Dickinson College Archives & Special Collections

http://archives.dickinson.edu/

Documents Online

Title: "Spirit of Britain" Section 13, by Montagu F. Modder

Date: circa 1950

Location: MC 2002.1

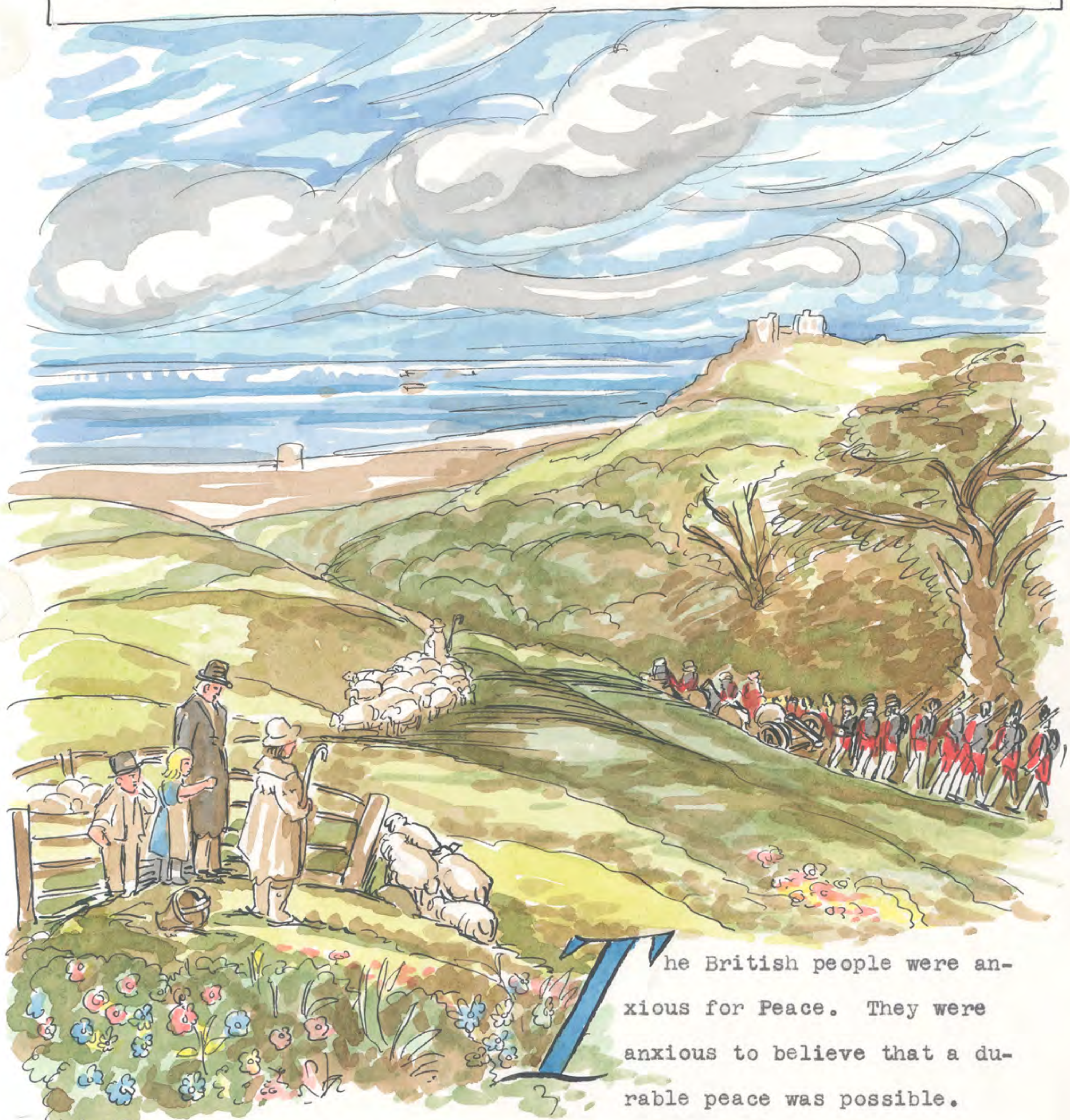
Contact:

Archives & Special Collections
Waidner-Spahr Library
Dickinson College
P.O. Box 1773
Carlisle, PA 17013

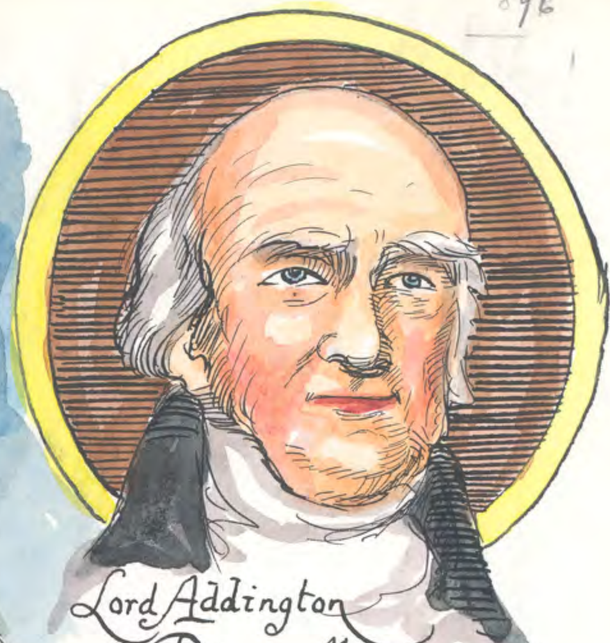
717-245-1399

archives@dickinson.edu

PEACE AND WAR after the painting by DAVID COX, 1842.



The British people were anxious for Peace. They were anxious to believe that a durable peace was possible. Consequently, the Addington ministry pushed rapidly forward the negotiations with France, and the preliminaries of Peace were signed in London, in the autumn of 1801. The definitive Treaty of Amiens was completed on March 28, 1802. "It was a peace which," as Sheridan, the



Lord Addington
Prime Minister at
the opening of the Century—
("The Incarnate Mediocrity.")

wit of the Opposition in Parliament, declared, "everybody would be glad of, but which nobody would be proud of!"

The Treaty of Amiens had scarcely been signed before the Addington Ministry and the people of Britain began to fear that Napoleon Bonaparte was about to employ the time of peace merely to strengthen himself for further attack upon England.

In the next four years, Napoleon Bonaparte justified the fears of the English ministers. As First Consul of France, he reorganized the civil and military resources of the nation, "as the resources of no nation had ever been organized before". Then he proceeded to deal with the external foes of France. He reconquered Italy with ease, and conceived the idea of closing the markets of Europe to "perfidious Albion".

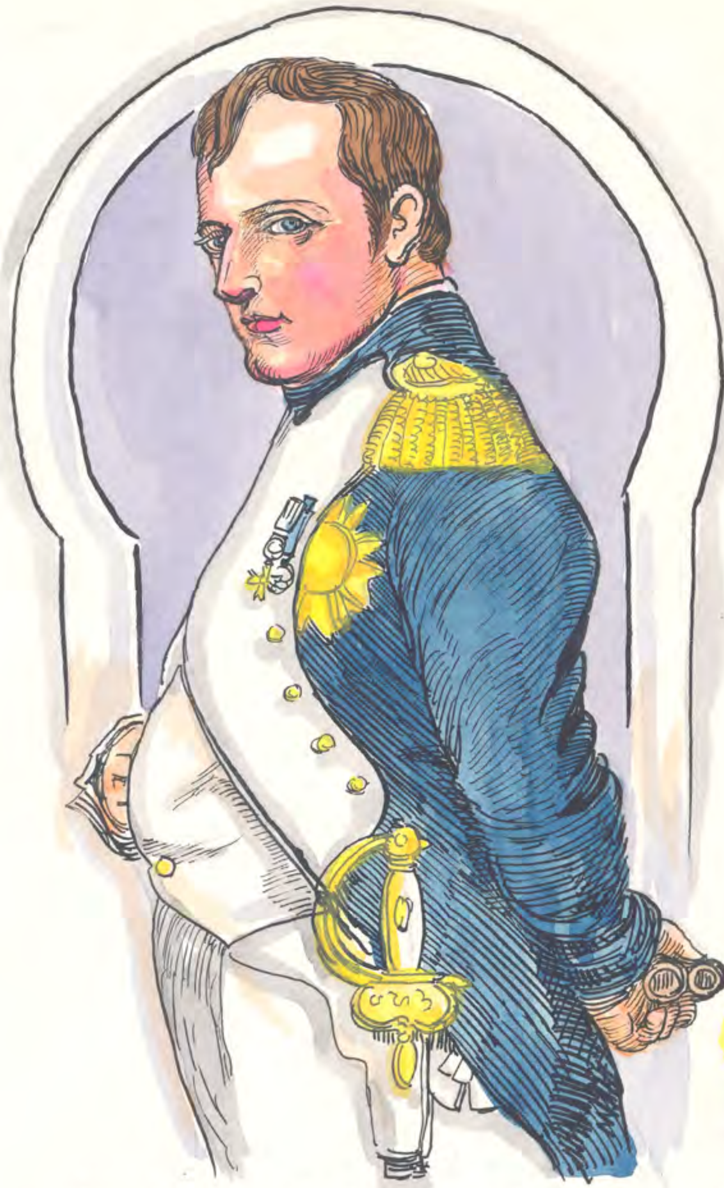
But, although Bonaparte was strong on land, Britannia still ruled the waves. In a memorable sea-fight, Admiral Nelson destroyed the Danish fleet under the guns of Copenhagen forts,---thus putting an end to the peril of a possible blockade against "perfidious Albion".

Marshal Ney from the drawing by MEISSONIER.

However, on land, no nation was able to make headway against Napoleon. He annexed Piedmont and occupied Switzerland. Protests on the part of Britain as to the actions of the First Consul on the Continent were in effect met by Napoleon's declaration that they were none of England's business.

There was some technical warrant for Napoleon's attitude; but it was no less evident that he was violating the understandings upon which the Treaty of Amiens had been made. These matters may have been passed over, if the English Ministers had not conceived suspicions that Napoleon intended to re-occupy Egypt! They therefore refused to give up Malta, as they were bound by the Treaty of Amiens to do. Napoleon claimed the execution of the treaty, with reference to Malta, and used "most violent language" to Lord Whitworth, the English Ambassador; and as no compromise about Malta acceptable to both sides could be found, war was recommended before the end of May, 1803.

There was scarcely an Englishman living in 1804 who did not regard Napoleon as an unprincipled villain whom it was the duty of every honest man to resist. "This conception of Napoleon's character was certainly not without foundation", says the historian Gardiner. Napoleon had no notion of allowing moral scruples to interfere with his designs, and, whenever his personal interests



were concerned, he knew no rule except that of his own will.

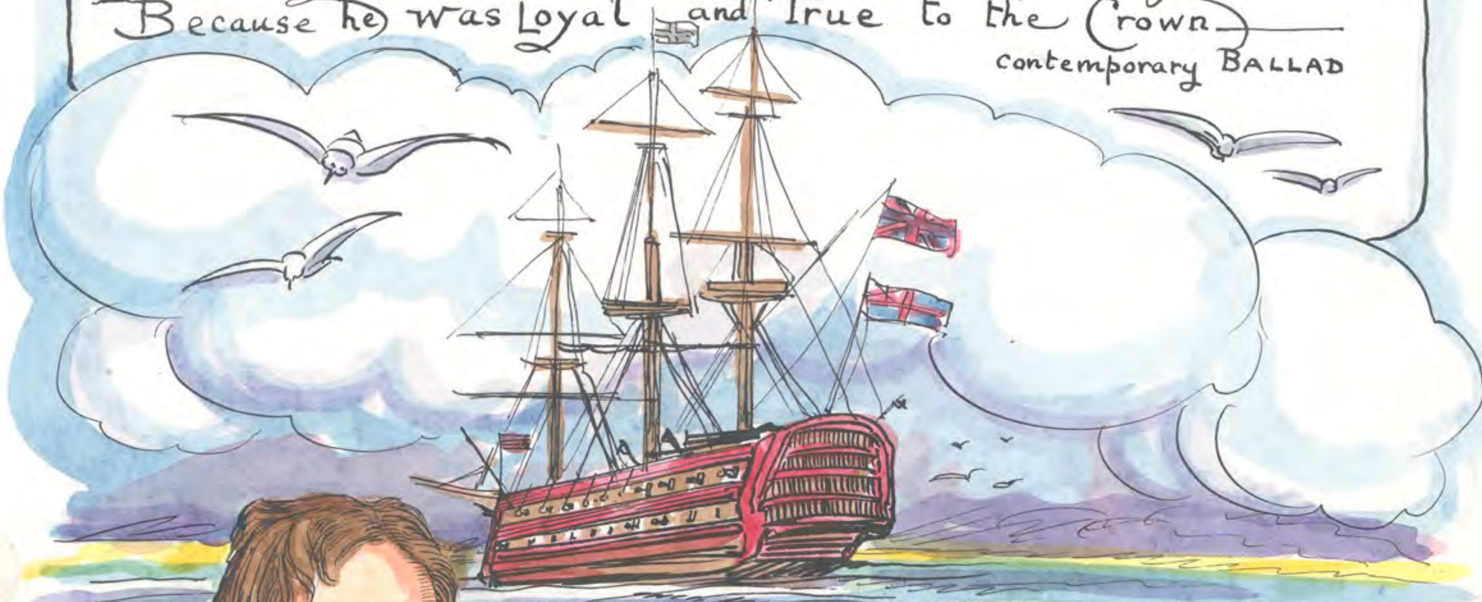
In I802, he was Consul for Life, and two years later he was Emperor of France. He made his brothers rulers of conquered countries. He obtained a divorce from Josephine, whom he had married in I796; and married Maria Louisa, daughter of the Austrian Emperor. He seemed confident of the future, and he wanted an heir.

In I803, when the flames of war broke out again, two weary nations---France and England---seemed to be engaged in what might be called "a fight to the death". The war was not to cease now till the Emperor had placed the entire Continent at his feet. Having strengthened his resources in Holland, Switzerland and Northern Italy, he organized a cordon of vassal states to the east and north. His chief plan, however, was to invade "perfidious Albion". To that end he gathered at Boulogne a magnificent army, and made elaborate preparations for transporting it across the Channel. Could he only get control of the narrow seas for twenty-

Detail from the Marriage of Napoleon and Maria Louisa after the painting by ROUGET

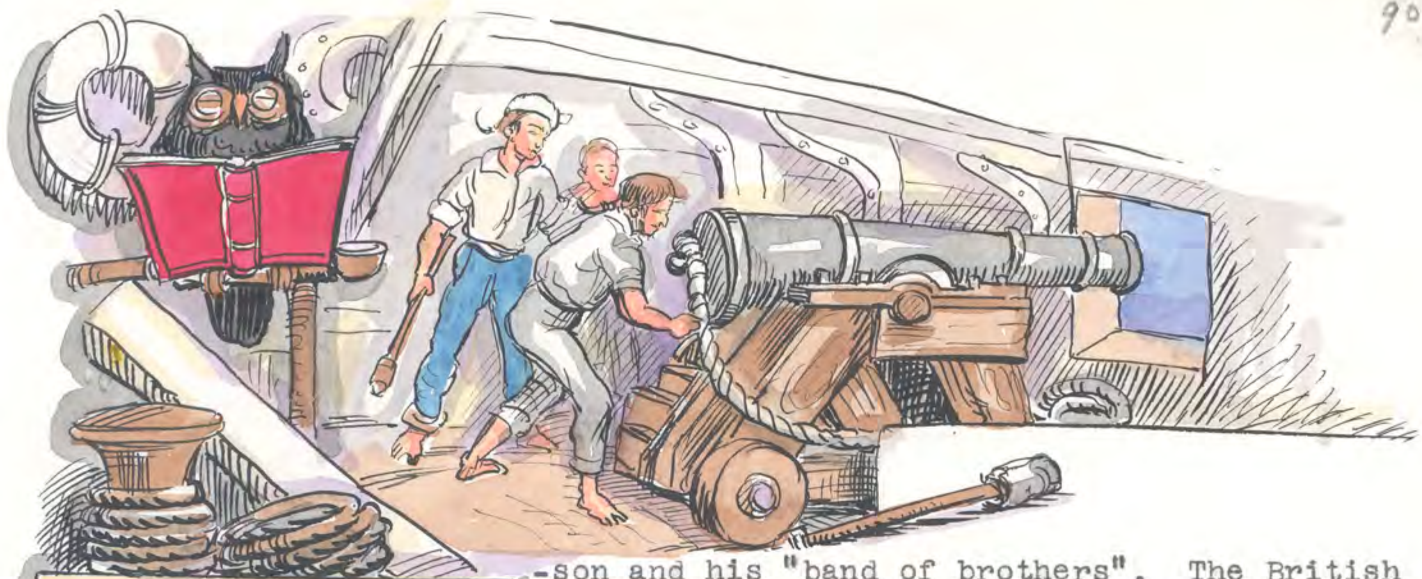
-four hours, he felt sure of landing a force which would easily prove irresistible. But the English navy was invincible. Napoleon made vigorous but crude and unprofessional

Come all Gallant Seamen that unite a meeting,
Always let Lord Nelson's memory go round;
For it is your Duty, when you unite a Meeting,
Because he was Loyal and True to the Crown
contemporary BALLAD



NELSON'S SHIP H.M.S. VICTORY

schemes for securing the mastery of the English Channel. If he could bring together all his available fighting units---the French fleet at Toulon, and the Spanish forces and the fleet at Brest---there would be some seventy ships to assist his "Army of England" to cross the twenty-five miles of water between Boulogne and Dover. A flotilla of twelve hundred boats awaited at Boulogne the arrival of the fleets. But the fleets never came together. They were baffled by the energy and vigilance of Admiral Nel-



Horatio Nelson

From Oath of Allegiance, 1777, in the Admirality Records

Horatio Nelson

From Admirality Records

Horatio Nelson

Nelson

Wounds received by Lord Nelson
His Eye in Corsica
His Belly off Cape St. Vincent
His arm at Teneriffe
His Head in Egypt

NELSON'S STATEMENT OF HIS BATTLE WOUNDS

-son and his "band of brothers". The British ships hunted the French across the Atlantic and back---sometimes in full cry!

When the French fleet picked up the Spanish fleet at Cadiz, the two fleets sailed away to the West Indies. As Bonaparte expected, Nelson sailed to the West Indies in pursuit of them, and, while the British admiral was searching for them, the French and Spanish fleets (in accordance with Bonaparte's orders) were already on their way back to Europe, to join the French fleet at Brest. Thus a part of Bonaparte's plan was realized.

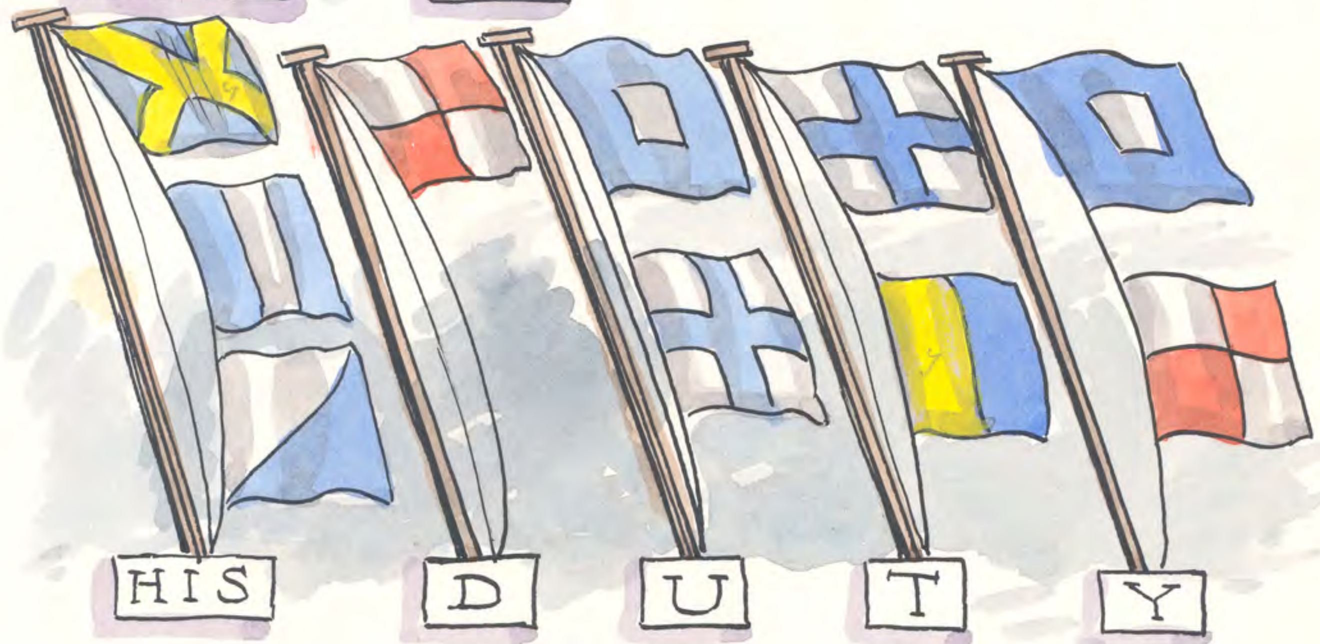
Not finding the enemy fleet in the West Indies, Nelson sailed back to the Bay of Biscay in pursuit.

Napoleon insisted on his admirals putting again to sea. With a heavy heart, Villeneuve, the unfortunate French commander, caused the

Nelson's Signal at Trafalgar

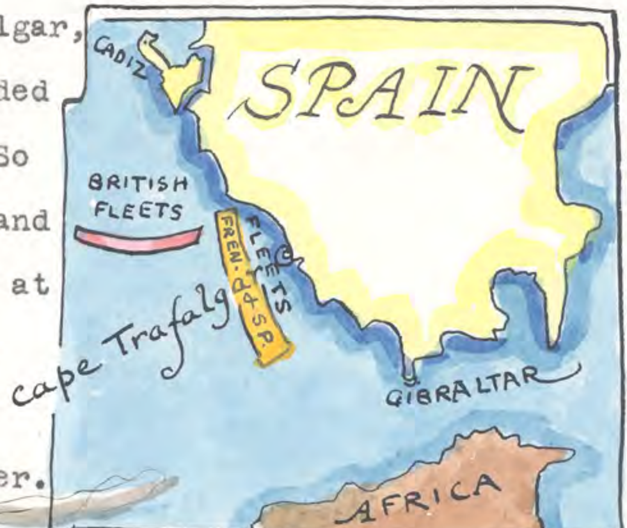
main French and Spanish fleet to come out of harbor for the last time ---to the final sacrifice off Cape Trafalgar.

Nelson gave the signal of "England expects every man to do his Duty". In the battle which followed, the French and Spanish fleets were entire-



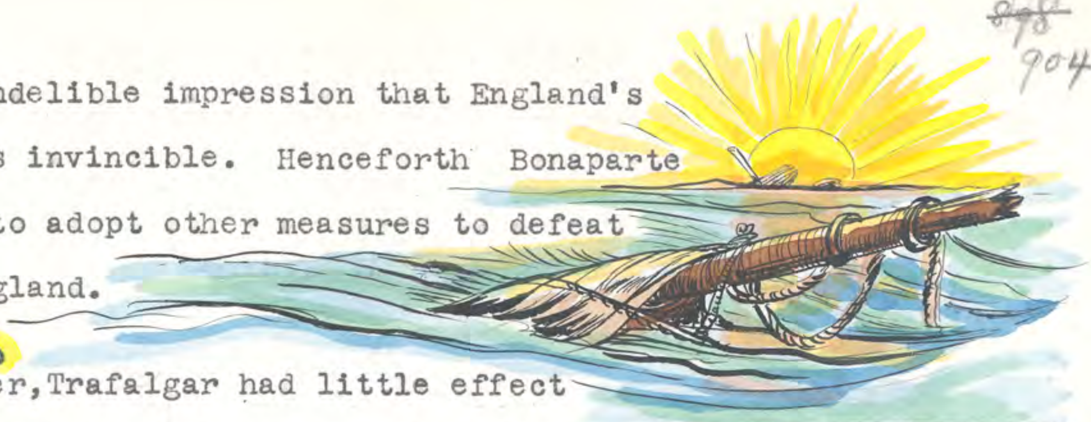
The Battle of Trafalgar
October 21, 1805

-ly destroyed. "Never again during the war," observes the historian Gardiner, "did a French or Spanish fleet venture to put out from harbor, nor had the British navy to contend for the mastery of the sea". But in the battle of Trafalgar, Admiral Nelson fell mortally wounded by a shot from a French ship. So deeply was Nelson honored in England that when the news of the triumph at Trafalgar arrived, it was doubtful whether joy for the victory, or sorrow for the loss was the greater.

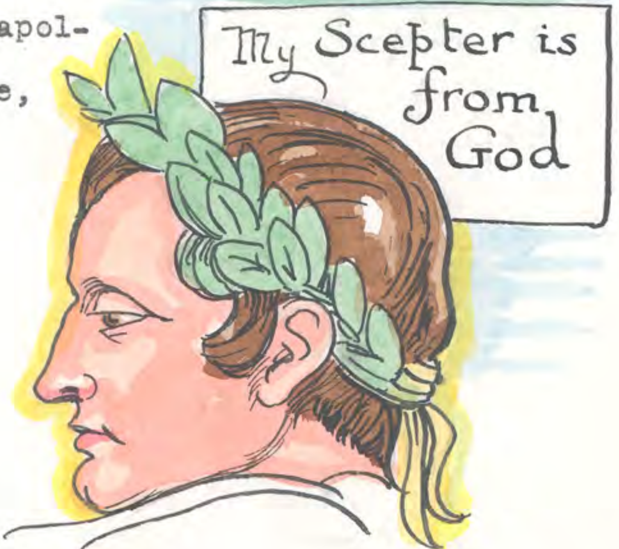


The victory at Trafalgar saved the British much rope and timber in blockading work during the remaining ten years of the war. Moreover, it stamped on the mind

of Europe an indelible impression that England's naval power was invincible. Henceforth Bonaparte was compelled to adopt other measures to defeat indomitable England.



However, Trafalgar had little effect on the triumphal career of Napoleon, who, with characteristic promptitude, turned upon the foes who were slowly gathering against him in the east. In 1805, he appeared as "Emperor of the French", and, acting with high-handed authority, proceeded to modify the map of Europe. He presented the lower part of Italy to his brother Joseph, and appointed another brother, Louis, king of Holland. He replaced the Holy Roman Empire by a group of vassal states known as the Confederation of the Rhine. When Prussia rose up in protest, the Emperor humiliated the Prussians as thoroughly as he had dealt with the Austrians. By the middle of 1807, the Russians as well were brought to book.



THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON
detail from the picture of the Coronation by DAVID

Only Britain remained unconquered and defiant, determined, as Pitt had declared, "to save Europe by her example". Yet in 1808, the hope seemed forlorn enough---in view of Napoleon's imperial system and its mighty proportions. It was indeed an hour of gloom for England.

from a Woodcut after a MEDAL.

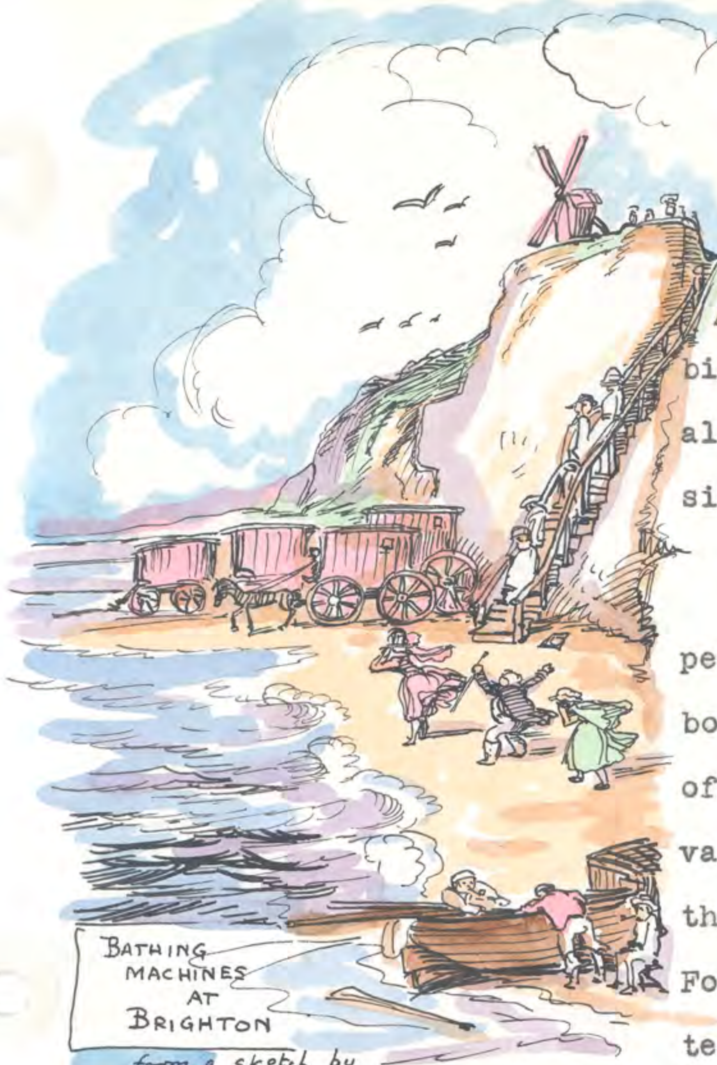
EUROPE at the Greatest Extent of NAPOLEON'S POWER

Napoleon's conquests included Holland, the German Coast (Hamburg, Bremen, Lubeck), Western Italy (Piedmont, Tuscany, the Papal States), & Illyrian Provinces. His dependencies included the Confederation of the Rhine, the Duchy of Warsaw, the Helvetic Republic, the Kingdoms of Italy, and Naples, & Spain.

A look at the map of Europe convinced Pitt that Napoleon's triumph on the Continent was complete. "Roll up that map of Europe", said the great English statesman, whose last years had been devoted to the struggle with France, "Roll up that map---it will not be wanted again for ten years." His own end was very near.

From a contemporary sketch of the Emperor

William Pitt, worn out by work and anxiety, died at his post in 1806, three months after Trafalgar. He followed to the grave the great English sailor who had struck for Britain the decisive blow in the struggle.



BATHING MACHINES AT BRIGHTON
from a sketch by Rowlandson

After Trafalgar, the island Kingdom was safe. The rage of the enemy beat against it as vainly as the billows beat against the cliffs. Safe also was the trade from which it drew the sinews of war.

When Pitt passed away, the King was compelled to take Fox as a Minister. A broad-bottomed administration, known as "the Ministry of all Talents" was formed out of the various parties. Lord Grenville became the Prime Minister, and Fox the Foreign Minister. At first Fox did his best to bring the war to an end. He opened negotiations with France, but soon discovered that the Emperor Napoleon was too slippery to be bound by treaties. The revelation of Napoleon's character, objects, and methods was a tragic disappointment to Fox, who was now convinced that the continuance of the war was unavoidable. Like Pitt, Fox realized that England was committed to a struggle from which she could not retire, and of which no man could see the end. Crushed by the terrible conviction, Fox died on September 13, 1806.

CHARLES JAMES FOX, Entered Parliament at 19, and proved himself an able debater. An acute reasoner, he could hit hard & with effect. Succeeded Pitt as leader of the Commons.

In the meanwhile, Napoleon progressed from victory to

victory, from annexation to annexation, till he had almost made himself Emperor of the West. Over the kings of Europe, with their senile councils, spiritless battalions, and routine commanders, he triumphed for the most part with ease.

At last, however, the nations were roused. First, Spain---decrepit and moribund as she was---sprang to arms against Napoleon's rapine. Then followed national resistance, though on a small scale, in Tyrol, and in deserted and burning Moscow. The revolt against Napoleon spread like wild fire to Leipzig in Germany.

Napoleon dividing Europe — "Carving her up"

By Gillray

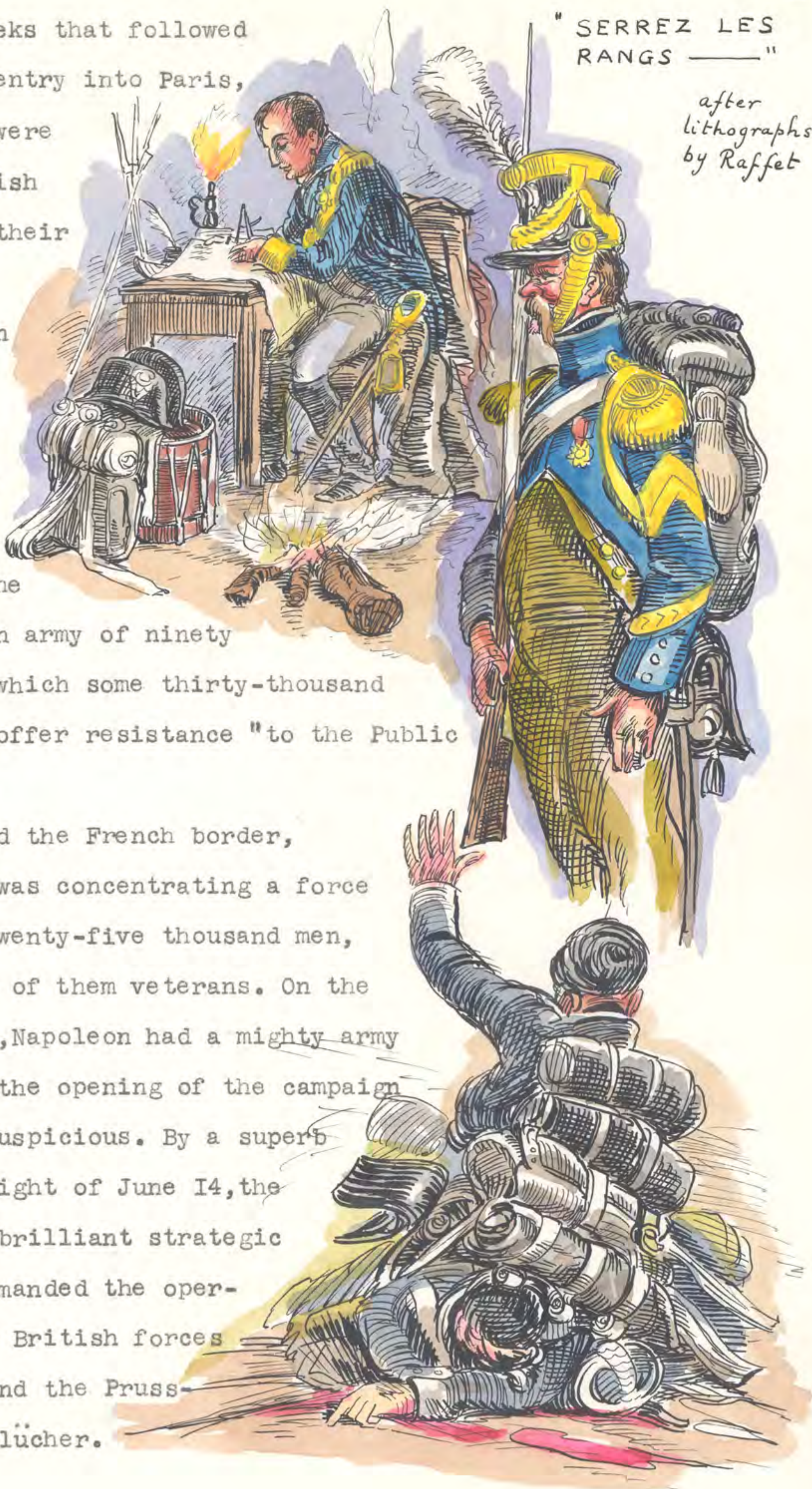
Soon, the Imperial dream came to an abrupt termination with the Emperor's fall and abdication at Fontainbleau, April I8I4. For a while "the civilized world" (so it was reported, was "free from Corsican domination". On his capture, Napoleon was treated with improvident confidence. He was held prisoner in Elba.

But, breaking his word---as he was sure to do---the "gambler" would try his luck again. He escaped from Elba (traveling in disguise), and returned once more to

The Emperor Returns, 1814

his army. Amid the general curses of the French people, Napoleon once again was enabled by his marshals and his soldiers---who had accepted the Bourbon restoration---to offer a holocaust of blood and human suffering to his selfish ambition. The marshals (Ney among them) who advanced against Napoleon with loud protestations of loyalty to King Louis XVIII, fell under the spell of their old commander, and joined his forces. On March 20, 1815, Napoleon was once more at the head of the French Empire. Once more he held all the strings in his own hands.

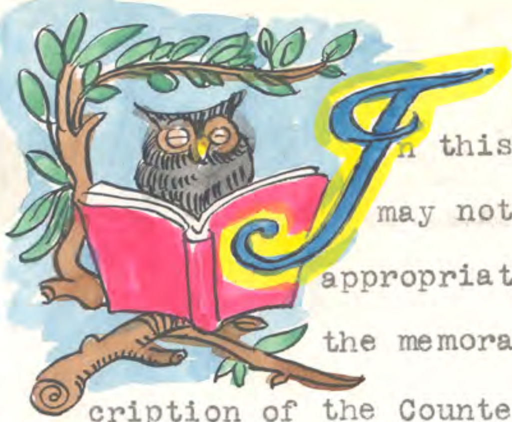
During the weeks that followed Napoleon's entry into Paris, the Powers were engaged in a feverish endeavor to bring their disbanded armies into the field. In June, the Duke of Wellington was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces in the Netherlands, with an army of ninety thousand men---of which some thirty-thousand were British---to offer resistance "to the Public Enemy of Europe".



"SERREZ LES RANGS ——"

after lithographs by Raffet

Meanwhile, behind the French border, Napoleon's energy was concentrating a force of a hundred and twenty-five thousand men, a large proportion of them veterans. On the eve of hostilities, Napoleon had a mighty army of effectives, and the opening of the campaign was sufficiently auspicious. By a superb march during the night of June I4, the Emperor secured a brilliant strategic position which commanded the operating lines of the British forces under Wellington, and the Prussian forces under Blücher.



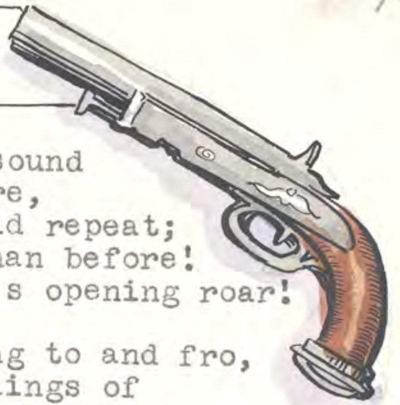
In this place it may not be inappropriate to take in the memorable description of the Countess of Richmond's ball in Brussels, on the evening preceding the Quatre Bras battle, three days before Waterloo. In his lines, Byron heightens the romantic effect by contrasting the careless revelry of youth and beauty at the ball, with the wholesale slaughter that was to follow at Waterloo.

THE DUKE LEAVING THE BALL ROOM.

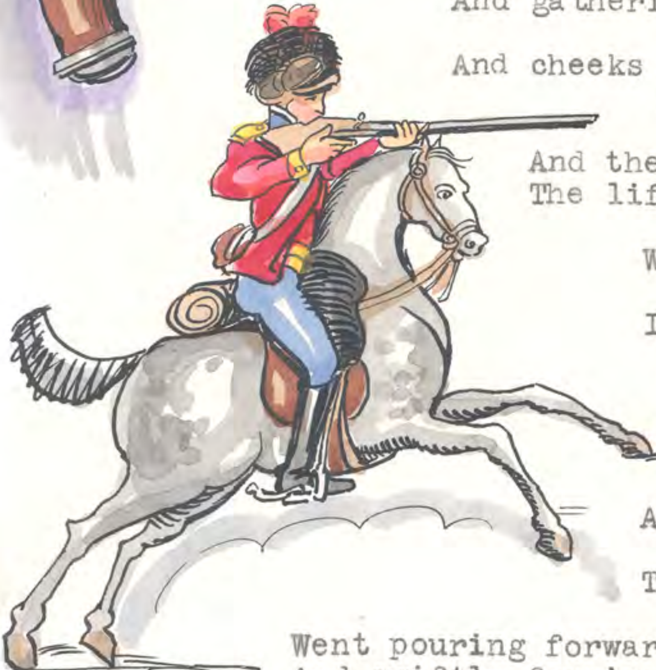
There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?---No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.---

Waterloo Relics



But hark! the heavy sound
breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer,clearer,deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is---it is---the cannon's opening roar!

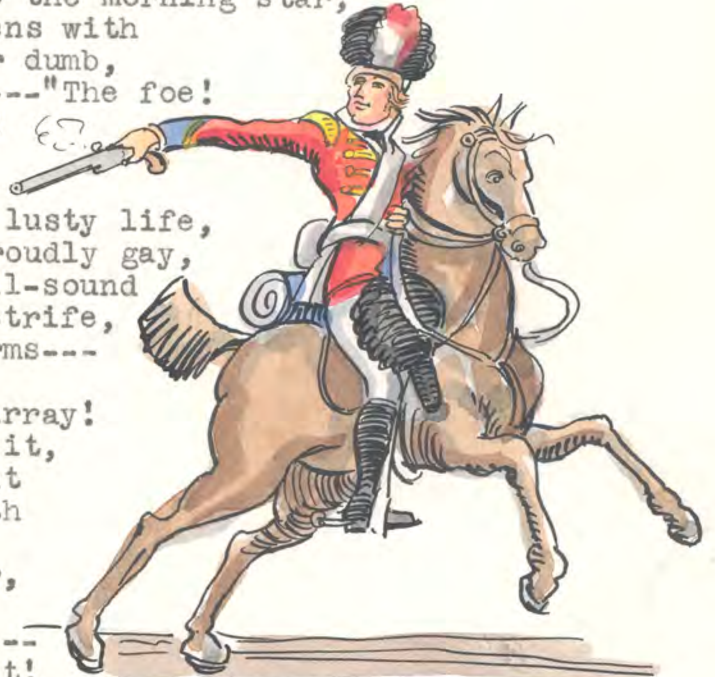


Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears,and tremblings of
distress,
And cheeks all pale,which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their
own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings,such as press
The life from out young hearts,and choking
sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated;who
could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual
eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful
morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste:
the steed,
The mustering squadron,and the clat-
tering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near,the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with
terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips---"The foe!
They come! They Come!

CITIZEN SOLDIER
SURREY YEOMANRY

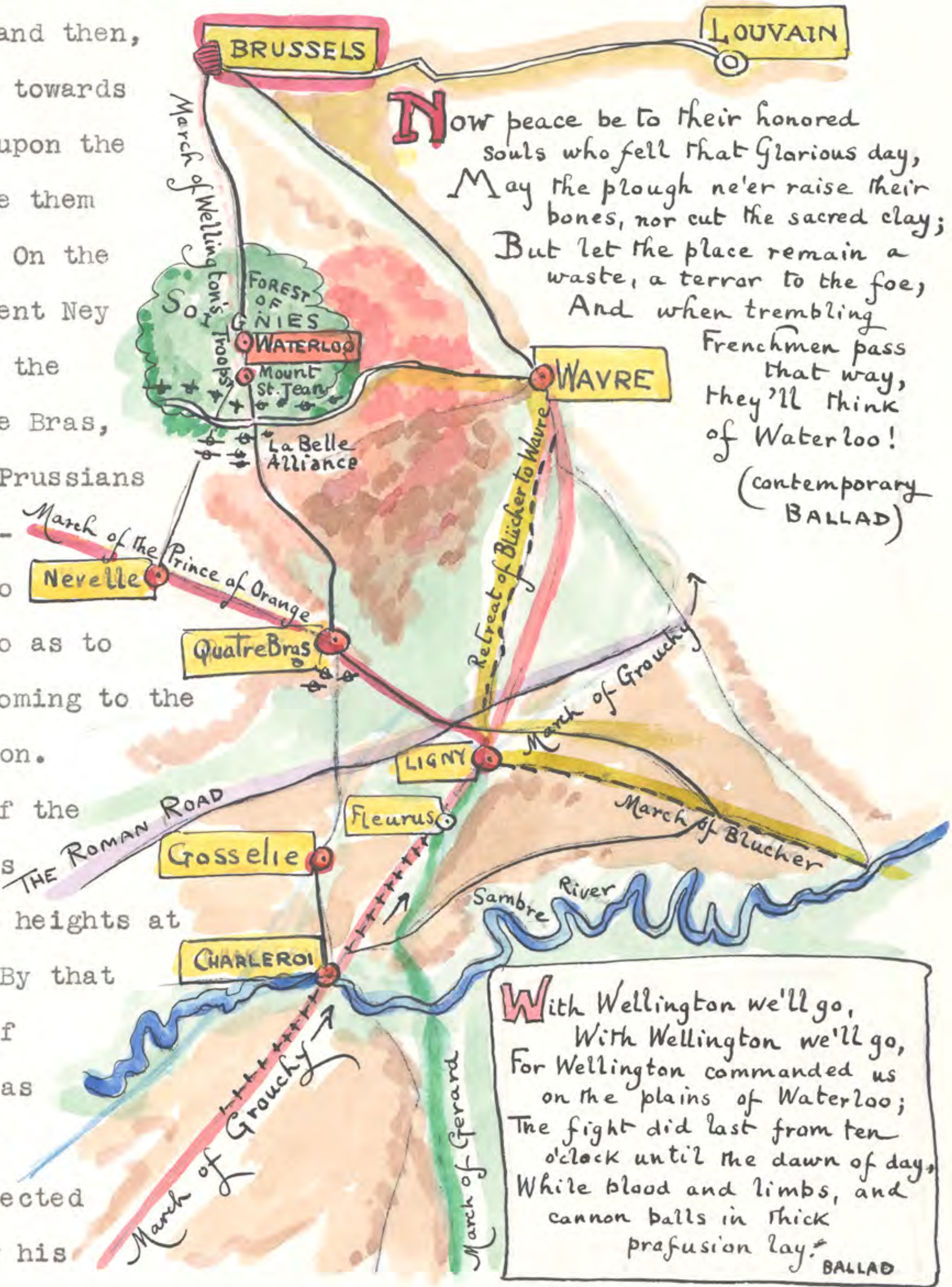
* * * * * * * *



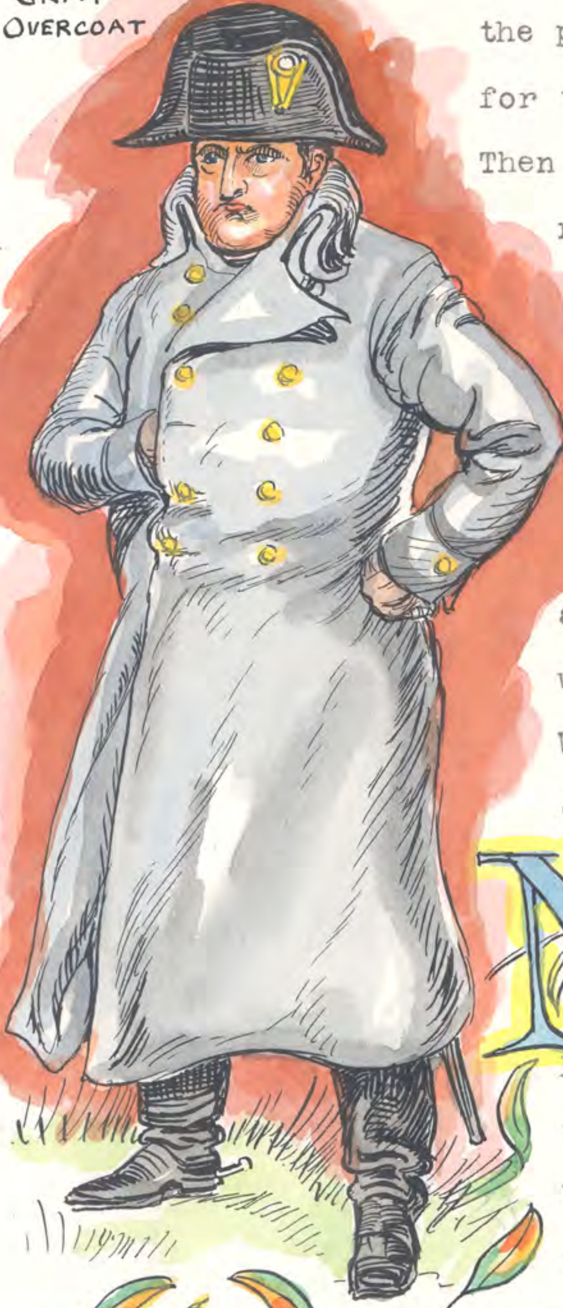
Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound
of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms---
the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it,
which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with
other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover,
heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse---friend,foe,---
in one red burial blent!

CITIZEN SOLDIER
WESTMINSTER LIGHT HORSE

On June I5,Napoleon crossed the frontier. His plan was to beat the Prussians first,and then, driving them off towards Germany,to turn upon the English and drive them "into the sea". On the I6th,whilst he sent Ney to keep in check the English at Quatre Bras, he defeated the Prussians at Ligney,and detached Grouchy to follow them up,so as to keep them from coming to the help of Wellington.



On the night of the I7th,Wellington's army reached the heights at Mont St. Jean. By that time the whole of Blucher's army was moving to Wavre; and Napoleon expected Grouchy to throw his detachment,like an impenetrable wall,between the Prussians and the Anglo-Belgian army. For one reason or another (and many reasons have been suggested by historians),Grouchy failed to act. Evidently,Grouchy had no way of knowing that Wellington would offer battle in front of the forest of Soignies. Napoleon himself did not expect the Prussians to rally as they did. On the I8th---at 8 o'clock---Napoleon sketched out



the plan of battle. Within an hour the orders for the day were despatched thoughout the lines. Then the weary but self-confident Emperor is reported to have "slept for an hour". At eleven o'clock he mounted,and rode by the Brussels highway to the farm of Belle Alliance. (The hours of Napoleon's inactivity were precious to his enemies). At twelve,Bülow was at St Lambert; and at the same time two other Prussian corps were leaving Wavre. When Grouchy reached Wavre,he found there but one of Blucher's corps---the rear under Thielmann.

Napoleon returned from Belle Alliance, and took his station on the height of Rossome. In front was a vale something less than a mile in width. The highway stretched before him in a straight line,ascending to the hamlet of Mont St. Jean. At Mont Jean was Wellington's center. Wellington's headquarters were two miles north,at Waterloo;his lines of retreat,broken by the forest of Soignes,were open either toward Wavre,or toward the sea.

For some moments after reaching his position,Napoleon stood,impassive. He was clad in his classic costume of cocked hat and gray surtout. Throughout his lines he had been received with enthusiasm,and his presence was clearly magnetic,as of old. The direction of affairs in this momentous crisis was his,and he dreamed of two implacable enemies routed,of glory won,and of empire regained. Reason must have told him how empty such a

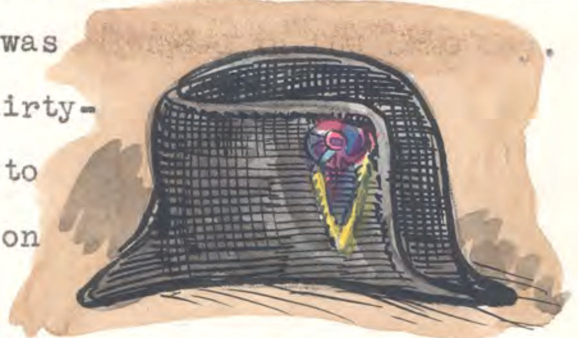
"VIVE L'EMPEREUR!"

vision was. The sky was dull, the misty air was heavy with summer heat; but there was the expectant silence of a great host, the great determination of two grim and obstinate enemies. Napoleon must crush the British center and left, and roll up the line to its right, in order to separate the parts of his dual foe. Personal bravery was abundant among the French, and Napoleon's military instinct favored an offensive operation, right now, believing that French bravery could out-manoeuvre Wellington. Also, the Emperor was certain, from previous experience, that Blücher would be but a "child" in his hands. However, realizing that Wellington and Blücher together far exceeded the French army in strength, he determined to fight them separately.

Napoleon's salute to Wellington was a cannonade from a hundred and twenty guns. The fire was directed toward the enemy's center and left, but it was ineffectual. Between twelve and one, a Prussian hussar was captured, with a message from Blücher to Wellington, announcing the Prussian advance. Napoleon, at once, sent a despatch to Grouchy, and made

ready for his great effort. Unable to sit his horse,he had dismounted, and,sitting at the table on which his map was spread,Napoleon "was frequently seen to nod and doze". While the batteries kept up their fire, Marshal Ney gathered in the center the largest mass of horsemen which had ever charged on a European battle-field,I2,000 men,light and heavy cavalry. The gunners of Wellington's artillery stood to their pieces until the attacking line was within forty yards;then they delivered their final salvo. Wavering for an instant,the French advanced with a cheer. Before them stood Wellington's men in hollow squares,four ranks deep---the front kneeling,the second at the charge,the two others ready to fire. Ney's horsemen dared not rush on those bristling lines. In and out among the serried ranks,they flowed and foamed, discharging their pistols,and slashing with their sabres,until,discouraged by losses,and exhausted by useless exertion,their efforts grew feeble. The British reserve cavalry,supported by infantry fire,completed the defeat of Ney's first charge. A second was repulsed in the same way. No fewer than thirty-seven squadrons came in as reinforcements to help the undaunted marshal's charge. Napoleon sent Kellermann's heavy dragoons as a last resort. Pouring in and out,backward and forward among the squares,the French lost cohesion and force until they withdrew,as before,exhausted and spent. Wellington,at the moment,was at the end of his powers. But,

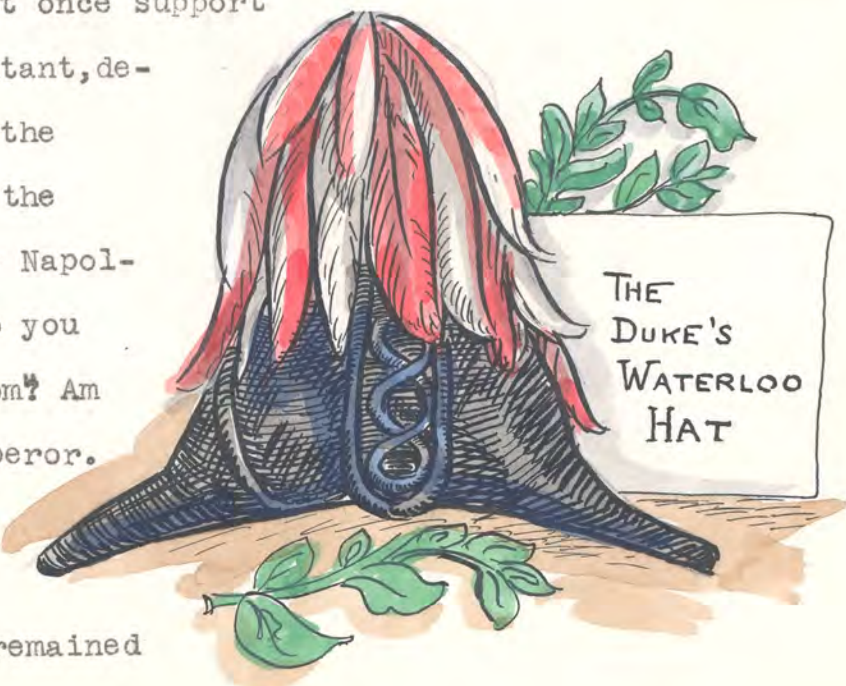
Emmanuel, Marquis de Grouchy on whom Napoleon heaped all the blame for his defeat at Waterloo.



in strange contrast to Napoleon, the English Field Marshal was full of zeal and energy. It was six o'clock, and to repeated messages calling for Blucher's aid, there had been no response. Wellington was

Field-Marshal THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

face to face with defeat. Wellington's aide dashed away to the Prussian lines, shouting as drew near the head of Zietan's division, "The battle is lost if the corps does not press on and at once support the British army". Ney's adjutant, demanding infantry to complete the breach made by the French in the British ranks, was received by Napoleon with petulance. "Where do you expect me to get infantry from? Am I to make them?" said the Emperor. Had the old Bonaparte spirit moved the chieftain to put himself at the head of what remained



of the guard infantry to support Ney, a temporary victory would have been won;and then,with a remnant flushed with victory,he could have turned to Lobau's assistance before the main Prussian army came in. Thus was lost Napoleon's one chance to deal Wellington a decisive blow.

Napoleon sent two battalions of the old guard, under Morand---but too late. Two thousand dead remained as victims of that furious charge and countercharge. By seven o'clock, Wellington had repaired the breach made by Ney,and,at long last,a black line was seen on the horizon. That black line was the Prussian army under Blucher's command.

Before the combined armies of Wellington and Blucher,the French could not stand. But,in spite of inferior numbers,and the manifest signs of defeat,General Bonaparte might have conducted an orderly retreat. The case was different with Napoleon,the Emperor,even though he were now a Liberator. A retreat would have been merely a postponement of the day of reckoning. Accordingly,the great adventurer, facing his destiny on the height at Rossome,determined,in a last desparate effort,to retrieve the day,and stake all on a last cast of the dice. Indifferent to Ney's demands,Napoleon resolved to let the French army be crushed between two forces;and it dissolved into a flying mob.

Napoleon's defeat

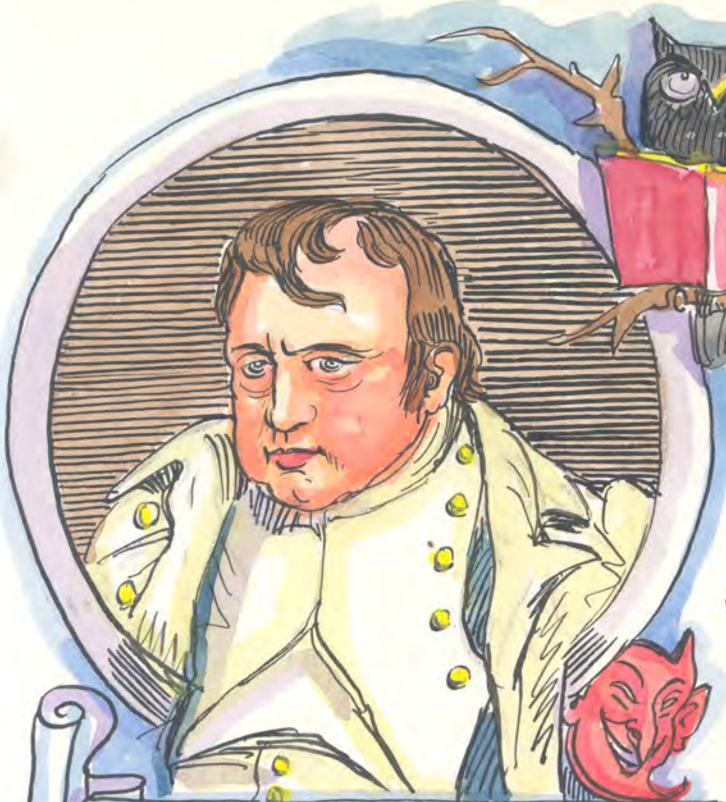
NAPOLÉON EST TRANSFÉRÉ DU « BELLÉROPHON » A BORD DU « NORTHUMBERLAND »

LORD KEITH DEMANDING NAPOLEON'S SWORD

became a rout, and the rout a headlong sauve qui peut. The exhausted British halted, but far into the night the furious Prussian horse took revenge upon Napoleon's army for Jena.

The allies followed hard upon the beaten enemy and entered Paris in triumph.

Napoleon withdrew to the coast at Rochefort where two frigates were to convey the fallen Emperor to the United States. The British Navy interfered with the plan. Napoleon gave himself up to the captain of the British ship "The Bellerophon". By the decision of the four



ON Judgment day, before God's throne,
There stood at last, Napoleon.
The Devil had his list begun
Of crimes the Bonaparte had done,
When God the Father, or God the Son,
Cut Satan short before God's throne:
"Don't bore us all to death with reading
A German professional pleading!
If you're bold enough to face him,
In your Kingdom you may place him!"
(GOETHE)

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA
from a water-color painting probably by a Japanese Artist

great powers, Napoleon was removed to St. Helena, where he was closely guarded by the English till his death in 1821. (The lonely island of St. Helena was loaned to Britain and the allies for the purpose of Napoleon's prison house, by the East India Company).

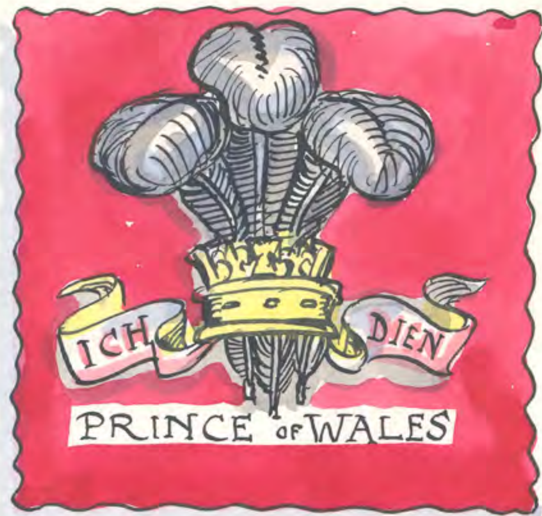
Thus ended the career of Bonaparte, whose march through Europe was marked by the blood-trails of tens of thousands of gallant soldiers, and whose name fills a space in the world's history far greater than that occupied by the thinkers, poets, and men of action of every age. He was declared an out-

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA
from a contemporary drawing

law by all Europe, and died in prison. The public career of no great leader of men teaches us so painful a moral lesson upon the mockery of all earthly ambition!

At Paris, meanwhile, the Allies once more restored Louis XVIII to his ancestral throne. Thus the old Bourbon dynasty returned to power in France. It was a million foreign bayonets, and not the voice of the French people, that restored Louis. The victory of Wellington at Waterloo, it should be remembered, was the triumph of mediaeval privilege over modern democracy.

Of course the issues were complicated by the autocracy of Napoleon. Still, he was a democratic emperor. He rested for his title on popular suffrage, not on divine right, and his government meant

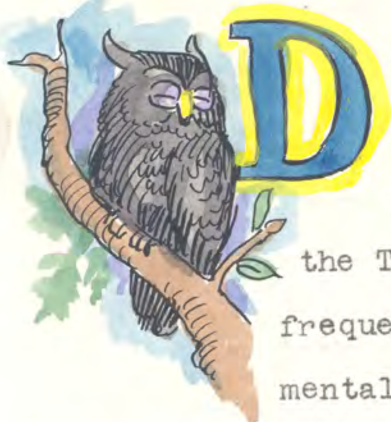


equality before the law. Wellington stood for all the privileged classes---for hereditary monarchy---against the elevation of the masses.

The reputation of Great Britain, as the most consistent and formidable antagonist of Napoleon, reached it height at the peace conferences,where Wellington and Castlereagh spoke with a voice of unrivalled authority among the Emperors and Kings of Europe. Although the victory of the hereditary and privileged classes ensured a long period of quiet for Europe---forty years of peace---it disregarded the hopes of national and popular self-expression. This circumstance rendered war certain in the end,---war to assert national and popular aspirations which the Congress of Vienna could not for ever keep in check.

During the Napoleonic war,Britain's lead over the rest of Europe in colonization and trade was immensely increased. She still enjoyed almost a monopoly of the advantages of the new mechanical era. When peace was re-established,her energies and her rapidly increasing population ensured an ever increasing foreign trade, and the development of a vast colonial empire.

The Prince Regent
(afterwards George IV)
after a portrait embossed on a single sheet of paper



During the latter part of the Napoleonic war, the aged King George the Third suffered from frequent attacks of mental and physical blindness. "All the world knows the story of his(the king's)malady", says Thackeray; "all history presents no sadder figure than that of the old man,blind and deprived of reason,wandering through the rooms of his palace,addressing imaginary parliaments,reviewing fancied troops,holding ghostly courts". The portrait on this page represents the king in his final stages---"dressed in a purple gown,his snowy beard falling over his breast,the star of his famous Order still idly shining on it". The government during the final years,in consequence,was directed by the king's son and heir,the Prince of Wales,who acted as Regent. When death released the old monarch in 1820,the Regent became the new king of England,as George the Fourth.

KING GEORGE III in old age - after the mezzotint by TURNER

On the occasion of George III's death,Robert Southey as Poet Laureate felt it his duty to write a special ode as a tribute to his late majesty. In the poem,Southey makes George III come from his tomb and seek entrance to the gates of Heaven. General Washington appears and pleads for the king,with the result that he is admitted to Heaven. All

this fulsome praise was too much for Byron, who rose to the level of Dryden and Swift in his "Vision of Judgment", to attack Bob Southey and satirize the king, and to deliver a liberal polemic---assailing not only the whole system of constituted authority in England, but also tyranny and repression wherever they operate. We can hardly refrain from putting a few of Byron's famous lines into this book:

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate:
His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull,
So little trouble had been given of late;
Not that the place by any means was full,
But since the Gallic era "eighty-eight"
The devils had ta'en a longer, stronger pull,
And "a pull altogether", as they say
At sea---which drew most souls another way.

The angels all were singing out of tune,
And hoarse with having little else to do,
Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,
Or curb a runaway young star or two,
Or wild colt of a comet, which too soon
Broke out of bounds o'er the ethereal blue,
Splitting some planet with its playful tail,
As boats are sometimes by a wanton whale.

* * * ** * * *

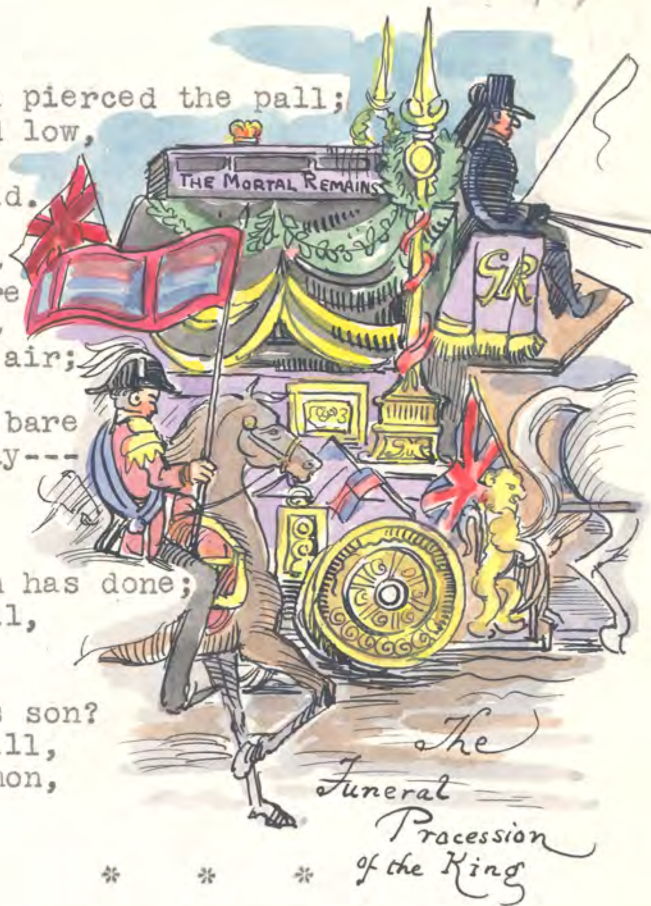
In the first year of freedom's second dawn
Died George the Third; although no tyrant, one
Who shielded tyrants, till each sense withdrawn
Left him nor mental nor external sun:
A better farmer ne'er brush'd dew from lawn,
A worse king never left a realm undone!
He died---but left his subjects still behind,
One half as mad---and t'other no less blind.

He died! his death made no great stir on earth:
His burial made some pomp; there was profusion
Of velvet, gilding, brass, and no great dearth
Of aught but tears---save those shed by collusion,
For these things may be bought at their true worth;
Of elegy there was the due infusion---
Bought also; and the torches, cloaks, and banners,
Heralds, and relics of old Gothic manners,

Form'd a sepulchral melodrame. Of all
The fools who flock'd to swell or see the show,
Who cared about the corpse? The funeral
Made the attraction, and the black the woe.

There throbb'd not there a thought which pierced the pall;
And when the gorgeous coffin was laid low,
It seem'd the mockery of hell to fold
The rottenness of eighty years in gold.

So mix his body with the dust! It might
Return to what it must far sooner, were
The natural compound left alone to fight
Its way back into earth, and fire, and air;
But the unnatural balsams merely blight
What nature made him at his birth, as bare
As the mere million's base unmummied clay---
Yet all his spices but prolong decay.



The Funeral Procession of the King

He's dead---and the upper earth with him has done;
He's buried; save the undertaker's bill,
Or lapidary scrawl, the world is gone
For him, unless he left a German will:
But where's the proctor who will ask his son?
In whom his qualities are reigning still,
Except that household virtue, most uncommon,
Of constancy to a bad, ugly woman....

* * * * * * * * * * *

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate,
And nodded o'er his keys; when, lo! there came
A wondrous noise he had not heard of late---
A rushing sound of wind, and stream, and flame;
In short, a roar of things extremely great,
Which would have made aught save a saint exclaim;
But he, with first a start and then a wink,
Said, "There's another star gone out, I think!"

In a very descriptive account of what follows, Byron presents the "bard" (Robert Southey) who pleads the cause of George III, who, in the midst of much confusion,

"slipped into Heaven for one;
And when the tumult dwindled to a calm,
I left him practising the hundredth psalm!

Though the new king(George the Fourth) rivalled his predecessor Charles II in wanton and riotous living, yet the social conditions of the age continued unchanged under the new regime. Indeed, it is not an exaggeration to say that "the last night of the Regency passed

King George IV
after the painting by Sir T. Lawrence

into the first morning of the reign of George IV as an event that would be scarcely marked as an epoch in English history".

Few persons in the England of that day had a good word to say for the last of the Georges. There were some loyal souls during the Regency who (like Sir Walter Scott) gallantly believed in the "divinity that doth hedge a king", and who persuaded themselves into esteeming him accordingly. But in his life-time all memoir-writers and journal-keepers spoke of George IV disparagingly. His own brothers (who knew him best) had, with their familiars, none but words of insolence for the new king. Thackeray sticks his steel pin through the monarch and holds him up to infamy in one of the keenest bits of irony in the English language. Says the author of the "Book of Snobs":

> I look through all his life, and recognize but a bow and a grin. I try to take him to pieces, and find silk stockings, padding, stays, ... underwaistcoats, more underwaistcoats, and then nothing. I know of no sentiment that he uttered...Will men of the future have nothing to do than to unswathe and interpret that old royal mummy?"

QUEEN CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK

after the painting by Lawrence

It is not easy for a later generation to understand the position of George IV. When his personal character is considered,it seems difficult to resist the conclusion that the ministers and public that treated him with such respect,must have done so with their tongues in their cheeks! Yet such was by no means the case. To the English people the office of the king was significant; and the man was really nothing. It was to the office that they,as convinced believers in the monarchical system,owed allegiance. Time and time again,the occupant of the throne thwarted his ministers and encouraged opposition to their schemes. But with hardly an exception,the ministers loyally defended the monarch from the consequences of his own folly.

Mrs. Fitzherbert

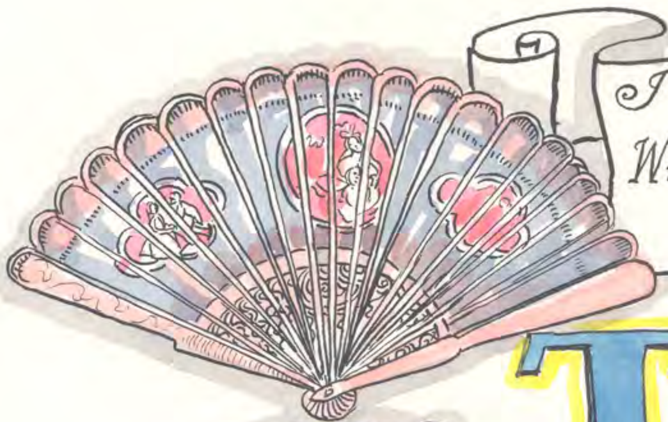
When the King offered to make her some amends by creating her a Duchess, she refused all rank, and retired to Brighton.

From the very beginning, George IV antagonized his subjects. As early as 1785, he had secretly married a Roman Catholic, Mrs. Fitzherbert, but had been forced to separate from her because the law forbade the heir to the throne to marry a Catholic. As Regent he had earned the enmity of his countrymen by deserting his official wife, Caroline, and for the very unsavory divorce proceedings which followed. When George was crowned, Queen Caroline created a scandal by trying to force her way into Westminster Abbey to share in the ceremonies. In 1821, Caroline died, but her relations with the king had helped to discredit him in the eyes of the nation. Napoleon, too, died in the same summer as did Caroline. When the king was informed that his greatest enemy was dead, he remarked, "Is she?"

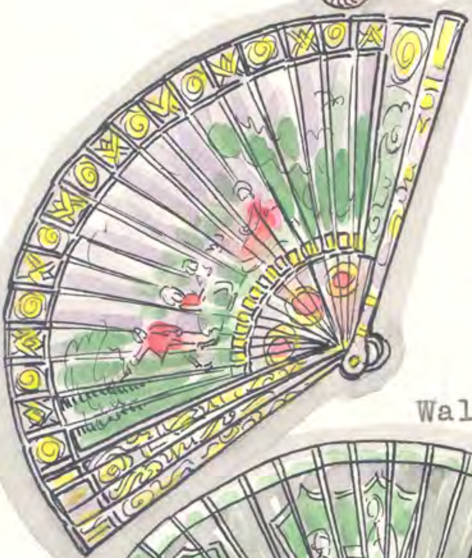
King George IV was an expensive luxury to the nation. His coronation alone cost £243,000, and was one of the most spectacular ever held. Besides receiving a large annual income, he required his debts to be constantly paid, and monstrous sums of money mysteriously disappeared. "If he had been a manufacturing town or a populous rural district, or an army of five thousand men, he could not have cost more", reflected Thackeray.

George IV after the sketch by Sir Thomas Lawrence

I sing that Graceful toy, whose waving play
With Gentle gales relieves the sultry day
JOHN GAY

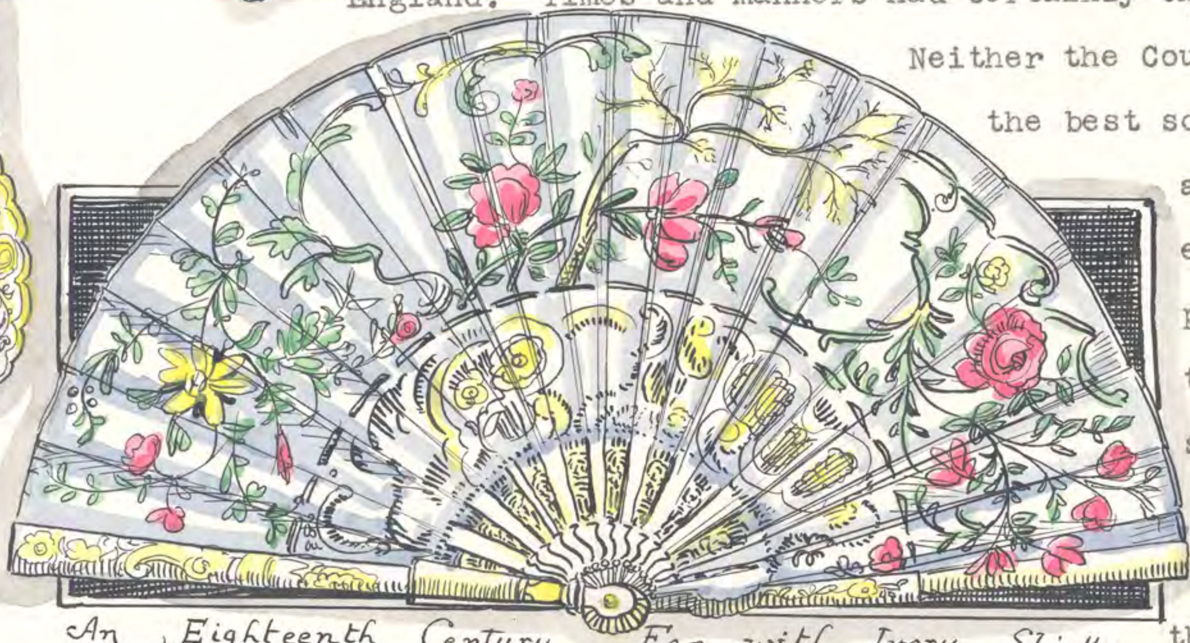


The Court life of earlier times was soon passing away. Also the gay social days of Beau Brummell were no more. When George IV visited Calais, he met the once-famous Beau, who had long since fallen on evil days. There was a time when the Beau had told the Prince of



Wales (whom he addressed as "Wales") to ring the bell, had called for "Mistress" Fitzherbert's carriage, and asked "Who's your fat friend?" Beau was now ignored at Calais, by the so-called "First Gentleman of Europe", George IV of England! Times and manners had certainly changed.

Neither the Court nor the best society attracted the poets, the scholars, the inventors, the artists, or those who were busy in maintaining the greatness of England.

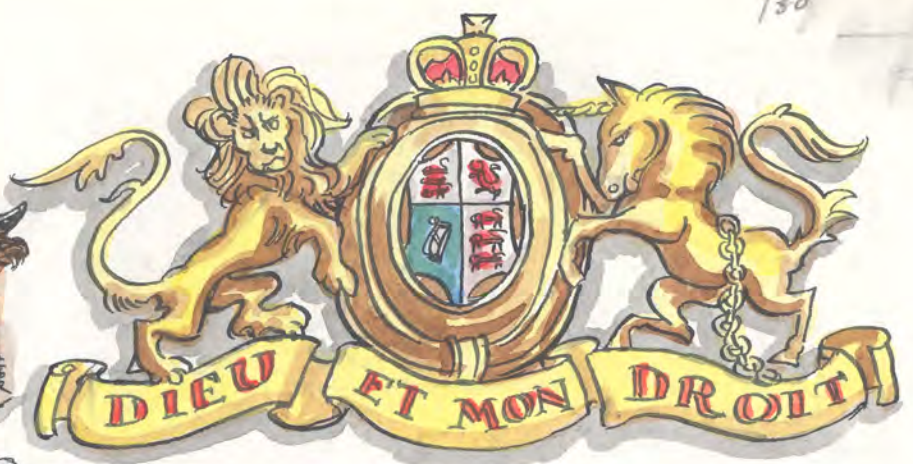


An Eighteenth Century Fan with Ivory Sticks

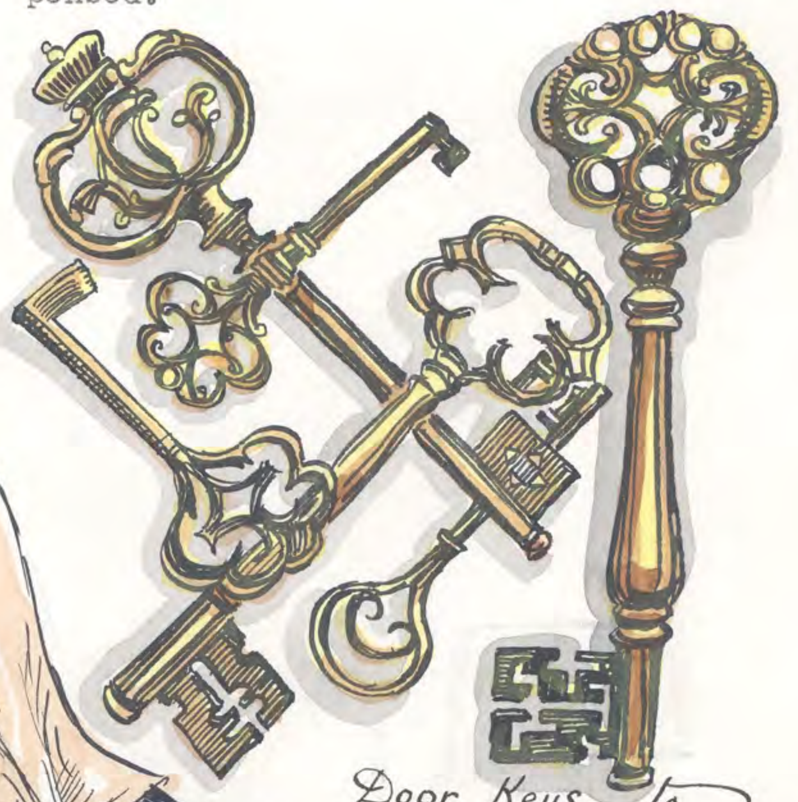
Old English Door-Keys

Close to the King's Court came an exclusive group, composed of about "six hundred persons who passed the test of admission into Almack's Club". This was the Royal Academy of Society! No tradesman could belong. Doctors, bankers, and men of suchlike professions were outside the pale.

Pumps were worn by exclusive society, within whose ranks the sanctity of the drawing-room was not to be violated by a Boot!

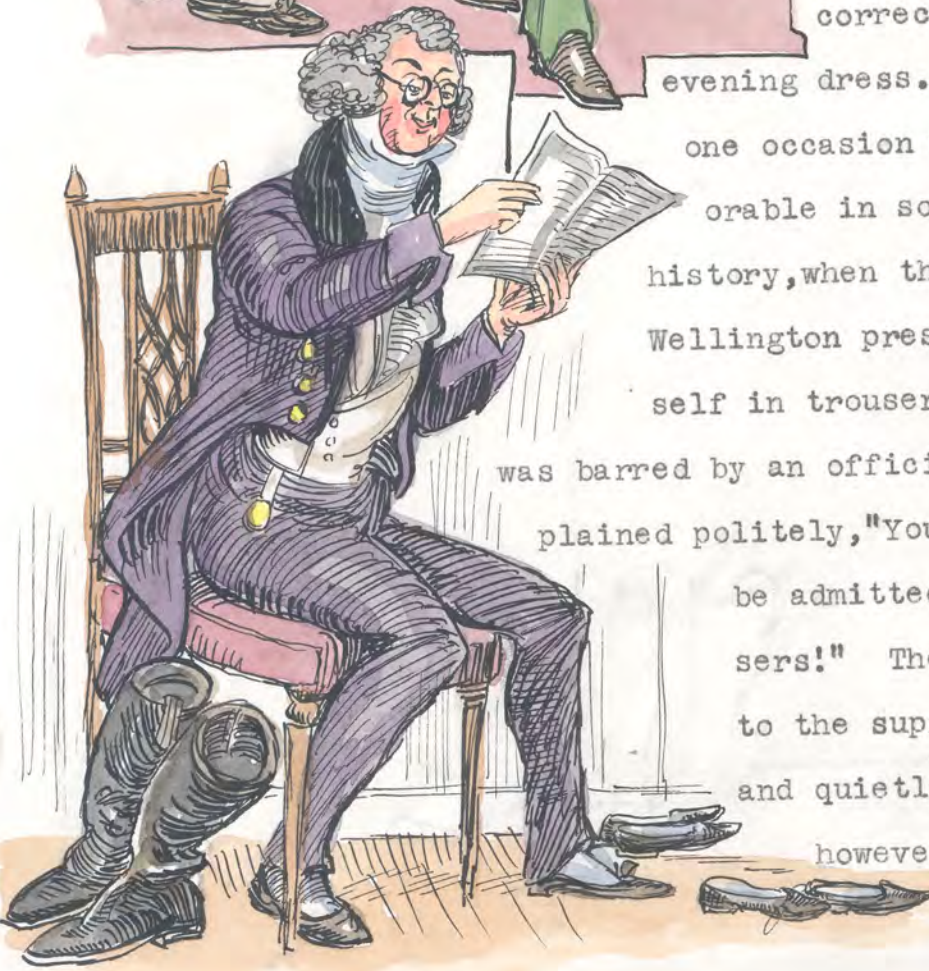


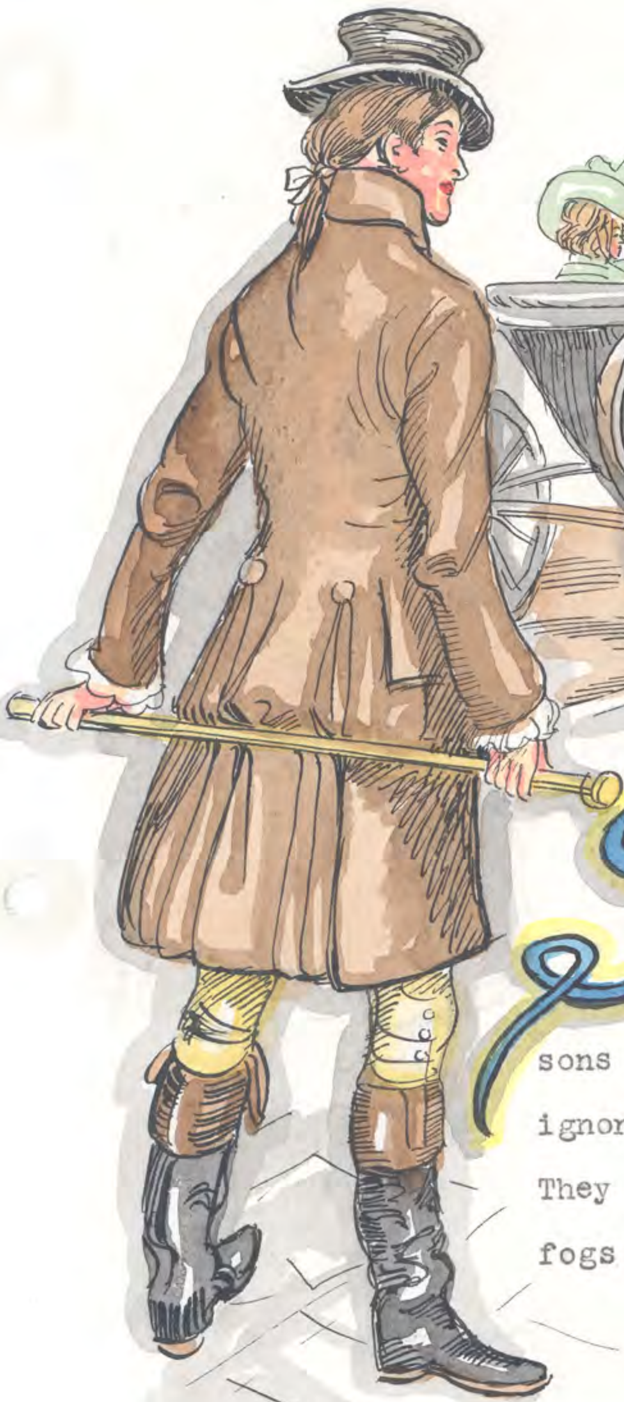
Many were the heart-burnings of those left outside this most exclusive group. Exclusive Society was actually governed by a "Committee of Six English Ladies" who decided"who should be admitted to the charmed circle,and who should not". Pedigrees and family connections were carefully weighed, and tickets for the famous balls at Willis's Rooms were judiciously dispensed.



Door Keys to Great Homes.

Fashion dominated the Exclusive Society at Almack's. When the King showed a preference for dark colors in men's dress, dark blue and brown frock coats, black cravats became fashionable. Trousers for men were gradually making their way into the best social circles. But as yet they were not quite correct for evening dress. On one occasion memorable in social history, when the Duke of Wellington presented himself in trousers, his entrance was barred by an official, who explained politely, "Your Grace cannot be admitted in trousers!" The Duke bowed to the supreme decree of fashion, and quietly walked away. By 1830, however, trousers became universal.

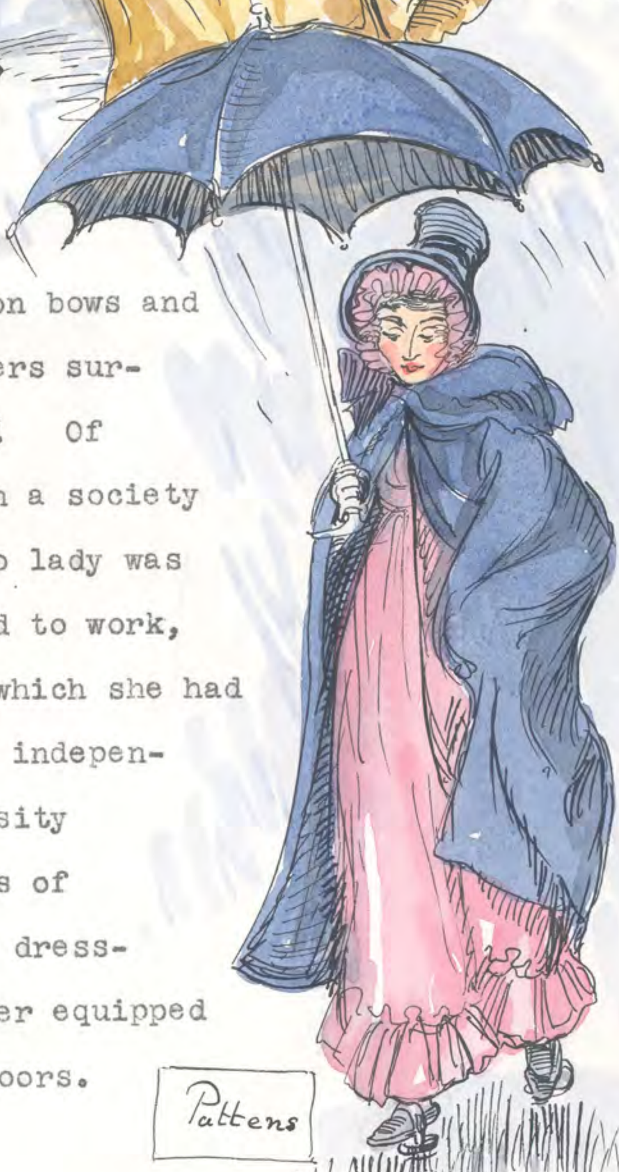




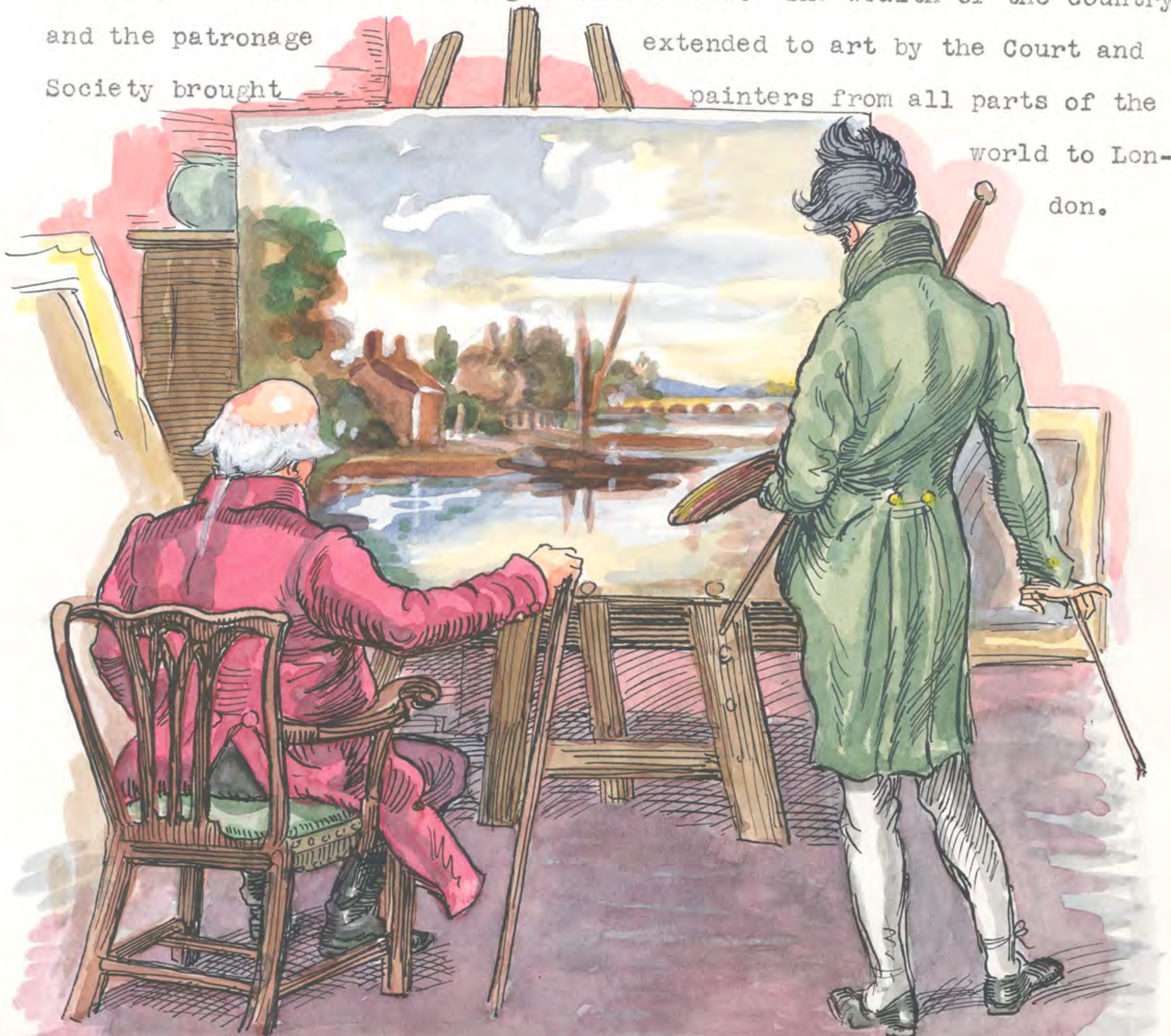
Suitability of dress to the changing seasons seems to have been ignored by the ladies. They went in November fogs and bleak January days clad in light delicate muslins and cambrics. Even the universal pelisse (a long outer garment originally fur-lined) which was much needed for warmth in chilly weather, was, according to a contemporary observer, often made of azure blue sarcenet, or flame-colored silk; while large leghorn straw bonnets with

after sketches by Hugh Thomson.

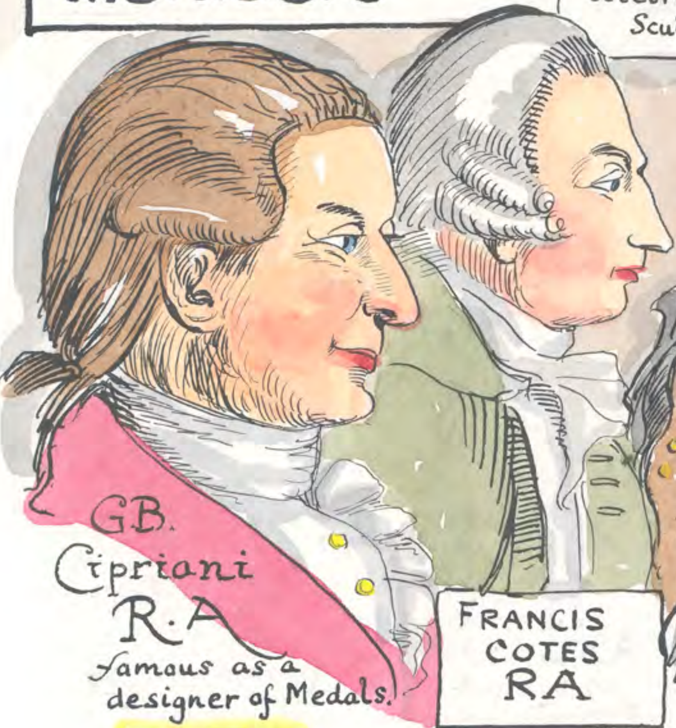
bright ribbon bows and white feathers surmounted all! Of course, in a society where no lady was expected to work, and in which she had no real independence, there was hardly any necessity for suitable dress. The servants of the household were more sensibly dressed for the seasons, and were better equipped to run errands and work out of doors.



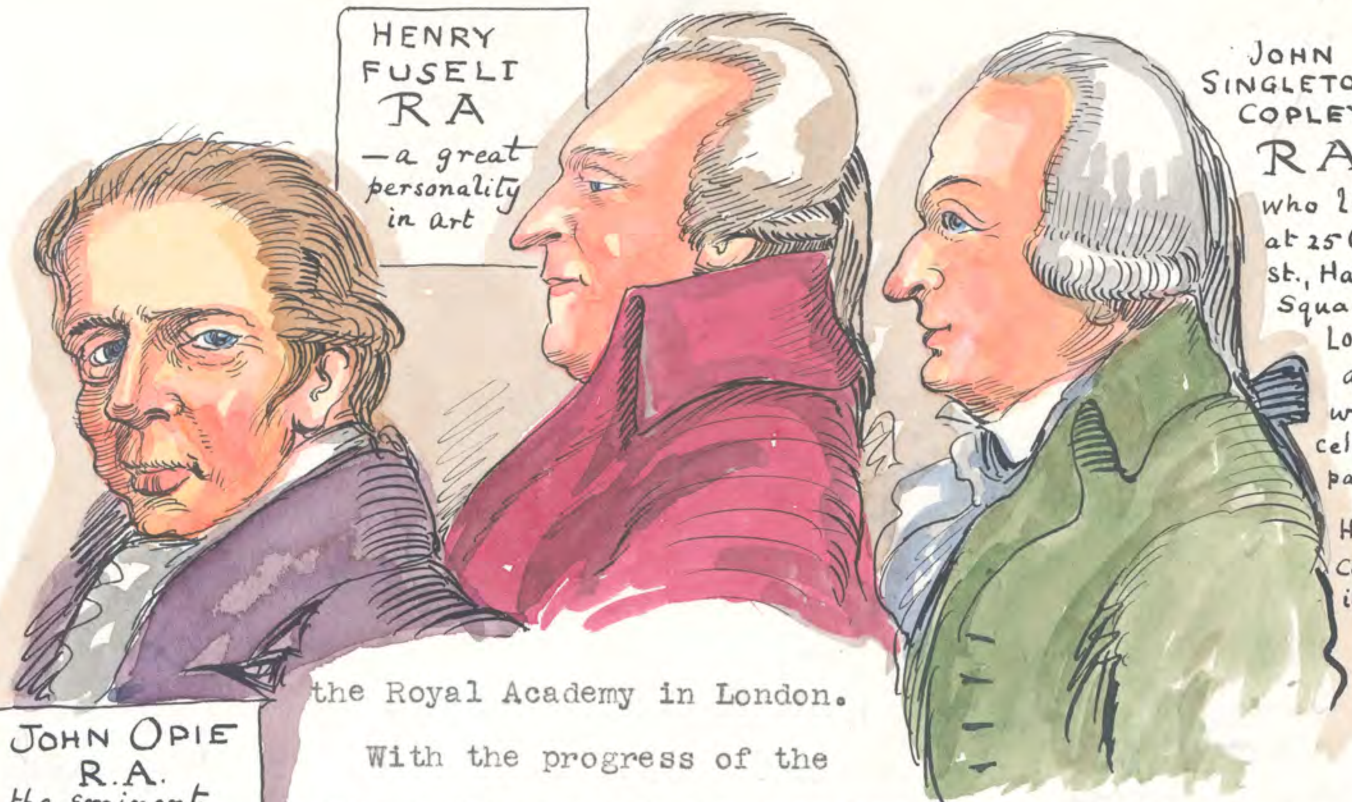
From the subject of fashions in dress, it is easy to transfer our attention to the subject of art. The numerous painters of the day made portraits of the ladies and gentlemen of contemporary society decked out in all the finery in vogue. Space does not permit us to refer, except in the briefest and most perfunctory manner, to the top-ranking artists, from whose works we have dared to make sketches to illustrate the pages that follow. The wealth of the country and the patronage extended to art by the Court and Society brought painters from all parts of the world to London.



In addition to the native-born artists many foreign painters settled in London, among them being the two American historical painters, John Singleton Copley, and Benjamin West, who succeeded Reynolds as P.R.A.



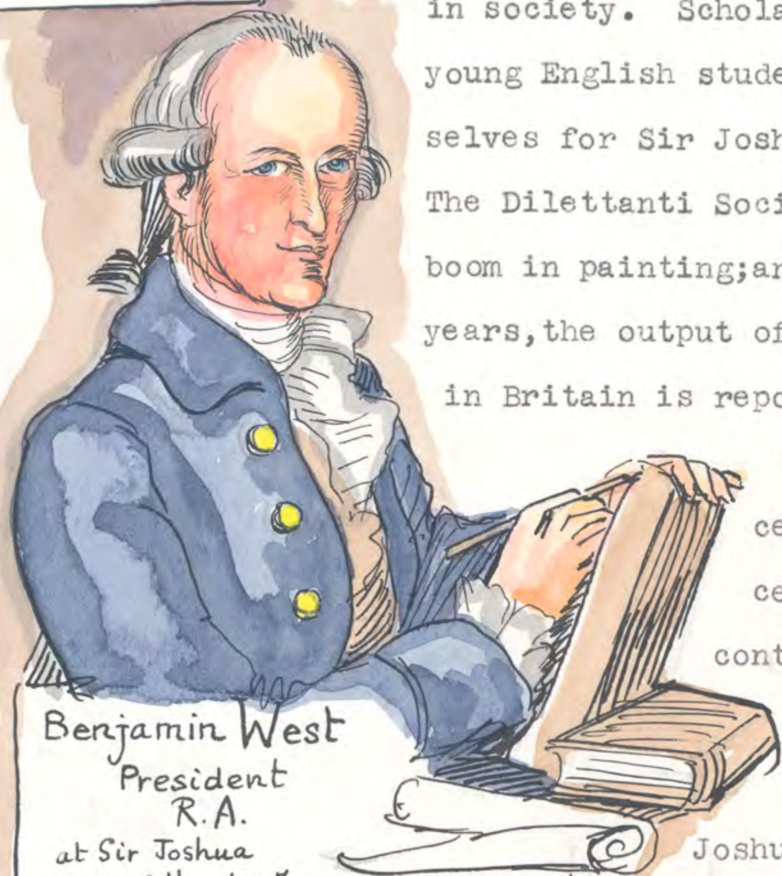
The long reign of the four Georges takes in all the great names in the history of British art. Thomas Craven informs us that "after this astonishing fruition of national genius, there is no more painting of importance". With this fact in mind, we have availed ourselves of the opportunity to spread over this page and a few that follow a review of names and faces connected with British art, as represented by the membership of



JOHN OPIE R.A. the eminent Cornish painter

the Royal Academy in London.

With the progress of the Academy, the painter was promoted to an official status in society. Scholarships and subventions sent young English students to Italy (to prepare themselves for Sir Joshua Reynold's grand style!) The Dilettanti Society helped to promote the boom in painting; and in fifty years, the output of portraits in Britain is reported to have exceeded three centuries of continental production. Sir Joshua Reynolds had painted more than two thousand portraits;



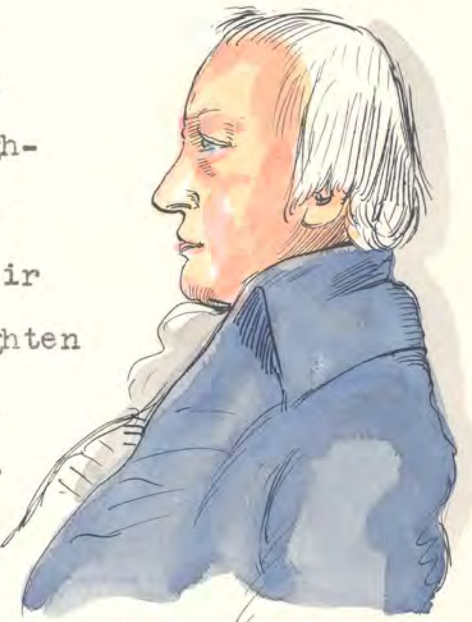
Benjamin West President R.A. at Sir Joshua Reynold's death in 1792. Favorite painter to King George III.

Gainsborough at least a thousand; and numerous other "face painters" charged from two to five guineas a head for their first commissions and seventy-five to a hundred guineas for choice things done at the height of their fame and popularity. With the court to be served and every family of means clamoring for portraits, a condition arose in art the recurrence of which would cause modern painters to rejoice: the demand for portraits was greater than the supply.

JOHN FLAXMAN R.A. — a natural classicist who was truly inspired by the severity, simplicity and grace of Grecian (the art of Praxiteles, rather than that of Phidias) —

ANGELICA KAUFFMANN appointed by H.M. The King R.A

The British portrait painters, in the opinion of Craven, were clever and gifted men, whose patent shortcomings should not blind us to their just attainments. They did what they were asked to do, and did it with the thoroughness characteristic of the British. Their purpose was to heighten gentility, to contrive patterns of superiority, to make the Englishman, his wife, and his children (and his mistress too---if he happened to be Lord Nelson) pure and enviable, the most charming people in the world. But saying this, we have exhausted our praise!



JAMES BARRY, R.A. —an Irishman of talent, Energy and perseverence

Sketches of Lady Hamilton by Romney

as Bacchante

as Sensibility

at prayer

In 1799, the "greatest living painter in England was George Romney, who never exhibited at the Royal Academy and all his life was hostile to the first President, Sir Joshua Reynolds. Romney's father was a man of many occupations---farmer, builder, cabinet-maker, and dealer---and not prosperous in any of his many jobs. George Romney, consequently, together with the other ten children in his father's home, was not sent to school. At eleven, he helped his father in the workshop, and in time showed a talent for drawing portraits of the workmen and other people at Dalton-in-Furness, Lancashire. At twenty, he made the acquaintance of a vagabond artist, and journeyed from place to place making portraits. In time he developed grace and invention and facility to a marked degree. After many years of hard work and success, while he was under the spell of Lady Hamilton, "that enchantment of healthy animal beauty", Romney produced works of supreme merit. The sketches on this page show that he painted one woman (Lady Hamilton) in such a way that he chiefly lives as that one woman's painter!

As he had never exhibited at the Royal Academy, in spite of his success as a portrait painter, Romney was ineligible to become a member. There are some who contend that the decided hostility shown Romney

after a Sketch of LADY HAMILTON by Romney

For nearly five years, Romney neglecte[d] wealthy sitters in order that he might devote himself without interruption to portraying, in various guises, the inexhaustible fascination of the wonderful woman known to history as "Nelson's Enchantress."

Mrs. Mary Robinson after a sketch by Romney

Famous as "Perdita", this talented actress was at one time loved by the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV). She died in poverty in 1800.

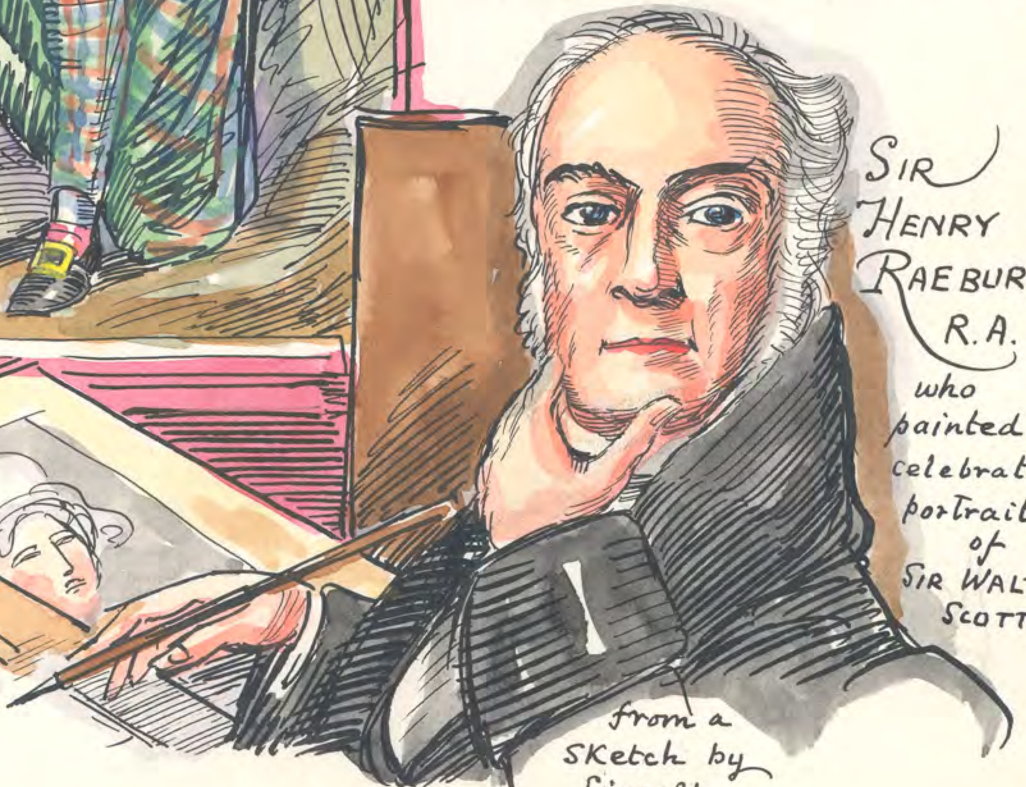
by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who probably regarded Romney as an unlettered fellow, unfit for literary or quasi-fashionable society,---might have been the reason for Romney's exclusion from the Academy. However, the fact remains that that the mantle of Sir Joshua did not descend upon Romney. Rather the mantle of Reynolds fell more natur-

SIR JOHN SINCLAIR — portrait of a Highland chieftain in the tartan of his clan — is one of the most superb male portraits ever painted. In truth, distinction and dignity, Raeburn's masterpiece rivals the supreme achievements of Välazquez.

-ally on John Hoppner, whose pictures show considerable refinement in color. But

COUNTESS OF OXFORD by HOPPNER

the really important painter of this generation was the Scottish artist, Sir Henry Raeburn, who came to London and was cordially received by Reynolds and London society.



SIR HENRY RAEBURN R.A. who painted a celebrated portrait of SIR WALTER SCOTT.

from a sketch by himself.

Sir Thomas Lawrence P.R.A 1820 - 1830 who painted the portraits of all the beautiful women of his day

The Countess Gower and her daughter, the Lady Elizabeth

None of these artists, however, was destined to wield the influence in society, and to fill the Presidency of the Royal Academy in the Reynolds manner. That position was reserved for the successor of Benjamin West, Sir Thomas Lawrence---whose good looks and flattering pencil, brilliant talk and caressing manner, made him the darling of the fashionable world in the Romantic period. When Sir Joshua Reynolds died in 1792, Lawrence was immediately appointed to the vacant post of Royal Painter in Ordinary to the King. He was chosen to paint the por-

traits of the Allied Sovereigns at the Peace Conference of 1814, including the faces of the Austrian Emperor, the nobles at Vienna, the Pope and his Cardinals in Rome, and all the fashionable and beautiful ladies of the Court of England. All the honors and emoluments of his profession, in which he held the highest place, fell to his share. He was unanimously elected President of the Royal Academy, and exhibited more than three-hundred pictures at the Academy. Sir Thomas Lawrence is an "attenuated Sir Joshua Reynolds"; like Sir Joshua, only in a greater degree, Sir Thomas effects his work

Miss Croker
after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence P.R.A.

SKETCHES OF PORTRAITS
FROM SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S ALBUM

by artifice. On these pages,we have endeavored to reproduce a few of the many charming and beautiful portraits of the fashionable ladies of the day---made more beautiful,no doubt,by the skilful handling of his brush and the magical effects of his washy blues and pinks. Sir Thomas enjoyed representing the fashions in dress. Furbelows,furs, velvets,long and short waists,the hair worn more or less high,fillets or turbans---these are the things that attracted his attention. One can understand his enormous success, not so much because he was an attractive painter,but because he knew how to place art at the disposal of pretty,vain women (some of them empty-headed coquettes!) He had the skill of depicting grace in dress,and the refinement of his drawing is greatly to be admired.

Beyond all doubt,Lawrence was a man of talents. He had a talent for acting,reciting poetry,and,above all,

Lady Acland and her Children after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence P.R.A.

a talent for drawing and designing a pretty portrait.

His mannerisms come out in the exaggerated length of the throat, in the long fingers, and in the skill with which the draperies are arranged. But, whatever his gifts, and whatever the level of his taste, he was a hard worker; and no matter how numerous were his commissions, he worked painstakingly and conscientiously with the design and the details. He was very extravagant of materials, and never used the same brush twice!

His prices were higher than those of any artist before him. For a head he received two-hundred guineas; for a full-length, between six hundred and a thousand. For the portrait of Lady Gower and daughter, he is reported to have received as much as I,500 guineas. But, in spite of the large sums he earned, and in spite of the fact that he had no extravagant vices, he was always in want of money, if not in actual debt. No one knew on what he spent his money, and he probably did not know himself. His numerous acquaintances (he had few real friends, and was a bachelor) often took advantage of his kindness and generosity. We shall leave Sir Thomas here, and discuss the painters of English landscapes.

THE THAMES NEAR TWICKENHAM by Richard Wilson R.A.

Wilson's landscapes anticipated the work of Constable in the absolute fidelity with which they mirror the natural beauty of English scenery

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST by Richard Wilson R.A.

A noble and dignified portrait of himself by the artist who won lasting fame as "The Father of British Landscape."

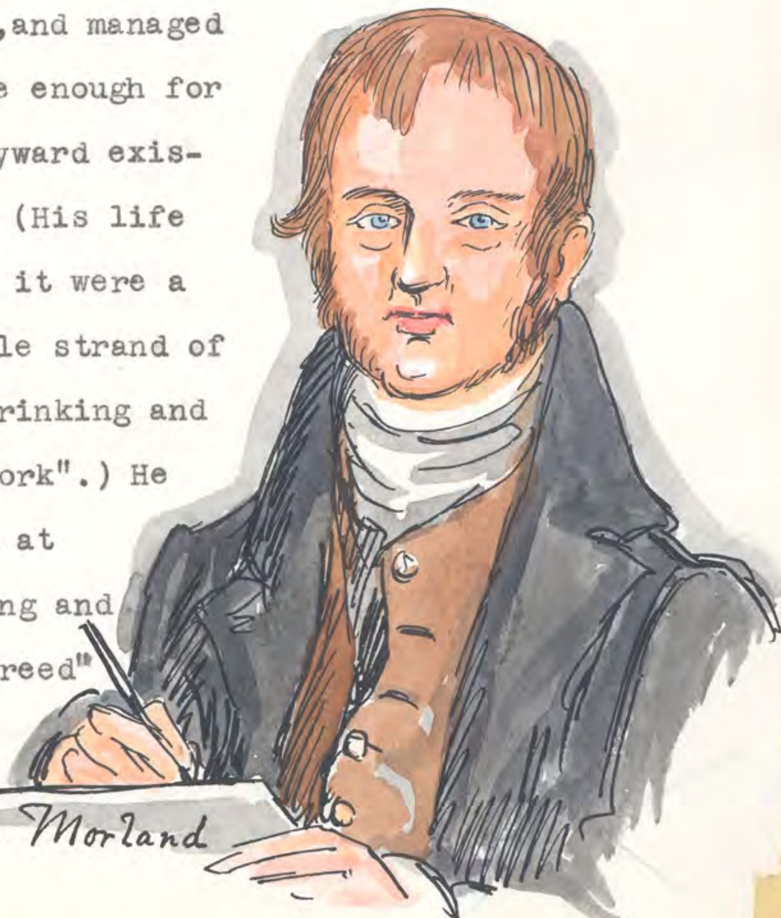
Slow was the progress of the landscape painter in the early part of the Nineteenth century. While the "face-painters" prospered, the landscape artist was neglected. Nevertheless, moved by the same strong "romantic" impulses that summoned the lyrics of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and others, he kept to his task of "following Nature". Why the landscape painter was neglected is not quite clear, for the average Englishman's love of scenery is a genuine, natural and national trait. Still, it is a cruel fact that Richard Wilson carried his pictures from door to door like a common peddler; and Old Crome, another gifted landscape artist, had to support his large family by painting

From George Morland's Sketchbooks, 1794

The Farmer's Wife and Rural scene

carriages; and Gainsborough's house in Pall Mall was strewn with landscapes which his vainglorious clients deemed unworthy of his brush. The conquest of public opinion by the landscape painter had to wait for the admirable work of Constable and Turner.

In the meanwhile, an artist like George Moreland, dabbled in both faces and landscapes, and managed to make enough for his wayward existence. (His life was"as it were a a double strand of hard drinking and hard work".) He "spreed at painting and he "spreed"



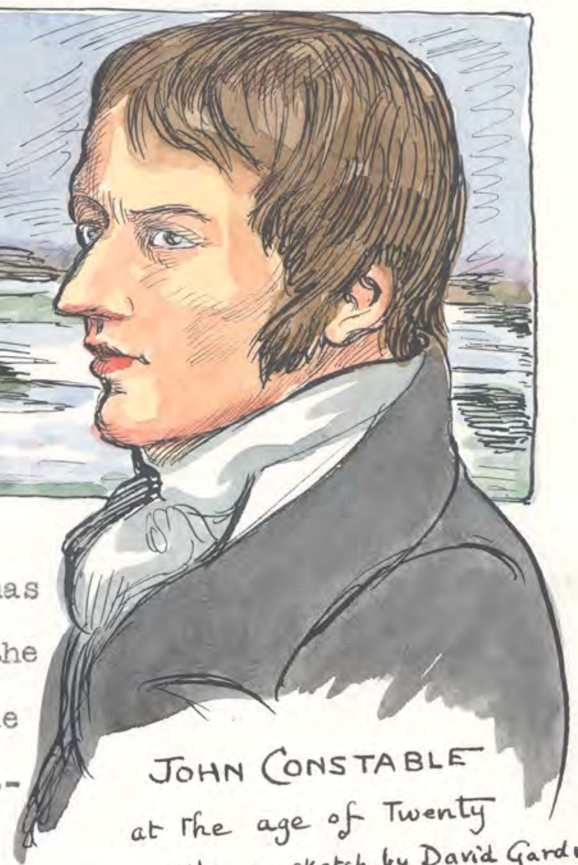
George Morland

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN
by George Morland

at life! He produced with extraordinary facility. His hand was not less ready and accomplished than his brain was prodigal of pictorial inventions. He designed and painted subjects and animals, and indecencies, and landscapes, and marines, with equal gusto and dexterity and force. William E. Henley observes that "in all the range of British art, there are few better things than a good Morland"---for Morland's pictures are nothing if not arrangements of paint, and Morland himself was nothing if not a painter. He had the craftsman's sense of his material, and the craftsman's delight in the use of it. His bits of color are well placed, and, whatever his morals, his pictures are the works of an able artist.

Shepherd and Dog from George Morland's Sketch Book 1799.

A WINDMILL (Black Chalk) by John Constable.



JOHN CONSTABLE
at the age of Twenty
after a sketch by David Gardner
in 1796.

A COTTAGE IN A CORNFIELD.

While Sir Thomas Lawrence was the chief among the portrait painters of the Royal Academy of his day, John Constable was the most influential, and perhaps the greatest, landscape painter of the early part of the Nineteenth century.

Constable was thoroughly English in his tastes and interests in art. He was born at East Bergholt, where his father was a well-to-do mill-owner. John was intended for the Church, and was sent to school at Lavenham and Dedham in the hope that he would develop into a scholar. But he was distinguished in nothing save "proficiency in hand-writing". Late in his 'teens, he was found to have become "devotedly fond of painting". The father had no interest in his son's talent for art, and became insanely intolerant of John's "fatal passion". Young Constable's only

A sketch from Constable's painting of THE VALLEY FARM.

ON THE STOUR BY JOHN CONSTABLE, R. A.

friend was the village plumber, with whom he used to go out sketching from Nature, and in whose company he would "watch the weather". In time, the young artist became the greatest observer of the wind, and cloud and rain yet known in painting.

STONEHENGE by Constable

Constable studied "the natural history of the skies" of England with remarkable devotion. Fuseli, the wit of the Royal Academy, said that Constable's skies made him "instinctively call for his great coat and umbrella". William Blake said of some of Constable's fir-trees in a sketch-book, "Why, this is not drawing but inspiration!" It was at Cole-Orton, as Sir George Beaumont's guest (Beaumont of the brown tree, and Wordsworth's Beaumont), that Constable received great encourage-

after the painting by Constable, Exhibited in 1831.

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL, from the Meadows.

ment and incentive. He saw Sir George's collection of paintings by Claude and Wilson and Girtin, which he was advised to study as "examples of great breadth and truth", and whose influence may be more or less traced through the whole course of Constable's practice. But, in some mysterious way, Constable remained himself, and followed his own style of looking at the English scene. Before the time when the word had come to be ludicrously abused, Constable was a "realist". He forgot everything but Nature. It was indeed strange that John Ruskin in his "Modern Painters" should have unduly depreciated Constable's art in comparison with Turner's art. Much of the opposition to Constable was undoubtedly owing to the fact that he was essentially a "new" man, claiming to

TURNER
AS A YOUNG MAN
(after the self-portrait)

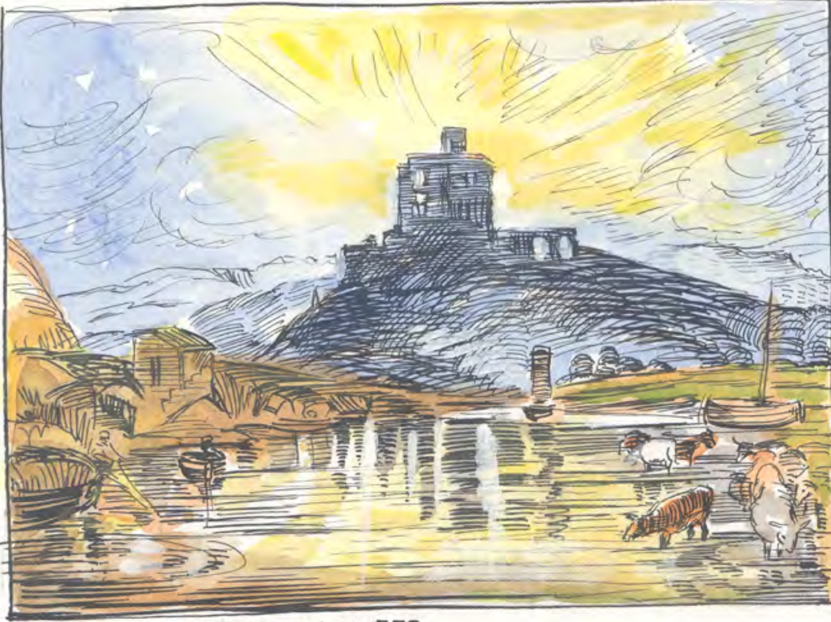
for himself not only the subjects he should paint, but the style in which they were to be represented, and the treatment to be employed in order to gain the end he had in view. In this respect, Constable was not very different from Turner. As a draughtsman, Constable must be ranked far below Turner, but to say this is in no way to agree in the verdict of incapacity, which Ruskin's criticism has popularized. Constable brought to the painting of English landscape a sincerity of purpose that was new. Unlike his predecessors (who had regarded earth and sky as material for composition and combination) he recorded the definite aspects of definite localities at definite hours of the day.

Constable's great contemporary was J.M.W.Turner, who was born on April 23 (Shakespeare's birthday) 1775, the son of a barber. The circumstances of his birth and childhood were ever a source of shame and humiliation, shaming him to secrecy and inordinate rivalry where rivalry was uncalled-for. However, in a land where gentility counts for more than attainment, he felt that not even his mind and art could atone for his inferior origin. His mother was vicious and ungovernable, and subject to spells of insanity. When death charitably disposed of her, there were no lamentations. Turner never mentioned her to a living soul. His father was no better and no worse than most barbers. "Dad never praised

BERRY POMEROY CASTLE
after a sketch by Turner

Petworth House from the Park after a sketch by Turner, 1809.

me for anything except saving a half-penny", Turner once remarked. The inheritance was low and mortifying, the environment was confused and far from lovely, but Turner developed swiftly--- resourceful from childhood, and remarkably energetic. His schooling was brief but sufficient. "Culturally, he remained the son of a barber", says Craven; "but his education in the true meaning of the term was gigantic. His interest in nature was "omniverous and encyclopaedic, reborn each day, a mingling of scientific curiosity and poetic composition". He never counted the cost of labor, or regretted the hardships imposed upon him by his ambitions. A friend recalls encountering Turner "squatting on his heels in the sand, near the Em-

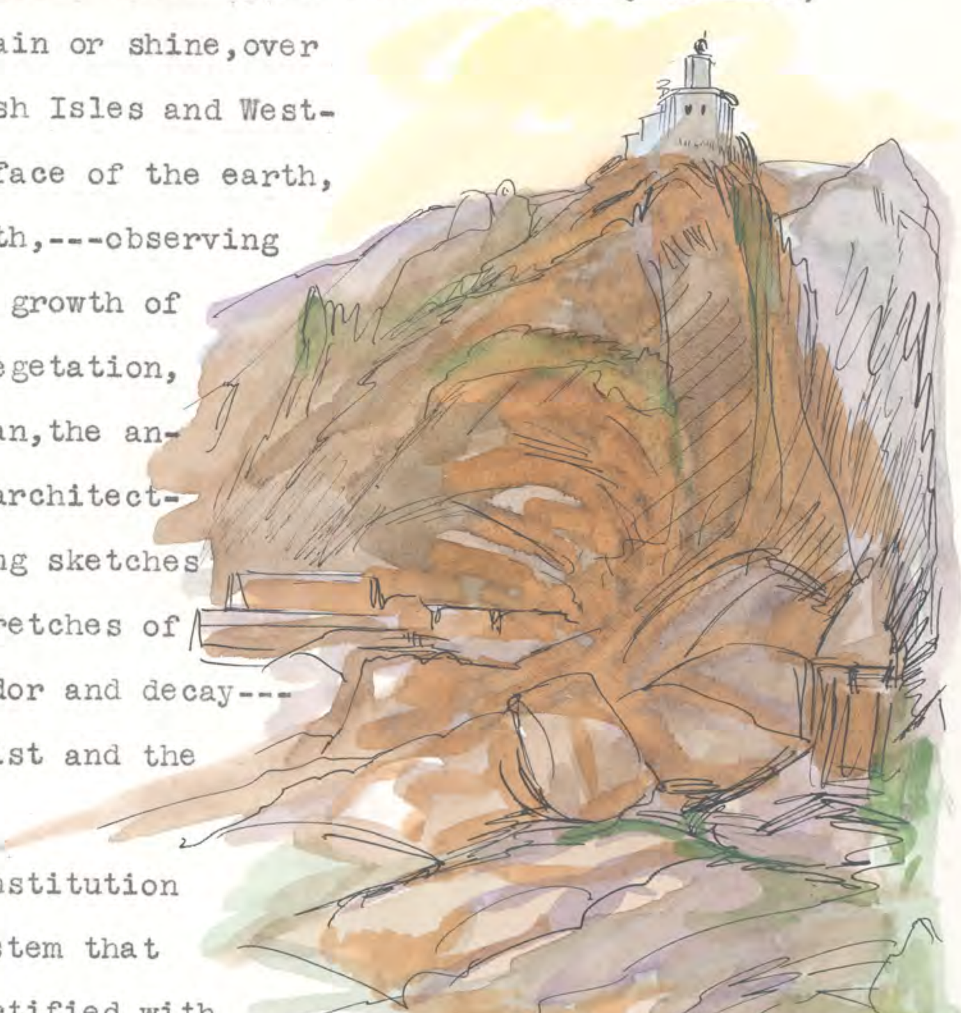

NORHAM CASTLE ON THE TWEED

-bankment of the Thames, and peering into the water with a fixity of attention that betokened an unbalanced mind. For a full half-hour, the little man crouched there immovable. Later he explained that he was observing the progress of the tide and the action of waves on the sand". In the years of learning and wondering, Turner saw the life around him ---the warehouses near the river, the factories, the smoke drifting over the water, the sooty fogs, the bridges and the boats, and the backwash of wretched men and women--- as neither beautiful nor ugly, but as structures and shapes of things that may be sketched and studied. His performance as a professional artist began at the age of ten. As an excellent draughtsman at twelve, he was admitted to the classes of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and studied under seven great masters. At fifteen, he was an exhibiting painter at the Royal Academy. At eighteen, with a studio of his own, he was an in-

BORTHWICK CASTLE

A pencil sketch by Turner 1818

-dependent artist; and at twenty-seven an R.A. During three score years of strenuous and indefatigable artistry, he traveled (mostly on foot) twenty-five miles a day, rain or shine, over a large part of the British Isles and Western Europe, exploring the face of the earth, the heavens above the earth,---observing and noting the stratified growth of mountains, the tenacious vegetation, the interfering work of man, the anatomy of the sea, and the architecture of the clouds,---making sketches of storms, sunsets, vast stretches of valley and hillside, splendor and decay---with the eye of a naturalist and the soul of an artist.



The Ruined Castle on Rock
WATER COLOR

Endowed with the constitution of an ox, and a nervous system that nothing could derange; fortified with a remarkable intellect and a lusty animal satisfaction in labor and in living, this amazing "little man in ill-cut, brown tail-coat, striped waist-coat and enormous frilled shirt" was perhaps the "most completely educated man who ever addressed himself to the art of landscape". Such is the informed opinion of art critics from Ruskin to Craven.

A PAGE FROM TURNER'S NOTEBOOK
STUDY OF PLANTS, WEEDS, ETC.
(PENCIL, ABOUT 1823)

Sketch of a Ruined Castle on Hill. Water Color 1798

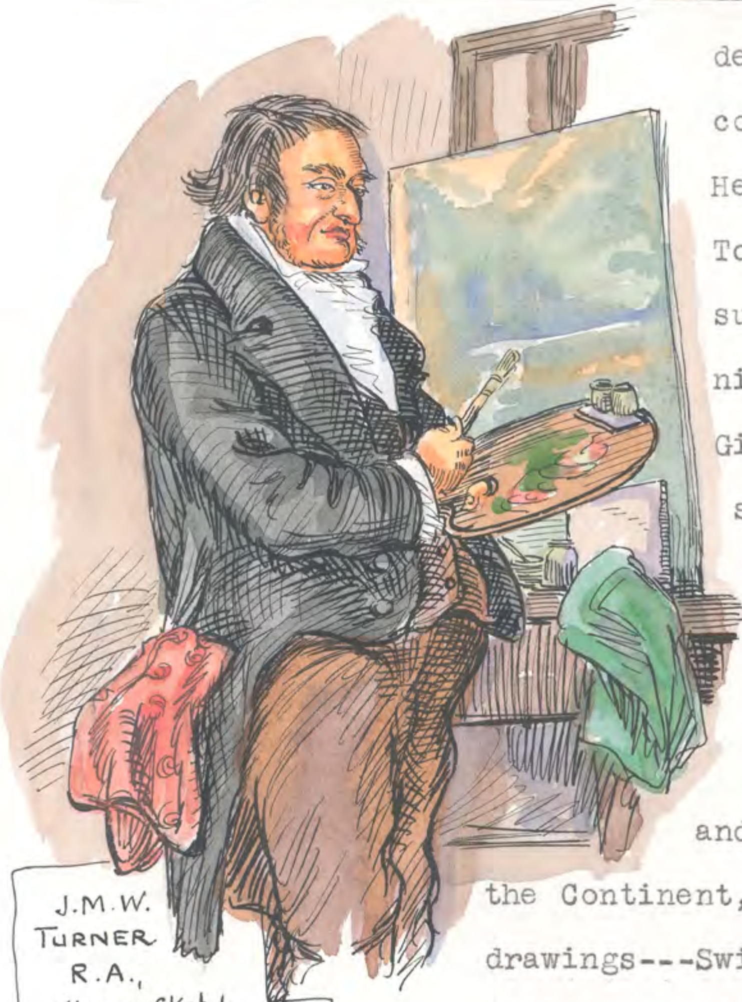
J.M.W TURNER R.A., after a sketch by Dan MacLise R.A.

Turner's work,which amounted to 2,000 finished pictures,and over 19,000 sketches,water-colors and drawings,---are the fruits of considerable toil and thought. They attest an immensely acute observation painstakingly directed to an artistic end. While others slept,Turner toiled hard and long; and his drawings were not the mere collection of incorrigible industry. Rather,they were---each and every one of them---full of purpose and meaning.

Turner's first paintings were in water-color---a medium which,in its effects of transparency and purity of tone,the English may be said to have invented. Turner proved all the capacities of water-colors and

after the beautiful sea piece by Turner.

A SHIP AGROUND



J.M.W. TURNER R.A., after a Sketch by Sir John Gilbert.

developed their resources with incomparable dexterity and imagination. He learned the medium from Girtin---Tom Girtin, a heavy-drinking, consumptive youth, who died at twenty-nine, already a master. "If Tom Girtin had lived, I should have starved", said Turner with ironic sympathy. "I never in my life made drawings like his---". Turner's affection for Wilson and Gainsborough were warm and sincere. In 1802, he traveled on the Continent, and returned with hundreds of drawings---Swiss peasants, Alpine scenes, fisher-folk, cows, buildings---and when War closed the Continent to English travelers, he wandered all over England. He sailed up and down the coast in colliers; he made a voyage in the North Sea with a fishing fleet, and in a storm, stood for four hours lashed to the mast so that he might observe the elements

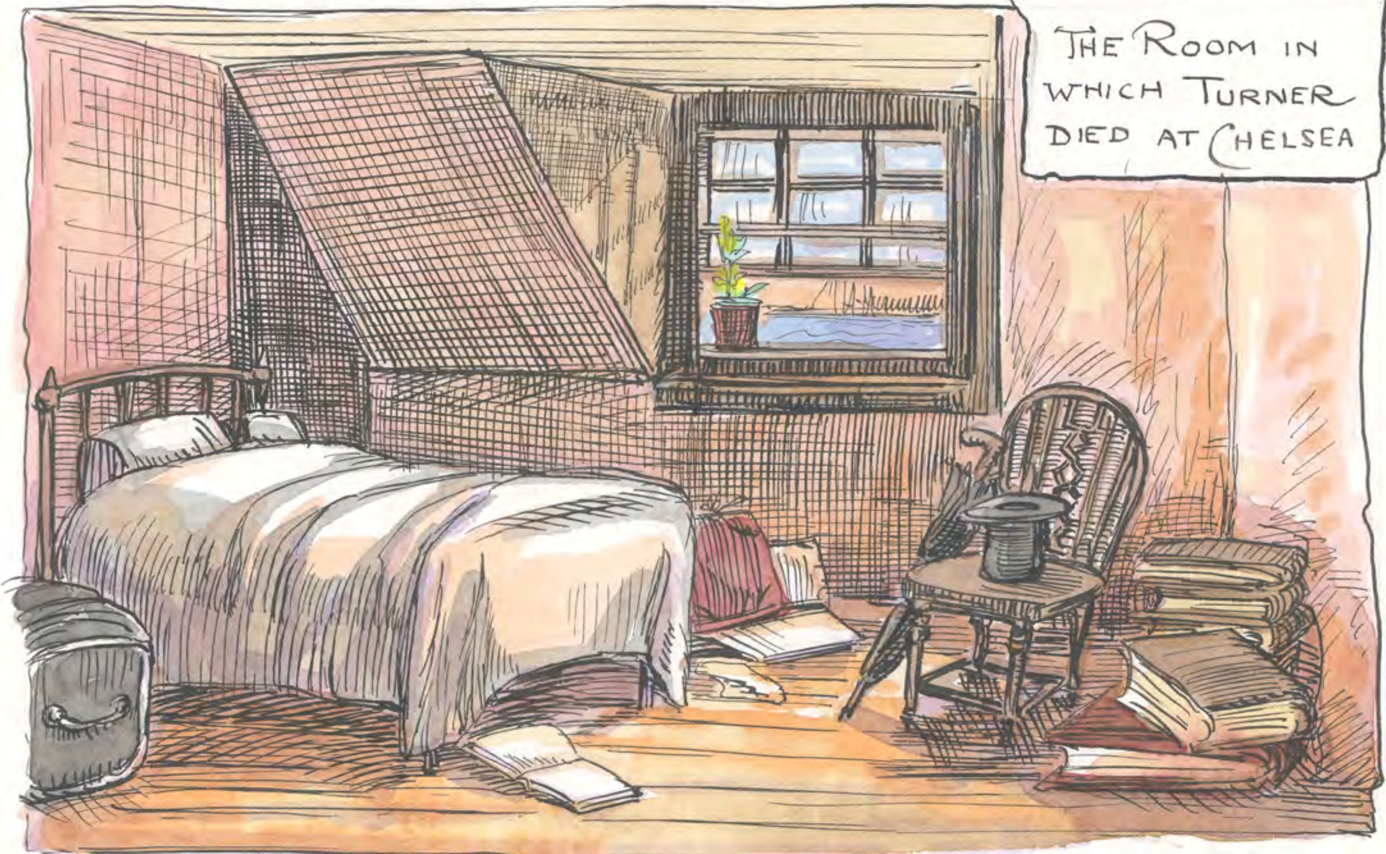
The Fighting Téméraire
after the oil painting by Turner.
Royal Academy 1839.

THE TÉMÉRAIRE TUGGED TO HER LAST BERTH TO BE BROKEN UP— AT GREENWICH.

in their angriest moods.

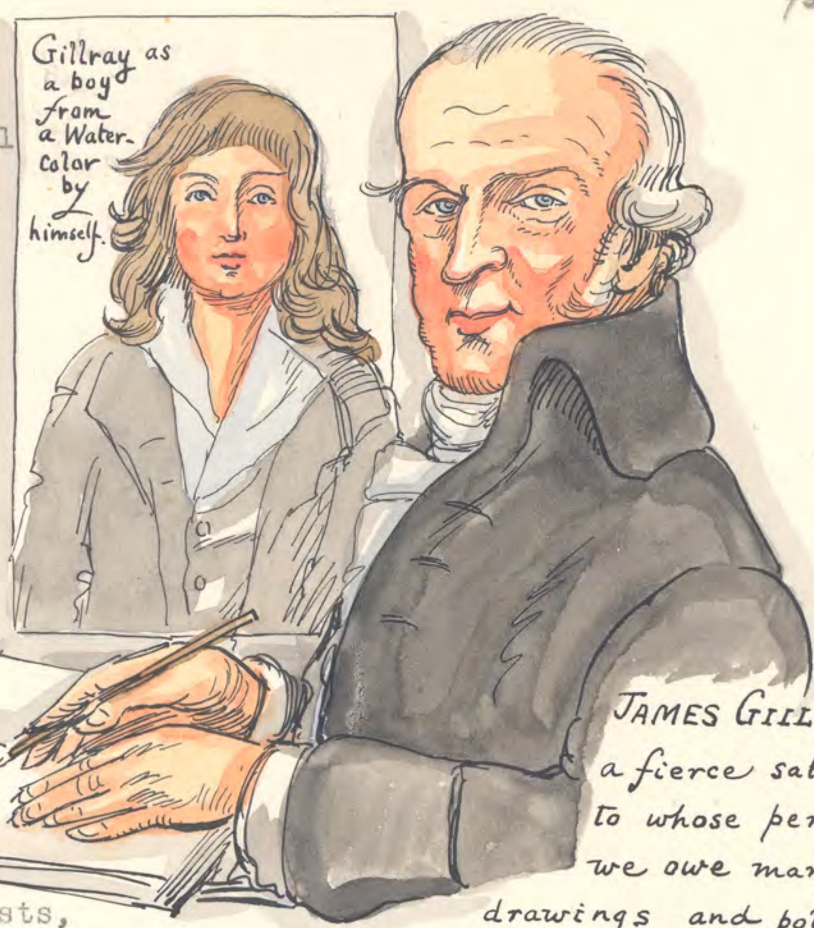
After I835, Turner was a friendless old man buried in paint. His principal concern now was with "light and color"; and to confirm and further his own observations, he sought out, with his usual thoroughness and curiosity, everything that had been recorded on the subject. He read Goethe's speculations on color. He went to Italy again, and painted pictures of Rain, Storm, and Speed---brilliant examples of luminous, broken color.

Had Turner ceased painting when he was nearing seventy, he might have been spared much criticism. But he could not stop. His inward eye still saw gorgeous scenes, and amid the grime of his dingy house in Queen Anne Street, he struggled with such



unearthly themes as the Deluge in the Evening, and the Deluge in the Morning, and Napoleon in the Sunset of his Exile! These are the pictures of his magnificent decline---pictures at which crowds laughed, and at which the critics wagged their heads. When a friend discovered Turner's hiding-place at Chelsea, the old man was sinking. As he sat at the window of his room, propped up with pillows, he looked upon the river, and passed away very peacefully on December 18, 1851. His will, which he had made himself was the subject of years of argument. But in the end it gave his pictures and drawings to the Nation, a sum of £20,000 to the Royal Academy, and the bulk of his funded moneys to his next of kin. The poet and critic Henley once observed that there is no such deadly thing as excess of praise. The fact that Turner survived the enthusiasm of Ruskin's several volumes is argument for the artist's greatness!

Two famous students of the Royal Academy school of art who were capable of "higher flights", but chose rather to be the exponents of humorous art, are James Gillray and Thomas Rowlandson. Each was designated in his time as <u>the</u> "caricaturist and, as far as we are able to find out, both became caricaturists, or humorous artists, because they could not resist the exercise of their fanciful creative faculties which impelled them to abandon serious portrait and landscape painting in favor of the comical side of English life. The facile dexterity with which they turned out their sketches and cartoons proved so tempting an exercise of their talents, that the more "legitimate inspirations" were passed aside. But to them the historian will ever remain indebted for "side glances" of English life which help to enliven the annals of ~~of~~ the long reign of George the Third.



JAMES GILLRAY, a fierce satirist to whose pencil we owe many drawings and political cartoons depicting the manners of the reign of George III.

James Gillray, the son of a superannuated soldier who had lost an arm at Fontenoy, was born in 1757; and though of humble origin, enjoyed adequate professional training. As a young man he worked with Ryland, and was one of Bartolozzi's most accomplished pupils and assistants. Very early in his training he showed signs of grace and originality of execution in his paintings. His memory was richly retentive, and

he found it more convenient to work from a few notes and jottings than from the direct object. After a brief practice as a portrait painter (William Pitt was among his sitters in 1789), Gillray discovered that there was more fun in the drawing of "comicalities" upon copper. From the final incidents of the French and American wars, through the long period of envenomed parliamentary struggle and ministerial changes, Gillray witnessed and chronicled the "passing show" for an ever-increasing group of admirers. He saw the rise of the "Corsican Phoenix" from the chaos of the Republic, the French legions marching triumphantly across the Continent, and was brought face to face with the portentious scare of threatened invasion---when Napoleon planned to cross the Channel and rule perfidious Albion. With a deft pencil he made cartoons of the condition in London when rumors of invasion brought panic and visions of ruin to the popular mind. He lived long enough to behold the fulfilment of his fanciful predictions, and to find Napoleon vanquished by England, and deserted by his propitious "star". The careers of George III, the Queen, and the Royal family may be traced in Gillray's richly humorous pictorial satires (several of which are included in this

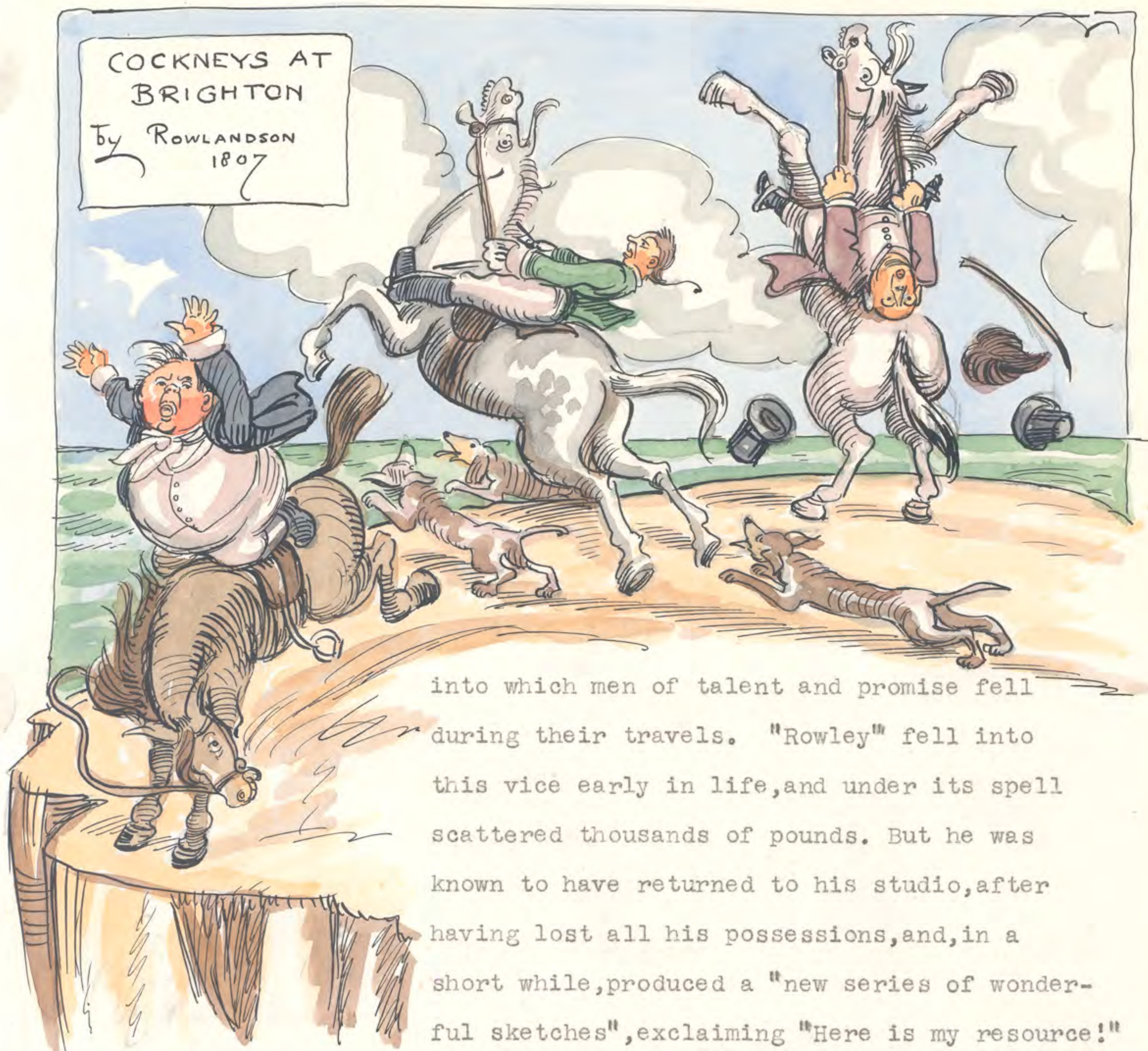
Filial Affection, 1785. or a Trip to Gretna Green

work.) The caricaturist, as Gillray often declared, "if a bad subject of the King, find the Royal family a good subject for his satires".

It does not appear that the King cherished hostility towards Gillray, for the caricaturist's drawings were collected by the royal family, and are still treasured in the library at Windsor.

Thomas Rowlandson was born in the Old Jewry just a year before Gillray. "Rowley's" father and uncle were classed as "merchants", and were in a position to give the young artist the advantages of an art education in the Royal Academy schools as well as in the "ateliers" of Paris. Rowlandson learned to draw with ease and a "sparkle of style". From 1784 to 1800 he was at his best, and his popularity as a humorous artist was wide-spread. In those times Gambling was a pitfall

after a Sketch by Rowlandson 1798

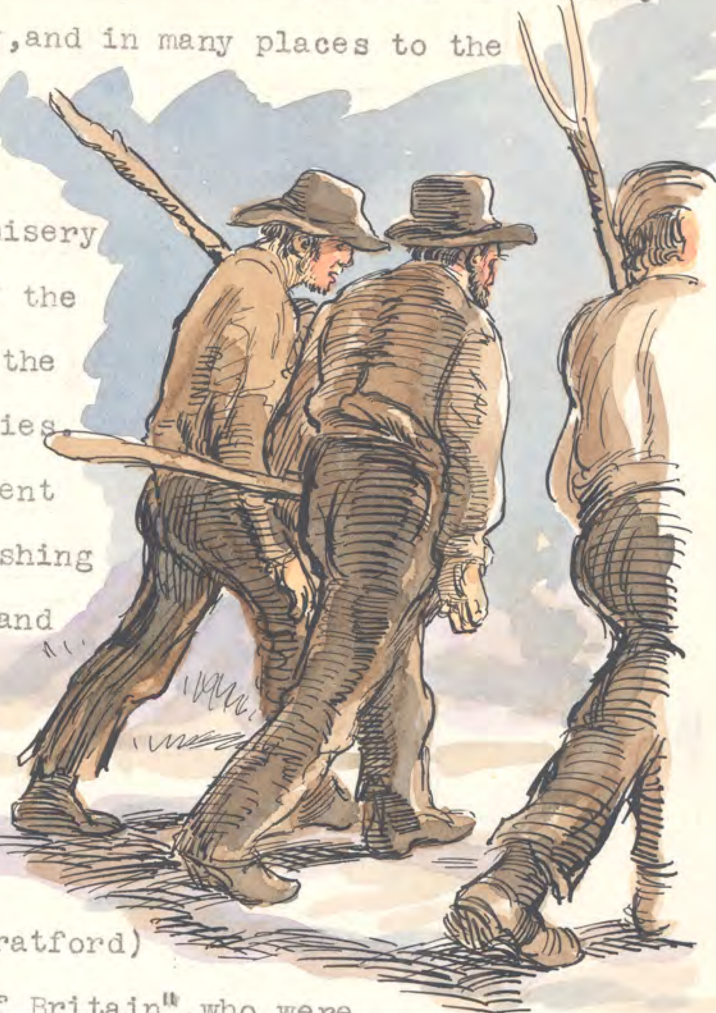


into which men of talent and promise fell during their travels. "Rowley" fell into this vice early in life, and under its spell scattered thousands of pounds. But he was known to have returned to his studio, after having lost all his possessions, and, in a short while, produced a "new series of wonderful sketches", exclaiming "Here is my resource!" With amazing industry, he applied himself to a great variety of illustrations for the publishers. The titles of his works include "Views of Oxford and Cambridge", "Comforts of Bath", "Sketches from Nature", "Views of Cornwall, Devon, Dorset", "A Tour of North and South Wales", and numerous illustrations for the works of Goldsmith, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne, in addition to the "Three Tours of Dr. Syntax", "The Microcosm of London", and "The World in Miniature"---and so forth. An amazing genius indeed, was "Rowley", whose reputation in the estimation of collectors continues to stand pretty high.

DISTRIBUTION OF POPULATION

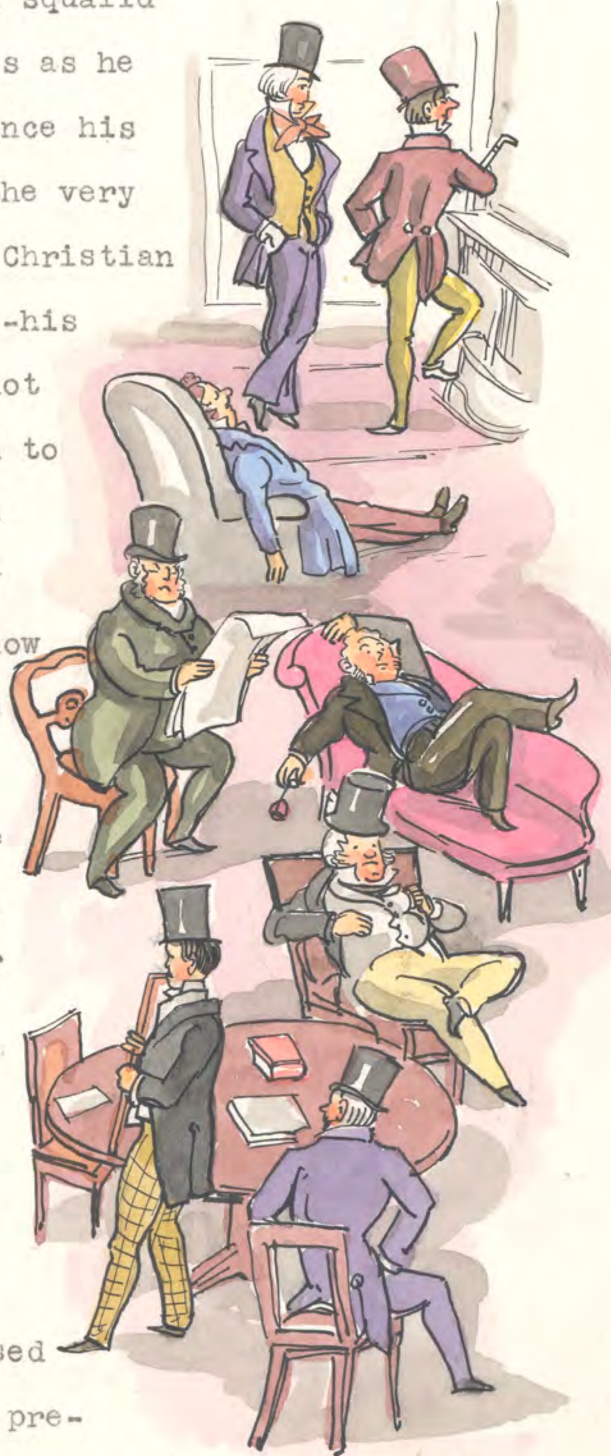
The men who were so sure that Peace would bring happiness and prosperity were keenly disappointed to find that misery seemed to be even more widely felt in 1815 than in the days of conflict. On the whole, the long war had served to stimulate certain lines of agriculture and industry. When the war ended, these lines of production and activity ceased. The demand for labor declined accordingly. Also, owing to the wide-spread economic exhaustion in Europe, the Continental states were not able to purchase as freely and extensively in the English markets as the English merchants had hoped. Another disturbing element was the return of half a million soldiers and sailors, who at once entered into competition with working-men who were now searching for work at almost any wages. High prices and low wages, the swelling ranks of the unemployed and the great

increase in the number of assisted poor---these conditions inevitably led to enforced idleness and misery,and in many places to the horrors of actual starvation and lawless behaviour. The year after Waterloo was one of unprecedented misery throughout England. The failure of the harvest was followed by strikes in the coal-fields and riots in the factories. Workingmen who could get no employment resuled the earlier practice of smashing machines,and setting fire to barns and grain stacks.

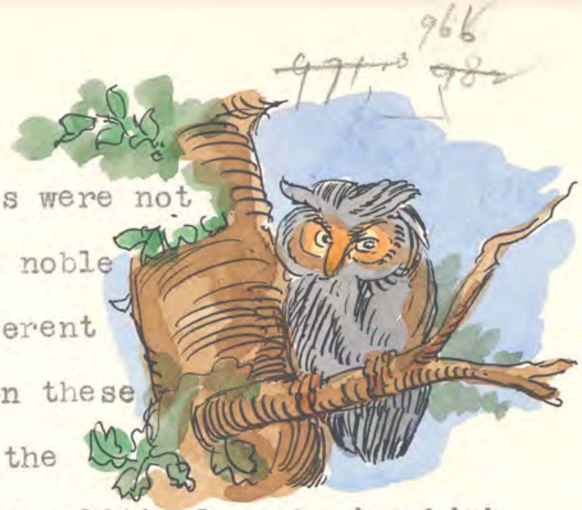


It seems somewhat strange that these conditions "did not penetrate the hard skulls" (to use the words of Dr. Wingfield-Stratford) "of the lords and gentlemen of Britain",who were confortably well-off and rather distant from the scenes of distress. As a class,the lords and gentlemen were little disposed to philosophise. They were satisfied with themselves,the social order they adorned,and the constitutional system guaranteed to protect it. The thought of Social or Economic Reform--"that sort of thing smacked too strongly of Jacobinism to make it safe to meddle with." To genteel palates,observes Dr. Wingfield-

-Stratford,"the old wine was better than such new effervescent stuff". When Lord Byron in his maiden speech in the House of Lords protested that "never in his travels among the most despotic infidel countries had he beheld such squalid wretchedness as he had seen since his return,in the very heart of a Christian England",---his voice was not loud enough to disturb the complacency of his fellow peers. "The climax of Misery" among the laboring classes, and the report of life in the mines and mills,somehow or other,did not seem "fashionable" and in "good taste" to the genteel folks of England. The fact that a laborer might here or there be found,starving under a hedge,or that men and women were harnessed like beasts to the parish carts,did not prevent England from being an eartly paradise



after Caricatures by
Richard Doyle



to those who owned the soil.

But the social and economic questions were not to be burked so easily. Even if the noble lords and gentlemen of the land were indifferent to these matters, other minds were at work on these urgent matters. Among the younger men was the poet Shelley who, in 1819, composed a group of political poems in which the protest of the times was expressed. Here are a few stanzas of the "Song to the Men of England":

Men of England, wherefore plough
For the Lords who lay ye low?
Wherefore weave with toil and care
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

Wherefore feed, and clothe, and save,
From the cradle to the grave,
Those ungrateful drones who would
Drain your sweat---nay, drink your blood?

* * * * * *

Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,
Shelter, food, love's gentle balm?
Or what is it ye buy so dear
With your pain and with your fear?

The seed ye sow, another reaps;
The wealth ye find, another keeps;
The robes ye weave, another wears;
The arms ye forge, another bears.

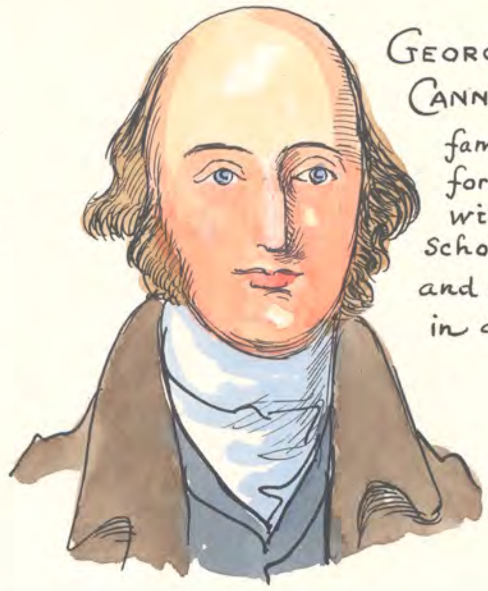
Sow seed---but let no tyrant reap;
Find wealth---let no imposter heap;
Weave robes---let not the idle wear;
Forge arms---in your defence to bear.

* * * * *

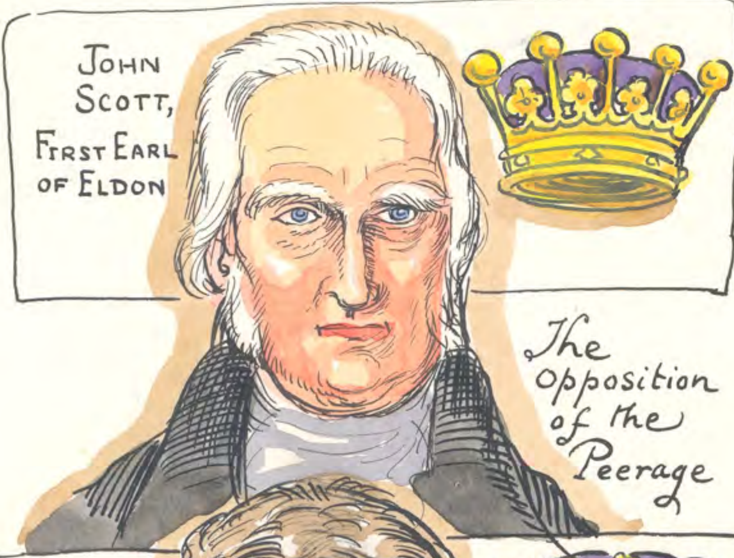
With plough and spade, and hoe and loom,
Trace your grave, and build your tomb,
And weave your winding-sheet, till fair
England be your sepulchre.

Sketch of an English laborer, adapted from a cartoon by John Leech

Unfortunately, the victors of Waterloo, ---particularly the Tory leaders in power---had no economic or political remedy to propose---except the severest forms of repression. "Agitators" and "rioters" were tried for treason. Printers and authors were fined and even imprisoned for sedition. In time, middle-class juries were not willing to impose sentence, and gradually it became evident that the British Constitution (as men had known it since 1689) was beginning to crack and give way in unexpected places.



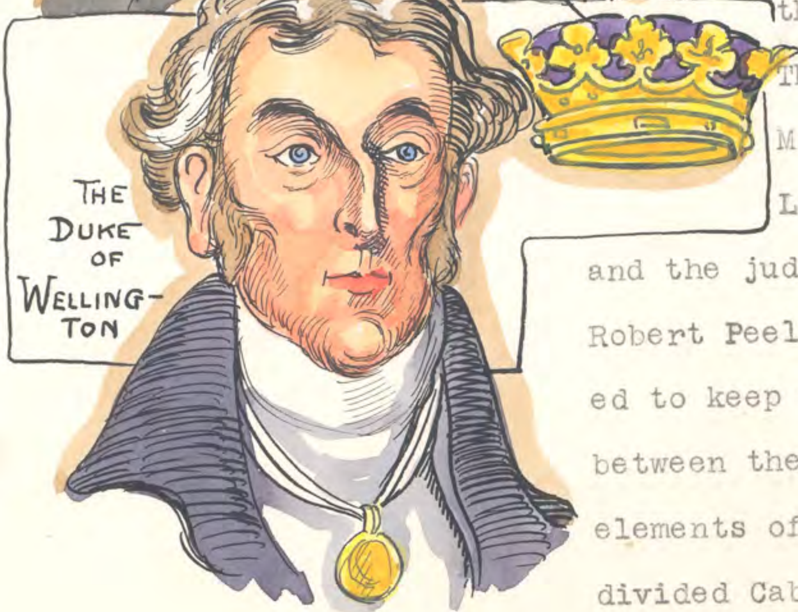
GEORGE CANNING, famous for his wit, scholarship and eloquence in debate.



JOHN SCOTT, FIRST EARL OF ELDON

The Opposition of the Peerage

There were two groups inside the Tory Government itself---Wellington and Eldon who stood for the rigid past, and Canning and Huskisson who sponsored a more liberal view of the situation.



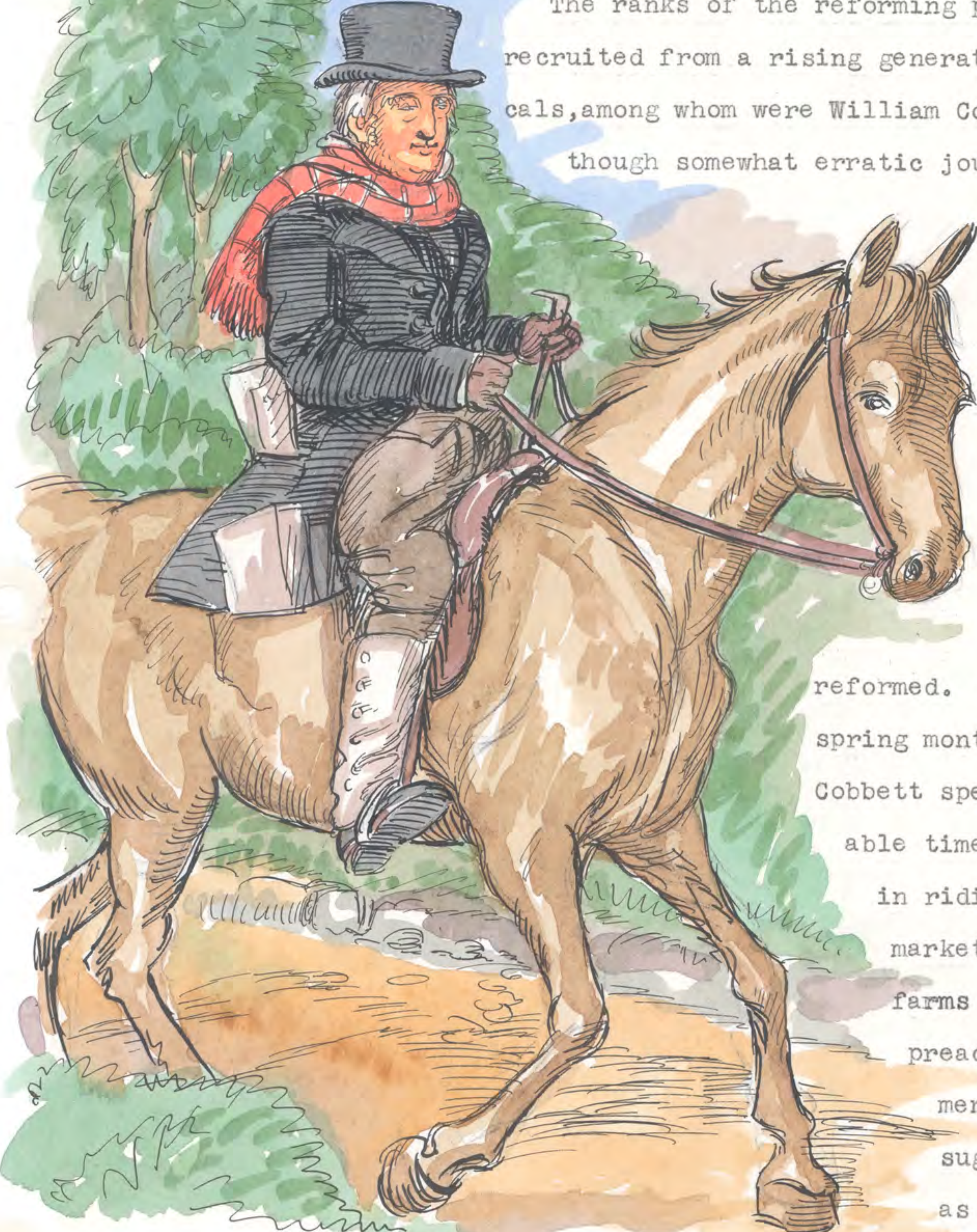
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

The Prime Minister, Liverpool, and the judicious Robert Peel endeavored to keep the peace between the two elements of the divided Cabinet.

WILLIAM HUSKISSON, financier and the greatest practical Statesman of his day)

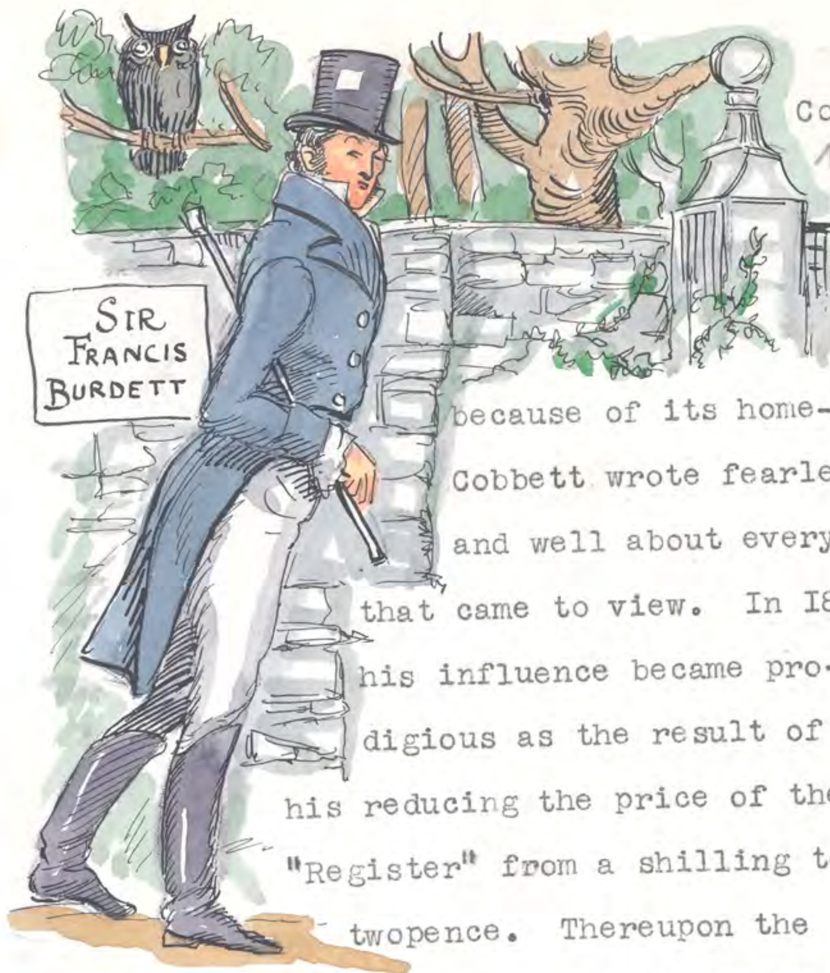
~~974~~ 96 8
~~972.4~~

The years between 1815 and 1830 saw the rise of a spirit encouraging a new movement towards political reform. The first evidence of this spirit in action was the abolition of sinecures established for the benefit of the higher classes. "It seems now almost incomprehensible", observes the historian Justin Mc Carthy, "that people should have endured so long the existence of many of those gross and monstrous sinecures---offices with large pay and no duties---invented for the purpose of pensioning some bankrupt member of the aristocracy." The next step was the abolition of the practice of discharging duties by deputies. Then---by the repeal of the Corporation Act, passed in the time of Charles II, and by the repeal of the Test Act (that required every one who wished to hold civil or military office to swear that the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church were false)---dissenters and Catholics were permitted to hold office. With the passing of the Catholic Emanicaption Act, at last the Roman Catholic element in



England was to have a voice in making the laws of the land.

The ranks of the reforming party were recruited from a rising generation of radicals, among whom were William Cobbett, an able though somewhat erratic journalist, who urged reforms of every sort, though he fully realized that all efforts were useless so long as Parliament remained unreformed. During the spring months of 1830, Cobbett spent considerable time and energy in riding round the market towns and farms of the country, preaching Parliamentary reform, suggesting reform as the way to relieve the distress of which all classes were complaining. As a result of wide experience both in England and in America, and being of a controversial mind that sought the relief of the farmers and the lower classes, William



Cobbett became a vigorous and brilliant champion of reform. His "Weekly Political Register" proved a powerful organ of opinion because of its home-spun and forthright style. Cobbett wrote fearlessly and well about every abuse that came to view. In 1816 his influence became prodigious as the result of his reducing the price of the "Register" from a shilling to twopence. Thereupon the publication entered the homes of the humble. Cobbett became the leader of the masses. He traveled back and forth in England, observing conditions, and made them known in his "Rural Rides", a piquant travel diary full of information and comment and criticism. In Gloucester, for example, he found laborers whose "dwellings are little better than pig-beds, and their looks indicate that their food is not nearly equal to that of a pig". "In my whole life," he observes, "I never saw human wretchedness equal to this, not even among the free negroes in

Full of Virulent Wit and Keen criticism, Cobbett's writings (as mere English prose) are above all possible praise.

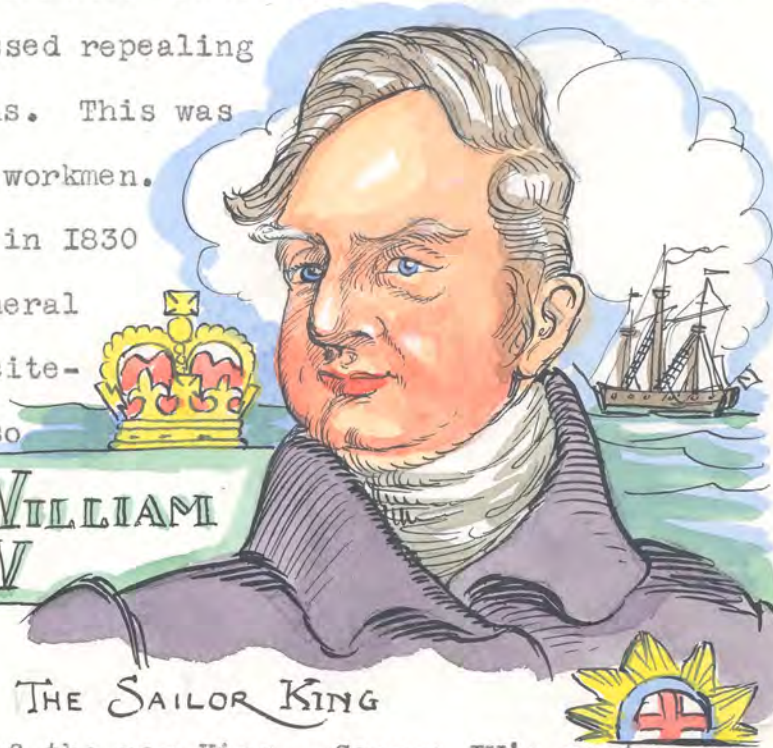
POLITICAL REGISTER

America. These, O Pitt, are the fruits of thy hellish system."

Francis Place

With William Cobbett in the new parliamentary Reform group were Sir Francis Burdett, a wealthy aristocrat who had secured his seat in Parliament by purchase; and Francis Place, a London tailor with a real talent for political organization. It was Place who started the movement for the repeal of the law against trade combinations. He began life as a journeyman breeches-maker, but read considerably in his off-hours, and in 1818 started a newspaper in which he pleaded for the right of combination with so much ability as to enlist the interest and advocacy of the Commons. Place organized the evidence so effectively that a Bill was passed repealing all laws against trade combinations. This was in effect a great victory for the workmen.

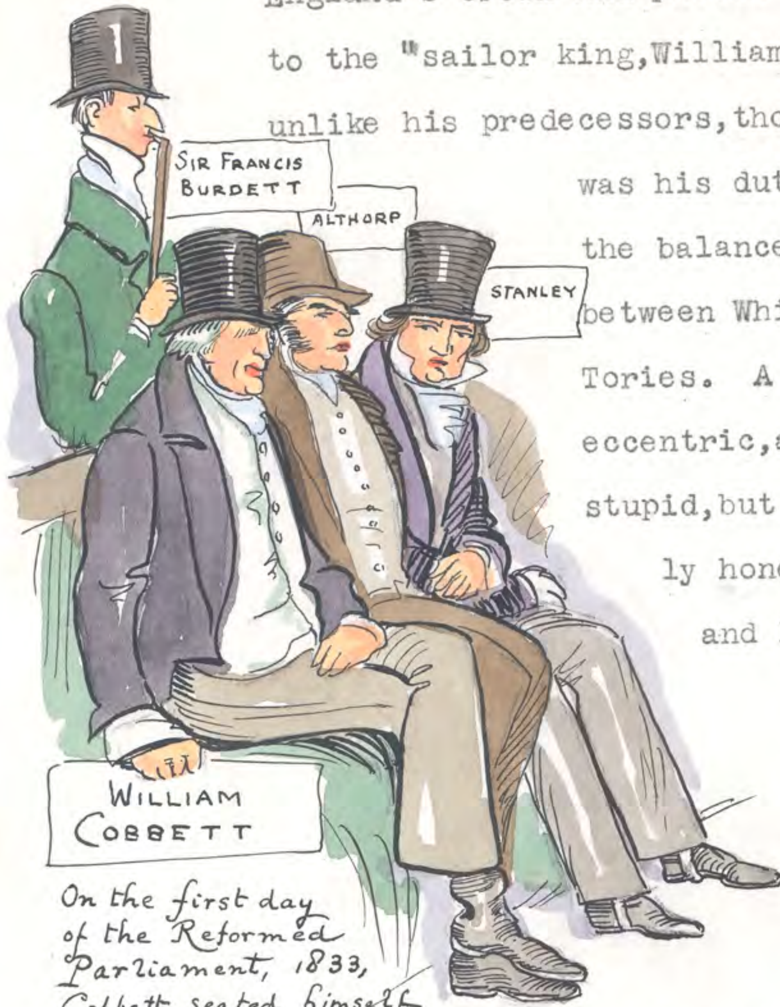
The death of George IV in 1830 led, of necessity, to a general election. Under much excitement, the electorate returned so liberal a House of Commons that the war-scarred Duke of Wellington, who was Prime Minister of the Tory Party, had to resign. The accession of the new King---George IV's next younger brother, the Duke of Clarence, ---as William IV, opened out a new prospect. The Royal Veto on a Whig Cabinet and Liberal Laws,



THE SAILOR KING

under which that generation had grown up, had vanished in the night.

England's crown had passed from the sybarite Tory, George IV, to the "sailor king, William IV, who, unlike his predecessors, thought it was his duty to hold the balance evenly between Whigs and Tories. A little eccentric, a little stupid, but thoroughly honest, simple and kind, and with no exaggerated ideas of his prerogatives as a monarch, the "Sailor King" was a great improvement on all four Georges who preceded him as sovereigns of England. All this made everything easier for the new Prime Minister, Lord Grey, and for the Parliamentary reformers.

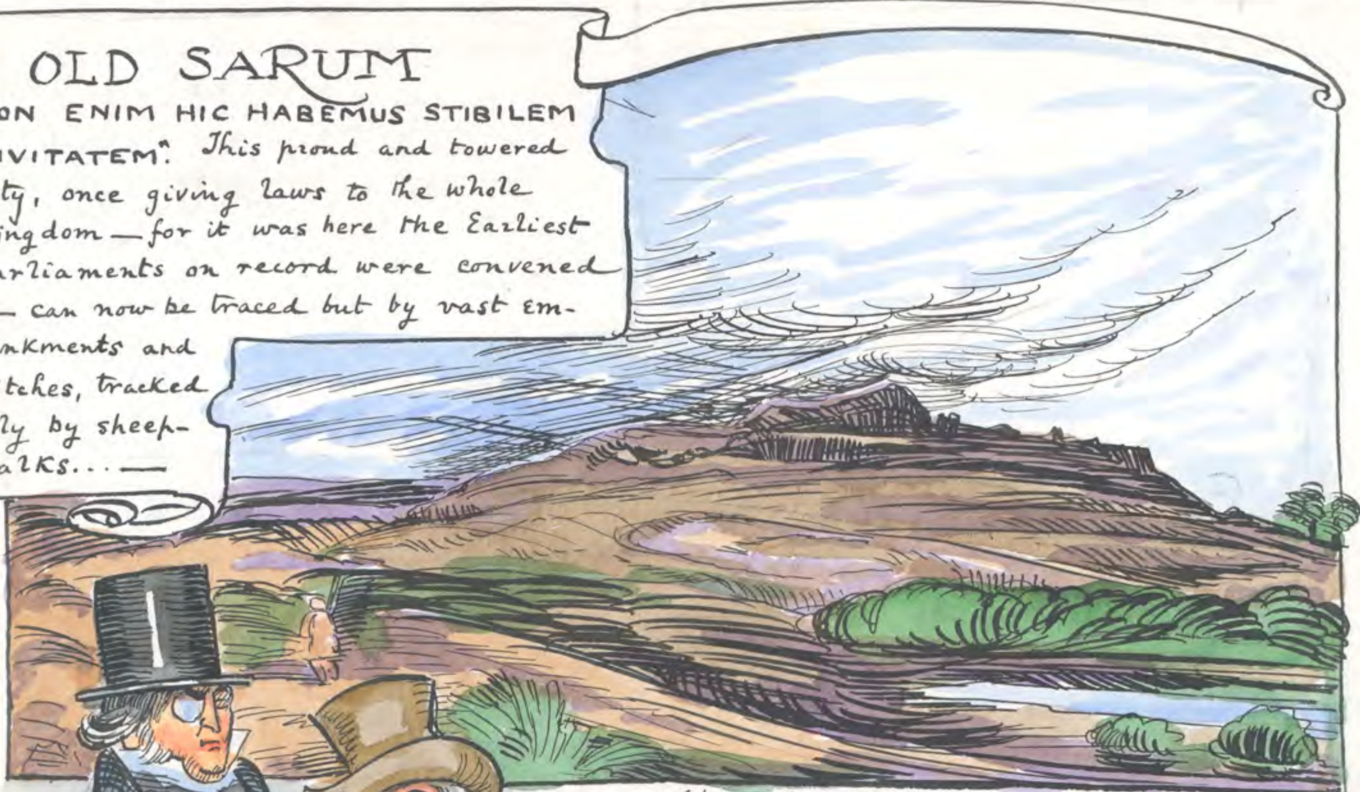


On the first day of the Reformed Parliament, 1833, Cobbett seated himself on the Ministerial Bench, to the surprise of some of its occupants. (AFTER THE SKETCH BY "H. B")

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY 1803

With the continuance of peace and the gradual revival of business prosperity, there came a revival of interest in political reform. New inventions, new appliances in almost every department of industrial science, were changing the activities of the artisan classes throughout the land. Artisans in the towns were beginning to avail themselves of the opportunity to act in combination, and to think more intelligently in groups about domestic politics.

The one great reform which the public voice now began to demand was a measure which should make the House of Commons a representative institution. This was a change to be accomplished by law. Lord Grey, the leader of the Whigs in the House of Peers, who had been prominent among the advanced Whigs ever since the days of Pitt's first administration, referred to reform of Parliament as "a prime necessity for diminishing public discontent". For years, the House of Commons had not, in any sense, fairly represented the nation. The principle in former times appears to have been that the Sovereign of the realm



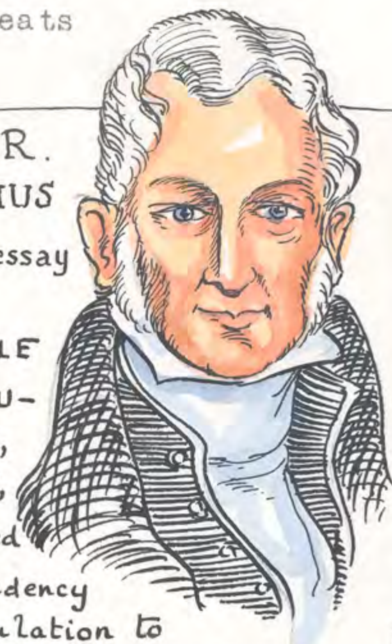
after the painting by John Constable

invited any town or place he chose to select to send a representative to Parliament to advise His Majesty. Many places which had been tolerably populous when the Sovereign first invited them to send representatives to the Commons, lost their populations and their importance and fell into actual decay. Yet the Sovereign continued to issue his invitation to those places. Habit in such cases made the arbitrary choice permanent and perpetual. In one case, Old Sarum, the place actually ceased to be anything more than a geographical expression. Two-thirds of the House of Commons was made up of nominees of peers and great landlords, who owned their boroughs and

HEDGING and Ditching — after the sketch for LIBER STUDIORUM (1808) by J.M.W. TURNER, R.A.

their representatives just as they owned their parks and their cattle. One Duke returned eleven members; another nine. Seats were openly bought and sold. In some instances, they were publicly advertized for sale.

Meanwhile, great populations were growing into importance in manufacturing centers like Burmingham, Leeds, Manchester, where public opinion, ambition, and aspiration were gradually being stimulated by political and social education and leadership. Very naturally, these places demanded a place in the representative system of the nation.



REV. T.R. MALTHUS Whose essay on THE PRINCIPLE OF POPULATION, in 1798, discussed the tendency of population to increase more rapidly than the means of subsistance.

Every one who studies with some careful attention the political and parliamentary movements in England, soon observes the remarkable manner in which the events in England follow the lead of events on the Continent. Revolution on the Continent invariably impels the cause of popular agitation in the British Isles.

It so happened that,at this particular time,a revolution broke out with full force in France,when the Ministry issued a body of Ordinances changing practically the whole constitution of France,and superseding and destroying the liberty of the press. Beyond all question the Ministry overdid its part---it went far beyond any limits which the people of Paris could tolerate. The posting of the ordinances stirred Paris to revolt. The protest grew rapidly into an insurrection.

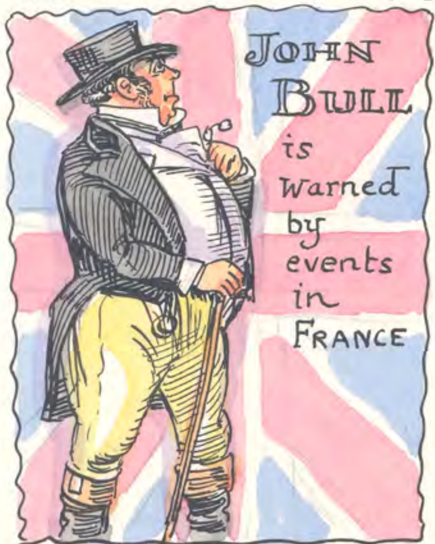
For some time the reactionary policies of the King---like the reactionary policies of the English

Tory victors of Waterloo---were aimed at strengthening the privileges of the old nobility and restoring royal absolutism. These policies,followed by the posting of the ordinances(July 26,1830),provoked the citizens of Paris to revolt. The royal forces were unable to curb the popular movement. After three days of fighting,Charles abdicated,and fled to England.

The White Flag(symbol of French legitimacy)was flung away. The Tri-color was substituted. And the Duke of Orleans, ---who had spent his life in exile and in wandering,and school-teaching---became the new king of France---the "King of the Barricades"!

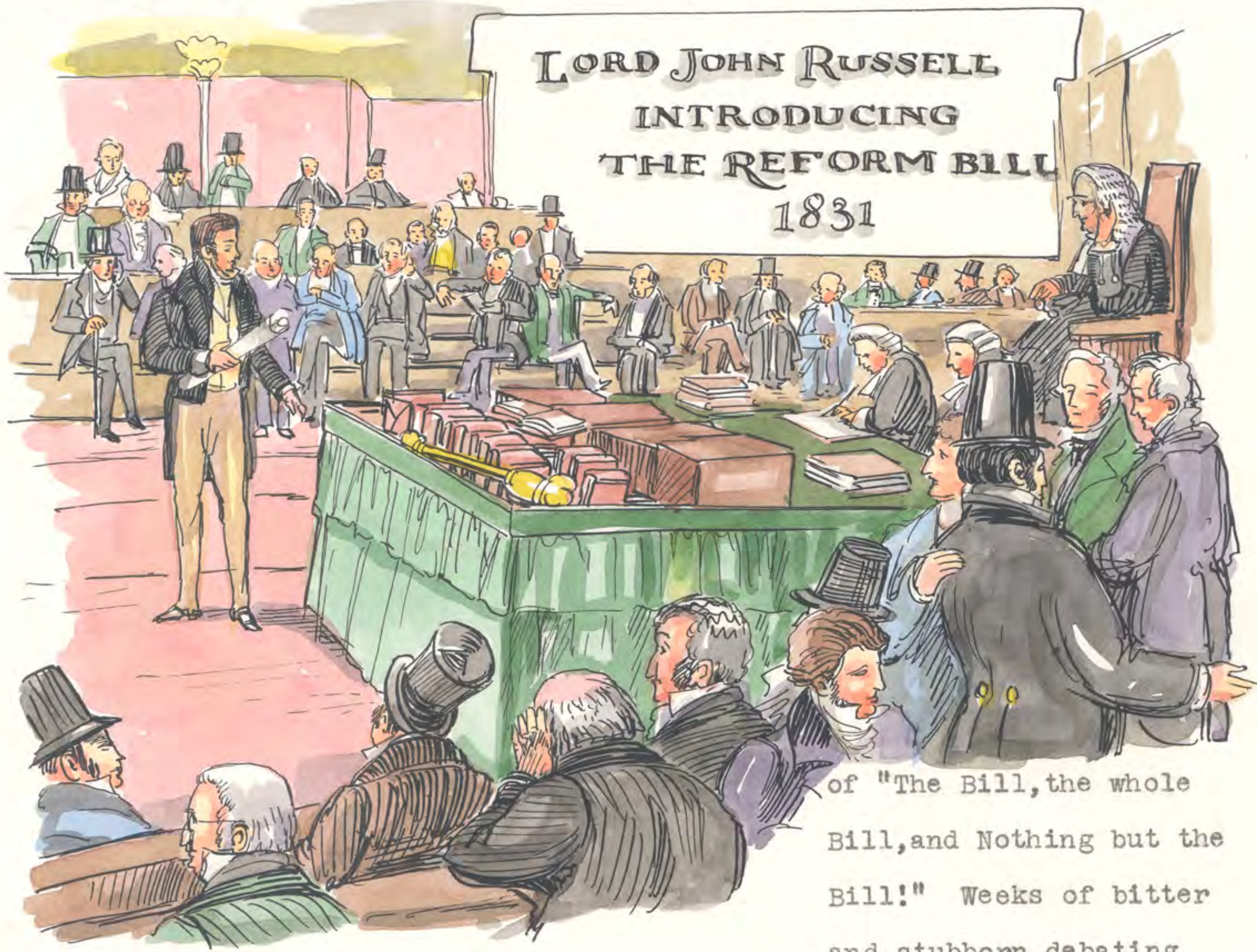
LOUIS PHILIPPE as the "NAPOLEON OF PEACE"
after a caricature by Richard Doyle

The news that the French had driven out their absolutist king, and had welcomed a popular monarch,preciptated a cabinet crisis in England. The Tories lost fifty votes in the General election,and the Tories were swept into office. The moment for an experiment in constitutional reform had arrived.



Great public meetings were held in several towns and cities in England,and tumultous demands were made for parliamentary reform. Lord Russell was asked to draw up a plan for reform, which he did;and the bill was presented before the Commons amid profound silence. The measure passed on the first reading without a division. But,on the second reading,the Government was not able to secure

a majority of only one in a very full House. A few days later, an amendment (to which Grey and his party were opposed)was carried. The King,following the usual custom,dissolved Parliament. At the General Election that followed,the whole country rang with the cry



of "The Bill,the whole Bill,and Nothing but the Bill!" Weeks of bitter and stubborn debating indicated stern resistance on both sides. The House of Lords opposed the Bill,but the Nation was no less determined. The vote was taken again with the same result;for not only was there the customary opposition of the Lords to making changes,but many believed that to have members representing the people,instead of land,and to depart from the old system of elections,would be a great injury to the English system of Government. Finally,when Grey threatened to coerce the House of Lords by the creation of a number of new peers,sufficient to ensure

"After forty years of Flunkeyism, the Middle classes (represented by John Bull) were tired of the Duke and his aristocratic obstructionists, and had come to consider political power to belong of right to the people...."

John Bull
INTERVENES
May 1832

KING WILLIAM IV

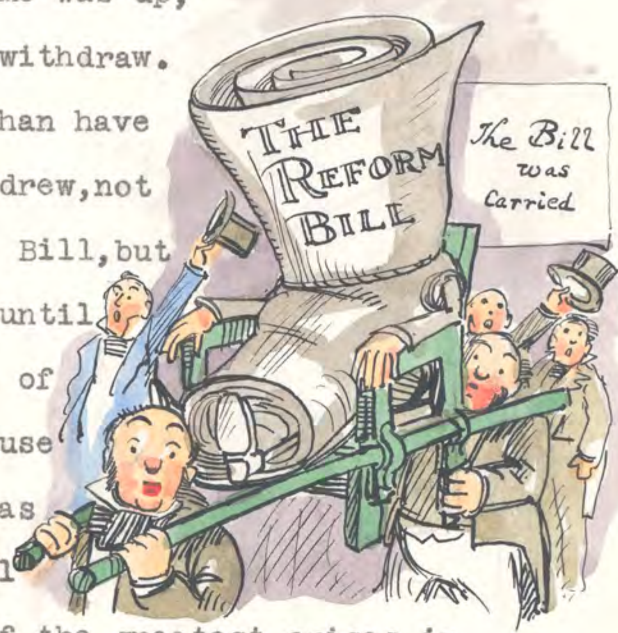
LORD GREY

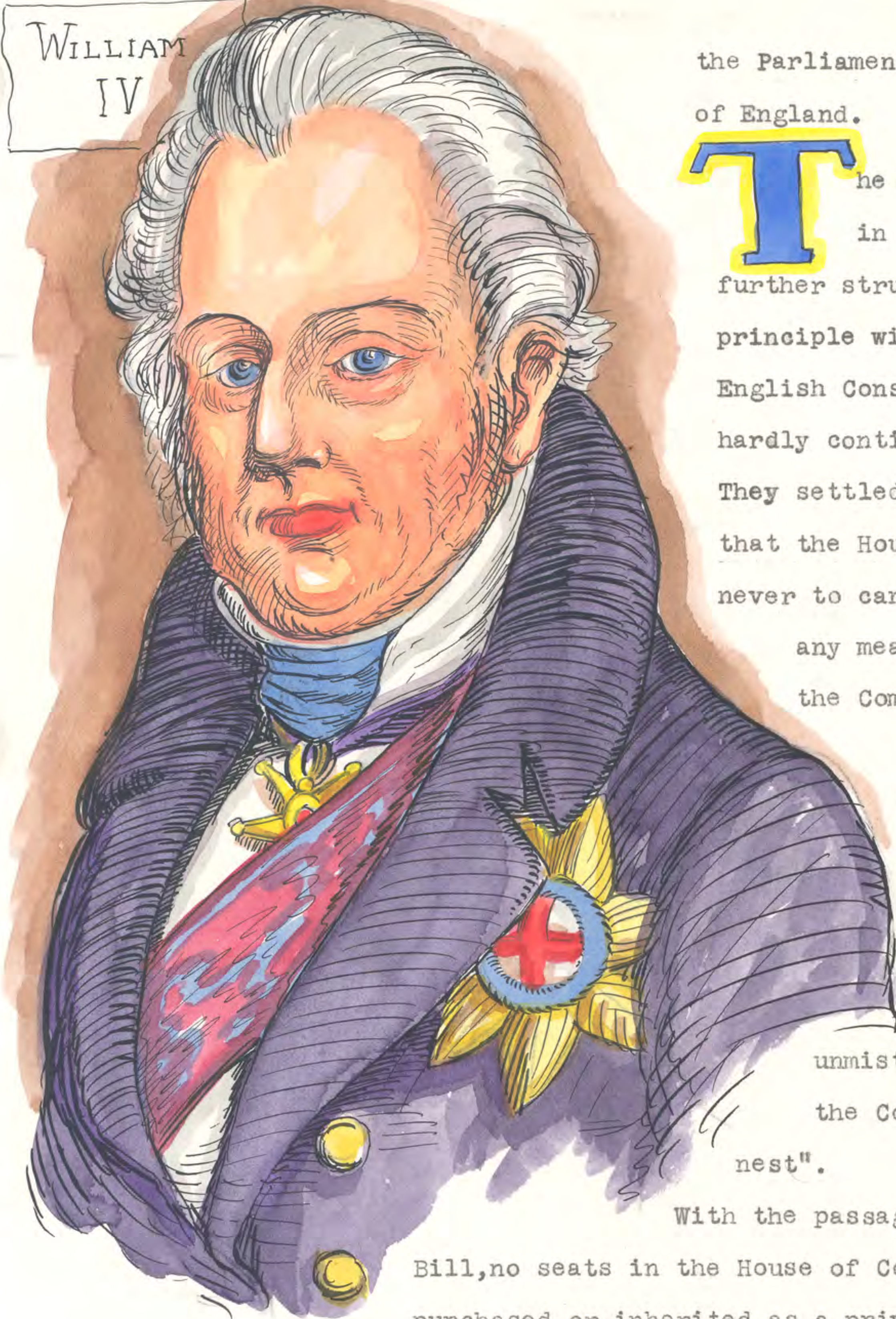
JOHN BULL

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

after a cartoon by "H. B"

the passing of the Bill, the Duke of Wellington, realizing that the game was up, persuaded some hundreds of his party to withdraw. The House of Lords then yielded rather than have their ranks over-crowded! The Duke withdrew, not only from any part in the debates on the Bill, but even from the House of Lords altogether until after the Bill was passed. The Waverers of course gave way. It would be no further use to oppose the People's Bill. The Bill was ultimately carried, and received the royal assent on June 7, 1832. Thus ended one of the greatest crises in

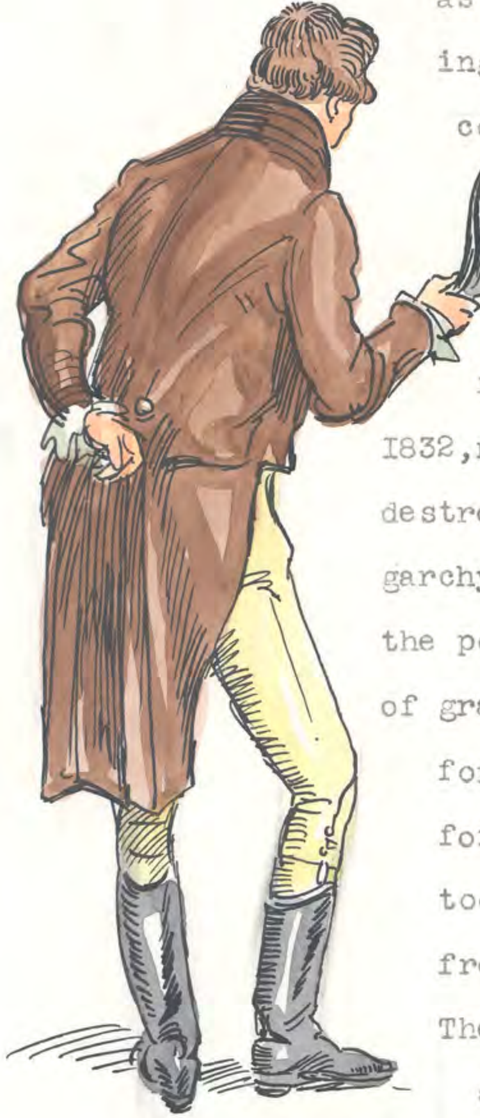




the Parliamentary history of England.

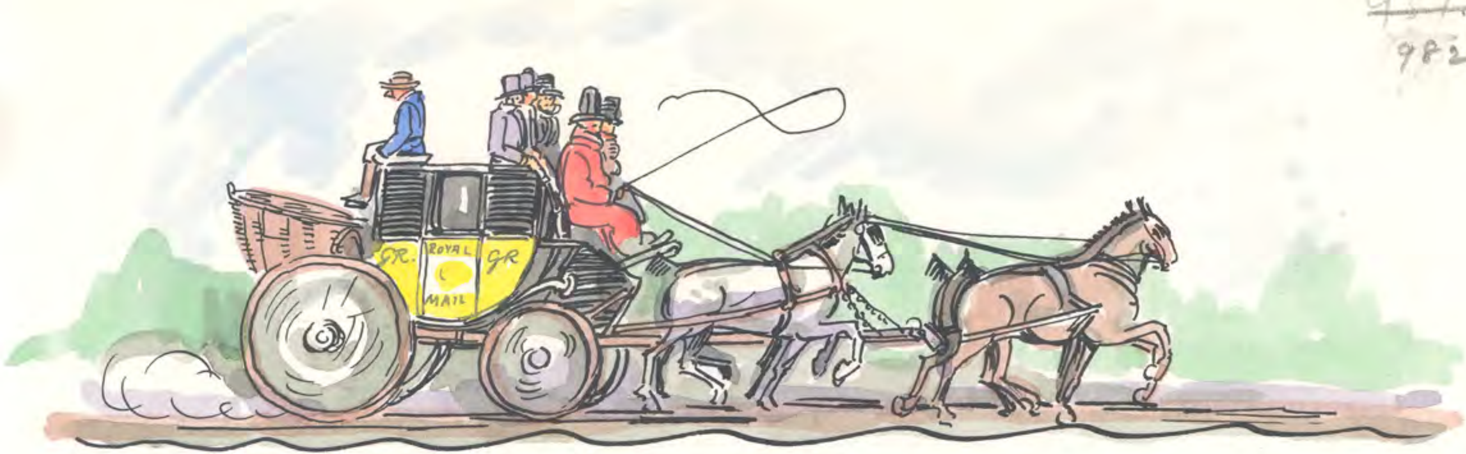
The House of Lords in yielding without further struggle, settled a principle without which the English Constitution could hardly continue to work. They settled the principle that the House of Lords were never to carry resistance to any measure coming from the Commons beyond a certain point--- beyond the time when, according to the historian Justin Mc Carthy, M.P., "it became unmistakably evident that the Commons were in earnest".

With the passage of the Reform Bill, no seats in the House of Commons could be purchased or inherited as a private property. All seats must represent the people. The definition of the classes who were to be regarded as constituting "the people" was to be made afresh with each changing generation. The battle for popular control of the House of Commons was therefore won in I832.



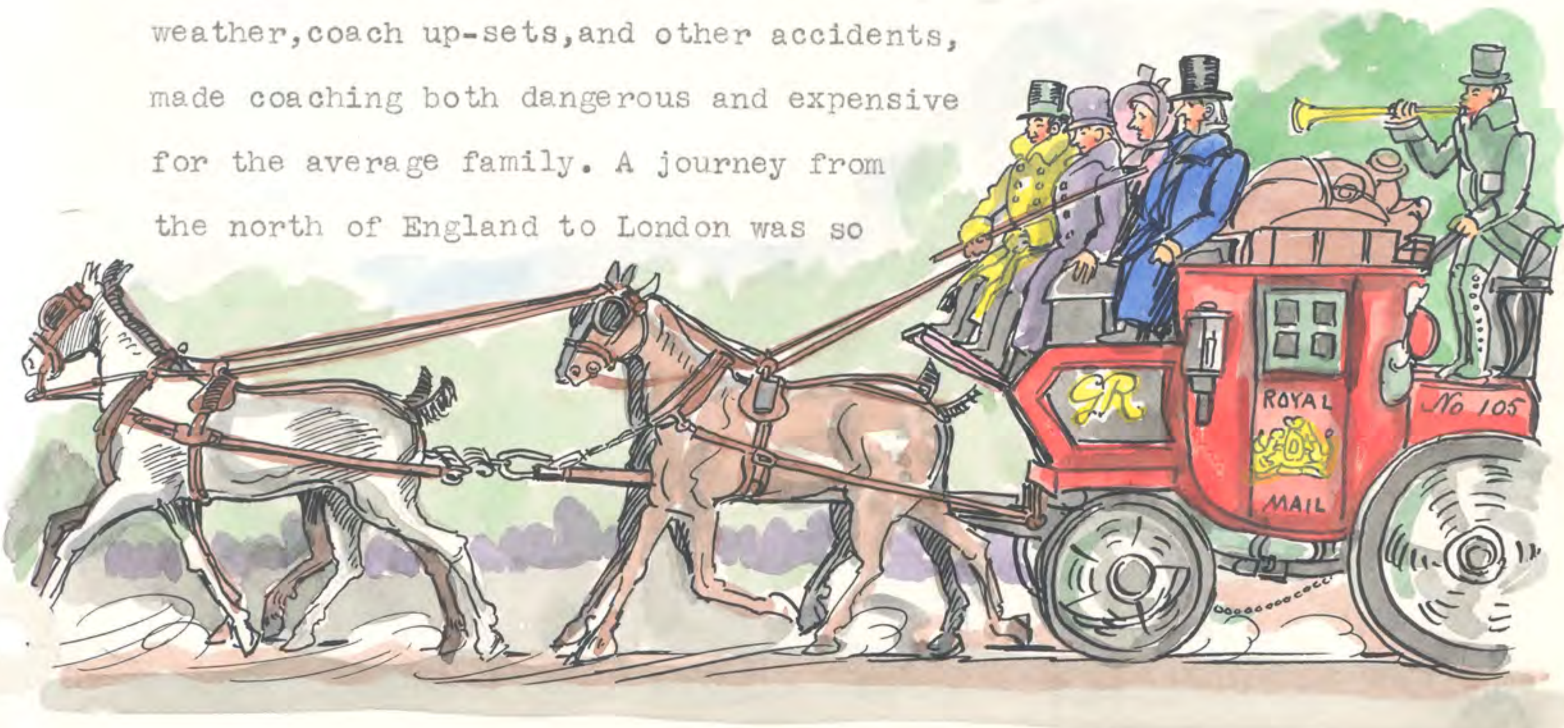
Limited as the franchise still was, so that the manual laborers (conventionally described as the "working classes") continued to be excluded from it, the Great Reform Bill of 1832, nevertheless, destroyed the old oligarchy, and transferred the political center of gravity to the middle classes. In its final form, the Reform Act absolutely disfranchised forty-one boroughs, and took away one member from thirty others. Thereby, and by its alteration of the franchise, it accomplished a great transference of power, in favor of the middle classes in the towns. "Though it did not establish a democracy," observes the historian Gardiner, "it took a long step in that direction."

The advent of the middle classes to power was prepared by a series of



material improvements by which they were especially benefited. In the early days of the long reign of George III, the canals provided an adequate means of travel. Now the canal boats were not able to carry the increased traffic. Attention was therefore paid to the improvement of the roads and highways of the country.

With the steady improvement of the roads and highways, travel by Stage Coach and Mail Coach came into general use. For years, coaches had run between London and York, Exeter, Chester, and Bristol; and since 1774, a coach had begun to run from Manchester and Liverpool to London. But the delays on the road caused by "hold-ups" and bad weather, coach up-sets, and other accidents, made coaching both dangerous and expensive for the average family. A journey from the north of England to London was so



hazardous that men shook their heads and made their wills before starting.

Prior to I784, the mail was entrusted to post-boys who traveled on horseback and were supposed to make three and one-half miles per hour. But they were an unreliable lot, often stopping at taverns and getting into disputes, and sometimes having a mail bag stolen by a highwayman, or losing it in a storm. In I786, John Palmer ---after considerable difficulty in convincing the politicians--- managed to establish Mail Coaches as a regular means of transporting letters and packages. By I830, the Royal Mail is said to have "reached perfection"---that is, though the coaches were cumbersome, and could make but six miles per hour, the service was reliable and an accepted institution of the Government.

after a sketch by Cecil Aldin

The period between I8I0 and I830 is regarded as the "most picturesque period of coaching", and the three famous highways were the Brighton, the Portsmouth, and the Southampton roads. On the Portsmouth

Pulses quicken at the sound of hoofs ringing with rhythmic cadence, bits and chains jingling merrily in the frosty air

road, the "Rocket" and the "Regulator" were known to do the seventy-one miles in nine hours. The Southampton road could boast of no record-breakers, but was famous for two celebrated "whips": Pears, who drove the day-coach, and Cragnal, who took the "Eclipse" out of Southampton "with the regularity of clock-work."

In spite of all that De Quincey says about "the fine fluent motion of the Bristol Mail", and of the "absolute perfection of all the appointments about the coach and the harness, their strength, their brilliant cleanliness, their beautiful simplicity, and the royal magnificence of the horses", travel by coach was attended by a variety of problems and inconveniences. Leigh Hunt in his eloquent talk about Coaches, says that "the greatest peculiarity attending a mail-coach" arises during night travel, when there is a "gradual decline of talk, the incipient snore, the rustling and shifting of legs and nightcaps, and the sound of the

wind and the rain outside..." The coach stops, the doors open, and there is a rush of cold air; then there is stillness again, and someone takes a long breath. "The driver mounts," continues Leigh Hunt, "and we resume our way. A passenger of our wakeful description must try to content himself with listening to the sounds of horses's mouths, of swilling up of water out of tubs, of snores and yawns, and of the rumbling of his coach's wheels." But, on the long journeys, "the old and the infirm are treated with reverence; the ailing are sympathized with; the healthy congratulated; the rich not distinguished; the poor well met; and the young patronized." The mail or stage coachman, upon the whole, is no inhuman mass of great-coat, gruffness, and old boots. On the contrary, he is pronounced to be "one of the best fellows in the whole world". In the words of the American visitor, Washington Irving, the coachman is "always a personage full of mighty care and business", and held in high esteem by all. The English stage-coachman, according

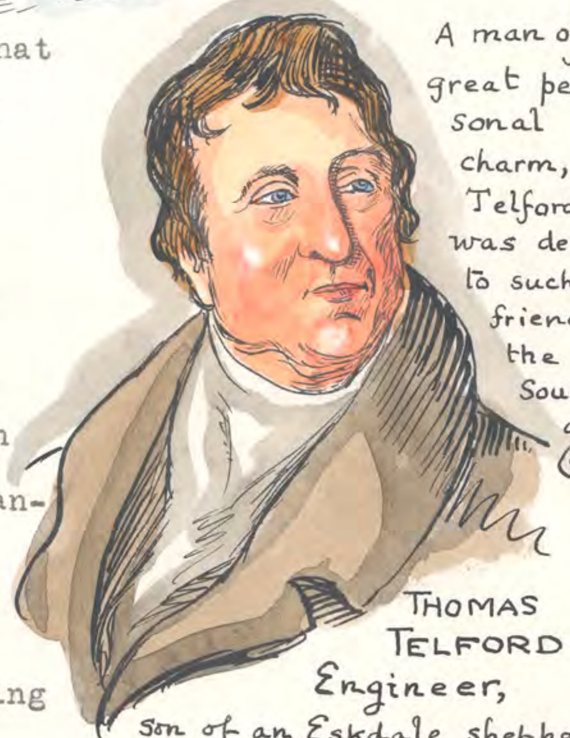
to the author of "The Sketch Book" (who devotes several pages to the English Stage Coach) "cannot be mistaken for one of any other craft or mystery".

When off the box, his hands are thrust in the pockets of his great-coat, and he rolls about the Inn-yard with an air of absolute lordliness—.

He has commonly a broad, full face, curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced by hard feeding into every vessel of the skin; he is swelled into jolly dimensions by frequent potations of malt liquors, and his bulk is still further increased by a multiplicity of coats, in which he is buried like a cauliflower, the upper one reaching to his heels. He wears a broad-brimmed hat; a huge roll of colored handkerchiefs about his neck, knowingly knotted and tucked in at the bosom; and he has in summer-time a large bouquet of flowers in his button-hole; the present, most probably, of some enamoured country lass. His waist-coat is commonly of some bright color, striped; and his small-clothes extend far below the knees, to meet a pair of jockey boots which reach about half-way up his legs....He enjoys great consequence and consideration along the road; has frequent conferences with the village wives, who look upon him as a man of great trust and dependence; and he seems to have a good understanding with every bright-eyed country lass.

Hugh Thomson's Coachman

Telford, a Scotchman, taught road-makers that it was better to go round a hill than to climb it, and for eighteen years he was engaged in the improvement of roads and bridges of Scotland and Wales. Another Scotchman, Macadam, also improved the surface of the roads, which had hitherto been made of gravel or flint thrown down at random. Telford ordered the large stones to be broken and mixed with fine gravel, and Macadam pursued the same course---declaring that no stone should be used in mending roads which was not small enough (meaning the stone, not the road!) to go into a man's mouth!



A man of great personal charm, Telford was devoted to such good friends as the poets Southey and Campbell.

THOMAS TELFORD
Engineer,
son of an Eskdale shepherd, and famous as the builder of Cast iron bridges (which now everywhere disfigure the United Kingdom!)

CROSS-SECTION OF MACADAM AND TELFORD ROADWAY LAID ON AN EARTH AND ROCK FOUNDATION, AND MADE SOLID AND PERMANENT BY HEAVY ROLLING.

As public surveyor of the county of Shropshire, Telford had an opportunity to study the conditions of the roads and bridges within his jurisdiction; and he became highly esteemed as the builder of a thousand miles of road for the Government in the first quarter of the century. The faster coaches, carrying passengers and mails daily between the chief towns, followed the tracks firmly laid by Telford and Macadam ---the Scottish engineer who "macadamized" his highways by the use of broken stone---and, in turn, brought a crop of hostelries in their train. The height of the coach and turnpike period was reached in 1837, when tolls yielded a revenue of a million and a half sterling. (To modern eyes, the levying of rates at toll-bars may seem a very crude way of finding money for road-building; but in its time the turn-pike system, despite unsound finance, inequality of incidence, and various abuses, brought with it great benefits.)

CUBE-SHAPED STONES OF PROPER SIZE FOR TOP LAYER OF MACADAMIZED ROADWAY.

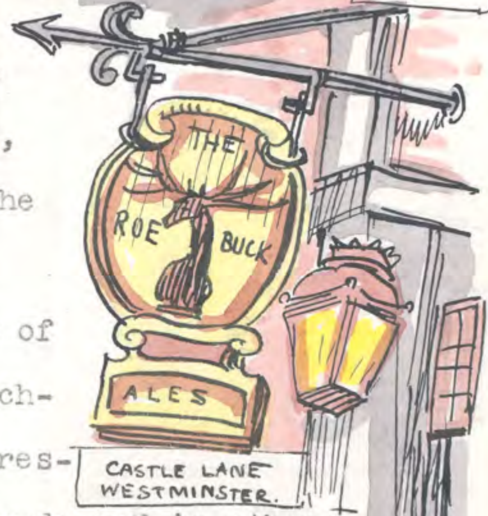
ALL ROUNDED AND SMALL COBBLE STONES CAREFULLY EXCLUDED IN CONSTRUCTION.

Of the Inns and Taverns on the highways that did a flourishing business in the Coaching Days, much can be said. The multiplication of Inns for

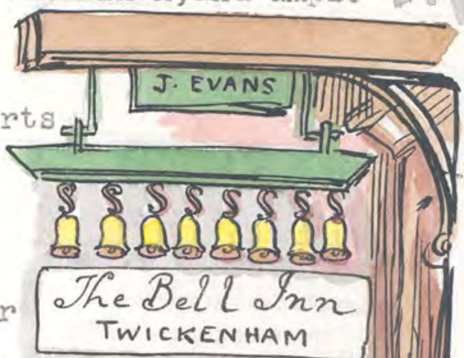
CROSS-SECTION OF PORTION OF TELFORD SUB-PAVEMENT LAID ON ROLLED EARTH FOUNDATION, SHOWING METHOD OF WEDGING STONES AND PACKING CHIPS INTO VOIDS AND INTERSTICES.

THE ANCHOR

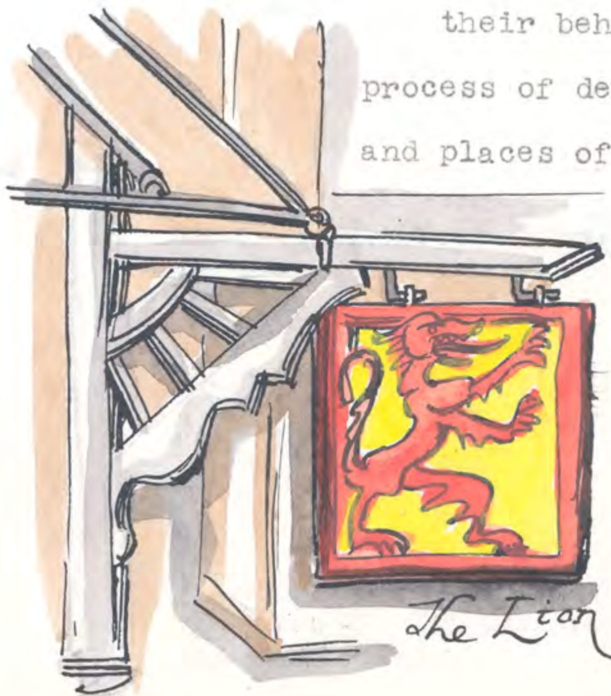
the accpmmodation of travelers and for the changing of horses, and so forth, became apparent in the multiplication of signs all along the way. Such names as the White Horse, the Red Lion, the Crown, the Swan, and the Bell were common enough. They partook of the nature of the coaching age. In some respects they were rude, and in others almost splendid. One and all, they boasted good food and clean linen, and ample service for man and beast. There were all sorts of people in these Inns, and the more reputable the patrons the less spectacular their behaviour. There is no doubt that in the process of democratizing England, these rest-houses and places of refreshment on the highways played an inestimable part.



The Packhorse
Chippenham, Wilts

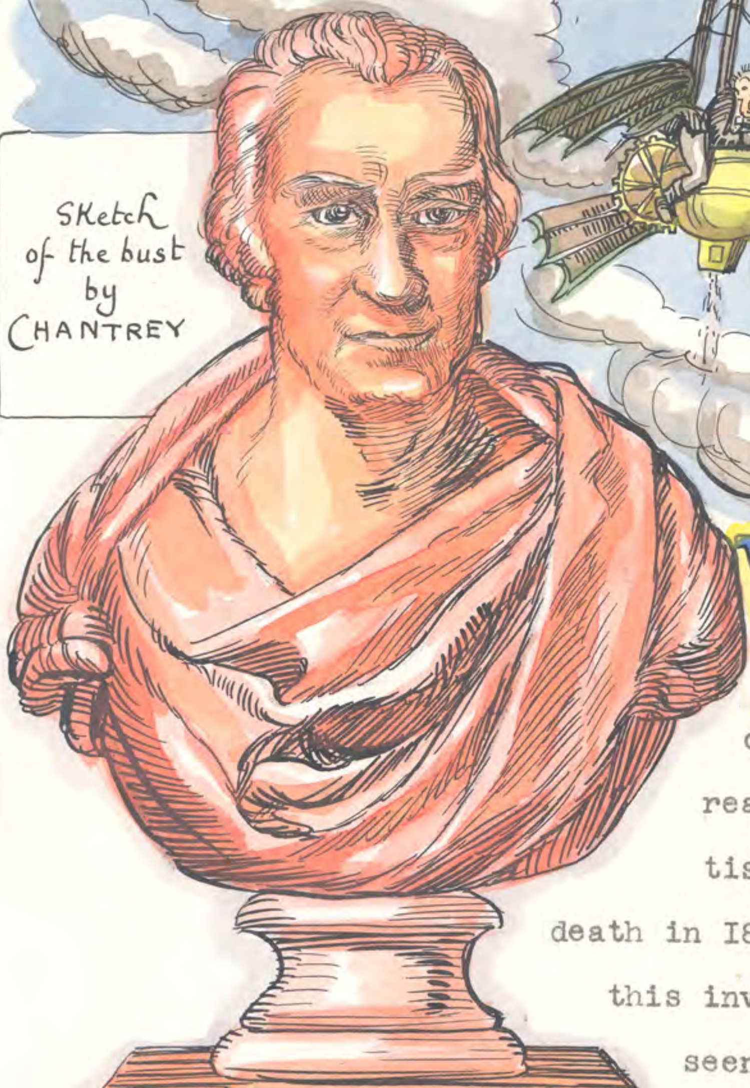


With the substitution of the Steam Railways, came the "decline and fall " of the Old English Coaching Era, and the gradual disappearance of the Coachman, the Guards, the stable-boys, and even the old-time Inn-keeper.

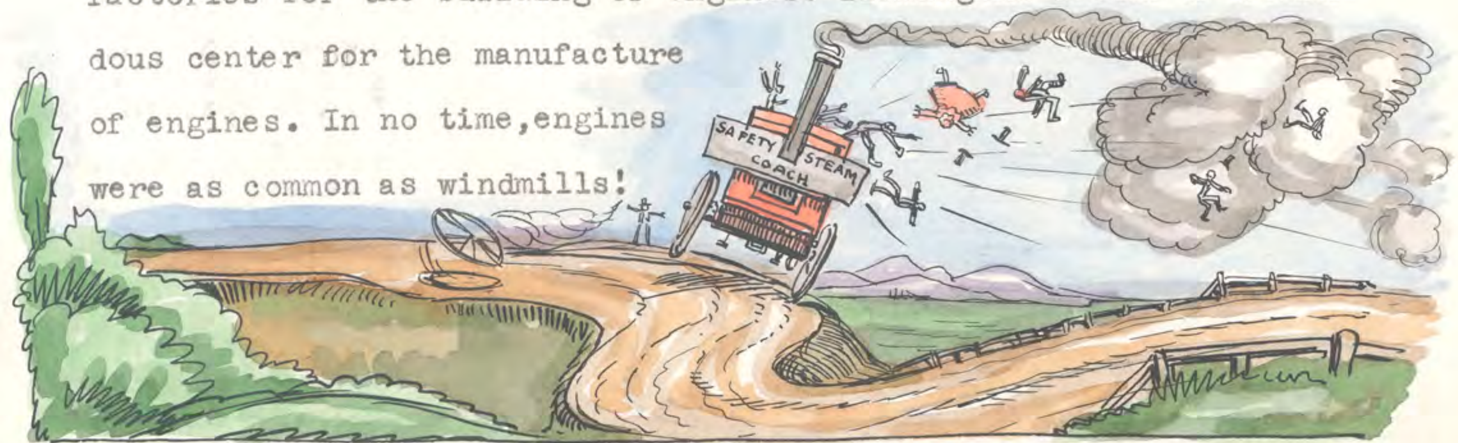


The Lion

THE PROGRESS OF STEAM



We have already referred to the discovery of the practical steam engine---one that would really work---by James Watt, the Scottish inventor, in 1765. After his death in 1819, the value of the benefits which this invention conferred upon England was seen in the application of steam to the problems of transportation and travel. Watt entered into partnership with a capitalist and set up factories for the building of engines. Birmingham became a tremendous center for the manufacture of engines. In no time, engines were as common as windmills!



CONTEMPORARY SATIRE by Seymour. A FEW SMALL INCONVENIENCES IN STEAM LOCOMOTION published by Mc. Lean, 26 Haymarket (PLATE No.2.)

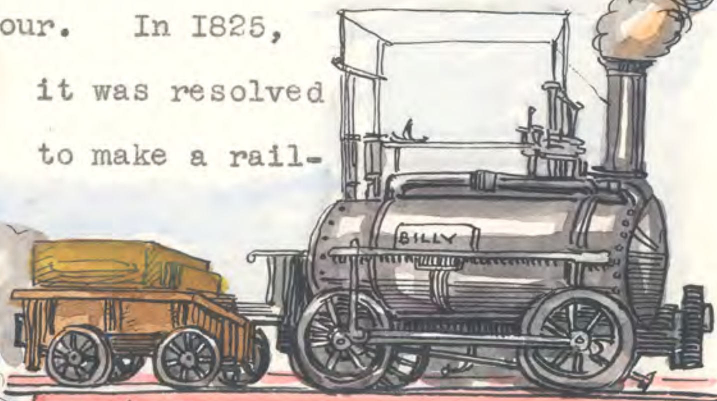
The first application of steam to locomotion was in vessels. The first steam-boat in Great Britain, "The Comet", was the work of Henry Bell, and was used on the Clyde in 1812. (Though Fulton in America had made a steam-boat in 1811, it is almost certain that he derived his ideas from Bell).

It was not till later that a steam-engine was made by George Stephenson, the son of a poor collier in Northumberland, to draw travellers and goods by land. Stephenson's new engine, "Puffing Billy" was able to draw trucks of coal on tramlines from the colliery to the river. At last in 1825, the Stockton and Darlington Railway was opened for the conveyance of passengers as well as goods. Both the line and the locomotives used were constructed

SYMINGTON'S STEAM-CARRIAGE

1786

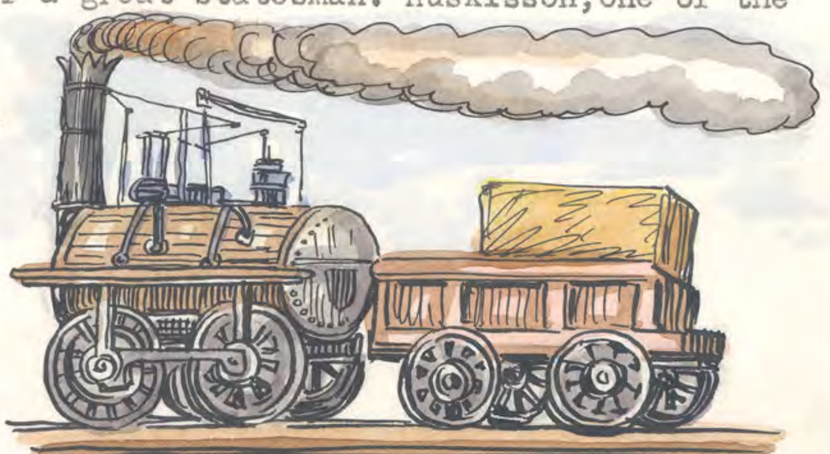
under Stephenson's management. The new engine was able to draw ninety tons at the rate of eight miles an hour. In 1825, it was resolved to make a rail-



"PUFFING BILLY"
— Stephenson's Engine employed at the Killingworth Colliery

ROBERT STEPHENSON'S "ROCKET"
which won the prize at Rainhill, October 1829

way between Liverpool and Manchester, and Stephenson was employed as engineer. His "Rocket" won the prize offered by the proprietors of the enterprise, and gained renown by running safely at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. (Unfortunately the experiment cost the life of a great statesman. Huskisson, one of the champions of the Reform Bill, stepped up to shake hands with the Duke of Wellington, when the "Rocket" ran over him (Huskisson) and killed him. Well-known, indeed,

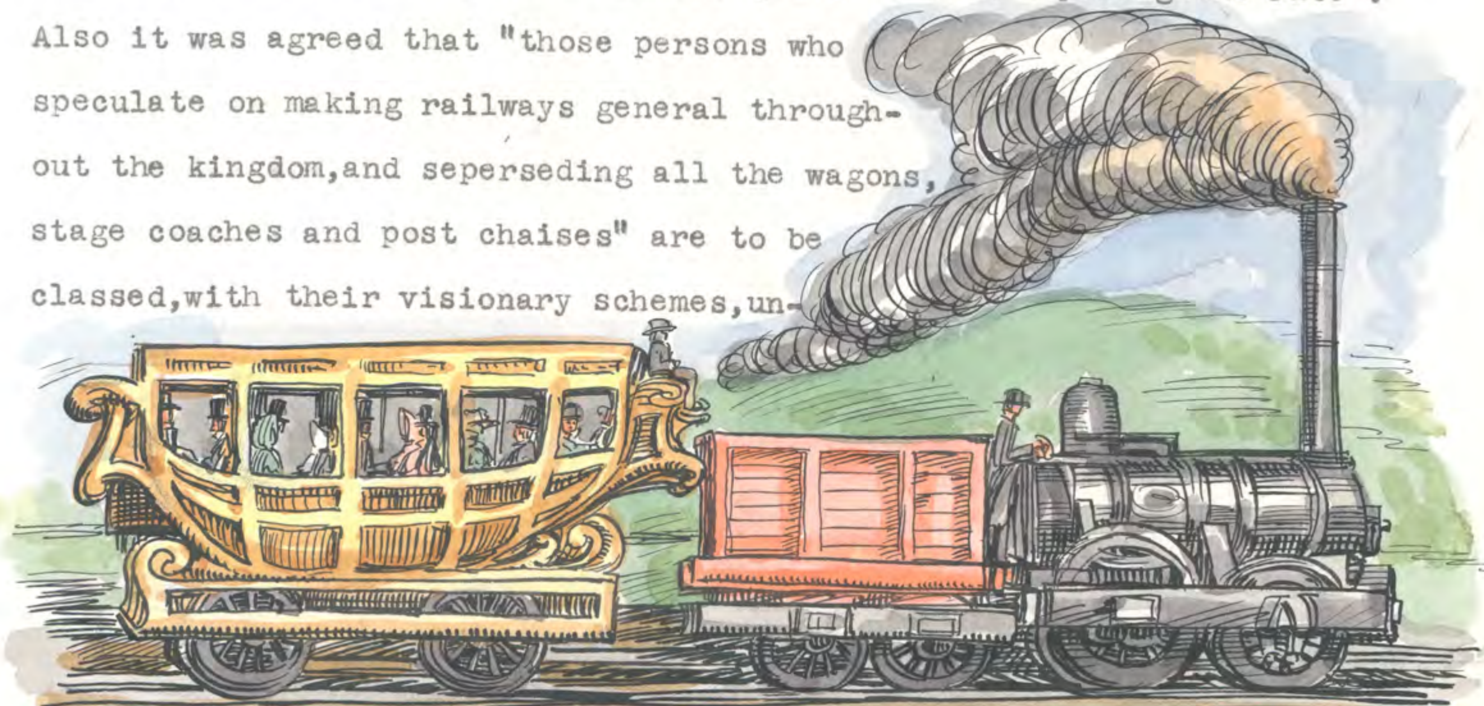


ENGINE OF THE STOCKTON AND DARLINGTON RAILWAY

is the opposition that had to be overcome with regard to the hissing and roaring and smoking railways. Much was said about the acceleration of speed. It was contended that even if the speed of fifteen miles an hour were attained, the dangers of bursting boilers and broken wheels would be so great that "people would suffer themselves to be fired off upon a rocket, sooner than trust

First passenger train of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, 1825, powered by Stephenson's "No. 1 LOCOMOTIVE

themselves to the mercy of a machine going at such a prodigious rate". Also it was agreed that "those persons who speculate on making railways general throughout the kingdom, and seperseding all the wagons, stage coaches and post chaises" are to be classed, with their visionary schemes, un-



A passenger coach of 1832, powered by the "OLD IRONSIDES" locomotive

Alken's Illustration of Modern Prophecy

THE INFERNAL DEFIANCE FROM YARMOUTH TO LONDON

WINES 4d.

THE DREADFUL VENGEANCE

COLCHESTER

BAGGAGE

LONDON

Licenc'd BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT

W. COOK

THE PROGRESS OF STEAM
A View in Whitechapel
1830

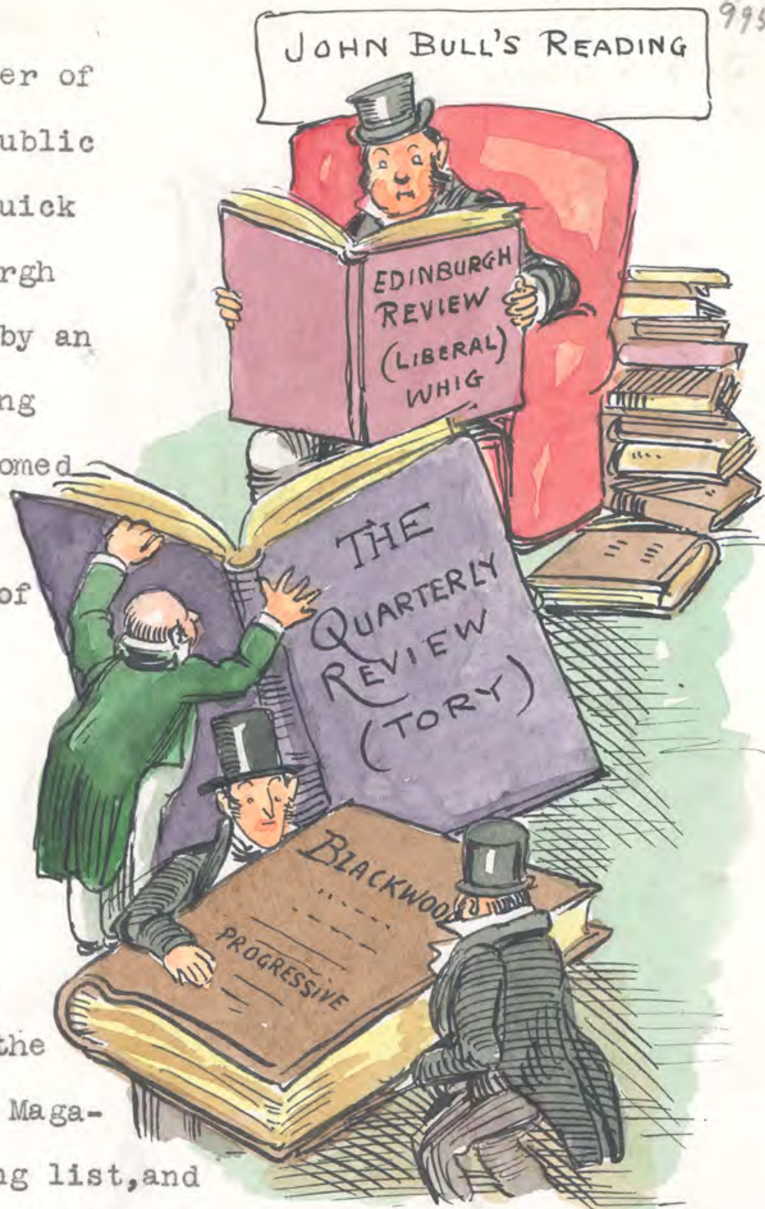
after a contemporary print.

after a contemporary print.

worthy of notice". Nevertheless, the Darlington and Stockton Railway soon had a successor in the line between Manchester and Liverpool, and the glory of the old coach roads, with their heavy traffic of diligences and stages, gradually diminished.

Back of the reforming activity of the thirties there were important intellectual influences that must not be forgotten. The influence of the press was growing by leaps and bounds. The London "Times", founded in 1785, and the "Manchester Guardian", founded

in I82I, together with a number of reviews, helped to keep the public informed and interested in quick changes. The famous "Edinburgh Review", established in I802 by an acute group of forward-looking thinkers, who had been accustomed to meet in the "Speculative Society" for the discussion of current topics, was perused with avidity by a large section of Britons. Its "deepening Whiggery" led to the founding of a rival, "The Quarterly Review", which at once became the organ of the Tories. In I8I6, "Blackwood's Magazine" was added to the growing list, and was followed by Jeremy Bentham's "Westminster Review", in which the radicals were insistent on presenting their views. Bentham



JOHN BULL'S READING

JEREMY BENTHAM

was already a septuagenarian when he projected his radical review in I824. He was a marvel of precocity who sucked Greek, Latin and History before he was out of petticoats. He went to Westminister at seven, to Queen's College, Oxford, at twelve, and took his degree at sixteen. In

The most lucid and harmonious expositor of the English System of Law.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE from the portrait by SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

1776 he had made a sharp criticism of the famous Blackstone in his "Fragment of Government", questioning the right of the supreme power to make law. He attacked, in a series of condemnations at once sweeping and detailed, the foundation of precedent as versus principle, upon which the English Common Law rested. To Bentham, Government rested only on utility, and it led him, in consequence, to crusade vigorously with his pen for the improvement of the English law code. He keenly urged popular education, a public health service, and better representation in Parliament. Though he died just as the Reform Bill became law, his spirit lived on in the hearts of his followers and found abundant expression in the reforms of the thirties and forties.

Philosophical radicalism was largely an outgrowth of Jeremy Bentham's thought. Among the prominent exponents of this type of thinking were James Mill and his more famous son, John Stuart Mill, Francis Place, J.A. Roebuck, William Molesworth, Edwin Chadwick, and Lord Durham. There were over seventy radicals in the Reform Parliament of 1833.

ENCLOSURE ACTS PASSED BY PARLIAMENT SINCE 1700

Period	Bills passed	Acres enclosed
1700 - 1800	2204 bills passed	3,558,677 acres enclosed
1800 - 1809	847 bills passed	1,550,010 acres enclosed
1810 - 1819	853 bills passed	1,560,990 acres enclosed
1820 - 1829	205 bills passed	375,150 acres enclosed
1830 - 1839	136 bills	248,880 acres

In 1836, an Enclosure Commission was appointed to investigate the possibility of enclosing certain kinds of Common fields.

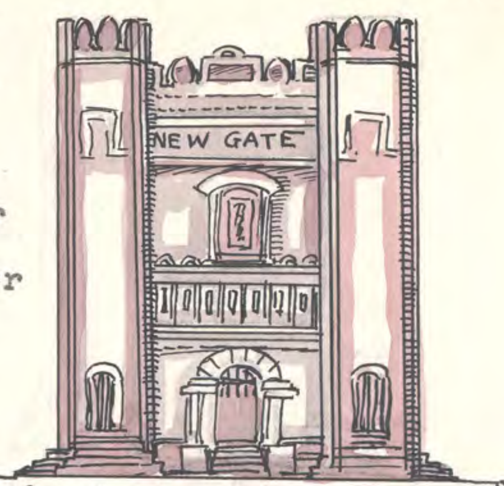
The Law locks up the Man or Woman
Who steals the Goose from off the Common;
But leaves the greater Villain loose
Who steals the Common from the Goose!

Like the Benthamites (or Utilitarians), the Clapham Sect of reformers, composed of cultured, public-spirited, and charitable Tories, were interested in public education, the amelioration of poverty and suffering, and in the abolition of Slavery. But, standing apart from all organized coteries of reformers, and attacking social in-dignities in their unique way were many vigorous individ-uals, whose services to mankind are worthy of special commendation and record. First, there was Hannah More, who worked hard and wrote considerably in defence of the Christian faith during her long and devoted life. Her sympathies were as active as her benevolences. She was particularly interested in the educat-ion of women, and established schools where the Christian faith was exercised.

ELIZABETH FRY — a woman of vigorous and practical common-sense. She did much to mitigate the hardships of prisoners

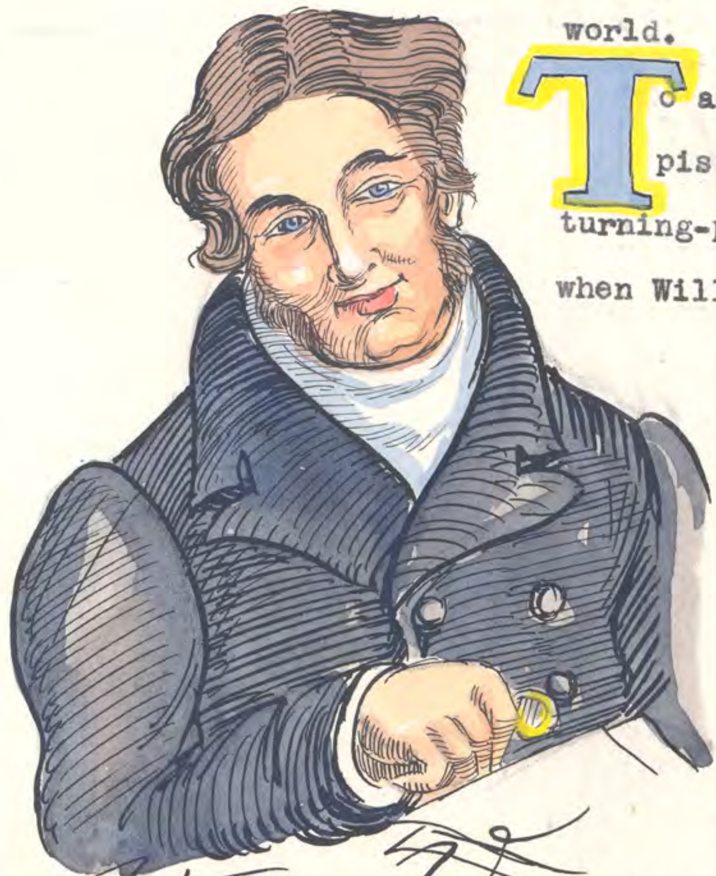
Also there was Elizabeth Fry, who by her sympathetic visits to the prisoners in New-gate, interested churchwomen in the reform

of prison management and discipline throughout the country. At eighteen,Elizabeth Gurney,daughter of a rich and influential Norwich family,was suddenly "startled out of her life of social gaiety" by a sermon at a Quaker meeting. Soon after her marriage to Joseph Fry,a Quaker merchant,she moved to London, where she became interested in social work among the destitute and ignorant. During the bitter winter of 1816-17 (when even the Thames was frozen over,Mrs. Fry and her associates set about to feed and clothe and care for the families in dire need of help. Her sympathetic visits to the prisoners at Newgate led to the amelioration of prison life in London,and eventually to prison reforms in other parts of the world.



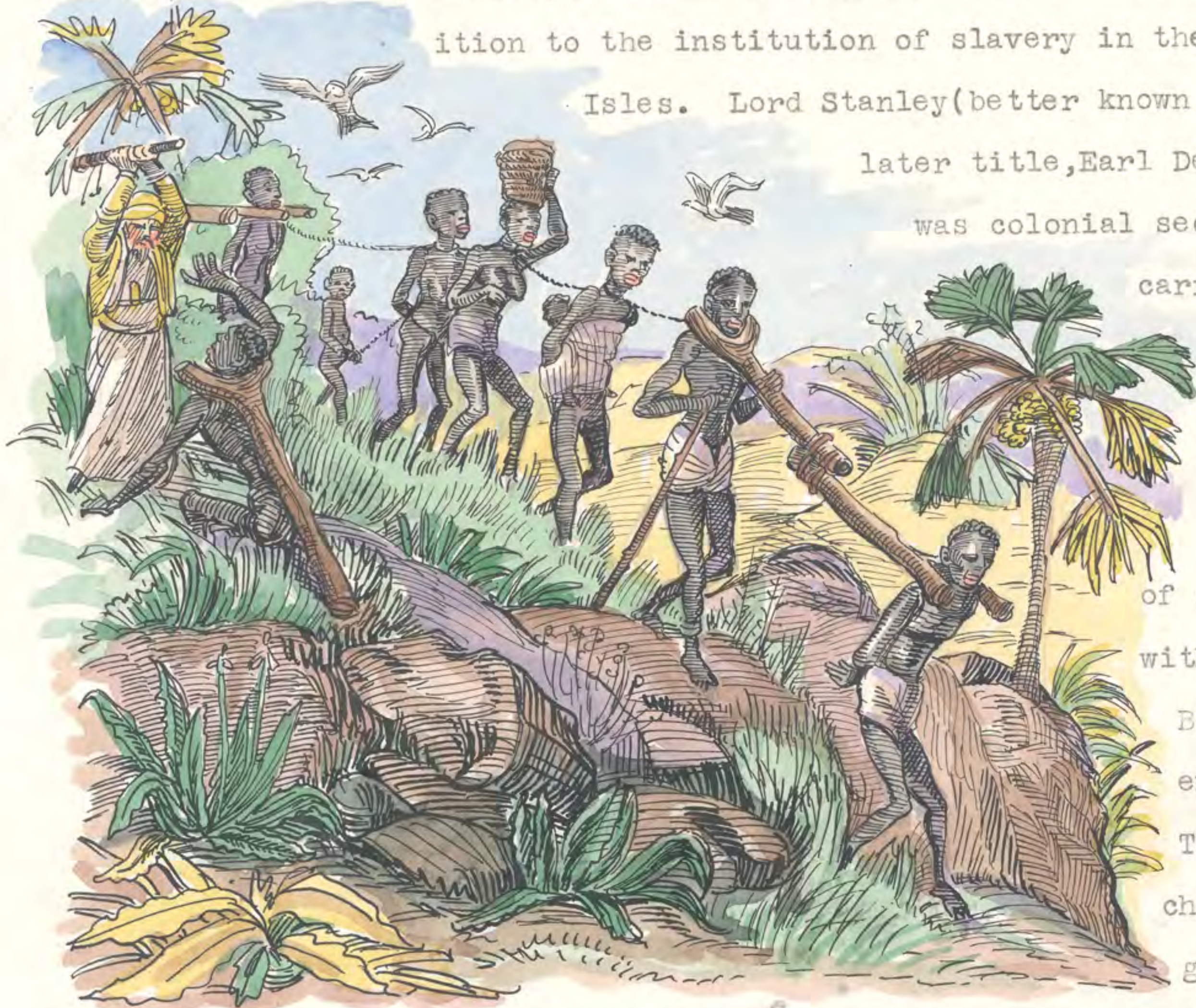
The Metropolitan Prison of London
USED AS A GAOL SINCE 1190.

To another great English philanthropist the world owes much. It was a turning-point in the history of the world when William Wilberforce and his friends succeeded in arousing the conscience of the British people to stop the slave trade in 1807. But much remained to be done, particularly in the education of English opinion on the subject of the slave traffic and its attendant evils."If Wilberforce could convert England," observes Trevelyan, "she would soon be able to persuade the world". To this end, an


William Wilberforce

999

anti-slavery society was formed in 1823, under the leadership of Sir Thomas Folwell Buxton, an English brewer of Quaker ancestry, and Zachary Macaulay (the father of Macaulay the historian) to take steps to, at least, prevent acts of brutality among slave-traders. As the planters refused to initiate any action, it became relatively easy to develop opposition to the institution of slavery in the British Isles. Lord Stanley (better known by his later title, Earl Derby), who was colonial secretary, carried a Bill for the complete abolition of slavery within the British empire. The purchase money given by Great Britain to the slave-owners was £20,000,000. In August 1833, Parliament resolved that there should no longer be recognized bondage under the British flag.

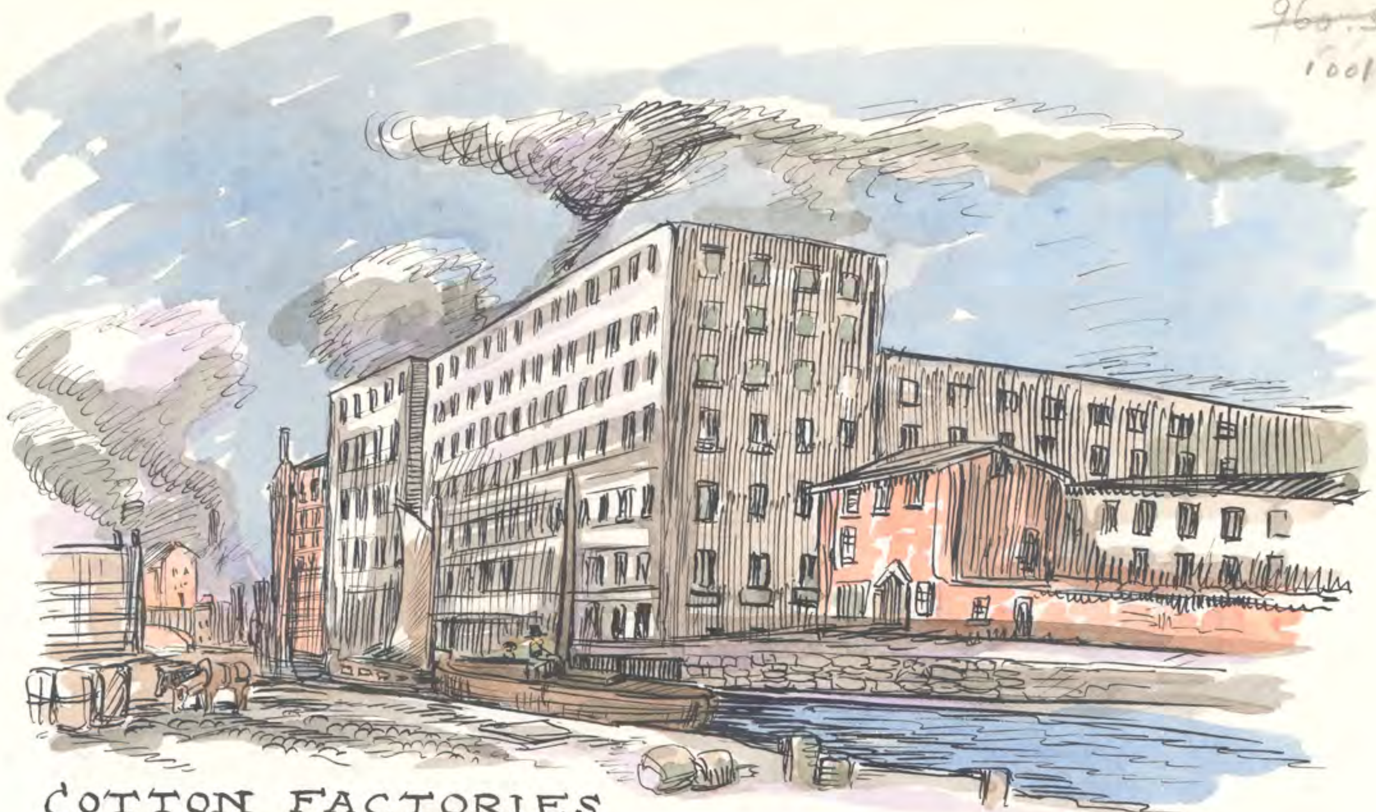


But there were other slaves in those days as well as the Negro. There were slaves at home, slaves to all intents and purposes, who were condemned to servitude as rigorous as that of the negro, and who as far as personal treatment went, suffered more severely than negroes in the better class plantations. In the crusade to regulate conditions in English factories, where a form of servitude prevailed, the most con-

-spicuous leader was Robert Owen, an owner of cotton mills at New Lanark, Scotland. During the first fifteen years of the century, Owen made his mills what all factories should have been---clean, wholesome places for work, with good pay for the workers and provision for the education of their children. His success led other mill owners to adopt his philanthropic measures. But, in general, there were too many industrialists opposed to any reform in the factories. As Goldwin Smith observes, certain powerful factory owners were too intent on gain, and "stubborn was the struggle made by avarice against humanity".

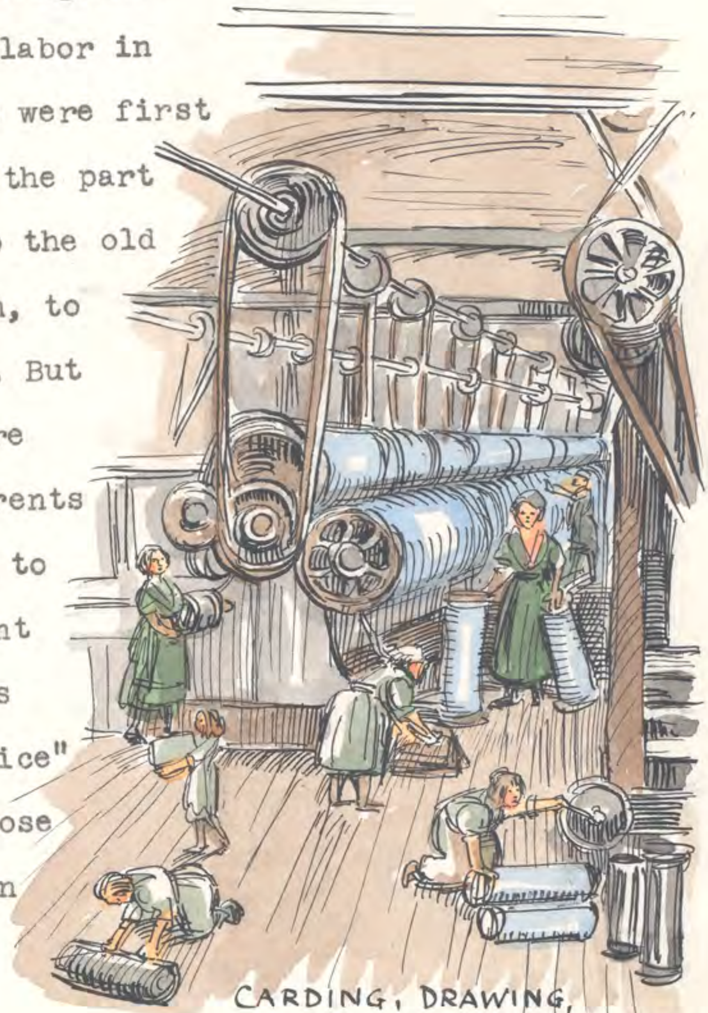
Owen attributed much of his success to the fact that he attended specially to the "living" and not merely to the "dead" machines. He refused to employ pauper children, and started schools . . .

Like Robert Owen, Lord Ashley, later known everywhere as the Earl of Shaftesbury, took up the cause of the factory workers, particularly the cause of the little children; and for the rest of his long career of practical benevolence, identified himself with factory and mining laws and regulations. The great reform with which Lord Shaftesbury



COTTON FACTORIES IN MANCHESTER

came to be associated was the protest against employment and exploitation of child-labor in mills and factories. When factories were first built, there was strong repugnance on the part of parents, who had been accustomed to the old family life under the domestic system, to send their children to the factories. But when the wages of the working man were reduced to a starvation level, the parents realized the necessity of submitting to the inevitable. The manufacturers sent for parish apprentices from all parts of England, and pretended to "apprentice" children to the new employments. Those chosen by the manufacturers were then conveyed by wagon or canal boats to



CARDING, DRAWING, IN COTTON FACTORY

COAL-STAITH ON THE TYNE.

to their destination. And from that moment they were doomed to slavery. Sometimes regular traffickers would transfer a number of children to a factory district, and there keep them, generally in some dark cellar, till they could hand them over to a mill-owner, who would come and examine their height, strength, and bodily capacities, exactly as did the slave-dealers in the African slave-markets. After that the children were simply at the mercy of their owners. The treatment was most inhuman. The hours of their labor were only limited by exhaustion, after many modes of torture had been unavailingly applied to force continued work.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY

A mighty man of Science who invented the miner's Safety Lamp which saved the lives of untold numbers of Miners. He refused all remuneration for his Lamp, and refused to take out a patent for an invention which might benefit humanity. Humphrey Davy was the patron of Michael Faraday.

DAVY and STEPHENSON SAFETY LAMPS

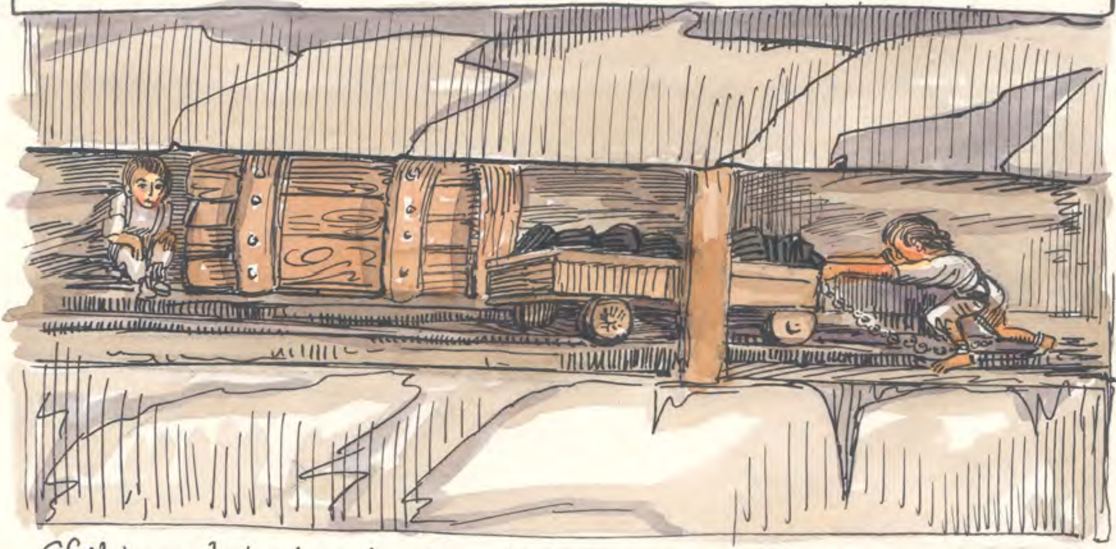
Children were often worked sixteen hours a day, by day and by night. Even Sunday was used as a convenient time to clean the machinery. A contemporary investigator observed: "In stench, in

heated rooms, amid the constant whirling of a thousand wheels, little fingers and little feet were kept in ceaseless action, forced into unnatural activity by blows from the heavy hands and feet of the merciless over-looker." These mill children were fed upon the coarsest

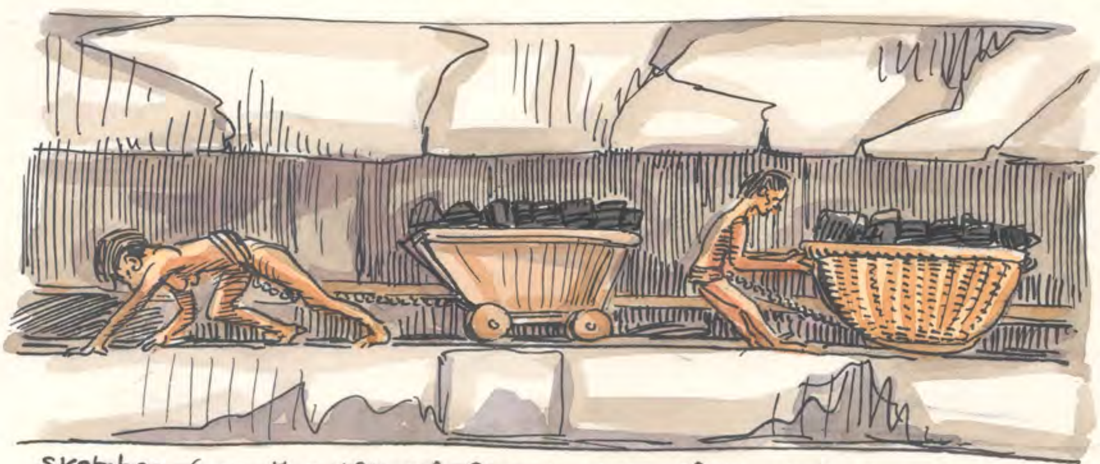
and cheapest food. They slept by turns and in relays, in filthy beds which were never cool. There was often no discrimination of sexes; and disease and misery and vice grew as in a hotbed of contagion. Some of these miserable creatures tried to run away. To prevent their doing so, irons were riveted on their ankles, with long links reaching

up to the hips. Many of these unfortunates were compelled to work and sleep in chains. Numbers of them died of disease, infection, and neglect after cruel treatment, and were buried secretly at night in some desolate spot, lest people should notice the numerous graves. "The catalogue of cruelty and misery," observes Dr. Gibbins, in his "Industrial History of England", "is too long to recite. It may be found in the "Memoirs of Robert Blincoe", himself an apprentice, or in the Blue Books (official records) of the Nineteenth Century, in which even the dry official language of the Commission appointed to investigate the evils and horrors of the factory system, is startled into life by the very misery it has to report." Many men of undoubted humanity and good feeling towards the working classes were strongly opposed to Lord Shaftesbury's

SLAVERY IN ENGLISH MINES



Children laboring in the Coal mines — in damp passages.



Sketches from the Official Report of the Children's Employment Commission.

proposal that laws be passed limiting the duration of labor in factory and mine. The opposition maintained that it was an improper interference with the operations of private industry on the part of Government. Also, the opposition pointed out that such legislation would end in great injury to the workers themselves. The Earl of Shaftesbury, however, was able to show that in the mines, women and children were used as beasts of burden; that children were made to crawl on all fours in damp and dark passages, dragging carts by a chain fastened to the waist and passed between the legs; and that these slaves labored for long hours drenched with cold water from morn till night. A Commission was appointed to investigate conditions in mines, and revealed that many children not yet six years of age were found dragging heavy loads fastened by chains to girdles round their waists. Shaftesbury won his point in the end, and the principle of legislative interference to protect English children working in factories was established by the Act of I833, limiting the work of children to eight hours a day, and that of young persons under eighteen to sixty-nine hours a week. The argument against the enslavement of little children in wealthy, humane, Christian England, was clearly stated by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in her poignant "Cry of the Children", which was published later.

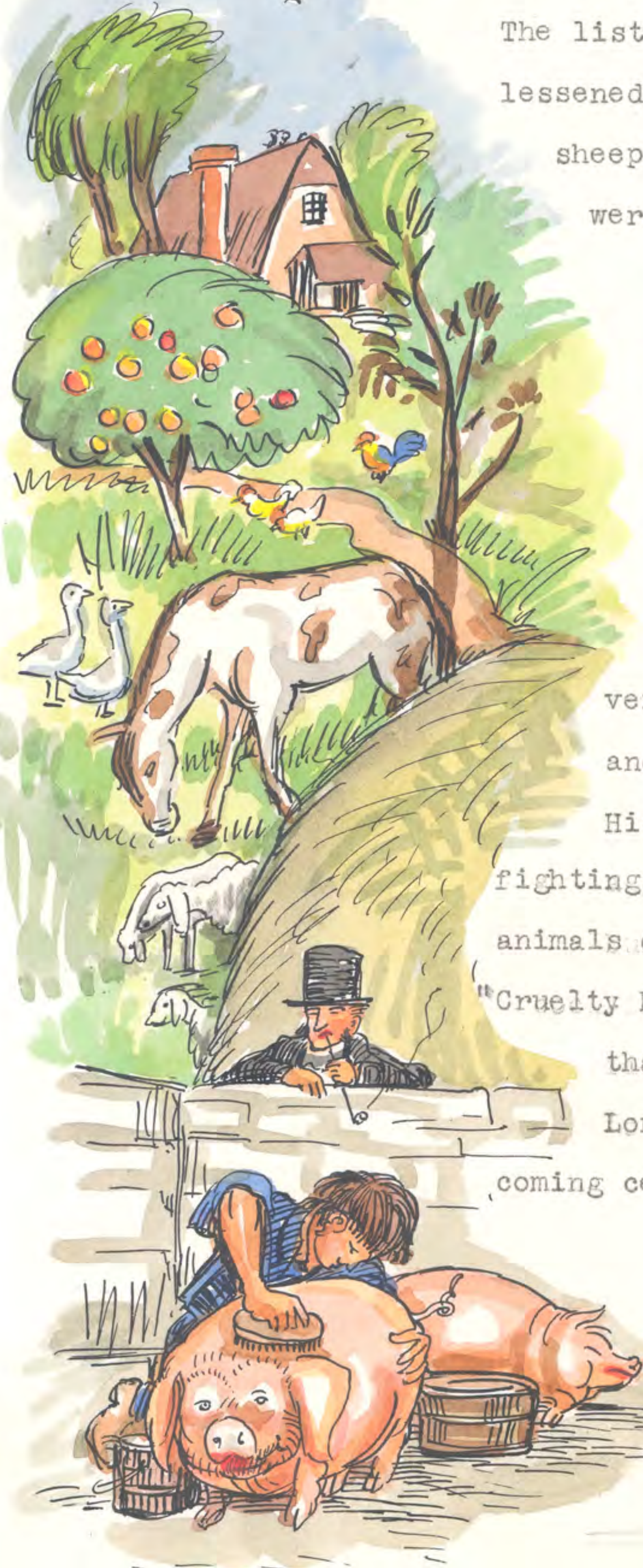
Working Double Shifts.

Coal carried in a creel (basket) fastened with tugs over fore-head

Girls and Women bearing burdens varying from a hundred-weight to two hundred-weight, up and down ledges.... for long hours.

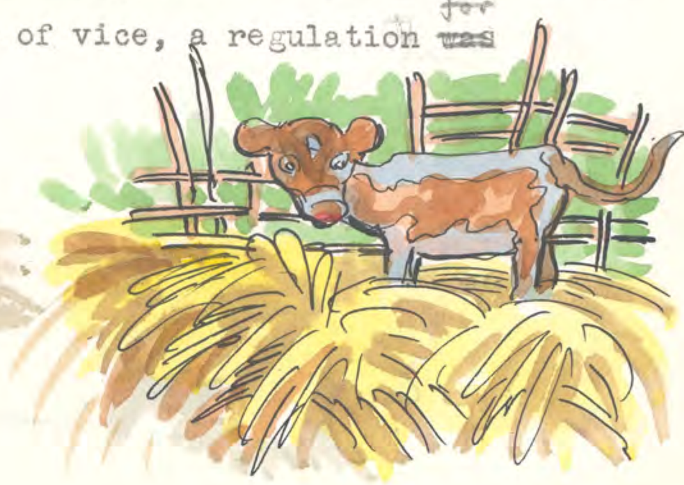
DIGGING COAL

Closely associated with the child labor legislation and the Factory Acts, was the passing of the Poor Law Amendment Act. The practice of doling out relief to the poor had proved to be "demoralizing" to rich and poor alike. The "dole" was said to be responsible for much idleness, and for many of the vices that "infest the idle life". The purpose of the new Act of 1834 was to encourage paupers to work. Outdoor relief was almost wholly abolished. Instead, the government established a system of workhouses, where relief might be given to those who were actually destitute. The residence in the workhouse where the work would be required, was considered the best test of real poverty. In the workhouse all ablebodied persons were compelled to labor, and the standard of maintenance was such as to discourage life in the workhouse (as a mere means of obtaining care). There was every intention to help genuine need. Yet hardship was certain to come to the lower classes ---particularly in the period of business depression, when misery and starvation throughout the land contributed to the swelling problems of the parish workshops. Yet, in all fairness it must be said that the Poor Law Act brought the population as a whole back to self-respect.



Humanitarianism found other expressions in 1832, in the "humanizing" of the Penal Code, and in the measures passed in behalf of the lower animals. The list of crimes punishable by death was lessened. In future housebreakers, horse and sheep stealers and coiners of false money were not to be hanged. The criminal code was purged of many capital offenses, and the first steps were taken for a more humane treatment of juvenile offenders in reformatories.

About this time, too, an Irish member of Parliament, Richard Martin, won parliamentary assent to a law preventing the cruel treatment of cattle and the merciless flogging of horses. His advocacy of a bill to stop bull-fighting, cock-fighting and fighting with other animals only gained for him the derisive name of "Cruelty Martin". But in 1833, when it was proved that bulls were actually baited to death in London streets, and that cock-pits were becoming centers of vice, a regulation ~~was~~ for

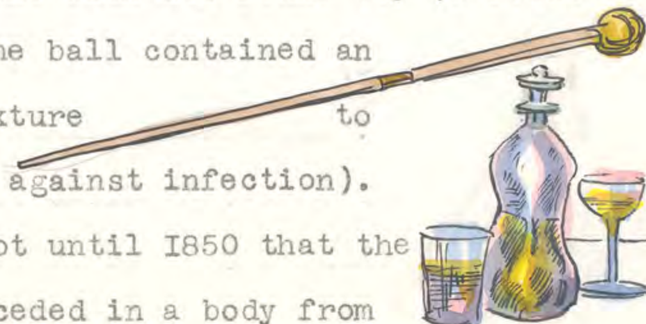


stopping such "entertainment" and "sport" was enforced by Sir Robert Peel's police committee.

In the alleviation of pain and unnecessary suffering, the scientist working in the field of healing and medicine was no less industrious than the humanitarian.

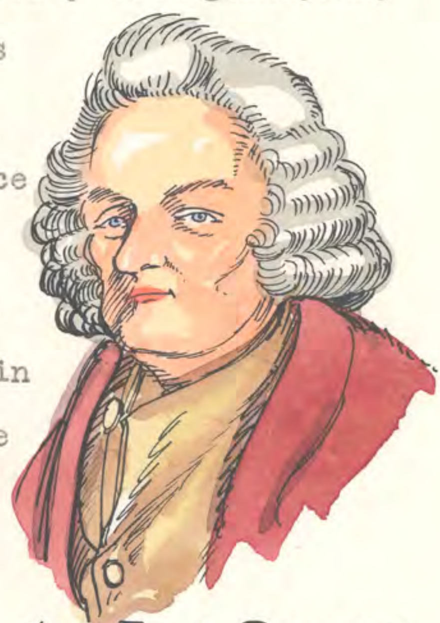
In fact, this period was a momentous one for for the science of healing. For many years, medicine consisted largely of emperical knowledge, based upon incorrect pathology. Surgery, likewise, was of the rudest description, based on the shallowest knowledge of anatomy. Midwifery was in the hands of women, and the true machanism of a normal labor was not known to more than two or three doctors in Britain.

The old family doctor was still not so well informed---and still pompous. He carried his gold-headed cane with its round top (a relic of the time when the ball contained an aromatic mixture to protect him against infection).



It was not until 1850 that the surgeons seceded in a body from

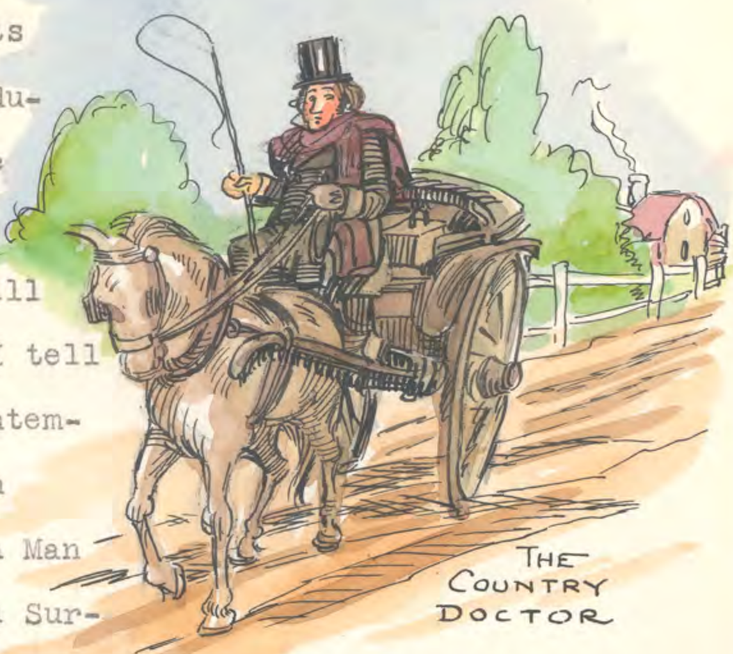
the ancient (founded way back in the days of King Harry VIII) Company of Barber-Surgeons. The newly-formed Surgeon's Company brought about the reform of midwifery in England, and, as a result of the genius and industry of John and William Hunter, the science of pathology was more intelligently studied by medical students in England. The science of public health or Hygiene and preventive medicine owes its origin in part to Sir John Pringle and in part to Sir Gilbert Blane. As physician to the Earl of Stair, in command of the British Army, and later as President of the Royal Society, Pringle introduced important improvements in the care of the sick and wounded in British Army camps. Further improvements in Public health were introduced by Edward Jenner's discovery of the protective effects of cow-pox, and by the use of Vaccination as a method of treatment (officially recognized in 1796) of small-pox. In 1821, the stethoscope was used by the family doctor as an aid to diagnosis. This must have added to the sense of mystery and wisdom ~~to~~ of the local practioner!!



SIR JOHN PRINGLE
after the portrait by
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

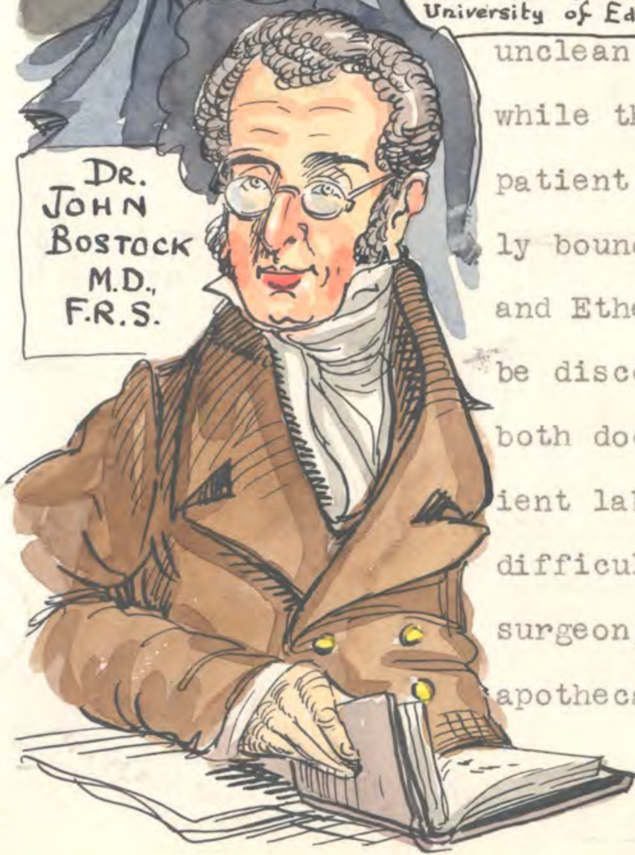
EDWARD JENNER
M.D., F.R.S.

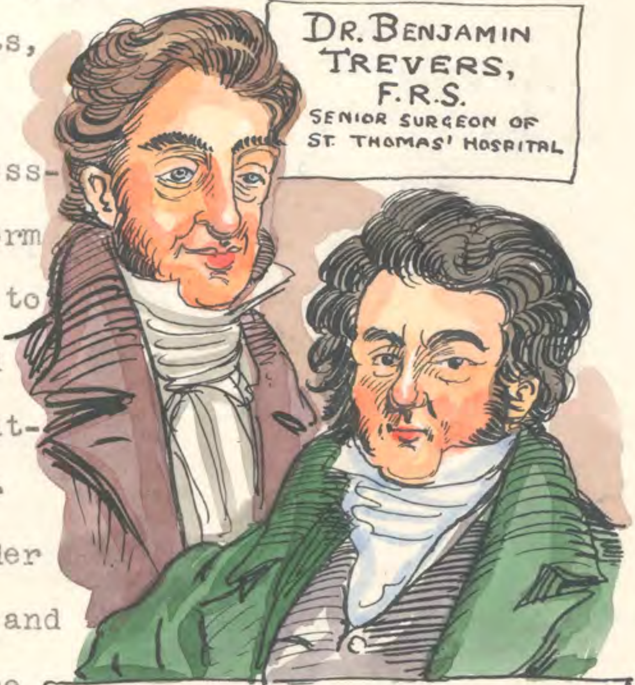
The multiplication of private medical schools was one of the results of the increased demand for medical education---especially in sections of the country where quackery was still in evidence. "I tell you," says a contemporary, "'tis an easy thing for a Man of Parts to be a Surgeon; do but buy a lancet,forceps,saw; talk a little of Contusions,Fractures,Compress,and Bandage; you'll presently be thought by most patients an excellent Surgeon." It is horrible to contemplate that operations were performed roughly,with imperfect and often unclean instruments, while the unhappy patient lay helplessly bound (Chloroform and Ether had yet to be discovered),and both doctor and patient labored under difficulties. Under surgeon,physician and apothecary were the


THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

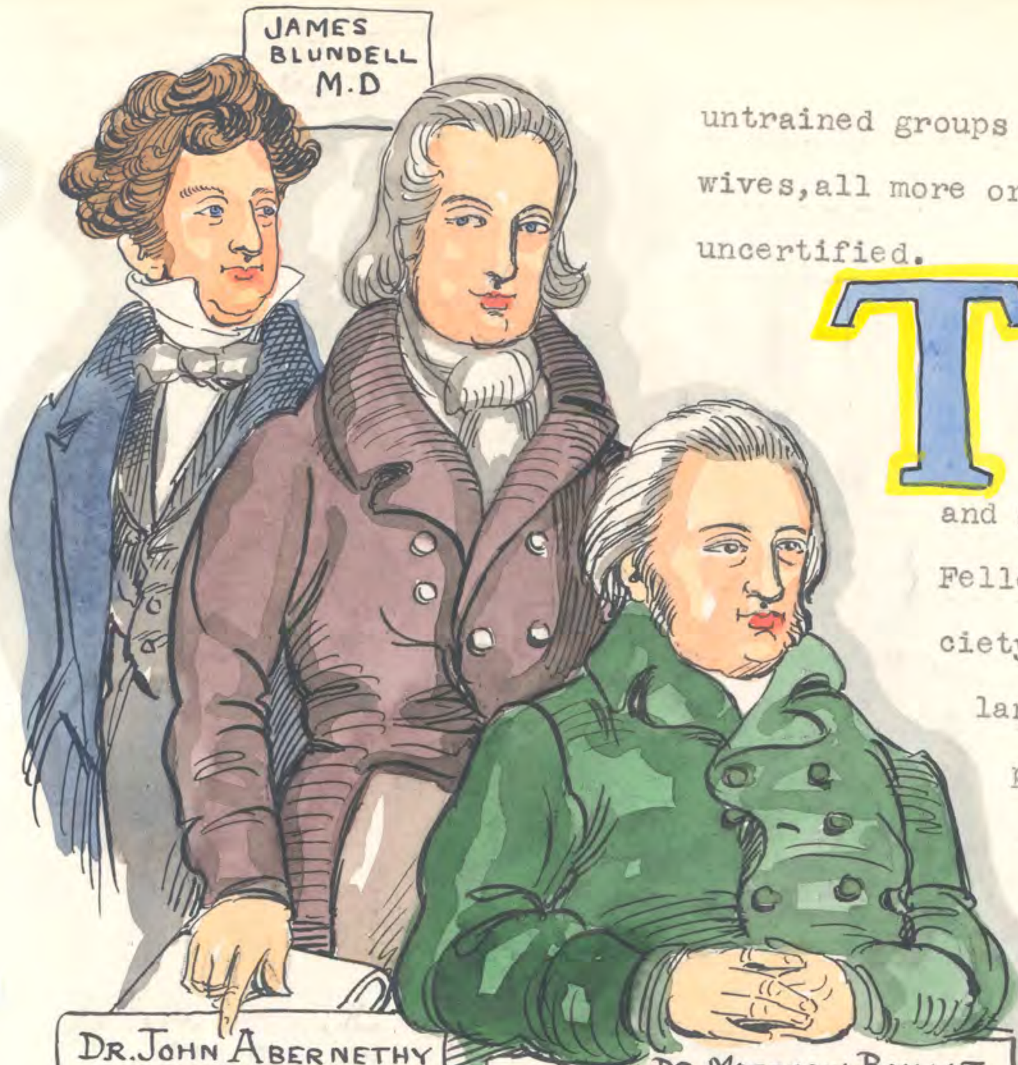
DR. JAMES ANNESLEY.

DR. CHARLES BELL F.R.S. Professor of Surgery University of Edinburgh


DR. JOHN BOSTOCK M.D., F.R.S.

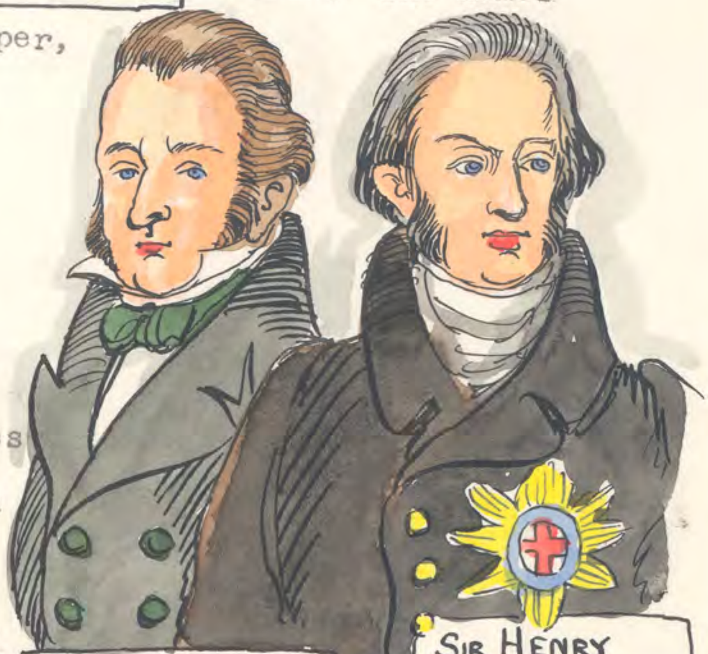

DR. BENJAMIN TREVERS, F.R.S. SENIOR SURGEON OF ST. THOMAS' HOSPITAL

DR. RICHARD BRIGHT, M.D., F.R.S PHYSICIAN EXTRAORDINARY TO THE ROYAL FAMILY



untrained groups of nurses and midwives, all more or less ignorant and uncertified.

The skill and reputation of several British Doctors of Medicine and Surgery (most of them Fellows of the Royal Society) helped to give England a measure of respect amongst European scientists. We have tried to give the portraits of a few of the leaders of the British medical world. The names of great surgeons like Sir Astley Cooper, Abernathey, Lawrence, and Joseph Henry Greene stand high in the list, and their contributions to the advancement of science are worthy of study.



Anatomy was among the first branches of the profession to receive stricter attention than before in the newly-instituted

schools. A thorough knowledge of the human body as the only true foundation of medicine was required of all public and private teachers. Anatomy, then, was taught with eagerness; but its practice was attended with much difficulty---and certain grim results. No provision was made for dissection; dead bodies had to be obtained by exhumation, conducted either by the teacher and his pupils, or by associated bands of wretches known as Ressurectionists, or Body-snatchers. These methods, as may be expected, led to frightful abuses which sometimes culminated in murder for the sake of obtaining bodies!

At this point, we are reminded of Thomas Hood's "Pathetic Ballad" which deals with the subject of body-snatching in all its frightfulness, but with a touch of Tom's "punning humor":

T was in the middle of the night,
To sleep young William tried;
When Mary's ghost came stealing in,
And stood at his bed-side.

O William dear! O William dear!
My rest eternal ceases;
Alas! my everlasting peace
Is broken into pieces.

I thought the last of all my cares
Would end with my last minute;
But though I went to my long home,
I did n't stay long in it.

The body-snatchers they have come,
And made a snatch at me;
It's very hard them kind of men
Won't let a body be!

* * *

The arm that used to take your arm
Is took to Dr. Vyse;
And both my legs are gone to walk
The hospital at Guy's.

I vowed that you should have my hand,
But fate gives us denial;
You'll find it there, at Dr. Bell's,
In spirits and a phial.

The Body Snatchers they have come

* * * *

The Cock it crows---I must be gone!
My William, we must part!
But I'll be yours in death, altho'
Sir Astley has my heart.

Don't go to weep upon my grave,
And think that there I be;
They haven't left an atom there
Of my anatomie.

Specialism in the medical profession gradually crept in. Dr. Abernethy classified "tumours"; Dr. Baillie studied cases of "diabetes"; Dr. Richard Bright investigated "diseases of the kidney in case of dropsy"; Sir Benjamin Brodie observed "the effects produced by the Bile in the process of digestion"; and so forth. Each in turn added to the medical and surgical knowledge of the day. Little by little, more accurate diagnosis of disease was realized. But, as yet there was considerable improvement to be made in the general health of the English people.

During this period, other scientific research was carried on at an accelerated pace. Particularly was this true in the field of astronomy.

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL F.R.S.

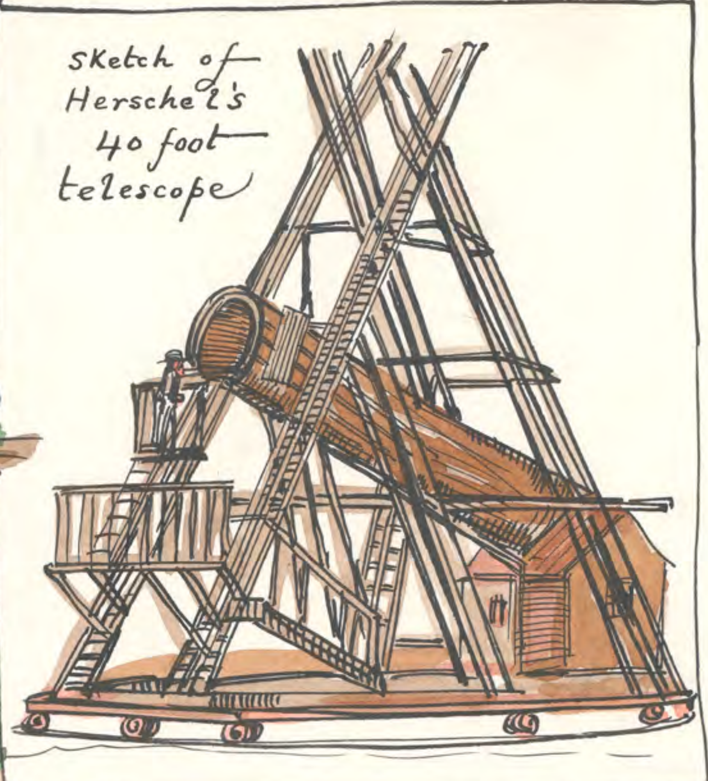
In astronomy important work was done bySir William Herschel,whose most memorable discovery is the planet Uranus, a discovery made with one of his own improved reflecting telescopes. Uranus was the first new planet to be added to the ancient list of seven. Continuing his observations on Uranus, Herschel discovered some of its satellites. His later observations on double stars were of special importance as adding proofs to the law of gravitation. In a series of papers addressed to the Royal Society from I784 to I8I8,he succeeded in determining the position of the Sun among the stars.

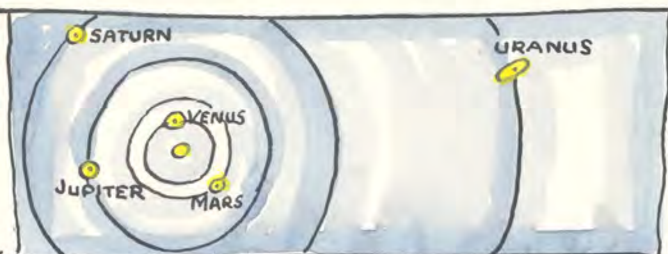
From ancient times men had recognized five planets — MERCURY, VENUS, MARS, JUPITER, and SATURN.
William Herschel discovered a new planet — URANUS — 100 times as big as the Earth, and twice as far as Saturn

William and Caroline Herschel came to England from Hanover, Germany. The brother and sister lived in Bath, where William got an appointment as organist at the Octagon Chapel, and taught music.

Caroline Herschel helped her brother in his studies and astronomical observations. With the aid of a small telescope, she discovered eight comets. The discoveries of the Herschels were most remarkable.

The names of Benjamin Thompson (better known as Count Rumford),and Sir Humphrey Davy (whose portrait painted by Lawrence appears on another page)are closely





Night after night, Herschel would stand upon the observing platform, looking through the great "Eye" of his telescope. The things he noticed he would call out to his sister Caroline who sat below & made notes.

connected with the researches on,and discoveries of,theories on heat.

In 1807,Davy succeeded in decomposing caustic potash into oxygen and the metal potassium. In connection with his discoveries,Sir Humphrey also continued to elaborate his electro-chemical theory,which ascribes a positively electric character to some elements,and a negatively electric character to others. This theory was afterwards carried further by Davy's assistant and successor at the Royal Institution of Science---Michael Faraday.

Faraday's most far-reaching discovery was made in 1831---a discovery whereby he was in effect able to produce electricity from magnetism,and thus open up a new branch of the subject,namely electro-magnetic induction. Both Davy and Faraday were successful and fascinating lecturers,and their discourses were always delivered to large and delighted groups.

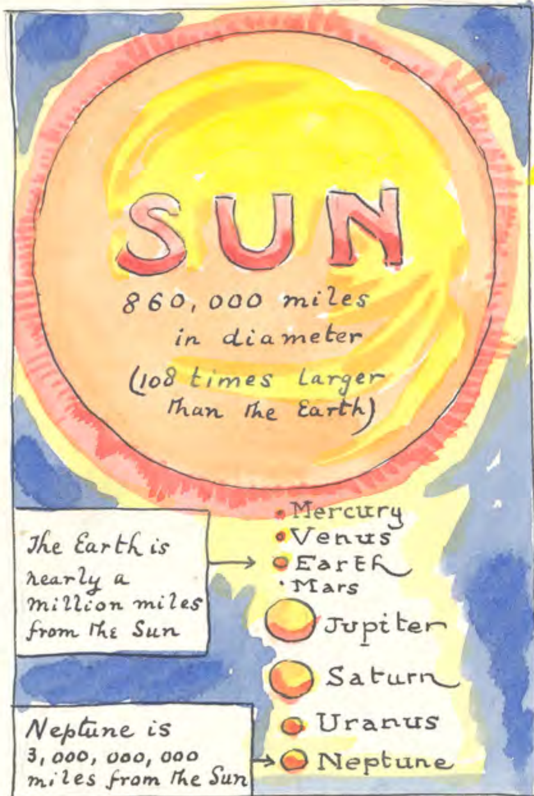
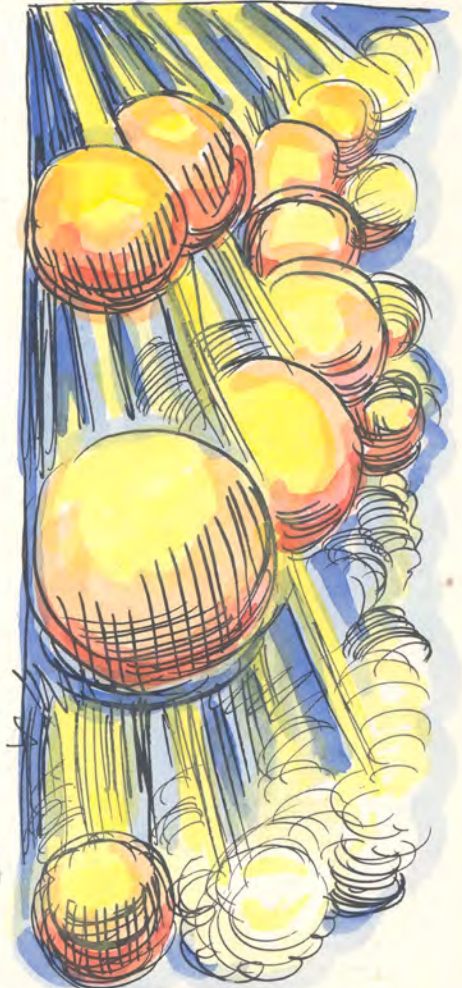


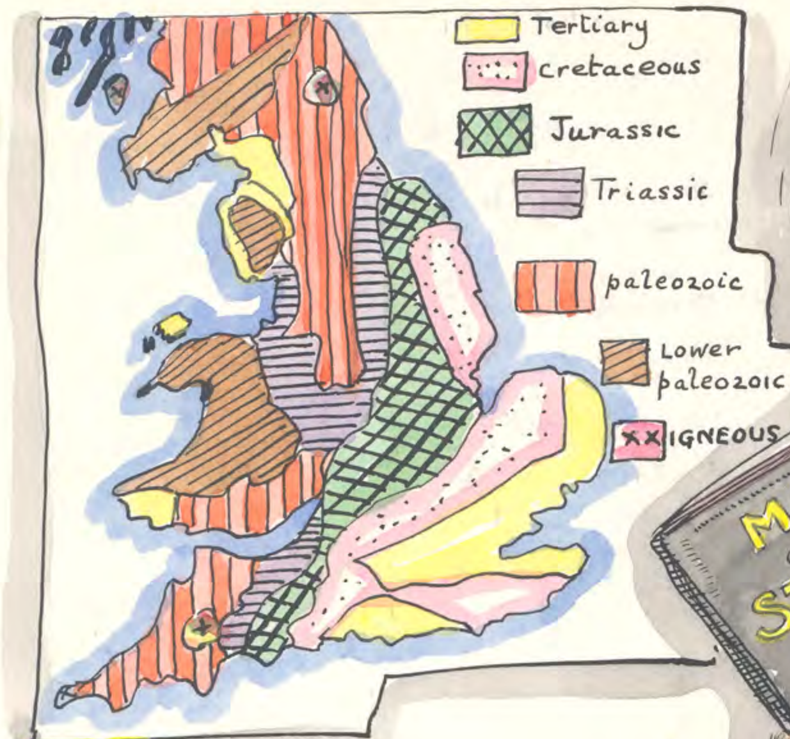
Diagram illustrating the relative size of the Sun and Planets.

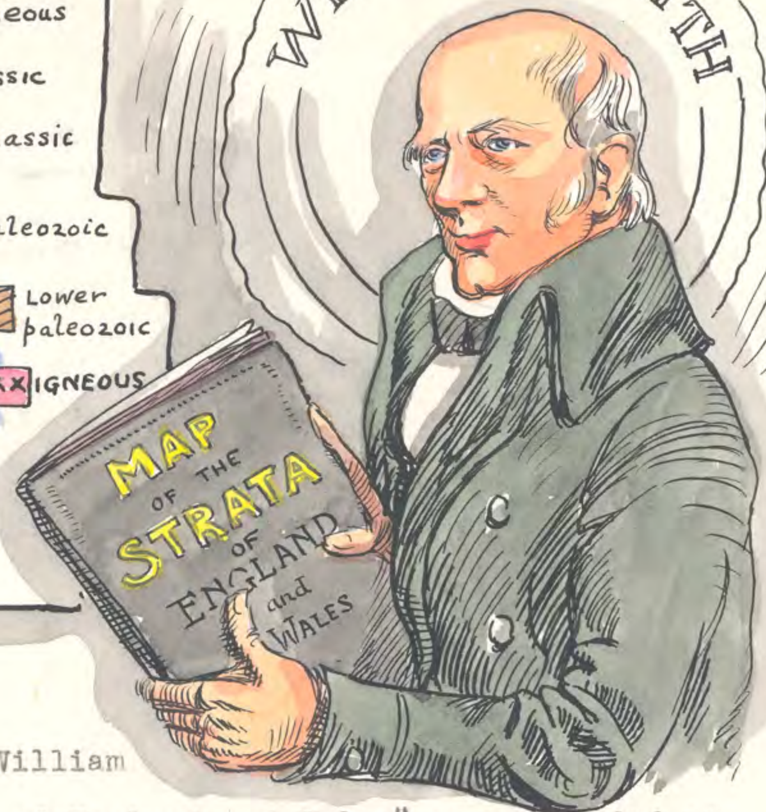
The extensive and careful observations of Herschel, which were guided by the ambitious purpose of examining anew and as minutely as possible every aspect of the sky, opened up a new realm of scientific research. The ingenious procedures by which he compared and correlated similarities and differences between the various objects he examined, stimulated new departures in both method and theory. Henceforth the attention of astronomers was directed more and more frequently beyond the confines of the planetary system.



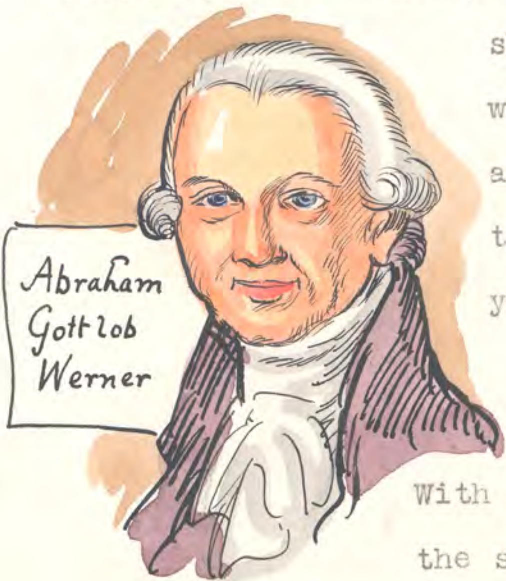
Because the earth is part of the vast space filled with myriads of stars, planets, nebulae, meteors, comets, and so forth, it is natural for the scientist to turn from the heavens to a study of terrestrial phenomena. The gradual organization of astronomy as a physical science naturally led to a parallel development of the science of geophysics and geology---the study of the structure and development of the earth.

Among geologists, however, the "cosmogonists" ---still influenced by Old Testament authority---continued to obstruct the development of scientific theory.



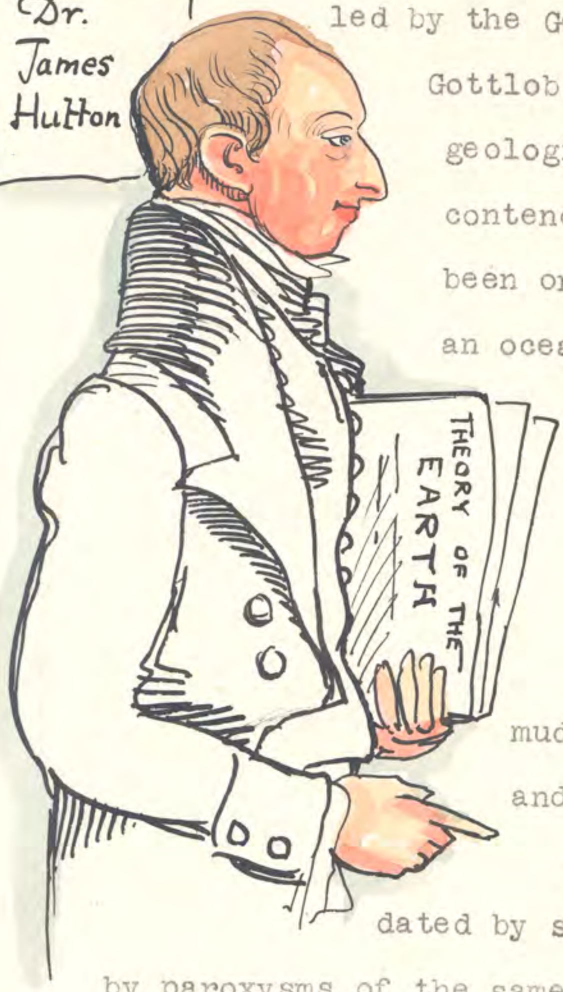


In 1815, the publication of William Smith's "Map of the Strata of England and Wales" was regarded as an event "which produced on the future of science effects hardly less important than those of the Battle of Waterloo on the future of Europe. In the course of his profession of surveying, Smith traveled throughout England, and became interested in the succession of rocks and soils in different parts of Britain. He soon realized that the stratified sedimentary rocks held different assemblages of fossil shells by which the rocks could be identified wherever found. The scientific world was unaware of the indefatigable labor of the self-trained surveyor, whose notes grew through the years, and who, at length drew up a "Table of Rock Strata" (1799) and circulated it among some friends who were interested in stratigraphy. With their encouragement, the Geological Map---on the scale of five miles to the inch--appeared and commanded immediate attention. Up to this time, the geologists in Eng-

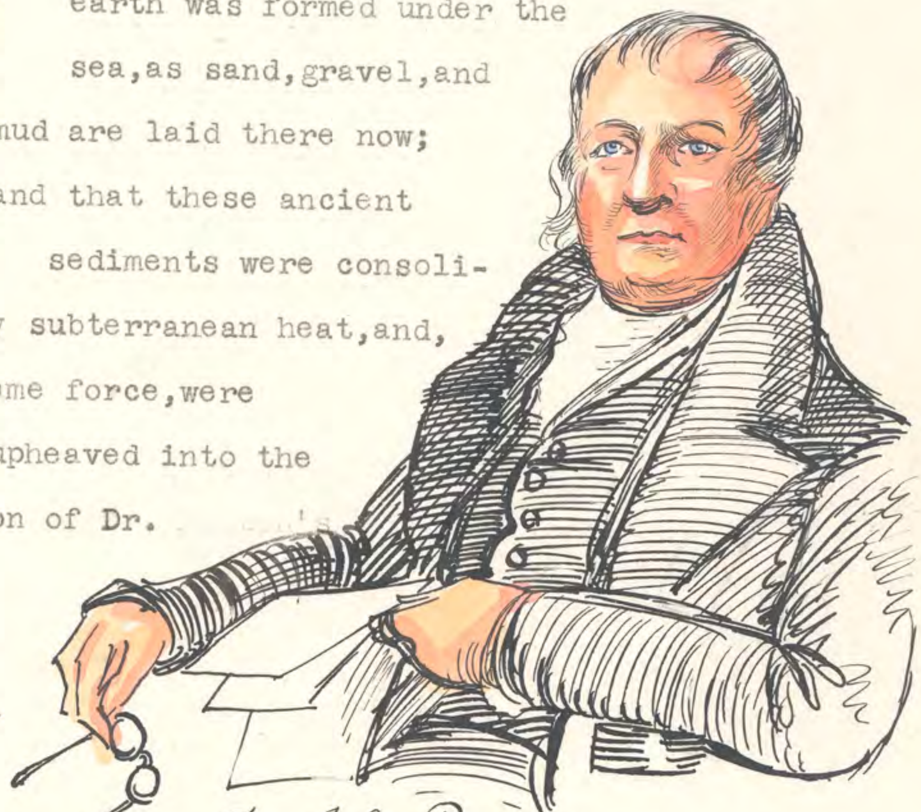


-land were divided into two schools: the Neptunists, led by the German professor, Abraham Gottlob Werner, and the Scottish geologist, Robert Jameson, who contended that the earth had been originally covered with an ocean; and the Vulcanists, led by Dr. James Hutton, and Dr. John Playfair, who contended that the great mass of the rocks which form the visible part of the crust of the earth was formed under the sea, as sand, gravel, and mud are laid there now; and that these ancient sediments were consolidated by subterranean heat, and, by paroxysms of the same force, were fractured, contorted, and upheaved into the dry land. The publication of Dr. Hutton's "Theory of the Earth" (1795) sounded the death-knell of Wernerianism, and effectively repudiated all the cosmological speculations of the Neptunists. In 1802, Dr. Playfair's "Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory" explained Hutton's beliefs and observations in clearer and more charming style than Hutton himself was able to express them. As Sir Archibald Geike declared, "the whole of the modern doctrine of earth-sculpture is to be found in the Huttonian theory", in the clear and precise language of Playfair.

The Neptunists



Dr. James Hutton

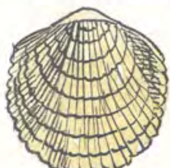

Dr. John Playfair
after the painting by Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A.

Catastrophic geology, as it was generally termed, was in vogue during the first quarter of the century. It was then generally supposed that the earth had been the scene of a series of catastrophies, each of which had closed a long epoch of comparative repose, had been fatal to all living creatures, and had been followed by a new exercise of creative force. The appearance of man and of the fauna and flora which now exists upon the earth had been heralded by the last of these catastrophies. Such notions served to avert (at any rate to a considerable degree) the denunciations of Theologians, who viewed

the new science with no little suspicion---owing to the obvious difficulty of reconciling its results with the statements in the Book of Genesis. But, beyond all doubt, the necessity of doing this was, for a long time, a serious impediment to real progress. Now, as the fossil contents of the earth became better known, and the strata themselves were studied over wider areas, it became more and more difficult to find

Archaean rocks are found along the north-west coasts of the Scottish Highlands

Among the most abundant fossils of the older stratified rocks of the Earth's crust are TRILOBITES.



SILURIAN BRACHOPODS

Silurian Cephalopods

PLANTS OF THE DEVONIAN PERIOD

Devonian Coral

Carboniferous Fern

TRIASSIC LIZARD

OLIGOCENE MOLLUSCS.

In his "Principles of Geology," Sir Charles Lyell set out to "explain the former changes of the Earth's surface by reference to causes now in operation.

any place for these epochs of catastrophic destruction.

Among the new sceptics in geology was Sir Charles Lyell, who joined the Geological Society in London in 1819, soon after taking a degree at Oxford. He became interested in working out the succession of Tertiary deposits, to which William Smith had paid scant attention; and in a few years conceived his "Principles of Geology" (published in 1830), which by wealth of illustration and sound inductive reasoning, aided by lucid statement, dealt a blow to Catastrophic geology, and brought about "the nativity of Modern geology. Lyell was supported by Adam Sedgwick, Professor of Geology at Cambridge, who carried on investigations in the Lake District, Western Yorkshire, and North Wales. The problem was almost simultaneously attacked from another side, and in the opposite direction, by Roderick Murchison, who investigated the Old Redstone of Scotland. All this ultimately led to an official Geological survey of Britain, which extended the work of William Smith, and performed inestimable service to British geology (and theological discussion).

Map showing the ANCIENT SHORE-LINE around the BRITISH ISLES

Map of Britain after the Ice Age

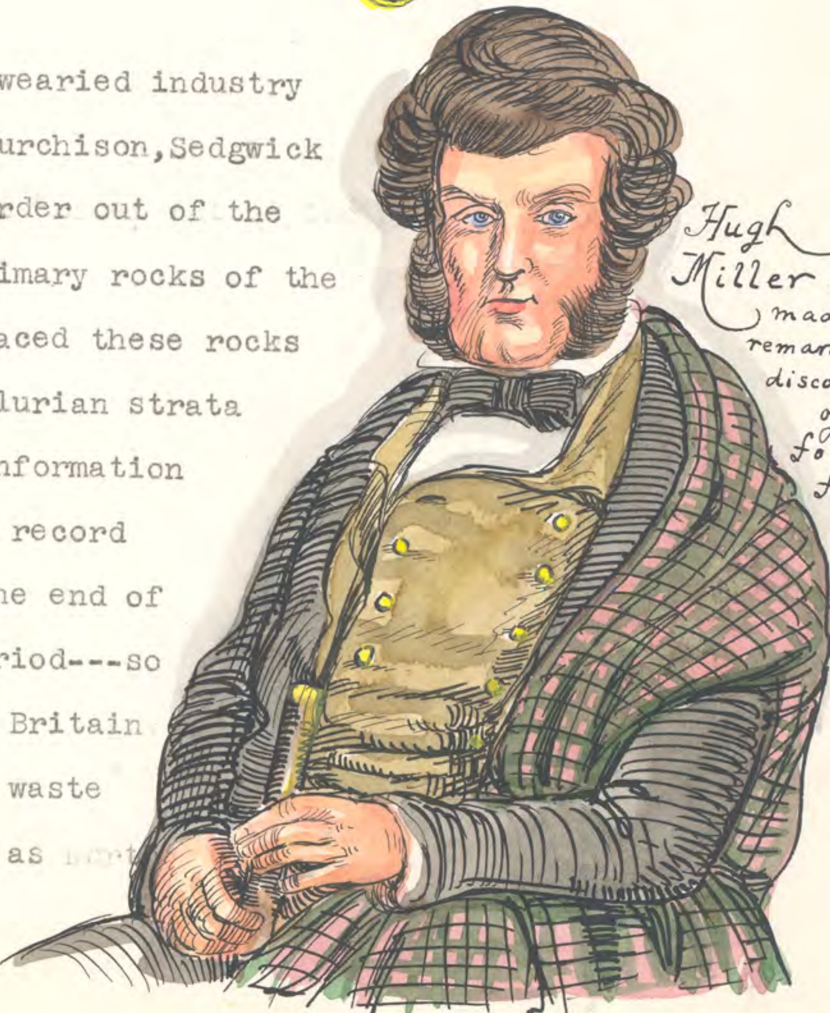
The keen warfare between the Neptunists and the Vulcanists lasted in a desultory way for many years, and, though the Wernerian school (having essentially no vitality) eventually died, much remained to be done for the science of geology itself. Hutton and his followers saw only partially the truths which they labored so zealously to establish. In fact they were ignorant of the geological importance of fossils, and, quite naturally, they fell into errors as a result of their limited resources. The Huttonists had dealt rather with general principles than with minute details.

It is not our intention to go beyond our depth in this account of the study of the geology of Britain, but it is interesting to note that, in consequence of the patient toil of the scientists (particularly the Scottish School of Geologists), much was learned about early Britian and the geological influences which had affected the course of British history. At an ancient epoch, it was readily seen, the British Isles formed a part of the mainland of Continental Europe. The general level of the British Isles may have been then con-

siderably higher than it has been since. It is evident---as revealed by abundant soundings and dredgings---that if the British Isles were now raised even a thousand feet above the present level, they would not thereby gain more than a belt of lowland somewhere about two hundred miles broad on the western border. The British Isles stand, in fact, nearly upon the edge of the great European plateau which, about two-hundred and thirty miles to the west of them, plunges down into the abysses of the Atlantic Ocean.

Sir Roderick Impey Murchison author of the Classic work on the Silurian System.

As a result of the unwearied industry of geologists like Murchison, Sedgwick and others, who brought "order out of the chaos" of the so-called primary rocks of the Scottish highlands, and placed these rocks on a parallel with the Silurian strata of other countries, more information concerning the geological record was made available. At the end of the Ice Age or Glacial period---so it was surmised---most of Britain and Northern Europe was a waste land of ice and snow, such as North Greenland still is. Of these ancient chilly



Hugh Miller who made remarkable discoveries of fossil fish

THE ICE AGE

periods, the Arctic plants still found in British mountain tops remain as living witnesses. Previous to the final retreat of the ice, the warmer intervals brought into Britain many wild animals from wilder regions to the south.

CYNODICTIS an ancestor of the Fox.

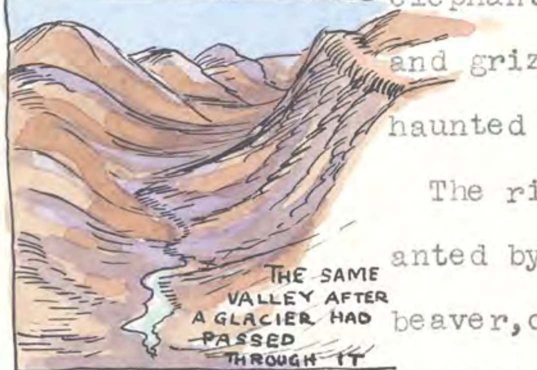
Horses, stags, Irish elks, roe deer, wild oxen, and bison roamed the plains.

A VALLEY CUT BY A RIVER

MESOHIPPUS, a swift light-limbered, three-toed horse -- of the Oligocene Age

Wild boars, three kinds of rhinoceros, two kinds of elephant, brown bears and grizzly bears, haunted the forests.

The rivers were tenanted by the hippopotamus, beaver, otter, water-rat. Among the carnivora were wolves, foxes, wild cats, hyaenas, and lions. Many of these animals must have moved in herds across the plains, over which the North Sea now rolls. Their bones have been dredged up in hundreds by fishermen from the surface of the Dogger-Bank.

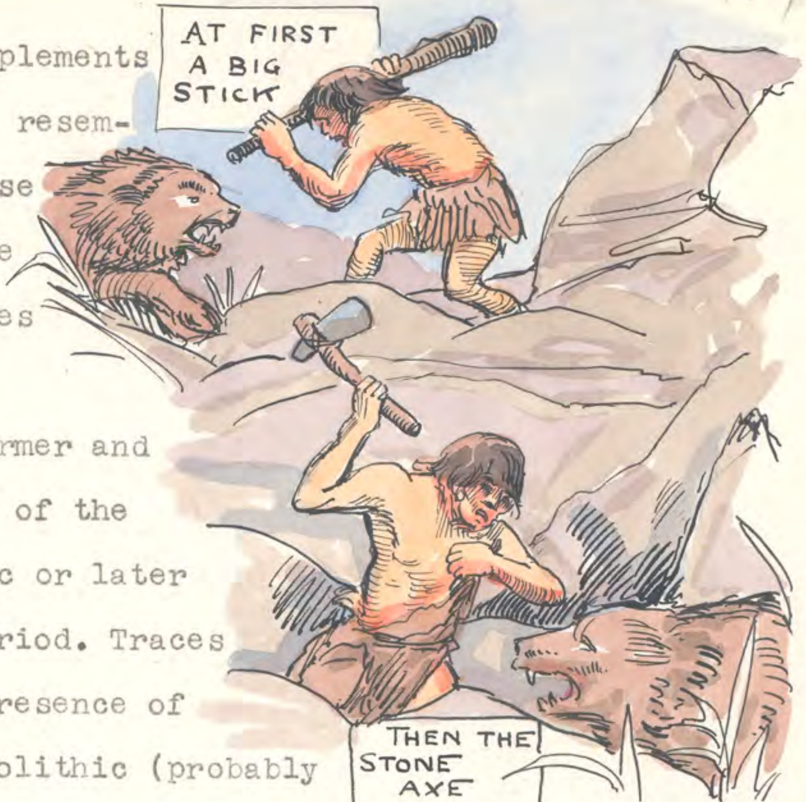

THE SAME VALLEY AFTER A GLACIER HAD PASSED THROUGH IT

The Mammoth — the lord of the Ice Age — ranged over the northern regions

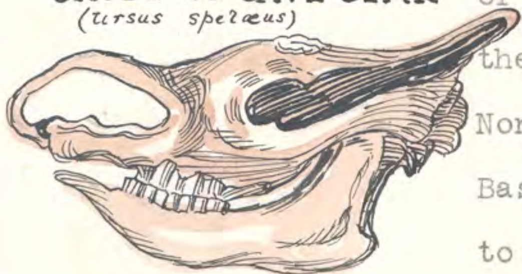
Such were the denizens of southern England when Man made his first appearance in Britain. "Much ingenuity has been expended in tracing a succession of civilization in the primeval human population of Britain", says Sir Archibald Geike. The "palaeolithic" hunters of a low

ICE-WORN BOSSES OF GNEISS and perched blocks in SUTHERLAND

order have left behind them implements and weapons which bear a close resemblance to the tools still in use among the modern Eskimos. The rude hunter and dweller in caves passed away before the advent of the farmer and herdsman of the Neolithic or later stone period. Traces of the presence of these Neolithic (probably Non-Aryan)ancestors(of which perhaps the modern Basques are lineal descendants)are conjectured to be recognisable in the small dark Welshman, and the short swarthy Irishman of Western Ireland.

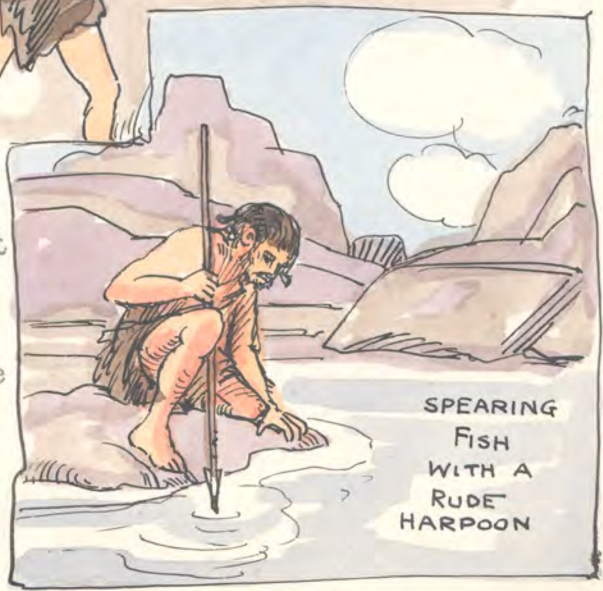


SKULL OF CAVE BEAR
(*Ursus spelæus*)



SKULL OF WOOLY-HAIRED RHINOCEROS
(*Rhinoceros tichorhinus*)

The last neck of land which united Britain to the mainland was probably that through which the Strait of Dover now runs.(In its deepest parts the Channel is less than I80 feet below the surface today;and if St. Paul's Cathedral could be shifted from the heart of London to the middle of the Channel, more than half of it would rise above the water!) The first advance-guard of the great Aryan family to cross the Channel



THE OLD MAN OF HOY SKETCHED FROM THE SEA.

were the Celts---whose descendants still form a considerable part of the population of the British Isles. There can be no doubt that the Celts, having overspread Gaul and Belgium, invaded Britain from the east.

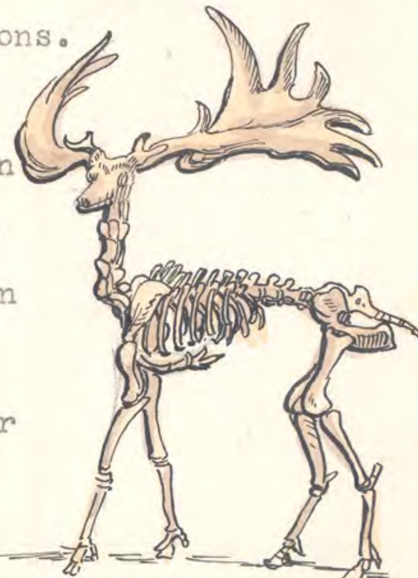
So dominant has been the geological influence on subsequent invasions, that the line of boundary between the crystalline rocks and the Old Red Sandstone (from the north of Caithness to the coast of Kincardineshire) was almost precisely that of the frontier established between the old Celtic natives and the later hordes of Danes and Northmen. To this day, observes the geologist, in spite of the inevitable commingling of races, it still serves to define the respective areas of the Gaelic-speaking and the English-speaking populations.

TINTAGEL ON THE CORNSH COAST—half in sea, and half on land.

On the Old Red Sandstone we hear only English, often with a northern accent. But no sooner do we penetrate within the area of the crystalline rocks than all change disappears, and Gaelic becomes the vernacular tongue.

Drift Implement from Icklingham, Suffolk

When the Norsemen sailed



SKELETON OF GIGANTIC IRISH DEER.

ROCKS ABOVE LOCH EUNACH

round the north-west of Scotland, they found there the counterpart of their own native country---the same type of bare, rocky, island-fringed coast-line sweeping up into bleak mountains, winding into long sea-lochs or fjords beneath the shadow of sombre pine-trees, and to the west the familiar sweep of the same blue ocean.

ROCKS IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS

The same geological influences guided the progress of subsequent invasions by Angles, Saxons, Jutes and Norwegians. Arriving from the east and north-east, these hordes found level lowlands open to their attack. When no impenetrable barrier impeded their advance, they rapidly pushed inland, driving the earlier settlers westward.

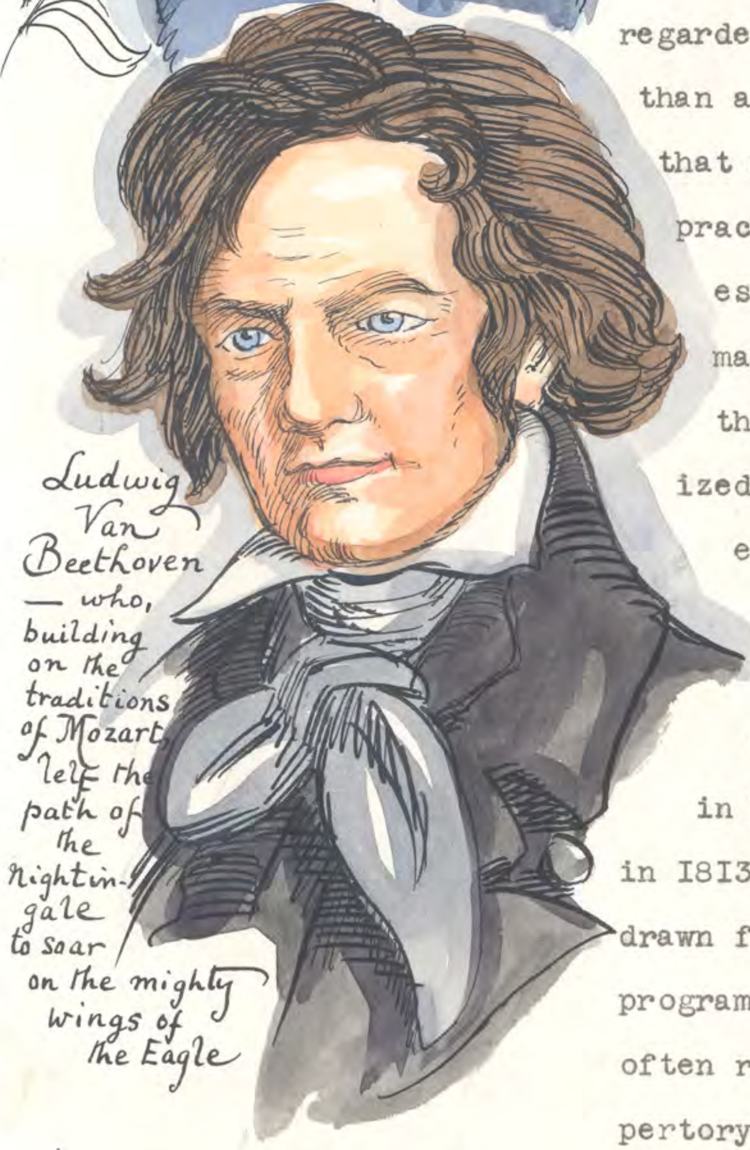
On the next page an attempt is made to set forth the main divisions of the Geological Record, with

ERAS	PERIODS	
ARCHEOZOIC	EARLY PRE-CAMBRIAN	AGES before Life 2 billion years?
PROTEROZOIC	LATER PRE-CAMBRIAN	Dawn of Life $4\frac{3}{4}$ million years ?
PALEOZOIC	CAMBRIAN	AGE OF King Crabs $2\frac{3}{4}$
	ORDOVICIAN	AGES OF MUD 4 million years
	SILURIAN	
	DEVONIAN	AGE OF FISH $2\frac{1}{2}$
	CARBONIFEROUS	AGE OF COAL 6
	PERMIAN	AGE OF DESERTS 2 million years
MESOZOIC	TRIASSIC	
	JURASSIC	AGE OF REPTILES 1 million years
	CRETACEOUS	AGE OF CHALK 3 million years
CENOZOIC	EOCENE	AGE OF FOSSILS 2 million Years
	OLIGOCENE	AGE OF LAKES $1\frac{1}{2}$ million years
	MIOCENE	AGE OF MOUNTAINS $3\frac{1}{2}$ million years
	PLIOCENE	
	PLEISTOCENE	ICE AGE 1 million years
	HOLOCENE	AGE OF MAN 50,000 years.

"suggestions" of geological Time. The Archaean embraces the periods of the earliest rocks, wherein no traces of organic life occur. The Palaeozoic includes the long succession of ages during which the earliest types of life existed. The Mesozoic comprises a series of periods when more advanced life flourished. In the Cenozoic the existing types of life (excluding man) appeared. It is only within fifty thousand years ago that Man started out on his adventurous career, beginning in a rude way as a cave-dweller, and rising by degrees to the discovery of the stars. This is about the best

point at which to leave Father Time as he swings creation around.... We take our leave of Time and the Geologists.

During this Romantic period England was regarded abroad as an "unmusical country". It was true enough that England was musically unproductive, and English musicians were curiously indifferent to the new movements that were being developed in other countries. As a matter of fact, a large proportion of the nation was musically uneducated, and the class that had the fullest opportunities for the enjoyment of music regarded the art more as an entertainment than as a part of culture. It was inevitable that music of the highest type should have been practically limited to the uppermost classes, partly on the ground of its cost, and mainly because both literature and all the arts, no less than music, were patronized only by the uppermost classes. However, it must be said that English society was at least willing to spend a good deal of money on music. Foreign performers were given large fees in London. The Philharmonic Society (founded in 1813) depended upon a subscription audience drawn from the upper classes, and presented programs drawn up by the directors, who were often royal dukes and archbishops. The repertory included the great works of Mozart, Beethoven---whose Ninth Symphony was originally written for the Philharmonic Society---and Haydn. From 1813 to 1830, the concerts were



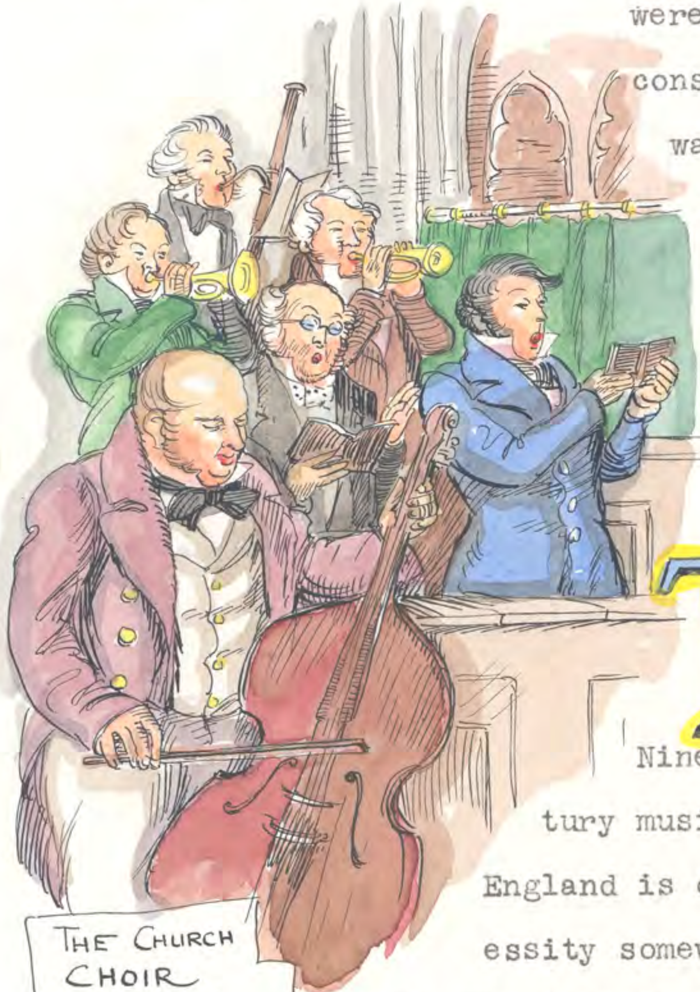
768 778
1079

given in the Argyll Rooms at the corner of Regent Street and Oxford Circus, in London. For these concerts the Philharmonic Society made a point of commissioning composers to provide new works. Mendelssohn, who made frequent visits to England and was in constant demand at the Philharmonic concerts, composed his "Italian Symphony" for the season of 1833. London remained faithful to Mendelssohn for many years.

By 1830, several choral festivals were established in the Cathedral cities, and musical performances were organized on a large scale, solo singers and leading instrumentalists being procured from London. The festivals at Birmingham, Norwich, Leeds, York, and Manchester grew to be nationally famous. The oratorios of Haydn and Mendelssohn supplied a welcome change from Handel. Church music by Mozart

and Beethoven came into general favor after they had been provided with English words not offensive to Protestant consciences.

Church music stood apart from the general development of the art. In comparison to the contemporary classics, its limitations were very conspicuous. There was hardly any new English organ music, and few eminent organists in the country. In rural communities, organs were rare and the accompaniments to the services were supplied by the village band in the western gallery.



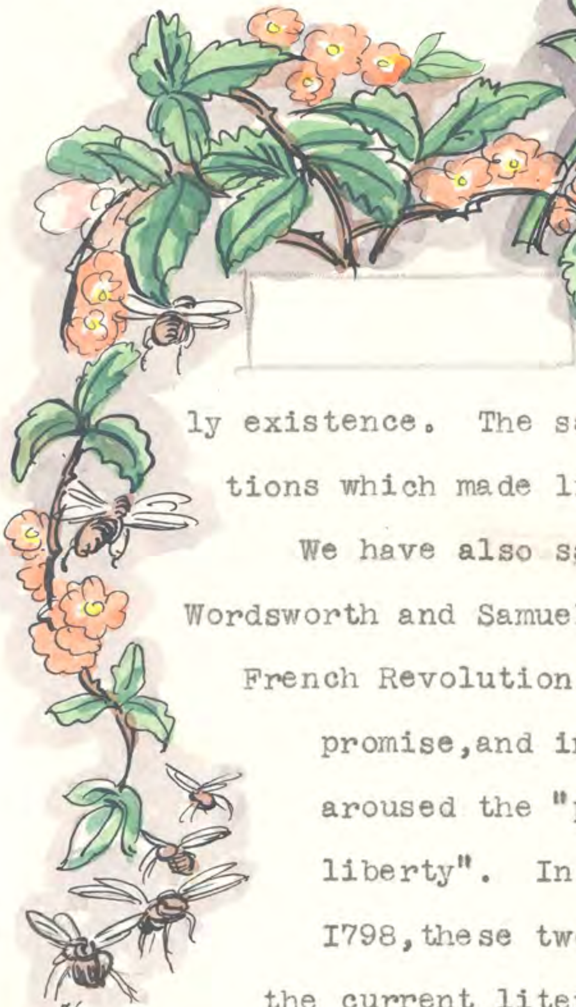
THE CHURCH CHOIR after a sketch by Hugh Thomson

The chronicle of early Nineteenth century music in England is of necessity somewhat dull. The period produced nothing exciting. and certainly nothing that was unusual and outstanding. But it was none the less a period of "steady and careful preparation for a re-birth of English music".

The Singing Congregation after a sketch by Caldecott

We have already referred to the fact that the era of political and social revolution at the end of the Eighteenth century was the era also of a revolution in literature. The spirit

which gave birth to the French Revolution was one of revolt against the conventions which society had come to recognize and regard as conditions of orderly existence. The same spirit revolted against the conventions which made literature as artificial as society.



We have also said something about the early work of William Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, to whom, at the outset, the French Revolution seemed to open out vistas of unlimited promise, and in whom the spirit of the French people aroused the "passion of humanity" and the "passion of liberty". In publishing their "Lyrical Ballads" in 1798, these two poets signalized their breaking away from the current literary ideals and in asserting their own individuality.

It is proper that we should remind ourselves that this epoch-making volume of poems put forth in modest form the "combined lucu-

4771
1034

LYRICAL BALLADS

WITH

A FEW OTHER POEMS.

BRISTOL:

PRINTED BY BIGGS AND COTTLE
FOR T.N. LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.
1708.

brations" of William and Dorothy Wordsworth and their friend Coleridge, three persons of extreme social obscurity, who spent a golden year at Alfoxden, in West Somerset, within view of "the Quantock hills and the romantic coombes between". In the endless walks and talks of the three enthusiasts, there was kindled a deep concern in poetical experiment. It was agreed between them that Wordsworth and Coleridge should supplement each other

Dorothy sends her very kind love to you - God bless you, my dear Cottle your affectionate Fr.
W Wordsworth

From a letter addressed to Cottle by Wordsworth

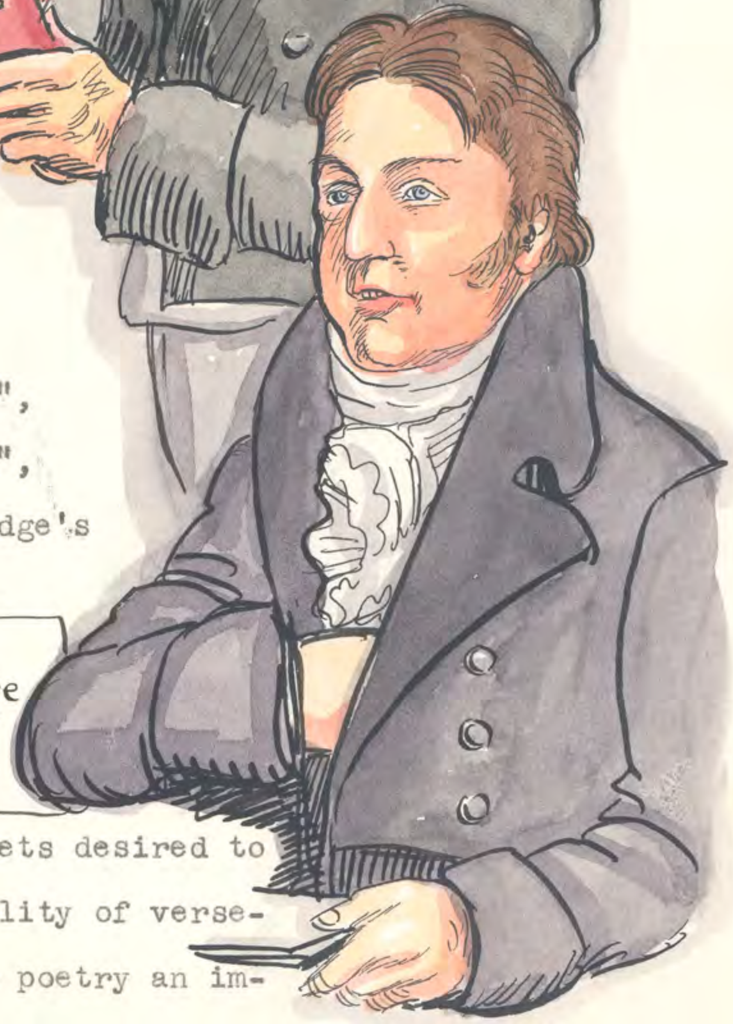
Springtime

974
1035

---Wordsworth illustrating the beauty of incidents that were commonplace and familiar,and Coleridge illustrating the home truths of the supernatural.

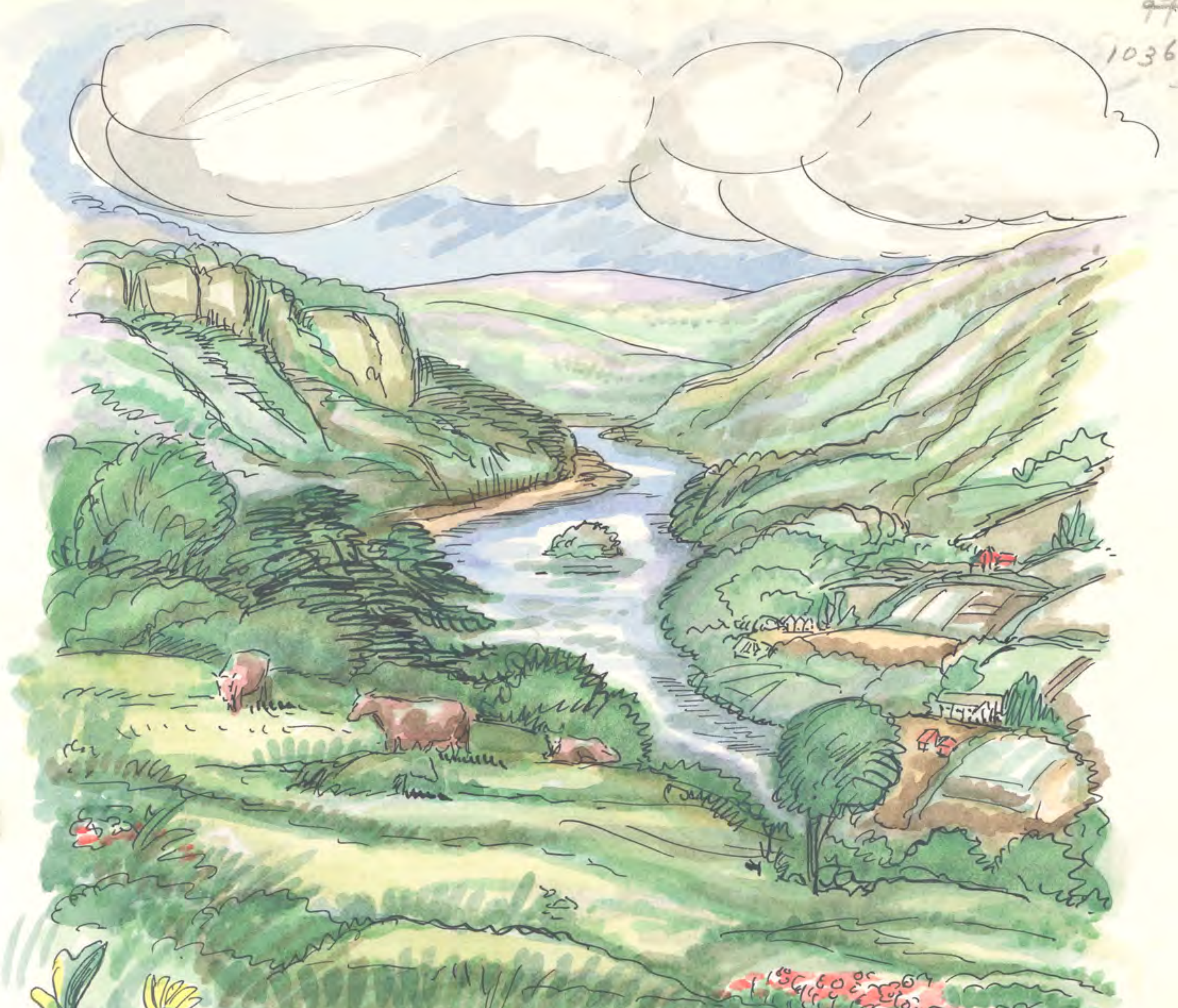
The little russet volume,published annonymously at Bristol,contained nineteen poems by Wordsworth and four by Coleridge. The collection included such gems as Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey", "Lines Written in Early Spring", and "We are Seven"; and Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancyent Mariner".

Dorothy
W.



S.T.
Coleridge

All these pieces were designed to exemplify the chief aims of the poetical "revolution". The poets desired to destroy the pompous artificiality of verse-diction,and to introduce into poetry an impassioned consideration of natural scenes and objects,as a reflection of the



complex life of man, and in this he effected a splendid revolution. In the "Lines written a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey", Wordsworth somewhat shyly slipped in at the end of the volume a statement of his literary creed. In this poem he sums up his indebtedness to the joy and inspiration and helpfulness of Nature in the lines:

For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt

Grasmere

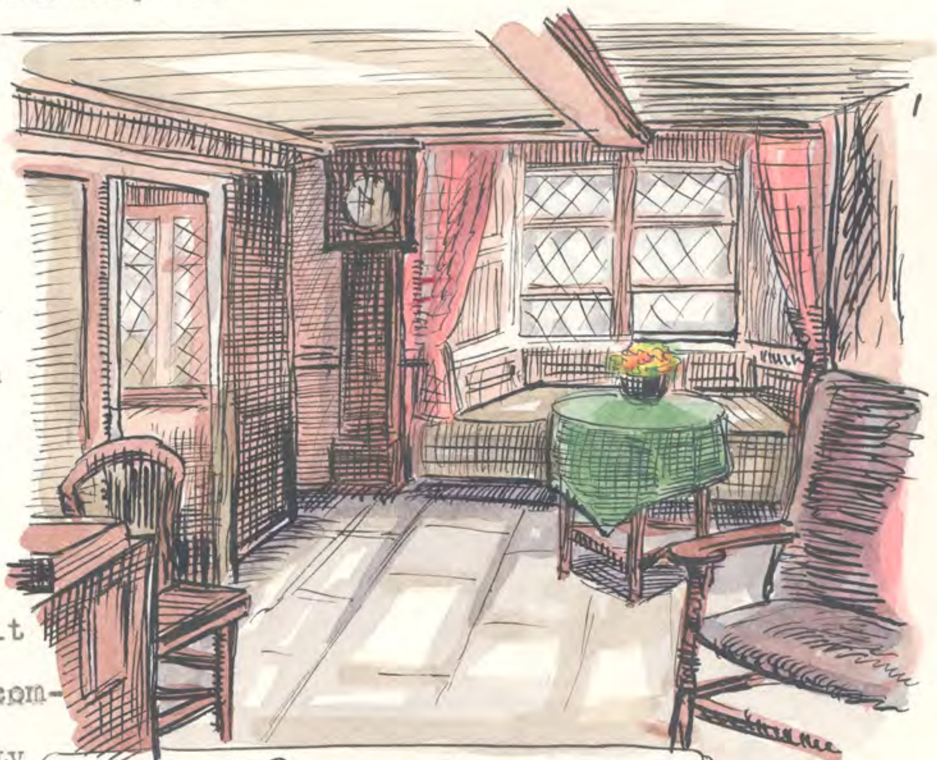
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply infused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean,and the living air,
And the blue sky,and in the mind of man,
A motion and a spirit,that impels
All thinking things,all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of meadows and the woods
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth;and of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear,both of what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts,the nurse,
The guide,the guardian of my heart,and soul,
Of all my moral being....

After their brief sojourn in Germany, the Wordsworths,brother and sister,settled in Grasmere,in the Lake District. On the next page is a map of this region,showing the chief points of interest commonly associated with

Grasmere Church

friend-
ships and
writings of
the so-called
"Lake Poets".
Every foot of
the ground in
the neighborhood
of Grasmere was
traversed by
Wordsworth and
his sister, in all
kinds of weather; and
a large part of the poet's verse was composed during these rambles.
The humble Wordsworth home at Grasmere was Dove Cottage---originally

a small"public house",or hostelry, where travelers going from Ambleside to Keswick stopped for rest and entertainment. As all such places had some sign to attract wayfarers, this little house had for outside blazonry a Dove and an Olive Branch. The bird was probably more visible than the branch it carried;hence the name "Dove Cottage". One of its previous tenants was the dalesman-shepherd from whom was drawn the character of Luke in the lyrical ballad of"Michael" . The cottage was immortalized by Wordsworth in various other pieces, particularly in "The Waggoner".



It is not difficult to imagine the rare combination of simplicity

WINDERMERE
from the Ferry

Faithfully yours
Wm Wordsworth

and rusticity with refinement and elevation which gave its unique charm to the life that was led in this humble home. Such a combination of "plain living and high thinking" as the Wordsworths indulged in at Dove Cottage has probably never been realized before or since by any poet in England. Dorothy's "Journal" provides us with many an interesting glimpse of the hundred trivial miscellaneous items of apparent drudgery (due to their honorable poverty); and, side by side with these disclosures, we have the record of the progress and completion of a great poet's writings. The poems written in "Dove Cottage"

98/1041, 1042

include numerous favorites: "Heart Leap Well", "Poems on the Naming of Places","The Character of the Happy Warrior", "Ode to Duty", most of the "Prelude",some of the "Excursion",many sonnets,and the well-known "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality".

The poet's chosen theme was indeed "no other than the very heart of man",and "men as they are within themselves". And this essential humanity he sought among the humble dalesmen of the Lake District.

The Wordsworths were joined on long walks and excursions by Coleridge and other friends. They would talk along the way as they watched the beauty of the flowers,trees, and the ever-changing skies and water,

---with keen eyes and sympathetic hearts.

Beyond all question, Wordsworth is one of England's most loving and thoughtful lyrical poets of Nature. For him, the scenes and objects of nature possessed a soul, a conscious existence, an ability to feel joy and love. In "Lines written in Early Spring", he expresses this belief:

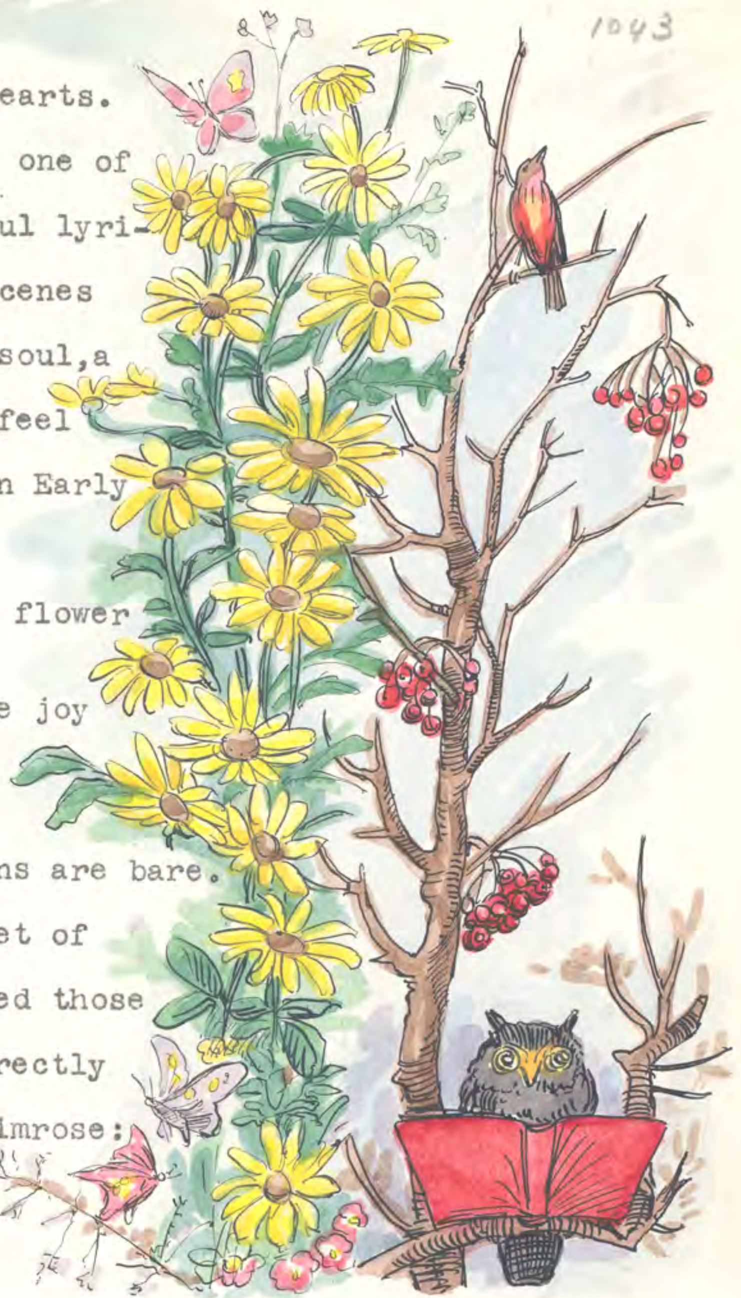
> And 'tis my faith that every flower
> Enjoys the air it breathes.

All things seem to him to feel pure joy in existence:

> The moon doth with delight
> Look round her when the heavens are bare.

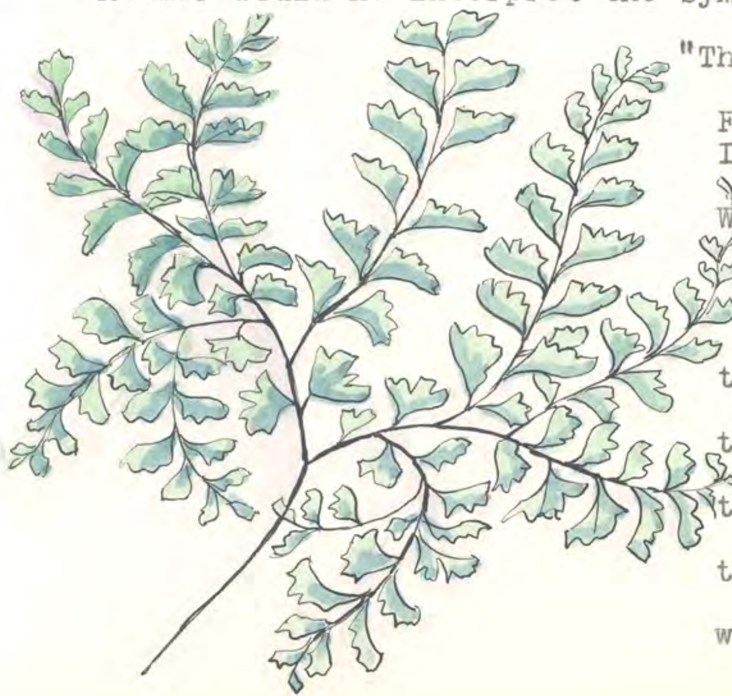
He was not merely a descriptive poet of Nature, and on one occasion satirized those who could do nothing more than correctly apply the color "yellow" to the primrose:

> A primrose by a river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him
> And it was nothing more.



Rather would he interpret the sympathetic soul of Nature. He says in "The Prelude":

> From Nature and her overflowing soul
> I had received so much, that all my thoughts
> Were steeped in feeling.



With rare genius, Wordsworth sought to look beyond the color of the flower, the outline of the hills, the beauty of the clouds, to the spirit that breathed through them; and he sought to commune with "Nature's self, which is the breath of God".

From Wordsworth's notebooks we extract a few verses to illustrate the poet's observant appreciation of English flowers and birds.

Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story:
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Calendine.

Poets, vain men in their mood!
Travel with the multitude:
Never heed them; I aver
That they all are wanton wooers;
But the thrifty cottager,
Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home;
Spring is coming, Thou art come!

To the Daisy

Be violets in their sacred mews
The flowers the wanton Zephyrs choose;
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
Her head impearling,
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame;
Thou art indeed by many a claim
The Poet's darling.

Lines written in Early Spring

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much I grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure:---
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

In such poems as the following, there is revealed much of the spirit of Wordsworth's verse:

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

* * * * * *

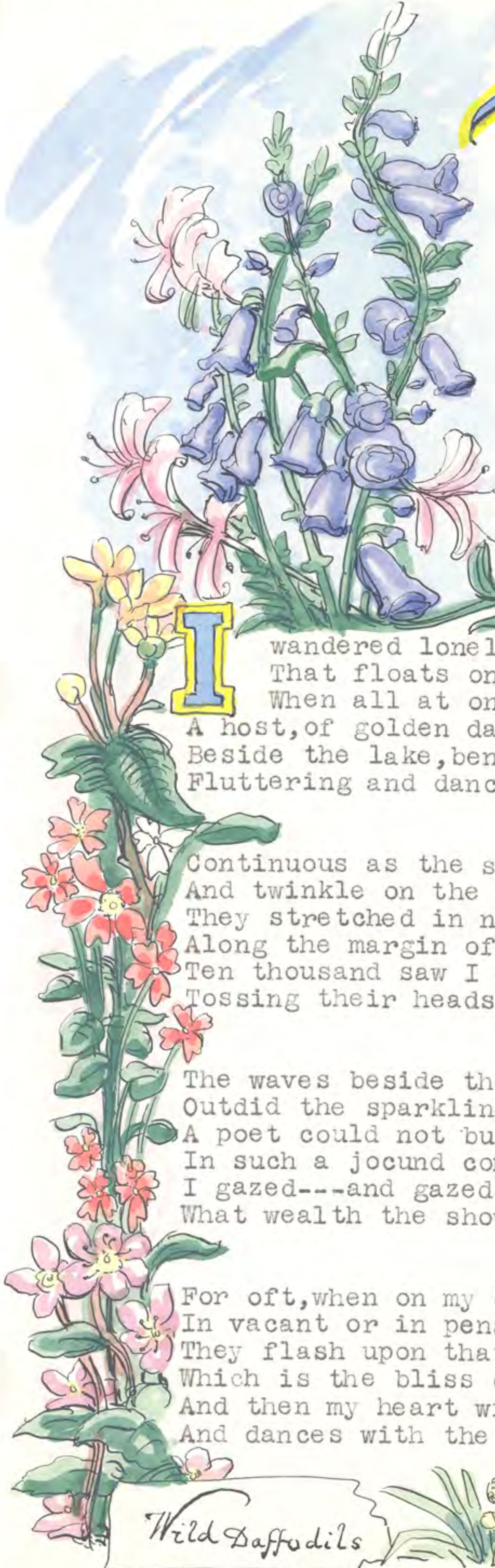
The poet watched and brooded over every detail of the landscape amid which his life was spent.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay.
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company.
I gazed---and gazed---but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.



Wild Daffodils

Remarkable as is the fidelity of his nature poetry, this however is not its most characteristic feature. What is distinctive in Wordsworth's interpretation is its highly religious quality. Mystical in temper, the poet believed that the spiritual faculty in man finds immediate access to a world of divine reality which mere reason can never reach.

LANGDALE PIKES

Such access is found through communion with nature. The child, holding the shell to the ear, hears in it murmurs of the great ocean.

"Even such a shell the Universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith".

Thus if we go to Nature in the right mood---the mood of "wise passiveness"---taking with us, not the "meddling intellect",

after the drawing by "Alfred Croquis" (D. Maclise).

RYDAL WATER

but "a heart that watches and receives", we shall find Nature to be the greatest of all teachers. In a playful sally to a bookish friend, Wordsworth says:

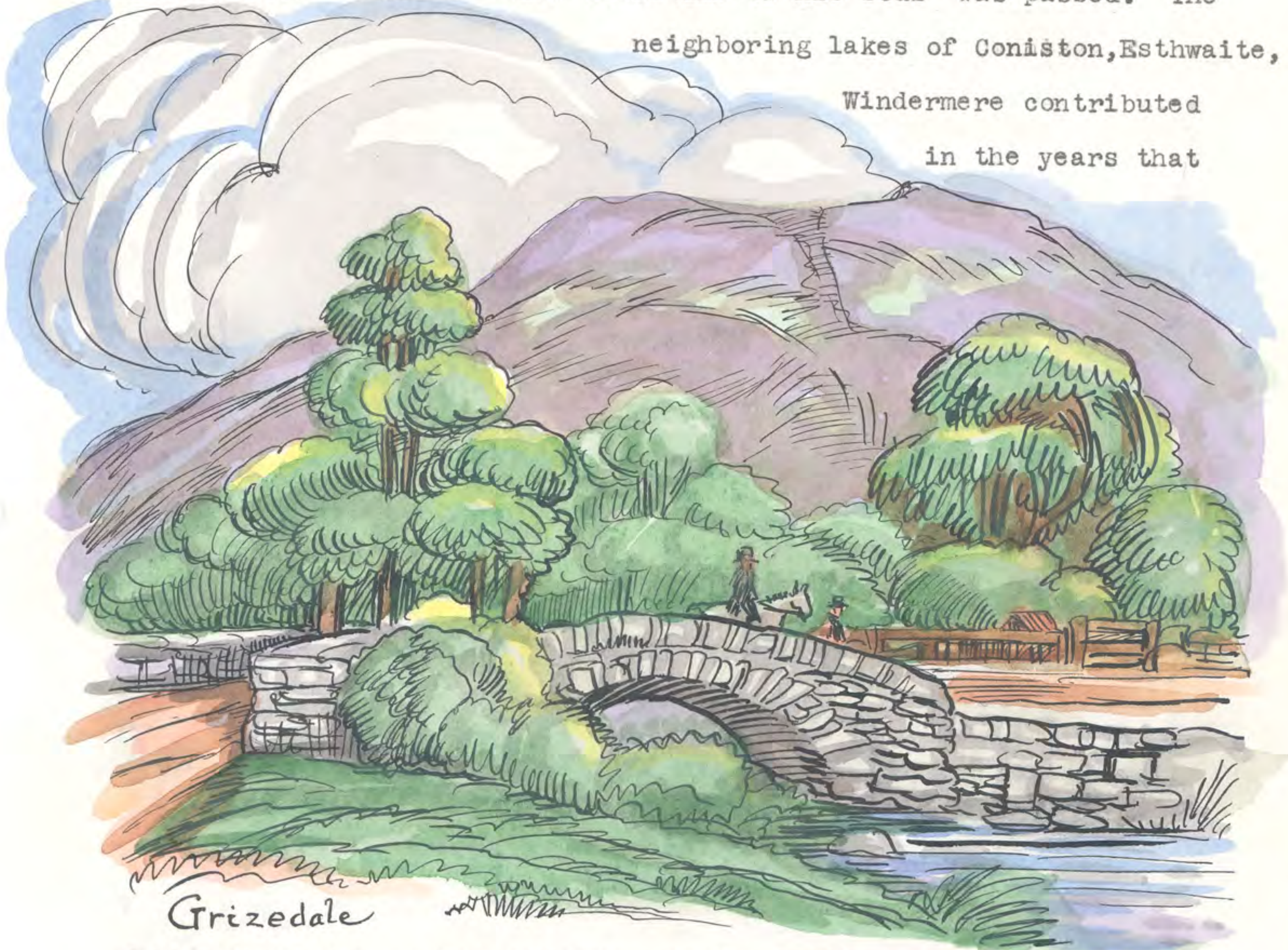
One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man;
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

To the poet, a beautiful scene speaks, when other voices are silent. The voice of nature conveys unutterable things that carry conviction.

WORDSWORTH'S WALK, RYDAL MOUNT.

The lakes and mountains of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire, are singularly fitted to supply such elements of moral sustenance as Nature's aspects can afford to man. In his "Guide to the Lakes", Wordsworth reveals a life-long intimacy with the sublimity and fascination of this region. Born at Cockermouth, on the outskirts of the Lake country, his mind was gradually led on to its beauty; and his

first recollections were of Derwent's grassy holms and rocky falls, with Skiddaw,"bronzed with deepest radiance",towering in the eastern sky. Sent to school at Hawkeshead,Wordsworth's scene was transferred to the other extremity of the Lake district. It was on the banks of the Esthwaite Water that the "fair seed-time of his soul" was passed. The neighboring lakes of Coniston,Esthwaite, Windermere contributed in the years that



followed to the gradual building of the poet's spirit. It was round Esthwaite that the boy used to wander at early dawn,rejoicing in the charm of words in tuneful order,and repeating his favorite verses,till "sounds of exultation echoed through the groves". It was on Windermere that he first realized the emotion which radiates from a scene of beauty....."ere nightfall,,,.we returned at leisure

Over the shadowy lake,and to the beach
Of some small island steered our course with one,
The minstrel of the troop,and left him there,
And rowed off gently,while he blew his flute

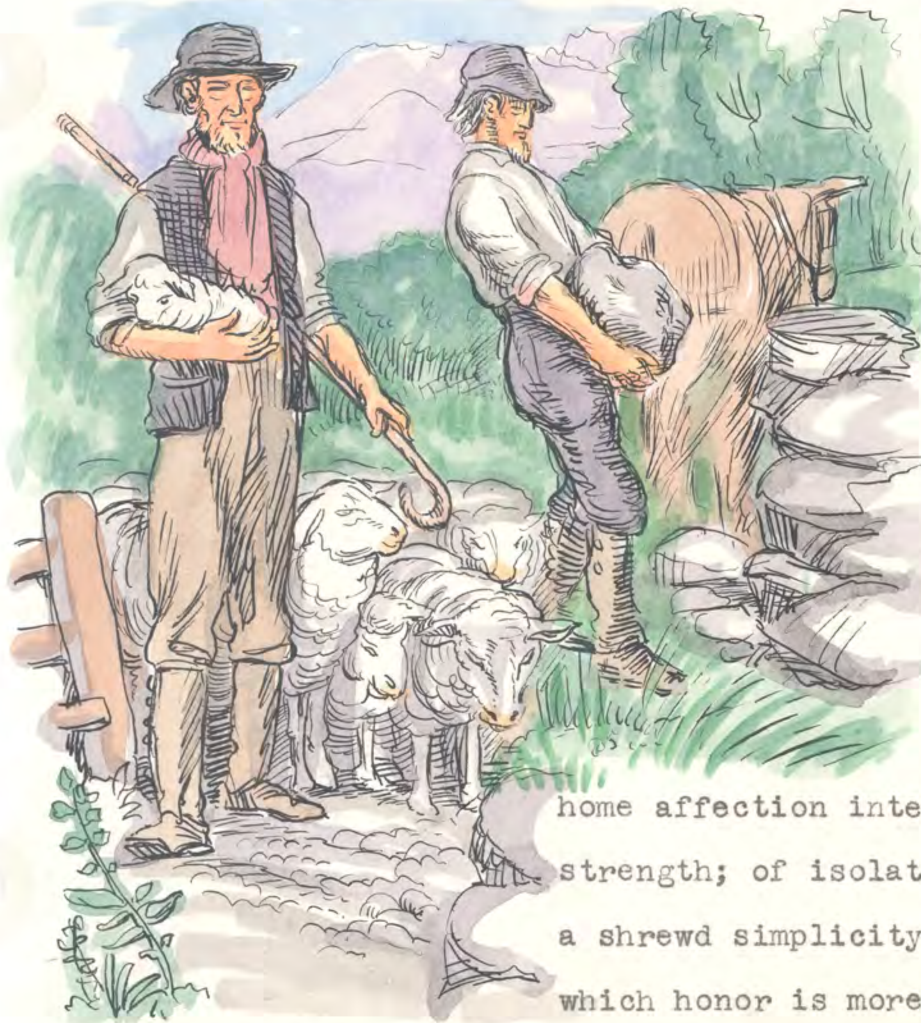
Alone upon the rock---oh,then the calm
And dead still water lay upon my mind
Even with a wiight of pleasure,and the sky,
Never before so beautiful,sank down
Into my heart,and held me like a dream!

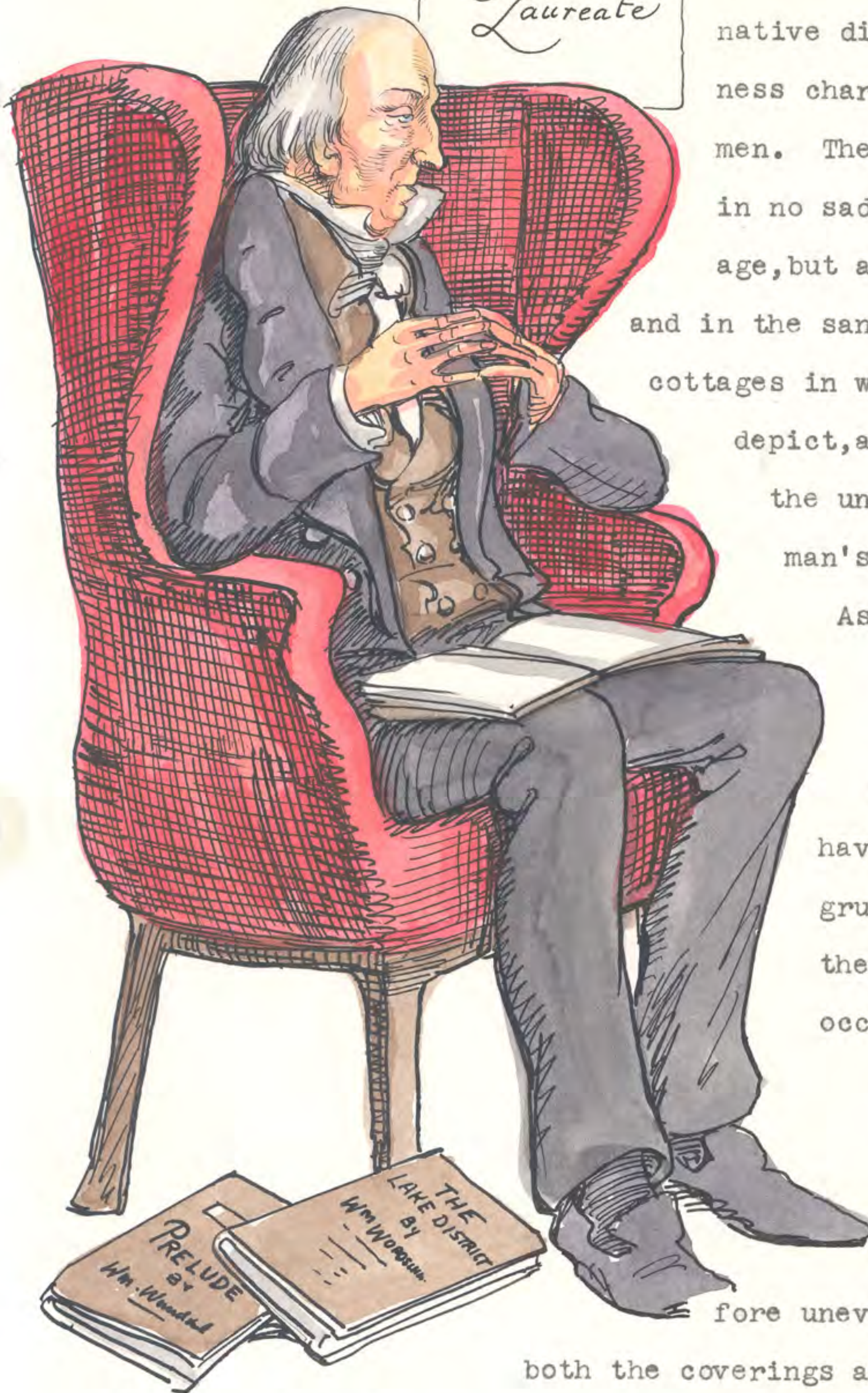
ULLESWATER HEAD

It is round the two small lakes of Grasmere and Rydal that the memories of Wordsworth are most thickly clustered. On one or other of these lakes he lived for fifty years. And there is not in all that region a hillside walk or winding valley which has not heard him murmuring out his verses as they slowly rose from his heart. It is "upon the forest-side in Grasmere Vale" that he laid the scene of "Michael",the poem which paints with such detailed fidelity both the

SEEING THE LAKES

inner and the outward life of a typical Westmoreland inhabitant. The "Prelude" was chiefly composed on the Easdale side of Helm Crag (Under Lancrigg), a place which he claimed he knew by heart. His intimate knowledge of the district included a great sympathy for the population--- the peasantry of Cumberland and Westmoreland, originally drawn from the strong Scandinavian stock, to whom the Lakes and Mountains of England were as solemn and beautiful as those of Norway. These Cumbrian dalesmen have given an example of substantial comfort strenuously won; of home affection intensified by independent strength; of isolation without ignorance, and of a shrewd simplicity; of a hereditary virtue to which honor is more than law. Thus in "The Old Cumberland Beggar", at one remove from nothingness, Wordsworth finds a





native dignity and a certain usefulness characteristic of these dalesmen. The Beggar's days are passed in no sad asylum of vicious or gloomy age, but amid neighborly kindnesses, and in the sanity of the open air. The cottages in which the Cumbrians dwell depict, according to Wordsworth, the unconscious adaptation of man's abode to his surroundings. As these houses have been, from father to son, inhabited by persons engaged in the same occupations, they have received without incongruity additions adapted to the needs of each successive occupant. Mostly built of rough-hewn stone and roofed with slates, rudely taken from the quarry, these dwellings are therefore uneven in their surface, so that both the coverings and the sides of the houses have furnished places of rest for the seeds of lichens, mosses, ferns and flowers. Add the little garden with its shed for bee-hives, its small bed of potherbs, and its borders and patches of flowers; an orchard of proportioned size; a cheesepress; a cluster of embowering sycamores for summer shade; and the little rill which murmurs in all seasons;---- combine these images together, and you have the representative idea of

a mountain cottage in the Lake Country.

Rydal Mount
occupied by WORDSWORTH from 1813 to his death in 1850.

Wordsworth's later home at Rydal Mount is equally full of poetic associations. The neighborhood of Hawkeshead and Rydal has received frequent attention in several poems. Langdale forms the principal scene of the discourses in the "Excursion". The road over Dunmailraise, which led to Keswick, where Coleridge and Southey had their home at Greta Hall, was the route over which "The Waggoner" plied his trade. It skirts the lovely shore of Thirlmere, fringed with delicate verdure. It was on the shores of Gowbarrow, on the road from Rydal to Ullswater, that the "daffodils danced beneath the trees". Mrs. Wordsworth contributed two of the best lines in the poem on the daffodils:

MRS. WORDSWORTH after a Miniature

> They flash upon the inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude.

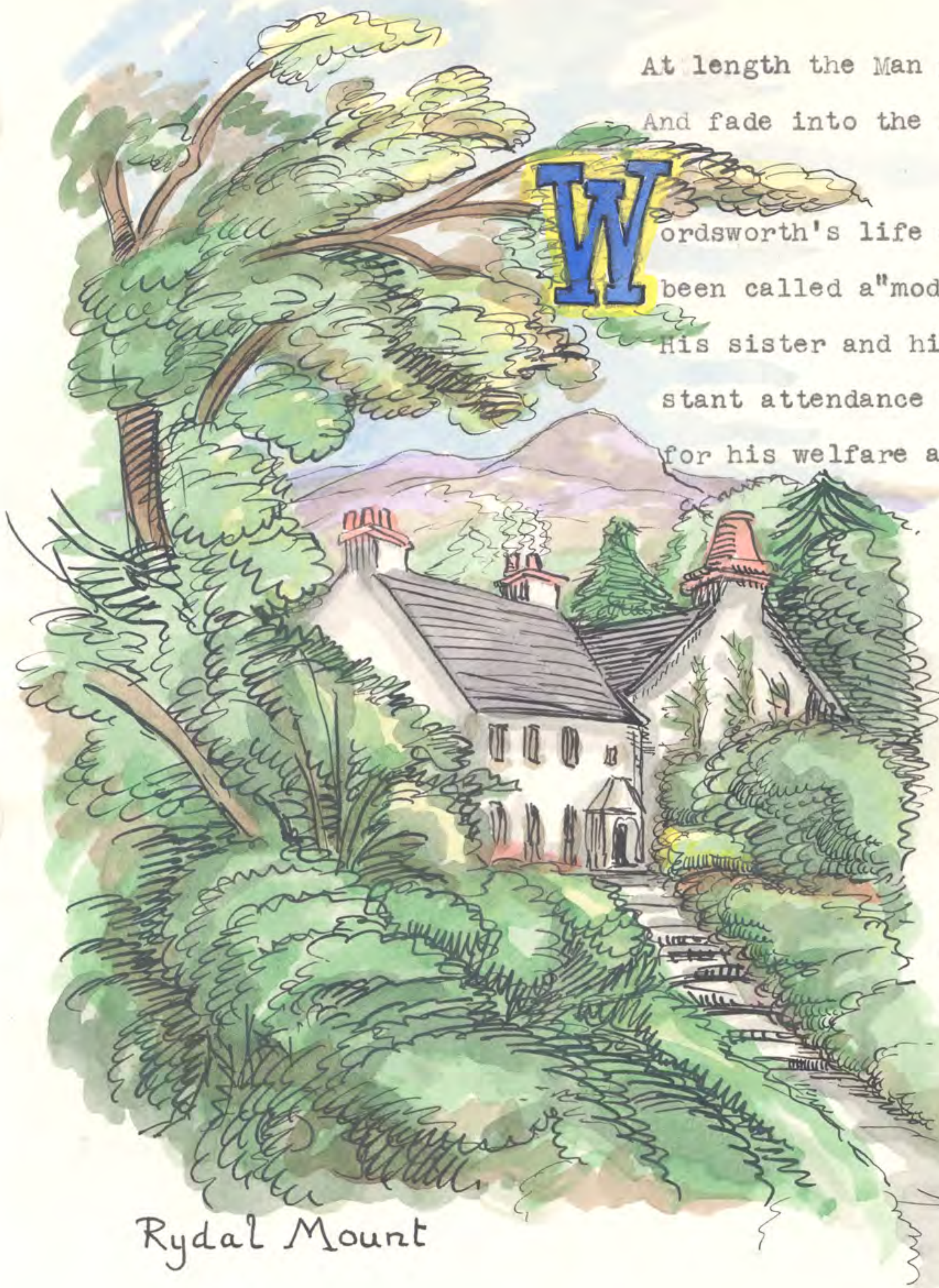
(In 1802, Wordsworth married Mary Hutchinson of Penrith, who in all matters in their home at Rydal Mount was a true helpmate, "dearer far than life and light are dear".)

WORDSWORTH at 77. from the sketch from life by WYON, made on April 21, 1847

To the period 1803-1806 belongs the wonderful "Ode on Intimations of Immortality", which Emerson regarded as the high-water mark of English poetry. From his early youth, without knowing it, Wordsworth had been a Platonist, and in the "Ode" he clings passionately to every remnant of those childhood flashes, when the glory of Nature startled him with "intimations" that afterwards seemed like reminiscences of a better world in which he had dwelt before he was born, with the assurance, if a man can hold fast to it, of his return thither after this life. The "Ode" is too long to quote, but whatever one may think of its truth, no one with a sense of poetic beauty can read without delight the magnificent stanza:

ur birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter darkness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily father from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;

At length the Man perceives it die
away,
And fade into the light of common day!



Wordsworth's life at Rydal Mount has been called a "model of domesticity". His sister and his wife were in constant attendance upon him, solicitous for his welfare and over-careful, perhaps, to preserve every bit of verse he wrote. He had numerous visitors, to whom he liked to read from his own poems. He became a great traveler, his tours taking him to Switzerland, Italy, France, and to Scotland several times, to Ireland, and to many localities in England. The later years brought him great popularity and honor. In 1839, the University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. Three years later, the government granted him a pension of 300 a year. In 1843, following the death of Robert Southey, he was with some difficulty persuaded to yield to the Queen's

WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE

personal wish to accept the post of Poet Laureate. There were seven years of the Laureateship, and then, on April 23 (the day of Shakespeare's birth and death), 1850, the "good old steel-gray figure" died and was laid to rest in Grasmere churchyard.

It will be remembered that of a day in June, 1797, a young man of twenty-four came "awkwardly bounding across the field" at Racedown to greet Wordsworth and his sister.

It was a moment of high import for English poetry, since the triple alliance thus begun resulted in long discussions and projects that ultimately led to the publication of a book of poems, "Lyrical Ballads", in 1798. Sir Edmund Gosse has observed that there are, perhaps, no two other English poets of anything like the same importance who

after Robert Hancock's
portrait of Coleridge

resemble one another so closely as do Wordsworth and Coleridge at the outset of their career. They were engaged together, in close companionship, in a "revolt" against the false canons of criticism which rhetorical writers had set up. They were interested in "recurring to a proper and beautiful use of common English." In so doing, it is not extraordinary that the style each adopted strictly resembled the style of the other! This is especially true of their blank verse, a form which both sedulously cultivated, and in which both were equally engaged in destroying that wooden uniformity of pause and cadence of eighteenth century verse. Readers of the "Nightingale" and the "Night Piece" of 1798 will see little difference in the work of Wordsworth and Coleridge. The accent, the attitude, are almost precisely identical.

Yet distinctions there were. And, as we become more familiar with the two poets, these differences predominate more and more over the super-

In 1795, Coleridge married Sara Fricker, the sister of Edith Fricker, who married Robert Southey.

-ficial likeness.

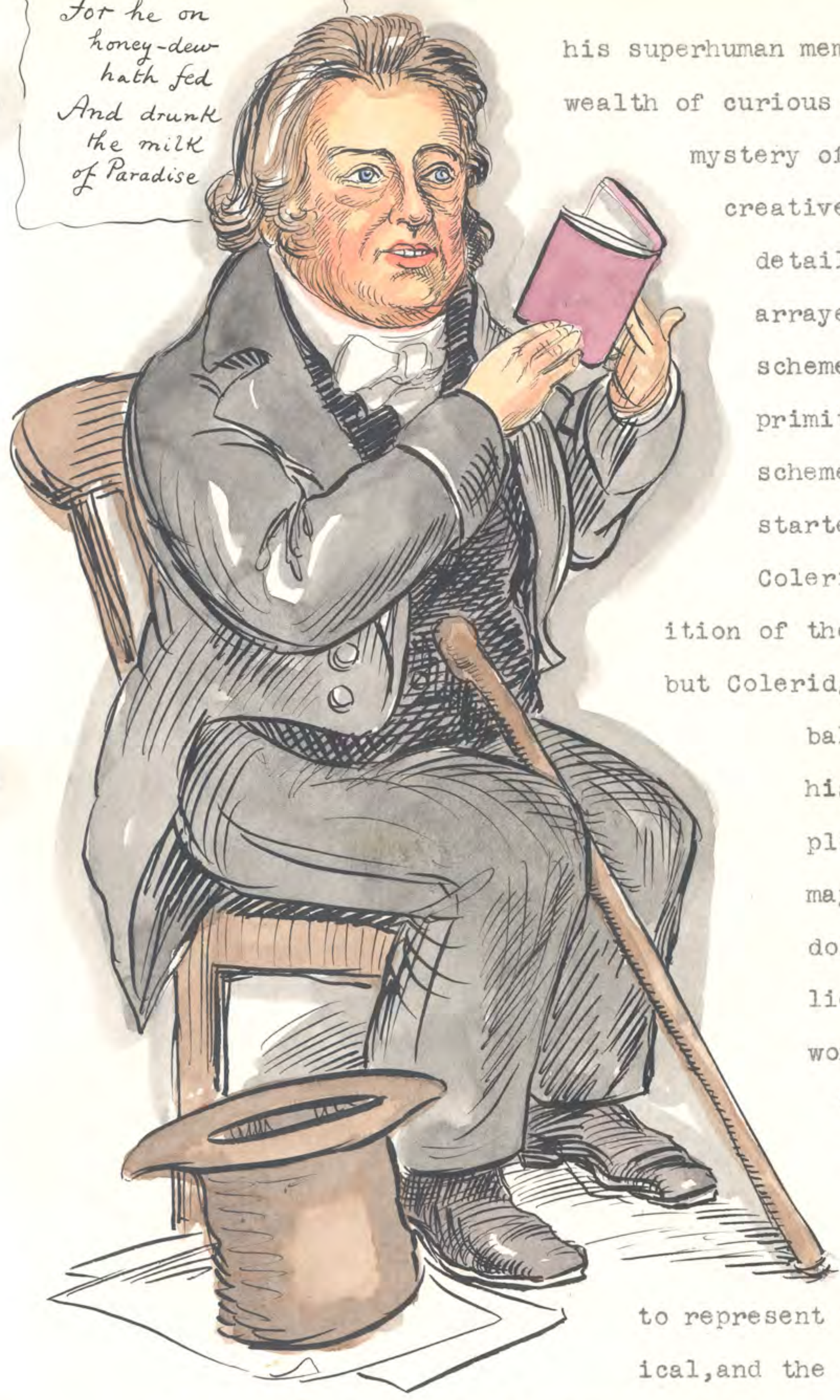
As a matter of fact, two more dissimilar personalities never had higher admiration for opposities! And probably in this combination of admiration and contrast lay the magic of the contact. It is easy to think of Coleridge with his brilliance of speech and his range of metaphysical speculation dominating the group---an irritant to Wordsworth's rather "sluggish self-assurance". On the other hand, about the silent Wordsworth (more than two years Coleridge's senior, and already tempered by experiences more real than any Coleridge had ever faced), there was a sense of reserve power and serenity.

Racedown

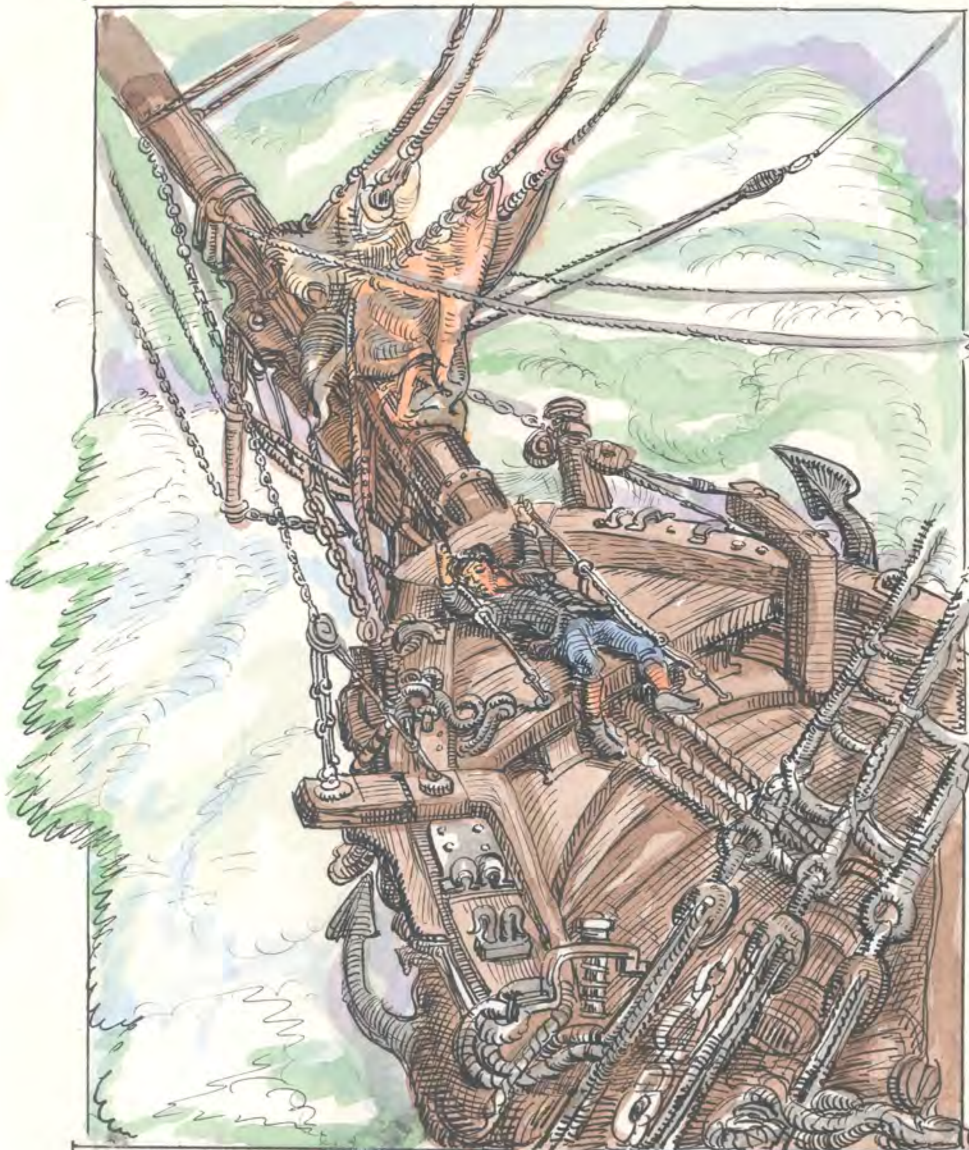
Coleridge's Cottage
Nether Stowey
where he wrote the
"Ancient Mariner"

Coleridge as a
Young Man

The year before he met the Wordsworths at Racedown, Coleridge had written: "I have read almost everything---a library cormorant. I am deep in all out-of-the-way books"; metaphysics, poetry, accounts of all strange phantasms, dreamers---these, he said, were his "darling studies." From all this reading



his superhuman memory had stored untold wealth of curious detail. Then by the mystery of a suddenly attuned creative imagination, the right details "are summoned and arrayed" in the simplest of schemes modelled after the primitive old ballad. The scheme of a joint poem was started by Wordsworth and Coleridge with the composition of the "Ancient Mariner", but Coleridge very soon took the ballad exclusively into his own hands. The simplicity of form and style may have been Wordsworth's doing. But the simplicity lies over depths and wonders and intimations that reach beyond any reader's range of wonder. And this is Coleridge. The ballad was to represent the mystical, the symbolical, and the transcendental beauty of the romantic and supernatural poems of a bygone age. Coleridge conformed to the guiding principle by writing the story of a mediaeval mariner who killed an albatross with his cross-bow---a story



in which the force of reality is given to what is purely imaginary. Of its kind there is, perhaps, nothing better in the English language. The lesson of the poem (though it was not written for its moral), is contained in the parting words of the mariner:

"Farewell, farewell!
but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding
guest:
He prayeth well who
loveth well
Both man and bird and
beast.

The Albatross — a long-winged ocean-bird.

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

Between 1797 and 1802, Coleridge was at the height of his powers. He wrote "Christabel" (part I), the "Ode to France", "Frost at Midnight", "Fears in Solitude", the "Hymn to Sunrise", and, after an opium dream, the magnificent fragment "Kubla Khan". In addition he wrote political articles for the "Morning Post" and "The Courier".

> All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
> All, all that stirs this mortal frame,
> All are but ministers of Love,
> And fan his sacred flame.
>
> O ever in my waking dreams
> I feed upon that happy hour
> When midway on the mount I sate
> Beside the ruin'd tower.
>
> The moonshine stealing o'er the scene
> Had blended with the lights of eve;
> And she was there, my Hope, my Joy,
> My own dear Genevieve!
>
> She lean'd against the armed man,
> The statue of the armed Knight;
> She stood and listen'd to my Harp
> Amid the lingering light.
>
> I play'd a soft and doleful air
> I sang an old and moving story;
> And old rude song that fitted well
> The ruin wild and hoary

MS of the opening stanzas of "Love".

His mind steeped in German thought (he had translated Schiller's trilogy, "Wallenstein"), Coleridge talked (or rather raved!) about many designs for great philosophical treatises. But he had no settled plans, and continual ill-health and domestic unhappi-

ness brought on profound depression of spirits. In an evil hour, he sought relief from bodily pain and mental anguish in laudanum. For a time his mind and character underwent a baleful and serious change. His "Ode to Dejection" possesses a deep biographical interest:

S. T. Coleridge

COLERIDGE'S AUTOGRAPH

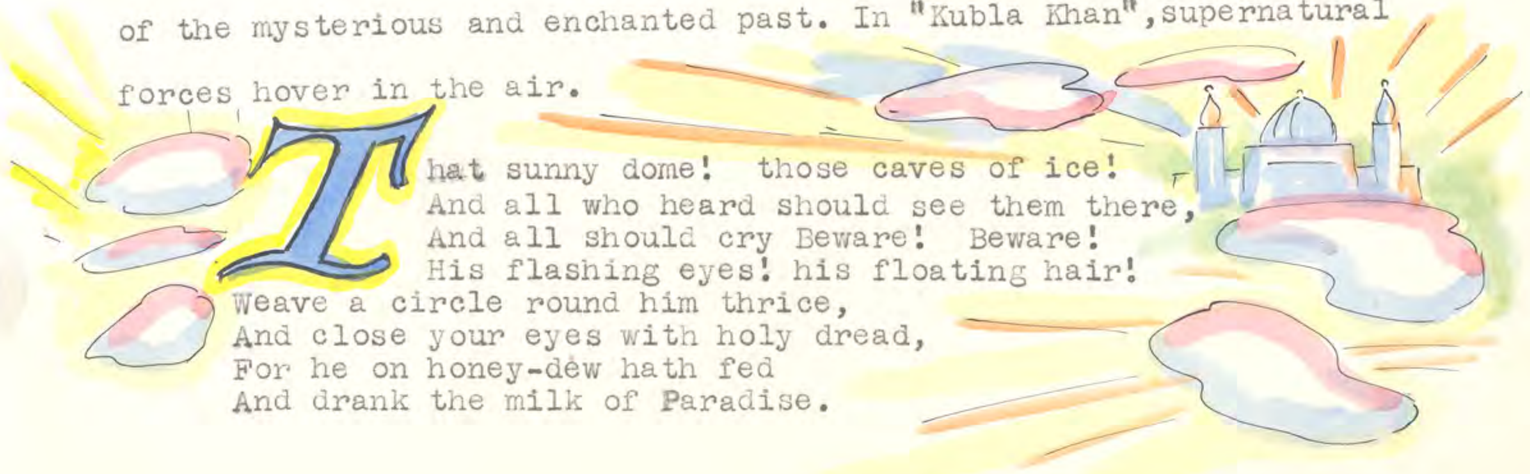
> But now afflictions bow me down to earth:
> Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth;
> But Oh! each visitation
> Suspends what Nature gave me at my birth,
> My shaping spirit of Imagination.

Among his contemporaries, Coleridge was noted for the surprising quality of his intellectual activity. Though his work was fragmentary, he

invented new forms of poetry,and introduced German metaphysics,which was not without effect on subsequent writers.

Coleridge's poetry was produced before I798. After that date,he dabbled in criticism and in theological matters. When his poetic faculty had passed away,he indulged in prose which seemed "unequal to any sustained and serious task". However,his colloquial powers still retained something of his former splendour. Said Lord Egmont,"he talked very much like an angel..." He was one of the ablest conversationalists of his day.

In taking leave of Coleridge,we shall cite a few passages from his poetry,to illustrate the outstanding feature of his genius---his use of the mysterious and enchanted past. In "Kubla Khan",supernatural forces hover in the air.



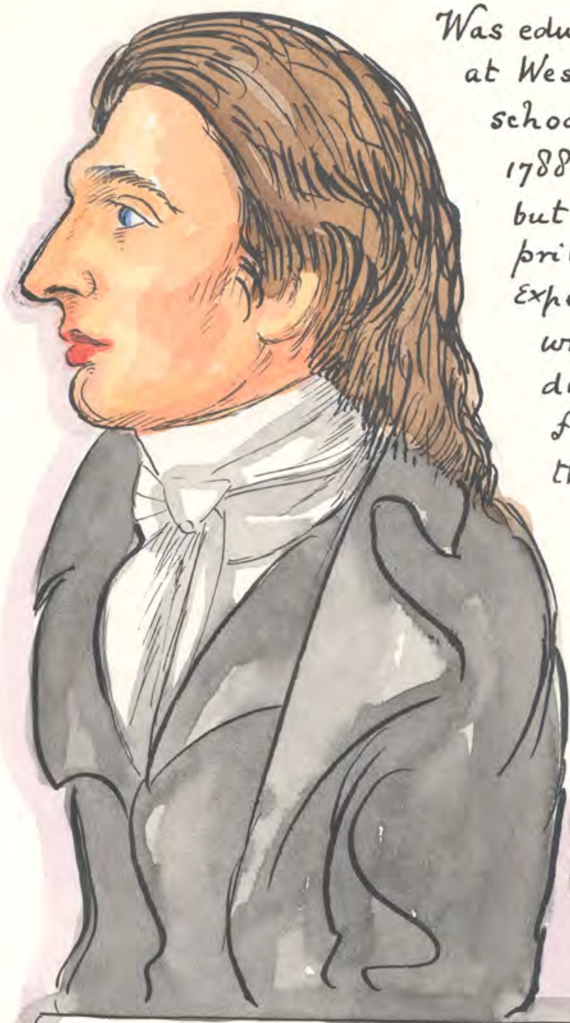
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes! his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed
And drank the milk of Paradise.

In the "Aeolian Harp", Coleridge shows us something of the transcendental spirit of the Romanticists:

And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic harps diversely framed,
That tremble into thought as o'er them sweeps,
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the soul of each, and God of all?

In 1812, he left Keswick and resided with Dr. Gillman in Highgate, London. Here he "emerged" as the "dusky sublime character" later visited by Thomas Carlyle and other young men who gathered round him to listen to his lectures. It was chiefly as a talker that he was now known. His lectures on Shakespeare, given in 1812, are among the chief contributions to the criticism of the great dramatist. Coleridge's philosophy of life, however, ---so priceless to his disciples,---he never formulated into a coherent scheme. The reason may well be understood from Carlyle's description of his conversation: "He began anywhere; you put some question to him, made some suggestive observation; instead of answering this...he would accumulate formidable apparatus, logical swim-bladders, transcendental life-preservers...for setting out; perhaps did at last get under way, but was swiftly solicited, turned aside by the flame of some radiant new game on his hand...."

Associated with Wordsworth and Coleridge in the Lake District was Robert Southey, who, in I8I3, succeeded a poetaster called Pye as Poet Laureate, and helped to raise the office from ridiculous obscurity in which it had lain since the days of Dryden, to a significant appointment. In I794, Southey met (and was instantly fascinated by) Coleridge, who communicated to him the dream of "Pantisocracy". The young men agreed to emigrate together to America. This was prevented by lack of funds. But in I795, they found a publisher in Bristol (Southey's home town) as enthusiastic as themselves, and a poet to boot---Joseph Cottle, who



Was educated at Westminster school from 1788 to 1792, but was privately expelled for writing disrespectfully of the DEVIL, to whom he attributed the invention of FLOGGING.

consented to publish their poems and give them money too. When Coleridge and Southey dreamed their early wild dream of "Pantisocracy", they thought it would be a good idea to marry sisters, Sara and Edith Fricker, of Bristol. Somehow or other, the dream of "Pantisocracy" could not be realized, and Southey sent away to visit his

GRETA HALL AND KESWICK BRIDGE

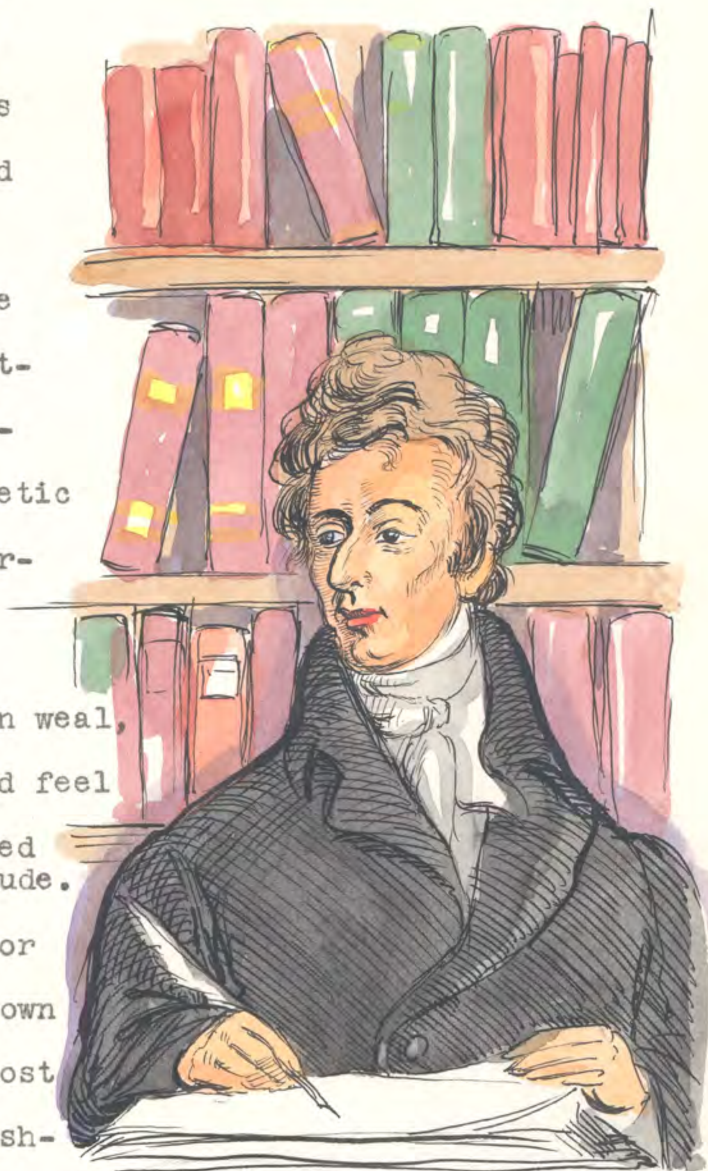
uncle Hill, who was chaplain of the English Legation in Lisbon. In six months, Southey was back in England and very busy with literary work. Soon there appeared the first of his epics, the story of Joan of Arc in twelve books. In 1801, Coleridge invited Southey and his family to Greta Hall. Two years later, the Southeys settled in the Lake District, and Greta Hall became their final resting-place. Eventually, Southey assumed the care of Coleridge's family in addition to that of his own; and "settled into Greta Hall like a tree", filling it with his interests and his loved possessions. Many

Greta Hall
where Coleridge lived with the Southeys.

of the rooms were lined with books, and the poet's own sitting-room (which was the largest

I 106 y

in the house) was "filled with the handsomest of them, arranged with much taste". Southey regarded his choice library as his much-prized treasure, and he used to contemplate these books "with even more pleasure and pride than the greatest connoisseur his finest specimens of the old masters". A pathetic and pretty poem tells us how dearly he loved them:



POET LAUREATE
1813 – 1843
D.C.L. of Oxford.
It was to describe Southey's nature that Coleridge coined the word RELIABILITY.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

Greta Hall was Southey's home for thirty-six years. Here he sat down at his desk to punctual and almost mechanical literary labor, publishing many epics ("The Curse of Kehama" perhaps the best known among them), several histories, and the biographies of Admiral Nelson, John Wesley, and other famous Englishmen. Lord Byron who met Southey in 1813, and who boldly mocked at Southey's poetry, confessed "his prose is perfect". In a luckier age, such a prolific writer would have soon been rich. But Southey received no decent recompense for his writings, and ---since literature was the trade of his life---his multitude of works were his tools. In 1835, he refused a baronetcy, an honor

foolishly offered to so poor a man; but he accepted a further pension of £300 a year. Southey's poems do no reach a level which justifies any lengthy comment. In his volume of "Metrical Tales and Ballads", however, we find such entertaining pieces as "The Battle of Blenheim", "The Inchcape Rock", and "The Cataract of Lodore". from which we take the opening lines:

After a Pencil Sketch of a WATERFALL by J. M. W. TURNER 1795

How does the water
 Come down at Lodore?"
My little boy asked me
Thus once on a time;
And moreover he asked me
To tell him in rhyme.

Anon at the word
 There first came one daughter
And then came another
 To second and third
The request of their brother
 And to hear how the water
 Comes down at Lodore
With its rush and its roar,
 As many a time
They had seen it before.

I told them in rhymes,
 For of rhymes I had store:
For their recreation
That so I should sing;
 Because I was Laureate
To them and the King.

---and with this beginning, the fond father and Laureate tells in a fascinating poem how the waterfall, starting from its source "in the tarn on the fell", moves through moss and brake, meadow and glade, until it plunges along, and all at once, with a mighty roar, "the water comes down at Lodore!" It is likely that the fond father and Laureate had his children in mind when he wrote the ever beloved story

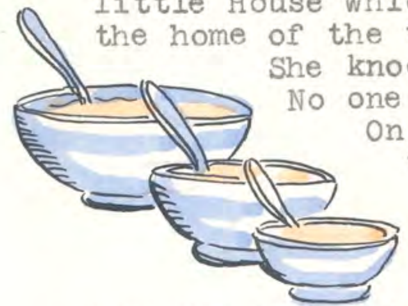
of the "three Bears", published in "The Doctor", a rambling miscellany which appeared between 1834 and 1847. The humor of this delightful "bed-side book" lay in making it as long as possible. Hence the inclusion of the nursery tale of the "Three Bears" and Goldilocks in the Romantic woods. We have told the story over and over again in our family, and

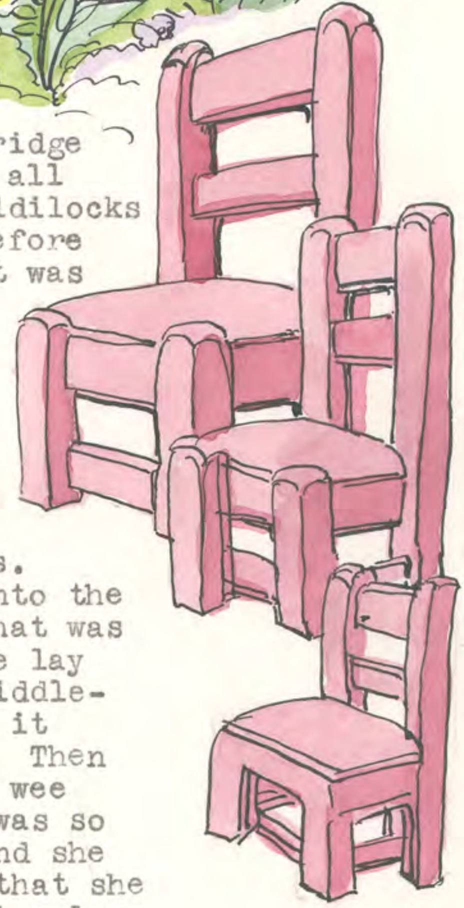
we shall tell it again in honor of Robert Southey (who told it well for the first time in the Lake District of England).

ONCE upon a time, there were three bears. One bear was Father Bear; one was Mother Bear; and one was Baby Bear. They lived happily in a snug little house in the woods. Better than anything else, these bears liked Porridge for breakfast, and every morning Mother Bear cooked a big pot of it and poured it out into three bowls to cool a bit. There was a big bowl for Father Bear, a middle-sized bowl for Mother Bear, and a wee bowl for Baby Bear.

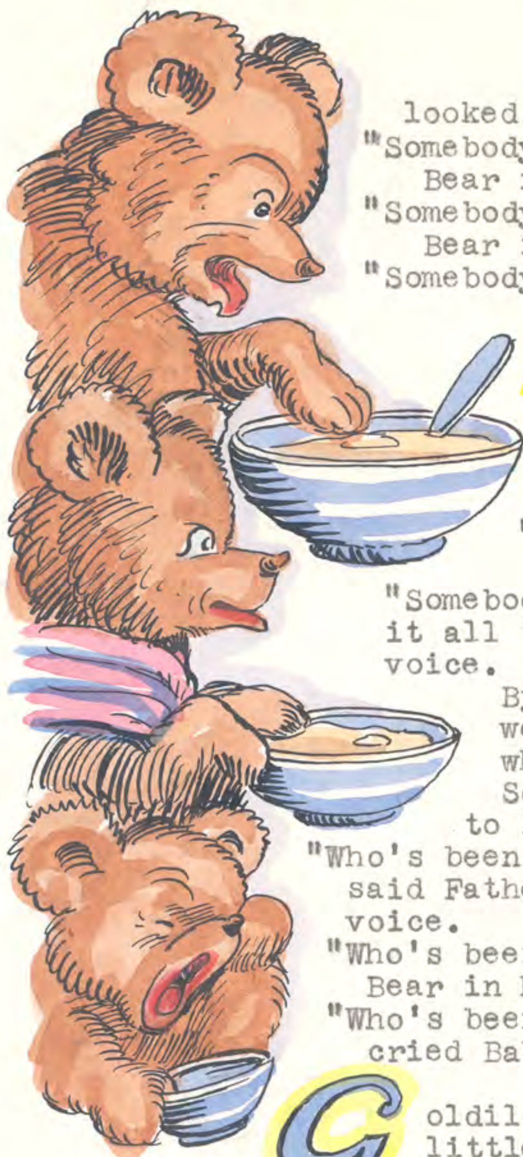
One fine morning, Father Bear said, "Let us take a walk in the woods while the Porridge cools". So the three bears went into the woods.

Now, the same morning, a little girl, named Goldilocks, who lived in the village near the woods, also thought she would go for a walk in the woods. After some time, she came to a dear little House which was in fact the home of the three bears. She knocked at the door. No one came, so she went in. On the table she saw the three bowls of porridge. She was hungry after her long walk, and tasted the porridge in the Big bowl, but that was too hot. Then she tasted the porridge in the Middle-sized bowl, but that was too cool. So she tasted the porridge in the Wee bowl, and it was just right. She ate it all up---every bit of it. Glancing about the room, Goldilocks saw three chairs, and she decided to sit a while before going home. She sat in Father Bear's chair, and it was too hard. She sat in Mother Bear's middle-sized chair, and it was too soft. Next she tried Baby Bear's wee chair, and it was just right. But she sat down so hard that she broke it apart. Now Goldilocks was so curious about the little house that she decided to go up-stairs. In a room at the head of the stairs, she found three beds. She climbed into the big bed, and that was too hard. She lay down in the middle-sixed bed, and it was too soft. Then she tried the wee bed, and that was so comfortable (and she was so tired) that she soon fell fast asleep.



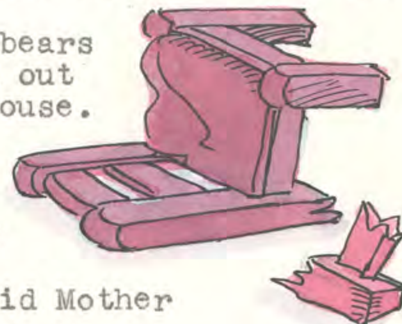


While Goldilocks lay asleep in the comfortable wee bed, the three bears returned from their walk in the woods. As soon as they entered their house, they went to the breakfast table and



looked at their bowls of porridge.
"Somebody has been eating my porridge", said Father Bear in a big gruff voice.
"Somebody has been eating my porridge", said Mother Bear in her middle-sized voice.
"Somebody's been eating my porridge, and has eaten it all up", said Baby Bear in a little wee voice.

Then the three bears went into the living room, and they saw the chairs.
"Somebody has been sitting in my chair", said Father Bear in a big gruff voice.
"Somebody has been sitting in my chair", said Mother Bear in her middle-sized voice.
"Somebody's been sitting in my chair, and has broken it all to pieces", said Baby Bear in his little wee voice.



By this time the three bears were determined to find out who had been in their house. So they went up-stairs to look at their beds.
"Who's been lying in my bed?", said Father Bear in a big gruff voice.
"Who's beein lying in my bed?", said Mother Bear in her middle-sized voice.
"Who's been lying in my bed?....And here she is...!" cried Baby Bear in his little wee voice.

Goldilocks woke up at once when she heard the little wee voice of Baby Bear. She sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes. When she saw the three bears, she was so surprised that she sprang to her feet, and ran home through the woods as fast as she could.......

We agree with Southey's many friends and admirers that the dear fellow is worth knowing for the man himself, if not for most of his work. He had a boy's heart, relished nonsense, and, like Squire Hardcastle, loved his family, old friends, old books, and old wine---if it was to be had. He supported the original romantic impulse by his personality and courage, even if he added very little to it.

A much greater force than Robert Southey, in popularizing and fixing the Romantic tradition in literature was Sir Walter Scott who won tremendous popularity by his tales in verse, from 1799 to 1814.

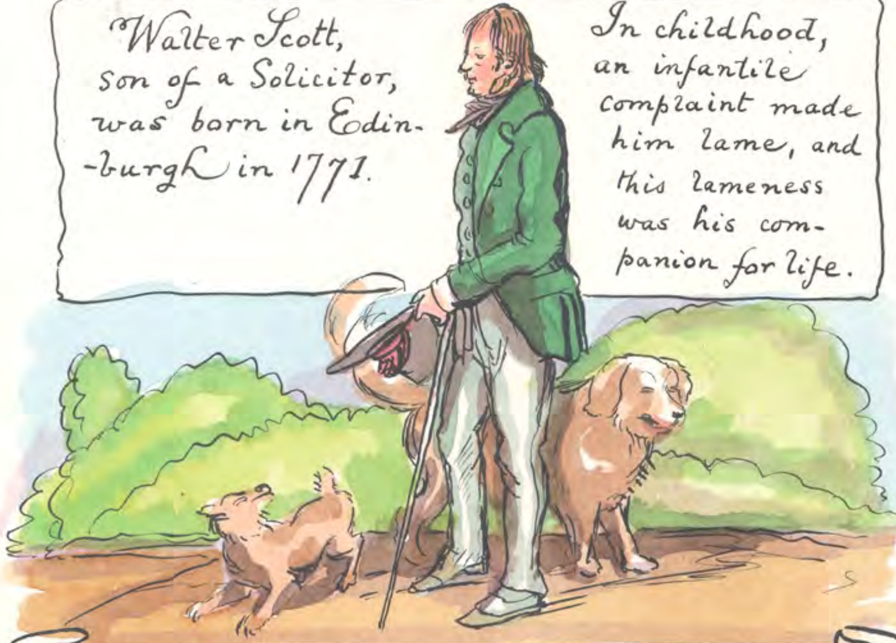
Inspired by a study of Bishop Percy's "Reliques" and by such ballad poetry as he himself found in Scotland, the young Edinburgh lawyer turned to the writing of metrical romances. A short while after the "Lyrical Ballads" were published, Scott came into public view with his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border", which turned out to be an immediate success. Says Carlyle, a brother Scotsman, "This proved to be a well from which flowed one of the broadest rivers". Indeed, Scott's ballads were a new kind of poem. The mediaeval romances had been unreal, and with little humor or sense of character. Scott, a born maker of stories, had the ability to combine something

I am dear Sir
your obliged Servant
Walter Scott

of the poetic atmosphere of Coleridge's "Christabel" with a border incident in which rugged fighting men in their iron basnets, leather jerkins, jack-boots, played an active and interesting part. The transition from ballads to original poems, in which the legends and history of the same region were embodied, was easily made in "The Lady of the Lake", "The Lay of the Last Minstrel, and in "Marmion". These "novels told in verse" were read with enthusiasm by young and old.

The Arms of Sir Walter Scott

"I am sensible", said Scott", that if there is anything good about my poetry....it is a hurried frankness of composition, which pleases soldiers, sailors and young people of bold and active dispositions". When Wordsworth and his sister paid Scott a visit at Lasswade in 1803, they listened to a reading of these rapid and energetic tales by the Scottish bard; and said Wordsworth:



"He (Scott) read and partly recited, sometimes in an enthusiastic kind of

chant, the first four cantos of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"; and the novelty of the manners, the clear picturesque descriptions, and the easy glowing energy of much of the verse greatly delighted me."

Wordsworth and Coleridge rose to greater poetic heights than Scott. But those heights appealed to a smaller public. Scott had the power of kindling romantic feeling for the past---that romantic feeling which is mingled of love, reverence, and wonder---in the hearts of multitudes of readers.

after a sketch by Harold Siehel

"She is Won! We are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur

As children, we remember being led into poetry by the reading of such stirring and spirited ballads as "Lochinvar", which is a song in "Marmion"

Oh! young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

In lilting rhythm, the story is told of the fair Ellen of Netherby Hall,

The Wizard of the North

O Great and gallant Scott,
True gentleman, heart, blood and bone
I would it had been my lot
To have seen thee, and heard thee, and known.
(Tennyson)

whom Lochinvar rescues from a cruel fate.

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow", quoth young Lochinvar.

The texture of Scott's prosody

is thinner and looser than that of his greater contemporaries. Nor are his reflections as penetrating or as exquisite as the best of theirs. "Nevertheless", observes Sir Edmund Gosse, "the divine freshness and exuberance of Scott's ballads are perennial in many of his epidodes, and many of his songs are of the highest positive excellence". For youthful readers

in particular, Scott's poetry had the power of kindling an interest in the past,an interest in the splendor of pageant and dress and ancient activities and institutions. Also,it had the power of instilling a reverence for noble deeds and sacrifice,for chivalrous adventure of love and honor.

ABBOTSFORD, SCOTT'S RESIDENCE AFTER 1811.

Some of the battle scenes are unsurpassed for their vividness and power. In the songs that are included in the metrical romances,the lyrical faculty is strong and effective. Take for example Ellen's song in the"Lady of the Lake":

Soldier,rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battle-fields no more,
Days of danger,nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing;
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier,rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more:
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking,
Morn of toil,nor night of waking!

SCOTT'S CHAIR AT ABBOTSFORD.

Who can forget the description of the combat between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu in "The Lady of the Lake"? Or the battle scene in "Marmion"? The beautiful pictures of wood and lake and castle attracted generations of readers throughout the British Isles,and helped in no small measure to introduce English readers to Scotland.

The Outlines of this melancholy tale may be found at greatest length in Ashmoles history of Berkshire although it is alluded to in many other works which treat of Leicesters history. The ingenious translator of Camoens William Julius Mickle has made the Countesses tragedy the subject of a beautiful elegy called Cumnor Hall which concludes with these lines

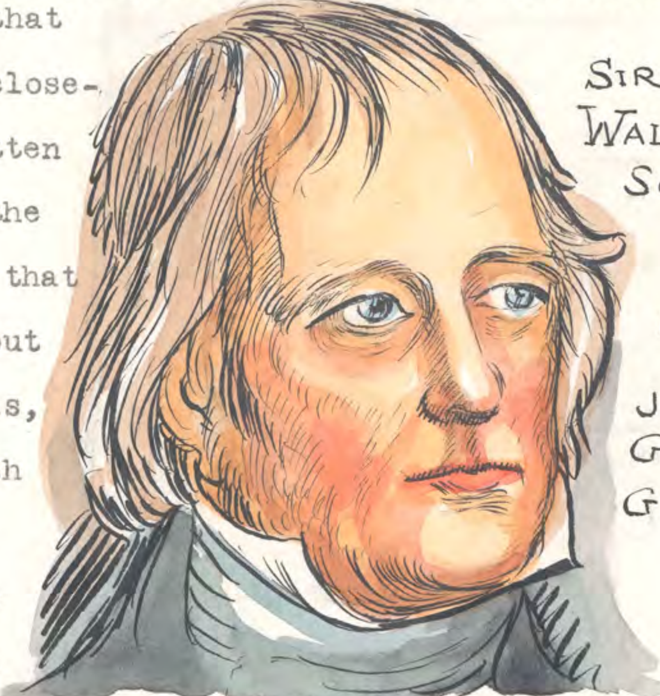
The village maids with fearful glance
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall

And many a traveller has sighd
And pensive mourned that lady's fall
As wandering onward he has sped
The haunted towers of Cumnor hall.

Finis

SPECIMAN OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S HANDWRITING

But Scott himself realized that the range of his poetry was closely limited. When he had written "The Lord of the Isles" and the "Bride of Triermain", he knew that he had got all the best ore out of his vein, and that there was, apart from his lyrics, not much more of the old lightness of touch, and the "gallop over the moors of poetry", left in him.



SIR WALTER SCOTT after the painting by JOHN GRAHAM GILBERT

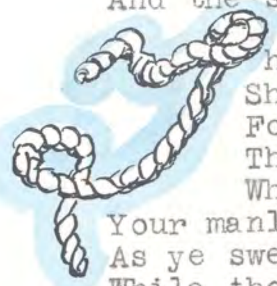
Consequently, he decided to leave poetry behind, and take up something different. In 1814, when he found the first chapter of "Waverley" in a drawer of his table, he began a new and a greater fame--- as a novelist!

In the same year in which the "Lyrical Ballads" appeared, a poem was published in Edinburgh, and was an instantaneous success. The poem, "The Pleasures of Hope", was the work of a poet younger than either Wordsworth or Coleridge,---Thomas Campbell, a youth of one and twenty. Beneath the smooth and glossy artificial Popean crust of Campbell's style, there was in "The Pleasures of Hope" something of the Revolutionary spirit, and the poem confirmed the reputation he had won as a writer of some spirit at the University of Glasgow. On the proceeds of the poem, he visited the continent, remaining nearly a year abroad. From his continental trip, Campbell brought back the poem "Ye Mariners of England"; and in recognition of his talent as a poet was given a crown pension of £200 annually, beginning in 1805; and in 1826 wound up with the distinction of the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University. Campbell was always directly influenced by the political circumstances of the time, and his restless and intensely sympathetic spirit found polular expression in such poems as "Ye Mariners of England", "Hohenlinden", "The Soldier's Dream", "The Battle of the Baltic"---poems contributed to the "Morning Chronicle" before he settled in London to the more commonplace labor of editorship of the "New Monthly Magazine". His poetic talent is one of the finest of the period, despite his limited accomplishment.

Study for the
BRIDGEWATER SEA PIECE
in pen and ink and color
by J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.
1801.

Thomas Campbell's love of England is expressed in his famous "naval ode", which was signed "Amator Patriae" and became one of the most popular songs of the nation.

e Mariners of England
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe,
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.



he spirit of your fathers
Shall start from every wave;
For the deck it was their field of fame,
The ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow!

The year after the publication of Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope", another young poetic adventurer, Thomas Moore, arrived in London with a bundle of manuscripts, in search of fame.

Yet in a few months, this adventurer became one of the lions of London society, and numbered the Prince of Wales among the subscribers to a sumptious edition of his translations. From that time forward, Tom Moore held a high place among the most popular poets of his generation. Unlike Campbell, Moore was in sympathy with the poets of the "romantic movement", and was long associated with Byron and others in popular estimation. The artificial prettiness and smoothness of his verse are seen to perfection in his chain of Oriental Romances, "Lallah Rookh", and in his fascinating songs. Every Irish Song Book is full of his songs. He is reported to have done for Ireland what Burns did for Scotland. He caught in lyric verse the sentiment of his people, though what Moore caught was rather the surface than the depths. Anyway, no better exemplar of the perennially popular song can be found than his "Last Rose of Summer" and "Oft in the Stilly Night", which spring from a tuneful Irish mind.

Oft in the Stilly Night - *written and set to music by* TOM MOORE

Oft in the still-y night, Ere slum-ber's chain has bound me,

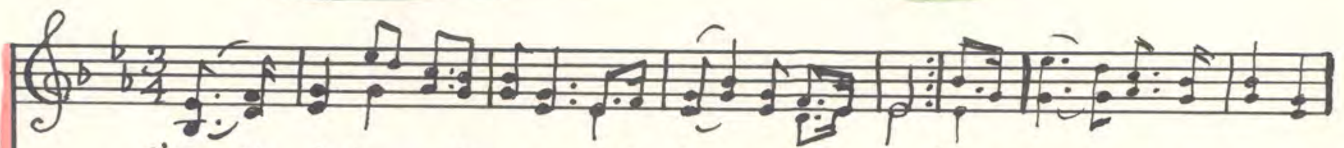
Fond mem-'ry brings the light Of other days a round me -

fine

It is as a writer of songs to be sung, and not of poems to be read, that Tom Moore established his hold on the public mind. His exquisite singing of his own songs made him the rage of London society. It is hardly an exaggeration to describe him as the last of the Troubadours, or (to be more precise) as the last of the Joglars---of the men to whom Bishop Percy gave the name of Minstrels. In anecdote, small-talk, and especially in singing of entertaining lyrics, Tom Moore was supreme in the fashionable drawing-rooms of London. Here are a few of the songs upon which his fame rests, and songs which will continue to stay on men's lips for many years to come:

The harp that once thro' Ta- ra's halls The soul of mu- sic shed,

The Last Rose of Summer by Tom Moore



1 {'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom-ing a-lone; / All her love-ly com-pan-ions Are fad-ed and gone;} No flow-er of her kin-dred,

No rose-bud is nigh, To re-flect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
O, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

Tom Moore has never been given quite the credit which is due to him for the essential trueness of the sentiment which he expresses. In marrying words to music, says James Stephens, "Moore stands with the very greatest in the language".

Charles Lamb
at the
age of 23
after a
drawing
by Robert
Hancock
1798.

Yours harmonically
CL

Elia
after the sketch
by Daniel Maclise
R.A.

Acquainted with the "Older Romantics", and in close association with them, were the three important essayists of the age. Charles Lamb had been a friend of Coleridge ever since they met as schoolboys at Christ's Hospital in London. In his early manhood, Lamb (like Wordsworth and Coleridge) was a "romantic poet". His first published works were three sonnets which Coleridge included in his volume of poems in 1796. The second essayist, Thomas De Quincey, enjoyed similar intimacy with Lamb and the Coleridge group, and occupied Wordsworth's old home, "Dove Cottage" in Grasmere, for many years. He desired ---by instinct and intention---to become the Wordsworth of prose-reform. Also intimate with the Coleridge and Lamb group was the third essayist, William Hazlitt.

Charles Lamb is one of the few whose readers are not content merely to admire or simply appreciate. Their hearts go out to him. Those who knew him

after the water-color drawing by G. F. Joseph

in the flesh were of the same heart and mind as his friends of to-day. The most faithful image of Lamb is in his letters, overflowing with sensible non-sense, puns, capers, and personalities at once gentle and pungent. The diverting news and gossip, odd likes and dislikes, the quiant phrases and home shots, were to all appearances unstudied and spontaneous. The same engaging person, observes Professor Osgood, comes forward in the "Essays of Elia", but with a difference. These are the poetic version of Lamb himself, as his letters are the prose. In the essays, composed from time to time for the public print, are "the quintessence of all his other work. His "Essays of Elia", fifty-three in all, represent the high-water mark of the familiar style. Gentle

TOM HOOD'S DRAWING OF MARY LAMB

Charles and Mary Lamb — who had grave cause for unhappiness, but found happiness in each other's companionship.

CHINESE MOTTO ("Love one Another")

和氣致祥

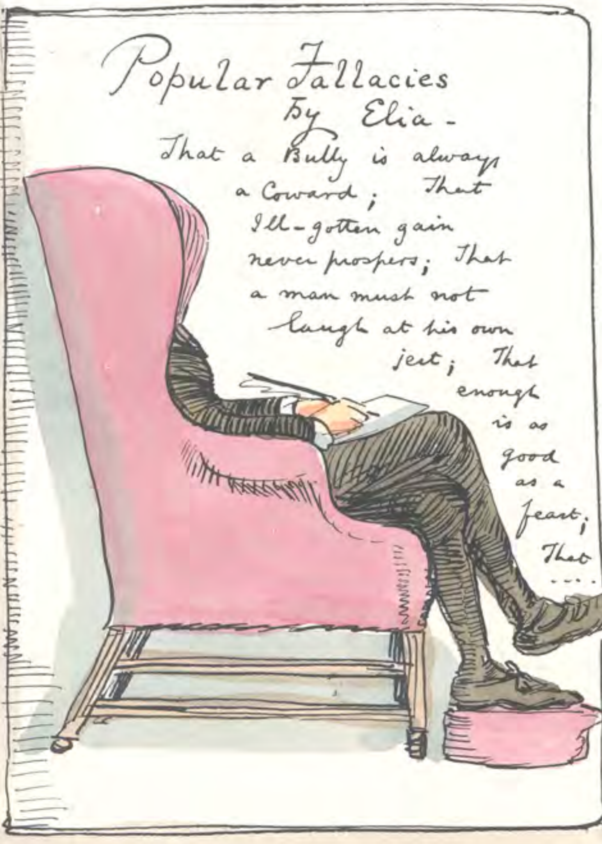
after a sketch by C.E. Brock

and delicate in humor, simple, unconventional---they lead the reader on and on without once making him feel the immense store of learning upon which they are based, or the painstaking care with which they are composed. "A Dissertation upon Roast Pig" may illustrate the qualities that have endeared Lamb to five generations of readers. It is, first of all, a laughter-provoking essay. Also it is a bit of fun poked at those who were busy "discovering" old manuscripts revealing the source of all things. Moreover, it is a satire upon the human propensity for putting forth great effort to achieve small results. (Lamb really believed that the gains were entirely too trifling to compensate for the disturbances caused by the revolutions and other social upheavals at the end of the Eighteenth century). Here is the opening paragraph from "A Dissertation upon Roast Pig":

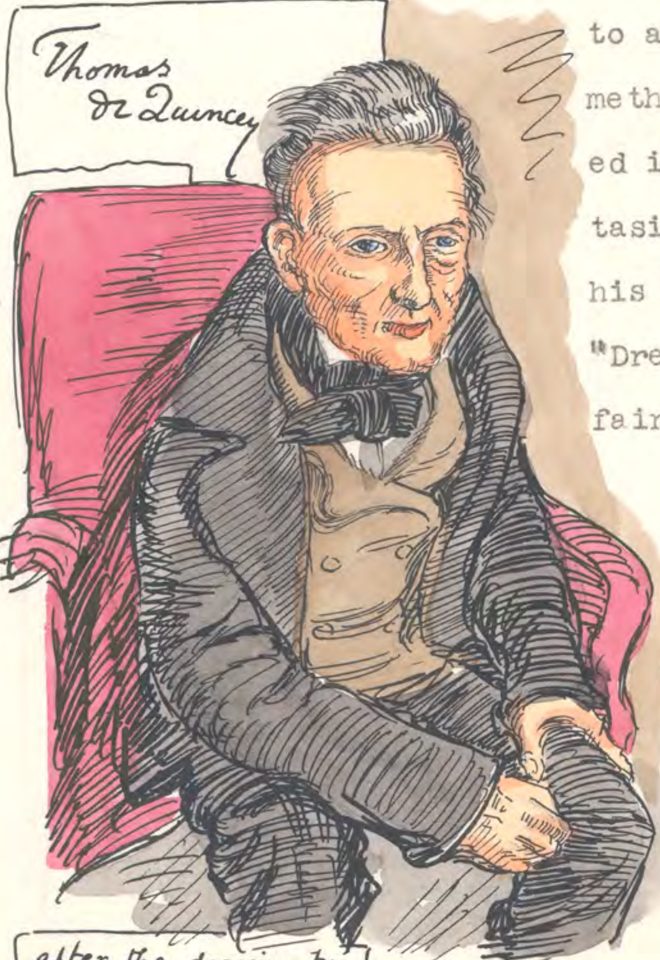
> Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M--- was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing and biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. The period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cook's Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or

rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swine-herd Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast (nuts, acorns, etc. used as food for hogs), left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflageration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage, what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished....Bo-bo was in the uttermost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement...as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he would say to his father...an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? Not from the burnt cottage...Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip....He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it), he tasted crackling ! ..... "O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats". The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig. ....Ho-ti trembled in every joint, while he grasped the abominable thing..... In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter... It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down more frequently than ever....The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. ...Thus this custom of house firing continued, till in process of time, says the manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (burnt, as they call it), without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it...By such slow degrees (first on a gridiron, then on spit), concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their way among mankind.

In other essays, Lamb discusses "Poor Relations", "Old China", and "Dream Children"; and for their complete understanding some acquaintance is required with the facts of his life. It is the story of a city clerk, devoting himself to the care of his sister, Mary, who was subject to violent attacks of insanity, and of writing, in order to earn a little extra, and to make life a bit more enjoyable. How often brother and sister changed their lodging, and how often Charles was alone, and how sad, and with what deepening sadness; and the brother's devotion to the sister; and the poverty consecrated by cheerfulness;---supply the personal note to sentiments of universal import in the essays. Although Lamb accepted the principles of the Lake Poets, he lacked their exaltation in the presence of nature. He was essentially an urban, not a rural, product. London was his medium---its streets, shops, theaters, lamps, watchmen, noises, smells, smoke, dirt and mud, etc. He found it impossible to be dull in Fleet Street; and he confessed to "frequent tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life".



The second essayist of the "Lake" group, drawn into it by the attraction of Wordsworth and Coleridge and Southey, was Thomas De Quincey ---a slight, wiry, reticent fellow with "a talent for silence". In his twenties he became addicted to opium---the practice began in paroxysms of pain from toothache and other ills---and he rather exploited his habit and his struggles with it. His art is, at its best, like Charles Lamb's---reminiscent and autobiographic. His famous "Confessions of an English Opium Eater" is classed among the great autobiographies of the language, though, no doubt, he has thrown over the incidents the transforming light of imagination. His gift for reverie, heightened by opium,---the whole process may be followed in his "Confessions"---gave rise to a literary method, expressed in his "fantasies", of which his "Suspiria" and "Dream Fugue" are fair examples.



after the drawing by James Archer

THOMAS DE QUINCEY
from a miniature

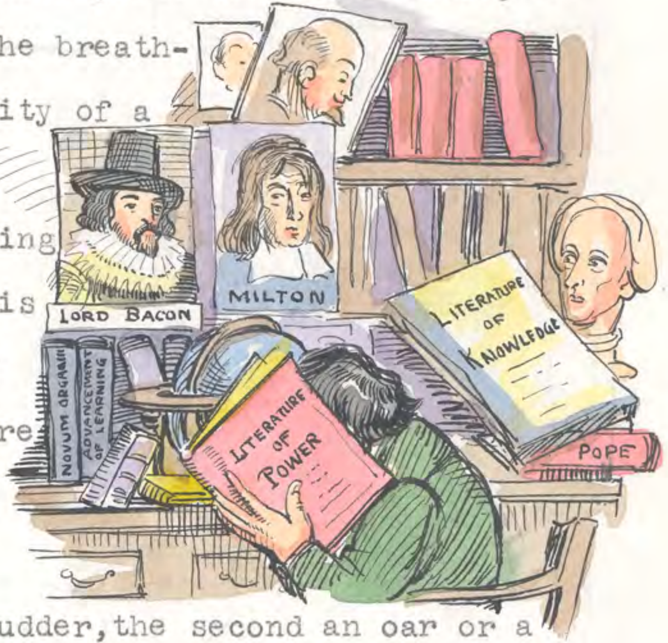
Like Wordsworth, De Quincey transfigures in the act of artistic creation the remembered events and faces of common life. But unlike Wordsworth, he lets them undergo the "chemistry of dreams", so that they come out altered by fantasy, and with a glory upon them that is not of

the daylight. Like Coleridge, De Quincey watched the workings of his own mind, and the phases of his fever, and found--or made---color and music for his visions. Rejecting the common opinion that style is the "dress" of thought, he defined style as the "incarnation" of thought, and bestowed much care on his compositions. He took great pains to frame "musical sentences", the melody of which is stately and rich. In his well-known description of the English Mail Coach, there are several examples of magnificent and involved melody.

Horses! can these be horses that bound off with the action and gestures of leopards? What stir---what a thunder of wheels!---what a trampling of hoofs!---what a sounding of trumpets!---what farewell cheers! ...A fiery arrow seems to be let loose, which from that moment is destined to travel, without intermission, westwards for three hundred milespppnorthwards for six hundred....Heads of every age crowd to the windows...We passengers; I on the box, and the two on the roof behind me, raise our hats to the ladies; the coachman makes his professional salute with the whip; the guard even touches his hat...

As a servant of journalism, De Quincey was driven to become a

modern "pressman for bread". He was forced to write endless magazine articles in order to provide for his growing family. This necessity determined the scale of all his works. None of his compositions amounted to a "book", and most of them are rearly long-drawn-out essays, with digressions as frequent as those of Coleridge. The most elaborate of his works, "The Revolt of the Tartars", depicts the migration of an Oriental nation, hurrying in an irresistible march across a continent. It is a remarkable piece of prose history---with the breathless intensity of a novel!



To De Quincey we owe an interesting distinction in literature. "There is first," he says, "the literature of knowledge, and, secondly, the literature of power. The function of the first is to teach; the function of the second is to move; the first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail." In his "Whigism in its Relations to Literature", ---the first example of De Quincey's direct criticism---we have what might be called the Anatomy

of a Pedant. De Quincey survived his opium and his illness to an advanced age. He was actively writing till the middle of the century.

With the coming of the Romantic movement, criticism in literature and art took on a new character. The critic of the eighteenth century had stood guard at the door of literature, to see that only literature in correct dress was admitted. To the second generation of romanticism may be traced the development of a new style in critical writing which put an end to the old pseudo-classic method of criticism, founded on a misrepresentation of Aristotle. The new sensitive criticism was founded on comparison with ancient and exotic types of writing, a sympathetic study of nature, and a genuine desire to appreciate the writer's contribution on its own merits. Of this new school of critics, Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt (with Coleridge and Lamb) were significant members.

Admit the bearer to my Lectures on English Poetry
Wm. Hazlitt.

William Hazlitt justly ranks as one of the foremost of the

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE who inspired William Hazlitt and other young Critics.

LONDON PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,
SCOT'S CORPORATION HALL
CRANE COURT, FLEET STREET,
(ENTRANCE FROM FETTER LANE)

MR. COLERIDGE
WILL COMMENCE
ON MONDAY, NOV. 18th,
A COURSE OF LECTURES ON SHAKESPEAR AND MILTON, IN ILLUSTRATION OF
THE PRINCIPLES OF POETRY, AND
their Application as Grounds of Criticism to the most popular Works of later English Poets, those of the living included.

The course will extend to fifteen lectures, which will be given on Monday and Thursday evenings successively. The Lectures to commence at ½ past 7 o'clock.

Single tickets for the whole course, 2 Guineas; or 3 Guineas with the privilege of introducing a lady;

PROGRAMME OF COLERIDGE'S LECTURES OF 1808. The 1812 Lectures were brilliant, and attended by several famous young men, including Wm. Hazlitt, Carlyle, and Byron.

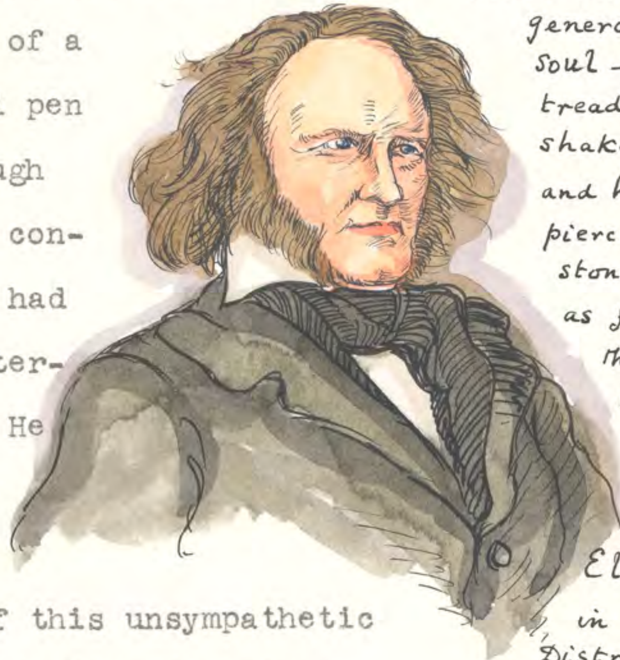
critics of the day. In 1798, he was awakened by the voice of Coleridge discoursing. "The light of his genius", says Hazlitt, in his "My First Acquaintance with Poets", "shone into my soul, like the sun's rays glittering in the puddles of the road". Coleridge released Hazlitt's mind from the mechanical philosophy of the eighteenth century critics, and swiftly, fiercely, and delightedly, he devoted his keen and clear talents of exposition and interpretation, as an "Edinburgh" reviewer to a fresh study of Shakespeare and the English Comic Writers. To Leigh Hunt's "Examiner", he contributed a bundle of essays, "The Round Table"---so characteristic even in its title of the tastes of the age.

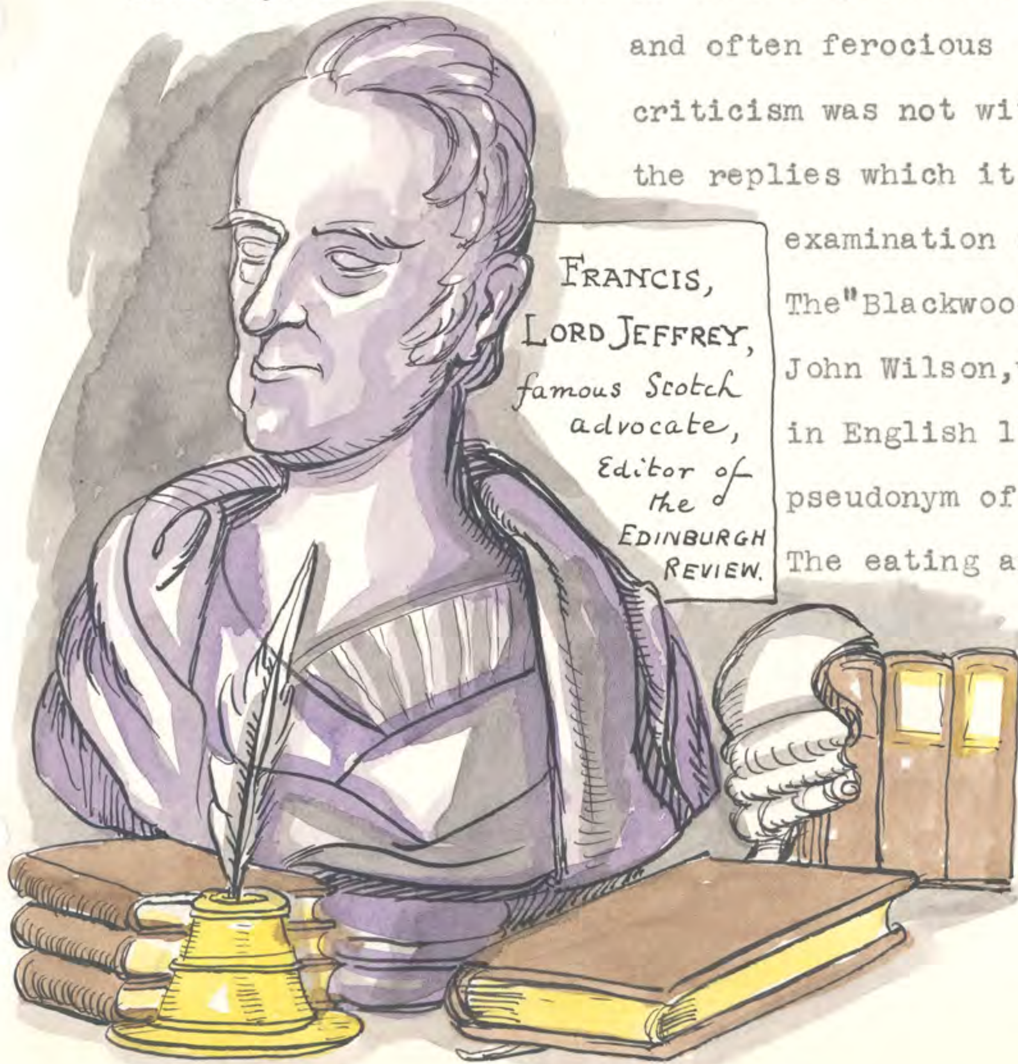
It was their own fresh outlook on life which drove Coleridge, Lamb, and Hazlitt back to Shakespeare and his contemporaries, and, through them, back to the Greeks. Enthusiasm and commonsense ---including all human sensibilities--- returned like the sun at noonday.

The different points of view in criticism divided the literary world more sharply than at any time before or since into

hostile factions. Provincial and political enmities were allowed to bias literary judgments. There was the "Edinburgh Review" clique under the banner of Francis Jeffrey, who for more than a quarter of a century wielded his critical pen with imperious spirit. Though Whiggish in politics, he was conservative in literature and had little patience with the literary innovations of the day. He belittled Scott, and pursued Wordsworth with relentless severity. But the results of this unsympathetic and often ferocious criticism was not without benefit. Apart from the replies which it provoked, it forced an examination of fundamental principles. The "Blackwood" clique was led by John Wilson, who has earned a place in English literature under the pseudonym of "Christopher North". The eating and drinking bouts of the company whom Wilson assembled at Blackwood's have been made famous by his "Noctes Ambrosianae" essays (which are "drenched with strong wine".

John Wilson ("CHRISTOPHER NORTH") — he was a great, handsome, healthy, whole-hearted, generous, heroic soul —— His tread seemed to shake the ground, and his glance to pierce through stone walls; and as for his voice, there was no heart that could stand before it. He lived at Elleray Cottage in the Lake District.





FRANCIS, LORD JEFFREY, famous Scotch advocate, Editor of the EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Reviewers and Critics

J G Lockhart

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART
Editor of the "Quarterly Review"

Sydney Smith

REV. SYDNEY SMITH
HUMORIST AND CRITIC
author of Plymley Letters

The "Quarterly" clique were under the banner of Gifford, a bigoted, hard, and vehement supporter of Pope---ever ready to launch out with all his energy of invective against unexpected novelties. The "Examiner clique was under the banner of Leigh Hunt, who continued as an industrious essayist, poet, editor, and critic until his death, in 1859. His weekly "Examiner" had no party connections, but was strongly liberal in its sympathies and was watched by the authorities with disfavor. Hunt was prosecuted several times, finally securing a conviction over an article in which he called the Prince Regent (afterwards George IV) "a fat Adonis of fifty". Hunt's incarceration was a great literary event. He was allowed to redecorate the walls

Wm Molesworth

SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH
Editor of "LONDON AND WESTMINSTER REVIEW."

of his cell with a trellis of roses and paint the ceilings with sky and clouds. His family was with him, he was allowed the use of a garden, and visitors were freely admitted. (Lord Byron, indeed, once gave a dinner party in Hunt's honor at the jail!) The bulk of Hunt's writing is very great. His "The Story of Rimini"(1816)is important because of its influence on John Keats. His poem "Abou Ben Adhem" has captured succeeding generations, and the line "Write me as one that loves his fellow-men" is inscribed over Hunt's grave.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:-
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
What writest thou?"---The vision rais'd its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord".
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men".

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Also, who can forget Leigh Hunt's delightful "Rondeau", a tribute to Jane Welsh (Mrs. Thomas Carlyle), who was noted for her wit and beauty:

Jenny kissed me when we met,
   Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in:

Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me!

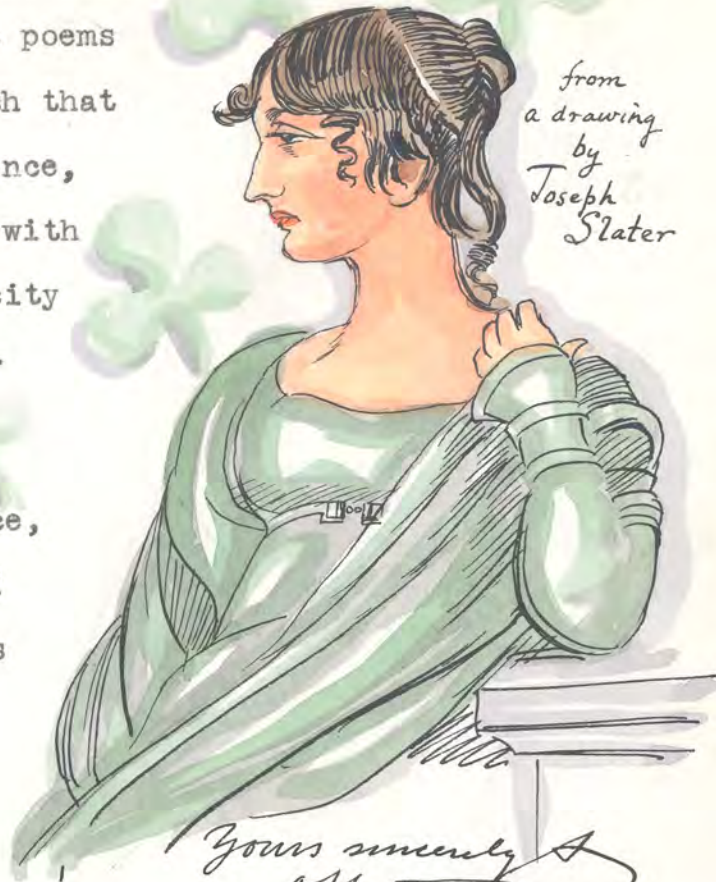
Jane Welsh Carlyle

Early numbers of the "Edinburgh" and the "Quarterly" reveal the tremendous power of the conflicting editors and their criticisms. "If Jeffrey worried the authors", says Sir Edmund Gosse, "Gifford positively bit them".

Somewhat removed from the writers we have been discussing, and more deliberate in his literary methods than some of them, was Walter Savage Landor, who succeeded in associating the reform of English prose with writings more composite than De Quincey's, and more co-ordinate than Lamb's. If "Elia" is identified with the release of English prose from the pomp and ritual of the Latinizers, and if the "Opium Eater" decorated English prose with Gothic ornament and imagery, then Landor's "Imaginary Conversations" add weight, order, and authority to the new liberties to be enjoyed. Full of imagination and feeling, Landor nevertheless had a sense of form almost as perfect as that of Keats. He wrote prose and poetry of a high order, and true lovers of

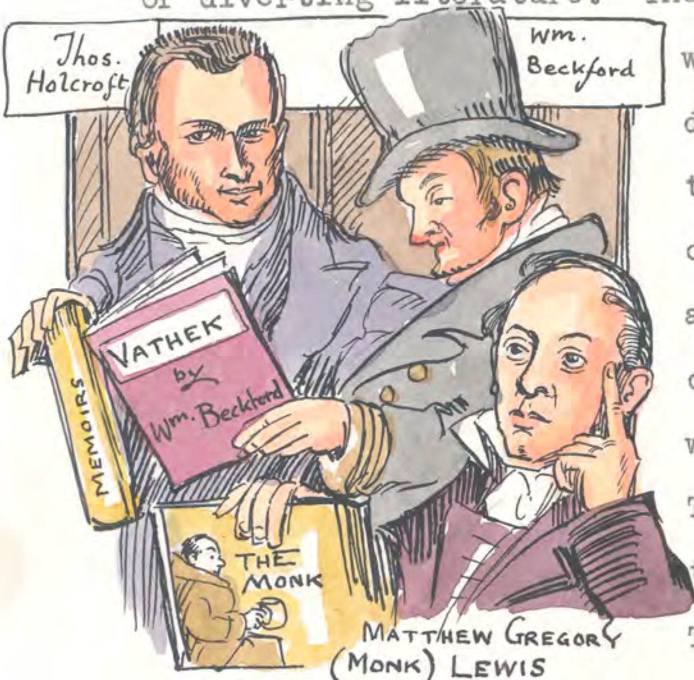
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

literature, at least, rank him among the most able writers of his time. His short poems have a grace and perfection of finish that claim our attention. Take, for instance, the little elegy, "Rose Aylmer", done with such classical precision and simplicity of workmanship that is hard to overpraise:



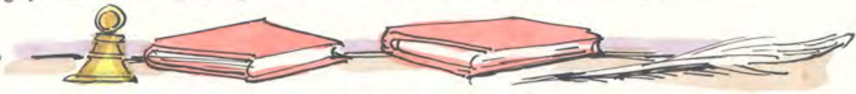
Ah what avails the sceptred race,
 Ah what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
 Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
 May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
 I consecrate to thee.

During the Romantic era, the spirit of change was everywhere in the air, and, as we have seen, it showed itself in the field of political controversy and literary criticism no less than in the field of diverting literature. The growth of mediaevalism in fiction, where the supernatural was boldly introduced into pseudo-Gothic romance, may be traced back to Horace Walpole's "Castle of Otranto". The innovation was greatly admired and copiously imitated. Mrs. Radcliffe, "Monk" Lewis, and others founded what has been called "The School of Terror", in the form of romantic novels that treated Fear as the dominant passion. These "bogey" stories were very much appreciated. They served both to free the public mind from the fetters

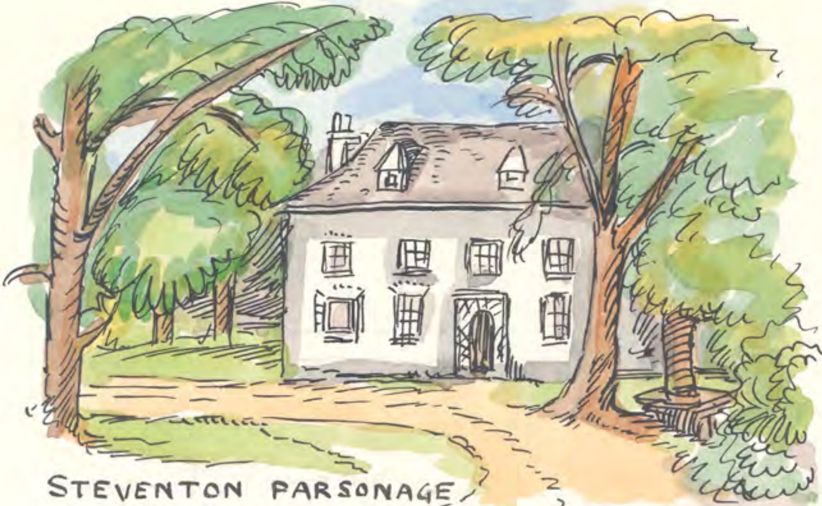


THE FREEHOLDER BETWIXT PRIEST AND LANDLORD (after a contemporary satirical print)

of conventional classic imagery, and to prepare it to receive impressions of enthusiasm and wonder.

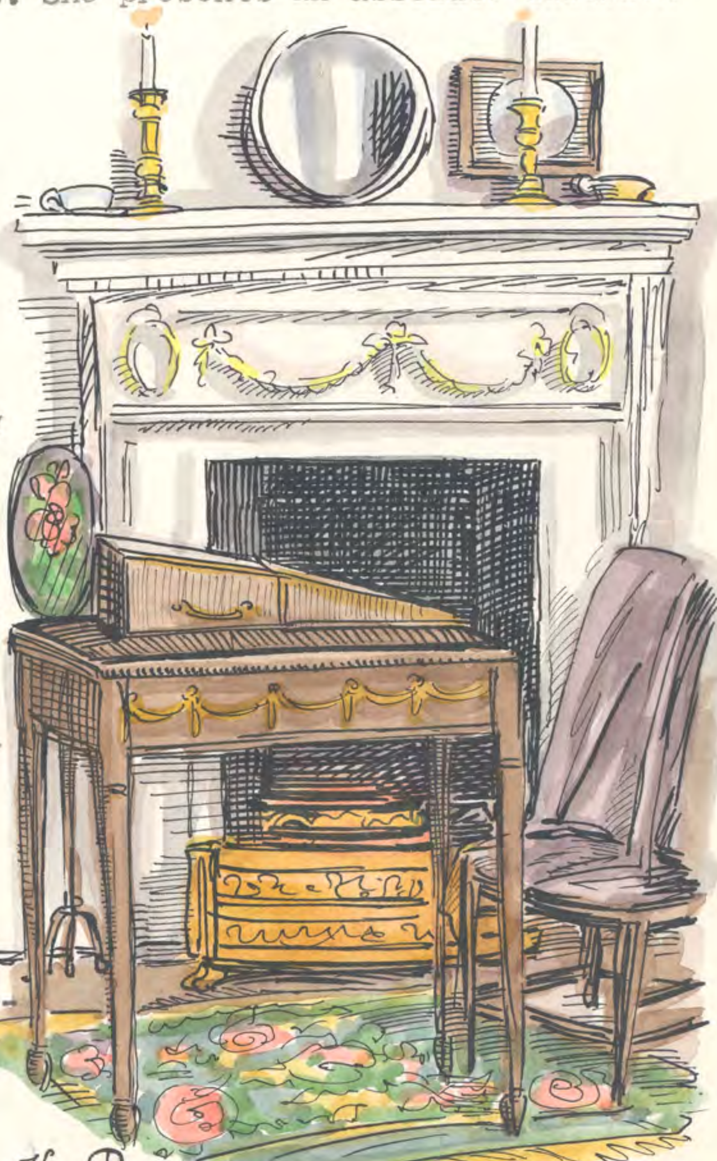


In 1800, Maria Edgeworth opened a long series of popular, moral, and fashionable tales about Ireland. Her first notable production was "Castle Rackrent", a story of Irish life---a revelation to the English reader of a new condition of society, a new range of character and emotion. For many years, there had been great and wide-spread hardship among the starving and despairing peasantry, arising partly from the stagnation of business, and partly from the pitiless exactions of landlords, middle-men, tithe-proctors, and the general failure of the potato crop. Also there were numerous political and economic outrages, followed by the usual coercion acts with wholesale arrests and persecutions, for which the government was in a great measure responsible. Miss Edgeworth was a realist, and in her tales she did not fail to put the unfavorable traits of the Irish character, along with a sympathetic view of Irish life. She had a keen eye for the humorous as well as the pathetic aspects; and for this reason her "The Absentee" and "Ormond" are enduring novels of the Emerald Isle---novels that prepared the way for the one prose-writer of this period who, according to the



STEVENTON PARSONAGE,
The Birthplace + Home of Jane Austen

critics,"holds no lower place in her own class than is held in theirs by Wordsworth, Coleridge and Scott---", Jane Austen, whose realistic stories of English contemporary life, place her among the best of novelists in all the world. Like Balzac, like Tourgenieff at his best, Jane Austen gives the reader the impression of knowing everything there is to know about her creations. She presents an absolute illusion of reality. She never mixes her own temperament with that of her characters. She is never swayed by her characters, and she never loses for a moment her perfect, serene control of them.



The Parlor in Chawton Cottage, with Jane Austen's desk

It is not easy to classify Jane Austen's novels. The author of "Pride and Prejudice" was little more than a girl when the manuscript was completed; and the more re-

HOUSE IN COLLEGE STREET, WINCHESTER, where Jane Austen died

remarkable, accordingly, was her quiet contentment with the limitations of her experience and surroundings,---as the daughter of a clergyman at Steventon in Hampshire. That it was quiet, and not merely passive, contentment is important to the understanding of her art. The rural parsonage and the narrow life might not have been her choice, had the power of choosing been offered to her; but she was too wise to fret at restrictions which she was too observant to ignore. She employed her faculties upon them. There were men and women, after all, within her sphere of observation, and many types of love and death and pity and hope and fear.

JANE AUSTEN after the portrait by JOHN ZOFFANY R.A.

Youngest daughter of the Rev. George Austen, scholar, and sister of two hard-fighting sailors (afterwards Admirals) of Nelson's campaigns.

Yours affect.y J. A.

"She possessed the cosmic touch", says Laurie Magnus, "which is nothing but order, or proportion, applied to the comedy of life." So, out of the drawing rooms and parlours, and the corners of the hunting-fields which she knew,

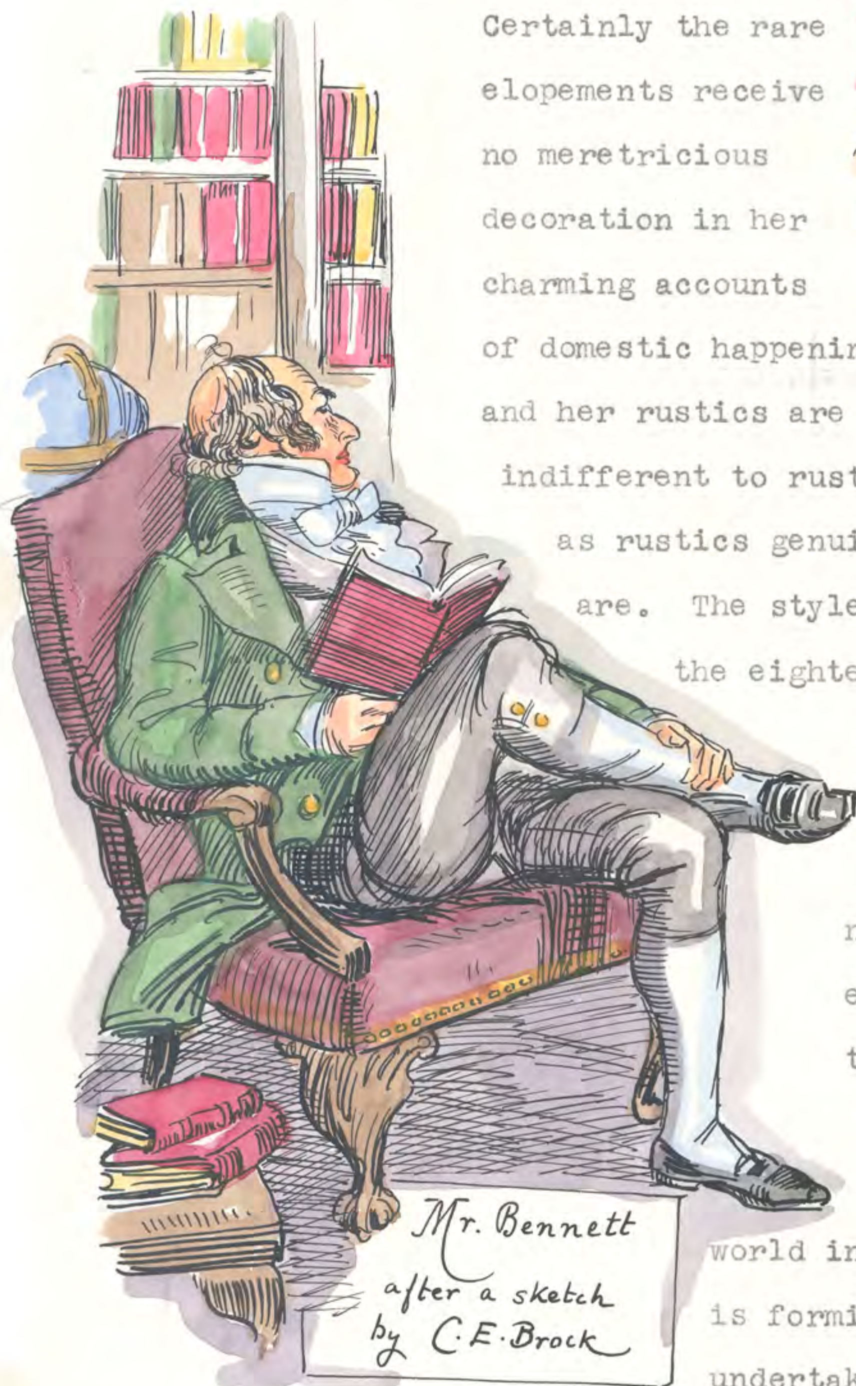
she drew the threads together in a clear and composite pattern. At the same time there was no glamor in her scheme; it was excluded by the limits which she accepted. This absence of glamor creates an impression of eighteen-century tradition, which is more illusory than just. As a matter of fact, Jane Austen belongs to the new age of novelists. She is among the foremost exponents of its principles. Rejecting instinctively the machinery, the methods, and the admirers of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels of mystery and horror, Jane Austen prefers to hold up the mirror to human nature as she observed it in her little village community.

In the years 1801-1809, in Bath and Southampton

When Jane Austen reached her thirtieth year, her father died. Financial troubles came; there was great need. The manuscripts were hunted out, dusted and sent to a publisher who sniffed and sent them back.

after the sketch by Linnel

It is possible that her tea-parties lack the wit of Mrs. Thrale's tea-parties; her love-scenes may even be rather tame. But the tea-parties and the love-scenes are not beyond the capacities of her characters.



Mr. Bennett after a sketch by C. E. Brock

Certainly the rare elopements receive no meretricious decoration in her charming accounts of domestic happenings; and her rustics are as indifferent to rusticity as rustics genuinely are. The style of the eighteenth century is touched to a simpler mode by the finer perception of nineteenth century sympathy. It is not an adventurous world, not even a world of rapid movement, to which she invites us in "Pride and Prejudice" and "Sense and Sensibility"; but it is a world in which a social introduction is formidable, a visit is a serious undertaking, and the writing of a letter is momentous! "We have dined nine times at Rosings, besides drinking tea there twice! How much I shall have to tell!" is the

typical reflection of the Austenian young lady. But Jane Austen, as we have observed, conceals her art. She is fully conscious all the while of the littleness of her little people's bigness, and in this sense the novelist is a satirist. Still, there are those who find in "Emma" and "Northanger Abbey", in "Mansfield Park" and "Persuasion", nothing but primness and insipidity, and who miss in the novelist's narrow sky the light of her delicate humor and minute observation. The reader who makes the acquaintance of the Bennett family in "Pride and Prejudice" can hardly forget them, so distinctly is each individual marked, and so keen and exquisite is the revelation of their foibles.

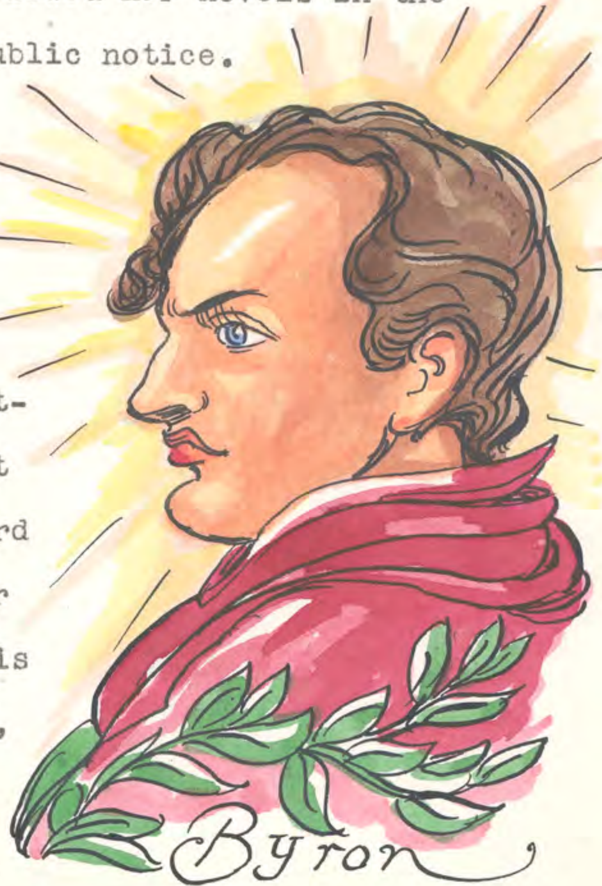
Sir Walter Scott, who was a great admirer of Jane Austen, entered in his Diary: "That

young lady had a talent for describing the involments and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big Bow-wow strain

SCOTT'S STUDY AT ABBOTSFORD

I can do myself, like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary common-place things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early." Jane Austen died at Winchester in her forty-second year(1817),and Sir Walter Scott reviewed her novels in the "Quarterly",and helped to bring them to public notice.

We have aready referred to Sir Walter Scott's great success with his metrical romances. In 1812,he poured forth the stirring narrative of "Rokeby",and in 1815 the equally interesting tale of "The Lord of the Isles". But at this moment the greater success of Lord Byron in the same field attracted popular attention. Whereupon,Sir Walter---with his head still full of "inexhaustible tales", turned his hand to prose fiction,and not only eclipsed his former fame,but nearly

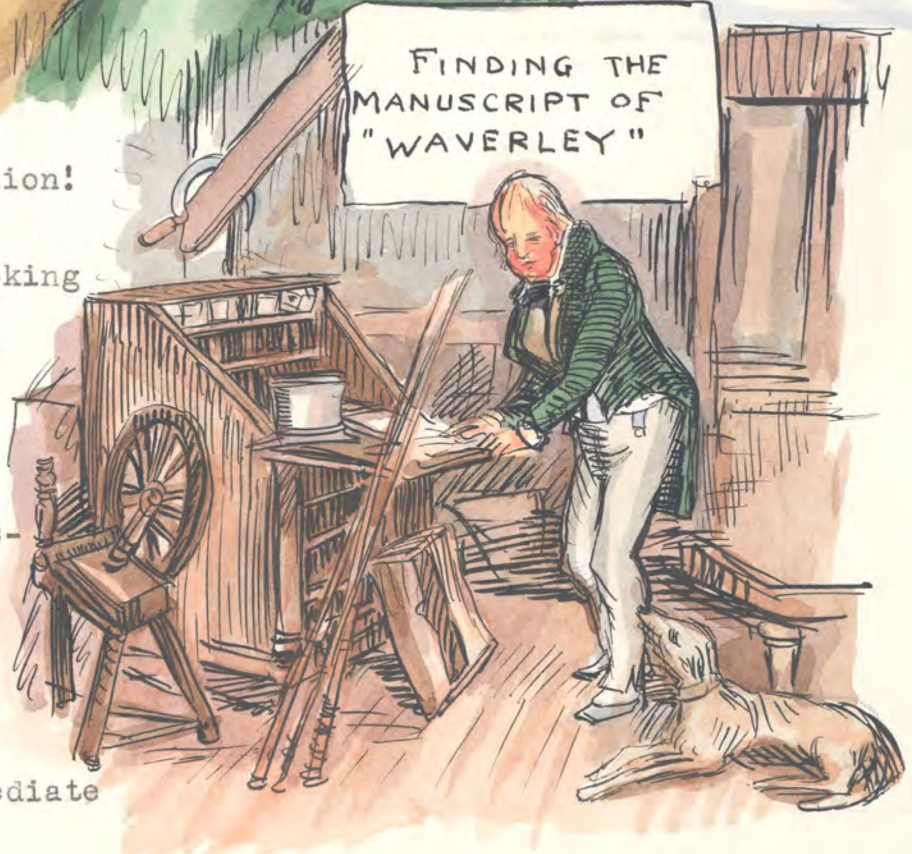


after the portrait by Joseph Slater

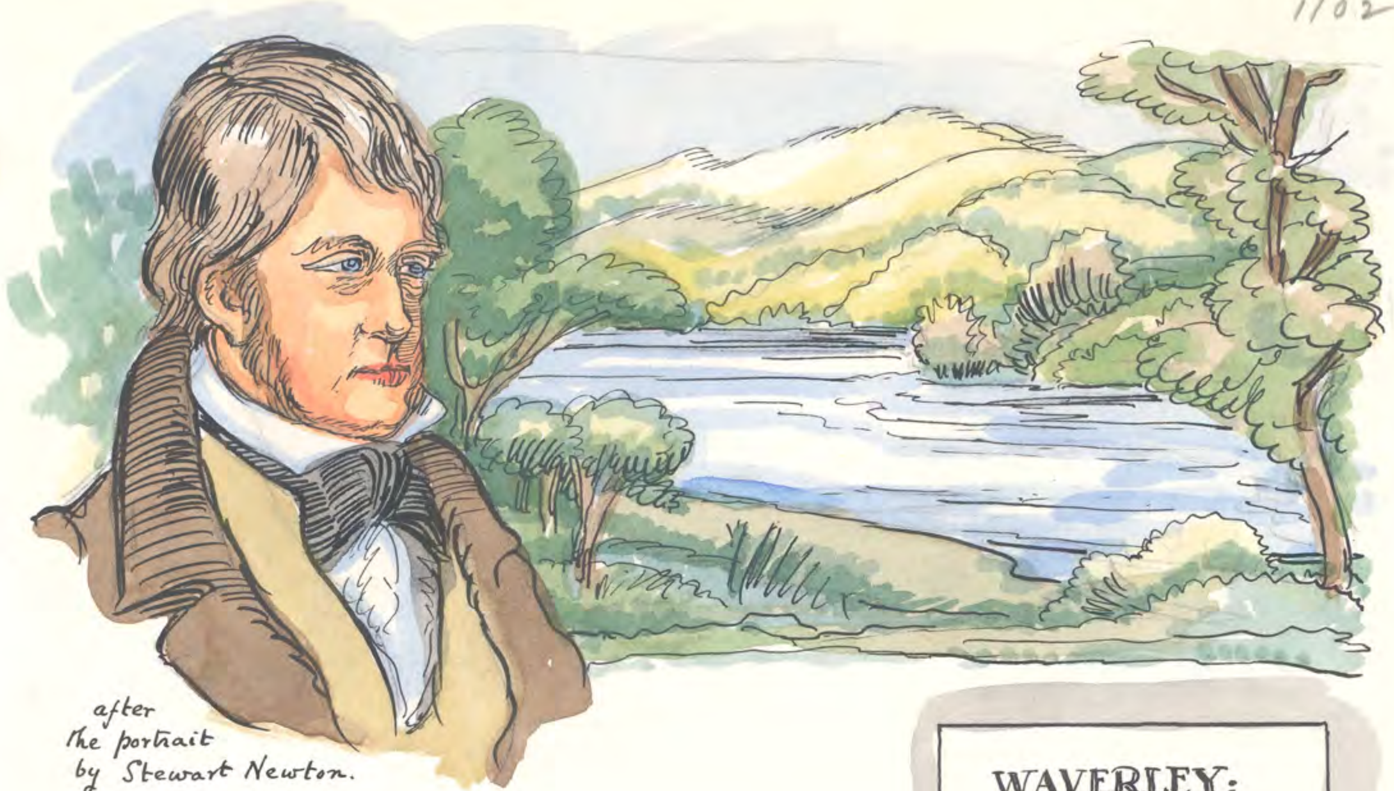
ABBOTSFORD and the EILDON HILLS.

wrote poetry out of fashion!

In 1814, while looking one day for some fishing-tackle, Sir Walter Scott came upon an old, unfinished manuscript. This he completed in five weeks, and "Waverley" was the result. It gained immediate

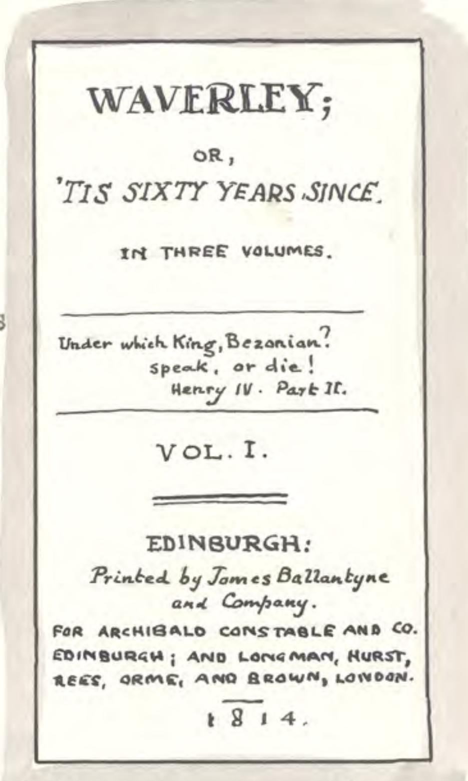


FINDING THE MANUSCRIPT OF "WAVERLEY"



after the portrait by Stewart Newton.

success and was followed by a great number of novels which soon found their way to the homes and hearts of English-speaking peoples all over the world. These books were at first chiefly Scottish---such as "Rob Roy" and the "Heart of Midlothian"(1818); but later the English "Ivanhoe" and "Kenilworth", and the "Talisman"(much of which is laid in the Holy Land), showed that any scene that promised high adventure and devotion was fit subject for the great romancer's pen.



WAVERLEY;

OR,

'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

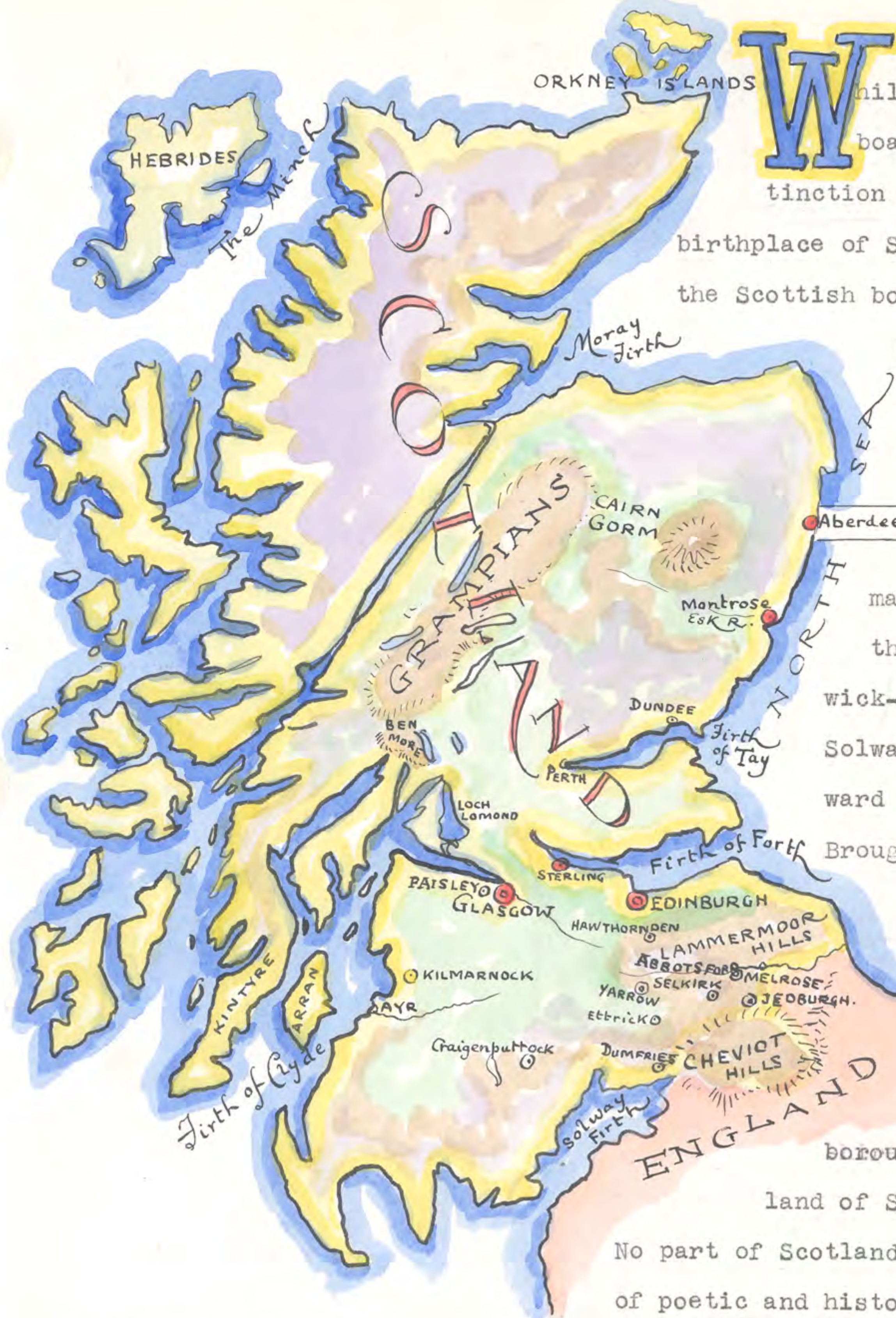
Under which King, Bezonian?
speak, or die!
Henry IV. Part II.

VOL. I.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne and Company.
FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH; AND LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN, LONDON.
1814.

Title-page of the First Edition of "Waverley"

Scott's writings brought him money and fame. He liked to live in a grand manner, and moved in 1812 to Abbotsford on the Tweed, where he built himself a great and now famous house. Here he was known as the hospitable "Laird of Abbotsford", a pattern of kind master and generous friend, an incarnation of the great-hearted gentlemen and knights who live in the pages of his books.



While Edinburgh boasts the distinction of being the birthplace of Sir Walter Scott, the Scottish border claims numerous associations with his poetry and novels. Within the triangle which may be traced on the map from Berwick-on-Tweed to the Solway, thence northward to Tweedsmuir and Broughton in Peeblesshire, and again to the east back to the ancient seaport borough, is the homeland of Scott's romances. No part of Scotland is more redolent of poetic and historical memories and legends than this Border area; and the places Scott loved most are those around which has gathered the story of the Scottish chiefs, their wars, their piping, their loves, their woes, their castles, their exile life in moor and cave and forest. The scenery he loved most was the Border scenery, the wind of whose hills blows freshly through his verse. "O, where's the coward that would not dare to fight for such a land", he declares, en-

EDINBURGH from CALTON HILL after a pencil sketch by J.M.W. TURNER 1818

raptured at the beauty of the scene from Blackford Hill. The most passionate outburst in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" is the address to his country and its scenery:

NEVER WAS A MORE VOCAL LOVER OF SCOTLAND

SIR WALTER SCOTT after a shadow picture cut by Edouart at Edinburgh, 1831.

Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none shall guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,
Though there forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

* * * *

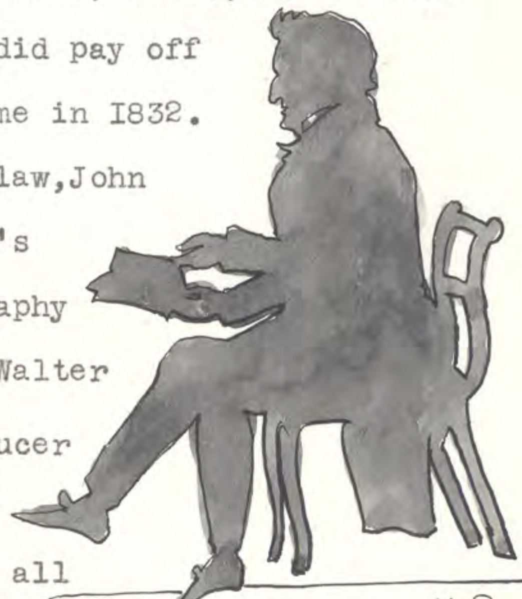
Dr. Adolphus Ross, M.D.

Dr. Ebenezer Clarkson, M.D. Surgeon of Selkirk, who throughout Scott's life attended him for his lameness.

The last chapter of Scott's life is important, since it reveals particularly what manner of man he was. In 1826, while he was working on his novel "Woodstock", Constable, his publisher, and the Ballantynes, his printers, failed in business. Though Scott was only a "silent partner", he at once generously assumed the entire debt of £130,000. Disregarding his own poor health, which had now begun to affect his brain, he undertook to write his way out of debt, refusing all assistance and enduring many infirmities. He wrote with prodigious vigor. He was able actually to pay only about £40,000---about half the debt. Kind friends deceived him at the last into thinking that he had accomplished the whole task; and, indeed, the sale of his works, a few years later, did pay off the entire sum. His death came in 1832. The biography by his son-in-law, John Lockhart,---next to Boswell's Johnson, the noblest biography in English---presents Sir Walter Scott as a genius who, like Chaucer and Shakespeare, had a keen relish for vigorous human life in all ranks and forms, moving among them, from king to outcast,

"Abercrombie and Ross had me bled with a cupping glass: reduced me confoundedly," said Scott.

LORD COCKBURN
Scottish Judge, and one of Sir Walter's Whig friends.



Dr Abercrombie, M.D.
Scott's Medical adviser.
"Dr. Abercrombie threatens me with death if I write so much," said Scott to Robert Chambers.

always at ease. Sir Walter Scott represents Scotland more broadly than did Robert Burns; for Burns, though no less patriotic, was born in Ayrshire and sang for Scotland with local intensity. Scott, bred in Edinburgh, came to maturity in both town and country; and the rich history, legend, and ballad lore of the Border, together with the folk and the scene that produced them, he drew into his very fire and being.

Dryburgh Abbey
the ruins of a medieval monastery, where Scott is buried.

In the year I800, when the publication of "The Lady of the Lake" marked the crisis of Sir Walter Scott's popularity as a poet, a young poet in his early twenties, and some seventeen years younger than Scott, was throwing off a work that was to capture the world's imagination as Scott had never done. Sir Walter himself had realized, without a touch of envy, that the new poet had charmed

the multitude of his listeners away from him. The young man of mystery and passion was George Gordon, Lord Byron, and his poem was the first two cantos of "Childe Harold".

Though Byron affirmed that Childe Harold is a fictitious character, it is not easy to give up the idea that the Childe is Byron himself.

Lord Byron after a miniature

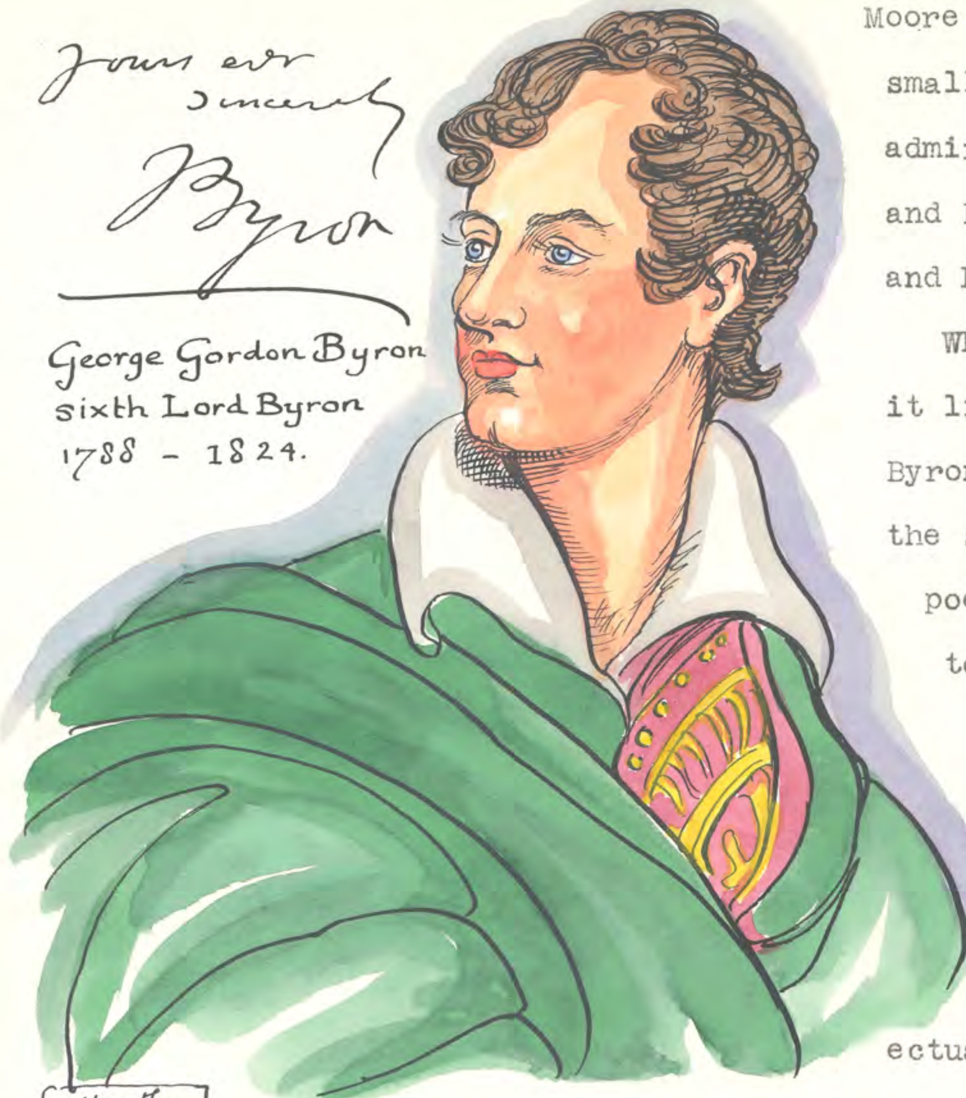
Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth,
Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight;
But spent his days in riot most uncouth,
And vexed with mirth the drowsy ear of night.

*　　　*　　　*　　　*

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,
And from his fellow bacchanals would flee;
'Tis said at times the sullen tear would start,
But pride congealed the drop within his ee:
Apart he stalked in joyless reverie,
And from his native land resolved to go,
And visit scorching climes beyond the sea;
With pleasure drugged he almost longed for woe,
And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades below.

The poem, written in Spenserian stanza, opened a new field. Its rich descriptions seized the public fancy. It ran through seven editions in four weeks, and, to use the poet's words, "he woke up one morning to find himself famous."

While Wordsworth and Coleridge and Southey and Campbell and



George Gordon Byron
sixth Lord Byron
1788 - 1824.

Moore were known only to small circles and isolated admirers, the fame of Scott and Byron was wide-spread and European.

Wherein, precisely, did it lie, this fascination of Byron? There was, first, the self-confidence of his poetry, even on the mere technical side. No one could withstand a poet who was to essay such "tours de force" as a rhyme to the word "intellectual":--

after the portrait by T. Phillips.

But---Oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not hen-pecked you all?

or who, in the First Canto of "Childe Harold" contrasted a bull-fight at Cadiz with a typical Sunday in London. Society quivered, and gave way. In the stanzas (that we now skip), the readers of 1812 found powerful expression given to thoughts that were agitating their own minds---

thoughts about the position of England and the state of Europe, with Napoleon at the zenith of his career, as master of Germany, Austria, Italy, and half-master of Spain. In 1812, it seemed as if Napoleon was on the point of achieving his ambition of making a complete conquest of Europe. He was engaged in preparing for that huge expedition into Russia.... In the midst of

this excitement, what were the English poets doing to put themselves in sympathy with the national mood? Every one of them was quietly pursuing his own premeditated line of literary activity. Wordsworth had indeed issued from his Westmoreland retreat some noble sonnets dedicated to Liberty and Independence. Coleridge was lecturing on Shakespeare; Southey was writing review articles for the "Quarterly"; Moore was busy with a new number of his "Irish Melodies". Scott had shown more inclination to follow the direction of popular interest

LOBBY LOUNGERS
Contemporary Caricature of Byron at Drury Lane

by celebrating the triumphs of British soldiers in the Peninsula in his stirring "Vision of Don Roderick" (I8II); but the national mind was crossed by other moods during Napoleon's meteoric progress, and Sir Walter Scott was not able to give expression to these new moods. In a time of great excitement and sustained suspense, Byron made his voice heard in the pilgrimage of Childe Harold. "He interpreted the multitude to themsleves", says Professor Minto; "he showed them what they had been on the point of thinking". The first stage of Childe Harold's pilgrimage lay through Spain, on which at that moment the trembling hopes of Europe were fixed as the theater where Napoleon's fate was to

Childe Harold at Zitza, near the Chimariot Mountains.

Lord Byron's Mother
(Miss Catherine Gordon of Gight, who married "Mad Jack Byron" in 1785).

ANNABELLA MILBANKE
(Lady Byron)

Byron from a drawing by Count D'Orsay 1823.

that he woke up one morning and found himself famous. The other results of Byron's eastern travels are "The Giaour", "The Bride of Abydos","The Corsair",and "Lara"---poetical romances of passion and violence,which were received with outbursts of applause.

Augusta Leigh

Byron returned to England in I8I2,after an absence of two years;and while the various works mentioned were appearing,he led a fashionable and dissipated life in London. Generous,warm-hearted, handsome,sometimes vulgar and ostentatious,adventurous and clothed in mystery of his own making---Byron captivated a whole generation of young men. "The Corsair" sold I4,000 copies in one day. The poet was idolized. He became the rage;and one affair of the heart succeeded another,while his financial distresses became more and more acute. He was forced at length to part with the picturesque family seat at Newstead Abbey in Nottinghamshire;and in I8I5 he married Anne Milbanke---but the union was soon wrecked in circum-

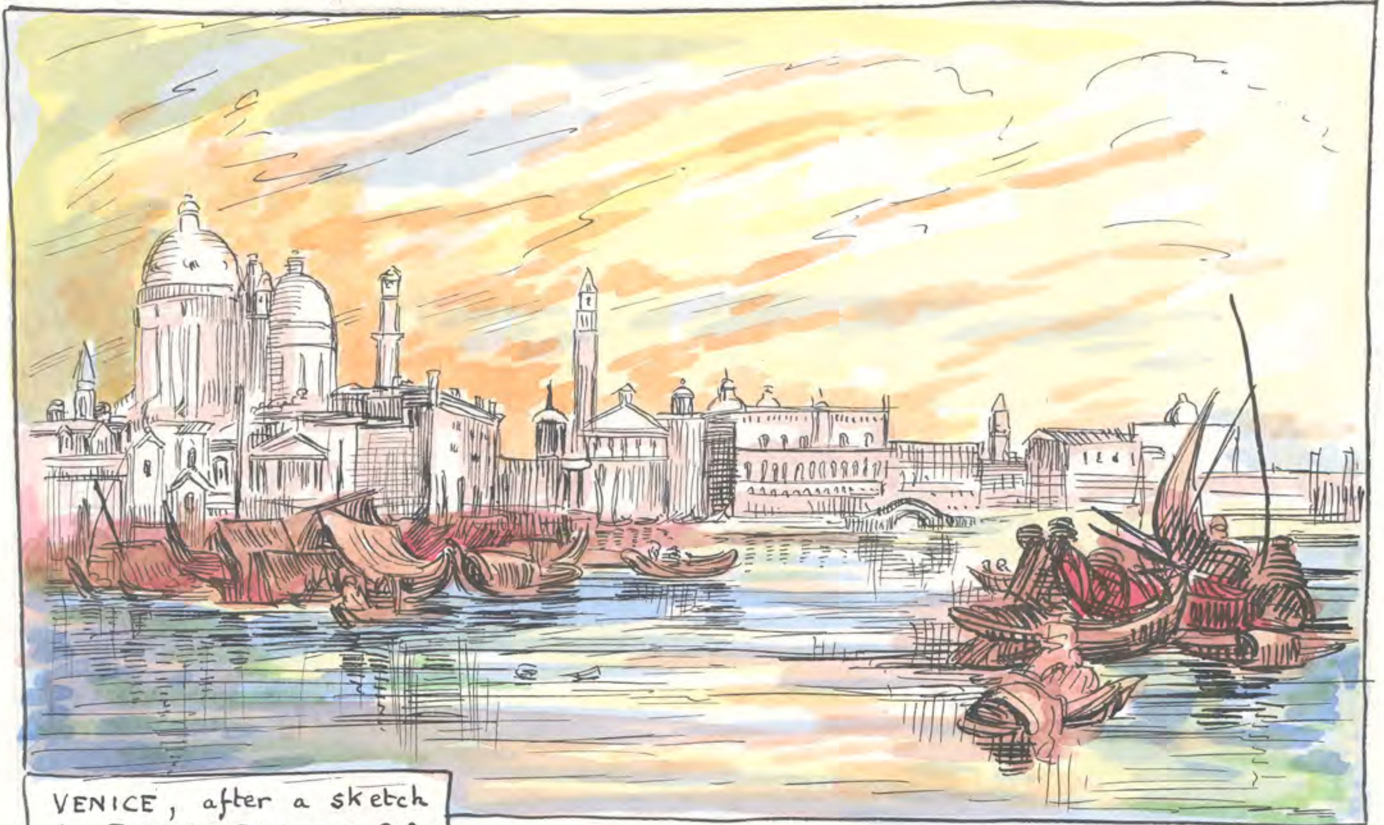
after the Caricature by Sir Max Beerbohm

-stances that no end of gossip, scandal, and research have ever been able to make clear. Society indignantly disowned Byron, and he with equal scorn disowned England. In 1816, he left his native soil for ever, a voluntary exile, to spend the last eight years of his life abroad.

I depart,
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve
or glad mine eye.

Fare Thee Well!

With this voluntary exile, Byron entered upon a new era of authorship, in which he attained to the full maturity of his powers. At



VENICE, after a sketch by J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

Geneva he wrote the third Canto, and at Venice the fourth canto of "Childe Harold", and at once placed himself among the great masters of English verse. About his poetry there is a flow and a volume, as of a mighty river. When the verse is at its best, there is a magnificence, a fullness to it that can be met nowhere else in such abundance.

Ada, Byron's daughter— afterwards Countess of Lovelace

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!

* * * *

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone---but Beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade---but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

ROME, from MONTE MARIO
from a pencil and Water-color Sketch by Turner

Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
The cypress,hear the owl,and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples,Ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day---
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless,in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers; dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise,with thy yellow waves,and mantle her distress.

"Don Juan" is the last great work of Byron,and in some respects it is the greatest of all. Even the critics who exclaimed most bitterly against the moral tendency of the work,were most ready to acknowledge its unrivalled power. It is partly autobiographic. The sinister,

gloomy Don Juan is an ideal picture of the author who was sore and bitter over his thwarted hopes of liberty and happiness. Therefore, instead of entertaining hope for the future, the poem suggests possible anarchy and destruction, towards which the world's hypocracy, cant, and tyranny---and universal stupidity---are tending. Byron followed Don Juan through all the phases of life known to himself. There are exciting adventures and passionate loves; favors at courts, godlike happiness and demoniacal despair.

Lines like the following show the vigorous flow of the verse with which the poet scathingly satirizes society:

Don Juan now saw Albion's earliest beauties,
Thy cliffs, dear Dover! harbour, and hotel;
Thy custom-house, with all its delicate duties;
Thy waiters running mucks at every bell;
Thy packets, all whose passengers are booties
To those who upon land and water dwell;
And last, not least, to strangers uninstructed,
Thy long, long bills, whence nothing is deducted.

* * * *

The sun went down, the smoke rose up, as from
A half-unquench'd volcano, o'er a space
Which well beseem'd the "Devil's drawing-room,"
As some have qualified that wondrous place:
But Juan felt, though not approaching home,
As one who, though he were not of the race,
Revered the soil, of those true sons the mother,
Who butcher'd half the earth, and bullied t' other.

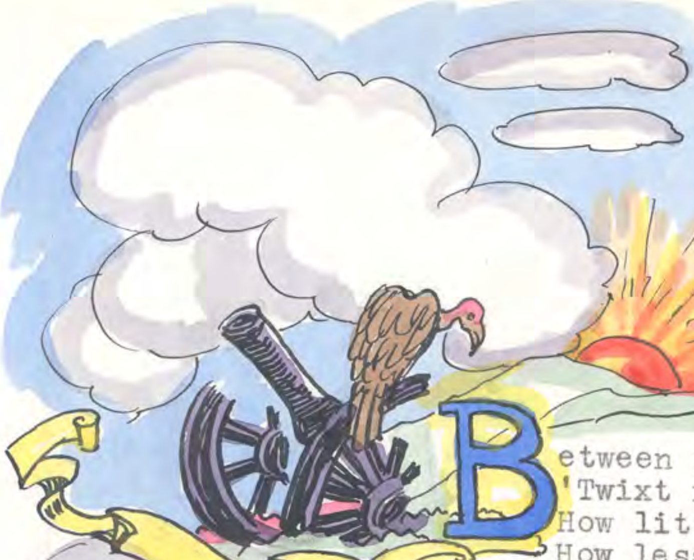
In good time, Don Juan is admitted into London Society, and looks around for the familiar faces:

Where's Brumel? Dish'd. Where's Long
Pole Wellesley? Diddled.
Where's Whitebread? Romilly? Where's
George the Third?
Where is his will? (That's not so soon
unriddled.)
And where is "Fum" the Fourth, our "royal
bird?"
Gone down, it seems, to Scotland to be
fiddled
Unto by Swaney's violin, we have heard:
"Caw me, caw thee"---for six months hath
been hatching
This scene of royal itch and royal
scratching.

Where is Lord This? And where my
Lady That?
The Honourable Mistresses and Misses?
Some laid aside like an Opera Hat,
Married, Unmarried, Remarried: (this is
An evolution oft performed of late).
Where are the Dublin shouts and London hisses?
Where are the Grenvilles? Turn'd as usual. Where
My friends the Whigs? Exactly where they were.

* * * *

Through the whole composition of "Don Juan" runs the mocking and satirical comment of disillusioned genius. After a series of painful



experiences, the young hero awakens into one of the most beautiful romances of the English language. The fifteenth canto ends with the following stanza:

Between two worlds life hovers like a star,
'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge.
How little do we know that which we are!
How less what we might be! The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,
Lash'd from the foam of ages; while the graves
Of empires heave but like some passing waves.

These lines were written in 1823, and within a year the poet's life was ended. At thirty-five, Byron's liberty-loving soul (he had grieved over the return of the Bourbons, and had plotted with the Revolutionists in Italy) was now roused by the struggle of the Greeks for freedom from the Turks. He gave himself to the enterprize, and was accepted as a leader. In July 1823, he sailed for Greece, where, eight months later, Death (probably from meningitis) overtook him at Missolonghi, amidst the universal grief of those whom he had come to save.

Medal struck to commemorate Byron's services to the cause of Greek Freedom

To Lord Byron must be given the credit of breaking up the oppressive silence which the pure accents of Wordsworth and Coleridge had not been able to conquer, in the reassertion of the right of the individual imagination to be a law to itself. With Byron (says Gosse) "the last rags of the artificiality which had bound English expression for a century were torn off and flung to the winds."

P.B Shelley as a boy — He grew up with his sisters, & was their beloved playmate

Percy Bysshe Shelley, even more than Lord Byron, was a child of the revolutionary age. Although both men belonged to the aristocratic class, they inherited a deep discontent from the Revolutionary spirits---a discontent with the settled order of things, together with a yearning after a new era of Liberty.

At Eton, Shelley was a dreamy fellow who had little share in sports and was more interested in reading and in experimental science than in his regular studies. His sensitive, independent nature could not brook "the harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes". As we might expect, he did not ~~not~~ fall in readily with the disciplines and customs of Eton. His spirit of independence asserted itself strongly, and he organized a formal rebellion against the fagging system. He was known as "Mad Shelley". In due time, he entered University College, Oxford, where his enthusiasm for natural science continued without abatement. His room at Oxford, it is said, was "a perfect chaos of chemical apparatus", furniture burned

ETON COLLEGE, from a contemporary lithograph

VIEW OF OXFORD FROM THE HENLEY ROAD.

Dr. William Paley, D.D, ARCHDEACON OF CARLISLE whose "Natural Theology" Timothy Shelley read to his son, Bysshe.

by acids, scattered volumes, and unfinished manuscripts. He cared little for the prescribed subjects, and had a strong predilection for metaphysical studies. Plato became a favorite author. Then followed Hume and the French materialists (the atheistical philosophers) who "confirmed him in his sceptical beliefs." He struck up a friendship with Thomas Jefferson Hogg, a Scotsman, whose dry humor missed none of the absurdities of his friend, and whose affection never undervalued his qualities. The two young men talked and read together through the afternoons and evenings. They were in sympathy with each other in their political liberalism. As a result of their readings and discussions, Shelley composed a tiny pamphlet with the title "The Necessity of Atheism", and sent it to

THE NECESSITY OF ATHEISM

Quod clarâ et perspicuâ demonstratione careat pro vero habere mens omnino nequis humana

BACON de Augment. Scient.

WORTHING:
Printed by E. & W. Phillips
Sold in London and Oxford

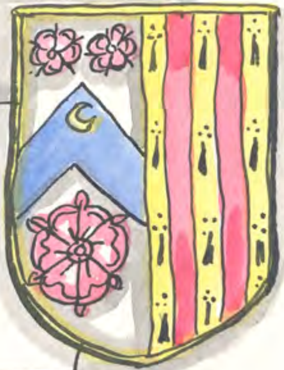
from the Family Crest.

numerous dignitaries, including several bishops. Shelley's object was to start an argument. He realized his object, for many things happened promptly. To cut a long story short, Shelley and Hogg, before the end of their first year, found themselves expelled from Oxford University.

Shelley's father---Timothy Shelley, a choleric, hard-headed and practical man,---utterly failed to appreciate the situation. It seemed odd to him that the opinions of a nineteen year old dreamer should have so volcanic an effect on the ancient University of Oxford. Timothy's suggestion was simple: the boy would apologize to the authorities, and, because he was heir to a title and a fortune, the authorities would accept the apology. But Shelley would not retract. The father encountered something in his son which was more than mere mulishness. The boy wished to say what he believed to be true, and it seemed unthinkable to him that, for the sake of personal advantage, he should forswear a principle!

P B Shelley

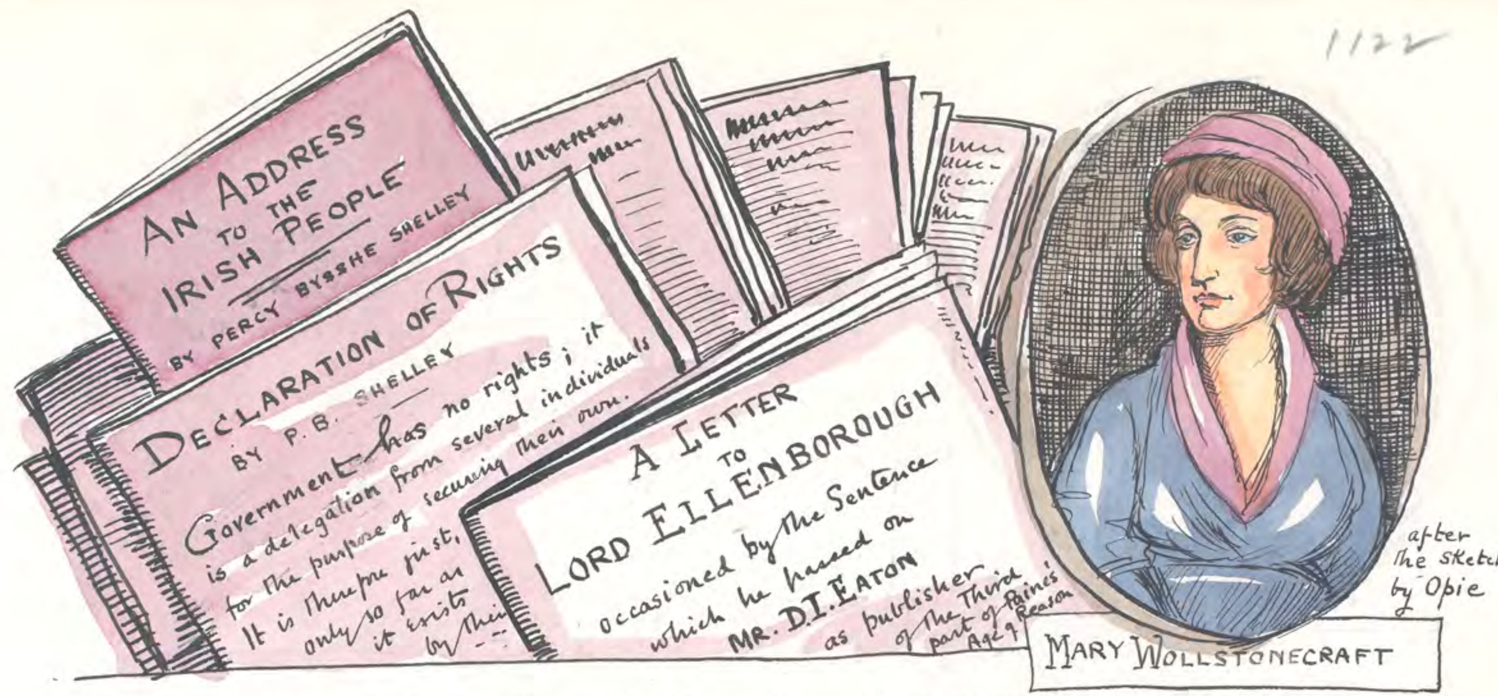
From the Shelley Coat of Arms


From the Bysshe monument in the Church of Worth, Sussex.

Expelled from the University (1811), he took lodgings in London. His sisters sent him their pocket-money on which to live; and in the "society of the

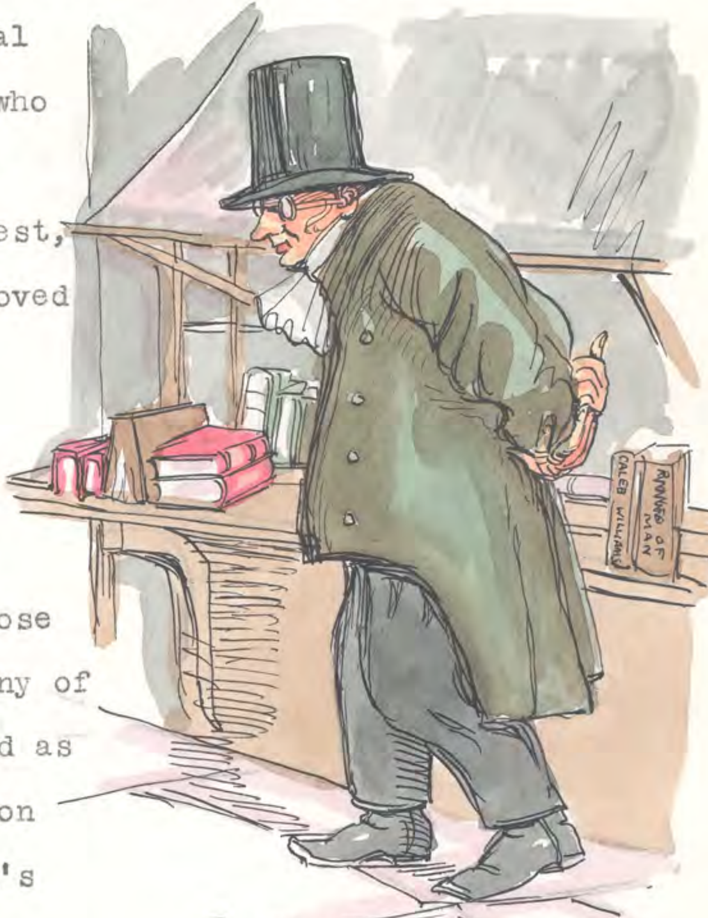
disinterested, the free", of which he talked, he met a friend of his sisters, Harriet Westbrook, the daughter of a retired coffee-house keeper. "Mysterious persecutions", so she said, were inflicted upon her by her father, and Shelley counseled her to resist tyranny. She suffered for principle and for Shelley, and then turned to Shelley for help. Shelley, rather surprised, on principle posted off to Scotland with her; and then, lest she suffer from his saving of her, married her---in August 1811, when he was nineteen and Harriet sixteen. The years that followed were remarkably migratory. At first Timothy Shelley refused to support his son, but afterwards allowed him £200 a year.

For a time the Shelleys lived at York; and then at Keswick in the Lake District, where Shelley met Southey and Wordsworth. Then they went to Ireland, and to Wales, and then were back in London. During this time of restless wandering, Shelley diligently kept up his studies. Everywhere he went, he surrounded himself with books. He dipped into Kant and Spinoza, and studied Italian in order to read Dante, Tasso, and Petrarch. In 1813, he completed his first extended poem, "Queen Mab", ---an



intemperate attack on the existing form of government and religion. It was some time after the publication of the poem that Shelley and Harriet began drifting apart. She could not match Shelley's growth. And the situation was strained by the "eternal presence" of Eliza, Harriet's sister, who had come to live with them. (Eliza was not a very likeable person at best, and while Harriet clung to her "beloved sister", Shelley grew more and more acutely to dislike her.)

Meanwhile, Shelley had made other friends, among them the philosopher and novelist William Godwin, from whose "Political Justice" he had taken many of his radical ideas, and whom he hailed as the master of his mind. Shelley soon became a frequent visitor at Godwin's home.



(WILLIAM GODWIN, author of "Thoughts on Man," and the novel "Caleb Williams".

In late May or June, 1814, Shelley met Mary, the child of Godwin's first wife, Mary Wollstonecraft. Young Mary Godwin was a

Mary Godwin Shelley
(after the portrait by Stout.)

remarkable daughter of remarkable parents---intelligent, sensitive, courageous and good-looking. All her life she had lived in that world of ideas which was Shelley's world. The two were immediately attracted to each other.

When Shelley and his wife parted by mutual consent, Shelley almost immediately formed a new connection with Mary Godwin. William Godwin tried to separate them, but was helpless. At the end of July 1814, Shelley and Mary eloped to the continent. (No valid defence can be offered for Shelley, except that there are many Harriets and few Shelleys, and the world profited by the sacrifice of Harriet.) After the suicide of Harriet, Shelley was married to Mary Godwin, and the couple moved to Italy where they spent some time with Byron in Venice, and finally settled at Pisa.

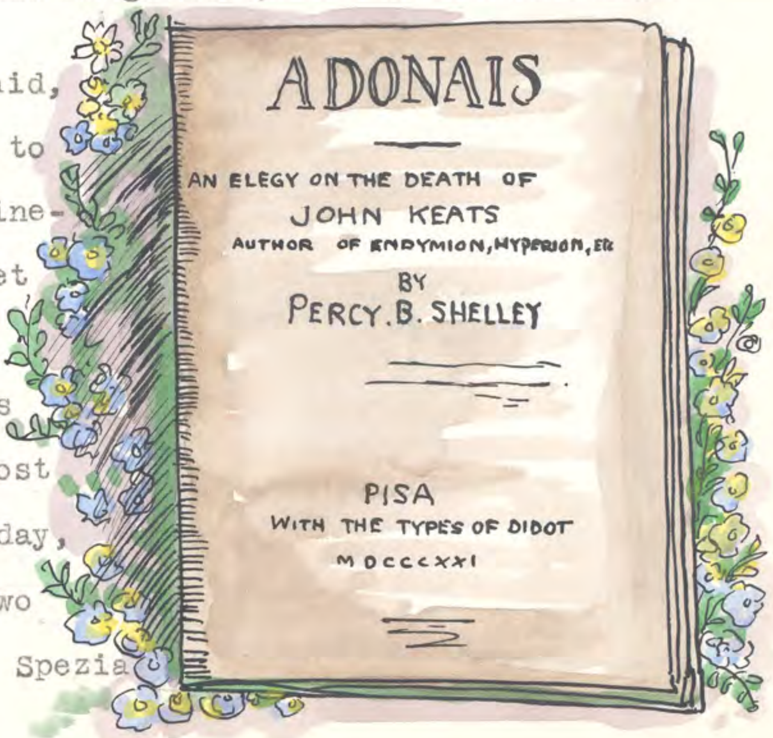
We look before & after
And pine for what is not
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
(thought

FACSIMILE OF A STANZA FROM "To A SKYLARK".

Like Byron, Shelley was practically an exile whose repeatedly avowed ideas upon religion, government, and marriage brought him into conflict with public opinion in England. The remaining four years of his life were passed in comparative tranquility in the "Paradise of Exiles," as he called Italy. Byron rented the famous Lanfranchi Palace in Pisa, and became Shelley's neighbor. Among the English exiles were Edward Trelawney, the Boswell of Shelley's last days, and Leigh Hunt, the critic and essayist.

after a sketch of Shelley taken from life by Wm. E. West, at Villa Rossa, near Leghorn, 1822.

On July 7, 1822, Shelley said, "If I die to-morrow, I have lived to be older than my father. I am ninety years of age." The young poet was right in claiming that it is not length of years that measures life. He had lived longer than most men who reach ninety. The next day, he started out in company with two others to sail across the Bay of Spezia



The Gulf of Spezzia

to his summer home. Friends watching from the shore saw a tempest strike the boat. When the cloud passed, the craft could not be seen. Not many months before, he had written the last stanza of "Adonais" (a lament for the early death of John Keats):

Shelley's copy of SOPHOCLES found in his pocket when he was drowned

"....my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are".

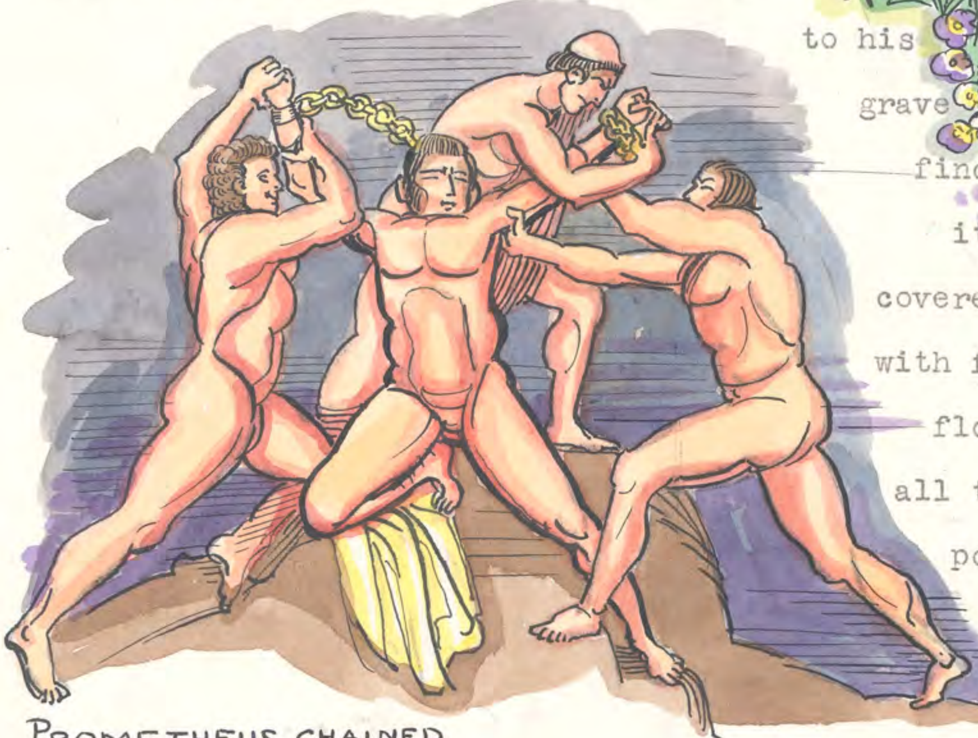
Shelley's body was washed ashore, and it was burned near the spot, in accordance with Italian law. The ashes and the unconsumed heart were interred in

The Cremation of Shelley

the beautiful Protestant cemetary at Rome, not far from where Keats was buried the previous year.

With the passing years, Shelley has become one of the most loved poets of the English language. Visitors to his grave find it covered with fresh flowers all the year round. His poems are read by an ever increasing group of ardent young people,---

Shelley's Grave in Rome


PROMETHEUS CHAINED TO THE ROCK

particularly by those who find in Shelley's philosophy an adequate expression of protest against tyranny and injustice. In the poem "Prometheus Unbound", Shelley presented Prometheus as Friend of Mankind, symbolic of the upward striving of the human race. The Titan, with infinite patience and fortitude, defies the wrath and the tortures of the oppressor Jove. As the hour of redemption approaches, Prometheus arouses the soul of Revolution, and in the end spreads liberty and happiness through all the world. Then the Moon, the Earth, and the Voices of the Air break forth into a magnificent chant of Universal praise.

In his longer, as well as in his shorter poems, it is Shelley's lyrical power that gives his poetry distinction. A lover of nature, a man of keen intellect, a master of various verse-forms, he treats his subjects nearly always in a lyrical way. Shelley is preeminently a "singer". The emotion in his poetry, however, is never physical (like Byron's), but always etherial, almost without a trace of earth. The point may well be illustrated by comparing Shelley's skylark with Wordsworth's. Wordsworth's soars to heaven, but returns to rest on the ground; it is a

"Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!"

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH MADE BY SHELLEY OUTSIDE THE FOLDED MS. OF THE ELESYIAN FIELDS

Shelley's skylark never returns to earth, but keeps on forever into the sunset and "the pale purple even"---

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest!

"Higher still and higher—"

In giving expression to the individual forms of nature, Shelley was not interested in things themselves, but in their elusive animating spirit. In the lyric, "The Cloud", it is the animating spirit of the Cloud itself that sings the song:

Sketch of Yarmouth Pier

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

CUMULUS CLOUDS

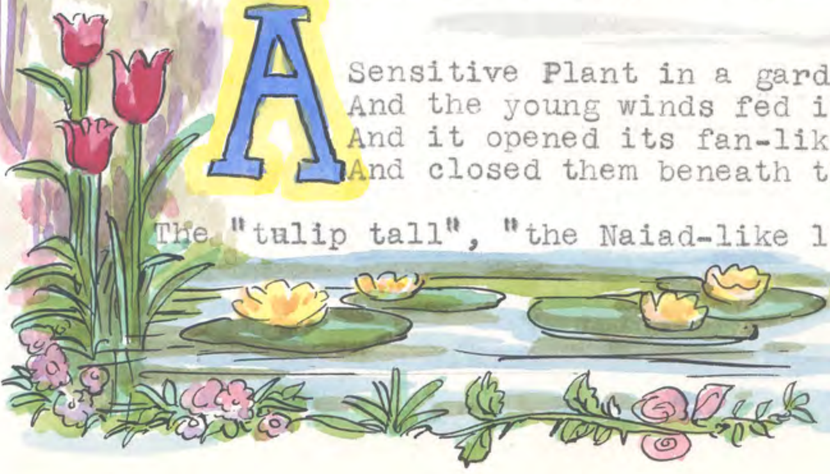
CIRRUS CLOUDS

Shelley peoples the garden in his lyric, "The Sensitive Plant", with flowers that are definite individual manifestations of "the spirit of Love felt everywhere".

STRATUS

A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of Night.

NIMBUS



The "tulip tall", "the Naiad-like lily", "the jessamine faint", "the sweet tuberose", were all ministering angels to the companionless Sensitive Plant, and each tried

to be a source of joy to all the rest. No one who had not caught the new spirit of humanity could have imagined that garden.

In the exquisite "Ode to the West Wind", Shelley calls to that "breath of Autumn's being" to express its own mighty harmonies through him:

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,

* * * * *

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
  What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
  Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness.

The reader will find in Shelley the purest, the most hopeful, and the noblest voice of the Romantic Revolution. Wordsworth and Coleridge may have lost their faith in the political revolution and entered the ranks of the Tories; Byron may have grown selfish and cynical and even anarchistic; but Shelley seems to have continued to the end in his wild and enthusiastic hopes for an ideal democracy based on universal love and the brotherhood of man.

JOHN KEATS
from the Sketch by Haydon
NOVEMBER 1816

John Keats, the third of the imaginative group of poets of the younger Romanticists, held---as far as can be judged---the greatest promise of all three. It is partly because he was the youngest, and partly on account of his obscure birth---he was a livery-stableman's son who was apprenticed to

a surgeon -apothecary---,and partly,again, because of his ceaseless struggle with ill-health,that we are constantly reminded of the greater things that he might have done. There is less maturity in his work than in the work of Byron and Shelley. Except for a few odes and sonnets---immortal,however few---,there is always a sense of beginning,or,at least,of adolescence.

Concerning Keats,there is one anecdote which all his biographers (who are as many,almost,as his years) find pleasant to recall. At the school at Enfield,Keats met Charles Cowden-Clarke,the schoolmaster's son. Clarke was the first to introduce Keats to the two worlds---the Elizabethan and the Greek---in which,through the rest of his life,he found himself almost at home. In I8II,Clarke lent Keats a volume of Spenser's "Faerie Queen",and Keats went through the volume,says Clarke,"as a young horse through a spring meadow,ramping". He picked out the happiest epithets,the deftest Spenserian touches,and learned them,literally,by heart. A year or two afterwards,Clarke lent him a copy of Chapman's "Homer",and Keats himself has left on record his first im-

JOHN KEATS
after
SKETCHES BY
Joseph Severn
1821.

-impressions of that book. We are informed that the sonnet "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" was laid on the breakfast table on the morrow of the introduction.

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold;
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific---and all his men
Look'd at each other with a mild surmise---
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Soon after, encouraged by the cheerful Leigh Hunt, who praised his verses and acted as his host and patron, Keats published his first volume of poetry. In 1818, his first long poem, "Endymion", appeared. The opening lines are here reproduced in the poet's own style of handwriting:

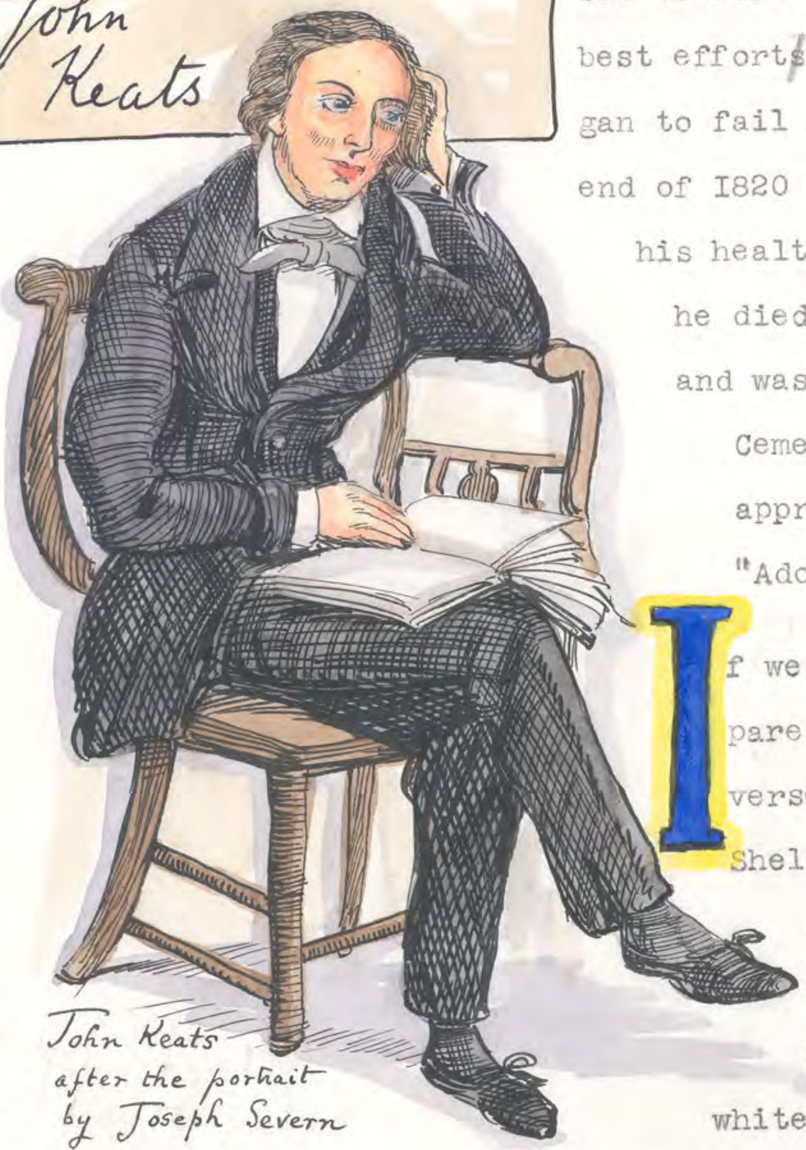
HOMER INVOKING THE MUSE. — after a design by John Flaxman

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its Loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A Bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet breathing.

FACSIMILE OF ORIGINAL MS. OF ENDYMION

"Endymion" was at once attacked by the acrimonious reviewers. But

though the critics descended to personal abuse, Keats deliberately set to work to produce what was his best efforts. His health, however, began to fail as early as 1819. By the end of 1820 he had to go to Italy for his health; and on February 23, 1821 he died (at the age of twenty-five) and was buried in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome. His most appropriate epitaph is Shelley's "Adonais".



John Keats after the portrait by Joseph Severn

If we compare the verse of Shelley to a cataract tumbling in white dazzle down gleaming cliffs, with rainbows over it, we should compare the poetry of Keats to a summer river, flowing through deep woodlands, covered with water lilies, overhung with blossoming trees, and curving past templed headlands. Keats was the first of the romanticists to recover the treasures of Spenser and the Elizabethans, and to win back the "magic of the phrase"--- the group of words that one quotes be-

Fanny Brawne from the original miniature in the possession of her grand-daughter

-cause of pleasure in the words themselves. Like Wordsworth, Keats transformed the ode into a new music. For example, the "Ode to a Nightingale" pleases lovers of music, just as it does lovers of artistic expression, of nature, of romance, and of human pathos. In the following stanza, the music and greatness of his best work may be appreciated:

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Such lines as these show that the strength and beauty of the verse are not entirely dependent on images of sense:

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme
To take into the air my quiet breath.

Sensitive in a remarkable degree, Keats had an unequaled appreciation of the rich values of color and sound. A good example of this quality may be found in his poems on mediaeval themes, such as "Isabella", "The Eve of St. Agnes", and most notably "La Belle Dame Sans Merci", in which he captured the very spirit of romance, and surpassed Coleridge in his own line.

O what can ail thee, knight at arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing!

p 212 1138
1902

O what can ail thee knight at arms,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful, a faery's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets, too, and fragrant zone;
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw, all day long;
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sighed full sore;
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dreamed, ah woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dreamt,
On the cold hillside.

Profile and Frieze: The Sosibios Vase. "What men or Gods are these?"

From an etching in Piranesi's "Vasi e Candelabri"

"Figures on a Greek vase: a man and two women"

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all,
Who cried, "La belle dame sans merci
Thee hath in thrall!"

I saw their starved lips in the gloom
With horrid warning gapèd wide---
And I awoke, and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering;
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

In his ode "On a Grecian Urn" Keats concludes with the lines:

> Beauty is truth, truth beauty,---that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

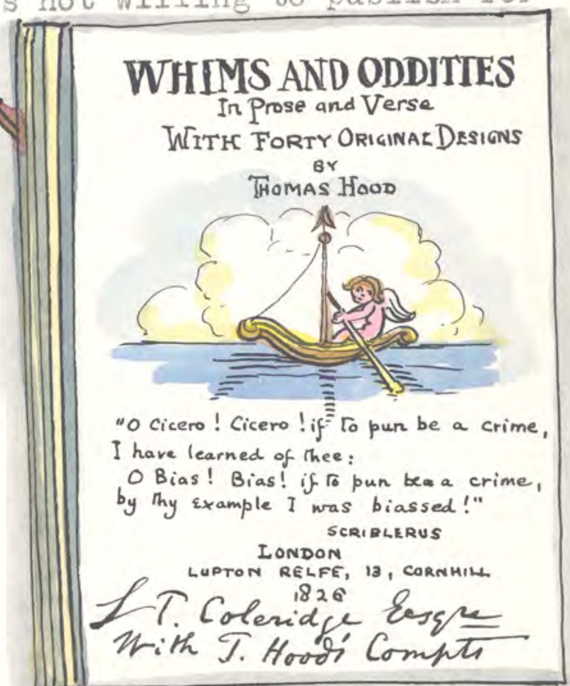
These two lines seem to express the character of all his thought and work. Somehow, one feels, after reading the ode, that nothing can be wholly true that is not beautiful, and that nothing can be wholly beautiful that is not true. And we feel it all the more because Keats does not preach at us, but actually reveals the truth of beauty in his lines. We are convinced, in other words, by his beautiful language and beautiful verse.

Bright Star, would I were stedfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night
And watching with eternal lids apart,
Like nature's patient sleepless eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earths human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen masque
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors.
No — yet still stedfast, still unchangeable
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft swell and fall,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath
And so live ~~even~~ ever or else swoon to death

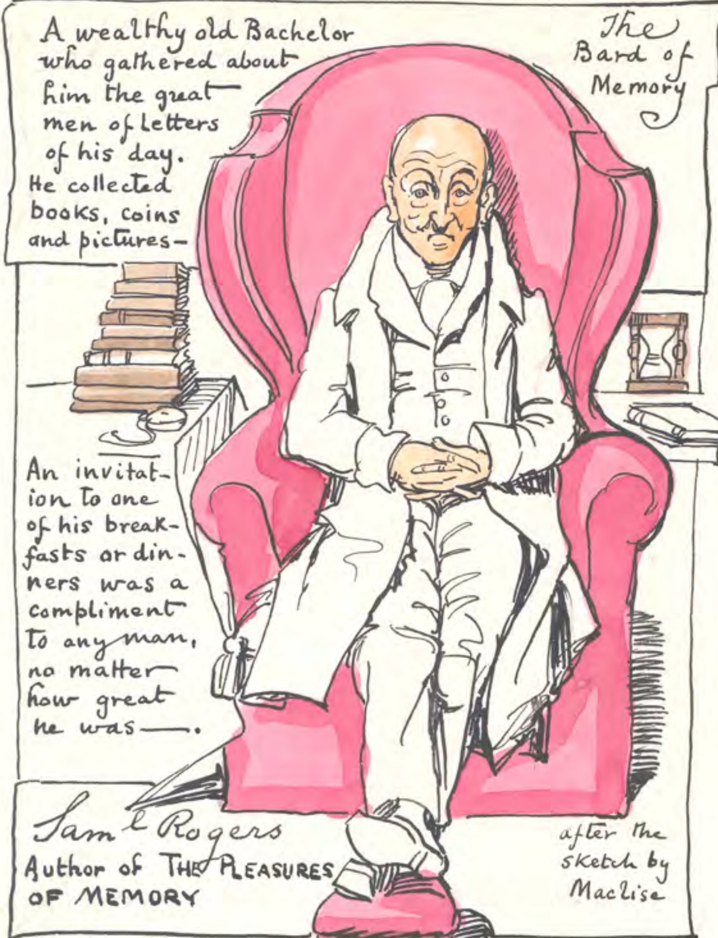
FACSIMILE MS. OF KEATS' LAST SONNET

he quickness of his development is one of the most amazing facts in literary history. He was twenty-three when "Endymion" was published,and in the next eighteen months he had almost finished his life's work. In that brief time,he perfected his art,and wrote poems that rank among the greatest of their kind,and that have influenced the work of many succeeding poets,such as Tennyson,and Swinburne. In the last quarter of the nineteenth century,Matthew Arnold wrote of Keats:"He is with Shakespeare". Indeed it may be said of him that he became the people's poet,by virtue of his shorter poems,and of their many deathless phrases.

By 1832---the year of the passing of the Reform Bill---the Romantic movement ushered in by the publication of the "Lyrical Ballads" may almost be said to have died away. Byron had been dead eight years; Shelley ten; and Keats eleven. Scott's muse had been silent for well nigh twenty years. The best that was in Wordsworth had been uttered. Coleridge had almost wholly fallen silent. It is true that young Tennyson, little observed or praised, was now writing the most brilliantly varied of his lyrics; but, discouraged at the reception of his first poems in 1833, he was not willing to publish for several years to come.

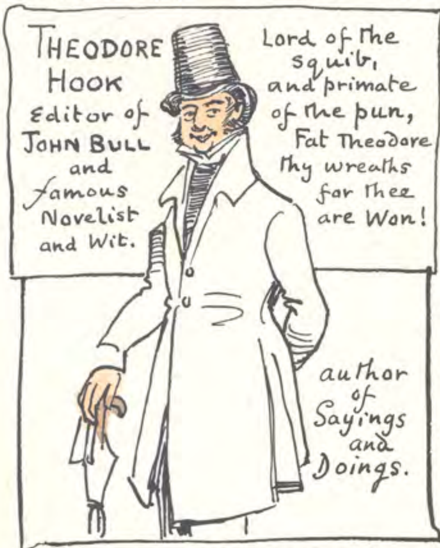


During this lull in the world of poetry, the sprightly fancy of Thomas Hood---already nearing the close of his brief life---was highly appreciated. Sometime in the year 1825 there was published in London a thin volume of poems entitled "Odes and Addresses to Great People." It bore no author's name, and when Samuel Taylor Coleridge (who was then residing with Mr. Gillman at Highgate) read through the poems, he at once assumed that Charles Lamb was the author. "No! Charles, it is you. I have read them over again, and I understand why you have "anoned" the book. The puns are nine in ten good---many excellent..." Lamb wrote back: "The Odes are, four-fifths, done by Hood---a silentish young man, an invalid. I have not had a broken finger in them...Hood will be gratified, as much as I am,

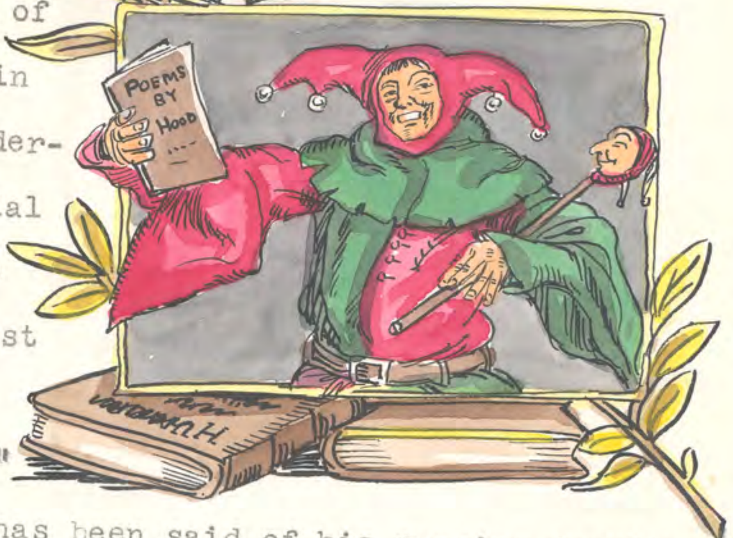


by your mistake." And Lamb was able to add at the close of his letter: "Hood has just come in; his sick eyes sparkled with health when he read your approbation." Among Hood's good friends on "The London Magazine" were Hazlitt, De Quincey, Hartley Coleridge, and above all (in Hood's affection and admiration) Charles Lamb, then just beginning to contribute his essays to the magazine. Hood married the sister of John Hamilton Reynolds (who wrote one-fifth of the Odes in the Book of Hood's poems).

In his poetry, Hood demonstrated that, in the hands of a poet and humorist, the pun could take higher rank and subserve quite other purposes than it had done before. The pun, as ordinarily understood, is a play upon the double meanings of words, or on the resemblance of one word to another. In the hands of one destitute of humor or fancy, the pun



begins and ends there. It may be purely mechanical, and if so, speedily becomes wearisome and even disgusting. "To hear of any ordinary man that makes a pun is properly a warning to avoid his society," observes Dean Ainger. "In the hands of a Hood", continues the Dean, "the pun becomes an element in his fancy, his humor, his ethical teaching, even his pathos". Hood never hesitated to make the Pun minister to higher ends, and vindicate its right to a share in quickening men's sympathies. In the proper place, we shall



reproduce Hood's famous poem "Song of the Shirt", which startled England in 1843 by disclosing the shameful underpayment of seamstresses by commercial employers. To the close of his life (Hood died in 1845), the poet-humorist struggled against poverty and ill-health and produced his "comic copy" in the interest of humanity. What has been said of his punning faculty applies to the general quality of his humorous verse, namely, that the writer comes to it from a higher ground. His sympathies were with all that is best in literature. He had trained himself on the best models. Shakespeare and Keats were the inspiration of his earliest verse.

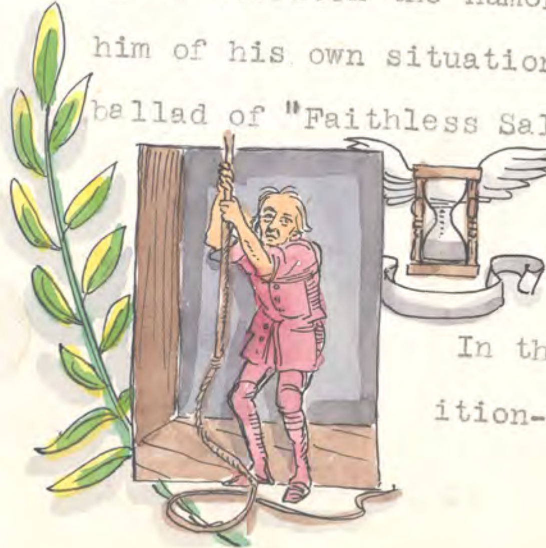
Stanzas

Farewell, Life! My senses swim;
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night,—
Colder, colder, colder still—
Strong the earthy odour grows—
I smell the Mould above the Rose!

Welcome, Life! the Sprit strives!
Strength returns, & hope revives;
Cloudy fears and Shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn,—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom—
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapour cold—
I smell the Rose above the Mould!

T. Hood

He was only forty-five when he died, and for the last twenty years had dwelt "in the company of pain". But he made no capital out of his pain; the pessimistic accent is never heard in his verse. On the contrary, he could never overlook the humorous analogies of things, even when they reminded him of his own situation. Take, for example, the last stanza in the ballad of "Faithless Sally Brown":



> His death, which happen'd in his berth,
> At forty-odd befell;
> They went and told the sexton, and
> The sexton toll'd the bell.

In the poem---an apparently little known composition---in support of the "Early Closing Movement"

of his day, Hood pleads the case of the over-worked Draper's Assistant. The prodigal flow of wit and fancy that marks the poem, so far from be-littling its purpose, is surely fraught with rare pathos. (The point of the jests is chiefly derived from the double meanings in the well-known trade phrases).

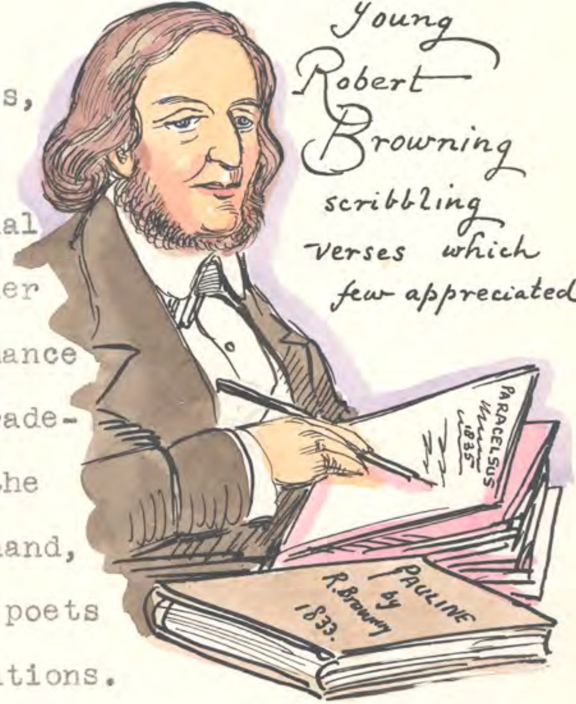
Ah! who can tell the miseries of men
That serve the very cheapest shops in town?
Till faint and weary, they leave off at ten,
Knock'd up by ladies beating of 'em down!

O come then, gentle ladies, come in time,
O'erwhelm our counters, and unload our shelves;
Torment us all until the seventh chime,
But let us have the remnant to ourselves!

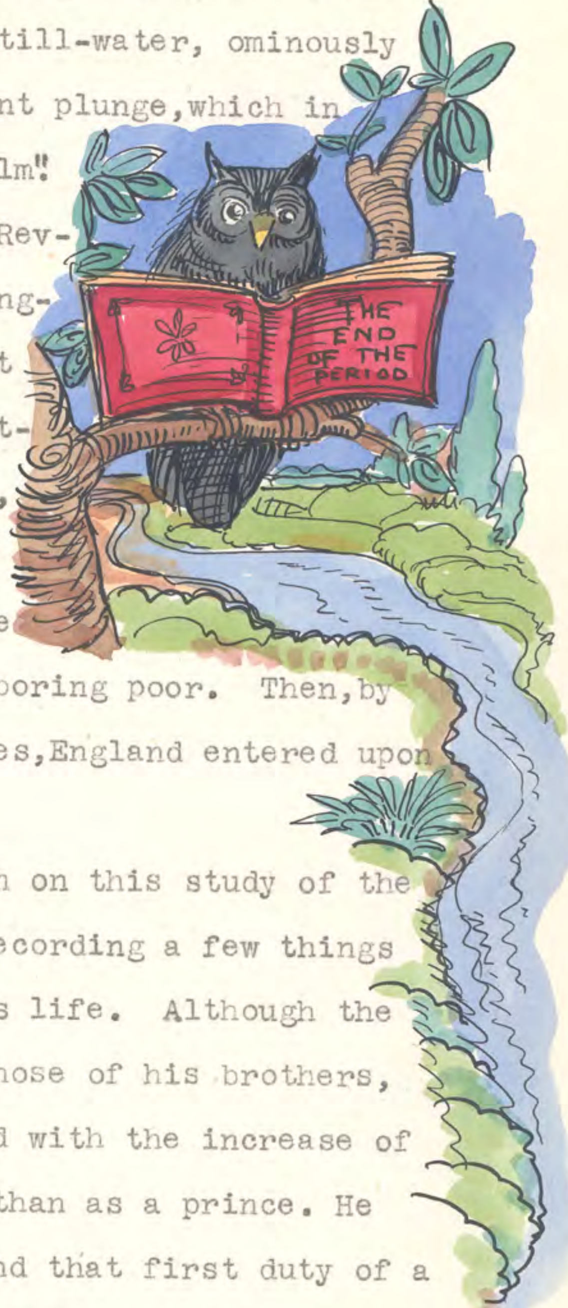
We wish of knowledge to lay in a stock,
And not remain in ignorance incurable;---
To study Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Locke,
And other fabrics that have proved so durable.

We long for thoughts of intellectual kind,
And not to go bewilder'd to our beds;
With stuff and fustian taking up our mind,
And pins and needles running in our heads!

Like every other English version of a great European movement, English Romanticism had its peculiar originality and strength, and its peculiar limitations. Its chief glory lay, without doubt, in the extraordinarily various, subtle, and intimate interpretations of "external Nature", and of that other world of wonder and romance which the familiar comradeship of Nature generates in the mind of man. On the other hand, as Professor Herford reminds us, "the poets of English Romanticism had definite limitations. They lacked vision for the world of man, save under certain broad and simple aspects---the patriot, the peasant, the visionary, the child. They lacked understanding of the past, save at certain points on which the spirit of liberty had laid a fiery finger." (Of course, in the prose of Sir Walter Scott, of Charles Lamb, and in the rhetorical verse of Byron, these limitations were in great part transcended). In the next generation, all the impulses and instincts of Romanticism in its widest scope will be assembled in the poetic cosmos, and English poetry will fulfill the Romantic aspiration to take upon itself the burden of humanity,---most signally in the work of Browning and Tennyson.

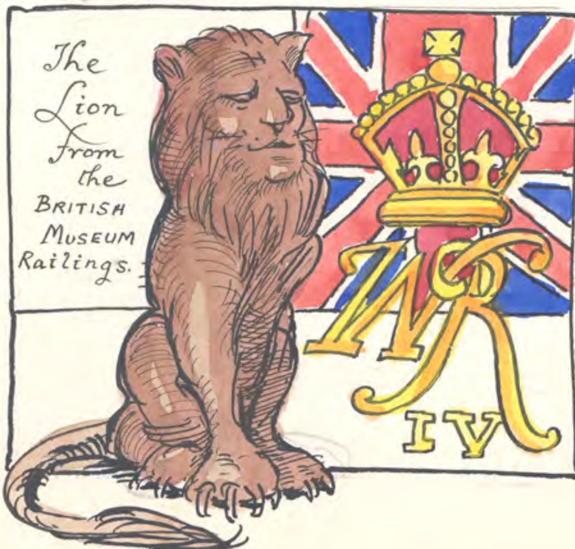


The progress of England, observes Professor Osgood, is like a river among the hills. "A broad, calm reach of still-water, ominously deep, suddenly breaks into a headlong, turbulent plunge, which in turn settles into another long expanse of calm".



In the twenty-five years between the French Revolution and the end of the Napoleonic Wars, England experienced fear of invasion, and was not free from danger, ferment, and national disruption. Her own revolution, though less violent, was as profound as that of France. From this ordeal she emerged, as we have seen, only to be appalled by misery and hardship among her laboring poor. Then, by many slow and hard-wrought reforms and changes, England entered upon a new era of progress and expansion.

Now it is time to ring down the curtain on this study of the first quarter of the Nineteenth century by recording a few things about the closing scenes of King William IV's life. Although the manners of the "Sailor King" had been, like those of his brothers, somewhat rough and over-bearing, they improved with the increase of responsibility. He was far better as a king than as a prince. He proved that he was able at least to understand that first duty of a constitutional monarch which, to the last day of his active life, his father, George the Third, never could be brought to comprehend---that the personal predilections and prejudices of the King must sometimes give way to the public interest.



As the "Sailor King", William was

was popular among men of the British navy and all jolly Jack Tars. There are several ballads that tell about the King's popularity among his sailors. Here is one of the familiar broadsides:

In Portsmouth town, at the Sign of the Ship,
A jolly Jack Tar sat drinking his flip;
A messmate was there, who spun him a yarn,
That we'd a new King, he'd soon give him to larn.

Says sailor Ben to sailor Jem,
He's a King, and a sailor trim,
And 'bout him there's no palaver or fuss,
Acause, don't you see, he is one of us.

Says sailor Ben to his messmate Jem,
He knows that I've sailed under him,
And when our ship's paid off at Chatham,
I'll go and have a good stare at 'em.

Now Ben Block he arriv'd at the Park,
And soon the King and Queen did mark;
Says Ben, says he, I'll bet you a tanner,
He hails me in a Kinglike manner.

Sailor Jem

Ye ho! says Ben, and he soon brought to,
And his boatswain's whistle out he drew;
When the King turn'd round with pride and joy,
Halloo! says he, and what ship ahoy?

Sailor Ben

after a Wood-cut from a Contemporary ballad.

Now Ben, he answered with a grin,
The Royal Charlotte I've sailed in,
She was nam'd arter your royal mother,
Whose great and glorious son you are.

The King the hand of Ben he shook,
And said at that time I was a Mid,
Then Ben lugged out his 'bacca box,
And said to the King, come take a quid.

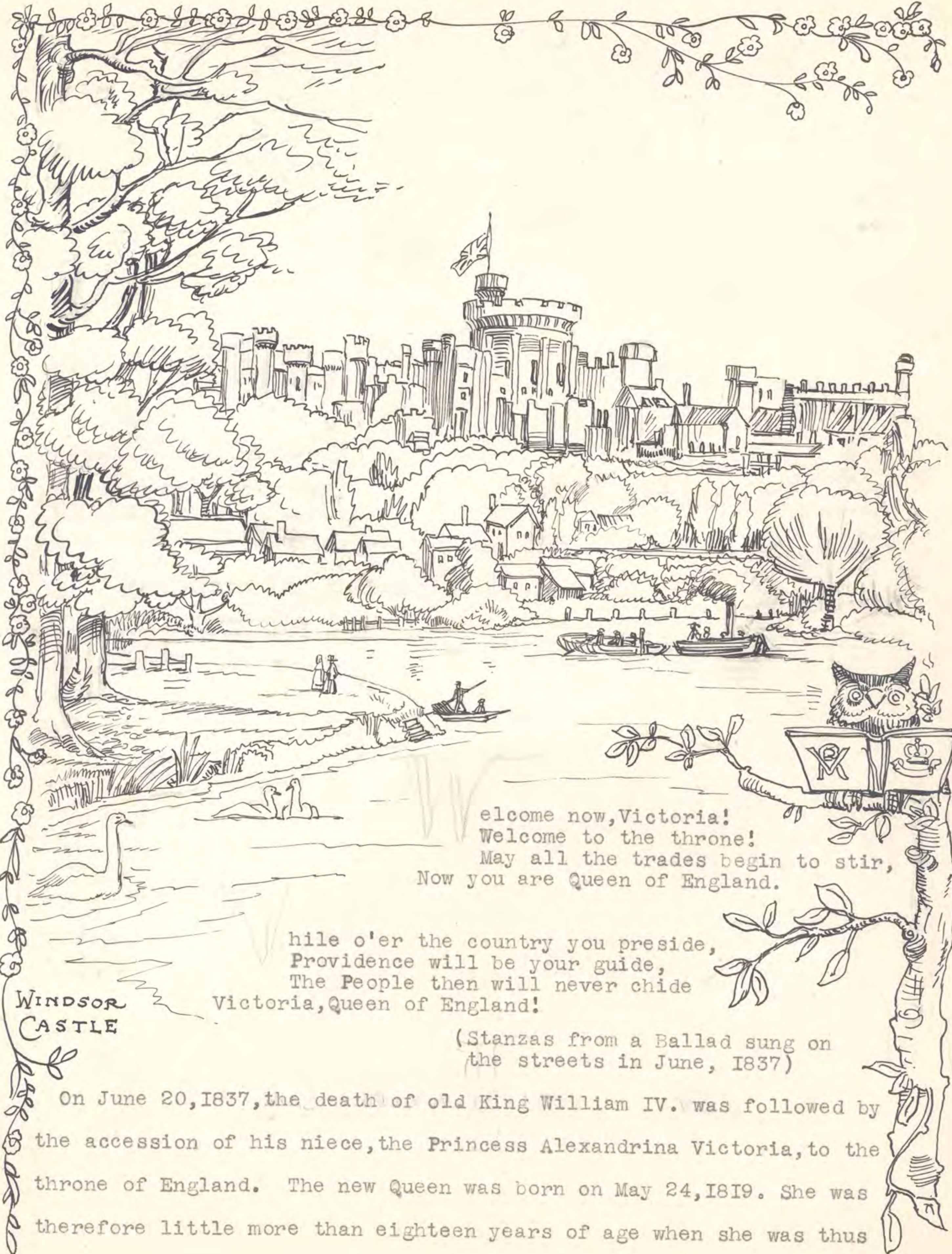
If you dont, the Queen may like a bit,
Mayhap, like one of the Indian squaws,
So he scrap'd up to her, and offered his box,
No thank ye, says she, I never chaws.

The King he gave promotion to Ben,
So he thought that he'd steer back again;
But the Queen, he thought he first would tell her
That her husband the King, was a damned good fellow!

When William IV awoke on June 18, 1837, he remembered that it was the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. He expressed a strong, pathetic wish to live over that day, even if he were never to see another sunset. He called for the flag which the Duke of Wellington always sent him on that anniversary, and he laid his hand upon the eagle that adorned it. The last official act he performed was to sign with his trembling hand the pardon of a condemned criminal. The closing scenes of King William's life were undoubtedly characterized by some personal dignity. (As a rule, sovereigns show that they know how to die. Perhaps the necessary consequence of their training, by virtue of which they come to regard themselves always as the central figures in great state pageantry, is to make them assume a manner of dignity on all occasions when the eyes of the public may be supposed to be on them....) Before half-past two o'clock on the morning of June 20, His Majesty lay dying, while the messengers were hurrying off to Kensington Palace to bear to his successor her summons to the throne of England. William IV had no children who could succeed him, and the crown was to pass therefore to the daughter of his brother (fourth son of George III), the Duke of Kent, who had died a few months after the birth of his daughter, Princess Victoria. The death of William may be fairly regarded as having closed an era in history. And with his death we shall close this part of our book.

KING WILLIAM IV
after a portrait painted on paper and elaborated in bronze

QUEEN VICTORIA'S FATHER
H.R.H. EDWARD, DUKE OF KENT
(painted on glass)



Welcome now, Victoria!
Welcome to the throne!
May all the trades begin to stir,
Now you are Queen of England.

While o'er the country you preside,
Providence will be your guide,
The People then will never chide
Victoria, Queen of England!

(Stanzas from a Ballad sung on the streets in June, 1837)

On June 20, 1837, the death of old King William IV. was followed by the accession of his niece, the Princess Alexandrina Victoria, to the throne of England. The new Queen was born on May 24, 1819. She was therefore little more than eighteen years of age when she was thus

suddenly called to the throne. There is a pretty description which has often been quoted(but will bear citing once more)of the manner in which the young sovereign received the news of her accession.

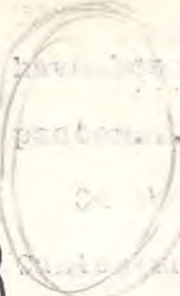
The Princess Victoria, age 17 years. shortly before her accession — 1836. after a sketch by George Hayter R.A.

The dawn came through the trees at Kensington Palace. The clock in the preposterous tower struck five, when the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Howley) and the Lord Chamberlain (the Marquis of Conyngham)rumbled through the streets in their dusty carriage,and halted at the gate. They had come all the way from Windsor (whence they had started two hours after midnight),to inform Princess Victoria of the death of her uncle,King William IV. They knocked at the gate. They thumped for a considerable time before the sleepy porter admitted them to the little courtyard,where they were were kept waiting a while longer. The front door of Kensington Palace was tightly shut. When finally it was opened,the Archbishop and the Lord Chamberlain were turned adrift into one of the lower rooms,where they seemed forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell. When it was answered,they requested

The Princess Victoria at the age of ten

that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might inform Her Royal Highness that two gentlemen desired an audience on important business. After another delay, the attendant returned with the report that the Princess "was in such a sweet sleep" that she should not be disturbed. The visitors replied impressively,"We are come on business of State to the Queen, and even her sleep must give way to that." The magic worked. The sleeping palace stirred. There was a sudden scurry overhead,and someone roused the Duchess,who woke her daughter(they slept in the same room)with the alarming news that the Archbishop and the Lord Chamberlain were both downstairs and wished to see the Queen. It was six o'clock in the morning of June 20,1837,when the new reign began.

To prove that she did not keep them waiting,the Queen,in a few minutes,came into the room in a loose white nightgown and shawl,her nightcap thrown off,and her hair falling upon her shoulders,her feet in slippers,tears in her eyes,but "perfectly collected and dignified." The Lord Chamberlain knelt to her slippered feet to kiss her hand and tell her that the King had died and that she was Queen of England. The Archbishop followed with some edifying details of her uncle's death,and a little homily. She clasped her hands,sent a becoming message to her widowed aunt,and went upstairs to dress.



n this memorable day, when the Princess Victoria was informed by The Archbishop and the Chancellor that she was now Queen of England, she wrote in her Journal: "Since it has pleased Providence to place me in this station, I shall do my utmost to fulfil my duty towards my country; I am very young, and perhaps in many, though not in all things, inexperienced, but I am sure that very few have more real good will and more real desire to do what is fit and right than I have".

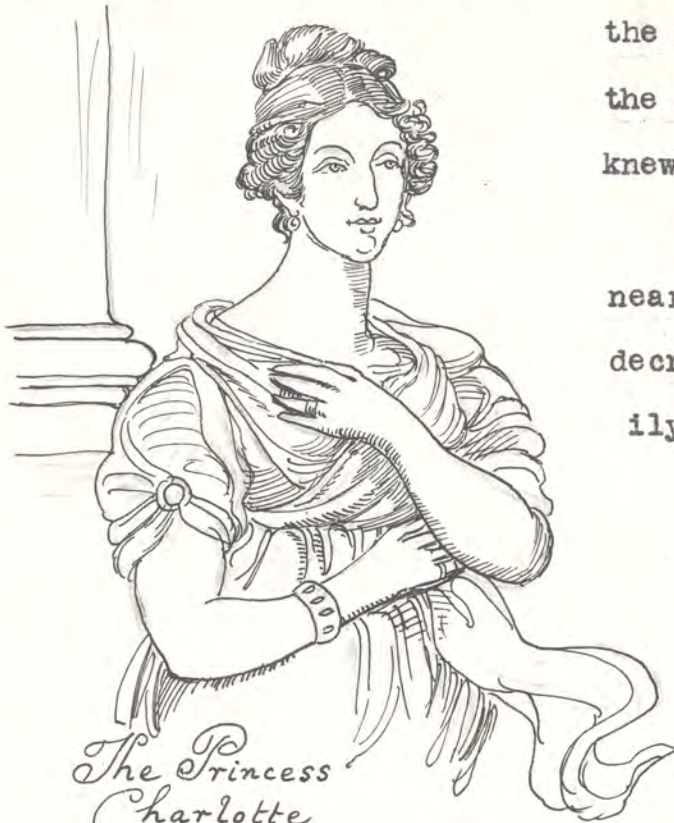
But there was scant time, as we have already noticed, for resolutions and reflections. At once, affairs were thick upon her.

The assembly of lords and notables, bishops and generals and Ministers of State were soon to behold the Queen---a very short, slim girl who moved forward to her seat with extraordinary dignity and grace. Her countenance was not beautiful, but prepossessing---blue prominent eyes, a small curved nose, an open mouth revealing the upper teeth, a tiny chin, a clear complexion, and over all, the mingled signs of innocence, gravity, youth, and of composure.

THE QUEEN'S FIRST COUNCIL, KENSINGTON PALACE, JUNE 20, 1837., after the painting by SIR DAVID WILKIE.

"The Queen was quite plainly dressed, and in mourning. After she had read her speech, and taken the oath, the Privy Councillors were sworn---the two royal dukes first by themselves; and as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations, and this was the only sign of emotion which she evinced....She went through the whole ceremony, occasionally looking at Melbourne for instruction when she had any doubt what to do, which hardly ever occurred, and with perfect calmness and self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and ingratiating." Such is the account of Victoria's first appearance as Queen, according to Greville. The Duke of Wellington said in his blunt way that if she had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her

part better. The interest or curiosity with which the demeanor of



The Princess Charlotte daughter of George IV.

the young Queen was watched was all the keener because the world in general knew so little about her.

When George III's long reign was nearing its end,fate seemed to have decreed that the old King's large family (he had fifteen children---nine sons and six daughters) should maintain the succession to his throne through no more than a single generation. On May 2, I8I6, Princess Charlotte Augusta of Wales,only child of the Prince Regent (George III's heir) had married Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg; and on November 6, I8I7,she died after the birth of a stillborn son. The crown was thereby deprived of its only legitimate representative in the third generation.

Of the seven sons of George III. who reached adult years, three (at the date of Princess Charlotte's death) were bachelors, and four who were married were either childless or without lawful issue. With a view to maintaining the succession,it was deemed essential that the three unmarried sons (all of whom were middle-aged) should marry,without delay. In each case the bride,in conformity with family tradition,was chosen from a princely family of Germany. The weddings followed one another with rapidity. On May 29,I8I8, the Duke of Kent (who was in his fifty-first year)married a widowed sister of Prince Leopold (the premature death of whose wife,the Princess Charlotte,had induced so much matrimonial activity in the