. I remember that Voltaire, amongst many just remarks on the Electra of Sophocles, mixed with others that are not just, bitterly condemns this demand for a love fable on the French stage, and illustrates its extravagance by the French tragedy on the same subject, of Crebillon. He (in default of any more suitable resource) has actually made Electra, whose character on the Greek stage is painfully vindictive, in love with an imaginary son of Ægisthus, her father's murderer. Something should also have been said of Mrs. Leigh Murray's Ismene, which was very effective in supporting and in relieving the magnificent impression of Antigone. I ought also to have added a note on the scenic mask, and the common notion (not authorized, I am satisfied, by the practice in the supreme era of Pericles), that it exhibited a Janus face, the windward side expressing grief or horror, the leeward expressing tranquillity. Believe it not, reader. But on this and other points, it will be better to speak circumstantially, in a separate paper on the Greek drama, as a majestic but very exclusive and almost, if one may say so, bigoted form of the scenic art.

Note 19. Page 79.

Ritson was the most litigious of attorneys; the leader of all black-letter literature; dreaded equally by Bishop Percy and Sir Walter Scott; but constantly falling into error through pure mulish perverseness. Of Greek he knew nothing. In Latin he was self-taught, and consequently laid himself open to the scoffs of scholars better taught.
This *obelus*, or little spit, or in fact dagger, prefixed to a word, or verse, or paragraph, indicated that it might consider itself stabbed, and assassinated forever.

Which (to borrow Milton's grand words from "Paradise Regained")

"Thunder'd over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne."

A still more startling (because more complex) anagram is found in the words *Revolution Francaise*; for if (as was said in 1800, after Marengo), from those two words, involving nineteen letters, you subtract the king's *veto* (viz., exactly those four letters), in that case there will remain — *Un Corse la finira*.

For instance, the Athenian females, even when mature women, seemed still girls in their graceful slenderness; they were, in modern French phrase, *sveltes*. But the Boeotian, even whilst yet young girls, seemed already mature women, fully developed.

From the expression of *Phidiaca manu*—used by Horace—we learn that the adjective, derived from Phidias, the immortal architect and sculptor, was Phidiacus.

"Sycophantic:"—The reader must remember that the danger was imminent: there was always a body ready to be bribed into forgery—viz., the mercenary *rhapsodoi*; there was always a body having a deep interest of family ostentation in bribing them into flattering interpolations. And standing by was a public the most uncritical and the most servile to literary forgeries (such is the Letters of Phalaris, of Themistocles, &c.), that ever can have existed.

"Stilettoes:"—i. e., obelises, or places his autocratic *obelus* before the passage.
The first words of the "Iliad" are, Μῆνιν αἰῶν Θεᾶ—i. e., Wrath sing Goddess of Pelides.

I have repeatedly spoken of "publication" as an incident to which literary works were, or might be, liable in the times of Solon and Pisistratus; that is, in times that range between 500 and 600 years B.C. But, as very many readers—especially female readers—make no distinction between the act of printing and the act of publication, there are few who will not be perplexed by this form of expression, as supposing that neither one nor the other was an advantage physically open in those days to any author whatever. Printing, it is true, was not; but for a very different reason from that ordinarily assigned—viz., that it had not been discovered. It had been discovered many times over; and many times forgotten. Paper it was, cheap paper (as many writers have noticed), that had not been discovered; which failing, the other discovery fell back constantly into oblivion. This want forced the art of printing to slumber for pretty nearly the exact period of 2000 years from the era of Pisistratus. But that want did not affect the power of publication. Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Menander, were all published, to the extent of many modern editions, on the majestic stage of Athens; published to myriads in one day; published with advantages of life-like action, noble enunciation, and impassioned music. No modern author, except Thomas à Kempis, has ever been half so well published. The Greek orators on the Bema were published to more than all the citizens of Athens. And some 2000 and odd years later, in regal London, at Whitehall, the dramas of Shakspere were published effectually to two consecutive Princes of Wales, Henry and Charles, with royal apparatus of scenery and music.

Literally—Whence also the Homeride, who are in effect the singers (αἰῶνοι) of continuous metrical narratives (i. e., ῥητωφέων εἰκων), do for the most part (τα πολλά) derive their openings (ἀρχονται).

It will be observed that I have uniformly assumed the chronologic date of Homer as 1000 years B.C. Among the reasons for this, some are so transcendent that it would not have been worth while to detain
the reader upon minute grounds of approximation to that date. One
ground is sufficient: Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver, seems accu-
ратely placed about 800 years B.C. Now, if at that era Lycurgus
naturalizes the "Iliad" as a great educational power in Sparta (led
to this, no doubt, by gratitude for Homer's glorification of so many
cities in the Peloponnesus), then—because one main reason for this
must have been the venerable antiquity of Homer—it is impossible
to assign him less at that time than 200 years of duration. An
antiquity that was already venerable in the year 800 B.C. would
argue, at the very least, a natal origin for the poet (if not for the
poem) of 1000 B.C.

Note 31. Page 156.

"Two centuries:"—i.e., the supposed interval between Troy and
Homer.

Note 32. Page 164.

In particular, by an Eton boy about the beginning of this century,
known extensively as Homeric Wright.

Note 33. Page 184.

'Yankee names.'—Foreigners in America subject themselves
to a perpetual misinterpretation by misapplying this term.
'Yankee,' in the American use, does not mean a citizen of the
United States as opposed to a foreigner, but a citizen of the
Northern New England States (Massachusetts, Connecticut,
&c.) opposed to a Virginian, a Kentuckian, &c.

Note 34. Page 187.

'An increasing class;' but not in France.—It is a most
remarkable moral phenomenon in the social condition of that
nation, and one which speaks a volume as to the lower tone of
female dignity, that unmarried women, at the age which amongst
us obtains the insulting name of old maids, are almost unknown.
What shocking sacrifices of sexual honor does this one fact
argue?

Note 35. Page 212.

This is a most instructive fact, and it is another fact not less
instructive, that lawyers in most parts of Christendom, I believe,
certainly wherever they are wide awake professionally, tolerate no
punctuation. But why? Are lawyers not sensible to the luminous effect from a point happily placed? Yes, they are sensible; but also they are sensible of the false prejudicating effect from a punctuation managed (as too generally it is) carelessly and illogically. Here is the brief abstract of the case. All punctuation narrows the path, which is else unlimited; and (by narrowing it) may chance to guide the reader into the right groove amongst several that are not right. But also punctuation has the effect very often (and almost always has the power) of biasing and predetermining the reader to an erroneous choice of meaning. Better, therefore, no guide at all than one which is likely enough to lead astray, and which must always be suspected and mistrusted, inasmuch as very nearly always it has the power to lead astray.

Note 36. Page 218.

'No subject.'—If he had a subject, what was it? As to the great and sole doctrines of Islam—the unity of God, and the mission of Mahomet as his chief prophet, (i.e. not vaticinator, but interpreter,) that must be presumed known to every man in a Mussulman army, since otherwise he could not have been admitted into the army. But these doctrines might require expansion, or at least evidence? Not at all; the Mussulman believes them incapable of either. But at least the Caliph might mount the pulpit, in order to urge the primary duty of propagating the true faith? No; it was not the primary duty; it was a secondary duty; else there would have been no option allowed—tribute, death, or conversion. Well, then, the Caliph might ascend the pulpit, for the purpose of enforcing a secondary duty? No, he could not; because that was no duty of time or place; it was a postulate of the conscience at all times alike; and needed no argument or illustration. Why then, what was it that the Caliph talked about? It was this:—He praised the man who had cut most throats; he pronounced the funeral panegyric of him who had his own throat cut under the banners of the Prophet; he explained the prudential merits of the next movement or of the next campaign. In fact, he did precisely what Pericles did—what Scipio did—what Cesar did; what it was a regular part of the Roman Emperor's commission to do, both before a battle and after a battle, and, generally, under any circumstances which make an explanation necessary. What is now done in 'general orders,'
was then committed to a *vivâ voce* communication. Trifling communications probably devolved on the six centurions of each cohort (or regiment); graver communications were reserved to the Imperator, surrounded by his staff. Why we should mislead the student by calling this solemnity of addressing an army from a *tribunal*, or *suggestus*, by the irrelevant name of preaching from a pulpit, can only be understood by those who perceive the false view taken of the Mahometan faith and its relation to the human mind. It was certainly a poor plagiarism from the Judaic and the Christian creeds; but it did not rise so high as to conceive of any truth that needed or that admitted intellectual development, or that was susceptible of exposition and argument. However, if we will have it that the Caliph preached, then did his lieutenant say *Amen*. If Omar was a parson, then certainly Caled was his clerk.

**Note 37. Page 255.**

Paterculus, it must be remembered, was composing a peculiar form of history, and, therefore, under a peculiar law of composition. It was designed for a rapid survey of many ages, within a very narrow compass, and unavoidably pitched its scale of abstraction very high. This justified a rhetorical, almost a poetic, form of expression; for in such a mode of writing, whether a writer seeks that effect or not, the abrupt and almost lyrical transitions, the startling leaps over vast gulfs of time and action, already have the effect of impassioned composition. Hence, by an instinct, he becomes rhetorical: and the natural character of his rhetoric, its pointed condensation, often makes him obscure at first sight. We therefore, for the merely English reader have a little expanded or at least brought out his meaning. But for the Latin reader, who will enjoy his elliptical energy, we have sometimes added the original words.

**Note 38. Page 263.**

‘The Roman aid-de-camp’s.’ — Excuse, reader, this modern phrase: by what other is it possible to express the relation to Tiberius, and the military office about his person, which Paterculus held on the German frontier? In the 104th chapter of his second book he says — ‘*Hoc tempus me, functum ante*
'ribunatu castrorum, Tib. Caesaris militem fecit;' which in our version is—'This epoch placed me, who had previously discharged the duties of camp-marshal, upon the staff of Caesar.' And he goes on to say, that, having been made a brigadier-general of cavalry (ala prefectus) under a commission which dated from the very day of Caesar's adoption into the Imperial house and the prospect of succession, so that the two acts of grace ran concurrently—thenceforward 'per annos continuous IX. prefectus aut legatus, spectator, et pro captu mediocratiae mea, adjutor fui'—or, as we beg to translate 'through a period of nine consecutive years from this date, I acted either as military lieutenant to Caesar, or as ministerial secretary,' [such we hold to be the true virtual equivalent of prefectus—i. e. speaking fully of prefectus pretorio.] 'acting simultaneously as inspector of the public works,' [bridges and vast fortifications on the north-east German frontier.] 'and (to the best capacity of my slender faculties) as his personal aid-de-camp.' Possibly the reader may choose to give a less confined or professional meaning to the word adjutor. But, in apology, we must suggest two cautions to him: 1st, That elsewhere, Paterculus does certainly apply the term as a military designation, bearing a known technical meaning; and, 2d, That this word adjutor, in other non-military uses, as for instance on the stage, had none but a technical meaning.

Note 29. Page 264.

This is too much to allow for a generation in those days, when the average duration of life was much less than at present; but, as an exceedingly convenient allowance (since tyrice 33 is just equal to a century), it may be allowedly used in all cases not directly bearing on technical questions of civil economy. Meantime, as we love to suppose ourselves in all cases as speaking virginibus puerisque, who, though reading no man's paper throughout, may yet often read a page or a paragraph of every man's—we, for the chance of catching their eye in a case where they may really gain in two minutes an irreducible conspectus of the Greek literature, (and for the sake of ignorant people universally, whose interests we hold sacred,) add a brief explanation of what is meant by a generation. Is it meant or imagined—that, in so narrow a com-
pass as 33 years + 4 months the whole population of a city, or a people, could have died off? By no means: not under the lowest value of human life. What is meant is — that a number equal to the whole population will have died: not X, the actual population, but a number equal to X. Suppose the population of Paris 900,000. Then, in the time allowed for one generation, 900,000 will have died: but then, to make up that number, there will be 300,000 furnished, not by the people now existing, but by the people who will be born in the course of the thirty-three years. And thus the balloting for death falls only upon two out of three, whom at first sight it appears to hit. It falls not exclusively upon X, but upon X+Y: this latter quality Y being a quantity flowing concurrently with the lapse of the generation. Obvious as this explanation is, and almost childish, to every man who has even a tincture of political arithmetic, it is so far from being generally obvious — that, out of every thousand who will be interested in learning the earliest revolutions of literature, there will not be as many as seven who will know, even conjecturally, what is meant by a generation. Besides infinite other blunders and equivocations, many use an age and a generation as synonymous, whilst by siecle the French uniformly mean a century.

Note 40. Page 267.

The oddest feature in so odd a business was — that Augustus committed this castigation of bad poets to the police. But whence the police were to draw the skill for distinguishing between good poets and bad is not explained. The poets must have found their weak minds somewhat astonished by the sentences of these reviewers — sitting like our Justices in Quarter Sessions — and deciding, perhaps, very much in the same terms; treating an Ode, if it were too martial, as a breach of the peace; directing an epic poet to find security for his good behavior during the next two years; and for the writers of Epithalamia on imperial marriages, ordering them 'to be privately whipped and discharged.' The whole affair is the more singular as coming from one who carried his civilitas, or show of popular manners, even to affectation. Power without the invidious exterior of power was the object of his life. Ovid seems to have
noticed his inconsistency in this instance by reminding him, that even Jupiter did not disdain to furnish a te me laudibus ipso jure.

**Note 41. Page 268.**

'Phidias:' that he was as much of a creative power as the rest of his great contemporaries, that he did not merely take up or pursue a career already opened by others, is pretty clear from the state of Athens, and of the forty marble quarries which he began to lay under contribution. The quarries were previously unopened; the city was without architectural splendor.

**Note 42. Page 271.**

'Officers and savans.'—Ctesias held the latter character, Xenophon united both, in the earlier expedition. These were friends of Isocrates. In the latter expedition, the difficulty would have been to find the man, whether officer or savant, who was not the friend of Isocrates. Old age, such as his, was a very rare thing in Greece—a fact which is evident from the Greek work surviving on the subject of Macrobiotics: few cases occur beyond seventy. This accident, therefore, of length in Isocrates, must have made him already one of the standing lions in Athens for the last twenty-six years of his life; while, for the last seventy, his professorship of rhetoric must have brought him into connection with every great family in Greece. One thing puzzles us, what he did with his money, for he must have made a great deal. He had two prices; but he charged high to those who could afford it; and why not? People are not to learn Greek for nothing. Yet, being a teetotaller and a coward, how could he spend his money? That question is vexatious. However, this one possibility in the long man's life will forever make him interesting; he might, and it is even probable that he might, have seen Xenophon dismount from some horse which he had stolen at Trebisond on his return from the Persian expedition; and he might have seen Alexander mount for Chaeronea. Alexander was present at that battle, and personally joined in a charge of cavalry. It is not impossible that he may have ridden Bucephalus.
Note 43. Page 272.

'Is exalted.'—The logic of Gibbon may seem defective. Why should it exalt our sense of human dignity—that Isocrates was the youthful companion of Plato or Euripides, and the aged companion of Demosthenes? It ought, therefore, to be mentioned, that, in the sentence preceding, he had spoken of Athens as a city that 'condensed, within the period of a single life, the genius of ages and millions.' The condensation is the measure of the dignity; and Isocrates, as the 'single life' alluded to, is the measure of the condensation. That is the logic. By the way, Gibbon ought always to be cited by the chapter—the page and volume of course evanesc with many forms of publication, whilst the chapter is always available; and, in the commonest form of twelve volumes, becomes useful in a second function, as a guide to the particular volume; for six chapters, with hardly any exception, (if any,) are thrown into each volume. Consequently, the 40th chapter, standing in the seventh series of sixes, indicates the seventh volume.

Note 44. Page 273.

Excepting fragmentary writers, and the contributors from various ages to the Greek Anthologies, (which, however, next after the scenic literature, offer the most interesting expressions of Greek household feeling,) we are not aware of having omitted in this rapid review any one name that could be fancied to be a weighty name, excepting that of Lycophron. Of him we will say a word or two:—The work, by which he is known, is a monologue or dramatic scene from the mouth of one single speaker; this speaker is Cassandra, the prophetic daughter of Priam. In about one thousand five hundred Iambic lines (the ordinary length of a Greek tragedy), she pours forth a dark prophecy with respect to all the heroes engaged in the Trojan war, typifying their various unhappy catastrophes by symbolical images, which would naturally be intelligible enough to us who know their several histories, but which (from the particular selection of accidents or circumstances used for the designation of the persons) read like riddles without the aid of a commentator. This prophetic gloom, and the impassioned character of the
many woes arising notoriously to the conquerors as well as the conquered in the sequel of the memorable war, give a coloring of dark power to the Cassandra of Lycophron. Else we confess to the fact of not having examined the poem attentively. We read it in the year 1809, having been told that it was the most difficult book in the Greek language. This is the popular impression, but a very false one. It is not difficult at all as respects the language (allowing for a few peculiar Lycophrontic words): the difficulty lies in the allusions, which are intentionally obscure.

Note 45. Page 276.

'Not easily met with.'—From Germany we have seen reprints of some eight or nine; but once only, so far as our bibliography extends, were the whole body published collectively. This was at the Aldine press in Venice, more than three centuries ago. Such an interval, and so solitary a publication, sufficiently explain the non-familiarity of modern scholars with this section of Greek literature.

Note 46. Page 285.

People will here remind us that Aristotle was half a foreigner, being born at Stagyra in Macedon. Ay, but amongst Athenian emigrants, and of an Athenian father. His mother, we think, was Thracian. The crossing of races almost uniformly terminates in producing splendor, at any rate energy, of intellect. If the roll of great men, or at least of energetic men, in Christendom, were carefully examined, it would astonish us to observe how many have been the children of mixed marriages; i. e. of alliances between two bloods as to nation, although the races might originally have been the same.

Note 46. Page 286.

It is well to give unity to our grandest remembrances, by connecting them, as many as can be, with the same centre. Pericles died in the year 429 B. C. Supposing his age to be fifty-six, he would then be born about 485 B. C., that is, five years after the first Persian invasion under Darius, five years before the second under Xerxes.
Note 48. Page 310.

With respect to the word 'demagogues,' as a technical designation for the political orators and partisans at Athens, (otherwise called of ποσεταιων, those who headed any movement,) it is singular that so accurate a Greek scholar as Henry Stephens should have supposed linguas promptas ad plebem concilidum (an expression of Livy's) polius των διελεγοντων fuisse quae των ὑπηρετων; as if the demagogues were a separate class from the popular orators. But, says Valckenaer, the relation is soon stated: Not all the Athenian orators were demagogues; but all the demagogues were in fact, and technically were called, the Orators.

Note 49. Page 316.

It is ludicrous to see the perplexity of some translators and commentators of the Rhetoric, who, having read it under a false point of view, and understood it in the sense of Aristotle's own deliberate judgment on the truth, labor to defend it on that footing. On its real footing it needs no defence.

Note 50. Page 317.

It stands at p. 227 of Jacobi Facciolati Orationis XII., Acroases, &c. Patavii, 1729. This is the second Italian edition, and was printed at the University Press.

Note 51. Page 318.

Upon an innovation of such magnitude, and which will be so startling to scholars, it is but fair that Facciolati should have the benefit of all his own arguments: and we have therefore resolved to condense them. 1. He begins with that very passage (or one of them) on which the received idea of the enthymeme most relies; and from this he derives an argument for the new idea. The passage is to this effect, that the enthymeme is composed ἐκ πολλακις επαττονών ἢ ἵνα ὁ συλλογισμός — i.e. frequently consists of fewer parts than the syllogism. Frequently! What logic is there in that? Can it be imagined, that so rigorous a
logician as Aristotle would notice, as a circumstance of frequent occurrence in an enthymeme, what, by the received doctrine, should be its mere essence and differential principle? To say that this happens frequently, is to say, by implication, that sometimes it does not happen — i. e. that it is an accident, and no part of the definition, since it may thus confessedly be absent, salva ratione conceptus 2. Waiving this argument, and supposing the suppression of one proposition to be even universal in the enthymeme, still it would be an impertinent circumstance, and (philosophically speaking) an accident. Could it be tolerated, that a great systematic distinction (for such it is in Aristotle) should rest upon a mere abbreviation of convenience? 'Quasi vero argumentandi ratio et natura varietur, cum brevius effertur;’ whereas Aristotle himself tells us, that ‘οὐ πρὸς τὸν ἕξω λόγον ἑλληνικός, ἀλλὰ πρὸς τὸν ἐν τῇ φύσιν.’ 3. From a particular passage in the 2d book of the Prior Analytics, (chap. 27,) generally interpreted in a way to favor the existing account of the enthymeme, after first of all showing, that under a more accurate construction it is incompatible with that account, whilst it is in perfect harmony with the new one, Facciolati deduces an explanation of that accidental peculiarity in the enthymeme, which has attracted such undue attention as to eclipse its true characteristic: the peculiarity, we mean, of being entitled (though not, as the common idea is, required) to suppress one proposition. So much we shall here anticipate, as to say, that this privilege arises out of the peculiar matter of the enthymeme, which fitted it for the purposes of the rhetorician; and these purposes being loose and popular, brought with them proportionable indulgences; whereas the syllogism, technically so called, employing a severer matter, belonged peculiarly to the dialectician, or philosophic disputant, whose purposes being rigorous and scientific, imposed much closer restrictions; and one of these was, that he should in no case suppress any proposition, however obvious, but should formally enunciate all: just as in the debating schools of later ages it has always been the rule, that before urging his objection, the opponent should repeat the respondent’s syllogism. Hence, although the rhetorician naturally used his privilege, and enthymemes were in fact generally shorn of one proposition, (and vice versa with respect to syllogisms in the
strict philosophic sense,) yet was all this a mere effect of usage and accident; and it was very possible for an enthymeme to have its full complement of parts, whilst a syllogism might be defective in the very way which is falsely supposed to be of the essence of an enthymeme. 4. He derives an argument from an inconsistency with which Aristotle has been thought chargeable under the old idea of the enthymeme, and with which Gassendi has in fact charged him.* 5. He meets and rebuts the force of a principal argument in favor of the enthymeme as commonly understood, viz. that, in a particular part of the Prior Analytics, the enthymeme is called συλλογισμὸς ατελής — an imperfect syllogism, which word the commentators generally expound by 'mutilus atque imminutus.' Here he uses the assistance of the excellent J. Pace, whom he justly describes as 'virum Graecarum litterarum peritissimum, philosophum in primis bonum, et Aristotelis interpretum quot sunt, quotque fuerunt, quotque futuri sunt, longe præstantissimum.' This admirable commentator, so indispensable to all who would study the Organon and the Πραξικήτης, had himself originally started that hypothesis which we are now reporting, as long afterwards adopted and improved by Facciolati. Considering the unrivalled qualifications of Pace, this of itself is a great argument on our side. The objection before us, from the word ατελής, Pace disposes of briefly and conclusively: first, he says, that the word is wanting in four MSS.; and he has no doubt himself 'quin ex glossemate irreperit in contextum:' secondly, the Latin translators and schoolmen, as Agricola and many others, take no notice of this word in their versions and commentaries; thirdly, the Greek commentators, such as Joannes Grammaticus and Alexander Aphrodisiensis, clearly had no knowledge of any such use of the word enthymeme, as that which has prevailed in later times; which is plain from this, that wherever they have occasion to speak of a syllogism wanting one of its members, they do not in any instance call it an enthymeme, but a συλλογισμὸς μοιολογικὸς.

* However, as in reality the whole case was one of mere misapprehension on the part of Gassendi, and has, in fact, nothing at all to do with the nature of the enthymeme, well or ill understood, Facciolati takes nothing by this particular argument, which, however, we have retained, to make our analysis complete.
Note 52. Page 324.

This, added to the style and quality of his poems, makes it the more remarkable that Virgil should have been deemed a rhetorician. Yet so it was. Walsh notices, in the Life of Virgil, which he furnished for his friend Dryden's Translation, that 'his (Virgil's) rhetoric, was in such general esteem, that lectures were read upon it in the reign of Tiberius, and the subject of declamations taken out of him.'

Note 53. Page 341.

In retracing the history of English rhetoric, it may strike the reader that we have made some capital omissions. But in these he will find we have been governed by sufficient reasons. Shakspeare is no doubt a rhetorician, *majorum gentium*; but he is so much more, that scarcely an instance is to be found of his rhetoric which does not pass by fits into a higher element of eloquence or poetry. The first and the last acts, for instance, of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, which, in point of composition, is perhaps the most superb work in the language, and beyond all doubt from the loom of Shakspeare, would have been the most gorgeous rhetoric, had they not happened to be something far better. The supplications of the widowed Queens to Theseus, the invocations of their tutelar divinities by Palamon and Arcite, the death of Arcite, &c., are finished in a more elaborate style of excellence than any other almost of Shakspeare's most felicitous scenes. In their first intention, they were perhaps merely rhetorical; but the furnace of composition has transmuted their substance. Indeed, specimens of mere rhetoric would be better sought in some of the other great dramatists, who are under a less fatal necessity of turning everything they touch into the pure gold of poetry. Two other writers, with great original capacities for rhetoric, we have omitted in our list from separate considerations: we mean Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Bacon. The first will hardly have been missed by the general reader; for his finest passages are dispersed through the body of his bulky history, and are touched with a sadness too pathetic, and of too personal a growth, to fulfil
the conditions of a gay rhetoric as an art rejoicing in its own energies. With regard to Lord Bacon, the case is different. He had great advantages for rhetoric, being figurative and sensuous, (as great thinkers must always be,) and having no feelings too profound, or of a nature to disturb the balance of a pleasurable activity, but yet, if we except a few letters, and parts of a few speeches, he never comes forward as a rhetorician. The reason is, that being always in quest of absolute truth, he contemplates all subjects—not through the rhetorical fancy, which is most excited by mere seeming resemblances, and such as can only sustain themselves under a single phasis, but through the philosophic fancy, or that which rests upon real analogies. Another unfavorable circumstance, arising in fact out of the plethoric fulness of Lord B.’s mind, is the short-hand style of his composition, in which the connections are seldom fully developed. It was the lively mot of a great modern poet, speaking of Lord B.’s Essays, ‘that they are not plants but seeds.’

Note 54. Page 362.

We may take the opportunity of noticing what it is that constitutes the peculiar and characterizing circumstance in Burke’s manner of composition. It is this,—that under his treatment every truth, be it what it may, every thesis of a sentence, grows in the very act of unfolding it. Take any sentence you please from Dr. Johnson, suppose, and it will be found to contain a thought—good or bad—fully preconceived. Whereas, in Burke, whatever may have been the preconception, it receives a new determination or inflection at every clause of the sentence. Some collateral adjunct of the main proposition, some temperament or restraint, some oblique glance at its remote affinities, will invariably be found to attend the progress of his sentences—like the spray from a waterfall, or the scintillations from the iron under the blacksmith’s hammer. Hence, whilst a writer of Dr. Johnson’s class seems only to look back upon his thoughts, Burke looks forward—and does in fact advance and change his own station concurrently with the advance of the sentences. This peculiarity is no doubt in some degree due to the habit of extemporary speaking, but not to that only.
Note 55. Page 366.

The following illustration, however, from Dr. J.'s critique on Prior's *Solomon*, is far from a happy one: 'He had infused into it much knowledge and much thought; had often *polished* it to *elegance*, *dignified* it with *splendor*, and sometimes *heightened* it to *sublimity*; he perceived in it many excellences, and did not perceive that it wanted that, without which all others are of small avail,—the power of *engaging attention, and alluring curiosity.*' The parts marked in italics are those to which Dr. W would object as tautologic. Yet this objection can hardly be sustained: the ideas are all sufficiently discriminated: the fault is, that they are applied to no real corresponding differences in Prior.

Note 56. Page 367.

We wish that in so critical a notice of an *effect* derived from the fortunate position of a single word, Dr. W. had not shocked our ears by this hideous collision of a double 'is.'

Note 57. Page 369.

'*As distinguished from prose.*' Here is one of the many instances in which a false answer is prepared beforehand, by falsely shaping the question. The accessory circumstance, as 'distinguished from prose,' already prepares a false answer by the very terms of the problem. Poetry *cannot* be distinguished from prose without presupposing the whole question at issue. Those who deny that metre is the characteristic distinction of poetry, deny, by implication, that prose *can* be truly opposed to prose. Some have imagined, that the proper opposition was between poetry and science; but suppose that this is an imperfect opposition, and suppose even that there is no adequate opposition, or counterpole, this is no more than happens in many other cases. One of two poles is often without a name, even where the idea is fully assignable in analysis. But at all events the expression, as 'distinguished from prose,' is a subtle instance of a *petitio principii.*
The Romans discover something apparently of the same tendency to a vague economy of abstraction. But in them it is merely casual, and dependent on accidental ignorance. Thus, for instance, it is ridiculous to render the Catullian Passer mee puellae by sparrow. As well suppose Lesbia to have fondled a pet hedgehog. Passer, or passerculus, means any little bird whatever. The sternness of the Roman mind disdained to linger upon petty distinctions; or at least until the ages of luxurious refinement had paved the way for intellectual refinements. So again, *malum*, or even *ponum*, does not mean an apple, but any whatever of the larger spherical or spheroidal fruits. A peach, indeed, was described differentially as *malum Persicum*; an apricot, had the Romans known it, would have been rendered by *malum apricum*, or *malum apricotum*; but an apple also, had it been mentioned with any stress of opposition or pointed distinction attached to it, would have been described differentially as *malum vulgare* or *malum domesticum*.

There is a short note by Gibbon upon this word; but it adds nothing to the suggestions which every thoughtful person will furnish to himself.

In the later periods of Greek literature, namely, at and after the era of Pericles, when the attention had been long pointed to language, and a more fastidious apprehension had been directed to its slighter shades of difference, the term "barbarous" was applied apparently to uncouth dialects of the Greek language itself. Thus in the Ajax of Sophocles, Teucer (though certainly talking Greek) is described as speaking barbarously. Perhaps, however, the expression might bear a different construction. But in elder periods it seems hardly possible that the term *barbarous* could ever have been so used. Sir Edward B. Lytton, in his "Athens," supposes Homer, when describing the Carians by this term, to have meant no more than that they spoke some provincial variety of the Ionic Greek: but, applied to an age of so little refinement as the Homerio, I should scarcely think this interpretation admissible.
Note 61. Page 334.

Where, by the way, the vocabulary of aesthetic terms, after all the labors of Ernesti and other German editors, is still far from being understood. In particular, the word *facetus* is so far from answering to its usual interpretation, that *nuesto periculo* let the reader understand it as precisely what the French mean by *naïve*.


At this era, when Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and the contemporary dramatists, when Lord Bacon, Seldon, Milton, and many of the leading English theologians (Jewel, Hooker, Chillingworth, and Jeremy Taylor), had appeared — in fact, all the optimates of the English literature — it must be remembered that the French literature was barely beginning. Montaigne was the only deceased author of eminence; Corneille was the only living author in general credit. The reader may urge that already, in the times of Catherine de Medici, there were eminent poets. In the reign of her son Charles IX. were several; and in the reign of her husband there was even a celebrated *Pleiad* of poets. But these were merely court poets — they had no national name; and were already forgotten in the days of Louis XIII. As to German literature, *that* was a blank. Germany had then but one tolerable poet, namely, Opitz, whom some people (chiefly his countrymen) honor with the title of the German Dryden!

Note 63. Page 386.

This the reader might be apt to doubt, if he were to judge of French grammar by French orthography. Until recently — that is, through the last thirty years — very few people in France, even of the educated classes, could spell. They spelt by procuration. The compositors of the press held a general power-of-attorney to spell for universal France. A *fac simile* of the spelling which prevailed amongst the royal family of France at the time of the elder Revolution is given in Cléry's journal: it is terrific. Such forms occur, for instance, as *J'avoient* (*J'avois*) for *I had*: *J'été* (etois) for *I was*. But, in publishing such facts, the reader is not to imagine that Cléry meant to expose anything needing concealment. All people of distinction spelled in that lawless way; and
the loyal valet doubtless no more thought it decorous for a man of rank to spell his own spelling, than to clean his own shoes or to wash his own linen. "Base is the man who pays," says Ancient Pistol; "base is the man who spells," said the French of that century. It would have been vulgar to spell decently; and it was not illiterate to spell abominably; for literary men spelled not at all better: they also spelled by proxy, and by grace of compositors.

Note 64. Page 387.

By Heinze, if I recollect; and founded partly on that of Wolff

Note 65. Page 387.

Foreigners do not often go so far as this; and yet an American, in his "Sketches of Turkey" (New York, 1833), characterizes the German (p. 478) not only as a soft and melodious language, but absolutely as "the softest of all European languages." Schiller and Goethe had a notion that it was capable of being hammered into euphony, that it was by possibility malleable in that respect, but then only by great labor of selection, and as a trick of rope-dancing ingenuity.

Note 66. Page 393.

"Transcendental."—Kant, who was the most sincere, honorable, and truthful of human beings, always understood himself. He hated tricks, disguises, or mystifications, simulation equally with dissimulation; and his love of the English was built avowedly on their veracity. So far he is a delightful person to deal with. On the other hand, of all men he had the least talent for explaining himself, or communicating his views to others. Whenever Kant undertakes to render into popular language the secrets of metaphysics, one inevitably thinks of Bardolph's attempt to analyze and justify the word accommodation:—"Accommodation—that is, when a man is (as they say) accommodated; or when a man is being whereby he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing." There are sometimes Eleusinian mysteries, sealed by nature herself, the mighty mother, as aporia, things essentially ineffable and unutterable in vulgar ears. Long, for instance, he labored, but vainly he labored, to render
Intelligible the scholastic idea of the transcendental. This should have been easy to deal with; for on the one side lay the transcendental, on the other the immanent, two buoys to map out the channel; and yet did Kant, throughout his long life, fail to satisfy any one man who was not previously and independently in possession of the idea. Difficulties of this nature should seem as little related to artifice of style and diction as geometrical difficulties; and yet it is certain that, by throwing the stress and emphasis of the perplexity upon the exact verbal nodus of the problem, a better structure of his sentences would have guided Kant to a readier apprehension of the real shape which the difficulty assumed to the ordinary student.


"Southey affirmed:"—namely, in the "Letters of Espriella," an imaginary Spaniard on a visit to England, about the year 1810.

Note 68. Page 408.

"Too much wealth:"—Mr. Landor, who should know best, speaks of himself (once at least), as "poor;" but that is all nonsense. I have known several people with annual incomes bordering on twenty thousand pounds, who spoke of themselves, and seemed seriously to think themselves, unhappy "paupers." Lady Hester Stanhope, with twenty-seven hundred pounds a year (of which about twelve arose from her government pension), and without one solitary dependent in her train, thought herself rich enough to become a queen (an Arabic maleky) in the Syrian mountains, but an absolute pauper for London; "for how, you know" (as she would say, pathetically), "could the humblest of spinsters live decently upon that pittance?"

Note 69. Page 411.

"From Hegel:"—I am not prepared with an affidavit that no man ever read Mr. Hegel, that great master of the impenetrable. But sufficient evidence of that fact, as I conceive, may be drawn from those who have written commentaries upon him.
HOTB8.

Note 70. Page 418.

"Freshness in the public mind:"—Ten or a dozen years ago, when this was written, the atrocity of Dahra was familiar to the readers of newspapers: it is now forgotten; and therefore I retrace it briefly. The French in Algiers, upon occasion of some razzia against a party of Arabs, hunted them into the cave or caves of Dahra; and, upon the refusal of the Arabs to surrender, filled up the mouth of their retreat with combustibles, and eventually roasted alive the whole party—men, women, and children. The Maréchal St. Arnaud, who subsequently died in supreme command of the French army before Sebastopol, was said to have been concerned as a principal in this atrocity. Meantime the Arabs are not rightfully or specially any objects of legitimate sympathy in such a case; for they are quite capable of similar cruelties under any movement of religious fanaticism.

Note 71. Page 420.

Wale (Germanicé wahl), the old ballad word for choice. But the motive for using it in this place is in allusion to an excellent old Scottish story (not sufficiently known in the south), of a rustic laird, who profited by the hospitality of his neighbors, duly to get drunk once (and no more) every lawful night, returning in the happiest frame of mind under the escort of his servant Andrew. In spite of Andrew, however, it sometimes happened that the laird fell off his horse; and on one of these occasions, as he himself was dismounted from his saddle, his wig was dismounted from his cranium. Both fell into a peat-moss, and both were fished out by Andrew. But the laird, in his confusion, putting on the wig wrong side before, reasonably "jaloused" that this could not be his own wig, but some other man's, which suspicion he communicated to Andrew, who argued contra by the memorable reply—"Hout, laird! there's nae wale o' wigs i' a peat-moss."

Note 72. Page 421.

Milton, in uttering his grief (but also his hopes growing out of his grief) upon a similar tragedy, namely, the massacre of the Protestant women and children by "the bloody Piedmontese.
"Modern military life:" — By modern I mean since the opening of the thirty years’ war. In this war, the sack, or partial sack, of Magdeburg, will occur to the reader as one of the worst amongst martial Russianisms. But this happens to be a hear. It is an old experience, that, when once the demure muse of history has allowed herself to tell a lie, she never retracts it. Many are the falsehoods in our own history, which our children read traditionally for truths, merely because our uncritical grandfathers believed them to be such. Magdeburg was not sacked. What fault there was in the case belonged to the King of Sweden, who certainly was remiss in this instance, though with excuses more than were hearkened to at that time. Tilly, the Bavarian general, had no reason for severity in this case, and showed none. According to the regular routine of war, Magdeburg had become forfeited to military execution; which, let the reader remember, was not, in those days, a right of the general as against the enemy, and by way of salutary warning to other cities, lest they also should abuse the right of a reasonable defence, but was a right of the soldiery as against their own leaders. A town stormed was then a little perquisite to the ill-fed and ill-paid soldiers. So of prisoners. If I made a prisoner of "Signor Drew" [see Henry V.], it was my business to fix his ransom; the general had no business to interfere with that. Magdeburg, therefore, had incurred the common penalty (which she must have foreseen) of obstinacy; and the only difference between her case and that of many another brave little town, that quietly submitted to the usual martyrdom, without howling through all the speaking-trumpets of history, was this — that he penalty was, upon Magdeburg, but partially enforced. Harte, the tutor of Lord Chesterfield’s son, first published, in his Life of Gustavus Adolphus, an authentic diary of what passed at that time, kept by a Lutheran clergyman. This diary shows sufficiently that no real departures were made from the customary routine, except in the direction of mercy. But it is evident that the people of Magdeburg were a sort of German hogs, of whom, it is notorious, that if you attempt in the kindest way to shear them, all you get is horrible yelling, and (the proverb asserts) very little wool. The case being a classical one in the annals of military outrages. I have noticed its real features.
 NOTES. 569

NOTE 74. Page 428.

"Melanchthon’s profound theory."—That the reader may not suppose me misrepresenting Mr. L., I subjoin his words, p. 224, vol. 1:—"The evil of idolatry is this—rival nations have raised up rival deities; war hath been denounced in the name of Heaven; men have been murdered for the love of God; and such impiety hath darkened all the regions of the world, that the Lord of all things hath been mocked by all simultaneously as the Lord of hosts." The evil of idolatry is, not that it disfigures the Deity (in which, it seems, there might be no great harm), but that one man’s disfiguration differs from another man’s; which leads to quarrelling, and that to fighting.

NOTE 75. Page 429.

"Grecian disguise:"—The true German name of this learned reformer was Schwarzerd (black earth); but the homeliness and pun-provoking quality of such a designation induced Melanchthon to mask it in Greek. By the way, I do not understand how Mr. Landor, the arch-purist in orthography, reconciles his spelling of the name to Greek orthodoxy; there is no Greek word that could be expressed by the English syllable "thon." Such a word as Melancthon* would be a hybrid monster—neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring.

NOTE 76. Page 432.

An equal mistake it is in Mr. Landor to put into the mouth of Porson any vituperation of Mathias as one that had uttered opinions upon Wordsworth. In the Pursuits of Literature, down to the fifteenth edition, there is no mention of Wordsworth’s name. Southey is mentioned slightly, and chiefly with reference to his then democratic principles; but not Coleridge, and not Wordsworth. Mathias soon after went to Italy, where he passed the remainder of his life—died, I believe, and was buried—never, perhaps, having heard the name of Wordsworth. As to Porson,

* The reader of this edition will notice that the American printer has altered the spelling in the text, without reference to Mr. De Quincey’s remarks on Mr Landor’s method.
it is very true that Mathias took a few liberties with his private habits, such as his writing paragraphs in the little cabinet fitted up for the gens de plume, at the Morning Chronicle office, and other trites. But these, though impertinences, were not of a nature seriously to offend. They rather flattered, by the interest which they argued in his movements. And with regard to Porson's main pretension, his exquisite skill in Greek, Mathias was not the man to admire this too little; his weakness, if in that point he had a weakness, lay in the opposite direction. His own Greek was not a burthen that could have foundered a camel; he was neither accurate, nor extensive, nor profound. But yet Mr. Landor is wrong in thinking that he drew it from an Index. In his Italian, he had the advantage probably of Mr. Landor himself; at least he wrote it with more apparent fluency and compass.

Note 77. Page 435.

"Susurrus:"—The reader, who has had any experience of stable usages, will know that grooms always keep up a hissing accompaniment whilst currycombing a horse as pavours do a groaning.

Note 78. Page 443.

Herod the Great, and his father Antipater, owed the favor of Rome, and, finally, the throne of Judaea, to the seasonable election which they made between Rome and Persia; but made not without some doubts, as between forces hardly yet brought to a satisfactory equation.

Note 79. Page 446.

"Stooped not to accept it."—The notion that Julius Cæsar, who of all men must have held cheapest the title of Rex, had seriously intrigued to obtain it, arose (as I conceive) from two mistakes—first, From a misinterpretation of a figurative ceremony in the pageant of the Lupercalia. The Romans were ridiculously punctilious in this kind of jealousy. They charged Pompey, at one time, with a plot for making himself king, because he wore white bandages round his thighs; now white, in
olden days, was as much the regal color as purple. Think, dear reader, of us—of you and me—being charged with making ourselves kings, because we may choose to wear white cotton drawers. Pompey was very angry, and swore bloody oaths that it was not ambition which had caused his thighs in white fuscæ

"Why, what is it then?" said a grave citizen. "What is it, man?" replied Pompey, "it is rheumatism." Dogberry must have had a hand in this charge:—"Dost thou hear, thou varlet? Thou art charged with incivism; and it shall go hard with me but I will prove thee to thy face a false knave, and guilty of flat rheumatism." The other reason which has tended to confirm posterity in the belief that Caesar really coveted the title of Rex, was the confusion of the truth arising with Greek writers. Basileus, the term by which indifferently they designated the mighty Artaxerxes and the pettiest regulus, was the original translation used for Imperator. Subsequently, and especially after Dioclesian had approximated the aulic pomp to eastern models, the terms Autocrator, Kaisar, Augustus, Sebastos, &c., came more into use. But after Trajan's time, or even to that of Commodus, generally the same terms which expressed Imperator and Imperitorial [viz., Basileus and Basilikos] to a Grecian ear expressed Rex and Regalis.

Note 80. Page 453.

"'Tis:"—Scotchmen and Irishmen (for a reason which it may be elsewhere worth while explaining) make the same mistake of supposing 't is and 't was admissible in prose; which is shocking to an English ear, for since 1740 they have become essentially poetic forms, and cannot, without a sense of painful affectation and sentimentality, be used in conversation or in any mode of prose. Mr. Landor does not make that mistake, but the reduplication of the 't is in this line, — will he permit me to say? — is dreadful. He is wide awake to such blemishes in other men of all nations; so am I. He blazes away all day long against the trespasses of that class, like a man in spring, protecting corn-fields against birds. So do I at times. And if ever I publish that work on Style, which for years has been in preparation, I fear that, from Mr. Landor, it will be necessary to cull some striking flaws in composition, were it only that in his works must be sought some of its most striking brilliances.
Note 81. Page 454.

"Rocky harp:" — There are now known other cases, besides the ancient one of Memnon's statue, in which the "deep-grooved" granites, or even the shifting sands of wildernesses, utter mysterious music to ears that watch and wait for the proper combination of circumstances.

Note 82. Page 469.

"Would then:" — This is a most important caveat: many thousands of exquisite lines in the days of Elizabeth, James, Charles, down even to 1658 (last of Cromwell), are ruined by readers untrained to the elder disyllabic (not monosyllabic) treatment of the tion.

Note 83. Page 472.

Mr. Craik, who is a great authority on such subjects, favoured me some ten or twelve years ago with a letter on this line. He viewed it as a variety more or less irregular, but regular as regarded its model, of the dramatic or scenical verse—privileged to the extent of an extra syllable, but sometimes stretching its privilege a little further.

Note 84. Page 479.

'Roberte the Deville:' — See the old metrical romance of that name: it belongs to the fourteenth century, and was printed some thirty years ago, with wood engravings of the illuminations. Roberte, however, took the liberty of murdering his schoolmaster. But could he well do less? Being a reigning Duke's son, and after the rebellious schoolmaster had said —

'Sir, ye bee too bolde:
And therewith tooke a rodde hym for to chaste.'

Upon which the meek Robin, without using any bad language as the schoolmaster had done, simply took out a long dagger 'hym for to chaste,' which he did effectually. The schoolmaster gave no bad language after that.

Note 85. Page 482.

Mitford, who was the brother of a man better known than himself to the public eye, viz., Lord Redesdale, may be considered a very unfortunate author. His work upon Greece, which Lord
Byron celebrated for its ‘wrath and its partiality, really had those merits: choleric it was in excess, and as entirely partial, as nearly perfect in its injustice, as human infirmity would allow. Nothing is truly perfect in this shocking world; absolute injustice, alas! the perfection of wrong, must not be looked for until we reach some high Platonic form of polity. Then shall we revel and bask in a vertical sun of iniquity. Meantime, I will say—that to satisfy all bilious and unreasonable men, a better historian of Greece, than Mitford, could not be fancied. And yet, at the very moment when he was stepping into his harvest of popularity, down comes one of those omnivorous Germans that, by reading everything and a trifle besides, contrive to throw really learned men—and perhaps better thinkers than themselves—into the shade. Ottfried Mueller, with other archaeologists and travellers into Hellas, gave new aspects to the very purposes of Grecian history. Do you hear, reader? not new answers, but new questions. And Mitford, that was gradually displacing the unlearned Gillies, &c., was himself displaced by those who intrigued with Germany. His other work on ‘the Harmony of Language,’ though one of the many that attempted, and the few that accomplished, the distinction between accent and quantity, or learnedly appreciated the metrical science of Milton, was yet, in my hearing, pronounced utterly intelligible by the best practical commentator on Milton, viz., the best reproducer of his exquisite effects in blank verse, that any generation since Milton has been able to show. Mr. Mitford was one of the many accomplished scholars that are ill-used. Had he possessed the splendid powers of the Landor, he would have raised a clatter on the armor of modern society, such as Samson threatened to the giant Harapha. For, in many respects, he resembled the Landor: he had much of his learning—he had the same extensive access to books and influential circles in great cities—the same gloomy disdain of popular falsehoods or commonplaces—and the same disposition to run a-muck against all nations, languages, and spelling-books.

Note 86. Page 483.

‘In fact, a New Englander.’—This explanation, upon a matter familiar to the well-informed, it is proper to repeat occa-
sionally, because we English exceedingly perplex and confound the Americans by calling, for instance, a Virginian or a Kentuck by the name of Yankee, whilst that term was originally introduced as antithetic to these more southern States.

Note 87. Page 485.

Pinkerton published one of his earliest volumes, under this title — 'Rimes, by Mr. Pinkerton,' not having the fear of Ritson before his eyes. And, for once, we have reason to thank Ritson for his remark — that the form Mr. might just as well be read Monster. Pinkerton in this point was a perfect monster. As to the word Rimes, instead of Rhymes, he had something to stand upon; the Greek rythmos was certainly the remote fountain; but the proximate fountain must have been the Italian rima.

Note 88. Page 486.

The most extravagant of all experiments on language is brought forward in the 'Letters of Literature, by Robert Heron.' But Robert Heron is a pseudonyme for John Pinkerton; and I have been told that Pinkerton's motive for assuming it was — because Heron had been the maiden name of his mother. Poor lady, she would have stared to find herself, in old age, transformed into Mistressina Herouilla. What most amuses one in pursuing the steps of such an attempt at refinement, is its reception by 'Jack' in the navy.

Note 89. Page 486.

'It ever was' — and, of course, being (as there is no need to tell Mr. Landor) a form obtained by contraction from fidelitas.

Note 90. Page 487.

Of this a ludicrous illustration is mentioned by the writer, once known to the public as Trinity Jones. Some young clergyman, unacquainted with the technical use of italics by the original compositors of James the First's Bible, on coming to the 27th verse, chap. xiii. of 1st Kings, 'And he' (viz., the old prophet of Bethel) 'spake to his sons, saying, Saddle me the ass. And they saddled him;' (where the italic him simply meant that this word was involved, but not expressed, in the
original,) read it, 'And they saddled him;' as though these undutiful sons, instead of saddling the donkey, had saddled the old prophet. In fact, the old gentleman's directions are not quite without an opening for a filial misconception, if the reader examines them as closely as I examine words.

**Note 91. Page 487.**

He uses this and similar artifices, in fact, as the damper in a modern piano-forte, for modifying the swell of the intonation.

**Note 92. Page 492.**

The reasons for this anarchy in the naturalization of Eastern words are to be sought in three causes: 1. In national rivalships: French travellers in India, like Jacquemont, &c., as they will not adopt our English First Meridian, will not, of course, adopt our English spelling. In one of Paul Richter's novels a man assumes the First Meridian to lie generally, not through Greenwich, but through his own skull, and always through his own study. I have myself long suspected the Magnetic Pole to lie under a friend's wine-cellar, from the vibrating movement which I have remarked constantly going on in his cluster of keys towards that particular point. Really, the French, like Sir Anthony Absolute, must 'get an atmosphere of their own,' such is their hatred to holding anything in common with us. 2. They are to be sought in local Indian differences of pronunciation. 3. in the variety of our own British population — soldiers, missionaries, merchants, who are unlearned or half-learned — scholars, really learned, but often fantastically learned, and lastly (as you may swear) young ladies — anxious, above all things, to mystify us outside barbarians.

**Note 93. Page 497.**

William Wordsworth had, on the death of Southey, accepted the aureship.

**Note 94. Page 498.**

' *Modern rector:*'—viz., Lord Brougham.
Note 95. Page 510.

"Dirty half-hundred:―By an old military jest, which probably had at first some foundation in fact, the 50th regiment of foot has been so styled for above a century.

Note 96. Page 511.

"The Wanderer" (as should be explained to the reader) is the technical designation of the presiding philosopher in Wordsworth’s "Excursion."

Note 97. Page 511.

"Dalby's carminative:"—This, and another similar remedy, called Godfrey's cordial, both owing their main agencies to opium, have through generations been the chief resource of poor mothers when embarrassed in their daily labours by fretful infants. Fine ladies have no such difficulty to face, and are apt to forget that there is any such apology to plead.

Note 98. Page 531.

[The Preface to the volume in the English edition, containing the paper on Wordsworth’s Poetry, has the following comments by De Quincey on this essay.]

With regard to Wordsworth, what I chiefly regret is—that I could not, under the circumstances of the case, obtain room for pursuing further the great question (first moved controversially by Wordsworth) of Poetic Diction. It is remarkable enough, as illustrating the vapoury character of all that philosophy which Coleridge and Wordsworth professed to hold in common, that, after twenty years of close ostensible agreement, it turned out, when accident led them to a printed utterance of their several views, that not one vestige of true and virtual harmony existed to unite them. Between Fancy, for instance, and Imagination, they both agreed that a distinction, deep, practical, and vitally operative, had slept unnoticed for ages; that, first of all, in an early stage of this revolutionary nineteenth century, that distinction was descried upon the psychological field of vision by Wordsworth, or by Coleridge; but naturally the accurate demanded to know—by which. And to this no answer could ever be obtained. Finally, however, it transpired that any answer would be nugatory; since, on coming to distinct explanations upon the subject, in print, the two authorities flatly, and through the whole gamut of illustrative cases, contradicted each
other. Precisely the same (or, at least, precisely an equal) agreement had originally existed between the two philosophic poets on the laws and quality of Poetic Diction; and there again, after many years of supposed pacific harmony, all at once precisely the same unfathomable chasm of chaotic schism opened between them. Chaos, however, is the natural prologue to Creation, and although neither Coleridge nor Wordsworth has left anything written upon this subject, which does not tend seemingly to a barren result, nevertheless, there is still fermenting an unsatisfied doubt upon the question of the true and the false in poetic diction, which dates from the days of Euripides. What were the views of Euripides can now be gathered only from his practice; but from that (which was not unobserved by Valckenaer) I infer that he was secretly governed by the same feelings on this subject as Wordsworth. But between the two poets there was this difference: Euripides* was perhaps in a state of unconscious sympathy with the views subsequently held by Wordsworth so that, except by his practice, he could not promote those views; but Wordsworth held them consciously and earnestly, and purely from Sybaritic indolence failed to illustrate them. Even Coleridge, though indulgent enough to such an infirmity, was a little scandalized at the excess of this morbid affection in Wordsworth. The old original illustrations—two, three, or perhaps three and a-quarter—cited from Gray and Prior; these—and absolutely not enlarged through a fifty years' additional experience—were all that Wordsworth put forward to the end of his life. Any decent measure of exertion would have easily added a crop of five thousand further cases. This excess of inertia, this (which the ancients would have called) sacred laziness, operating upon a favoured theory, is in itself a not uninteresting spectacle for a contemplative man. But a still stranger subject for cynical contemplation is, that, after all (as hereafter I believe it possible to show), Wordsworth has failed to establish his theory, not simply through morbid excesses of holy idleness, but also through entire misconception of his own meaning, and blind aberration from the road on which he fancied himself moving.

* That Euripides, consciously or not, had a secret craving for the natural and life-like in diction, is noticed by Valckenaer in his great dissertation upon the Phoenissæ.