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THE (~~CONTEMPORARY~~ Book) REVIEW IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

W.H. Rogers

Preface.

In attempting to trace the history of the Contemporary Book Review through its varied course in English Literature I have been constrained, as must be evident, to treat only those writers who have been successful and have made for themselves a name famous in literature. An effort to make an intensive study of the methods of every writer who undertook to do any reviewing would be, as is easily perceived, a task beyond the limits of such a work as this pretends to be.

Every appraisal or evaluation that I have made in these pages is the result of a careful study and reading of the works under discussion and an honest effort to draw the correct inference. I readily recognize the presumption of which a student must be guilty when he attempts to relegate Dryden or Matthew Arnold to subordinate positions and to give Croker and Jeffrey, and even Macaulay, a status more or less advanced. But it must be remembered that in this work the critical abiltty of the man is not of so great value as the concrete judgments he may have rendered.

I have purposely refrained from any attempt to study here the work of any present day reviewer, for I recognize the dangerous ground on which one treads when such a study is undertaken. For that reason I decided to bring this treatment to a close with the final years of the nineteenth century.

I wish to take this occasion to express my deepest thanks and appreciation to Dr. John Calvin Metcalf, under whose guidance I have pursued my work in the English Department, for the kindly advice he has

so often rendered me and the personal interest he has manifested in the progress of this dissertation.

University of Virginia, July 17, 1921. Wm. H. Rogers.

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Introduction.

Matthew Arnold's definition of literary criticism is "the art of seeing the object as in itself it really is". An expansion of this definition gives us the idea that literary criticism is a phase of literature, a choosing of some work of other days that has seemed to stand the test of time, and an examination with keen discernment into the excellences and weaknesses of that work with an occasional addition of another tenet to the laws of criticism. As a matter of fact a vast quantity of true literary criticism consists entirely in the laying down of laws governing the writing of poetry or prose without bringing into the discussion a single work of a single author. This is especially true of the criticism of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

On the other hand the book review is what its name signifies-----the review of a book. There is a vast difference between the book review and the normal literary criticism. The reviewer appraises a contemporary production, one that is just out of the hands of the publishers, and writes his review for the benefit of the reading public. The critic chooses a tried and tested work of an old author and criticizes it from the standpoint of literature. This seems to be the present distinction.

Five classes of people are benefitted by the present-day book review: first, the public, which is enabled thereby to discard unrecommended books and thus narrow the difficulty of choosing good books to read; second, the critic, who of course is paid for his contribution; third, the publisher, who profits from the advertisement offered by the review; fourth, the publisher of the review who thus

secures an article for his magazine; and last, but not least, the author, who profits financially and personally by the advertisement of his book. Without doubt the book review is the finest possible advertisement for a book unless the public becomes satisfied with reading the review and leaves the book unopened.

~~However,~~ There is a vast difference, however, between a good review and a poor. A good critic must possess literary judgment, and literary judgment depends largely on a full knowledge of the masters of the past and an ability to expand, to grasp something new, and still to remain unbiassed. In France criticism and current book reviewing are very much one and the same thing. ~~However,~~ The reviewer holds absolute sway in that country and it is oblivion not to be mentioned by one of ~~their~~ The great critics, such as Anatole France, Saint-Beuve, or Lemaître. A great ~~fault of this condition~~ defect, however, is the fact that French reviews are often simply acts of courtesy from one man of letters to a colleague. In America the duty of the reviewer is to the public which expects of him honest and sound judgment and correct information, whether personal or benevolent, without thought of the author of the book.

~~And then~~ Furthermore we must consider what books should be reviewed. Certainly not all, for "of ~~the~~ making many books there is no end". Paul Elmore More, in the days when he reviewed books, had a system all his own. He, according to his publishers, would heap up a pile of books in the center of the floor and "sick his pup on them". The dog chewed up what he did not like, and More reviewed what was left. All reviewers, however, do not possess canines of such marvelous acumen, and other methods have to be resorted to. A writer[1] in the Independent asserts that only ten per cent of present day books are worth reviewing, but such judgments are arbitrary and must be so considered. Common-

[1] Mr. F.W.Halsey in Independent 52:792

sense tells us that only a small percentage of productions deserve true consideration, and these should receive able and conscientious attention.

The question may be asked with due propriety, "What effect upon the author does the review have?" The answer as given by most authorities today is none-----absolutely none, except for the advertising he gets out of it. How different ~~from what it is~~ in France! And how different ~~from what it was~~ was it in the old days when Dr. Johnson held sway! Macaulay in his "Life of Johnson" tells us that Johnson's "Club" could by a verdict on a book"selloff a whole edition in a day, or condemn the sheets to the service of the trunkmaker and the pastry cook".[1] There were no professional reviewers then, and all judgments were spontaneous, sincere, truthful, and withal powerful. Today the reviewers ~~are is~~ are legion and every modern daily has its weekly book review section, not to mention all the present day magazines and reviews. ~~The public scarcely knows where to turn for sound reviewing and finds itself in a chaotic state.~~

The first years of the eighteenth century mark the beginning of the real review. A writer in the Atlantic Monthly says: "Previous to the eighteenth century criticism was either purely speculative, that is, it was a merely theoretical analysis of the nature and conditions of the beautiful, akin to any other scientific investigation, or it was undertaken for the benefit of authors."[2] The same writer says that poets and dramatists do not usually change their views or theories in deference to critics, but that authors are benefited by the inflation they receive because of a favorable review.

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[1] Macaulay, Life of Samuel Johnson, ed. Matthew Arnold, p.xxxiii

[2] Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., in Atlantic Monthly, 94:541, Oct.1904.

Two things are necessary for an honest appraisal of a work. First, the reviewer must love literature for its own sake. He must find in literature a treasure trove that is never exhausted, a widow's cruse of perpetual delight, that causes him to be wide awake and ever on the watch for any new gem that he might add to his collection. The second requisite is the honest desire to share his treasure, to divide ~~the pleasure with others~~ With others the pleasure which he finds in literature, to direct others to the hidden beauties that have been revealed to him. With these two qualities, the first to make him an honest investigator and the second to make him a philanthropist, a man is equipped to become a critic.

What are the primary differences between the review of today and that of former times? Of course in the final analysis reviewing is criticism and criticism has not always been as free as one could wish. Nero made rimes and no one reviewed his lines for fear that the author might not be taken with the criticism. The least said about his poems was the safest unless the "critic" revelled in eulogy. Yet from time immemorial mortal man has considered it his divine right to speak his mind, and though at some epochs of the world's history this was not the most profitable thing to do, there have ever been those who would insist on doing it.

The critic of the past was himself a writer-----usually he had written books better than the production he was criticising and was thus well equipped for the task. He was a scholar, knew literature, especially the ancient languages, and could discern the difference between the good and the bad. His adverse criticisms were usually poetic, probably heroic couplets, containing cutting sarcasm to which the unhappy victim dared not reply. Then later, in the nineteenth century, the critics were increasingly busy in proportion to ~~the increase in~~ The books published. The magazine review came into existence

and inaugurated a system of reviewing which hitherto had been unorganized.

Reviewing has become a profession in recent years. In the early days the critic pursued his art for the art's sake in an honest effort to give trustworthy opinions of current literature. The ostensible object of reviews has ever been the same. The difference lies in the quality of the work and the honesty of the effort. What was once an avocation has become a vocation. A difference of standards exists, too, for the former criticisms, being more or less side issues, were the work of men who themselves could perform, and doubtless had performed, feats of greater merit than the work of the author before them. That is to say, the men who reviewed at that time were themselves authors of established reputation who because of that very fact knew whereof they spoke.

Today, however, an author scarcely dares to presume to appraise the work of a brother author for fear of the rather unfraternal retort to ~~first~~ remove first the beam from his own organ of vision. The inevitable inquiry is made, "Can he write as well himself?" This fact without doubt prevents a large amount of sound reviewing that we otherwise would have access to, for only the author who knows that his niche is established could afford to run the risk of such a retort ~~of such a nature.~~

There is a word in our language, now more or less obsolete, that at one time was almost synonymous with criticism. This word is "slating", and is defined as a harsh criticism, a severe indictment of style, technique, and what not, usually anonymously. The custom of slating prevailed in the earlier days when Gifford and Croker vied with each other in an effort to condemn the struggling aspirants for literary fame. We have many interesting examples of this slating, and those of good authors by good critics. Hazlitt, review-

ing Christabel, left the impression that Coleridge was out of his mind or else devoid of that ~~organ~~ faculty altogether. Of Coleridge's poetry Hazlitt said that but a few lines were of a quality worth reading while the rest should be consigned to the ash-heap. As to the famous indictment of Keats by Gifford we have serious doubts that this had anything to do with the death of that poet, but we can certainly be assured that it caused him some pain and perhaps considerable disappointment in the last years of his life. Coleridge used slashing criticism often and what usually restrained him was the fear that he would receive in return what he gave. One trouble about slating was the fact that many of these slashing criticisms were nothing else than merciless personal attacks directed at an enemy, social or political. This was simply partisan spirit carrying on a sort of guerilla warfare under a camouflage of literary criticism. This was not true to the art of criticism for the reason that the cause often excited a more hostile attack than the subject of the examination warranted.

Evolution has wrought its good work and today we have a different type. There is yet plenty of room for improvement with a need for saner and sounder reviews, but slating is a thing of the past. The majority of current magazines devote some time and space to book notices. That is about all a great part of it amounts to. The title is given, the scope of the work, and the general plan, but no analysis is ventured nor any critical ~~value.~~ evaluation. When these two latter qualities are added the notice merges into the review.

CHAPTER TWO

Precursors of the Contemporary Review.

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Precursors of the Contemporary Review(1600-1700)

The strict meaning of the word review cannot be applied to any work antedating the first years of the eighteenth century. Instances occur of "notices", in embryonic state, much earlier and criticisms of contemporary productions were written in the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods, with a few earlier examples. Bacon and Ben Jonson are the outstanding figures among the critics of the Jacobean period.[1] These men, however, paid scant attention to the works of particular men, but devoted their critical propensities toward constructing a fabric of critical data: the relations of literary activity with political and religious life; and the establishment of the theory of writing based on the greatest writers of the classical period. Naturally, criticisms of that period chiefly consisted in judgments on poetry and the drama, for not until the beginning of the modern drama and novel in the eighteenth century did the real review come into being. At the beginning of the sevehteenth century in Europe periodical criticism had begun,[2] stronger and more widespread on the continent than in England, but the start was there which lacked but development tp attain to the full-fledged review of Sidney Smith and Sir Walter Scott in the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Contemporary remarks on plays, poetry, and translations earlier than the eighteenth century are found chiefly in letters, in introductions, and in pamphlets. These are the main sources while poetry is just as often the vehicle of expression as prose. A fourth class may possibly be added, though perhaps they would not fall under

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[1] Critical Essays of the xvii Century, ed.J.E.Spingarn, vol.1,p.ix int.

[2] Ed. cit. vol.1, p.cvi.

the head of reviews, for they are critical estimates gleaned from the conversations of literary men, such, for instance, as those handed down to us as the representations of remarks by William Drummond on Ben Jonson with also the same critic's estimates of Sir William Alexander, Constable, Donne, and others. An example will shed some light upon the methods of these old literary men as they sit across the table from one another in a corner of the old "Mermaid" caressing a tankard of ale or discussing an Elizabethan dinner:"Donne, among the Anacreontick Lyricks, is second to none, and far from all Second. But as Anacreon doth not approach Callimachus, tho' he excels in his own kind, nor Horace to Virgil, no more can I be brought to think him to excel either Alexander's or Sidney's verses. They can hardly be compared together, trading diverse paths----the one flying swift, but low, the other, like the Eagle, surpassing the Clouds. I think, if he would, he might easily be the best Epigrammatist we have found in English, of which I have not yet seen any come near the Ancients." We have similar remarks ffom Ben Jonson: "Sidney did not keep a decorum in making everyone speak as well as himself. Samuel Daniel was a good honest man, had no children, but no poet. That Michael Drayton's Polyolbion if he had performed what he had promised to write(the deeds of all the Worthies) had been excellent. His long verses pleaseth not. That the translations of Homer and Virgil in long Alexandrines were but prose. That Shakespear wanted Arte."

Conversations of Ben Jonson and William Drummond of Hawthornden,1619 ed. J.E.Spingarn, from Folio Edition Drummond's Works, Edinburgh, p.226

Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations with Wm.Drummond of Hawthornden, January MDCXIX,ed. D.Laing, 1842.

Other instances of a like nature may be found in a survey of the writings of the seventeenth century, but these are short pithy, epigrammatic utterances that have scarcely any body and are more about men than men's works. In the case of Jonson these conversations mark practically his only attempts at contemporary criticism, for though he was "the first Englishman with the critical temper"[1] he contributed no single idea to criticism. These conversations are the forerunners of Dr. Johnson's club, for in just the same way as in the case of the latter these litterateurs would assemble to discuss topics of the day in the tavern, a place where "critics, essayists, linguists, poets, and other professors of that faculty of wit shall at certain hours i' the day resort------where learning, honor, duellism, criticism, and poetry shall be disputed"[2]. But the greater part of concrete criticism of that day consisted in letters of one literary man to another, usually concerning some work of the addressee, introductions to poems, plays, and treatises, many of which consist of a review of some work published in pamphlet form. A noteworthy example of the first type mentioned is The Answer of Mr. Hobbes To Sir Will D'Avenant's Preface before Gondibert.[3] It was the custom for the author of a book to write a lengthy introduction, or preface, addressed to a friend somewhat after the manner of the modern dedication, setting forth the author's views and ideas. This may be called the author's review of his own work. The above mentioned

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[1] Spingarn, ed.cit.vol.i,p.xix.

[2] Chapman, Monsieur d'Olive, 1606, Act 1, sc.1

[3] Reprinted from the 1651 edition of Gondibert, A Discourse Upon Gondibert, an Heroick Poem, written by Sir William D'Avenant with an Answer By Mr. Hobbes.

reply is directed to Sir William D'Avenant by Thomas Hobbes who acknowledges the honor he has received. Hobbes, at least, is honest, for he confesses his biassed judgment: "I lie open to two exceptions, one of an incompetent, the other of a corrupted witness. Incompetent, because I am not a Poet; and corrupted with the honor done me by your preface." These two Exceptions furnish him an excuse to launch out into some constructive criticism of poetry in general and some concrete observations on Gondibert in particular. From an analysis of the kinds of poetry, with their divisions and subdivisions, he narrows down to a discourse on the Epic, discussing rime, meter, and content. The part of the essay, however, that bears directly on our subject comes later when he abandoms the abstract and confines himself to the concrete: "I never yet saw Poem that had so much shape of Art, health of Morality, and vigour and beauty of Expression as this of yours. And but for the clamour of the multitude, that hide their Envy of the present under a Reverence of Antiquity, I should say further that it would last as long as either the Aeneid or Iliad, but for one Disadvantage; and the Disadvantage is this: The languages of the Greeks and Romans, by their colonies and Conquests, have put off flesh and blood, and are become immutable, which none of the modern tongues are like to be. I honour Antiquity, but that which is commonly called Old Time is young time. The glory of Antiquity is due not to the Dead, but to the Aged.....I believe, Sir, you have seen a curious kinde of perspective, where he that looks through a short hollow pipe upon a picture containing divers figures sees none of those that are there printed, but some one person made up of their parts, conveyed to the eie by the artificial cutting of a glass. I finde in my imagination an effect not unlike it from your Poem. The vertues you distribute there

amongst so many noble Persons represent in the reading but the image of one man's vertue to my fancy, which is your own, and that so deeply imprinted as to stay forever there and govern all the rest of my thoughts and affections in the way of honouring and serving you to the utmost of my power."

As a type of an embryonic review the above citation is somewhat sketchy, but the letter as a whole marks an epoch in constructive criticism. It, with the letter of D'Avenant to which this was a reply, is replete with many characteristics of French influence which just now was beginning to be felt in England. These letters mark the beginning of a series of such critical essays containing critical appraisals of contemporaries pointing to an evolution into the real review.

Still earlier by a century, toward the end of 1579, we find an epistle addressed by one who signs himself "E.K." to Gabriel Harvey, with the following legend:"To the most excellent and learned, both orator and poet, Mayster Gabriell Harvey, his verie special and singular good friend E.K. commendeth the good lyking of this his labour, and the patronage of the new poete."[1]

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[1] E.K. The Epistle dedicatory to The Shepheard's Calendar, rept. from first edition of the Shepherd's Calendar, Hugh Singleton, Coud Lane, near Ludgate, 1579. Who "E.K." was has never been definitely decided, though evidence(cf. G.Gregory Smith, Elizabethan Critical Essays,vol.i, p.380)points to his being Edward Kirke, of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. Cf. also Bryckett Lodowick(fl. 1571-1611) who in A Discourse of Civil Life(translated from the Italian by Baptisto Giraldo, 1606) gives in his introduction the famous passage concerning the Faerie Queen.

Perhaps the most famous of all sixteenth century essays is Sir Philip Sidney's Apologie For Poetrie, which appeared in 1595. The nearest he approaches individual judgment is his observation on Gorbodoc, in which he censures the unities of the stage-----Asia on one side and Africa on the other, and at the same time three ladies walking in a garden, and then immediately a shipwreck on what "wee are to blame if we accept it not for a Rock". Thomas Nash wrote a preface for Astrophel and Stella, in which he mingles concrete observations on Sidney's works with abstract reflections on the theory of poetry. Here we have, however, a review of the play not altogether unlike what we would expect from some gold-tipped pen of the present day: Tempus adest plausus; aurea pompa venit: so ends the sceane of Idiots, and enter Astrophel in Pompe. Gentlemen that have seen a thousand lines of folly drawn forth ex uno puncto impudentiae, and two famous mountains to go to the conception of one Mouse, that have had your ears defned with the eccho of Fames brazen townes when only they have been toucht with a leaden pen, that have seen Pan sitting in his Bower of delights & a number of Midasses to admire his miserable hornpipes, let not your surfeted sight, new come from such puppet play, think scorne to turn aside into this theater of pleasure, for heare you shall find a paper stage strewed with pearle, an artificial heaven to overshadow the fair frame, & christal wals to encounter your curious eies, while the tragi-comody of love is performed by starlight. The chiefe Actor here is Melpomene, whose dusky robes, dipt in the yuke of teares, as yet seeme to drop when I view them neare. The argument cruel Chastitie, The Prologue Hope, the Epilogue Despaire.....And here,

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[1] Sir Philip Sidney, An Apologie for Poetrie, 1595. Collected Elizabethan Essays, G.Gregory Smith, vol. i, p. 197.

peradventure, my witles youth may be taxt with a margent note of presumption for offering to put up any motion of applause in behalf of so excellente a Poete,(the least syllable of whose name sounded in the eares of judgment is able to give the meanest line he writes the dowry of immortality)....." and so on he goes through five pages of panegyric.[1]

It was especially difficult for the thinkers of the sixteenth century to divorce themselves from Aristotelian doctrines, emphatically so in regard to heroic poetry. The epic held full sway in their affections, for, as Sidney says, the epic is the best and noblest of all forms of literature from an historical point of view, though he would pay scant attention to the form and nature of that type. A great many of these discussions of contemporary works are defenses------ hence favorable reviews. The second part of Harington's A Brief Apology of Poetry[2] is devoted to a defense of Ariosto's Orlando Furioso. This author makes a parallel comparison of Ariosto with Virgil, a favorite method of reviewers of that(and later[3])days, showing that Ariosto has followed closely in Virgil's footsteps, surpassing the latter in this respect, that while Virgil's religion is based on ~~false~~ pagan deities the Orlando Furioso is based on the Christian belief. The article

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[1] Thomas Nash, Preface to Astrophel and Stella, 1591, found in G.Gregory Smith's Elizabethan Critical Essays,vol.ii, pp. 223 sq.

[2] Sir John Harington, A Preface or rather a Brief Apology of Poetrie prefixed to Harington's translation of Orlando Furioso, 1591, rptd. from a copy in the British Museum by G.Gregory Smith, ed.cit.vol.ii,p194

[3] Cf. Addison's criticism of Paradise Lost, Spectator,1711.
Some interesting observations on The Shepherd's Calendar may be found in an essay by William Webbe(A Discourse of English Poetrie), 1586, containing chiefly the theory of poetry and canons of art, with Spenser as model

is chiefly a defense of Orlando Furioso against critics who observed that Ariosto did not follow strictly enough the canons of Aristotle. He brings out three points which serve to prove that on the contrary Ariosto adheres very closely to the Aristotelian orthodoxy. His first point was that, regarding the tenet of Aristotle that the epic should be based on some historical action only a short part of which in point of time should be treated by the poet, Ariosto takes the story of Charlemagne, using a year or two for the dramatic time. The second point, touching the Aristotelian doctrine that no episode should be invented by the author that is not within the bounds of human possibility or understanding, is the fact that Orlando Furioso is plausible throughout. The third point of parallelism between Ariosto and Aristotle is in regard to the so-called Peripeteia, "an agnition of some unlooked for fortune, either good or bad, and a sudden change thereof".[1]

A number of critical remarks are left to us from the pen of Francis Meres(1598), which compel a moment's consideration. He delved into all kinds of subjects: religion, morality, conduct, music, painting, and reading. In the Reading of Books he gives a list of books to be censured which throws considerable light on the literature of that period: "As the Lord de la Noue in the sixth Discourse of his Politike and Military Discourses censureth of the bookes of Amadis de Gaul, which, he saith, are no less hurtfull to youth than the works of Machiavell to age: so these bookes are to be accordingly censured of whose names follow: Beuis of Hampton, Guy of Warwicke, Artur of the Round Table, Huon of Bordeaux, Gargantua, The Honour of Chivalrie, The Mirror of Knighthood, &c." Meres is classed as a minor critic by Saintsbury who adds that Palladis Tamia is to be mentioned with eternal gratitude because it gives us our one real document about Shakespeare's plays.[2] A second paper, A Comparative Discourse of our English Poets

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[1] Ibid, p 216. [2] Saintsbury, History of Criticism, vol. ii, p 187.

is more to our purpose. He calls Chaucer the "God of English Poets": "As Xenophon made ah absolutely heroicall poem, so Sir Philip Sidney writ his immortal poem, The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia, in prose; and yet our rarest poet;"and later, "I say of Spencer's Fairie Queen I know not what more excellent or exquisite poem may be written. As Theocritus is famous for his Idyllia in Greek, so Spencer, his imitator in the Shepheard's Calendar, is renowned for the like argument, and honoured for fine poetic invention and most exquisite wit;" thus he praises the Delia and Rosamond of Daniell, England's Heroicall Epistles of Michael Drayton, Albion's England of Warner, Venus and Adonis, Lucreece, and the "sugred sonnets" of Shakespeare, mentioning also the Gentlemen from Verona, Errors, Love Labours Lost, Love Labours Wonne, Midsummers Night Dreame, Merchant of Venice, Richard 2, Richard the 3, Henry the 4, King John, Titus Andronicus, and Romeo and Juliet. Few English writers are omitted from his enumeration and all come in for a full share of praise. He discusses all kinds of writings, lightly touching here and there with a ~~childishness~~ naïveté that would render his judgments cheap but for their antiquity.

Ben Jonson stands on the dividing line between the centuries, belonging in point of production more to the seventeenth than to the sixteenth century. According to Sainsbury he was a critic "armed at all points". He was indeed versatile and possessed an amazing acquaintance with literature. His own writings, plays or poems, are ~~were~~ replete with critical utterances regarding contemporary productions. He seemed to delight to intersperse a critical dictum in some of his divinest poems. The Poetaster is full of them; Every Man In His Humour[1] ~~redounds~~ abounds with remarks on current plays and poems, as does Every Man Out Of His Humour[2] ~~abounds with them.~~ We have already taken up Ben Jonson's Con-

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[1] The Poetaster, Quarto 1620, Act I, sc.ii; Act V, sc.i; Act V, sc. iii.

[2] Every Man In His Humour, Act V, sc. i.

versations with Drummond, which contain practically his only other direct contemporary critical dicta, the only other occurrence of such being found in his Timber, in the famous De Shakespeare Nostrat passage,[1] in which he, in reply to the statement that Shakespeare never blotted a line, said: "Would he had blotted a thousand"; but he goes on to say that he loved the man and honoured his name "on this side idolatry as much as any". Yet it is easy to forget that these are observations on men, and not on their writings. He ventures appraisals of Bacon, Sir Thomas More, Wiat, Eliot, Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, Sir Walter Raleigh, and others, ~~here.~~

Ben Jonson is one of the outstanding figures of his day. In 1500 there was no criticism, but by some means or other, whether by plan or Providence, the art of criticism sprang full grown, as it were, from the forehead of Jove. At the close of the century criticism as an art had its full and rightful place among the types of literature, claiming among its devotees such men as Jonson and Bacon. Contemporary criticism as yet was in its earliest stages and but few instances are vouchsafed to us. Those which we have possess certain marked characteristics which would bear consideration.

In the first place, most of the contemporary critical dicta of the century ~~is~~ are concerning poetry. We have "Of Poetry", by Henry Peacham, "The Apologie for Poetrie", by Sidney, "The Defense of Poetry", "Ars Poetica", and a lengthy list of similar titles. A vast amount of the criticism itself was in poetic form. This has for its explanation the fact that poetry was the favorite vehicle of expression of that day, and what prose there was consisted chiefly in arguments in the abstract that have some relation to poetry. A second quality

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[1] Schelling's Edition, (1892), p.21 sq.

is its eulogistic tendencies. The slashing review had not yet been born and the chief part of concrete criticism was what may be termed dedicatory. These dedicatory reviews were usually printed as prefaces to the play or production they discussed and were of necessity favorable. Or, like the case of Sir William D'Avenant and Thomas Hobbes above referred to, the former as a first preface to his first edition of Gondibert dedicates the piece to Thos. Hobbes, in which he sets forth his plan and principles. ~~and~~ In reply Hobbes is more or less bound to commend it, which commendation is then attached to the second edition as a secondary preface to the piece. They had not yet reached that point in the development of criticism where a sound critique could be either favorable or unfavorable, according to the merits of the case. Most of the unfavorable verdicts were personal attacks concealed under a front of cold indifference. Not until late in the seventeenth century did critics awaken to the fact that judgment had to be passed on a ~~piece~~ work according to the merits of the work, ~~piece~~, nolens volens.[1]

A third characteristic of the criticism of the sixteenth century was its classicism. Ben Jonson is the preëminent classicist of the period, ~~of the first magnitude.~~ From its inception this classical tenden-

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[1] John Dryden, 1685, Ker's Collection, vol. i, p.264.
Cf. John Dennis, preface to Impartial Critick, 1693.
Addison, (Spectator, 291), makes the following observation: "As I intend in my next paper to show the defects in Milton's Paradise Lost, I thought fit to premise these few particulars to the end the ~~e~~reader may know I enter on it as on a very ungrateful work, and that I shall just point at the imperfections, without endeavouring to inflame them with ridicule. I must also observe,,with Longinus, that the productions of a great genius, with many lapses and inadvertances, are infinitely preferable to the works of an inferior kind of author, which are scrupulously exact and conformable to all the rules of correct writing."

cy held sway, though Jonson was the first to organize it. He marks the transition from one century to another, and his criticism differs from that of the succeeding century in degree more than nature. This very classical attitude, the offspring of the Renaissance, of necessity militates against contemporary criticism, somewhat explaining its scant supply. It is a striking fact that the age that produced the greatest literature of the world should contain such a dearth of sidelights on that literature, scarcely sufficient to give us external evidence as to the authentic dates of most of it. As a matter of fact Mr. Saintsbury[1] says that the really first substantial documents of real criticism in English are those of Hobbes and D'Avenant(1651) above referred to.

Perhaps the most lengthy observation on a contemporary poem in this period is found in an essay by Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, heaping encomiums upon Sidney's Arcadia: "But I confess that Sir P. Sidney's Arcadia (either being considered in the whole or in several lineaments) is the most excellent work that, in my judgment, hath been written in any Language that I understand, affording many exquisite types of Perfection for both the Sexes; leaving the gifts of Nature, whose value doth depend upon the Beholders, wanting no Virtue whereof the Humane mind could be capable:----------It was a great loss to posterity that his Untimely Death did prevent the Accomplishing of that excellent work."[2] This essay, by its very title, is full of

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[1] Saintsbury, History of Criticism, vol. ii, p 371.

[2] Sir William Alexander, Anacrisis, 1640, first published in the folio edition of William Drummond, of Hawthornden? Edinburgh, 1711.Transcribed from that edition by J.E.Spingarn, Critical Essays of the 17th Century, vol. i, p187.

short comments on contemporary authors,------Anacrisis, or a Censure of Some Poets Ancient and Modern. Alexander comes between Jonson and Bacon. His method seemed to have been the jotting down of observations from time to time, which he put into the form of notes, or a very short critical essay, which at one time has received high praise. His chief interest to us lies in the passage quoted above, one that has positive earmarks of a review.

The appearance of Cowley's Davideis brought out a review of that piece by Thomas Sprat, which will not suffer being passed over in silence. The essay contains practically a biography of Cowley. The Davideis was written when Cowley was but a boy at Cambridge, and Sprat gives him this credit that because of his youth there is more redundancy of Fancy than his later mature years would have allowed. Dr. Sprat spared no encomiums and heaped praises upon this production affirming that it "is a better instance and beginning of a Divine Poem than any I ever yet saw in any Language". The discussion of the poem includes an investigation of its "contrivance", subject, matter, model, characters, numbers, design, and general composite. A defense of Cowley's method, comparing it with the works and method of Virgil and the other Classics, takes up a large portion of the article, while Cowley's debt to Pindar is fully explained.

Parallel to the review of the Davideis is a critique of Cowley's Book of Plants, which Sprat goes into at some length. His essays the reviewer touches upon lightly, but favorably: "I do not speak this to their disadvantage". Yet we can expect no other than favorable treatment of an author held in such high regard as that of Sprat for Cowley.

An Account of the Life and Writings of Mr. Abraham Cowley: Written to Mr. M. Clifford, prefixed to the first collected edition of Works of Mr. Abraham Cowley, published by Heringman, 1668; may be found in Spingarn, J.E. ed. cit. vol. ii, p 119 sq.

It is interesting to get the different viewpoints of that day concerning The Davideis. Leaving Sprat's protecting care' it is the other side of the question that we get from Thomas Rymer, a man whose ability has been a mooted question these many years. Rymer says, in his Preface to Rapin', that Cowley was a better writer of heroic poetry than D'Avenant; however, he is of the opinion that "the Troubles of David is neither title nor matter proper for an Heroic poem, seeing it is rather the actions than his sufferings that make an Heroe; nor can it be defended by Homer's Odyssey, since Ulysses' sufferings conclude with one great and perfect action". Rymer cannot understand why Cowley should make a venture into history, since that practice had been for so long a time contemned by critics of all ages, and advised against by no less authorities than Aristotle and Pythagoras. David's life cannot be made the subject of an heroical poem; his actions are too scant; he was made King through no achievement of his own; and after all, David is the least part of the poem. This is one of the most classical of our classical reviewers. His arguments are based on Homer; if Cowley did as Homer did, all was well; but if Cowley deviated from the classic dicta laid down by Homer and organized by Aristotle, he committed thereby the unpardonable sin. He did not begin his poem with all the art and address that could be desired; Homer conceived that to depict the entire list of the actions of Achilles would be too gigantic a task, hence he narrowed down to Achilles' resentment, and this was subject matter enough for any poem. Compared to that the Davideis gives all

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'Sprat concurred with the King of England, who declared, on the death of Cowley, that "Mr. Cowley had not left a better man behind him in England".

'Rapin(Rev. Father Réne Rapin, 1621-87) Reflexions sur la Poëtique d'Aristote et sur les ouvrages des poëtes anciens et modernes,1674. Translated by Rymer; Preface found vol ii pp 107-30, 1706 edition.

of the Hero at the beginning, the ideal king and poet, with the result that the entire remainder of the poem has to be employed to prove it. Homer uses only the simple appellation Achilles, son of Peleus, for his hero, leaving the rest to conjecture; Cowley had to illustrate his hero, exploit his leader, and explain his ruler. Yet not all of it is hostile criticism. Rymer finds some beautiful qualities and generously gives them. He finds a finer, freer, newer, and nobler air in the Davideis than in Tasso's Hierusalem, not to mention the fact that Cowley is far and beyond the peer of any Italian or French lyricist. The fragments of English epics, he says, excel any complete production of France, while the world has nothing to compare with the English in Drama.

Rymer was ambitious enough, for he undertook to show Beaumont and Fletcher how far wrong they were. He also had in mind to criticize Jonson and Shakespeare, but for some reason he failed to get to that just at this time. He began with Beaumont and Fletcher, taking up Rollo, King and No King, and A Maid's Tragedy. His plan was to attack Othello and Julius Caesar of Shakespeare and Cataline by Worthy Ben. A period of some fifteen years elapsed before he reached the latter two writers. His classicism persisted throughout his reviews. He compares the plot and general make-up of the tragedies under consideration with those of Euripides and the Ancients. He does not examine too closely the proportions, unities, and outward regularities, or the mechanical parts of the plays. He brazenly remarks that there is no talking of unities when there lacks essentials; he does not care whether or not a man has two legs, or a nose on his face: he may yet be a true man though as awkward and unsightly as the Monster in the Tempest. The critique of Beaumont and Fletcher occurs in his Tragedies of the Last Age, one of the most consummately conceited pieces of criticism that falls under our ken. The slashing attacks of the early nineteenth century have their prototype in this example of cutting criticism. In the

first place, the play is wrongly named, for the cause of all the workings of the plot is the falsity of Amintor to his mistress; therefore the play should have derived its name from him. Furthermore there seems to be a double action in the tragedy, which is prima facie evidence that something is wrong, for having two goals the plot would attain to neither. As to its possibilities, or rather Possibility, one of the prime requisites of the classical school, it is non-existent. The very keynote of the play is improbability. The heroine has too little modesty, and Tragedy must have modesty in woman, else it is not Tragedy; when immodesty enters the plane is lowered to Comedy. The characters are unreasonable ~~for the fact that~~ because there was no apparent provocation for any action. Amintor is a man of honor, yet breaks faith with his mistress and accepts all manner of affront from the king. The whole displays an indisputable revolt against Rymer's idol, sense, hence is inferior. He defends his attitude toward the criticism of that which pleases as against that which profits. He believes the end of all poetry was to please, and though some poetry has the quality of pleasing without profiting, yet a great tragedy must do both.

Fifteen years later comes the review of Othello. Too bad that Shakespeare changed his text from the original, for in every case the original was far superior. The source is Italian, from a novel by Cinthio. Shakespeare's first faux pas was to give to the Moor a name; the original was just "A Moor"; Desdemona, too, has been raised in the social scale from "The Moor's Wife" in the original to "A Senator's Daughter" in Shakespeare. These elements revolt against the classic Probability, but may yet be pleasing to those who look not to that phase of the tragedy. And further, assuming that blackamoors are em-

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The Tragedies of the Last Age Considered and Examined By the Practice of the Ancients and by the Common-sense of all Ages, Thomas Rymer, 1678, containing 144 pages of original document.

ployed by that country to fight its battles, , would a blackamoor be made a superior officer as Shakespeare would have him? Would a Senator's daughter have married a man at whom the commonest English dairymaid would have disdained to glance? The old eidolon Possibility, again. There follows a long list of improbabilities: Othello, a general who never does anything that comports with that distinguished office; Iago, a white soldier, than whom the imagination can conceive of no blacker character; Desdemona, a senator's daughter, eloping with a Moor; the thoughts of such characters must, of course, be of a low order, another feature incompatible with the true tragedy. The unities of time, place, and action are poorly observed------Rymer is not as lenient as that other critic who said that Shakespeare, who observed no unity of time, place, or action was for that very reason, or certainly in spite of that very reason, our greatest dramatist. Rymer cannot suffer the Second Act to change so brusquely the scene of action from Venice to the Island of Cyprus, for that would necessitate the removal of the audience there, too. This seems to be the most laughable piece of criticism we have yet found. But what are we to think of a critic of Shakespeare's Othello who makes such remarks as the following about that immortal dramatist: "It is no wonder we find so much farce and Apocryphal Matter in his tragedies: Thereby unhallowing the theater, profaning the name of Tragedy; and instead of representing men and manners, turning all Morality, Good Sence, and Humanity into Mockery and Derision"; or this,"There is in this Play some burlesk, some humour and ramble of Comical Wit, some shew and some mimickry to divert the spectators; but the tragical part is plainly

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Addison, Spectator,592: "Our inimitable Shakespeare is a stumblingblock to the whole tribe of these rigid critics. Who would not rather read one of his plays, where there is not a single rule of the stage observed than any production of a modern critic, where there is not one of them violated?"

none other than a bloody farce, without salt or savour;" or further, "never in the world had any Pagan Poet his Brains turned at this monstrous Rate"?

So Shakespeare is a failure as a tragedian, "quite out of his element"; his "brains are turned"; he raves and rambles without a semblance of coherence, without a spark of reason, or any rule to guide him, and without "set bounds to his frenzy". In his philippic against Catáline Rymer is equally sulphuric: Ben Jonson is "in the dark, and jumbles things together without head and tail"; however, it is to be rejoiced that Catáline has one redeeming feature, the fact that its scene is laid "in Europe", and no longer "in the land of savages".

Authorities differ in regard to Rymer's position in criticism. There are those who think that he is in the "first ranks of criticks"[1]; that he possessed "an excellent talent for criticism"[2]; Pope esteemed him as a critic of the first water[3]; Macaulay considered him "the worst critic that ever lived"; Dr. Johnson said that Dryden, when wrong, was as good or better than Rymer, when right; he adds that Rymer's criticism "has the ferocity of a tyrant"[4]; Saintsbury says of him: "I never came across a worse critic than Thomas Rymer"[5]; Spingarn is inclined to be favorable.[6] We derive from these observations the varying changes and vicissitudes through which a critic's reputation may pass.

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[1] Dryden, Ker's edition, vol ii, p 314.

[2] Langbaine, Account of the English Dramatic Poets, 1691, p 433.

[3] Spence, Anecdotes, edition 1820, p 85.

[4] Samuel Johnson, Works, London, 1824, vol ix, p 388 sq.

[5] Saintsbury, History of Criticism, vol ii, p 397.

[6] Spingarn, J.E. Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century, vol i, introduction, p lxxviii sq.

Contemporary views seem to be for him more than against him, but the nineteenth century seems to have been his worst enemy. He was viewed at all angles and yet remained in the ascendant. Despite his being "the worst critic" that Prof. Saintsbury "ever came across", the credit must be given him of being a scholar and a litterateur, versed in all the lore of the Ancients and conversant with the best in French and Italian literature. He may not have known Shakespeare, but he knew Aristotle, Castlleantro, Rapin, La Mesnardière, and Corneille. His ideas do not now meet with the highest approval, but he was highly esteemed by his contemporaries. Perhaps their view of him was a clearer perspective than was his regard for Shakespeare and Worthy Ben.

The rantings of Rymer elicited replies from both Dryden and John Dennis; the former will be considered later; the latter requires only cursory mention. The Short View of Tragedy was the inspiration for The Impartial Critick[1], which consisted of a letter to a friend, the Earl of Dorset, containing the supposed dialogue between Beaumont and Freeman. Patterned after the classic Crito and Apology the dialogue takes up Waller's poems in a manner not unlike the famous Drummond Conversations. It seems impossible for the critics to divorce themselves from the classics, for the supreme test of excellence is a comparison with Plato and Aristotle, and a failure to fall in with their tenets and laws renders an author amenable to all the censure in the category.

Langbaine is more to our purpose. One essay furnishes

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[1]John Dennis, The Impartial Critick, or Some Observations upon a late Book Entituled A Short View of Tragedy Written by Mr. Rymer, 1693, published by R.Taylor, London. Dennis's works were never collected, though two vols. of the Select Works of John Dennis were published in London, 1718, including only his verse.

as many as twenty-three good reviews of Dryden's plays, not to mention an extensive list of notices of others that he would fain take up also. The essay[1] is in fact a reply to Dryden's criticism and is replete with details. He undertakes to show Dryden that he himself is more than guilty of the same lapses and faults of which he has so freely accused his predecessors, and to this end he takes up these twenty-three plays consecutively. Then for the sake of fairness, in order to give both sides of the question, he ends with a quotation from Mac Flecknoe that strikes the ultimate extreme of praise. As to the quality of Langbaine's criticism, that is another question. His most apparent trait seemed to be a mania for searching after the sources of poems, and having found it, for emblazoning to the world ~~the fact~~ that this author owed such and such a debt to that source, and so on. However, one cannot but recognize his learning and give him the credit for keeping company with the works of the classic writers, with those of France and England.

Before going into a study of Dryden it will prove profitable to take a backward glance and note some of the outstanding characteristics and formative elements in the periods covered thus far. Practically the first true critique in the English language was that of Sir Philip Sidney, in his Defence of Poesie, which dwells for a while on Gorbodoc. He is peculiarly reticent on all matters relating to style, venturing an observation only ~~on the fact~~ To the effect that it ignores the unities. He inaugurates a system of criticism which modern scholars

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[1] Langbaine, An Account of the English Dramatic Poets, or Some Observations on the Lives and Writings of all those that have published either Comedies, Tragedies, Tragi-comedies, Pastorals, Masques, Interludes, Farces, or Operas in the English Tongue, Oxford, 1691.

have dubbed the "roll-call", which is what its name implies, a running down a list of contemporaries, giving a word here and there on a work that has recently appeared without any attempt whatever to enlarge upon the judgment. This is somewhat akin to the modern book notice. This roll-call is quite distinctive of this early period and was employed by nearly all those whose names can be mentioned in the catalogue of critics. Puttenham follows the lead of the roll-call adherents. Out of seventy-four chapters he devotes one alone to a general free-for-all criticism of the poets. Harington gives us quite an extensive defense of Ariosto, while Jonson throws some light on Shakespeare in his famous Nostrat utterance in his Timber. The outstanding characteristic is classicism. The influence of the ancients exercises a powerful dictatorship over these writers, and we are led to ponder whether Ben's dictum that Shakespeare "knew little Latin and less Greek" was not the clue to his success after all, for he flew high, unhampered by any great debt to those classics with their tenacious enveloping theories.

Another type contributory to the review, as yet embryonic, was the conversations of Jonson and Drummond. These worthies would gather around the table in the "Mermaid" or some equally enticing hostelry, and would scatter broadcast their dicta on current literature, in precisely the manner that Dr. Johnson and his coterie did a century and a half later. Their influence was far-reaching and they exercised an authority in criticism that was felt on all sides. The precedent established by Drummond and Jonson has been followed by such men as Peacham, Bolton, Drayton, Alexander, Reynolds, and Suckling, all of whom furnish material for consideration in a study of this kind. They simply attach a "tag", a short comment, to an author and pass on, indifferent to the attitude of the one tagged or of those who peruse the comment. This class of criticism is ~~distinctive~~ characteristic of the sixteenth century and the first half of the seventeenth, but passes away with the

Age of Dryden, while there begins a period of real constructive and intensive criticism that places the art in its rightful place as one of the chief types of literature.

A third characteristic of the period is its tendency toward faultfinding. The earliest observations were commendatory, but as the art grew and added more man power to its forces there was a general penchant for severity, while the beauties of works were ignored in a general headlong rush to find faults therein existing. This is illustrated particularly in the case of Rymer and Langbaine. However, the end of this period marked an epoch in this regard, and Beauties instead of Faults began to be the cynosure of all eyes. We find Dryden, in 1685, advocating a search for the beauty of the piece as against a search for its flaws[1]; Dennis, in 1693, advises the same[2], though he did not carry out his own advice to the strictest letter; Addison tells us: "A true critic ought to dwell rather upon excellences than imperfections, to discover the concealed beauties of a writer, and communicate to the world such things as are worth their observation. The most exquisite words and finest strokes of an author are those which very often appear the most doubtful and exceptionable to a man who wants a relish for polite learning; and they are these which a sour undistinguishing critic generally attacks with the greatest violence."[3]

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[1] Dryden, Ker's edition, vol i, p 264. [2] Dennis, Impartial Critick, preface.

[3] Addison, Spectator, no.291. Addison quotes Dryden:

> Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
> He who would search for pearls must dive below.

Coleridge, continuing the discussion of Beauties and Faults in his Biographia Literaria, ch iii, says: "He who tells me there are defects in a new work tells me nothing that I should not have taken for granted without his information. But he who points out and elucidates the beauties of an original work does indeed give me interesting information, such as

The earliest idea of literature was of a stable, immobile type that was of necessity bound to remain in the same groove in which it then was. The end of the seventeenth century, however, saw a new idea in criticism; a step forward from the old stability to a new culture; a progress in the attitude of men toward literature; a change from a study of literature for the sake of the art that was in it to a study of it in its influence upon the minds of men. And still the greatest step forward was the progress from the abstract to the concrete, from the general study of theory to the specific and particular treatment of specific and particular works.

John Dryden is distinctively the poet of the Restoration. Though born in 1631 his first verse was not published until 1658, two years before the return of Charles II. In 1660 he was an ardent Royalist in the full limelight because of his poem Astraea Redux, welcoming the return of the Carolingian line. The period of the Restoration, beginning in 1660, is held by some writers to be the inception of modern English history, for at that period English life began to assume its modern form and to show the first signs of that political, ~~commercial,~~ industrial, artistic and social development that has been the formative element in making the England of today. The age of Dryden, which may also be called the age of Charles the Second, is in sharp contrast to the age of Elizabeth. The Elizabethans were still moving on the impetus of the Renaissance, and Shakespaare, their greatest representative, had tendencies more or less romantic, that left him free and unfettered in his flights of fancy. But soon after the beginning of the seventeenth century classi-

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EXPERIENCE would not have authorized me in anticipating."

Cf Sainte-Beuve, Causeries de Lundi, vol iii p 300.

Cf also M.Souriau, La Preface de Cromwell,pp 40-1, 319- 23.

cism began to get a "strangle hold" on the writers of the age and by the time of the Restoration they were held fast and tight by the tentacle-like tenets of the ancients. Criticism seems never to have been free of the shackles and now became even more tightly bound.

Certain English scholars[1] are disposed to divide the history of English literature into four periods; first, a period of classicism from the earliest time to the beginning of the sixteenth century; second, a period of so-called romanticism from the beginning of the sixteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century; third, a period of true classicism from the middle of the seventeenth to 1800; and lastly, a period of romanticism from 1800 to the present day. Whatever may be the rightful divisions a contrast can be seen between the Elizabethan and Caroline eras in imaginative and productive literature. The Elizabethans gave free rein to their imaginations, which, whether dealing with knowledge, as in Bacon, or with human power as in Marlowe, or with faith as ~~with~~ in Milton, took wings to itself and flew. But in the period of the Restoration men were weary of the excitement and turmoil superinduced by the civil war and were content to accept any facts as they seemed to exist, without investigating the cause. Hence the classical age of Dryden and Pope. But literary criticism took new life, receiving a fresh impetus from the increase in literary productivity, and thus evolved into a formal type of literature.

Dryden marks the transition from the seventeenth to the eighteenth century. It is indeed rare that a man of letters of his calibre should end his career on the exact turning of the century; it is quite a coincidence that he died in 1700. His first writing appeared in 1658 and for forty years he was the literary dictator of England. Several

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[1] Cf Mr. Edmund Gosse, From Shakespeare to Pope.

items enter into this effect, chief of which is his learning. Whatever may have been Dryden's limitations in regard to the earlier history of his own language, he certainly acquired an extensive acquaintance with the classical languages and the critical theories of the Greeks. This, in a measure, was a great factor in forming the critical tendency in him. Another item contributing to Dryden's supremacy was his store of commonsense. He was the man of reason, the rational thinker, and was able to analyze without effort the various ~~efforts~~ works that fell into his hands. This analytic ability was one of his chief assets as a critic. He owes a great deal to others; his very words show it. However we are led to believe that his own creation is vastly superior to anything he ever borrowed from the ancients. His chief debt is to Corneille, whom he shamelessly copied without restraint and whose influence may be seen throughout all his writings.[1] Dr. Samuel Johnson said of Dryden that he was the father of English Criticism, the "writer who first taught us to determine upon principles the merit of composition".[2] That learned discourser mentions only four previous writers as critics, namely, Webb, Puttenham, Jonson, and Cowley, adding that the "Essay on Dramatic Poesie" was the first regular treatise on literature and writing. Dryden certainly marks a point in the development of contemporary appraisal, though he did not increase the existing amount by a considerable addition.

A glance at Dryden's treatment of The Silent Woman[3] will give something of an insight into Dryden's methods of criticism. He takes up the unities first, that battleground of the critics of all periods. The length of action of the Silent Woman is three hours and a

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[1] Dryden, W.P.Ker, introduction p 36.

[2] Johnson, Chief Lives of the Poets, ed Matthew Arnold, p 103, (Henry Holt & Co. 1889)

[3] Dryden, An Essay on Dramatic Poesie, ed Ker,W.P. (1900) vol i, p 83.

half, scarcely more than the time required for the performance on the stage; this is of course a point in its favor. The place is confined to two houses in London city. The action is continuous, having scarcely any break, while the plot is even and smooth, yet high and noble in conception. As for the characters they fill all the requirements of the eidolon Probability, at the same time performing each his own peculiar function toward perfecting the design. Later the devices of the dramatist are taken up together with a discussion pro and con of meter and rime.

According to Dr. Johnson the greater part of Dryden's prose is criticism, and, narrowing it still further, this essay is his best prose composition, save his Preface to the Fables, the masterpiece of his later life. A great many of these criticisms were in the form of dialogues, analagous to those of Plato, a favorite vehicle of both the French and English of the period. Dennis used it, and Corneille, a fact that might be entered as an additional item in Dryden's liabilities.

Dryden's legacy to us in contemporary criticism is scant indeed. He did not seem disposed to take up the works of individual authors and discourse upon their beauties and faults except in the case of the ancients whose works he translated. A writer in the Nation vouchsafes the opinion that Dryden never wrote a criticism without having his own axe to grind. Whatever may be the truth of that his critique of the Silent Woman is practically his only concrete contemporary criticism. Dryden's place among critics is unquestioned for all authorities combine to give him due praise despite his many imperfections and inaccuracies. "These imperfections and inaccuracies", says Sir Walter Scott, "are marks of the haste with which Dryden was compelled to give his productions to the world, and cannot deprive him of the praise due to the earliest and most entertaining of English critics. He left

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to English Literature a name second only to those of Milton and Shakespeare.[1]" He is great as a critic, the greatest of all the critics previous to 1700, but he has left too little contemporary judgment to warrant further space in a work of this kind. With him the study of the seventeenth century comes to a close.

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[1]Scott, Miscellaneous Works, Life of Dryden, vol i, pp 452-3. Edinburgh, 1870.

CHAPTER THREE.

The Great Classicists.

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The Great Classicists.

The influence of the Restoration was still felt in the literature of the beginning of the eighteenth century, which was almost coincident with the accession of Anne to the throne of England. A new element was beginning to show itself in the writings of the period, which in fact had not been totally absent hitherto. This was the element of politics, due to the want of newspapers and the need of writers to help mould public opinion. Still further there was a great need for reform which furnished an outlet for written expressions hitherto denied, a fact that gave emphasis to the production of a ~~great~~ large amount of literature in the same style as that which existed before in the time of Dryden. The style that Dryden set became more thoroughly crystallized and a little more classicized, to the end that the Age of Queen Anne developed a literature approximating that of the Elizabethan Age. Six great names stand out as of the first magnitude in this period: Swift, Addison, Steele, Pope, Johnson, and Goldsmith. Of the first mentioned we have but little that has any bearing on the present study; what criticism he indulged in was mostly theoretical. That of the others of the sextet requires an investigation more or less searching, with the advantage in favor of the last two. As a matter of fact Dr. Johnson may be given the credit of having written the first real formal review in English literature.

Previous to this time there had existed periodicals of different natures, but none of them has lived as have the Tatler, the Spectator, the Guardian, and the Rambler. The first English newspaper was Butter's Weekly Newes from Italie and Germanie, first published as

far back as 1622. Subsequent periodicals were inaugurated for political purposes, especially in the case of Swift's Examiner. Not until 1709 was there a paper whose purpose it was to "observe upon the manners of the pleasurable, as well as the busy part of mankind, to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behaviour"[1]. This was the Tatler, founded by Steele, who was soon joined by Addison. It was a triweekly paper dealing with foreign and domestic affairs, poetry and the drama, gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment, and social and personal topics. Those of the papers that were dated from "Will's" ~~are those that~~ fall under our notice here, for they bear on literature and criticism. The Tatler was presumably non-partizan, but Steele's Whig ideas insisted on creeping into the columns until 1711, when ~~they~~ the editors decided to abolish it, and the Spectator under the guidance of Addison superseded it.

These periodicals contain practically all of Addison's and Steele's extant criticism. Addison seems to have contributed sixty-three articles to the Tatler, of which only four have to do with criticism. No. 20, published May 26, 1702, is a slight review, or merely a notice, of The Recruiting Officer, a comedy by Farquhar. This review is more a criticism of the acting as Addison saw it than of the play itself. Bacon's Advancement of Learning is briefly discussed in a later Tatler, an extract being used to bear the writer out in a dissertation upon man's duty to himself.[2] A third[3] is a general discussion of bad critics without any particular mention of any work, a scornful invective against the critic who "without entering into the sense and soul of an author has a few general rules, which, like mechanical instruments,

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[1] Tatler, vol i, dedication [2] Tatler, No. 168. [3] Tatler No. 165.
[4] Tatler No. 239, October 19, 1710. next page.

he applies to the works of every writer; and as they quadrate with them, pronounces the author perfect or defective". The fourth[4] is a treatise on poor critics; "it is ridiculous for any man to criticize on the works of another, who has not distinguished himself by his own performances". He mentions in passing Dr. Atterbury's volume of verses called "Miscellanies".

Addison's prestige is chiefly derived from his contributions to the Spectator. His critical essays were divided by himself into three groups:[1] the first group is composed of abstract utterances on True and False Wit; the second dealt with criticism of Paradise Lost; the third was a series of short dissertations on the Pleasures of the Imagination. Of these only the second group comes under our observation. Paradise Lost was written forty years before the time of these papers, but the criticism demands our notice. These eighteen essays furnish an excellent example of classical criticism. Many excellencies are found in Milton, "the greatest poet which our nation, or perhaps any nation, has produced", by a systematic comparison of his methods with those of Horace, Aristotle, Virgil, and Homer. Aside from the numbers on Milton there are a few instances of direct critique, such as the mention of some of George Herbert's poems,[2] a brief discourse on Waller, Cowley, and Dryden,[3] and the bare mention of Pope's Essay on Criticism.[4] Perhaps

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[1] Spectator, No. 409. June 19, 1712. [2] Ibid. 58, May 7, 1711.

[3] Ibid, No. 62, May 11, 1711.

[4] Ibid, No. 253, Dec. 20, 1711.

Addison owed a great debt to Dryden, though it is certain that he could not have known him personally. The influence of Dryden can be felt throughout all of Addison's papers.

the nearest approach to the real review that occurs in Addison is the critique on The Man Of Mode, which had just come out. This review occupies three full-length columns of fine print, quoting freely from the play in an effort to ~~show~~ Prove that its reputation as a genteel show was not justifiable. He concludes: "To speak plain of this whole work, I think nothing but being lost to a sense of innocence and virtue can make anyone see this comedy without observing more frequent occasion to move sorrow and indignation than mirth and laughter. At the same time I allow it to be nature, but it is nature in its utmost corruption and degeneracy." We have a comment on the Memoirs of the private life of Pharamond of ~~Egypt~~ France[2]; a mention of Hobbes' Discourse of Human Nature[3]; a scanty mention of "the late miscellany published by Mr. Pope"[4]; a review at some length of Spenser's Faerie Queen[5]; a lengthy review of Colley Cibber's Ximena, "a moving entertainment, wrought out of a great and exemplary virtue"[6]. These comprise practically all of the Spectator's contributions to contemporary criticism, an addition of small scope considering Addison's position in literature.

Addison contributed fifty-one papers to the Guardian with the same success that marked his earlier lucubrations in the Tatler and Spectator, but with still fewer instances of real appraisal of other works.

Spectator, No. 65. May 15, 1711; play by Sir George Etheridge.

[2]Ibid No. 76 [3]Ibid No. 47. [4]Ibid No. 523. [5]Ibid No. 540.

[6]Ibid No. 546, review of Cibber's Ximena, or The Heroic Daughter, a tragedy taken from Corneille's Cid. Ibid Nos. 70 and 74, are fine treatises of Chevy Chase.

The names of Addison and Steele are so inseparably ~~inextricably~~ linked in the history of literature ~~(in such a manner)~~ that one cannot be studied to advantage apart from the other. So much of their work was done together that at times it is difficult to distinguish the work of the one from that of the other. Steele was the originator of the periodical idea, though Addison's fame has in a measure exceeded Steele's. Steele has to his credit one hundred and eighty-eight Tatlers, two hundred and thirty-six Spectators, and ninety Guardians.[1] It is interesting to note how general was the usual discussion of Addison and Steele in these periodicals; style of dress came in for its share of commendation or censure; social evils, morals, and manners were the chief topics for discussion; fabricated letters from fictitious characters satirized the prevailing ideas and customs. The editors avowedly refrained from personalities, a fact which militated against a successful search after concrete appraisals. It remained for Steele to do his reviewing outside of the periodicals, and that was of small scope. He gives us a review of Collins's Discourse of Free Thinking, not altogether complimentary to the author of that work. He tells us that the author started out by defining free thought, and then ~~forthwith and~~ immediately forfeited all claims to being himself a freethinker by betraying a rank prejudice against men in holy orders. Those who have devoted themselves to the service of God are due a great respect, nay more, reverence, and it is characteristic of an evil mind to speak disrespectfully of them in general. The author of this Discourse approaches blasphemy, for he

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[1] In addition he was author of, or connected with, the following periodicals that were published following the closing of the three above mentioned: The Englishman, 56 numbers; Lover, 40 numbers; Reader, 9 numbers; Town Talk, 9 nos; Tea Table, 3 nos; Chit-chat, 3 nos; Plebeian, 4 nos; and The Theatre, 28 nos.

"that should burn a house and justify the action by asserting he is a free agent would be more excusable than this author in uttering what he has from the right of freethinker". The author misrepresents the Bible and he misrepresents Cicero, with the palpable design of undermining the prestige and authority of the Scriptures, and "if ever man deserved to be denied the common benefits of air and water, it is the author of A Discourse of Free Thinking!"[1]

The tragedy of Cato is the basis of a fine review by Steele[2]------a review that finds beauties as well as faults. Cato is a character well drawn and speaks as befits a noble Roman. The other characters are depicted with skill and are as worthy as Cato; the lovers are the epitome of discretion; the death of the young gallant from numberless wounds in defense of right and nobility is conducive to rectitude and virtue in young Britons; space alone prevents his expatiating on the excellencies of each character and supernumerary, but the epilogue and the prologue serve as well. This review appeared before the play was acted, and of course served as a practical announcement. Its merits as a contemporary appraisal cannot be overestimated. Cato called for further notice from Steele, which appeared in the form of letters[3] from "William Lizard"and others lauding the tragedy and eulogizing the author/

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[1] Guardian, No. 3. It is a mooted question whether Steele or Berkeley wrote this number.

[2] Guardian No. 33. Steele appends the Prologue to Cato, by Pope, and the Epilogue, by Dr. Garth; the former "to prepare the audience for a scene of passion and transport on a more noble plane than they have been before entertained with"; the latter rallying "the mercenary traffic between men and women of this age".

[3] Guardian, No. 59.

If these can be considered a ~~thermometer of the times~~ criterion we can be well assured of Cato's popularity, from such comments as the following: "The tragedy of Cato exceeds, in my opinion, any of the dramatic pieces of the ancients"; and this, "Cato's soliloquy at the beginning of ~~the~~ the fifth act is inimitable"; or this, "our British Cato improves our language as well as our morals"; or, "It will be an honour to the times we live in to have had such a work produced in them, and a pretty speculation for posterity to observe that the tragedy of Cato was acted with general applause in 1713". It seems that here Steele has only words of praise for Addison's play and is most extravagant in the use of them; whether he was biassed by friendship can scarcely be determined at this late date.

It is interesting to note Addison's and Steele's attitude towards the critics. In the first place, any wholesale censure of an author aroused their ire to its height, while their indignation became white hot if the author censured is an ancient of long-standing popular favor.[1] In the second place a critic should not undertake any criticism of a production unless he has shown an ability superior to the author whom he desires to take to task; the old argument of the beam and the mote. If the critic wishes to advance theories of criticism[2], let him show by his practice his proficiency and mastery of the theory.[3] In the third place, a critic is human, and is perfect only in proportion that a man may be perfect. When a production is said to have faults its human authorship is thereby admitted. When a critic attacks the work of

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[1] Guardian, No. 119. [2] Ibid No. 115. [3] Ibid No. 110.
Addison agrees with Dr. Johnson (Works, vol ix, pp 388 ff, London, 1824) in saying that the "very faults of great writers have more beauty in them than the most elaborate compositions of the more correct writers".

a renowned poet or favorite author, at once the judgment of the critic is questioned while the author in question goes away with complete integrity.

Classicism reached its apex in Pope, the great exponent of the Heroic Couplet in the first part of the eighteenth century. Pope was one of the first writers of English literature whose income made him independent of policy or party, and whose sole allegiance was to the public. His place among English men of letters may be challenged but his position in the literature of the early eighteenth century is unquestioned and his supremacy acknowledged. In criticism he was supreme. One English scholar[1] has said that Pope was the first great Shakespearean critic, Rymer and Dryden to the contrary notwithstanding. In contemporary criticism his work was extensive. He persisted in maintaining a stern indifference to the attacks of critics, yet he himself lost no opportunity to strike, using every possible retaliatory measure his sharp wit and keen mind could furnish. Practically all of his personal enemies underwent the sting of his lashing lampoon in the Dunciad, which appeared in 1728.

The earliest of his ventures may be found in his letters. His Essay on Criticism was published at the age of nineteen, in the year 1711. A year previous to this, on December 17, 1710, in one of his letters[2] Pope undertakes a critique of an edition of poems that had just been published by Crashaw. A few general remarks on the author are fol-

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[1] Cf Steele, Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Addison, 1719.
B. Warner, Famous Introductions to Shakespeare's Plays, p xix.

[2] Letter No. 29, Pope to Cromwell, Dec/17, 1710. The Works Of Alexander Pope, New edition, by Rt. Hon. John Wilson Croker, (London, 1872) vol i.

lowed by observations on individual poems and passages that show remarkable acumen for a young critic of twenty-two years. Crashaw's poems are "writ like a gentlemen's, at leisure hours to keep out of idleness more than to establish a reputation". One may find in Crashaw nothing but pretty conceptions, fine metaphors, glittering expressions, and "something of a neat cast of verse, which are properly the dress, gems, or loose ornaments of poetry". The author of them patterned his work after Petrarch, or still more probably, Marino. His chief fault is his overreaching the mark, with the idea of sustaining suspense. The Weeper, one among the collection, is cited as a dull poem, yet here and there is a real thought,, around which is heaped a jumble of other thoughts to serve as "fillers", or ballast. The reader has to dig deep to find the beauty in Crashaw, for Crashaw wrote rapidly and, in consequence, there was of necessity a great deal of what Pope termed "froth", which had to be penetrated before the real poetry was found. Pope found beauties as well as faults, though, for beneath the foam the pure beverage was there. Another poem in the same selection under surveillance was the Music's Duel. The heroic verse of this poem is carelessly made up-----its great and glaring fault, for with more care it would be a poem full of pleasantness and sweetness, with wonderful rhythm and well turned couplets.

A letter to his friend, Caryll,[1] written from Binfield, praises Tickell's verses on Peace, which came out at that time. Tickell is praised for having "produced several most poetical images and fine pieces of painting". Pope cites a number of "strokes of mastery", and

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[1] Letter No. 14 Pope to Caryll, Feb. 1712/13, Works of Alexander Pope, new edition, by Rt. Hon. John Wilson Croker, (London, 1872) vol i. Ed. cit. letter no. 13, Nov. 29, 1712.

See next page.

after close scrutiny finds eight lines that so closely resemble eight of his own in Windsor Forest that he earnestly inquires of Caryll his advice as to whether he should not omit his entirely from Windsor Forest as being greatly inferior.

Another letter[1] to Caryll contains some observations on Cato, which first appeared in 1713. Pope seems to have had the privilege of reading over the first edition of the play before it ever was acted, hence his remarks. In his opinion, Cato was so charming a play that it filled all of Plato's requisites for the perfect tragedy, in his idea of the greatest pleasure ar exalted soul could be capable of, namely, "a view of virtue itself, drest in person, colour, and action". The Cato of Englahd was vastly superior to the original Cato of the Romans; a most moral play.

At about this time Steele published the Crisis, which instantly called down upon him a storm of protest from all sides. Pope made some censorious remarks[2] on this pamphlet. The first mention of Gulliver's Travels occurs in a letter[3] from Pope to Swift, September 14th, 1725, noteworthy because of the subsequent fame of that satire. Another letter[4] informs us of Pope's ignorande of the French language. This apology is brought out by a review of Voltaire's Henriade, published at that time. The reviewer praises Voltaire's allegorical use of virtues and vices a practice equally good for ancient times and modern, and for all religions and creeds. They are not divinitées, but natural passions, and for this reason excel the use of Juppiter, Juno, and the rest of the Greek and Roman theocracy. Pope finds that the poem has too little fable for an

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[1] Ed. Cit. Letter No. 18 [2] ibid, letter no. 28. [3] ibid. letter no. 12, vol ii Swift took the manuscript of Gulliver's Travels to London in 1726 for publication. Pope must have read the ms. in 1725. [4] ibid, vol ii p 400

epic though the whole is helped by the author's mastery of natration. Pope is a great admirer of Voltaire[1], a fact revealed by a number of his letters. The parts of the poem in question that relate to the actions or sentiments of men are excellent and form some of the chief passages of the poem. Voltaire's character as a writer is analyzed at length; namely, his judgment of mankind, and his observations of human actions in a lofty philosophical vein.

Hidden away in some of the remote corners of Pope's letters we come upon unexpected judgments of poems and other productions such as the above. At all periods of his life he found time for a letter to his friends, the collection of which is indeed voluminous. These letters contain, perhaps, more real contemporary criticism than any other phase of his writings, for many authors submitted their works to him for approval before publication. They requested him to discuss it freely and fully, not hesitating to look closely for the faults. Just such a criticism[2] was that of a life of Sir Isaac Newton preparatory to its publication. Conduitt asked for a free and unreserved criticism of his work so that he might remedy the faults. Frankness was certainly Pope's watchword in this review, for he does not hesitate to tell him just what his work lacks. In 1738 a play appeared,,written by Hill, and called Caesar, which was submitted to Pope for reading before its appearance. This play elicited high praise[3] from Pope, who thought it one of the noblest productions of his acquaintance. He seems to have forgotten

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[1] letter no. 2. Pope to Bolingbroke. A review of Voltaire's Henriade, first published in 1723 under the title of La Ligue, or Henri le Grand.

[2] ibid, letter no. 1, Pope to Conduitt, Nov. 10, 1727, vol x, p 239.

[3] ibid, vol x, p 61, July 21, 1738, letter no. 39, Pope to Hill.

those of Shakespeare when he said "no characters were ever more nobly sustained than those of Brutus and Caesar". The play excels in greatness of sentiment, and is replete with the most striking sentences and lively passages. The author has given scenes of great dignity, yet he softens this dignity in the scene between Caesar and Calpurnia, and raises the noble strife of Caesar and Brutus to a high plane.

Pope contributed but few papers to the Guardian and none to the Spectator and the Tatler. It seems that Ambrose Phillips had aroused his ire in regard to Pastorals, and Pope undertook to defend himself by one of the most baffling satires[1] on record---so baffling that it deceived the great Addison himself. Apparently he bows before the superior genius of Phillips, but a deeper glance shows the keen satire that runs like an undercurrent throughout the whole.

We have not yet reached the stage of the formal review. Hitherto we have found a quantity of contemporary criticism, judgments passed more or less haphazard fashion, whenever the occasion demanded. But not yet had any one ~~set himself~~ Sat down with the deliberate task of reviewing a work for the benefit of literature. With the close of a study of Pope we pass ~~beyond that stage and take up with~~ To Dr. Samuel Johnson, the first exponent of the deliberate review. He, with Goldsmith and Smollett, are the pioneers of the great system of newspaper reviewing that made the periodicals of the early nineteenth century so justly famed.

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[1] Guardian, No. 40, Monday, April 27, 1713

The one great outstanding figure of the eighteenth century is Samuel Johnson. Dr. Johnson possessed one quality that was absolutely essential to a great critic, namely, he "knew more books than any man alive". Add to this the fact that his judgment was sound in spite of prejudice and his reason balanced in spite of a certain amount of bias, and we have the characterization of the greatest of eighteenth century critics. All men are more or less the product of the times, and Dr. Johnson was no exception. The influence of Queen Anne's age was gone, but the attitude of all at this period was neo-classic. Johnson's apparent animosity to Gray was thought to be due to his subconscious antipathy to the outcropping Romantic strains in his poetry.

Johnson wrote masses of reviews,[1] which to take up one by one is beyond the scope of this work. His chief contributions to criticism consist in his Lives of the Poets, his contributions to the Rambler, and those to The Literary Magazine. Boswell tells us of some reviews that Johnson wrote for the latter publication, among which are found his very famous critique of the Memoirs of the Court of Augustus and that of Hanway's Essay on Tea and Its Pernicious Consequences. Nor can that of The Inquiry into the Origin of Evil pass unnoticed, for it is one of his best. Johnson

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[1] Following is a list of Johnson's reviews as given by Boswell; Life, (Croker's edition, London, 1853,) vol ii, p 63: Birch's History of the Royal Society; Murphy's Gray's Inn Journal; Warton's Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope, vol i; Hampton's Translation of Polybius; Blackwell's Memoirs of the Court of Augustus; Russell's Natural History of Aleppo; Sir Isaac Newton's Arguments in Proof of a Deity; Browne's Christian Morals; Philosophical Transactions, vol xlix; Mrs. Lenox's Translation of Sully's Memoirs; Letter on the Case of Admiral Byng; Hanway's Eight Days' Journey; Essay on Tea; and Jenyns's A Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil.

could not suffer Mr. Soame Jenyns to "venture so far beyond his depth". We may note a review at this time of a real novel---brief, to be sure, but true---The Memoirs of Miss Sydney Biddulph, by Mrs. Sheridan.

But the greatest of all his contemporary criticism is contained in his Lives of the Poets. The value of the Lives is enhanced in that most of the poets discussed were contemporary with Johnson, with the exception of Milton and Dryden, and he was of course intimate with them as he was with all the litterateurs of the time. And with Cowley, Milton, Dryden, and what others he knew not personally, he had an intimate acquaintance through their works. He confesses ignorance of the details of Dryden's life, due to scant material, but that scarcity does not affect his criticism of Dryden's works. Johnson praises highly passages in Tyrannic Love, The Conquest of Granada, Marriage à la Mode, The Assignation, Troilus and Cressida, All for Love, and others of his plays. The reviewer has something to say for each in turn: Don Sebastian is too long to be acted; All for Love is recognized by many as attaining a near-perfection in style and character; The State of Innocence was written much too hastily to have many good qualities, and consequently was never acted; The Spanish Friar is remarkable for its plot interrelation, bearing out Dryden's idea of the recurrence of tragic and comic scenes in drama; and so on through the list he characterizes the good or bad points of the plays in short pithy paragraphs that sum up the qualities he finds existing.[1] The Dryden essay as a whole forms one of the finest pieces of constructive criticism in our language. More lengthy still is the critique of Dryden's Essay on Dramatic Poetry, the "first regular and valuable treatise on the art of writing". This essay was written when Dryden was a mere youth, yet it will

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[1] Johnson, Lives of the Poets; Dryden, ed. Matthew Arnold, 1889, (Henry Holt & Co. New York) pp61 ff.

be difficult to find in all our language an essay "so artfully variegated with successive representations of opposite probabilities, so enlivened with imagery, so brightened with illustrations". Johnson considers Dryden a good critic because Dryden is a good poet and can himself do as well as he recommends that others do. His Pope is on the same plane as his Dryden, that is to say, he is dealing with those two producers at first hand, for though Dryden died eight years before Johnson was born, the latter had an intimate acquaintance with him through friends of the two, and besides, when Johnson discusses Pope and Dryden he is at one with them for they are all of the same school. He undertook a review of Pope's works with an avowed purpose: "The works of Pope are now to be distinctly examined, not so much with attention to slight faults or petty beauties, as to the general character and effect of each performance."[1]

Chronolcgical order is maintained in the criticisms, the Pastorals first coming under consideration. Windsor Forest owes much to Waller, but Pope outstrips all patterns in imagery and ~~intermingling~~ intermingled description and narration. Dr. Johnson even defends the poem against the animadversions of Dennis, that hater of all poetry save his own, by showing that all poetry from its inherent principles must needs lack the very things that Windsor Forest lacks. He concurs with Steele that the Temple of Fame has a thousand beauties, and the Essay on Criticism! If that were Pope's only production, yet were he assured a place in the sun, for it is a masterpiece. Had he written nothing else he would still be placed "among the first critics and the first poets." Whatever goes to make good poetry and good composition that piece possesses. Three whole pages of deserved praise is Dr. Johnson's measure of esteem for this production. It contains one passage

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[1] Johnson, Lives; Pope, ed. Arnold, p 291.

that in his opinion excels perhaps any in our language, the comparison of the student's progress in the sciences to the journey of a traveller in the Alps.

There follows a veritable excursion in criticism, a discussion in their places of Eloisa to Abelard, the Iliad, The Dunciad, and the Essay on Man. The first a most happy production of human wit, and one that has been well chosen. The Iliad is a poetical "wonder", "a performance which no age nor nation can pretend to equal". Then we at last come to one that the critic can find fault with, the Essay on Man. This poem cost Pope great effort and he used a large amount of care and labor in its perfection, but alas! He finally essayed that wherof he knew too little. Pope not familiar with his subject? Was that possible? Yet we have Dr. Johnson's word for it. Of course he strove manfully to disguise his paucity of information and to a certain extant succeeded. But, "it contains more lines unsuccessfully labored, more harshness of diction, more thoughts imperfectly expressed, more levity without elegance, and more heaviness without strength, than will easily be found in all his other work".

As to his epitaphs, praise for some of them and a gentle satire of others of them strike our eye. For instance, a remark like this regarding the epitaph written for Charles, Earl of Dorset: "The first distich of this epitaph contains a kind of information which few would want, that the man for whom the tomb was erected died." And another, to Sir William Trumbull, has the following laconic criticism by Johnson: "The name is omitted. The end of an epitaph is to convey some account of the dead. And to what purpose is anything told of him whose name is concealed?"

The eighteenth century was a century of prose in direct contradistinction to the seventeenth century of poetry. Milton was the last of the real poets----those mortals who soared on imaginative wings to heights never since equalled. Pope was a great poet, but restrained by eighteenth

century conventions. An eminently ~~prose~~ Prosaic age can produce no great poets in the sense that Milton and Shakespeare were poets. Dr. Johnson considered Pope one of the greatest of eighteenth century poets, but he saw him through eighteenth century eyes. He thought Pope wrote "some passages that even Shakespeare could not equal", but it was the perspective of a master of eighteenth century prose surveying poetry ~~through~~ from a prose viewpoint. Johnson himself looms large above all other aspirants for fame as a writer of this age, yet he is great in prose only. However, this one point soon becomes evident, that he is the first to deal extensively in a bona fide deliberate review, who actually reviewed books according to accepted modern standards. For this reason he is of paramount importance in a study of this nature. A glance at some of these reviews will be interesting.

One of these reviews is a model containing some of the clearest criticism of his time, if not of all time. This is the review[1] of Warton's Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope. He was extremely capable of this work because of his real knowledge of the real Pope. The review is a criticism of a criticism, and where the author's views agreed with those of Johnson, he praised him, and where he disagreed, he censured. The critic was right in his judgment of The Messiah, wrong on Windsor Forest; right in regard to Pope's Ode of Saint Cecilia's Day, for he said it was second only to Dryden's. He agrees with the author in this statement, that the Odes of both Dryden and Pope conclude unsuitably with epigrams. Warton maintains that the Essay on Criticism is too monotonous in its rime scheme to attract the ear; Johnson retorts that the ear has nothing to do with it, but that the mind is the organ affected. Warton claims that the famous Alps passage is a poor simile; Johnson says it is the finest in any language. Warton says that Pope's reputation rests upon Windsor For-

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[1] Published in The Literary Magazine, 1756, and republished in Johnson's Works, vol i, pp 509 ff (Philadelphia, 1825).

est, Rape of the Lock, and Eloisa to Abelard; Johnson asserts that the Essay on Criticism is his chef d'oeuvre. But with the inevitable idea of searching for beauties as well as faults Dr. Johnson magnamimously exclaims that the work of Warton is a great contribution, "abounding in curious quotations and pleasing disquisitions".

Johnson was practical and honest, hating with a pure hatred the "shams and windy sentimentalities"of his own age. Nothing irked him more than to see something of someone standing for what was not. One author presumed to write an account of research as though he himself had been in the work, when as a matter of fact he had not been near the excavations, and this provoked Johnson's ire. The author, according to Johnson, is trying to deceive the reader into believing that he has done all those things of which he wrote, when in reality he had never been outside of England. He uses a boastful method in his preface and indulges in the utmost obsequiousness in the accompanying letter. Then comes a catalogue of faults; Blackwell was not content with using well-known words and phrases, but was addicted to the use of ultra-modern terms; he is an ardent yearner after liberty, but ~~hands out~~ gives no helpful suggestions as to its attainment; he takes too great a delight in exhibiting his learning and wisdom; his epithets are gaudy. There follows this commendation: the author's learning is unquestioned; the treatise is that of a man of letters; it is full of events displayed with vivacity; and is of enough interest to invite readers.

Johnson's knowledge was universal, a fact that added greatly to his critical ability. His opinion of critics was not of the highest, yet he delved deeply into that art himself. One of his curtest dicta was to

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Thomas Blackwell, Memoirs of the Court of Augustus, review by Johnson, Literary Magazine,1756, vol i, p 89, republished in his Works, (Philadelphia 1825) vol i, p 483.

the effect that criticism is a "study by which men grow important and formidable at a very small expense".[1] He did not arrogate to himself the art of a critic, but he was one of the greatest, notwithstanding. Boswell has helped Johnson to live, of course, perhaps the only example of a man known chiefly through his biographer. However, whatever Johnson turned his hand to, that he did well, excelling more in prose than in poetry. His criticisms are the more valuable on account of their naturalness. An extensive review[2] of Soame Jenyns's Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil reveals Johnson the exponent of theology and ethics. One of the longest of his reviews, it is also one of the deepest in thought, and one of the most learned. He reviews six letters, Discourses on Evil; first, Evil in general; second, the evils of imperfection, which is no more than a paraphrase of Pope's Epistles, or worse still, a transposition of his Epistles from poetry to prose; the third letter, the inquiry into the cause of natural evil, "a mixture of borrowed truth and native folly", promulgated by a man who knows not whereof he speaks. Dr. Johnson cannot divorce himself from the doctrine of the vanity of human wishes and the instability of human life, interweaving it throughout this critique. The man who wrote this article is certainly ignorant of facts, says Dr. Johnson, for which he cannot be blamed, but he is indeed culpable when he attempts to palm off false knowledge on a gullible and credulous public.

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[1] Idler, No. 60.

[2] Jenyns, A Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil, review, Works, ed. cit. vol iv, p 252. Macaulay says of this review (ed. cit. p xxviii): "Few of these papers have much interest, but among them was the very best thing that he ever wrote, a masterpiece both of reasoning and of satirical pleasantry, the review of Jenyns's Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil.

The other letters contain a discussion of political and religious evils, in which nothing unusual or new is proposed.

We note from these reviews that "slating" is already the modus quaerendi of the critic. It is interesting to note the methods employed by these predecessors of the modern reviewers, to discern the difference, if any, between their approach and that of the present day. The criticism is naturally a prose essay and belongs to the period of prose. It follows that the criticism as a type belongs especially to the eighteenth century as being a century of prose, but whether this is the correct inference is open to argument. There have been great critics at all periods of literature and it cannot be truthfully said that anyone in the eighteenth century was greater than one in another. A great many qualities must first be considered before we decide that Macaulay is a greater critic than Dryden. We would have ~~but~~ little hesitation in arguing that Macaulay was a greater reviewer than Dryden, for Macaulay practically heads the list of reviewers while Dryden did scarcely any reviewing. All good reviewers are critics, but all good critics are not reviewers. There lies the difficulty. Great as was the quality and quantity of criticism previous to the opening years of the eighteenth century, the art of reviewing was yet in its infancy.

Dr. Johnson employed a method of reviewing that was not at all original. He criticized each work of each author in his Lives as he progressed with a short judgment in one or two paragraphs, or sometimes he condemned the work to oblivion by ignoring it altogether. Instead of the roll-call of authors that was in vogue in the sixteenth century he employed a roll-call of works, some with just a bare mention and others with considerable discussion. In the Life of Gray possibly no piece that Gray wrote escaped mention, yet only The Progress of Poetry and The Bard elicit any lengthy discussion,,while the great Elegy goes uncried. I t is possi-

ble that Johnson is censured for condemning Gray and yet placing Pope, a very artificial poet, so high in the scale of writers, but it must be remembered that Johnson the prosemaster, who himself produced no better poetry than The Vanity of Human Wishes, was viewing them through eyes narrowed by eighteenth century prose judgment to which the least romantic element was a red rag to an enraged bull.

It is interesting to note the predilection for the "Club" that prevailed at that time. Just as Ben Jonson and William Drummond of Hawthornden once sat across the table at the " Mermaid" and doled out criticism after criticism after the fashion of the times; just as Dryden held forth in his corner, perhaps in the selfsame "Mermaid", and at Will's Coffee House on the north side of Russell Street in Covent Garden; just as Addison, Steele, and Pope gathered in the evenings at Will's and the other coffee houses of Tatler fame; in very much the same manner Johnson's magnetic personality drew, as though a lodestone, a coterie of admirers and clever talkers about him. These men, all of them men who had made themselves famous by some means or other, in 1764 formed themselves into a club that eventually became known as Dr. Johnson's Club. Because of their power in letters and diversity of interests they became a great force in moulding thought and sentiment in eighteenth century literature. Therein lies perhaps Johnson's greatest contribution to the world, namely, the part he played in shaping and fixing prose in the English language. Dr. Johnson himself says that "no genius was ever blasted by the breath of critics"[1], but Macaulay tells us that the "verdicts pronounced by this conclave(referring to the club)on new books were speedily known over all London, and were sufficient to sell off a whole edition in a day, or to condemn the sheets to the service of the trunk-maker and the pastry cook"[2]. Of course

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[1] Idler, No. 60. [2] Macaulay, Life of Samuel Johnson, in Lives of the Poets, ed Matthew Arnold, p xxxiii (Henry Holt & Co. 1889) first pub. Ency. Brit.

there is no need to say that Goldsmith the poet, Reynolds the painter, Burke the parliamentarian, Gibbon the historian, Garrick the stage manager, all lent their knowledge and taste to bring about this effect.

A thorough perusal of the Rambler and the Idler reveals no material for our use. Though those periodicals were necessarily largely critical they dealt only with abstract subjects. Some further remarks regarding the Lives will suffice for that phase. Matthew Arnold has selected six of the Lives as being the greatest, for they are the lives of the six most eminent English poets. Arnold is careful to state, however, that his choice does not by any means relegate the remaining twenty or thirty to utter inferiority, as Mr. Saintsbury would infer. There is no doubt that the six chosen by Arnold do comprise the greatest lives, in point of subject matter as well as literature, but the Life of Cowley is a close rival for first honors. The Life of Congreve is consistent with the scheme of critical biography, or biographical criticism, as the case may be, which adheres to the principle of the "roll call" for works. Congreve was a calm, placid personality, highly honored and endowed, to whom Johnson paid one of the greatest compliments that it was in his power to give, that he was "an original writer who borrowed neither models of plots nor manner of dialogues". And still the roll call for Gay and Savage. The latter elicits from Johnson an equal measure of censure and praise; censure for his waywardness and licentiousness, praise for his talent and genius.

It may be a strange fact, but withal it is true, that the first impression we have of the term review is that it is a judgment of a novel. The novel is the first thing that comes into our mind when one mentions the review. This idea is of course erroneous, because reviews treat of all types of literature, whether prose or poetry. There can be no doubt that the introduction of the modern novel in the latter years of

the eighteenth century gave an added impetus to the growth of the review as a type, and this is one of the probable reasons that is responsible for our belief that the review before the early years of the nineteenth century was adolescent and occasional. The real value of contemporary judgments to posterity rests in the fact that they furnish a summary of opinion of that time regarding a particular work. We to a great degree judge a writer by the "life" of his works, and we always ask, "Will it live?" Dickens is a great novelist, as revealed by the fact that his novels have lived. We often wonder what books that are greatly in vogue today will still be in vogue fifty or a hundred years hence, and we are willing to accord high rank to an author whose work improves with age. Yet however these things may be, we cannot but admit the value of contemporary criticism. Contemporary judgment may not be a true barometer---it often is not---but it is interesting.

It is seldom that a man is greater than his works. Shakespeare would needs have been an exceedingly great man to have surpassed his works. We know Addison and Steele, Dryden and Pope, Browning and Keats not for any personal acquaintance or attraction but for the work they left behind them. But Dr. Johnson stands alone as a man greater than his best production. No essay in the Rambler or Idler is known today as are the essays of the Spectator and Tatler on Milton or on The Pleasures of the Imagination. Rasselas, itself no better than Voltaire's Candide and very like it, The Vanity of Human Wishes, or London, are not pronounced great by the general reading public today; Johnson's Dictionary is out of date; many editions of Shakespeare are to be found that are better than any Johnson ever planned. Narrowing down, we are forced to admit that his Lives are great masterpieces of joint biography and criticism, and we gladly acclaim them as literature par excellence; he has left nothing that would tend to make him illustrious in the sense that Milton is illus-

tricus. But when we call the roll of England's great men we rarely omit the name of Samuel Johnson. We ask the question, "What makes him a great man? What gives him his place among English men of letters?" In the first place we are led to believe that Boswell is to a great extent responsible for this vogue. But for Boswell we would not have the mass of conversational gems that he has transmitted so faithfully to us; but for Boswell we would not have Johnson's dicta on the multiform subjects that he discoursed on in the daily routine of his life; but for Boswell's worshipful care we would be without the criticism, anecdotes, and pithy sayings that after all have made Johnson the famous man he is. To go into a panegyric of the characteristics that made Johnson would be without the province of the present work, but the whole is summed up in the concluding words of Boswell: "Such was Samuel Johnson, a man whose talents, acquirements, and virtues were so extraordinary that the more his character is considered the more he will be regarded by the present age and by posterity with admiration and reverence."[1]

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[1] Boswell, Life of Samuel Johnson, (Henry Holt & Co. New York, 1892) p 677.

CHAPTER FOUR.

The Turn Of The Tide.

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Goldsmith is perhaps best known for the Deserted Village, though the theatre-goer may with justice choose She Stoops To Conquer as the measure of his quality. ~~The average layman is taught that Goldsmith wrote some plays, a poem or two, and that was about all.~~ The bulk of his criticism is an unknown quantity except to one who has a decided purpose in looking for it. He was a valuable asset to the famous "Club" that became such a power in letters of that period. Goldsmith, the debonair, was Dr. Johnson's especial protegé, and it was through Johnson that many of his productions saw the light of day. Careless, lighthearted, gay, he won the hearts of all with whom he came in contact, and his writings are more free of the shackling confines of classicism than those of perhaps any other writer of that period. He was classical in form, but he was not classical in his effervescent, exuberant heart.

As a critic Goldsmith has been classed as a minor by Saintsbury, but as a reviewer he ranks as a major and is among the very first who did review work in the modern sense for truly pecuniary reasons. We reach the real review in Goldsmith. He did not do it for love of the work, but for a living, and that is the reason his reviews do not exhibit the genius revealed by his later work. Forced to do hack work for his daily bread he ~~signed up with~~ was employed by Griffiths, editor of the Monthly Review, to contribute to that publication. Sixteen reviews are the result of this contract with Griffiths, under the close surveillance of Mrs. Griffiths, who was a "better man than her husband", according to Goldsmith himself. Later, because of the lady's censorious attitude he left the Monthly Review and joined forces with the Critical Review, a close rival of the Monthly.

In this he published nineteen reviews. These reviews were epitomes of works considered; sometimes a history, sometimes a collection of poems, more often a narrative essay or a translation. Two points of view in regard to critics and criticism may be observed in Goldsmith's career. When he himself was a reviewer and hack writer for Griffiths he found that critics were lordly beings with a mission to perform, endeavoring to shape literature by bestowing praise and censure where each belonged. But when he became an author and poet his attitude toward critics underwent a metamorphosis; critics were a menace to the public welfare and criticism a danger to the advancement of letters. Was Goldsmith different from other literary men in this respect?

A treatment of each of Goldsmith's reviews would entail a greater amount of time and space than the scope of the present work would permit, but a consideration of a few of his best will aid greatly in forming an idea of his contribution to the art. He undertook to criticize every conceivable kind of work, from Celtic mythology to epics, from Hanway's Eight Days' Journey to Burke's On the Sublime and Beautiful. Deliberate reviews that differ not one whit from the norm established a century later by Macaulay, they seem to be the dividing line between the contributory contemporary criticism of evolutionary character and the real book review as we have it in the nineteenth century. A cursory glance at some of them will be of value.

Goldsmith does not fear to beard the very lion in his den when he takes the great Burke to task for not giving anything new to the world in his essay On The Sublime And Beautiful. The author has sagacity, learning and genius, but he has succeeded only in being pleasing without being instructive. He has a self-made system of philosophy which he adapts to his own needs. He undertakes to give us a prescription whereby we may avoid confounding those things that are sublime with those things

that are beautiful, ~~a thing that~~ an error we are prone to ~~do~~ commit, and actually do commit every day. There follows an analysis of the author's plan: he first investigates the affections of the sublime and beautiful in their own natures; next, he attempts to discover causes that produce these affections; and finally, the process of the action that causes those effects. The reviewer gives an abstract of the essay by Burke, not hesitating to quote copiously whenever he deems fit, concluding with ~~considerable~~ an array of encomiumistic generalities: the essay is an extensive subject extensively treated; and whatever may be the shortcomings of the author such a discourse blazes the trail for future philosophers; even his errors may be of use to one treading the same path.'

Not so eulogistic was his review of Smollett's History of England.' Goldsmith shows the value of authenticity in a history, without which all confidence is destroyed. The historian should be meticulously careful to have his narrative as well authenticated as possible. It is the province of the eyewitness alone to transmit the record of events to posterity; those who follow after are in great risk of altering the record by one means or another. The more distant in point of time an event is from the narrator by so much the greater is the liability to distott the truth of it. "Truth should be the main object of the historian's pursuit, elegance is only the ornament".

'Burke, A Philosophical Inquiry into The Origin Of Our Ideas Of The Sublime and Beautiful; review by Goldsmith, Monthly Review, vol xvi, p 473

'Smollett, A Complete History Of England, deduced from the Descent of Julius Caesar to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748, containing the transactions of one thousand eight hundred and three years, four vols. 8vo. Review by Goldsmith, Monthly Review, vol xvi, p 530, June, 1757.

It is unfortunate for an author to possess ability and fail to use it properly; the age-old story of the talents; but that is precisely what Smollett has done, or failed to do, says Goldsmith. He depends too closely on a factual narrative without taking advantage of his opportunity to comment and explain. He appears to abhor criticisms and emendations. Smollett's style is "clear, nervous, and flowing". His chief joy apparently was not in style, or elegance, but in the character sketches he sets forth at the end of each reign. There follows, verbatim, extracts from these sketches embracing those of Charles the First, Cromwell, and Charles the Second. Finally we have a résumé of the prime requisites of an ideal historian: learning, attachment to truth, elegant style with a consciousness of his own superior qualities. The first of these are conceded to Smollett without any question, while "in the last he seems to have fallen short of none of his predecessors".

An interesting study would be a comparison of the reviews of Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith on Hanway's Journal of Eight Days' Journey. The most apparent difference between the methods of approach of the two reviewers is found in their purposes. Dr. Johnson's ultimate purpose was a defense of tea against the terrific onslaughts of one Hanway, who inveighed against it as one of the most pernicious of possible habits. Dr. Johnson was a great tea drinker, so cloaking his work under the ostensible review, he in reality wrote a reply to Hanway refuting his statements concerning tea. On the other hand Goldsmith, who had no peculiar interest in the work other than that of reviewing it from a ~~business~~ Professional standpoint, for that reason reviewed it from a literary point of view, unbiassed by prejudice for or against the "divine beverage". The journey first is considered. The reviewer has apparently read accounts by the same author of journeys into distant countries, and his first cry in this case is one of joy that at least this journey was taken near home. Then for the weaknesses; the

author was devoid of two very important ~~requisites~~ Prerequisites for a treatise of this nature, "novelty of thought and elegance of expression". Goldsmith insists on elegance. A résumé of the work then follows: essay-letters to two ladies who were of the party, enlarging upon every event of the voyage, with a pronounced tendency to digress on each and every philosophical subject that presents an ppportunity for divergence. Not much space is devoted to the journey, but almost the whole second volume is devoted to tea. Why so? What grudge has the author against so harmless a beverage that he launches out in so vehement a philippic against it? Why, after all, tea is but a modern luxury and is vastly better for the people than strong beer and the stronger liquors of our forbears.

Goldsmith cautions the public against the publications of spurious works under the name of some famous writer, illustrating with the story of the marquis of Racan and the two impostors. Voltaire is a very famous man, and so many impositions have been practiced in his name that one is dubious when the Universal History ascribed to him is considered. But the work has too many positive earmarks of real merit for one to question long its authorship. This work purports to be the Universal History, or a Survey of the Manners and Customs of all Nations from the time of Charlemagne. A gigantic work, in seven volumes, it is noteworthy because it has few faults. Wholesale eulogy, that, but Goldsmith says Voltaire's ability as a writer has long been before the public and needs no commendation.

Hanway, A Journal of an Eight Days' Journey from Portsmouth to Kinston-on-Thames----to which is added an Essay on Tea, Two vols. 8vo. Reviewed by Goldsmith, Monthly Review, vol xvii, p 50. Dr. Johnson reviewed the same Journal in the Literary Magazine,, 1757.

Review of Voltaire's Universal History, Monthly Review, vol xvii, p 154, August, 1757.

His strong points are legion, his weaknesses few. He ofttimes colors too strongly, but an excess is preferable to a lack. ~~Moreover~~ Moreover, his maxims are based on too few incidents. He resembles Tacitus, but does not equal him. A number of long extracts from the narrative are transcribed for the purpose of exposing some of their chief beauty. This reviewer is given to the use of long excerpts, well chosen so that they serve more than to fill up space.

So much for his reviews. He seems to have lost the art after he reached the stage of an author, and a search through the Bee and all of his subsequent writings reveals no review for our study. He seems to have graduated from reviews when he ceased hack work. He was in that much like the moderns---he wrote reviews for money, but his genius ~~kept him straight~~ preserved his integrity. Neither Griffiths, of the Monthly, nor the editor of the Critical knew the genius that they had at their command, and it remained for the great Cham to find it out and put it before the world. Goldsmith's reviews are by no means his best work, for the average layman knows them not, but they are vastly superior to the best of a great many writers, and therein lies their value.

Goldsmith's individuality is striking; he was free, unfettered, and gifted with a faculty of lucid exposition that raised him high among critics. He was prolific, for few before him can boast of thirty-five bona fide reviews, certainly not of the same quality. He marks an epoch in the development of the review as literature, for in him we find, together with Johnson and Smollett, the only real formal reviewing previous to the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Swift, great critic that he was, has furnished very little for discussion here. His contribution to the canons of criticism is indeed large, in his Tale of a Tub, Battle of the Books, and Proposal for Correcting the English Tongue, but others' reputation were not much impaired by his criticism. He adhered to the abstract.

The bulk of Defoe's writings----a stupendous bulk they are---consists chiefly in political pamphlets and replies to others of the same kind. He approaches a review in his A Reply to a Traitorous Libel Entituled English Advice to the Freeholders of England, (1715) but he did not intend it as a review. He contributed to nineteen journals or periodicals that were published between the years 1705- 1729, most of his contributions being political. No reviews as such exist among his writings.'

'For a history of English journalism prior to and contemporary with Defoe, cf. Nichols, J. Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century, vol i pp 6,312; vol iv, pp 33-97; Fox Bourne, H. R. English Newspapers,(1887) vol i, pp 1-13 and Williams, J. B. A History of English Journalism to the Foundation of the Gazette, 1908.

Remarks in some of Swift's letters, bearing on contemporary works, are interesting: (Swift to POpe, Letter No. 49, vol ii, p 134, July 16, 1728) He recommends a full explanation of personal allusions in the Dunciad, advising him to "fill out the asterisks". There follows his opinion of the poem. He expresses his full opinion of the Dunciad in a later letter (No. 59, vol ii, p 163). He also gives an account(No. 107, vol ii, p 307) of a spurious poem called the Life and Character of Dr. S. In the same letter are remarks on Gay's Posthumous Works. Swift's flattering opinion of the Essay on Man may be found in Letter No. 107, vol ii, p 326, Nov. 11, 1734. Swift says to Pope(Letter No. 3, vol ii, p 9, June 28, 1715): "I borrowed your Homer from the Bishop----mine is not yet landed---and read it out in two evenings. If it pleases others as well as it pleases me, you have got your end in profit and reputation. Yet I am angry at some bad rhymes, and triplets, and pray in your next do not let me have so many unjustifiable rhymes to war and gods."

All of the above letters are found in the collected edition of Pope's Letters, collected and edited by Croker, John Wilson, London, 1872.

We come now to a critic whose most famous lucubration was written before the turning of the seventeenth century. John Dennis wrote The Impartial Critick in 1693, inspired by Rymer, whose criticisms of Othello Dennis says were "in most of the particulars very sensible and just". He also stands by his statement alone, taking Shakespeare to task because the Merry Wives of Windsor was poorly constructed, "had no less than three actions," and deviated in many ways from the path that it should follow. To prove his point he rewrote the play, calling it The Comical Gallant. This was enough to damn him, but he did not stop there. He began by censuring Shakespeare, and ends by censuring Pope. He is the gadfly type of critic, darting in at every available opening for a sharp sting regardless of his victim. But most of his victims proved themselves sufficiently thickskinned to appear indifferent to his attacks. Pope bore the brunt of his savagery. The Essay on Criticism started the attack, for in this poem the author alluded to Dennis in the following lines:

"But Appius reddens at each word you speak
And stares, tremendous, with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry."

But when Dennis reached the couplet:

"Some have at first for wits, then poets, passed,
Turned critics, next, and proved plain fools at last,"

his anger got the better of him, he dashed down the copy in fury on the printer's desk, and said, "He means me, by God!" and immediately set about to reply with a savage attack called Reflections, Critical and Satirical, Upon A Late Rhapsody Called An Essay Upon Criticism. Later, in 1713, Pope surreptitiously prevailed upon Dennis to write some scurrilous Remarks upon Cato, which Pope forthwith himself refuted in a spirited, but poor,

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Told by Pope in his Narrative of the Frenzy of J. D.

defense, hoping to win Addison's gratitude. Addison refused to fall into the trap, was displeased by Pope's "defense", and was a better friend of Dennis thereafter than ever before. Pope succeeded in eliciting from Dennis another criticism in 1717, Remarks Upon Mr. Pope's Translation of Homer, and Two Letters Concerning Windsor Forest and The Temple of Fame. Another, Remarks On A Play Called The Comscious Lovers, was published in 1723.

Dennis found another chance to even matters with Pope when The Rape of the Lock appeared in 1714. This poem brought forth Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in Several Letters to a Friend, written in 1714. However, he withheld these remarks until 1728, with the following purpose: "At the same time that I ordered three of them to be published, I took care to keep back the ensuing treatise purposely in terrorem; which had so good an effect that he(Pope) endeavored for a time to counterfeit humility and a sincere repentance; and about that time I received a letter from him, which I have still by me, in which he acknowledges his offenses past, and expressed an hypocritical sorrow for them." He then describes Pope's pseudo-repentance, how it did not last, and how he entered into an orgy of abuse, "like a mad Indian that runs amuck", attacking several persons of far greater merit than himself. Dennis could not control his blind rage against Pope and concludes by stating that "the Rape of the Lock was below criticism", as he held the rest of Pope's work. He objects that The Rape of the Lock had no moral (page 8), notwithstanding the fact that Pope himself expressly said that he wrote it to "laugh at the little unguarded follies of the female sex". Another objection of Dennis is that the machinery of the poem is superfluous. He gives certain rules for the machina of poems---they must be

1. Taken from the religion of the poet's country.
2. Allegorical in their application.

3. Corresponding, though opposed to each other.

4. Justly subordinated and proportioned.

Dennis said that "by all the bustle of preternatural operations the main event is neither hastened nor retarded". Dr. Samuel Johnson agreed with this judgment, but would overlook the faults in comparison with so many excellencies. Dennis was hasty, angry, and personal, yet he was right in some cases. For instance, the exultation of Belinda at winning a game of cards manifested by "shouts that fill the sky"; the hyperbole is too far-fetched when Belinda's indignation on losing her curl was manifest by "screams of horror" that "rent the affrighted skies"; Dennis gives vent to his utmost spleen, however, when he says, (pp v,vii) "I shall call A P--e neither fool nor dunce, nor blockhead; but I shall prove that he is all these in a most egregious manner." These incidents are given to show Dennis's vindictive character, which leads him to judge productions on personal bias rather than real merit. Personal prejudice should have no place in criticism. One can go into ecstasies on reading the trashiest of modern novels, but when that person undertakes to review it he cannot say "it is good because I like it". Likes and dislikes ~~do~~ should not enter into the case at all. An analysis is necessary from the point of view of the author not from that of the reader. So, though John Dennis was no fool, and was comparatively well versed in the lore of the ancients, because he could not divorce his critical mind from his vindictive heart his value as a critic or a reviewer is small.

Joseph Spence, in his Anecdotes, gives a number of appraisals. Dr. Johnson said of him: "His learning was not very great and his mind not very powerful; his criticism, however, was commonly just; what he thought he thought rightly, and his remarks were recommended by coolness and candor."(D.N.B. vol liii, p 337).

The remark is made by Dr. Johnson that the further authors remain apart from one another the better, for peace and concord are usually absent when writers get together. It cannot be said of Smollett, as it was of Thomson and Goldsmith, that he died leaving behind him a host of friends and not a single enemy, for Smollett's life was a stormy one, full of squabbles and attacks, brought upon him by the many inadvertent criticisms he made. A few men can criticise and escape the hatred of their victims, but Smollett had no such fortune. His was the faculty to stir up trouble and he always seemed unable to settle that which he stirred up.

Smollett's reviewing was the result of his taking charge of the Critical Review in 1756 for Archibald Hamilton, in opposition to the Monthly Review of Griffiths, mentioned above. The former was Tory in feeling while the Monthly was of Whig tendencies. When Smollett undertook the control of the Critical Review he professed a certain leniency toward all writers, but that resolution soon went the way of a great many good intentions, for his temper and irascibility could not long hold out against the numerous provocations that came to him. So he unstopped the vials of his wrath, or to be more exact, of his sarcasm, to such an extent that he soon brought upon himself a storm of resentment. Few men of letters of the day were on friendly terms with him, and he spent a great part of his time trying to explain and make amends for what he had said during the other part. He strove manfully to stem the tide of resentment that threatened completely to inundate him, and to appease the injured writing world. He ventured to utter some critical remarks on Clarissa Harlowe, with the result that Richardson was upon him immediately tooth and nail, calling for an apology of the most abject sort in a letter to an intermediary. He wished Mr. Richardson to be assured that the article was inserted without "his privity or concurrence". "I never once mentioned Mr. Richardson's name with disrespect, nor ever re-

flected upon him nor his writings by the most distant hint or allusion," and so on. However, Smollett was hasty and indiscriminate in his actions and was never free from the angry retorts of those who had been victims of his keen satire. One of these retaliated by "ordering a copy of the Review to be sent to him for the sole purpose of reading all the publications which it censured , as the best that could be found, and to avoid those it praised, as the worst."

Smollett's reviews are full of seathing censure---reviews that he published in haste and repented of in leisure. Like Dennis and many others he believed that slating was the only true method of good reviewing, a principle that made his judgments narrow and his criticism invalid. Smollett, the author of novels, is secure, but Smollett, the reviewer pales in comparison with his co-worker, Goldsmith, who tried his hand with equal success on the reviewing staff of both the Monthly and the Critical Reviews.

When we have to go to a man's letters to find the only contemporary criticism that he published we are prone to put rather a low estimate on that man's ability as a reviewer, and that would be a just estimate. These letters would have been welcomed in the case of Ben Jonson or others as far back as he, but in the latter years of the eighteenth century reviews were too rife for an author to be classed as anything of a reviewer just because he made frequent allusions in his letters to works of prevailing authors , especially if these were the only contributions of that nature. Yet because Gray was a critic of more or less merit he needs a passing consideration as a reviewer. One letter of his contains a great

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Miscellaneous Works, Tobias Smollett, ed Roscoe, Thomas, London, 1852, vol i p xxiii.

Works of Thomas Gray, ed Gosse, E. New York, 1885, vol i, p 305.

quantity of review work on Walpole's Lives of the Painters, a biographical-technical study which Gray takes page by page, or paragraph by paragraph, and suggests corrections, changes, emendations, and "loppings", that prove tiresome to one who is not particularly interested in the works cited or the objects therein discussed.

We find a few remarks by Gray on Joseph Andrews in another letter[1]---remarks so mild that we are inclined to ask, "Does he not damn it with faint praise?" This has its value because of the worth of Joseph Andrews to the novel-type.

The value of Gray as a critic consists in his metrum opinions and his observations upon Aristophanes and Plato, and also upon the Lydgate Notes. He was disappointingly meager in respect to his observations on contemporaries, for he was unusually equipped for just that kind of work;;but he did not feel the call, and posterity is the loser. What he did, however, as Mr. Saintsbury[2] thinks, was to start the trend of thought in the right direction, thereby making easier the path trod later by the Romanticists of the succeeding century.

Letters have ever been a sort of side issue,a by-product, of litterateurs, to the extent that practically every complete biography is a "Life and Letters". The eighteenth century is replete with letter writers and may justly be called the golden age of letter writing in England. The ensemble of these letters gives us memoirs, observations, and critical allusions that throw a great amount of light on current literature that otherwise would pass in darkness. Fanny Burney was a letter writer,and her diary, seven volumes in all, is full of the brightest wit and acute portrayals of social customs and manners of the time. Not much of value ~~here~~ To the Study of the Review can be found in her work. Lord Chesterfield's Letters are brilliant, but they deal with social customs, social inadequacies, diplomacy, requisites for elegance, things foreign to the idea immediately concerned here. Horace Walpole is the prince of letter writers, a man of the

[2] History of Criticism, vol iii, p 62. [1] Ibid, vol ii, p 106, Letter xliv.

world, with great sagacity and as great prejudice. He did not fail to express his contempt for Boswell, Chesterfield, and Goldsmith, but more out of prejudice for the man than for the man's productions. His value as a critic is mediocre because his chief forte was gossip. On the other hand as a letter writer he excels all others for cleverness, volatile wit, and ability as a raconteur.

The Wartons deserve consideration in the list of minor critics who contributed to contemporary criticism. Joseph Warton, the elder of the two brothers, was the author of a massive piece of criticism called An Essay On The Genius And Writings Of Pope,,a biographical and critical study of considerable acumen of Pope and his writings. His chief contribution to periodical review work was in the Adventurer of Hawkesworth, to which he contributed as a hack writer, somewhat after the manner of Goldsmith. His verbosity proved a stumblingblock to his fame and today he is little regarded.

Thomas Warton has a greater claim to regognition because of his History of English Poetry. His style is not less offensive than his brother's however, which militated against his naturally acute and original mind. The contribution of these two men to criticism consists in an evident striving for a new era in perspective, and a forward glimpse of glimmerings of approaching romanticism. ~~All along the horizon was glowing with a new light that held promise of a greater glory, to which an impetus was added by Grey.~~ The tide begins to turn with an inevitable current not to be resisted, and already can be seen a reaction from the bluntness of Pope to the elegance and refinement of the Romancers. This is more clearly seen in a comparison of the novels of Richardson, on the one hand, and those of Sir Walter Scott, on the other. Fanny Burney, in Evelina, accomplished a great deal toward purifying the novel, a progress that is one of the most outstanding features of Romanticism. A notable application of this to criticism is evidenced by the statement of Coleridge, "I would remark that it is always un-

wise to judge of anything by its defects; the first attempt ought to be to discover its excellencies." It would be a mistake to give the impression that this movement was abrupt, for the reverse was true. No sooner had Pope died and his domination of letters ceased than a feeling of revolt became evident in the hearts and voices of men. The couplet had grown wearisome to the ears of a progressive here and there, who began to seek the freer and less restrained meters of Spenser and Shakespeare. Adventurous spirits tired of the coffee-house and sought a deeper solace and freedom in nature and the open field, in the blue sky, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife".

The expression of this feeling was threefold. The first trend was an awakening of new interest in the Middle Ages, because the life of the Middle Ages, with its unrest, its feudal color, was in so great a contrast to the sameness and orderliness of the classic period. The second direction of the Romantic movement was toward nature, a reaction against the cut-and-dried regulated grooves of classicism. The third tendency of this movement was toward a more humane view of life, a deeper regard for humbler creatures, whether man or beast, especially toward such human lives as by reason of this humbleness or uncouthness had been made objects of contempt by an age of snobbishness and pseudo-aristocracy.

As we have already stated Thomson and Gray represent the transition period between the two great ideas, classicism and romanticism. Goldsmith was not free from such leanings. The change from one regime to another took place at approximately the turning of the century,---as approximately as a slow process can be dated. The romantic movement, though, after its initial impetus, took wings as it were to itself and flew, for it was not long until the writers who are pronounced the most romantic of the romanticists were ~~in full tide~~ at their height

CHAPTER FIVE

Coleridge and Southey.

Coleridge, the poet of fragments, was far from being fragmentary in his prose works. They are voluminous and complete. Though but few poems that he started out to write were ever completed, he left us a vast amount of theory and criticism that is truly valuable. Wordsworth seems to have borne the brunt of Coleridge's reviewing, which for the most part was favorable. Wordsworth propounded most of his theories of poetry in his prefaces and appendices, and the greater part of Coleridge's Biographia Literaria is a review of Wordsworth's theories, as found in those prefaces, the latter's poems being used as illustrations. When Coleridge's prose is sifted in order to find that which is in the nature of contemporary judgment the quantity is considerably reduced. ~~to a great extent.~~ Frequent instances occur, however, of direct personal criticism. In one place he tells us that The Brothers and Michael meet all the requirements of model poems, while the Idiot Boy and Harry Gill are great poems of feeling. Later he remarks that the Idiot Boy is an excellent poem having only two faults: first, the idea of a too morbid idiocy is disgusting; second, the folly of the mother rather emphasizes the blindness of old age than maternal affection. The Thorn has too many depressing scenes which tend to lower the plane on which the author professes to have set out and planned to maintain. His (Coleridge's) remarks on Wordsworth's Excursion are more a critique on Wordsworth than on his poem---charging that Wordsworth did not adhere to his own theories. "In short", says he, "were there excluded from Mr.

For a complete list of the prose works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, cf Complete Works of S.T.Coleridge, ed Shedd, New York (1853) vol iii, p 673 ff.

Biographia Literaria, ed. cit. vol iii, p 400.

Ibid, p 401. Ed. cit. vol iii, p 401. Ibid, p 402.

Ibid, pp 450-1. ~~Ibid, ch xxii.~~

Wordsworth's poetic compositions all that a literary adherence to the theory of his preface would exclude, two-thirds, at least, of the marked beauties of his poetry must be erased."

The reviewer sees a number of defects in Wordsworth, however, exemplified by the Excursion. First, his inconstancy of style; second, his too great matter-of-factness; third, a too dramatic form; and fourth, he has too great thoughts and images for the subject. In the Intimations of Immortality, he asks, How can a child be a philosopher? How could a child "read the eternal deep"? A long list of so-called absurdities follows, with a full quota of beauties; he finds six reasons for praise, illustrated by extracts from Simon Lee, The Fountain, Intimations of Immortality, and Lucy, ----six excellencies, the last of which is Wordsworth's "gift of Imagination" in which he is inferior only to Shakespeare and Milton..

Perhaps the fullest and most lengthy of Coleridge's reviews is his scathing critique of Bertram, a drama that was produced at Drury Lane Theatre about the year 1820. The review was far from a eulogy and caused considerable criticism of Coleridge later. The reviewer picked the flaws one by one in the play, which, according to Coleridge, are legion. For instance, in the first act there is a prodigious storm, without any apparent reason for its being so called; the lady sleepless without any apparent reason for insomnia; a lady married and happy, yet loving another; a charge of plagiarism is brought forward in the second act; the third and fourth acts are totally devoid of decency from the point of view of the English audience.

Ed. cit. vol iii, ch xxii.

Bertram, or The Castle of St. Aldobrand, by Rev. Chas. R. Maturin, curate of St. Peters, Dublin, reviewed by Coleridge, ed. cit. vol iii, pp 555 ff. This review was so violently slashing and to all appearances unwarrantable that the author of the play proposed a violent and vindictive reply to Coleridge, which Sir Walter Scott counselled against. Maturin yielded to Scott's influence.

Of the first four acts he sums up his views in the following sentences: "And did a British audience endure all this? They received it with plaudits, which, but for the rivalry of the carts and hackney coaches, might have disturbed the evening prayers of a scanty week-day congregation at St. Paul's Cathedral." The fifth act elicits this: "The only thing noticeable (for rant and nonsense, though abundant as ever, have long before the last act become things of course)is the profane representation of the high altar in a chapel.--------A hymn is actually sung on the stage by the chorister boys." Thus it continues to the end. Coleridge departs from his doctrine of the beauties in a general slating of Bertram, having not a single pleasant remark for it. He does not hesitate to make numerous accusations of plagiarism. His apparent objection to the play was from the standpoint of morals, for he charged that its influence would be pernicious. However he did not touch upon the ability or skill of Mr. Maturin, attacking only his morals.

Coleridge's letters have proved a fruitful source of criticism and philosophy. There are always a certain number of limitations attached to a man's letters, for though a number of men wrote letters expecting that they be published, on the other hand the letter is primarily personal and private. This entails a search,,as a rule, before any opinions on contemporary works cam be found, and when they are found they are usually short and sketchy. Unless a man deliberately sets out in a letter to review a work he rarely devotes to any work sufficient space in that letter to warrant the name of review. Practically the only example of a lengthy discussion of a contemporary work that occurs in Coleridge's letters is found in one written to Wordsworth concerning the Excursion. It really is long---for a letter. But I am inclined to think that it is somewhat more difficult for a man to give a just appraisal of a work in a letter to the author of that work than it would be to give that appraisal in a periodical or jour-

nal that is more or less impersonal. As a matter of fact Coleridge took great umbrage at Jeffrey once for having permitted an anonymous review of his Christabel to be published in the Edinburgh Review. If a man is attacked for publishing a review, not entirely favorable, in a paper whose express design was the publication of reviews, what would be the reception of a personal letter that contained equally potent opinions? But to return to the letter reviewing the Excursion. Coleridge undertook to show Wordsworth how this poem had fallen short of his expectations. He apparently was disappointed not in the poem as it appeared, for he grants it a marked superiority, but in its not being a far different poem, which he thought Wordsworth was planning. Coleridge had looked for a philosophical poem in the Recluse, one bringing out all the philosophy ~~and psychology~~ that such an opportunity afforded. He gives a number of objections to the poem as it really was---and they are more suggestions than objections. The bulk of Coleridge's concrete analysis is built up around Wordsworth's Excursion, as furnishing the finest illustration for the theories he attempts to promulgate.

Practically all of Coleridge's written criticism is included in his Biographia Literaria(1815-17) except a short series of articles contributed to the Bristol Journal(1814). Whatever else he has left has to be gleaned from the record of his lectures, a dozen or more courses, delivered at Bristol and London in the years 1808-1819. The subject of these were for the greater part Shakespeare, Milton, and the drama, which is without the scope of this work. Rich fields of general criticism abound throughout his work, which most authorities agree place him among the great-

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Presumably by Hazlitt. Cf ed. cit. vol iii, p 589.

Letter CCVI, Coleridge to Wordsworth, May 30, 1815, Collected Letters of S. T. Coleridge, ed E. H. Coleridge, (Houghton Mifflin,,N. Y. 1895) vol ii, p 643.

est critics of the age, if not of all time! As a reviewer, on the other hand, except for his disquisitions on the Excursion, he is so scant that one must hesitate to apply that ~~terminology~~ Nonsense to him at all. Aside from his review of Bertram his work was of the highest type, and it is regretable that he was not more prolific in his contemporary judgments.

A survey of Coleridge would be incomplete without a study of his Table Talk and Lectures. Practically every subject under the sun was taken up by Coleridge in his Table Talk----briefly, for very small space is given to each topic. The reach is wide, but he does not dwell long on one subject. His discussion is more or less epigrammatic, nothing more than a collection of"Topics in Brief". In the Table Talk there are a number of interesting items: there is one paragraph regarding Southey's Life of Bunyan with this remark: "The Life of Bunyan is beautiful"; concerning the same author's History he says: "The History is fine. The conclusion of this great work is the finest specimen of historic eulogy ever read in English---more than a campaign to the Duke's fame." Nor can Coleridge get away from the Excursion: "I have often wished that the

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Cambridge History of English Literature, vol xi, p 133: "His criticisms form a body of work such as makes an epoch in the history of English---it would hardly be too much to say, of European---criticism."

Trail, H. D. Life of Coleridge, English Men Of Letters Series, p 156: "Coleridge, primus inter pares as a critic of any order of literature, is in the domain of Shakespearean commentary absolute king."

Saintsbury, George, History of Criticism,vol iii, p 230, has this to say: "So then there abide these three, Aristotle, Longinus, and Coleridge. The defects of the modern, as contrasted with the ancient, men of letters are prominent in Coleridge,when we compare him with these his fellows; and so we cannot quite say that he is the greatest of the three.....Coleridge is the critical author to be turned over by day and by night."

first two books of the Excursion had been published separately under the name of "The Deserted Cottage". They would have formed, what indeed they are, one of the most beautiful poems in the language." Of Tennyson's early poems he has not much to say specifically. He commends their beauty, and criticises their meter, advising Tennyson to adhere to one or two orthodox meters, as for instance the heroic couplet or the octave stanza, until two or three years have elapsed, after which time meter will have become more natural to him. "As it is," says Coleridge, "I can scarcely scan his verses." Regarding Sterne he has this to say: "I think highly of Sterne; that is, of the first part of Tristram Shandy; for as to the latter part, about the widow Wadman, it is stupid and disgusting; and The Sentimental Journey is poor sickly stuff." He finds that Sterne is too prone to affectation, though the two Shandies are "most individual and delightful". Though Sterne has bad morals (somewhat paradoxical!) he cannot hurt anyone thereby, for those who could be affected by them would be affected by something else equally easily,---rather a poor argument, for by the same ~~argument~~ token anything we did would not harm the strong brother, while the weak brother would be injured by someone else if we did nothing to hurt him by our influence. Tristram Shandy appears to be Coleridge's favorite, for he says in the same passage: "Tristram Shandy is full of truth and reality, while The Sentimental Journey had little less than clever affectation."

For the Table Talk, cf Works, ed Shedd, (New York, 1858) vol vi; for the remarks on Southey's Bunyan see ibid, vol vi, p 332; the History, ibid, p 357 for the Excursion, cf ibid, p 403. Though far from a contemporary production it is interesting to note Coleridge's opinion of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress(1678): "If you were to polish it you would at once destroy the reality of the vision; it has no false grammar, but is in the lowest style".(ibid,324

Of Scott he had this to say: "When I am very ill indeed I can read Scott's novels, and they are almost the only books I can then read"[1]. He compares Robinson Crusoe with Peter Wilkins,[2] and later launches out into a eulogy of Fielding, to the detriment of Richardson: "What a master of composition Fielding was! Upon my word, I think the Oedipus Tyrannus, The Alchemist, and Tom Jones the three most perfect plots ever planned. How charming, how wholesome, Fielding always is! To take him up after Richardson is like emerging from a sickroom heated by stoves into an open lawn on a breezy day in May."[3]

An interesting review of Tristram Shandy, more lengthy and comprehensive than the epigrammatic judgments quoted from the Table Talk, occurs in one of Coleridge's lectures on Sterne.[4] It is interesting to note his opinions of these earlier novels. He goes at length into Tristram Shandy, using it as illustrative of some of Sterne's excellencies. These excellencies consist in, first, the author's ability to seize happily on those points in which every man is more or less a humorist; second, in his ability to depict traits of human nature; third, the ability to draw such a character as Mr. Shandy's, "the essence of which is a craving for sympathy in exact proportion to the oddity and unsympathizability of what he proposes"; and fourth, a great physiognomic tact, a master of word photography.

So much for the earliest of the great Romanticists, or to be more exact in phraseology, the greatest of the early Romanticists. He is a giant among critics nor is he a pigmy among reviewers. The quality is there, but where he fails,---if indeed he could be said to have failed---is in the quantity of his review work. The only real review he undertook as such was far below his standard production, for the critique of Bertram

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[1] Table Talk, Works, ed cit vol vi, p 495. [2] Ibid, p 521. [3] Ibid, p 521. [4] Ed cit vol iv, pp 281 ff. Cf vol iv, p 379 for observations on Tom Jones, etc

is a malignant slashing, violating a number of the very principles that Coleridge professed to stand for. There is always a considerable discrepancy between theory and practice. The space allowed Coleridge, the reviewer, here is perhaps out of proportion to his deserts, but the rank of Coleridge, the philosopher, poet, and critic more than furnishes an excuse for such a study. And when the roll of the greatest littérateurs of English literature is called the name of Coleridge is among the first not altogether for alphabetical sequence.

Robert Southey was just as prolific in review writing as Coleridge was barren. He was another man of letters who did review work for a living. Like Goldsmith, Southey preferred other things, but was forced by circumstances to devote a large amount of his time to poorly remunerative hack work,---the circumstances in his case being a large family for which provision had to be made. Thus he was prevented from doing what he wanted most to do---great work in prose and poetry. Several things militated against Southey's being a good reviewer. In the first place, he had too little logic. Reason is the essence of a good review, without which a man would veer according to his inclinations, as a balloon without ballast. Logic is the keystone of judgment, and a review without judgment is not worthy the name. In the second place, Southey was open to numerous charges of inconsistency, a direct result of his lack of logic. A man may be criticized for never changing his mind, but he may be even more severely criticized for changing it too often. It is a mark of greatness for a man to change his mind on a subject when he has been convinced that he was wrong at first, but it is a mark of weakness for a man to make errors consistently, thereby necessitating a frequent change of opinion when convinced of those errors. Again, Southey was conscientious, but he was conscientious without a good logical foundation for that trait,---another result of a lack of logic.His conscientiousness was based on personal likes and dislikes, a

tendency that naturally resulted in a bias that is antagonistic to the virtues of a reviewer. Personal likes ~~cannot~~ ought not to enter into a review. Sound judgment is so essentially the ~~sole~~ basis of reviewing ~~to such an extent~~ that when personalities creep in the value of the review as such ~~dwindles into insignificance~~ becomes small. A man may enjoy reading Zane Grey's latest thriller to the point of rhapsody, but when he undertakes to review it he is bound by conscience and principles to relegate it to its rightful place among best-selling "blood-and-thunders". The point of view of the author must be sought and an examination into his purpose must be made before a just appraisal can be arrived at. The question is not "How does it appeal to me?" but "What is its real value, and on what does that value depend?"

What, on the other hand, were the qualities that should have made Southey a good reviewer? He was widely read. He was master of the classics and versed in the literature of the ancients. One requisite of a good reviewer as given by Addison was that he should be well acquainted with the literature of all ages. Add to this the fact of his indefatigable application, and the ~~result~~ in Southey's case is to say the least ~~effective~~ effective. ~~His style, though magisterial, was notwithstanding admirable, free,~~ and rapid, a prime requisite for good reviewing. Finally, he was a man of letters, a poet, and historian, qualities that should be of inestimable value to a man attempting to judge the works of others.

Of course Southey is known for his Thalaba, Curse of Kehama, and Life of Nelson. ~~These three works alone are sufficient to ensure him a place among the elect.~~ A man is seldom known because of his reviews. Macaulay, the greatest of the Edinburgh Reviewers, is not celebrated because he was a great reviewer. We can think of no renowned man of letters made so because of the reviews he wrote. Southey himself felt that the reason he did not produce more Thalabas and Kehamas was the millstone of hack writing that hung about his neck. He remarked to Walter Savage Landor that

his history as an author was "not very honorable to the age in which we live. By giving up my whole time to worthless work in reviews, magazines, and newspapers, I could thrive, as by giving up half my time to them I contrive to live. In the time thus employed every year I could certainly produce such a poem as Thalaba, and if I did I should starve".

But Fate ruled otherwise to the end that Southey should contribute to the Quarterly Review for a living. At first he received ten guineas for each contribution, which appeared one in each issue of the magazine. Gradually, however, he received more, until finally each article brought him one hundred pounds. He wrote ninety-four articles for the Quarterly[1] between the years 1808 and 1838; fifty-two to the Annual Review, volumes one to four; and three articles to the Foreign Quarterly Review. Because of the utter impossibility of even mentioning all of these in a work of this nature I shall endeavor to choose a few of the most representative reviews for study at this time.

When we read these reviews of Southey no doubt is left in our mind that we have arrived at the period of the normal review as a type of literature. Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith are his successful predecessors. We have seen how they have acquitted themselves; it now remains for us to see how Southey performed his task. One among his first contri-

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[1] For a complete list of Southey's contributions to the Periodicals cf. Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey, by his son, Chas. C. Southey (New York, Harper & Bros.) Appendix p 577.

His reviews in the Annual Review include the following; a review of The Poetry by the Author of Gebir, vol i (1802); a review of Burney's History of Discoveries in the South Seas, vol ii, (1803); a review of Scott's Sir Tristram, vol iii (1804); and a review of Cayley's Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, vol iv, (1805).

butions to the Quarterly was called forth by the publication of four biographies[1] of the great Nelson, none of which were found by Southey to be worthy of the man they professed to discuss. He began by a dissertation upon biographies in general, attempting to show difficulties that exist for those who contemplate the writing of a biography. He says: "Of all literary tasks that of biographer might appear at first to be the easiest." He then proceeds to show why as a matter of fact it is not the easiest. First, the biographer rarely knows personally the object of his study, and therefore is forced to trust to information gleaned from various sources, or if he should happen to be acquainted with him, his biography must of necessity be a pattial one. Second, all the important facts about a great man, whether favorable or otherwise, are necessary for a good biography, facts that are often difficult to relate without being oblivious to the feelings of the relatives still living; while, if the biographer should choose to wait until the subject of the biography has died, it is also probable that those from whom the desired facts are only obtainable will have also passed beyond the grave with their generation. He cites the case of Chatterton, who was known to be insane; his biographers forbore mentioning the fact out of respect for his sister and niece, both of whom were affected similarly. Hence, the reason why a true biography of Nelson cannot now be written; "his private history cannot be laid open without greater injury to individual feelings

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[1] Biographical Memoirs of Lord Viscount Nelson, by John Charnock, 8vo London, 1806; Life of Lord Nelson, by Mr. Harrison, 2 vols. 1806; ditto, by T. O. Churchill, 1808; ditto, by Rev. S. Clarke, assisted by Dr. McArthur; reviewed ensemble by Southey, Quarterly Review, vol iii, pp 218-262. The first review that Southey wrote for the Quarterly was of an article on The Baptist Missionary Society, Quar. Rev. vol i, pp 193-226. He contributed an average of two reviews to each volume of the Quarterly between the years 1809-38.

than the public has any right to inflict for the gratification of its curiosity". There follows a survey of the four biographies in order named; Charnock had only a few letters, together with the gazettes and journals, as his sources of information. The second, by Harrison, receives poor credit at the hands of Southey. The third, by Churchill, is worse, no more than a "vehicle for prints". The fourth, by Mr. Stanier Clarke, would have been a fiasco but for the saving grace of Dr. MacArthur's collaboration.. These are the judgments passed on the books; Southey spends the remainder of the forty-four pages in a discussion of the chief facts in Nelson's life as derived from the biographies in question. After six pages of observations on the books Southey makes the following remark: "We have thus previously stated all which it was requisite to observe upon the book, that dismissing all other thoughts, we might enter upon its subject with the feeling which it requires. The best eulogium of Nelson is the history of his actions; the best history, that which shall relate them most perspicuously." Hence, we find that by the year 1810 the idea had become firmly ~~imbedded~~ established, that a review was more than a mere judgment on a book; it was, in addition, an essay upon the subject about which that book was written. Southey wrote forty-odd pages about the life of Nelson, and only six pages about the Life of Nelson. After all only the representative reviews of a prolific man such as Southey can be discussed, and few indeed of them. Such a review as that of Landor's Count Julian could not well be passed over. The reviewer starts in abruptly with a synopsis of the play. Act by act, and scene by scene, he gives a resume of the whole tragedy, reserving comment until the last, save several such remarks as "to point out the particular ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ beauties in a scene like this would be, at best, but an impertinent office;" or, "a scene of great dignity follows", and so forth. He is forced to refrain from quoting more passages of equal beauty from

lack of space. The drama was not written for representation on the stage; "the fable is not always sufficiently clear:" the verse is epic rather than dramatic; high reaches of ppetry are developed and the author can be easily divined though no name was affixed to the play.

His review of the Life of Wellington is similar in construction to the previous Life we have discussed. One lone paragraph is devoted to a judgment of the book, while he writes seventy-five pages on the life and achievements of the great Duke. The author is assured of a sale of the book from its title. The title, he says, is designed for the hawkers' catalogue and the provincial newspapers. "The book, however, is not so bad as the bill of fare promises. The right wood for making a Mercury may be spoiled by a clumsy carver; but he who has to make a molten image of precious metal, whatever the workmanship may be, will produce something that must always be worth its weight." He takes occasion then to show his idea of what a life of Wellington should contain, closing with an anathema hurled at Napoleon, who was then again threatening all Europe. A similar treatment is accorded all biographies taken up by Southey; his method was to take four biographies of one man and treat them all together. He did this with Nelson; he does it in the case of Cromwell.[3] One paragraph is devoted to Cromwell's biography, while the remaining sixty-five pages deal with Southey's own Life of Cromwell. His judgments are quick, concise, and pointed. He says the first, in order named, is "a good book"; the second is a commendable attempt of "an old and respectable gentleman to vindicate the character of an ancestor; the third is

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Count Julian: A Tragedy, London, Murray, 8vo. Quarterly Review, vol 8, p 86

The Life of the Most Noble Arthur, Duke of Wellington, George Elliott, Esq. 8vo London, 1814. Review in Quarterly Review, vol 13, p 215 sq.

Biographies of Cromwell, Quarterly Review, vol 25, pp 279-347.

written on a ~~biased~~ prejudiced basis, and should therefore be emended; the fourth is simply a collection of chronological data from the Diurnals and other publications. Southey thus expresses his purpose: "With these works before us, and with the aid of such other materials as the memoirs of that disastrous age affords,//...we shall endeavor to give a compendious and faithful account of Oliver Cromwell's eventful life." The Life he gives is compendious and apparently faithful.

The review of Hallam's Constitutional History of England[1] is a masterpiece of its kind. It is one of those reviews that really review the book in question, that analyze the psychology of it, and get the point of view of the author, thereby ~~obtaining~~ attaining his ultimate purpose. Southey throughout this review dwells on the work itself and does not try to out-Hallam Hallam by writing a Constitutional History of his own. He commends Hallam for separating history into its constituent parts, civil, military, ecclesiastical, constitutional, literary, moral, and commercial. The author then explains what he means by constitutional history; he presents the philosophy of history endeavoring to teach safe doctrines of church and state; the reviewer announces that he is not safe in this, for he draws deductions but does not elaborate details; hence, he may easily mislead readers. He cites the case of a Frenchman in the seventeenth century denying that Francis the First was taken prisoner by the Spaniards, claiming that the lie in a hundred years would cause people to doubt the fact, and finally they would believe the lie. The danger is that a man of political affiliations will give prejudiced accounts of political or constitutional events. Horace Walpole said, "Pour être bon historien il ne faudrait être d'aucune religion, d'aucun pays, d'aucune profession, d'aucun parti;" a wrong idea, for a conscientious man will allow neither party, religion, nor patriotism to bias him in his judgments. So Hallam's chief fault is his

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[1] Quarterly Review, vol 37, pp 194-260.

tendency to form deductions rather than to give details of facts. Then, of course, he makes mistakes: in regard th the Lutherans of Germany; he forms harsh and uncharitable conclusions upon insufficient grounds(page 209); Southey brings himself into the argument(page 218), replying to an assertion by Hallam regarding the Book of the Church; Hallam is guilty of grievous exaggerations(page 219); he says a man should not commit errors in defense of oppressed humanity, yet he does not practise what he preaches; he attacks one of the Archbishops, and his book is full of favoritism and partiality; he concludes by saying:"To pursue the Constitutional History through all its misrepresentations and the whole sophistry of its special pleading would require a work of equal bulk." Southey censures the author's attitude towards honor, for Hallam seemed to maintain the doctrine that the end justified the means, and that conspiracy, treason, and rebellion are to be treated as matters of expediency. Hallam, according to Southey, is the apotheosis of the acrimony, injustice, and ill-temper that marks the party to which he belongs. A better example of slating would be hard to find.

It is perhaps unfair to Southey to study him along with the great Coleridge, for the former suffers materially by the comparison. Yet in the matter of reviewing Southey has this to his credit, that he wrote reviews deliberately, a thing Coleridge did not attempt. The number of reviews Southey wrote, among them some truly great essays, entitle him to consideration here. He is not a good reviewer because he could not judge, but he is a reviewer of note, notwithstanding, because of his style of writing, and because of his great ~~prolificalness~~ productivity. Thus we leave him, placing him in the anomalous position above the average of poor reviewers and somewhat below that of what we term good reviewers. And after all, he makes interesting reading.

CHAPTER SIX

Scott, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt.

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It would be surprising how many replies of "I did not know he was a critic" would be gotten from people presumably educated when Sir Walter Scott should be taken under consideration. But Scott is ~~a writer of~~ an extraordinary ~~prolific writer and~~ prolific writer, for he dipped his pen in practically every kind of ink, all with a modicum of success. His novels ~~whose~~ would fill a good-sized bookshelf and his poems are taught in every public school, but his reviews alone would, if collected, fill five average volumes. A man thinks he has done well when he has read all of Scott's novels, not to mention all of his poems. ~~Consequently, these are the parts of his work that are better known.~~ His too abundant work, despite its quality, militates against his fame. His essays on The Drama, Chivalry, and Romance, his Biographical Sketches of Dryden and Swift, and his Tales of a Grandfathera are rarely read nowadays except by someone with an ulterior purpose, a fact truly lamentable because of their excellence.

Scott's rank as a novelist has long been the tennis ball of varying opinions, batted hither and thither as perhaps no other author's ever has been. The fact remains that his novels are popular after a hundred years and are required as parallel reading in all schools of good and regular standing. But to one reading his essays there can be no doubt of his excellence, for in the field of appreciative analysis Scott has few equals. Were the question asked, What are the qualities that make him a good reviewer? we would find the answer in these words, Judgment and much reading.

He is peculiarly interesting to us as a reviewer because of the fact that we have an author of novels reviewing other novels, ~~as one who himself could do what he would have the other authors do.~~ He is the first

novelist-reviewer we have so far had the opportunity of studying, nor will the number of such that we find in all literature be very extensive. The poets seemed to find time to review, but the novelists were too engrossed with their novel writing to devote any time to criticism. George Eliot and George Meredith did some reviewing, Thackeray tried his hand at some satirical criticism, but as a rule it required a man of prodigious industry to manage novel writing and other phases of literature at the same time.

Scott is also noteworthy because he was one of the first contributors to both the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews. He performed the unique achievement of once reviewing his own work, a thing easy of accomplishment because of the anonymous nature of all these early reviews. Though the practice is condemned as being mercenary it has this ameliorating circumstance, that the point of view of the author is accurately portrayed, a primary requisite of the good review.

Scott is the antithesis of Southey in that while Southey was usually a harsh critic and indulged in considerable slating Scott, on the other hand, was more given to Praising! Nearly all of his reviews are eulogistic, but withal sound. It seemed that he only reviewed those works deserving of praise. He manifestly wrote contrary to the prevailing custom of the times, for bitter attacks were apparently the order of the day. We must be careful however, to avoid the impression that all of Scott's reviews were in this eulogistic strain; witness his review of Godwin's Life of Chaucer.[1] This essay is a contribution to literature in its arraignment of the practice of writing to fill up space. The quiet irony of this review is striking, for the criticism is so clever and the sarcasm so veiled that

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[1] Cf reviews of Frankenstein and Jane Austen's Persuasion, Blackwoods, ii:613

Edinburgh Review, vol iii, pp 437 sq January, 1804.

the "dangerous weapon" has lost most of its sting. He is fair, for he bestows praise where praise is due and finds several beauties to offset the faults he discovered therein. The chief ~~defect~~ fault is superabundance, or, to be more exact, too many digressions and too great verbiage. His general summary is as follows: "But, upon the whole, the Life of Chaucer if an uninteresting, is an innocent performance; and were its prolixities and superfluities unsparingly pruned(which would reduce the work to about one-fourth its present size)we would consider it as an accession of some value to English literature."

The first charge brought against the author is that of plagiarism. The two quarto volumes do not contain a single fact about Chaucer that cannot be found in the eight pages of the biographer from whom Godwin obtained his information. This gives the reviewer an opportunity to preach against the bolstering up of a book with vast quantities of irrelevant matter. We are given Godwin's method, which is indeed interesting. In the first place, whenever the name of a town is mentioned, or that of a person, or of a science, "he stops short to give a history of the city ab urbe condita; the life of the man from his cradle upwards, with a brief account of his ancestors; or a full essay upon the laws and principles of the science, with a sketch of the lives of its most eminent professors." The result is that Godwin's history has in it "facts concerning Chaucer that bear the same proportion to the book that the alphabet does to the encyclopedia". A long list of incidents supports his charge.

Then he has some praise. Some of the dissertations of Godwin have merit; the author was possessed of considerable industry, and still more considerable reading; a few of the observations on Chaucer would make excellent notes for Chaucer's poems, if they were picked out; were the whole boiled down, then it might have a chance of meeting with his approval.

Scott did not limit himself to reviewing prose works. Two famous poems, among others, fell a prey to his critical pen, nor did his judgment fail him in either case. Posterity has borne him out. The review of Southey's Curse of Kehama opens with a discussion of the battle waging between the poets and the critics: the poets insisting on their right to freedom, the critics objecting to it. The primary object of poetry is pleasure, and if one approach to it does not succeed another must be tried. The critics' argument that a poet must abide by certain rules because the old Greeks did is as foolish an argument as that all buildings should be built according to Grecian architecture because the Greeks used it. On the other hand the critics say that because a Grecian temple has lost the charm of novelty there is no reason why its place should be supplied by the grotesque similarities of a Chinese pagoda. The reviewer grants that perhaps both the poets and the critics are wrong----that the critic depends too strongly on usage and authority while the poets allow too little to the principles of taste.

At any rate Southey is commended for having introduced a new form into poetry, which he anticipates by a threat that he "would sing as he pleased". There is an illuminating synopsis of the poem, section by section, which is highly appreciative and interpretative, followed by a treatment of its merits. The author has rich imagination, great fancy, and an abundant resource of description, but the greatest debt we owe to Mr. Southey is that of gratitude for the elevation of morals he has set forth in his heroine, who alone, with no divine or human assistance, is able to withstand all trials and persecutions, things which serve but to increase her patience and piety, making her proof against all calamity. The moral

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Quarterly Review, vol v, p 140, February, 1811.

agency of this principle furnishes the "grandeur, at once splendid and severe", of the poem.

The other poem referred to is Byron's Childe Harold, Canto IV. This is somewhat of a valedictory to Byron's poem, the previous cantos having appeared at earlier dates. Scott likes Byron, because he comes before the public openly in his own name, and practically admits that Childe Harold is none other than himself, seeing things as he himself sees them and doing things as he himself would do them. Another appeal that "Harold" has to the public is his aloofness, his apparent indifference to the usual enjoyments of life, and a disdain for its usual pursuits, bearing out the theory that one is considered superior to the common run of men who can stand aloft and look down upon their "common habits, tastes, and pleasures". But the climactic appeal to popularity is the author's volatile genius which has been exhibited throughout the poem. Genius is a quality that is born with us, and is never empirical.

One could not take up fully Scott's eulogies of Byron's poem without quoting lavishly from his observations, but it will have to suffice to say that the beauty, thought, and imagination of the poem all come in for their meed of praise. We can safely arrive at this conclusion that if the opinion of posterity is the true criterion, as generally accepted, Scott's judgment of contemporary works was weirdly unerring.

Among Scott's numerous reviews we find several on works that today are standard. We find a review of Frankenstein and next to it one on Southey's Amadis de Gaul(Blackw. ii:613 and Edinb. Rev. iii:109); Southey's Chronicle of the Cid(Quart. Rev. i:134) and Life of Bunyan(Quarterly Rev. xliii:469) are also worthy of notice. Scott contributed thirteen reviews to the Edinburgh Review, two to Blackwood's, twenty-six to the Quarterly, and one to The Foreign Quarterly. For a complete list of Scott's reviews, cf Lockhart's Life, page 165.

In recent years there has been somewhat of a revival of interest in a writer who has left but little to immortalize his name. Perhaps if he had lived longer he would have produced a great work, but at fifty Hazlitt died, leaving a name as a critic and essayist, but that was all. There need be no prophesies of what might have been. He contributed frequently to the Edinburgh Review, the New Monthly, the Atlas, the Examiner, the Morning Chronicle, and the London Weekly Review. He did not contribute to the Quarterly because of the feud that existed between himself and Gifford.[1] His income from his hack writing, amounting to six hundred pounds a year, was all the livelihood he had.[2] The essays now published in the Round Table for the most part appeared in the Examiner, together with two savage slatings of Southey's Lay of the Laureate.

Before investigating what Hazlitt thought of others it is well to see what others thought of him. One historian has said: "The critical disquisitions on the leading characters and works of the drama by Hazlitt are unsurpassed in the whole range of English literature."[3] Prof. John Wilson said of him: "When Mr. Hazlitt's taste and judgment are left to themselves we think him among the best, if not the very best, living critic on our national literature."[4] Jeffrey has this to say: "It is evidently a great pleasure to him to be possessed with the beauties of his author, and to follow the impulse of his unrestrained eagerness to impress them upon his readers."[5] But it is not all panegyric: "There is scarcely a page of Hazlitt that does not betray the influence of strong prejudice, a love of paradoxical views, and a tendency to sacrifice the exact truth of a question to an effective turn of expression."[6]

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[1] Cf Hazlitt's Letter to Gifford, ed W. C. Hazlitt

[2] Birrell, William Hazlitt: English Men of Letters Series, 1902, p 208.

[3] Sir Archibald Allison, History of Europe. [4] Wilson, Blackwoods, vol iii, p 75

[5] Jeffrey, Edinburgh Review, xxviii p 472. [6] Tuckerman, William Hazlitt.

Hazlitt compares Wordworth's Excursion[1] to the country in which the scene is laid, vast, magnificent, having a certain "nakedness and confusion". A reader of the poem receives the same sensation that he does upon traversing the scenery of that part of the country. Wordsworth is the poet of nature, the lover of things natural. His taste is simple and severe and he abhors anything different from its state after creation. The Excursion is a philosophical romance, scholastic and pastoral. The poet is not personal in his descriptions nor does he use similes to bring before the reader's eye the picture he is endeavoring to paint, but the objects are seen through the "medium of innumerable recollections", so that in attempting to grasp somewhat of the image as presented one is entangled in a maze of sentiment, as it were, as a wanderer in the catacombs. The reviewer sees only the poet himself in all of his characters,---- the recluse, the pastor, the pedlar, all are the poet himself. He quotes freely many beautiful passages, wishing that Wordsworth had made the poem more didactic than he did. He disagrees with the author that Candide is dull; Voltaire may be a pagan impregnating his work with heresies and scoffings, but he is never dull. As regards Wordsworth's ideas on the French Revolution, the reviewer protests that his own are quite different. He cannot agree that one day the triumph of liberty and of humanity will be complete, because for this end a number of things are essential which are impossible of consummation.

Some of the chief general characteristics of Wordsworth's poetry, according to Hazlitt, follow: he has all of the internal power of poetry without the external form; he regales in no pomp or staginess; no gorgeousness of description; no cities "rise with glistening spires and pinnacles adorned"; on the contrary he is simple in his style and commonplace in his subject matter.

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[1] Round Table, ch xxix, p 158, Works, Bohn Edition. The criticism is continued in chapter xxx.

Hazlitt compares Wordsworth's poetry to Rembrandt's landscapes, the artist who "out of a stump of an old tree, a break in the sky, and a bit of water, could produce an effect almost miraculous." He sums up his opinions of Wordsworth in the following words: "We take Mr. Wordsworth himself as a great poet, a fine moralist, and a deep philosopher."

Much can be said pro and con regarding Hazlitt's place among reviewers. He certainly was not the best we have met with, but equally certain he was not the worst. Essays were his only contributions to literature, but such essays! If quantity were the only criterion he would be one among the greatest writers of all times. Because of this very quantity he merits attention. One eminent English scholar would hesitate before giving Coleridge first place before Hazlitt and shows his valuation of him by devoting fifteen pages to him in a History of Criticism of all ages. But his reviews are the only part of his writings that interest us here. His judgment was clear in most of his criticism, to some of which was added a certain quality. The Spirit of the Age gives excellent judgment on contemporary writers, though he is vitriolic in his treatment of Gifford and the latter part of Scott. He probably had sufficient provocation against Gifford, but it is apparent that Sir Walter had never given him cause for wrath. Contemporary criticism is interwoven throughout all of his compendious writings. His lectures on the English Poets, The Plain Speaker, The Round Table, And Sketches and Essays are full of contemporary allusions.

Several weaknesses are displayed in his reviewing, chief among which are his dogmatism and utter inability to see a thing from any angle save his own. This is a serious defect in a reviewer, for first of all a reviewer must undertake to get the viewpoint of the author he is undertaking to review. A second fault is his very limited acquaintance with the classics and, for that matter, an almost total ignorance of foreign languages, which is indeed reprehensible in the case of a reviewer. But what he did not

know did not seem to halt him, for when he came to a point in which he was uninformed he simply left a gap and went ahead. A third handicap he had to contend with (if he could be said to have contended with it) was his choleric disposition. Though his judgments were sane and clear when his temper was dormant, his ire was easily provoked and his reason thereby easily dethroned.

On the other hand he has numerous good qualities. He is not given to bombast; he is versatile and easily turns his hand to various kinds of works; his diction is elegant; his personality is powerful. Add to this the fact that he had an unbounded ability to produce, and you have Hazlitt.

Among some of his best reviews is one on Shelley's Posthumous Poems[1], one of Byron's Sardanapalus[2], one of Horace Walpole's Letters,[3] and one of Coleridges' Biographia Literaria[4]. His general attitude to these was favorable, while his judgment in each case was true. The time may come when Hazlitt will receive more attention from scholars than he has in the past, when they will awaken to the fact that a man does not have to produce an outstanding masterpiece before he is entitled to recognition as a litterateur. Certainly Hazlitt's critical ability and skill as an essayist will more than compensate for the lack of a chef d'oeuvre.

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[1] Edinburgh Review, July 1824

[2] Edinburgh Review, February, 1822.

[3] Edinburgh Review, December, 1818.

[4] Edinburgh Review, August, 1817.

For a complete list of Hazlitt's reviews in the Edinburgh Review see Notes and Queries, 5th series, vol xi, p 165, March 1, 1879.

The review formed but a small part of the essay type. The formal essay, by this time, or just a little later under Macaulay, was at its zenith and there had grown up a group of men who were distinctively essayists, chief among them being Carlyle, Lamb, and Arnold. Hazlitt also belongs to the class of writers who confined themselves to the essay as their peculiar vehicle of expression. Still there were some yet who applied their hands to every kind of work, after the manner of Scott, though scarcely anyone had the versatility and proficalness to try nearly all the phases of literature with the success that he did. Leigh Hunt was one of these "Jacks-of-all-trades" who tried everything from editing journals to writing poetry. He was at nearly every period of his career editing some "review" or other, the most successful of which was the Examiner, which enjoyed a longer existence than the majority of those whose sponsorship he assumed. Hunt was perhaps better known as a "patron" of other poets than as a poet himself. Gifted with a big heart and an honest spirit he was the one who brought first public recognition to both Shelley and Keats, a fact that later proved rather disastrous to Keats's reputation at the hands of Gifford. Leigh Hunt was the leader of what was dubbed by Blackwoods(1818) "The Cockney School of Poets", to which Keats also was condemned. Hunt was a great friend of Byron, Shelley, and Keats, and was admired by Wordsworth.

While editor of the Indicator[1] Hunt reviewed two volumes of Keats's poems, indulging in the extremest eulogy, while in the Examiner[2] he reviewed the first volumes of the same poet, giving him thereby, it is thought, his first impetus towards fame. In 1840 Hunt was induced by Jeffrey to contribute reviews to the Edinburgh Review,, from which date he became a regular contributor to that periodical. Among his reviews in the

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[1] Indicator, Aug 2 and 9, 1817 [2] Examiner, June 1, July 6 and 13, 1817.

Edinburgh Review is one of Richard Brinsley Peake on the famous Colman family[1], one of John Smith's edition of Pepys Memoirs,[2] a review of Madame de Sevigné[3] and one on George Selwyn and his Contemporaries.[4] The review of the Colman family is nothing more nor less than a life of George and Francis Colman with a study of their contemporaries. A review of a biography in that day usually consisted of a page or two of comments on the biography and a score of pages on the life of the celebrity under discussion. This was no exception.

Hunt contributed articles and essays to the Spectator, the Edinburgh Review, Ainsworth's Magazine, Household Words, and some reviews to the True Sun, while he personally edited and conducted the Examiner, the Indicator, Leigh Hunt's London Journal, and the Monthly Repository. He very much resembled Hazlitt in his subject matter, writing on travel, places, events, anecdotes, parrots, and what not, with this advantage over Hazlitt that he wrote poetry and plays also. But he lacks the general intellectual quality of Hazlitt, for none of his productions are worthy of being called great. He did but a small quantity of reviewing after all, and that of a mediocre calibre, except in the case of Keats, and we are led to believe that his reviewing of that genius was due more to his personal attachment than to any keen discernment of quality.

It cannot be said of Leigh Hunt that he was a poor critic. His chief fault(if fault it is) was a too eulogistic attitude towards all things, which is indeed a relief from the radical slashing of most of his contemporaries, but the suspicion rests deeply grounded that he was not always right in his agreeableness. He was right on Wordsworth(finally)

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[1] Edinburgh Review, lxxiii, p 209

[2] Edinburgh Review, lxxxiv, p 53

[3] Edinburgh Review,1843

[4] Edinburgh Review, 1844.

and Coleridge, and he was right on Shelley and Keats, but he was not right on all whom he attempted to appraise. He himself suffered a great deal from critics during his lifetime and he has suffered even more since his death, with the result that today he is eclipsed by a host of his contemporaries. That, however, is not due altogether to hostile criticism, for he lacks the greatest essential, quality. Yet is he a far greater critic than reviewer.

Chapter Seven.

Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, Gifford, Wilson, and Croker.

CHAPTER SEVEN.

To Sydney Smith belongs the honor, and great honor it is, of having given the Edinburgh Review its initial impetus. This fact alone suffices to insure him a place in these pages, and though he edited only the first number he was a regular contributor to that magazine for the ensuing twenty-five years. The preacher-reviewer did much to elevate the moral tone of the Edinburgh and with it all literature, censuring in every instance any appearance of anything tending towards indecency. Especially is this so in his review of the letters of Madame D'Epinay[1], which were characteristically personal and frank, tout à fait française. We may well say that his predominating quality was purity.

A second quality that is peculiar to Smith was his great wit. He was no poet, but was plain, outspoken, direct in his judgments, and quick at repartée. A third quality to be noted is the fact that Sydney Smith defended vigourously doctrines at that time unpopular but which in the light of posterity have been wholly vindicated. This foresight was backed by thoroughness and sincerity of character, attributes that could not but add to his quality and ability as a reviewer.

But Sydney Smith is by no means a great reviewer. We would hesitate to pronounce him a good reviewer (~~because of the fact that~~ for) he has left no single review that stands out above all others of his as excellent. In the first place, he did not review any great work of any great author. It is strange how something from the pen of Wordsworth or Byron or Keats failed to fall into his hands; perhaps the most famous author he reviewed was Hannah More. His reviews are mostly trifles, but they show

[1] Memoirs et Correspondance de Madame D'Epinay, 3 vols, Edinb.Rev. 1818.

to great advantage his wit and style. He was varied in his choice of subjects, reviewing works on Public Schools, Catholicism, Botany Bay, Conditions in Ireland, with a decided predilection for works on Prison Reforms,[1] works on Charles Fox,[2] and reports on America.[3] The latter have considerable more interest than value to an American, who can gather some idea of prevailing opinions of America at that period; the ignominy of American slavery; the salaries of the President of the United States and other officials; the inquisitiveness of the average American, and so forth.

Sydney Smith is kindly, but not always kind; he uses a gentle satire for most of his censures that is effective, but not cutting; being a contributor to the Edinburgh Review he naturally was not given to panegyric. But he made few mistakes, and those minor ones. It is a pity he did not review something noteworthy in order that we might have a better example of his brilliant and rather unusual wit.

The general impression that remains deeply grounded in the public mind is that Francis Jeffrey was a harsh, malignant, and vindictive critic who found no pleasure in seeking after beauties, but always looked for the defects. In this the public is wrong, for Jeffrey, on the contrary, was a man of singular tenderness, remarkable amiability, and was beloved by a host of friends. His biographer, Cockburn, concurred in by Thomas Carlyle, vouchsafed the opinion that Jeffrey was "the greatest of all English Critics". It requires no second thought to brand instantly that judgment as being equally poor as some of Jeffrey's own, but on the other

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[1] Edinburgh Review, 1821, 1822, 1824, 1826.

[2] Edinburgh Review, 1809, 1809.

[3] Edinburgh Review, 1818, 1820, 1824.

For a complete list of Sydney Smith's reviews see Lady Holland's Memoirs, vol i, appendix.

hand he was by no means the worst critic that ever lived.

Several qualities marked him for a good critic. He possessed a remarkable power of ratiocination and a keenness for analysis that fitted him ably for the position of editor of a great review; he had a rather subtle wit that was not by any means mediocre; he possessed a strong desire to keep the pages of literature free from the taint of impurity and vice, as well as an ambition to damn irrevocably any attempt to puff and ballast up the works of any author by biassed reviews. Yet his judgments were for the most part awry. He exhibited ponderous shortsightedness in his failure to appreciate Shelley, Wordsworth, Byron, and Keats, and still greater when he asserted at the end of his career that Rogers and Campbell were "the only two poets of his day who would win enduring fame". He praised Scott handsomely, but a failure to rhapsodize sufficiently over Marmion caused his defection to the camp of the Quarterly. In later years Jeffrey praised Byron, who acknowledged the fact by calling him "Dear Jeffrey" in Don Juan. In his later years, too, be it said to Jeffrey's honor, he retracted many of his hostile remarks to Wordsworth and Coleridge.

Jeffrey's essays are by no means remarkable. His reviews are far different from Macaulay's in that his are primarily reviews while Macaulay's are essays on men, manners, laws, and customs. Jeffrey's reviews of poets are no more than a setting forth of a system of ideas previously promulgated concerning taste and aesthetics, with a censure of those points wherein they differ from or fall short of his own opinion. He gives few original opinions, and is unsatisfactory as a critic from his "inability to attain to first principles, or to combine them into a system."[1]

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[1] Westminster Review, vol 58, p 52, July 1852.

His reviews are legion. He wrote few political articles, a fact that strikes one immediately as exceedingly strange because of Jeffrey's political propensities. He analysed books of travel, investigated memoirs and biographies, and passed judgment on poems and other imaginative productions. He was one of the promoters and first editors of the Edinburgh Review. He wrote the first article of the first number in October 1802, and he wrote his last article in October, 1849. He was sole editor of the Edinburgh from 1803 to 1829.[1]

In the collected edition of Jeffrey's reviews (which number about a hundred and constitute a half of his total number of reviews) we find a division made by himself into the following heads: I. General Literature and Literary Biography. II. History and Historical Memoirs. III. Poetry. IV. Philosophy of the Mind, Metaphysics, and Jurisprudence. V. Novels, Tales, and Prose Works of Fiction. VI. General Politics. VII. Miscellaneous. In face of such an array care must be taken to remain in bounds. Noteworthy is the critique of Scott's Life of Swift,[2] which concludes with the assertion that the biography is not well written, and that the author is too indulgent to ~~the~~ his subject. Jeffrey counterbalances praise of Byron with derogation; his poems are "heavy, verbose, and inelegant"; again they are "splendid".[3] The Lady of the Lake is up to Scott's previous standard and has "exquisite imagery".[4] Keats "has a beautiful imagination, a perfect ear for harmony, and great familiarity with the finest diction of English poetry", and the "Eve of St. Agnes is one of the sweetest of the smaller poems".[5] Again Byron's genius and poetry are praised,[6] but "it is a relief at last to close the volume",[7] because of the strain in which the reader is kept by the agonizings of a wounded spirit. And the famous[8]

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[1] Contributions to the Edinburgh Review by Francis Jeffrey (New York) p vi.
[2] Ed. Cit. p 68. [3] ibid, p 329. [4] ibid p 374. [5] ibid, p 413. [6] ibid, p 440
[7] ibid, p 445. [8] ibid, p 457

"This will never do!" of Wordsworth's Excursion! Wordsworth's case is "hopeless" and "beyond the power of criticism", and he is "more obscure than a Pindaric poet of the 17th century, and more verbose than even himself of yore". The White Doe of Rylstone is "the very worst poem we ever saw imprinted in a quarto volume".[2]

As for novelists, Sir Walter Scott's novels were "the most remarkable productions of the present age".[3] Miss Edgeworth is "the great modern mistress in this school of true philosophy".[4] The author of Waverley is the most extraordinary prodigy of fertility since Shakespeare. He has to be reviewed in groups instead of singly, or the reviewer could not keep up with the author. Kenilworth and Ivanhoe are the "finest of all fiction".[5]

Jeffrey's masterpiece, if he can be said to possess one, is the review of Madame de Stael's De la Litterature,[6] a favorable treatment of the great philosophical work by the famous authoress. Jeffrey delves into philosophy here, exhibiting a kind of a panicky pessimism that genius was a thing of the past, apparently forgetting or ignoring the presence of Wordsworth and Coleridge in England, Heine and Goethe in Germany, and France as full of it as it had ever been.

Jeffrey has his place in English literature. Under his able guidance the Edinburgh Review began and grew to a state of perfection it has not ~~held~~ attained since his day. The value of the Edinburgh's influence on English literature is itself sufficient material for a dissertation. Jeffrey was somewhat of a dictator, a "feudal lord", and he often applied the shears to contributions until they fell in line with his own ideas of what they should be. Be it to his bredit, however, that he possessed none of

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[1] Ed. cit. p 457. [2] ibid, p 469. [3] ibid, p 512. [4] ibid, p 512.
[5] ibid, p 545. [6] Edinburgh Review, November, 1812.

the acrid attributes of the "cankered carle" of the Quarterly.

The first editor of the Quarterly Review is known to the present generation chiefly as the greatest "slater" of them all, yet in this I am inclined to think he was unjustly accused. Though Gifford was bad enough, yet it is evident from a comparative reading that Croker exceeded him in that gentle art. The anonymity of these articles renders it extremely difficult to judge of the relative harshness of these two men, though their least, is sufficient. Gifford's editorial incumbency necessarily prevented his being anything of a regular contributor to the Review, and among those articles that he did contribute may be found a number highly eulogistic. He was not always as severe as he was with Keats.[1]

Gifford's first review is that of Miss Edgeworth's Tales of a Fashionable Life,[2] a work that was reviewed by nearly as many as was the Excursion, and strange to say, all of the judgments passed on it were favorable. Gifford's first article, then, was in a manner favorable. He deemed Miss Edgeworth not a fine writer, but possessed of a goodly share of originality and genius. Her marked peculiarity is that she dispenses common sense to her readers, a rather sly hit at the other novelists. She gives no incredible adventures, and conceives no impossible situations. Her books are amusing and instructive to a high degree.

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[1] For a masterly refutation of the theory that Gifford's review of Endymion, (Quarterly Review, vol xix, art. 7) caused Keats's death see David Masson, The Story of Gifford and Keats, XIXth Century, vol xxxi, p 586, April, 1892. He proves two things,---first, that Gifford wrote the article in question, not Croker, as believed by many, and second, that the Quarterly article had no effect upon Keats whatsoever.

[2] Quarterly Review, vol ii, p 146, August, 1809.

The critique of the Borough of Crabbe,[1] is mediocre. There is just enough praise and commendation to cause the review to be classed as favorable. That of Weber's edition of Ford's Dramatic Works[2] is the first real slashing that Gifford is guilty of. He brings forth the charge that the editor is culpable of omission of points, misapprehensive of words, and the "pollution of his pages with the blasphemies of a poor maniac who, it seems, once published some detached scenes from the Broken Heart".[3] "For Mr. Weber," he says, "we know not where the warmest of his friends will seek either palliation or excuse".

Miss Edgeworth receives only praise from Gifford in a second review of Tales of Fashionable Life,[4] in which he reiterates the encomiums uttered formerly. He says, "We open these volumes with confident expectations of amusement and instruction---we have read them without disappointment."

There is a fine discussion of the evolution of the modern novel in the review of Waverley,[5] a relief from an otherwise anaemic article. The exercitation on Guy Mannering[6] is short and of a mild nature. He gives the "unknown" author a high place, though this novel is far below his standard because of its hasty composition and undigested work.

It is interesting to note that Gifford was far milder than Jeffrey in regard to Wordsworth's White Doe of Rylstone.[7] He was non-committa in his judgments, neither warm nor cool, as though afraid of the ground whereon he trod. The first part of the article is a discussion of Words-

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[1] Quarterly Review, vol iv, p 281, November 1810.

[2] Quarterly Review, vol vi, p 462.

[3] Referring to Chas. Lamb. Cf Letters of Charles Lamb, ch. ix.

[4] Quarterly Review, vol vii, p 329, June 1812. [5] Ibid, vol ii, p 354.

[6] Ibid, vol xii, p 501. [7] Ibid, vol xiv, p 201.

worth's prefaces, wherein he differed or agreed with Wordsworth's theories of poetry. The last part is specific----on the White Doe. It does not "possess much interest," and the story is "told in scraps"; but it "contains many beauties;---exquisite tenderness of feeling, and often great happiness combined with the utmost simplicity of expression". The poem is simple yet hard to understand; it "has our warmest praises".

Gifford deserves his place more for his editorial propensities than for his critical. He considered too much a man' s politics---his productions were good or bad according to his party and faith. He was unduly severe with those that met with his disfavor, and they formed a numerous train. As an editor he was very fond of applying the shears to any work that seemed to him out of proportion, and especially did Lamb and Southey suffer in this respect. Sir Walter Scott said of him: "The same fault of extreme severity went through his critical labors, and in general he flagellated with so little pity that people lost their sense of the culprit's guilt in dislike of the savage pleasure which the executioner seemed to take in inflicting the punishment."

The title "cankered carle" was applied to him by Thomas Moore, who, however, said of him that he was "the mildest man in the world until he takes his pen in his hand." This then is the conclusion of the whole matter; he was friendly to his friends and hostile to his foes---and as soon as the person of the author enters on the stage the chief actor, judgment, makes an immediate exit au fond.

Blackwood's Magazine came into its own in the person of Prof. John Wilson, the famous "Christopher North" of Noctes Ambrosianae fame.

Living Age, vol 50, p 507.

Moore's Memoirs, vol ii.

The above mentioned writings are certainly the most widely known, if not the only known, writings of Wilson,---imaginary dialogues between several characters, pseudonymous in name only, but with real personal foundations, (as the "English Opium Eater", for instance) on questions and events of the day, on authors, on periodicals and reviews, on works and writings of men both great and small, somewhat after the manner of Landor's Imaginary Conversations, yet quite different. Of the seventy-one papers in the Noctes Wilson wrote thirty-nine. They contain a vast quantity of criticism, a considerable amount of it being on contemporary works, but one serious fault pervades the whole---the want of judgment, that sine qua non of criticism. Great faith cannot be placed in observations that contain such remarks as these: "I confess that the Excursion is the worst poem of any character in the English language. It contains about two hundred sonorous lines, some of which appear to be fine, even in the sense as well as the sound. The remaining seven thousand three hundred are quite ineffectual";[1] or this: "English Opium Eater: Mr. Southey is, beyond all doubt, one of the most illustrious, just as Mr. Macaulay is one of the most obscure, men of the age."[2] Aside from these erratic judgments, however, much can be said for the Noctes. The discussions are lively, marked with unimpeachable wit, and abounding in original thought and raciness of language, to such an extent that they have won for themselves recognition among works of real literature.

Wilson contributed one review to the Edinburgh Review before becoming so closely affiliated with Blackwood's. That review[3] is a masterly critique of Byron's Fourth Canto of Childe Harold, and is the greatest

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[1] Noctes Ambrosianae, published by Wm. Blackwood & Sons, 1855; vol i, p 35

[2] Ed cit vol ii, p 359

[3] Edinburgh Review, vol xxx, p 87, June 1818.

bit of reviewing he ever produced, exceeding Sir Walter Scott's review of that same canto to a great degree. His judgment is true to him here. He concludes that Byron is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of living poets. He compares Byron and Rousseau, the two public idols,---each of whom seems in his poetry to be more of an idea than a man. He eulogized the exquisite sense of beauty that seemed to be the soul of Byron,---illustrated by Parasina, The Prisoner of Chillon, but above all by Manfred. Manfred is the apotheosis of the "self-might" of Byron and Childe Harold is next to it. Byron is superior to Goethe and Schiller in depicting agonies to which great and meditative intellects are exposed by great suffering and deep skepticism. The supremacy of Manfred over Faust rests in the fact that Manfred is Byron himself and therein consists the strength of Childe Harold.

I doubt if any reviewer has ever excelled the passage descriptive of Byron's genius as he conceived the idea of traversing the whole earth, "borne along by the whirlwind of his own spirit."(p 98) Like a good reviewer he quotes at length, having considerable to say for the beauty and grandeur of each passage. Using entire stanzas for illustration he gives a synopsis of the poem, closing with a prophecy that Byron was yet to be heard from. The most anti-Wilson of all men would be compelled, I believe, to admit that this as a masterly review.

But Wilson was not ever thus. After he became connected with Blackwoods (in what capacity is a mooted question) he devoted himself exclusively to its pages, not always reflecting the greatest lustre on them. His attacks on Keats and Leigh Hunt injured greatly the vogue of the magazine nor was it enhanced by his derogation of Macaulay. His temperament was itself a misfortune, for it caused him to inject a rancour into his judgments that rendered them invalid. He was exceedingly prolific. He began to write for Blackwood's in 1817 and continued to contribute until

Number 443, September, 1852. Few numbers there were that contained no contribution from his pen. One year alone(1833) he furnished no less than fifty-four articles. His reviews were conspicuous for remarkable aberrations of judgment, especially those regarding Macaulay, Hunt, Keats, and Tennyson. Shelley and Byron fared better at his hands. Great reviewer he was not, the critique of Childe Harold being the exception that proves the rule.

Those who had a hand in founding the two great reviews of the early nineteenth century have none of them been highly celebrated by posterity. Some of them are heard of no more while others have only a mediocre standing among their fellows of that period. John Wilson Croker was an important factor in the naissance of the Quarterly Review and was closely connected with that periodical until 1854. He contributed his first article in 1809, then wrote no more until 1811, from which time until 1854 except between the years 1826-31, he missed scarcely a number. His total contributions to the Quarterly Review reach the sum of two hundred and sixty articles, a stupendous array, were they collected. But it is doubtful if they would be worthy of collecting, a partial explanation of Croker's lack of twentieth century prestige. His Boswell is far more famous, despite the acrimonious attacks of reviewers, than his reviews. But Croker has his good points, as well.

The authorship of the slashing review of Keats's Endymion which has been erroneously thought to have wrought so great havoc with the author of that poem has been ascribed to various men. Gifford seems to be the favorite, but there are those who assert authoritatively that it was Croker's caustic pen that performed the fell deed. ~~Logic, however, exonerates him, and in absence of proof the accusation must be withdrawn.~~

Croker's first review was that of Miss Edgeworth's Tales of Fashionable Life----more than one young reviewer started out on that novel and all found it good. He promulgates the theory that the reviewer is the

list of Wilson's contributions to Blackwood's of under Wilson then in Allibone's Dictionary of Authors

board of censorship to pass sentence on the morals of a work in order to promote purity in literature. He grants Miss Edgeworth the ability or "marked peculiarity" as a writer of tales and novels of dispensing common sense to her readers. She treats love by "neither degrading it from its true dignity nor lifting it to burlesque elevation". Probability is her chief charm.'

Not so agreeable is the review of Macaulay's History of England.' True, he grants that Macaulay possesses great talents and extraordinary acquirements. He is not a great orator or debater, but a brilliant rhetorician. Then after this disarming ~~introduction~~ inception he begins to tear him piecemeal, leaving nought else than mere shreds as a result of his vindictiveness. The history is "as full of political prejudice and partizan advocacy as any of his parliamentary speeches". His "historical narrative is poisoned with a rancour more violent than even the passions of the time." Macaulay deals with history in imitation of novelists. His most serious defect is the irregularity and paucity of his dates; the second, his oratorical style; third, and last great defect, but a very serious one, the wrong use of or perversion of his authorities. Croker chooses numbers of selections from Macaulay to sustain his statement, none of which bear him out the least.

Croker was too given to prejudice to be a good reviewer. He had no qualities that would enable him to appreciate such poets as Shelley, Byron, or Keats. He was bitterly hostile to Leigh Hunt and the "Cockney School", a ~~fact~~ circumstance that points to his authorship of the article on Endymion. He pursued the theory that because the critic disliked the work under consideration it was bad and everything was condemned that did not fall in

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'Quarterly Review, vol ii, p 146, August, 1809.

'Quarterly Review, vol lxxxiv, p 549, March, 1849.

with the ideas of the critic himself. That fact alone relegates Croker to his low place among reviewers.

CHAPTER EIGHT

The Great Reviewers.

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The Great Reviewers.

Lamb, Macaulay, Landor, DeQuincey, and Carlyle.

We cannot but harbor a suspicion that the contributions to the Quarterly Review underwent severe "loppings" at the hands of Gifford whenever those reviews were deemed by him too long or irrelevant. He was compelled to curtail and otherwise change the majority of Southey's reviews because of their inordinate length, and perhaps it is to be wished he had exercised that editorial prerogative in the case of several others of well-known prolixity. This practice, though, has this apparent and decisive disadvantage, that it somewhat puts the originality, or the claim to originality, of the writer below par. Charles Lamb said of a review he had written for the Quarterly that Gifford had "mutilated the prettiest piece of prose I ever writ" to such an extent that it was scarcely recognizable. As it stands it is a short review, but a gem of analytical appreciation. All the reviewers appear to have had a penchant for the Excursion; it must be a very reviewable poem. ~~(It certainly is a criterion of a reviewer.)~~ It would be an interesting process to investigate the reviews of the Excursion alone in an effort to discover how many of the reviewers have been borne out by posterity.

But touching the review of Lamb's we cannot be positive as to what the original was, for the manuscript seems not to have been preserved, but we do know that the review as printed was excellent. The autocrat editor may have "lopped", but he did not append. The brevity of the

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Review of Wordsworth's Excursion, Quarterly Review, vol xii, p 100, Oct 1814

review in question may be due to the virtue of the author, but it is more probable that it was due to Gifford's pruning knife. It is an appreciation in that Lamb analyzes the poem and applauds its beauties. He does not hesitate to quote copiously, a practice that but serves to support his judgments and enhance his effect. We learn that the poem is didactic; but that quality is not injurious to the whole effect, thanks to the skill of the author. The poem's chief charm lies in the fact that the dialogue throughout is carried on in the very heart of the most romantic scenery which the poet's native hills could supply. The reviewer considers the Fourth Book the most valuable: it has moral "grandeur"; it has "wide scope of thought", and "a long train of lofty imagery"; it has "tender personal appeals", while the summarizing verdict is that "it stands without competition among our didactic and descriptive verse".

Lamb attempts an explanation of the lack of popularity Wordsworth had up to this time met with, especially in regard to the Excursion; he names two contributing causes, "the boldness and originality of his genius;" "a writer," he says, "who would be popular must timidly coast the shore of prescribed sentiment and sympathy." These very two assigned reasons have become recognized as two of the best qualities that any analysis of the Excursion can reveal. And Lamb brings forth the same old time-worn theory that Wordsworth perhaps erred in putting such eloquent language in the mouths of such lowly, humble, and illiterate characters. He essays however to mitigate somewhat the censure by explaining that Wordsworth used the pedlar to fill the need of a character in humble life comporting with the general trend of the poem.

Lamb did not do a great deal of reviewing. It is deplorable that he did not devote more of his genius to that art. His genius consists in his wide command of the English language, in his acquaintance with the

old masters, in his knowledge of human nature, and in his sparkling and brilliant wit,---these ~~ensemble~~ explain to a degree the charm of Lamb's pen. To these attributes there must be added sound judgment, clear vision, and boundless energy, and thus we in a way account for his critical temper.

The author of Confessions of an English Opium Eater never at any time exceeded the quality of that essay. He apparently reached the flood tide of his genius in that one article and could never again reach the height, ~~again~~. He is a combination of excellence and imperfection, which, at its lowest, is perhaps better than Leigh Hunt's average. The two cannot be compared in the field of poetry, for DeQuincey did not write poetry. His prose, however, surpasses Hunt's in every particular, especially in intellect, scholarship, literary taste, and style. As a reviewer DeQuincey is unreliable, though in the field of abstract criticism he deserves a place comparatively high among his confrères. His strength lies in his mastery of an ornate prose style and his ability to ~~inject into~~ imbue his writings ~~the~~ with the strength of his intellect. On the other hand his chief fault was an addiction to the frequent use of nonsense, or what other authors of criticism on DeQuincey have labelled "rigmarole".[1]

DeQuincey reviewed a great many foreign writers, usually through a translation, as in the case of Carlyle's Translation of Goethe's Wilhelm Meister.[2] In this review he took pains to lash both

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[1] Cambridge History of English Literature, vol xii, p 227. and Saintsbury, History of Criticism, vol iii, p 479,----both by Saintsbury, however.

[2] The first part of this review appeared in the London Magazine, August, 1824, the second part continuing in the September number.

Goethe and his translator, not at that time knowing that Carlyle had done the deed. The review[1] was in two parts, the latter part appearing later than the first by over two months, ~~time~~ in which period it happened that DeQuincey met Carlyle, formed a personal attachment for him, and tempered the latter half of the review to such an extent that ~~they~~ the two are scarcely recognizable as being parts of the same article. That in itself is judgment against his rank as a reviewer.

Another famous review was that of Schlosser's Literary History of the Eighteenth Century,[2] including Schlosser's observations on Swift, Addison, Pope, Fox, Burke, and Junius. In this is the famous passage, "of all the monstrosities uttered by man upon Addison, and of all the monstrosities uttered by Schlosser upon man, a (certain) thing he says about Addison is the worst." He saved the "thing" for the last, finding numerous qualities in Schlosser's work worthy of praise, granting that it filled a great need.

DeQuincey reviewed several of Landor's Imaginary Conversations, among them the Melanchthon and Calvin and the first Southey and Porson. Perhaps his best review was that of Count Julian.[3] This eulogy places Count Julian on a pedestal ~~higher~~ than which no individual poem has reached higher, since Shakespeare---another lapse of judgment, of course, but the lapse is excused somewhat by the excellence of the appreciation. DeQuincey did not like reviewers nor did he himself like to write reviews. He contributed to the London, Blackwoods, and Tait's Magazines, but reviews form an

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[1] DeQuincey's Works, ed D. Masson, (London, 1897) vol xi, p 222. In a collection by DeQuincey of his own works in the year 1859 he purposely omitted the first part of the review referred to above.

[2] Tait's Magazine, Sept. and Oct. 1847. [3] The last three reviews named appeared in Tait's Magazine, Jan. and Feb. 1847.

exceedingly small part of his contributions.

Poetry and prose both are represented by Walter Savage Landor, whose chief prose lucubrations consist in a compendious collection of Imaginary Conversations. He has the ~~unique~~ credit of possessing both romantic and classical tendencies, and may be called the most classical of the Romanticists. His classicism is emphasized by a marked ability to write Latin verses. He was fond of Greek, but it is a matter of controversy ~~controvertible~~ whether or not he knew the language well; certainly is it true that he knew more Latin and used it as a medium to reach the Greek. Two of his greatest poems, Gebir and Count Julian, serve to show his bent in both directions for the one is as romantic as the other is classical. Landor is known better for his prose work than for his poetry, though lately there ~~is~~ has been a tendency to go more deeply into his poetry than formerly ~~heretofore has the~~

Reviewing was not his forte. His Imaginary Conversations contain a quantity of fugitive comment on the writers of the day---more on the writers than on what they wrote. The Conversations ~~They~~ remind us again of William Drummond of Hawthornden, but lacking his originality and reality. The "conversation" was quite a popular vehicle of expression at that time; witness the "Table Talk" and other dialogues that are left to us. While Landor deserves mention as a critic, though mediocre, he has no place among reviewers; he lacked the one quality that was needed for that office,---judgment.

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[1] ~~Vide~~ See the Satirical Notice of Reviewers, ed cit, vol xi, p 285, and for his personal distaste for reviewing cf ed cit vol iii, p 174. For a complete list of his contributions to periodicals, with their dates, vide Lowndes' Manual, under "Quincey". Note his mordant criticism of Coleridge's Biographia Literaria (Blackwoods, vol xlvii, p 287).

The coterie of reviewers that belong to the clan of Jeffrey were a lordly tribe, in their own estimation superior to all the lowly residue of mankind, an aggregation who uttered judgment upon whatsoever happened under their surveillance, regardless of classification, creed, or category. In direct contradistinction to this system of reviewing Thomas Carlyle stands well-nigh alone, a rugged mountain peak topping all of his neighbors, the reviewer of classification and characterization, the apostle of analytical sympathetic appreciation, a serious exponent of the method of ~~obtaining~~ seeking after the author's standpoint in appraising a work. Carlyle himself states his theory: "We have not read an author until we have seen his object, whatever it may be, as he saw it."[1] He struck the keynote there as no other reviewer had done before. This quality alone, that of ~~attempting to see~~ attempting to see the author's purpose, suffices to place Carlyle among the foremost reviewers of all time.

But he had other qualities. [redacted] In the first place, he was the first reviewer to broaden his ~~horizon~~ scope to take in continental literature, the first to branch out with an incredible breadth of vision to embrace a study of French and German works, thereby destroying the monotony of the eternal insular. He showed the ~~light~~ effect of German influence in his writing,---it even affected his style and diction to such an extent that he has been accused of being addicted to German-like English. A preponderating mass of his review matter is German,---especially Goethe and Richter, whose influence can be easily observed throughout his writings.

Another characteristic to be noted is [redacted] his rationalism, as opposed to the ~~almost~~ "romanticism" of Macaulay. The latter has been called the "Edinburgh Reviewer par excellence", but his laurels are not the most secure as long as Carlyle is in the lists. The ~~it~~ methods of the two men are altogether different, Macaulay adhering to the ~~straightlaced process~~ confining demands

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[1] Review of Goethe's Saämtliche Werke, Foreign Review, vol i, April, 1828

of the Edinburgh Review. Carlyle, too, had to contend with this, and overcame, though not without a struggle. His rationalism ~~assumed the form of ethics.~~ was ethical. He became the greatest of the moralists. He was up in arms at all times against the frivolities of the world, the "shams and windy sentimentalities" that he perceived around him. The aesthetic side of his nature received but small stimulus, while his viewpoint of life was far otherwise than poetic. He was the prosaic moralist, the enemy of conventionality, the crusader against materialism and hypocrisy---the more remarkable because he was a ~~sceptic~~ in theology. He stands out in bold relief, reminding us of a lion in his might, roaring out his challenge to a misguided world. His ceaseless gibroch was a call to work,---his doctrine was work, his religion, work.

The greatest of all his reviews ~~was~~ is that of Lockhart's Life of Burns[1], an essay now famous as literature, ~~and which is used in practically all schools and courses of reading for study of the essay-type.~~ Jeffrey did not like its prolixity and "Germanisms" and desired Carlyle to curtail it rather extensively, a thing the latter refused to do for any consideration. The essay may with justice be accused of being too prolix,---there may possibly be a too great copia verborum, for Carlyle takes too frequent occasion to try a random shot at Byron and others whom he does not favor, and to digress into various and sundry meanderings,---but for a sympathetic treatment of Burns and an analysis of his quality we have found no greater example in literature. He indulges too freely in panegyric, thereby destroying the authenticity of the narrative to a degree, but his genius keeps him out of severe pitfalls that a less skillful writer could scarcely avoid.

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[1] Edinburgh Review, vol xlviii, p 1, December 1828.

Following a statement that Burns's biographers need never apologize for him he undertakes to ~~show~~ let forth the reasons for Burns's excellence; and the reasons are five-fold. First, his sincerity; second, his choice of subjects; third, his vigor of intellectual perceptions; fourth, the fineness of his intellectuality; fifth, the keenness of his insight: these together serve to show us the causes of the amazing genius of the plowman. Leaving the characteristics of Burns he undertakes to show by a few examples how these qualities ~~conformed~~ Combined to produce his best works. Tam O' Shanter, The Jolly Beggars, and the Songs are called as witnesses. Carlyle pays a high tribute to these songs, 'by far the best that Britain has yet produced'. The remainder of the essay is taken up with a dissertation on the life of Burns. A finer appreciation of a man and his work ~~does not exist anywhere~~ is difficult to find. The essay is replete with beautiful passages, while the style of the whole is scarcely excelled by anyone in our language.

But Goethe is the great eidolon of this reviewer. One can ~~hardly~~ find ~~no grander~~ a finer obituary in literature than Carlyle's article on the death of Goethe.[1] This article is a prose elegy, beautiful in thought and perfect in expression, a tribute to the creator of the higher literature of Germany. No less than seven articles[2] on Goethe and his writings are to Carlyle's credit, all the grateful recognition of the scholar to the master.

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[1] New Monthly Magazine, vol xxxiv, no. cxxxviii, 1832.

[2] Goethe'S Helena, Foreign Review, No. ii, vol i, 1828.
Goethe's Works, Foreign Review, No. iii, 1828.
Goethe's Portrait, Frazer's Magazine, vol v, No. xxvi, 1832.
Goethe's Works, Foreign Quarterly Review, No. xix, 1832.
Novelle, Frazer's Magazine, vol vi, No. xxxiv, 1832.
The Tale, Frazer's Magazine, vol vi, No. xxxiii, 1832.

The first of these is the review of Helena, a charming article on the Interlude of Faust. The first review of Goethe's Works is an article on Goethe more than on his work. Two pieces of advice, ~~Carlyle gives us~~ in reading poetry: Carlyle gives us: first, to obliterate the idea that poetry can be read superficially; and second, ~~that~~ to study foreign poetry ~~must be studied from~~ by a different ~~method from~~ method from that of ~~England~~ English poetry,---a plea for the appreciation of Goethe in England. The succeeding review of the Works is a biography of Goethe, pure and simple, omitting but few of the episodes of his eventful life. His birth, early education, and first love are given their measure of space beside the annals of his later public life. Carlyle, the Hero Worshipper, has but the one slogan, "Colite talem virum!"

Readers of Carlyle's writings cannot but be appalled at the formidable array of words that confronts them. A certain skilful verbiage, skilful because in the hands of a master, is the first impression one gets on reading Carlyle's reviews. In Sartor Resartus he originated a style that he maintained for the rest of his days, a style that, under the pretense of translating it from the German, was full of un-English expressions, of peculiar inversions, unusual word order, a style that he himself refers to as "rumfustianish roly-poly growlery". The adjective "rugged" more fitly than aught else describes the style of Carlyle; his was as rugged as Macaulay's was smooth. ~~There can be no question of his position in these pages.~~ The author of the Life of Burns as it is familiarly known, can rank with none but the highest, and excepting Macaulay none, in our opinion, equal him in the possession of the attributes of a great reviewer. For once we have a great essayist who is a great reviewer, also.'

'For a complete list of Carlyle's contributions to magazines see Dictionary of National Biography, on Carlyle, Thomas. Cf. Garnett's Life of Carlyle, appendix, also Notes and Queries, 6th series, vol iv, pp 145, 205 ff.

There is one slight discrepancy in the argument that the judgment of posterity is the true criterion of a writer's position in literature, if we mean by posterity a few critics who stand forth and say that Thomas Babington Macaulay was deficient in a number of essentials that are necessary to a great writer. On the other hand if we mean by posterity the common run of people all over the world today who by the millions read Macaulay's history and essays and bless his name, then is he great indeed. It is not always safe to accept either side of a controversy too hastily, until a thorough investigation of both sides has been made, and even then it is often wise to take something of a middle ground between the extremes. ~~I am inclined to put more faith in the verdict of the majority in this case of Macaulay's worth, however, and the majority is for Macaulay.~~

Aside from others' opinions it is often profitable to look for a few impressions of our own. Macaulay is a cosmopolitan writer,---- historian, essayist, biographer, and poet,---with an ever increasing vogue. His books are counted today, not by numbers of volumes, but by numbers of editions. Carlyle and Macaulay usually are considered together in the class of essay writers, though two more different writers could scarcely be found. They were different in style of life as well as in style of writing; Macaulay was free from the shackles of poverty and could therefore devote more time to the pursuit of literature without the ever recurring thought of his daily bread; Carlyle was poor, and pessimism is the usual concomitant of poverty. Macaulay had a meteoric career,---as a writer, parliamentarian, minister of state, orator and public favorite; Carlyle, on the other hand, was handicapped by his sensitiveness, his hermit-like tendency to withdraw and let the world alone, except in so far that he saw its evils and preached against them. Macaulay cared ~~not~~ little for morals or manners; the world to him was a good enough place to live in, and he was satisfied. Here we have a partial explanation of the peo-

ple's preference for Macaulay and the critic's choice of Carlyle; the critic regards more highly the retiring moralizing pessimist, while the people prefer the buoyant, effervescent, easy-going man of affairs who has a correspondingly fluent diction. Macaulay's style is pervasive of all his writings, but more pronounced in his history, and the great summary of the qualities of that work is this, that he made the history of England attractive to more people because of his presentation than any other historian ever has done.

Macaulay ~~'s style is unique.~~ was an unusual stylist. He was pellucid, sonorous, and used smooth flowing language. We see this emphasized in no part of his work more than in his review of the Life of Warren Hastings, one of the finest reviews in our language. Brilliant rhetoric is found throughout; he pays strict attention to sound, which we see exemplified in the ~~great~~ noble description of Westminster Hall: "The place was worthy of such a trial"; phrases like "the beautiful mother of a beautiful race" strike the eye; or "there were seated around the Queen the fairhaired young daughters of the house of Brunswick"; or "there the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressors of Africa"; while the closing paragraph bids high for supremacy in all prose for beauty of diction and sonorousness of language: "With all his faults,---and they were neither few nor small,---only one cemetery was worthy to contain his remains. In that temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the great Abbey which has during many ages afforded a quiet resting place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the Great Hall, the dust of the illustrious accused should have mingled with the dust of the illustrious accusers. This was not to be....."

Macaulay was ~~eminently~~ the Edinburgh Reviewer supreme. Beginning in 1825 with the immediately famous essay on Milton he contributed to that periodical with unceasing regularity. Few there are who realize that Macaulay's famous Essay on Milton is a review; the average person has a vague idea that it is just an essay with no other purpose than to give a treatment of Milton. Of course a great many of the contributions to the Edinburgh Review are "reviews" only because of the nature of the periodical, and those same articles, were they written today and published in a modern magazine, would have laid aside the veneer of a review and have been plain essays. The review of a work in ~~these~~ former instances ~~is~~ was merely the pretext for the subject therein discussed; the review proper occupies on the average about a page or two while the subject of the "review" is discussed in the remaining forty odd pages. As a rule a good review surpasses the quality of the work reviewed, in analysis of character, quality, or events. The review in question is not a review of a life of Milton, but of a translation from the Latin of a recently found manuscript of Milton's.[1] Hence, the famous treatise on Milton by Macaulay, which instantly established his fame as a prose writer.

Hallam received far better treatment at Macaulay's hands than at those of Southey previously noticed. Speaking of the Constitutional History of England[2] he goes so far as to say that Hallam "is, on the whole, far better qualified than any other writer of our time for the office which he has undertaken." Southey is the objective of a volley of ridicule in a review of his Colloquies[3]: "It would be scarcely possible for a man of Mr. Southey's talents and acquirements to write two volumes so large as those before us which should be wholly destitute of information

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[1] Joannis Miltoni, Angli, de Doctrina Christiana, ed Sumner, Edinb. Rev. August, 1825. [2] Edinburgh Review, September, 1828. [3] Ibid, January, 1830.

and amusement. Yet we do not remember to have read with so little pleasure any equal quantity of matter written by any man of equal abilities."

The reviewer leaves little unsaid in regard to Robert Montgomery's Poems.[1] He has no personal enmity against Montgomery but his poetry receives the severest slashing. He is accused of being a bad poet, of plagiarism, of illogical and unliterary comparisons, of poor descriptions,---of nearly every crime in the literary category,---with the evident purpose of purifying literature of the taint of puffing by exposing one of the beneficiaries of that evil practice. Montgomery just happened to be the victim.

Greatest regard is paid Moore in a review of his Life of Byron, a book Macaulay "read with the greatest pleasure".[2] This essay contains a quantity of pure poetical criticism than which but few finer examples can be found. Macaulay's critical judgment ~~is never at a loss~~ in this review was good and his scales ~~are~~ were genuine. Southey's edition of Pilgrim's Progress called forth a review of that famous book, which Macaulay unhesitatingly pronounced second only to Paradise Lost in the productions of the latter half of the seventeenth century.[3] As an instance of Macaulay's honesty we find that he praises Southey as much in this work as he censured him in his Colloquies.

It is an interesting experiment to compare Macaulay's review of Croker's edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson[4] with the review of the same work by Carlyle,[5] in order to perceive the different angle of approach of the two men. Carlyle has a playful toleration of Croker as

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[1] Edinburgh Review, April, 1830.

[2] Edinburgh Review, June 1830. [3] Edinburgh Review, 1830.

[4] Edinburgh Review, September, 1831. [5] Fraser's Magazine, vol v, no xxviii

editor of the works and takes occasion to fling sarcasm at the "criticisms, vituperative and laudatory, that stream from their thousand throats", referring to the reviewers. Certain qualities Croker possessed for such a work; his own voluntary resolution, his high place in society, a certain "anecdotico-biographic turn of mind", a great amount of diligence; he keeps a watch on his text, and "any little Latin, or even Greek, phrase is rendered into English, in general, with perfect accuracy." He possesses diligence, fidelity, and decency, but lacks faculty, which is most important of all. He changes Boswell's text too much with "brackets"; he does not enlighten us one jot in regard to English life at that time; he does not understand Johnson, therefore he cannot help us to understand him; so Carlyle thinks that though not expressly a poor work Croker's edition is no more than average. His treatises on Boswell and Johnson are admirable, though intensely "Carlylian".

But for Macaulay! and we have here one of the most serious charges of the critics, that Macaulay was too partisan for a reviewer. Ever since Croker's attack on Macaulay in Blackwood's there had been somewhat of a guerilla warfare between the two, neither ever losing an opportunity to strike at the other when an occasion presented itself. Hence the tenor of this review. Macaulay begins: "This work has greatly disappointed us", and continues later, "this edition is ill compiled, ill arranged, ill written, and ill printed." Then he gives his reasons, which are manifold. Croker is careless with dates, a fact Macaulay establishes by means of several excerpts; he is muddled in his Latin and Greek quotations(Carlyle to the contrary notwithstanding); his work is full of blunders; his additions are far worse than his omissions. When Macaulay finishes with Croker and takes up Boswell and Johnson we then have masterful handling. ~~different from Carlyle in just so far as his style is different from Carlyle's.~~ He pictures Boswell the idol-worshipper and John-

son the object of his worship. He is at his best in the closing paragraph, as he remarks that "the club room is before us, and the table on which stands the omelet for Nugent and the lemons for Johnson. There are assembled those heads which live forever on the canvas of Reynolds"; he makes the observation that the writings that Johnson thought would be immortal are fading, but "the table talks the memory of which, he doubtless thought, would die with him are likely to be remembered as long as the English Language is spoken in any quarter of the globe."

The Addison[1] paper and that on Clive[2] need no discussion. Nothing need be said of essays that are used in most good schools as models of English prose. As examples of good writing they can scarcely find a peer; as biographical sketches they have no fault; and as literary appreciations of great literary men they are, without equal.

Macaulay's fame and popularity rest in main upon his style. Many writers have been better critics; it would be near-sacrilege to compare Matthew Arnold and Macaulay, for the former is the greatest of all the moderns while the latter himself disclaims any critical ability. Macaulay remarked that were it in his power he would burn every criticism he had ever written. But he possesses that quality that is wanting in Arnold, a magnificent style. He was perhaps the greatest stylist of literature, an honor that is by no means to be scorned.

As a reviewer he must be regarded in another light. Admittedly he was not always reliable. He was open to prejudice because of personal antagonism, witness the case of Christopher North and Croker. He was too great a politician to be always equitable in his weighings and too subservient to the vagaries of his own temper. Numerous accusations

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[1] Edinburgh Review, July, 1843.

[2] Edinburgh Review, January, 1840.

of partizanship are well founded. And all these things must go in the column of liabilities. But glance at the asset column! Was there ever a greater stylist than he? Was there ever a reviewer who surpassed him in perfection of form? Was there any whose reviews are as well known to-day as are his? Whatever may have been his delinquencies as a critic, and I am inclined to think that they have been grossly exaggerated, the fact remains that Macaulay stands supreme in the sphere of the formal review; he has given us more real reviews that hold their own in popularity and quality than any other individual writer, not even excepting the great Cham himself. With Macaulay we reach the ne plus ultra of the formal book review.'

'Macaulay contributed thirty-six reviews to the Edinburgh Review and ten to Knight's Quarterly Magazine, collected in edition of Lady Trevelyan, 8 vols. London, 1875. For a list of Macaulay's Essays and Reviews vide Dictionary of National Biography, vol xxxiv, p 418.

CHAPTER NINE

Arnold, George Eliot, Thackeray, Swinburne, and Meredith.

CHAPTER NINE.

Arnold, George Eliot, Thackeray, Swinburne, and Meredith.

"The difference between genuine poetry and the poetry of Dryden, Pope, and all their school, is briefly this: their poetry is conceived and composed in their wits, genuine poetry is conceived and composed in the soul."This quotation from Matthew Arnold is a testimonial of the keen insight which rendered him one of the greatest critics of the nineteenth century and even of the whole history of English literature. Arnold himself was a poet and knew poetry, but it is not his poetry that makes him famous today. He was indeed vessatile: as mentioned, he was a poet of considerable merit; he was a lecturer of recognized ability; he was a teacher of power; he was a school examiner; but above all was Matthew Arnold a critic.

Arnold's criticism is contained in his essays, in prefaces to his poems and collections of poems, and in his letters. Great reviewer he was not for the simple reason that he did not do much reviewing. A few formal reviews, such as those of Tolstoi's Anna Karénina and Dowden's Life of Shelley reveal to us his powers. He devoted most of his time and energies to pure criticism to the great detriment of the review world, and yet we may add his criticism perhaps would have suffered if he had devoted more time to reviewing.

Several reasons may be advanced for his seeming preference for pure criticism. In the first place, he was not sure of

himself in his judgment of writers of his own day. He could not quite place Dickens, while Tennyson was an enigma not to be solved,--- a stumbling block to him just as he was to most all the reviewers of that day who attempted to appraise him. Arnold said of Burns, in a letter to his sister in November, 1880, that he was "a beast with splendid gleams,"[1] but he later retrieved himself in a fuller appreciation of that poet which showed true critical merit, where he said in the famous passage on the Jolly Beggars, "it has the breadth, truth, and power which makes the famous scene in Auerbach's cellar, of Goethe's Faust, seem artificial and tame beside it, and which are only matched by Shakespeare and Aristophanes."[2] If in one place he undervalues, in the other he appears to overreach the mark. To go somewhat further in this line of argument he falls short in his estimate of Keats, when he says, "for the architectonics of poetry, the faculty that presides at the evolution of such works as the Agamemnon or Lear, he was not ripe. His Endymion, as he himself well saw, is a failure, and his Hyperion, fine things as it contains, is not a success."[3] Justice to Arnold, however, demands that we acknowledge his attributing ffirst place to Keats in his shorter poems.

Another defect appears in Matthew Arnold's criticism, namely the lack of appeal to his nature of the beauties of literature. He was the critic of content, but not of form; the ethical reviewer, not the aesthetic; the scent of the rose attracted him, but not the petals. He did

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[1] Letters, published by Macmillan Co. vol ii, p 214.

[2] Essays on Criticism, 2nd Series, p 51.

[3] Essays on Criticism, (Macmillan, 1888) 2nd Series, p 120.

not think the Excursion a great poem because it was too long, and the same thing applied to Endymion and Hyperion. We sometimes wish he had given his ideas on the Faerie Queen in order to see if his argument was consistent.

Contemporary judgments are found in his preface to Johnson's Chief Lives of the Poets, in his Prefaces to Wordsworth,(1879) and Byron, in his critical notices of Gray and Keats,(found in T. H. Ward's Selections of English Poets). The essay on Keats is a paper on the "sensuousness" of Keats (p 100). Of Wordsworth Arnold has the highest opinion---he places him above all other poets , Shakespeare and Milton only being excepted,since the time of the Elizabethans; and further, he calls the roll of all the European poets,----and excepting Goethe he places Wordsworth ahead of any of them, including Schiller, Heine, Leopardi, Voltaire, amd Victor Hugo. Yet he strikes upon a peculiar vagary, that the Excursion and the Prelude are by no means Wordsworth's best work(p 135) for the same reason that Endymion and Hyperion are not Keats's best. Arnold is the champion of the short poem. His theory is that one excellent short poem can be, and must be, followed by another excellent short poem, in order that the effect of each may be sustained. This is impossible in the long poem for the reason that there must be in a long poem a succession of heights followed by as many depressions, which fail to sustain the effect desired. He would have all of Wordsworth's "high places" taken out of the ensemble and collected , forming thereby what he thinks would be the finest array of poetry in any language. However, so much of Wordsworth's poetry is good that the rest is vindicated. There are, according to Arnold, two reasons for Wordsworth's greatness, the goodness of his best work, and the volume of his good work. Peter Bell, the Sonnets, Michael, and The Highland Reaper come in for their meed of praise. He makes firm his position of a

critic by the dictum that Wordsworth "is one of the chief glories of English Poetry".

He says of the Excursion: "The Excursion and Prelude, his poems of greatest bulk, are by no means Wordsworth's best work. His best work is in his shorter pieces, and many indeed are there of these which are of first-rate excellence. But in his seven volumes the pieces of high merit are mingled with a mass of pieces very inferior to them; so inferior to them that it seems wonderful how the same poet should have produced both. Shakespeare frequently has lines and passages in a strain quite false, and which are entirely unworthy of him. But one can imagine his smiling if one could meet him in the Elysian Fields and tell him so; smiling and replying that he knew it perfectly well himself, and what did it matter? But with Wordsworth the case is different. Work altogether inferior, work quite uninspired, flat and dull, is produced by him with evident unconsciousness of its defects, and he presents it to us with the same faith and seriousness as his best work. Now a drama or an epic fill the mind, and one does not look beyond them; but in a collection of short pieces the impression made by one piece requires to be continued and sustained by the piece following. In reading Wordsworth the impression made by one of his fine pieces is too often dulled and spoiled by a very inferior piece coming after it.

"Wordsworth composed verses during a space of some sixty years; and it is no exaggeration to say that within one decade of those years, between 1798 and 1808, almost all his really first-rate work was produced. A mass of inferior work remains, work done before and after this golden prime, imbedding the first-rate work and clogging it, obstructing our approach to it, chilling, not unfrequently, the high-wrought mood with which we leave it. To be recognized far and wide as a great poet,

to be possible and receivable as a classic, Wordsworth needs to be relieved of a great deal of the poetical baggage which now encumbers him. To administer this relief is indispensable, unless he is to continue to be a poet for a few only,----a poet valued far below his real worth by the world."[1]

In his essay on Byron Arnold praises Lara, The Giaour, and Cain. He admits that in some cases Byron is excelled by others, but on the whole he holds his own with all. "Wordsworth and Byron," says he, "stand out by themselves. When the year 1900 is turned..... ...the first names will be these." Of Byron's poems he said:

"Byron has not a great artist's profound and patient skill in combining an action or in developing a character,---a skill which we must watch and follow if we are to do justice to it. But he has a wonderful power of vividly conceiving a single incident; of throwing himself upon it, grasping it as if it were real and he saw and felt it, and of making us see and feel it too. The Giaour is, as he truly called it, 'a string of passages', not a work moving by a great internal law of development to a necessary end; and our total impression from it cannot but receive from this, its inherent defect, a certain dimness and indistinctness. But the incidents of the journey and death of Hassan, in that poem, are conceived and presented with a vividness not to be surpassed; and our impression from them is correspondingly clear and powerful. In Lara, again, there is no adequate development either of the character of the chief personage or of the action of the poem; our total impression from the poem is a confused one."[2]

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[1] Arnold, Essays in Criticism, Second Series, (London, 1893) p 135-6.

[2] Arnold, ibid, pp 169-70.

The review of Dowden's Life of Shelley[1] is nothing more than a biographical sketch of Shelley accompanied by reflections upon Dowden's minuteness of detail. The episodes of Shelley's private life, sordid as they were, are again brought before the public gaze. No judgment of his poetry is given save that "he was a beautiful and ineffectual angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." The article on Tolstoi's Anna Karénina[2] is a real review, though reckoned as a minor piece of criticism. He gives a résumé of the plot, following it with an interpretative analysis of the author's doctrine of the "Five Commandments". High tribute is paid to Tolstoi, but scant praise to this particular novel.

Arnold, though not intensively systematic, possessed a system of criticism certainly unique. One phase of this system was his practice of proving his points by examples taken from the works of men past and present,---a practice often derogatory to the writer quoted or compared. He gives his principle in the closing words of his criticism of Gray: "Compared not with the work of the great masters of the golden ages of poetry, but with the poetry of his own contemporaries in general, Gray's may be said to have reached, in style, the excellence at which he aimed."[3] And in his treatment of Gray, for example, he has recourse to several comparisons. Dryden suffers as a result; the others do not profit much. Goethe and Pope are used to explain Gray's sterility:

"What caused his sterility? Was it his ill-health, his hereditary gout? Certainly we will pay all respect to the powers of hereditary gout for afflicting us poor mortals. But Goethe, after pointing out that Schiller, who was so productive, was almost constantly ill, adds the

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[1] Arnold, ed. cit. p 294 ff. [2] Ed. cit. p 253 ff.

[3] Ed cit p 99.

true remark that it is incredible how much the spirit can do, in these cases, to keep up the body. Pope's animation and activity through all the course of what he pathetically calls 'that long disease, my life,' is an example presenting itself signally, in Gray's own country and time, to confirm what Goethe here says. What gave the power to Gray's reclusion and ill-health to induce his sterility?

"The reason, the indubitable reason as I cannot but think it, I have already given elsewhere. Gray, a born poet, fell upon an age of prose. He fell upon an age whose task it was to call forth in general men's powers of understanding, wit, and cleverness, rather than their deepest powers of mind and soul. Gray, with the qualities of mind and soul of a poet, was isolated in his century. Born in the same year with Milton, Gray would have been another man; born in the same year with Burns, he would have been another man. Gray's alert and brilliant young friend, Bonstetten, who would explain the void in the life of Gray by his having never loved, Bonstetten himself loved, married, and had children. Yet at the age of fifty he was bidding fair to grow old, dismal, and torpid like the rest of us, when he was roused and made young again for some thirty years by the events of 1789. If Gray, like Burns, had been just thirty years old when the French Revolution broke out, he would have shown, probably, productiveness and animation in plenty. The same thing is to be said of his great contemporary, Butler, the author of the Analogy. In the sphere of religion, which touches that of poetry, Butler was impelled by the endowment of his nature to strive for a profound and adequate conception of religious things, which was not pursued by his contemporaries, and which at that time, and in that atmosphere of mind, was not fully attainable. Hence, in Butler, too, a dissatisfaction, a weariness, as in Gray;; 'great labor and weariness, great disappointment, pain and even vexation of mind.' A sort of spirit-

ual east wind was at that time blowing; neither Butler nor Gray could flower. They never spoke out"

Goldsmith suffered ~~disparagement~~ detraction at the hands ofArnold in this comparison with Gray: "Goldsmith disparaged Gray who had praised his Traveller, and indeed in the poem on the Alliance of Education and Government had given him hints which he used for it. In retaliation let us take from Goldsmith himself a specimen of the poetic language of the eighteenth century.

'No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale'----

there is exactly the poetic diction of our prose century! rhetorical, ornate,---and, poetically, quite false. Place beside it a line of genuine poetry, such as the

'In cradle of the rude, imperious surge'

of Shakespeare; and all its falseness instantly becomes apparent."

Arnold was the exponent of the doctrine of "Culture"; his ideal was perfection, open-mindedness, readiness to consider new points of view and new theories of life. Broadness was his keynote. He wrote in an easy, lighthearted vein, fitted admirably to the task he assumed of elevating the minds of his fellowmen to bigness and nobleness of purpose, the aim of all true human endeavor. Matthew Arnold had every right to be a great reviewer, for he was possessed of the requisites endowments. He had sound discernment and clear judgment, a keen insight into the inner meaning of literature, a capacity for subtle analysis perhaps unsurpassed, and a style lofty and noble, yet conversational, not unlike that of Sainte-Beuve, whom he professedly followed.His position

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Arnold, ed cit pp 91 ff. Ed cit pp 97-8.

* half-bantering tone ?

as a critic is undisputed while perhaps the weakest point of his whole talent was in the very sphere in which we are most interested, contemporary valuation. The field of pure criticism is rich with his many and varied contributions; the Preface to his Poems, On Translating Homer, The Study Of Celtic Literature, the Essays in Criticism (some of them, to be sure, reviews), and his Introduction to Ward's English Poets bear witness of his fertility in that field. His doctrines are many, including his Doctrine of the Poetic Subject as against the Poetic Moment; his "Criticism of Life"; and his handling of "the Grand Style". But he simply did not devote himself extensively to reviewing, did not do enough contemporary appraising , to warrant his being given a very high place among reviewers. As for his quality, his works on Wordsworth, Shelley, and Tolstoi are ample witness. And Arnold with his lapses is greater than many at their best.

We have mentioned elsewhere the rarity of author-reviewers. Sir Walter Scott is the one great instance of a man who could himself write novels and tell other novelists wherein lay their weakness. George Eliot began Well but all of her review work was previous to her novel writing. It would be interesting to investigate her reviews fo find a theory and then to see how closely she adhered to that theory when she began writing novels. However, she reviewed no novels, the only approach to it being the article, Silly Novels by Lady Novelists,[1] in which she strove to point out the failings of the average woman novelist. Apparently she had her theories.

Her reviewing was in the nature of hack work for The Westminster Review, under the sponsorship of George Henry Lewes. Her first review was in that magazine, a critique of Mackay's Progress of the Intellect,[2] a treatise on philosophy. Her paper was as the work she reviewed philosophical. She reviewed Carlyle's Life of Sterling[3] in a later number, paying a tribute to Carlyle as a stylist. Her regard for that Writer was high, as indicated by her statement that whatever came from his pen was necessarily of the highest excellence. "The style of the work, too, is for the most part pure and rich; there are passages of deep pathos that come upon the reader like a strain of solemn music, and others which show that aptness of epithet, that masterly power of close delineation, in which, perhaps, no writer has excelled Carlyle." Vehse's Memoirs of the Court of Austria[4] furnishes George Eliot with a pretext for a dissertation on Austrian relations with Germany. She approves the German governmental

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[1] Westminster Review, October, 1856.

[2] Westminster Review, vol 54-55, p 177, January, 1851.

[3] Westminster Review, vol 57-58, p 132, January, 1852.

[4] Westminster Review, vol 63-64, April, 1855.

censorship, a reason for Vehse's popularity. Two other reasons are assigned for Vehse's vogue in Germany, the lack of biographies and memoirs in that country, and a lack of works of the middle stratum of literature, works solid and at the same time popular. England is rich in that genus of literature, as rich as Germany is poor. Vehse's Memoirs consist of eleven volumes, all of which are verboten in Vienna for imperial reasons; the work is of great value, however, in giving to the public an idea of court life in that capital.

George Eliot was preeminently a novelist; essay writing was a side issue with her. She possessed considerable critical acumen which she managed to insert in the warp and woof of her novels. Her review work is of good quality but of too slight quantity to warrant more than mere mention. Why she did not contribute more to this phase of literature is not known, and it is useless to speculate. But the suspicion is there that Mary Ann Evans won such fame and esteem by her first novels that she was thus prevented from engaging in any other form of writing than the novel in the future. The few reviews that we have gave promise of great things.

Another novelist who did review work was William Makepeace Thackeray. Without doubt to the greatest number of people Thackeray is known only as a novelist, while to many he is just the author of the "greatest novel in English literature". It is certain that his fame rests on Henry Esmond and Vanity Fair. Yet he was an essayist worthy of note and a reviewer of no mean ability. Like a great many of his fellow novelists he was a hack writer from necessity,---a literary drudge who became a popular idol. As "Charles Yellowplush" he did considerable reviewing in the form of satirical letters with fanciful misspelling. The treat-

ment of My Book; or the Anatomy of Conduct,[1] by John Henry Skelton, is a combination of cleverness and wit. An occasional critical sanity escapes the enveloping satirical humor, as when he states that "Skelton's Anatomy is a work that has been long wanted in the literary world". Throughout the letter Thackeray is nothing if not a sparkling satirist.

Grant in Paris[2] is the subject of a review of a work called Paris and its People, by "the author of The Great Metropolis", one Grant. The paper is signed "Fitzboodle". Clever satire prevails in this article as in the former, such as: "The first impression of Paris', says James, 'which a stranger receives depends on the part of the town at which he makes his entrance'. Such facts may possibly strike other travellers, but do other travellers discover them?"

A review of Dickens's Christmas Carol in an essay called A Box of Novels[3] reveals Thackeray's true discerning power. He remarks that critics were wise to be wary of pronouncing adverse criticism upon a book that was meeting with so great approval by the masses. Even the Quarterly ("venerable Saturnian big-wigged dynasty") could not review it down if it would. As for giving a synopsis one might as well "detail the plot of Merry Wives of Windsor or Robinson Crusoe as to recapitulate the adventures of Scrooge, the miser." Christmas Carols is a "national benefit", and a "personal kindness" to every man and woman who reads it.

And then we have the formal review of The New Spirit of the Age[4] ridiculing the author, R. H. Horne, for having had the temerity to

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[1] Reviewed in Frazer's Magazine, Nov. 1827, in an epistle called Fashnable Fax and Polite Annygoats.

[2] Frazer's Magazine, December, 1843.

[3] Frazer's Magazine, February, 1844.

[4] Morning Chronicle, April 2, 1844.

essay a continuation of Hazlitt's work. "Horne has not inherited any portion of the stained, travel-worn old mantle which Hazlitt left behind him." Thackeray insists that Horne has no right to assume the critical office, granting even that occasionally he is right with regard to Tennyson and Byron.

Thackeray's most notable review was that of Carlyle's French Revolution, of which Carlyle said that it "was rather like" its author, "a half-monstrous Cornish giant, kind of painter, Cambridge man, and Paris newspaper correspondent who is now writing for his life in London."[2]

In 1845 a friend of Thackeray, Abraham Hayward, suggested to Macvey Napier, who was then chief of the Edinburgh Review staff, that Thackeray would make an ideal contributor to his magazine. Upon his request Thackeray wrote a review of Dashes at Life, by N. P. Willis, but after its having been mutilated by Napier it was condemned by Jeffrey and thus any prospects for another great Edinburgh Reviewer were nipped in the bud.[3]

So we conclude a study of one of the greatest literary geniuses of our literature. The limited number of Reviews he wrote [illegible] any high valuation of Thackeray as a reviewer, but we have sufficient to determine that his quality was good, that his critical acumen was well developed, and that the only essentials wanting were the desire and the proper application.

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[2] Life in London, vol i, p 113.

[1] Times, August 3, 1837.

[3] Napier Correspondence, pp 498, 506; Hayward Correspondence, vol i, p 105

As early as 1866 Swinburne said that he had "never been able to see what should attract men to the profession of criticism but the noble pleasure of praising." He gives us there his keynote, for his critiques are full of a lofty blindness to defects in his ideal. Swinburne is first and last a poet, even when attempting to be very judicial, and cares far more for the rhythm of a piece than for the content. He cannot judge the wine for being too engrossed with the goblet.

His criticisms of Shakespeare are pure panegyric (legitimately so) while Victor Hugo is the embodiment of perfection. He "magnifies Hugo by at least ten diameters and makes Shakespeare into a sun-god."[1] His review of one of Hugo's works was the medium of his introduction to the great Frenchman and they were great friends thereafter. He wrote an essay on Baudelaire's Fleurs du Mal, full of eulogy, and his own countrymen were not behind in receiving their meed of praise. He was extravagant with Wordsworth while Byron alone deemed not to meet with his approval. On the whole Swinburne's criticism was too surcharged with enthusiasm to be judicious and his praise too unrestrained to be trustworthy.

George Meredith was another author who did considerable reviewing, contributing mostly to the Fortnightly Review, in which magazine most of his novels first saw the light of day. In his letters[2] we find a number of contemporary appraisals, also, as, for instance, "Les Miserables is conceived in pure black and white. It is nevertheless the master work of fiction of this century,---as yet." Meredith liked Daudet and admired Numa Roumestan: "I do not care for the other novels of Daudet, but this is a consummate piece of work." Of Tennyson he says: "The Holy Grail is wonderful, isn't it? The lines are satin length, the figures Sévres china"; of Queen Mary he says,

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[1] Spectator, September 6, 1862.

[2] Letters of George Meredith, 2 vols, collected by his son, (Charles Scribners Sons

I have looked, I forgot to tell you, at Tennyson's Queen Mary, and I had great pleasure of my reading. I saw no trace of power, but the statliness, the fine tone, the high tone of some passages hit me hard." Meredith admired both Carlyle and his wife, the former "the greatest of the Britons of his time", the latter a woman "who needed for her mate one who was more a citizen of the world." Robert Louis Stevenson's Treasure Island is "the best of boys' books and a book to make one a boy again, without a critical reserve as to the quality of the composition. The Buccaneers are real bloody rascals, no shame in it." He admires Barrie's Little Minister while Hardy's Tess of the D'Urbevilles is "excellent and very interesting."

George Meredith is a critic of some note, but he is primarily a novelist. He intersperses his criticism throughout all of his novels, especially Diana of the Crossways and The Egoist. His essays were some of them formal reviews contributed to the Fortnightly. He was not a professional reviewer and his efforts in that direction were more or less sedentary.

CHAPTER TEN

Minor Reviewers of the Nineteenth Century.

Grimley, Broughan, Foster, Whateley, Mackintosh, Heber, Young, Barrow, Ellis, Milman, Head, Lord Mahon, Hayward, Froude, and Masson.

CHAPTER TEN

Minor Reviewers of the Nineteenth Century.

Tennyson's fame was never made by his reviewers. If it had been left to their machinations to establish his standing he would have suffered severely. George Brimley has given him perhaps the fullest study of any, ~~itself somewhat unjust to the poet~~. When anyone says of such a poet that his poems of 1830 "scarcely reach the altitudes of common sense" we either dub him unfair or unwise. Sir Arthur Helps said of Brimley: "He was certainly, as it appeared to me, one of the finest critics of the present day"[1], while Mr. Saintsbury said of some of his exercitations: "There is nothing like them in Mr. Arnold(Who was rather grudging of such things) and nothing superior to them anywhere."[2] In the face of such eulogium it behooves us to tread warily.

Brimley's most famous work is the Essay on Tennyson,[3] not strictly a review, but reviewing just the same. He appraises a number of Tennyson's poems to the detriment of The Dream of Fair Women, which passed unnoticed. He recognizes the beauty of these poems, but unlike the Rhodora they must have more excuse for being than mere beauty. There is "no beginning, middle, or end to Fatima"; The Palace of Art lacks "adequate dramatic presentation of the mode in which the great law of humanity works out its processes in the soul"; as for Claribel it "is not quite certain what the precise feeling of it is"; but on the whole Tennyson prospers at his hand, though he does not receive justice.

Brimley also wrote an essay on Wordsworth to Fraser's Maga-

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[1] Dictionary of National Biography, vol vi, p 345.

[2] History of Criticism, vol iii, p 506. [3] Cambridge Essays, 1855.

zine(1851), and later wrote essays on Shelley, Scott, and Byron, besides reviews of Carlyle, Dickens, Bulwer-Lytton, and Thackeray. He possesses the unusual distinction of making few, if any, rank misjudgments and his efforts were directed for the most part in the right direction. He died young, a fact that places him also in the already long list of the "might-have-beens".

Brougham deserves mention more on account of his quantity than his quality, though the fact that he was so conspicuously connected with the infancy and early years of the Edinburgh Review entitles him to consideration despite the poor quality of his work. He was one of the original contributors to that periodical, having written three articles in the first number. His first review was of a work called The Crisis in the Sugar Colonies. In the first twenty numbers of the Edinburgh Review Brougham wrote eighty articles. He has the credit of being one of the main instigators of Byron's attack on critics in Don Juan, an attack superinduced by Brougham's fierce onslaught on Hours of Idleness in January, 1808.

Brougham was to the Edinburgh what Gifford was to the Quarterly, the apotheosis of savagery in literature. He possessed serious faults in temper and character which completely submerged any critical tendency and made him unreliable. He was addicted to slashing reviews, superficial, sporadic, and unjustified. His claim to recognition rests more upon his statesmanship than upon his literary activities.

John Foster was no inconsiderable reviewer. He contributed nearly sixty articles to the London Eclectic Review, beginning in 1806 and continuing until 1839. He discussed all manner of subjects, from treatises

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Brougham's prolificalness is astonishing. His works have been collected in eleven volumes edited by Mr. Ralph Thomas. For a list of Brougham's reviews in the Edinburgh Review see bibliography at the end of vol xi, ed cit, 2nd edition.

on astronomy to a review of Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography and Correspondence. He showed considerable intellect in his reviews, broad vision, a wide knowledge of human nature, combined with a certain spiritual loftiness. There is scarcely any polish to his essays, but he sacrificed form to content. Among his most famous papers are those on Maria Edgeworth's Tales of a Fashionable Life and Southey's Curse of Kehama, in the latter of which he finds the unpardonable sins of absurdity and irreverence.[1]

Archbishop Whateley contributed frequently to the Quarterly Review, among his articles appearing those on Emigration to Canada[2] and Modern Novels[3], a review of Jane Austen's Northanger Abbey and Persuasion. The latter article has often erroneously been attributed to Scott. It is a prejudicing that the so-called "Modern Novel" has overcome the prejudice of the eighteenth century and has come into its own. He discusses the inception of the social novel by comparing the novels of Miss Edgeworth with those of Miss Austen, finding in the latter a notable lack of dramatic sermonizing or forced moralizing, ~~which combine~~ instruction with amusement and ~~forming~~ an excellent study of human nature.

Sir James Mackintosh, philosopher and diplomat, contributed a number of articles to the Edinburgh Review, chief among which are the articles on Machiavel[4] and Madame de Stael's L'Allemagne.[5] He was well-read, learned, broad of scope, and exceedingly analytic. He had a ~~penchant~~ bonhomie for the philosophical, as evidenced by his treatment of Lord Bacon and Locke.

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[1] Critical Essays of John Foster, ed J. E. Ryland, 2 vols (London, 1868) Bohn.
[2] Quarterly Review, vol xxiii, p 373. [3] Quarterly Review, vol xxiv, p 352.
[4] Edinburgh Review, vol xxvii, p 207. [5] Edinburgh Review, vol xxii, p 168.
For list of Mackintosh's reviews see Miscellaneous Works of Rt. Hon. James Mackintosh, (Boston, 1859).

When a churchman reviews a work we naturally look for a plea for purity, which is forthcoming in Bishop Heber's review of Byron's Dramas.[1] The article is a protest against vice, ~~and impurity~~, a plea for "a poet such as virgins might read, and Christians praise, and Englishmen take pride in". A High-Churchman's appraisal of the poems of Byron,---Cain, Marino Faliero, Sardanapalus, and The Two Foscari, he adds to it an argument against the too strict observance of the unities. Heber's first review in the Quarterly was that of Porter's Travels in Russia.[2] He was a frequent contributor to the Quarterly, chief among his contributions being that on Byron already mentioned and that on The Last Years of Gustavus the Fourth,[3] a historical sketch based on a translation of that work. Heber was Bishop of Calcutta and author of a number of hymns, some of them famous today, among them "From Greenland's Icy Mountains"; he was a stylist of no mean, ~~dimensions~~ ability and a writer of some repute. His style as an essayist was elegant and clear.

One reads with considerable surprise stories of Macaulay's infantile precocity, but Dr. Thomas Young could capture a few laurels himself in that direction. Certainly we are not surprised at the learning displayed in his later writings when we learn ~~read~~ on authority that at the tender age of two he could read easily and smoothly, that at four he had twice read the Bible through, and that between the years of four and five he recited the whole of Goldsmith's Deserted Village "with but few errors".[4] The trend of his essays was along philosophical lines. He contributed numerous articles to the Quarterly Review on such subjects as madness and melancholy, celestial mechanics, refraction of light, treatment of the gout, and his best review, that of a work on the theory of the tides.

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[1] Quarterly Review, xxvii, p 476. [2] Ibid, vol ii, p 288. [3] Ibid, vol viii, p 302
[4] Vide Dictionary Of National Biography, under Young, Dr/ Thomas.

If quantity of composition were in any way the criterion of a man's quality, as in fact it is a mark of distinction, Sir John Barrow would stand among the stellar lights of reviewers. He contributed as many as one hundred and ninety-five articles to the Quarterly Review on practically every imaginable subject except politics. His leaning was towards Chinese and Arctic subjects.(D. N. B. iii, 307) He wrote only one article for the Edinburgh Review. Among his interesting essays on travels his review of The Voyages of the Adventure and the Beagle[1] and that on Letters on Paraguay[2] stand out, both of them geographical sketches.

George Ellis reviewed the first two Cantos of Childe Harold[3] with faint praise, gave Scott's Bridal of Triermain[4] a glowing tribute, treated rather coldly The Lady of the Lake[5], while the review of The Giaour and The Bride of Abydos[6] was an apostrophe to the works and a panegyric for their author. He praises highly Scott's imagination, his character drawing, his display of sentiment, his talent for description, and his diction, while Byron's qualities are summed up in toto in the one word genius. The brief span of Ellis's life after the founding of the Quarterly in 1809 explains the scant list of his contributions.

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[1] Quarterly Review, vol lxv, p 194.

[2] Quarterly Review, vol lxiii, p 342.

[3] Quarterly Review, vol vii, p 180, March, 1812.

[4] Quarterly Review, vol ix, p 480, July, 1813.

[5] Quarterly Review, vol iii, p 492.

[6] Quarterly Review, vol x, p 331, January, 1814.

Lockhart, Life of Scott, vol ii, p 296, speaking of Ellis's article on The Lady of the Lake cited above, says: "I have always cited this article as the best specimen of contemporary criticism on Scott's poetry."

The Dean of St Pauls, London, was a philosopher, metaphysicist, and somewhat of an historian. His best essay is a review of Guizot's French edition of Gibbon's Rome,[1] though the review of Travels in Austria and Hungary,[2] his comparison of the philosophy of Plato, Bacon, and Jeremy Bentham,[3] his bitter denunciation of the Papal Conspiracy,[4] and his similar tirade against Polish Persecution in the Tyrol[5] are all worthy of mention. Milman was an authority on Gibbon and was thereby well qualified to appraise Guizot.

Sir Francis Head was at one time Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, in which office he was so unpopular that he all the time feared violence to his person. The attitude of Parliament towards him elicited from him his article in the Quarterly on Canada,[6] a recrimination of the Canadian tangle and a bitter political reply. Another failure of Parliament in their system of managing railroads called forth the article Railroads in Ireland,[7] an argument for the creation of a board to handle such matters. Others of his essays are more interesting, perhaps, as, for instance, his apostrophe to The Printer's Devil.[8]

Two of the finest essay-reviews that have fallen under our notice are those by Lord Mahon, 5th Earl of Stanhope, on Joan of Arc and Mary Stuart. The famous essay on Joan of Arc,[9] reviewing five French books

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[1] Quarterly Review, vol 50, p 273. [2] Ibid, vol lxv, p 234.
[3] Ibid, vol lxi, p 462 [4] Ibid, vol lxiii, p 88. [5] Ibid, vol lxiv, p 12
[6] Ibid, vol 61, p 249. [7] Ibid, vol lxiii, p 1. [8] Ibid, vol lxv, p 1.
The Essays of Sir Francis Head have been collected under the title Descriptive Essays Contributed to the Quarterly Review, by Sir Francis Head, Bart. 2 vols London, 1857.
[9] Quarterly Review, vol lxix, p 28.

on that subject, is one of the greatest tributes ever paid the French heroine by an English pen. He gives a rational account of the life and martyrdom of the shepherd girl of Domremy, contradicting a number of calumnies that had hitherto been gaining considerable strength. The article[1] on Mary Stuart is a review of an edition of her letters by a Russian, to whom Mahon gives copious praise. A third article is as slashing as the first two are eulogistic, a review of Lord John Russell's Causes of the French Revolution.[2] A political reply to a political pamphlet it is summed up in these closing words: "This ridiculous essay contains, however, a few passages which may be quoted to his Lordship's credit."[3]

Abraham Hayward is known chiefly for his famous essay, Pearls and Mock Pearls of History,[4] which is a review of two articles, L'Esprit des Autres and L'Esprit dans L'Histoire, both by Edouard Fournier. The review is a treatment of an attempt to pick flaws ~~and errors~~ in some of the stock traditional anecdotes of history. Hayward was a regular contributor to the Quarterly, writing one article in each number of that magazine from 1869 to October, 1883. He was well-read, brilliant, and possessed an easy style that rendered his productions eminently attractive. His chief characteristics were the care and accuracy of his composition. He wrote a review of Maria Edgeworth's novels[5] and an appreciation of Alexander Dumas,[6] contributing not only to the Quarterly but also to the Edinburgh and Saturday Reviews.

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[1] Quarterly Review, vol lxxvii, p 139. [2] Ibid, vol xlix, p 152.

[3] Lord Mahon's reviews are collected in Historical Essays, selected from Contributions to the Quarterly Review, 1848, (vol xxxii of Murray's Home and Colonial Library.)

[4] Quarterly Review, April, 1861. [5] Edinburgh Review, October, 1867.

[6] Quarterly Review, July, 1871. See collected edition of Hayward's Essays, 2 vols London, 1873.

James Anthony Froude contributed to Frazer's and The Westminster, but mostly reviews of historical works. Perhaps his most famous article is England's Forgotten Worthies,[1] followed by the review of Matthew Arnold's Poems.[2] His chief forte was not reviewing, though his knowledge of history ably fitted him for judging that type of literature. Froude possessed transcendent grace of style which, combined with intimate knowledge of facts, renders his essays exceedingly interesting.[3]

One of the finest articles on record on Wordsworth's Excursion[4] is the review of that poem by David Masson, the biographer-editor of the later nineteenth century. He was a reviewer of recognized talent, contributing to Frazer's, the Quarterly, the Westminster, the North British Review, and the British Quarterly Review. Other articles of his worthy of note are those on Shakespeare and Goethe,[5] Thackeray's English Humorists,[6] and DeQuincey's Selections Grave and Gay.[7]

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[1] Westminster Review, July, 1852.

[2] Westminster Review, January, 1854.

[3] Froude's reviews have been collected under the title Short Studies on Great Subjects, 2 vols (London, 1876).

[4] North British Review, August, 1850.

[5] British Quarterly Review, November, 1852.

[6] British Quarterly Review, October, 1854.

[7] British Quarterly Review, July, 1854. Vide his collected essays.

July 14, 1921.

APPENDIX ONE

The following list of authors of contributions to the Quarterly Review makes no pretense of being complete. The reason of its incompleteness lies in the scarcity of evidence as to the authorship of certain of the essays, and it has been my purpose in this list to give only those names of whose authenticity I am reasonably certain. Save in very evident cases I have endeavored to give the authority for the assertion, and I trust that any errors that may be found will be communicated to me for correction. In the foregoing pages of this work, at the close of the study of each man, will be found a reference to the place where a list of his contributions exists, and the following list is composed from those mentioned before. I acknowledge my indebtedness to several issues of The Gentleman's Magazine for a considerable amount of the information in this appendix.

W. H. R.

APPENDIX NUMBER ONE

A list of authors of various articles in The Quarterly Review and the sources of authority, as far as possible, and proofs of their authenticity.

Quarterly Review Vol I

Art. 2, p 19 Reliques of Burns---Sir Walter Scott.

Art. 13, p 134 Chronicle of the Cid--Sir Walter Scott.

Art. 16, p 178 Carr's Caledonian Sketches--Sir Walter Scott and Sir C. E. Gray.

Art. 1, p 241 Gertrude of Wyoming--Sir Walter Scott.

Art. 7 p 337 John de Lancaster--Sir Walter Scott. (See Scott's Miscellaneous Works, and Life, by Lockhart, passim.)

Art 10, p 107 La Place--Dr. Thomas Young (See "A Catalogue of the Works and Essays of the Late Dr. Young, found in his own Handwriting, to 1827" in Brande's Quarterly Journal of Science, vol 28, page 154).

Art. 17 p 193 Baptist Missions--Robert Southey (See Correspondence of Wilberforce, vol 2 p 264.)

Art. 7, p 78 Sir Philip Sidney--by Disraeli.

Art. 12, p 387 Sydney Smith's Sermons-- J. W. Croker (See S. Smith's Sermons).

Art. 17, p 437 Austrian State Papers--Mr. Canning.

Vol II.

Art. 2, p 24 Transactions of the Missionary Society--Robt. Southey.

Art. 9, p 155 Insanity--Dr. Young.(See above reference.)

Art. 10, p 337 La Place-- Dr. Young (See loc. cit.)

Art. 7 p 146 Miss Edgeworth's Tales--Gifford.

Art 17, p 426 Battle of Talavera-- Sir Walter Scott.

Art. 5, p 288 Kerr Porter's Travels-- Bishop Heber (See his Life, by his Widow, vol. 1, p 362.)

Art. 14, p 375 Characters of Fox--J. H. Frere(See Quar. Rev. vol. iv, p 207, and Heber's Life, vol. i, p 363.)

Art. 15, p 401 Warburton's Letters--Dr. T. D. Whittaker. (See Gent. Mag)

Art p 354 Waverley-- Gifford.

Vol. III.

Art. 1, p 1 Herculanensia- Dr. Young.

Art. 5, p 368 Eau Medicinale-- Dr. Young.

Art. 15, p 462 Memoires d'Arcueil--Dr. Young (See loc. cit.)

Art. 3, p 339 Fatal Revenge-- Sir Walter Scott.

Art. 16, p 481 Aikin on Song Writing-- Sir Walter Scott. (See Misc. Prose Works.)

Art. 15, p 185 Sydney Smith's Sermons-- Croker. (See S. Smith's Works.)

Art. 18, p 218 Lives Of Nelson-- Southey.

Art. 17, p 492 Lady of the Lake-- Geo. Ellis ("I have always considered this article as the best specimen of contemporary criticism on Scott's poetry." Lockhart's Life of Scott, vol. ii, p 296.)

Art. Vol. IV.

Art. 1, p 281 Crabbe's Borough--Gifford.(See Crabbe's Life, by his Son).

Art. 8, p 111 Clarke's Travels--Southey.

Art. 13, p 480 Evangelical Sects--Southey.

Art. 12, p 177 Replies to Calumnies against Oxford--Rev. J. Davison, late fellow of Oriel (See his Works, p 349.)

Art. 13, p 207 Life of Pitt--J. H. Frere(See Edinburgh Rev, vol. lxviii, p 227, and Heber's Life, vol. i, p 363.)

Art. 9, p 403 Sadleir's State Papers--Ed. Lodge(See Gent. Mag. April 1839)

Art. 14, p 514 Miss Milford's Poems--Rev. John Milford (See Quarterly Review, vol. lvii, p 323. This article was erroneously ascribed to Sir Walter Scott in Lockhart's Life of Scott.)

Art. 15, p 518 Bullion Committee--Geo. Ellis and Canning.(See Life of Scott, 2nd Edition, vol. iii, p 366).

Vol. V.

Art. 2, p 40 Curse of Kehama--Scott. (See Scott's Mis. Prose Works, vol. xvii, p 301.)

Art. 9, p 437 Pindar--Bishop Heber (See Heber's Life, vol. 1, p 369.)

Art. 8, p 120 Sinclair's Remarks, &c.--Geo. Ellis and Canning. (See Scott's Life, vol. ii, p 379)

Art. 13, p 498 Letters of Mme. du Deffand--J. W. Croker.

Art. 1, p 273 Strabo--Rev. Thos. Falkener, M. D. (See Memoir of Dr. Falkener, Gent. Mag.)

Vol. VI.

Art. 1, p 1 Dugald Stewart--Bowdler.(See Life of Wilberforce, vol. iv, p73.

Art. 4, p 74 Cuthbert on Tides--Dr. Young.(See loc. Cit.)

Art. 9, p 124 Hardy's Life of Ld. Charlemont--Earl of Dudley. (See Letters to Bishop of Llandaff, and Quarterly Rev. No. 114, p 323.)

Art 4, p 405 Montgomery's Poems--Southey.

Art. 9, p 462 Ford's Dramatic Works--Gifford.

Art. 10, p 166 Edgeworth's Essays--Rev. J. Davison. (See his Works, p 409)

Art. 5, p 419 National Education--Canning. (See Life Of Canning, in Fisher's Gallery of Portraits.)

Art. 11, p 518 C. J. Fox--J. H. Frere.

Vol. VII.

Art. 9, p 159 Criminal Law--Rev. J. Davison. (See Works, p 459)

Art. 10, p 180 Childe Harold--George Ellis.

Art. 12, p 382 Warburton--Dr. T. D. Whittaker.

Art. 2, p 265 Roscoe on Reform--Earl of Dudley.

Art. 7, p 313, Horne Tooke--Earl of Dudley. (See Lord Dudley's Letters, and Quarterly Rev. No. 133, p 97, ff.)

Art. 8, p 329 Tales of a Fashionable Life--Gifford. (See Crabbe's Works, vol. iv, p 79.)

Art. 16, p 441 Markland's Euripides--Peter Elmsley. (See Penny Cyclop. vol. ix, p 368.)

Art. 11, p 200 Lay Baptism--Bishop Heber.

Vol. VIII.

Art. 1, p 1 National Education-- Canning. (See Fisher's Gallery, above.)

Art. 4, p 65 Davy's Chemical Philosophy--Dr/ Thos. Young.

Art. p 86 Count Julian--Southey.

Art. 3, p 302 Gustavus IV,-Bishop Heber (See his Life, vol.i, p 339.)

Art. 4, p 319 Poor Laws--Southey. (Republished in his Essays.)

Art. 6, p 374 Lichtenstein's Travels--Sir John Barrow. (See his article "Africa", Encyclopedia Britannica, 7th Edition.)

Vol. IX.

Art. 11, p 207 Rogers's Poems--Earl of Dudley.

Art. 3, p 313 Wakefield and Fox--Earl of Dudley. (See his Letters and Quar. Rev. No. 133, p 96.)

Art. 6, p 89 Baron de Grimm--Merivale. (See Moore's Byron, vol. iii, p 9)

Art. 8, p 125 Artificial Memory--R. J. Wilmot. (See his Life, vol. 1, p391

Art. 10, p 162 Clarkes Travels--Bishop Heber. (See Byrons Works, vol. xvi, p 48.)

Art. 1, p 265 British Fisheries--Sir John Barrow. (See Enc. Brit. 7th edition, vol. ix, p 590 ff.)

Art. 13, p 466 Blackall on Dropsies-- Dr. Young.

Art. 15, p 480 Bridal of Triermain--Mr. George Ellis. (See Lockhart's Life of Scott, 2nd edit., vol. iv, p 60.)

VOL.X.

Art. 4, p 57 Grimm's Correspondence-- Merivale.(See Byron's Works, Loc)

Art. 5, p 409 Lives of Bossuet and Fenelon--Southey.

Art. 5, p 90 History of Dissenters--Southey.

Art. 3, p 331 Byron's Giaour--Mr. George Ellis. (See Byron's Works, vol. ix, p 158.)

Art. 10, p 353 De l'Allemagne--Bishop Heber. (See Life, vol.i, p 482.)

Art. 12, p 250 Adelung's History of Languages--Dr. Young.

Art. 6,p 427 Goethe on Colors--Dr. Young.

Art. 1, p 301, Patronage--Earl of Dudley.(See Quar. Rev. No. 133, p 90)

Vol. XI.

Art. 3, p 42 On Light--Dr/ Young.

Art. 14, p 203 Bancroft on Colours--Dr. Young.

Art. 4, p 313 Davy's Agricultural Chemistry--Dr. Young.

Art. 16, p 347 Adams on the Eye--Dr. Young.

Art. 6, p 78 Montgomery's Poems--Southey.

Art. 11, p 428 The Corsair, &c.,--George Ellis. (See Byron's Works, vol. ix, p 311, and vol. x, p 45.)

Art. 7, p 354 Waverley--Gifford. (See Scott's Life, vol.v, p 150.)

Art. 9, p 399 Grimm's Correspondence--Merivale.

Vol. XII.

Art. 1, p 1 Flinder's Voyage--Sir John Barrow.

Art. 4, p 90 Wells on Dew--Dr. Young.

Art. 7, p 146 The Poor--Southey.

Art. 10, p 509 Robert's Letters--Southey. (See Crabbe's Works, vol.v,p39)

Art. 5, p 100 Wordsworth's Excursion--Lamb. ("But so mercilessly mangled by Mr. Gifford the editor, that I am entreated Wordsworth not to read it." See Letters of Charles Lamb, page 323.)

Art. 11, p 239 Buonaparte--Croker.

Art. 3, p 369 Gibbon--Dr. Whittaker. (See Life of Gibbon by Milman, Introduction, page 5.)

Art. 9, p 501 Guy Mannering--Gifford.

Vol. XIII.

Art. 11, p 193 Wraxall's Memoirs--J. W. Croker.

Art. 3, p 340 Marsh's Horae Pelasgicae-Ugo Foscolo.

Art. 12, p 215 Life of Wellington--Southey.

Art. 9, p 448 Life of Wellington--Southey.

Vol. XIV.

Art. 1, p 285 Culloden Papers--Sir Walter Scott.

Art. 9, p 188 Emma--Sir Walter Scott.(See Life of Scott, vol. vii, p 4, and Misc. Prose Works, vol. xx, p 1.)

Art. 6, p 120 Mendicity--Southey. (Republished.)

Art. 4, p 96. Hermes Scythicus--Dr. Young.

Art. 3, p 53 Buonaparte--J. W. Croker.

Art. 10, p 513 The Elgin Marbles--Croker.

Art. 3, p 368 Humboldt's Travels--Sir John Barrow. (See Byron's Works, vol. xvi, p 53.)

Art. 10, p 201 Wordsworth's White Doe--Gifford.

Vol. XV.

Art. 8, p 187 The Poor--Southey.

Art. 12, p 537 Works on England--Southey. (Both republished.)

Art. 9, p 236 Malcolm's Persia--Bishop Heber. (Life, by Mrs. Heber.)

Art. 5, p 307 Insanity and Madhouses--Dr. Uwins.

Art. 10, p 476 Baptismal Regeneration--Rev. John Davison.(See Works, p 337

Art. 5, p 125 The Antiquary--Gifford.

Vol. XVI.

Art. 8, p 129 Northwest Passage--Sir John Barrow. (See his "Polar Regions")

Art. 9, p 172 Childe Harold--Sir Walter Scott.

Art. 8, p 430 Tales of my Landlord--Sir Walter Scott. (See his Life, and Miscellaneous Prose Works, vol. xix, p 1; he there explains the reason why he reviewed his own work.)

Art. 11, p 225 Parliamentary Reform--Southey.

Art. 10, p 511 Popular Disaffection--Southey.

Art. 10, p 208 Buonaparte--J.W.Croker.

Art. 9, p 480 Buonaparte--J.W.Croker.(From report.)

Vol. XVII.

Art. 7, p 160 Clarke's Travels--Southey.

Art. 11, p 260 France, by Lady Morgan--Croker.

Art. 9, p 506 Answer to Mr. Warden--Croker.

Art. 9, p 229 Peron. Voyages de Découvertes--Barrow.

Vol. XVIII.

Art. 1, p 1 Lope de Vega--Southey. (See Crabbe's Works, vol. ii, p 5)

Art. 1, p 261 Poor Laws--Southey.

Art. 4, p 99 History of Brazil--Heber.(See his Life, vol. i, p 482).

Art. 7, p 423 Military Bridges--Scott.(See Scott's Life, vol. iv, p 121.)

Art. 13, p 502 Kirkton's History of the Church of Scotland--Scott. (See Misc. Prose Works, vol. xix, p 213.)

Art. 6, p 135 De Humboldt's Travels--Sir John Barrow.

Art. 11, p 199 Northern Passages-Barrow. (See Blackwoods Mag. vol. v, p152)

Art. 8, p 431 Burney: Behring Strait--Barrow.

Art. 4, p 335 Congo Expedition--(This article was compiled from documents sent over by a man named Salt. See Life of Salt, vol.i,p492)

Art. 12, p 223 Panorama d'Angleterre--Croker.

Art. 13, p 229 Life of Watson--Dr. T. D. Whittaker (See Tate's Magazine, No. 10, p 688.)

Vol. XIX.

Art. 1, p 1 Evelyn's Memoirs--Southey. (See Home's Lives of Eminent Christians.)

Art. 3, p 79 Means of Improving the People--Southey. (Republished.)

Art. 5, p 131 Russia--Bishop Heber. (See Life, vol. i, p 486.)

Art. 9, p 215 Childe Harold--Sir Walter Scott. (See Prose Works, vol.xvii page 337.)

Art. 14, p 492 Education Committee--Dr. Monk, Bishop of Gloucester.

Art. 4, p 188 Horace Walpole--Croker.

Art. 5, p 357 Small Pox and Vaccination--Dr. Uwins.

Art. 6, p 178 Light's Travels in Egypt; and

Art. 8, p 391 Antiquities of Egypt. (Two articles compiled from articles sent over by Salt. See Life of Salt, vol. i, p 492.)

Art. 12, p 250 Bellamy's Translation of the Bible; and

Art. 11, p 446 Bellamy's Reply--Mr. Goodhugh, author of Motives to the Study of Biblical Literature.

Vol. XX.

Index to vols. 1-19, of the Quarterly Review.

Vol. XXI.

Art. 10, p 196 Copyright--Southey.

Art. 2, p 321 Cemeteries of Paris--Southey. (See Byron's Works, vol. xv, p 59.)

Art. 11, p 273 North West Passage--Sir John Barrow.

Art. 2, p 321 De Humboldt's Travels--Barrow.

Art. 9, p 486 Whistlecraft's King Arthur, and Romantic Poems of the Italians--Ugo Foscolo.(See Byron's Works, vol. xi, p 104. This poem of "Whistlecraft" was written by J. Hookham Frere.)

Vol. XXII.

Art. 3, p 59 British Monachism--Southey. (See Heber's Life, vol.i, p 303)

Art. 10, p 492 State of Public Affairs--Southey.

Art. 2, p 302 H. Stephen's Thesaurus--Dr. Bloomfield, Bishop of London. (See Hallam's Literature of Europe, Vol i, p 260.)

Art. 9, p 163 State of Female Society in Greece--Sir D. K. Sandford.

Art. 10, p 203 Cape of Good Hope--Sir John Barrow.

Art. 6, p 415 Passage of Himalaya Mountains--Sir J. Barrow.

Art. 2, p 34 Dupin--Barrow.

Art. 8, p 437 Burckhart's Travels--Barrow.

Vol. XXIII.

Art. 1, p 1 Life of Marlborough--Southey.

Art. 12, p 549 New Churches--Southey.

Art. 10, p 198 Milman's Fall of Jerusalem--Bishop Heber. (See his Life, vol. ii, page 5.)

Art. 1, p 207 Translation of the Bible--Goodhugh (See Quar. Rev. vol.xix, page 250.)

Art. 5, p 400 Spence's Anecdotes--Croker.

Art. 8, p 166 Clare's Poems--Southey.

Art. 11, p 225 Course of the Niger--Sir J. Barrow.

Vol. XXIV.

Art. 1, p 1 Southey's Life of Wesley--Bishop Heber.(Life, Vol.ii, p 5.)

Art. 6, p 139 Belzoni--Compiled from documents sent by Salt. (See his Life, vol. i, p 492.)

Art. 7, p 169 Insanity--Dr. Uwins.

Art. 9, p 462 Huntingdon's Life and Works--Southey. (See Crabbe's Works, vol. iii, p 68.)

Art. 5, p 352 Modern Novels--Dr. Whateley, Archbishop of Dublin. (See Lockhart's Life of Scott, vol. vii, page 4.)

Art. 10, p 511 Anastasius--Gifford. (See Athenaeum,No. 318, p. 810.)

Vol. XXV.

Art. 1, p 1, Spanish Drama--Southey.

Art. 1, p 279 Cromwell--Southey.

Art. 2, p 25 Lyon's Northern Africa--Sir J. Barrow.

Art. 9, p 175 Parry's Voyage--Barrow.

Art. 4, p 392 Lord Waldegrave--J. W. Croker.

Art. 12, p 534 Miss Berry's England and France--Croker.

Art. 2, p 347 Apocryphal New Testament--Rev. Hugh J. Rose. (See Brit. Magazine, vol. xv, p 332.)

Vol. XXVI.

Art. 6, p 109 Rob Roy, etc.--Senior.

Art. 12, p 454 The Pirate--Senior. (See Lockhart's Life of Scott, vol. v, p 150.)

Art. 5, p 374 Buckingham's Travels--Wm. J. Bankes. (See Buckingham's letter on his America. Buckingham brought suit against Murray, the editor, for this article.)

Art. 3, p 341 Kotzbue's Voyage of Discovery--Sir J. Barrow.

Art. 13, p 474 Stewart's Dissertation--Dr. Sayers (See Taylor's Life and Correspondence with Southey.)

Vol. XXVII.

Art. 1, p 1 Camoens--Southey (See Lardner's Cyclopedia, vol. xcvi, p 333)

Art. 6, p 123 Walcot vs Walker-- Southey.

Art. 2, p 39 Aeolic Digamma--Ugo Foscolo (See Penny Cyclop. vol xiii, p248)

Art. 9, p 178 Walpole's Memoirs--J. W. Croker.

Art. 11, p 239 Currency--Dr. Copleston, Bishop of Llandaff (See his correspondence with the Earl of Dudley.)

Art. 11, p 524 Contagion--Dr/ Gooch (See Family Library, voL. xiv, p 334)

Art. 10, p 476 Byron's Dramas--Bishop Heber. (See Life, vol. ii, p 64.)

Art. 1, p 273 Early History of Rome--Dr. Arnold.(See his Life, in Biog. Dictionary of the Society of Useful Knowlegge.)

Vol. XXVIII.

Art. 1, p 1 Religious Sects--Southey.

Art. 12, p 493 Progress of Infidelity--Southey. (Republished.)

Art. 1, p 271 Lacretelle--J. W. Croker.

Art. 13, p 219 O'Meara--Croker.

Art. 9, p 449 Mme. Campan--Croker.

Art. 10, p 464 Memoirs of France--Croker.

Art. 3, p 59 Egypt--Sir John Barrow.

Art. 6, p 372 Franklin's Journey--Barrow.

Vol. XXIX.

Art. 1, p 1 Mississippi--Sir J. Barrow.

Art. 9, p 508 Bornou--Barrow.

Art. 9, p 241 Spain--Southey.

Art. 10, p 524 Ecclesiatical Revenues--Southey.

Art. 4, p 378 J. Russell's Don Carlos--Croker.

Vol. XXX.

Art. 4, p 79 Belsham's History--Goodhugh.

Art. 8, p 185 Cowper's Letters--Private Correspondence--Bishop Heber. (See Correspondence with Bishop Jebb, vol.ii, p 511.)

Art. 12, p 542 Lady Suffolk's Correspondence--Sir Walter Scott (See his Miscellaneous Prose Works, vol. xix, p 185.)

Art. 10, p 216 Dry Rot--Sir John Barrow.

Art. 11, p 231 Parry's Voyage--Barrow.

Vol. XXXI.

Art. 14, p 229 New Churches--Southey.

Art. 1, p 263 Hayley's Life and Writings--Southey. ("My paper upon Hayley was so offensive to Gifford that after it was printed he withheld it from two successive numbers, and if he had not then ceased to be editor and had persisted in withholding it, I might probably have withdrawn from the Review.")(SeeSouthey's Letter in Sir Egerton Brydges's Autobiography).

Art. 2, p 26 Lives of Newton and Scott--Bishop Heber.(See Correspondence with Bishop Jebb, vol. ii, p 511.)

Art. 9, p 445 Interior of Africa--Sir J. Barrow (See Blackwood's Magazine, vol. xvii, p 478.)

Vol. XXXII.

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APPENDIX TWO.

A partial list of contributors to the Edinburgh Review from its beginning in 1802 until the year 1810. This list is very incomplete and brief, but I trust it may be improved shortly. I add it to the foregoing pages in the hope that short as it is it may give a ray of information to someone perhaps who may find just what he wants in its columns. My apology is that it is being worked on and will ultimately be completed, as far as available sources of information will permit.

W. H. R.

Edinburgh Review.

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Art. 4, p 330 Wittman's Travels--S. Smith (See Works, vol. iv, p 347).

Art. 10, p 398 Edgeworth--S. Smith (See Works, vol. i, p 65).

Art. 11, p 402 King--Horner (See Life, vol. i, p 222).

Art. 18, p 476 Peltier--Horner (See Life, vol. i, p 222).

Art. 21, p 507 Lady Montagu--Jeffrey (See Essays, vol. iv, p 414).

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Art. 16, p 198 Sibbald--Scott (See Life, (Lockhart) vol. i, 2nd edit. p 135).

Art. 17, p 211 Louis XVI--Horner (See Life, vol. i, p. 228).

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