



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

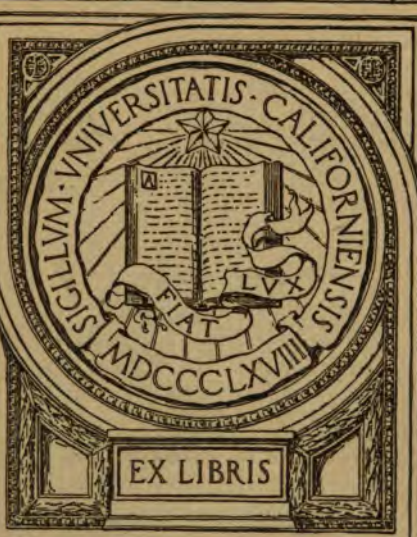
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

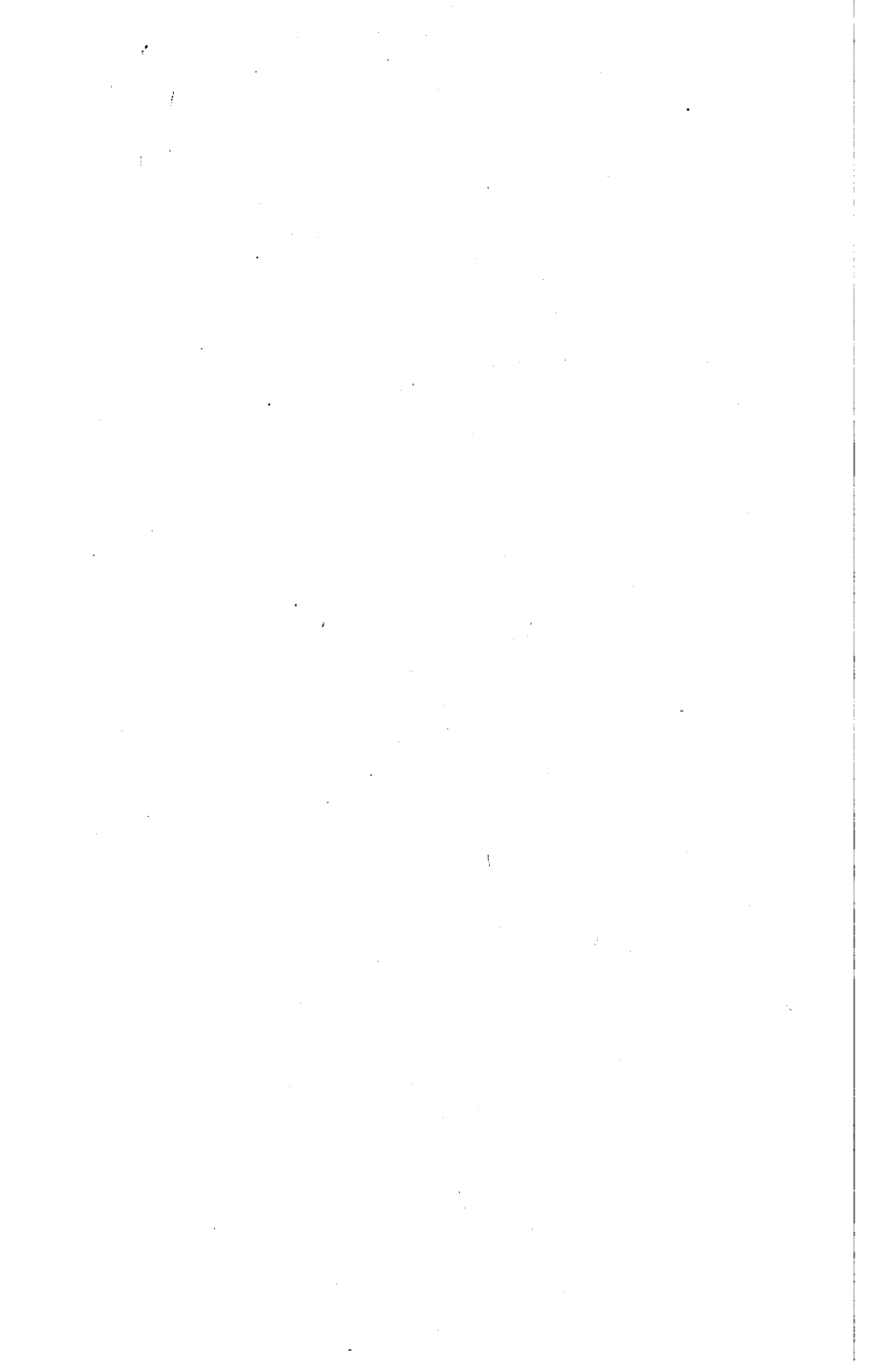


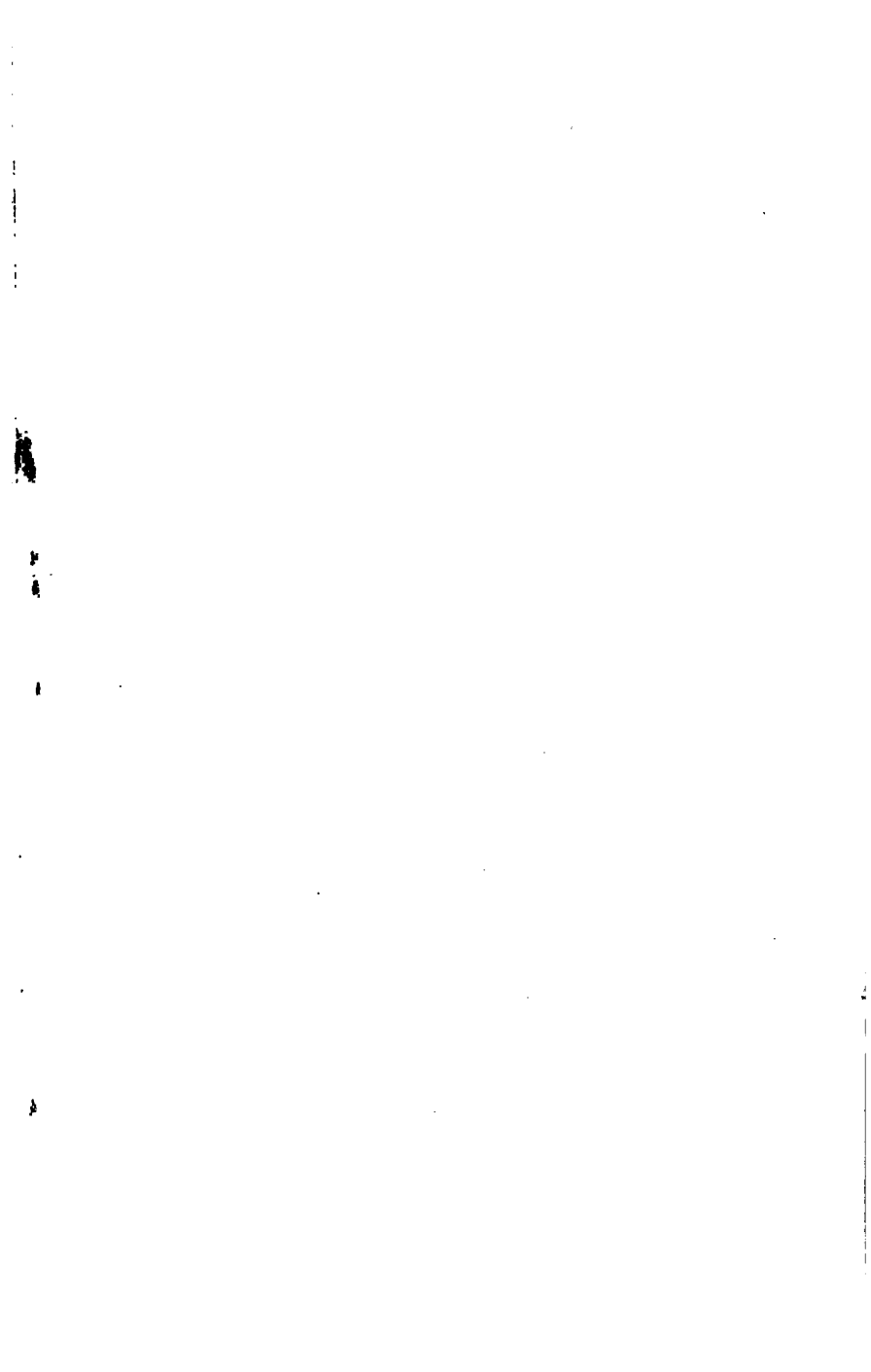


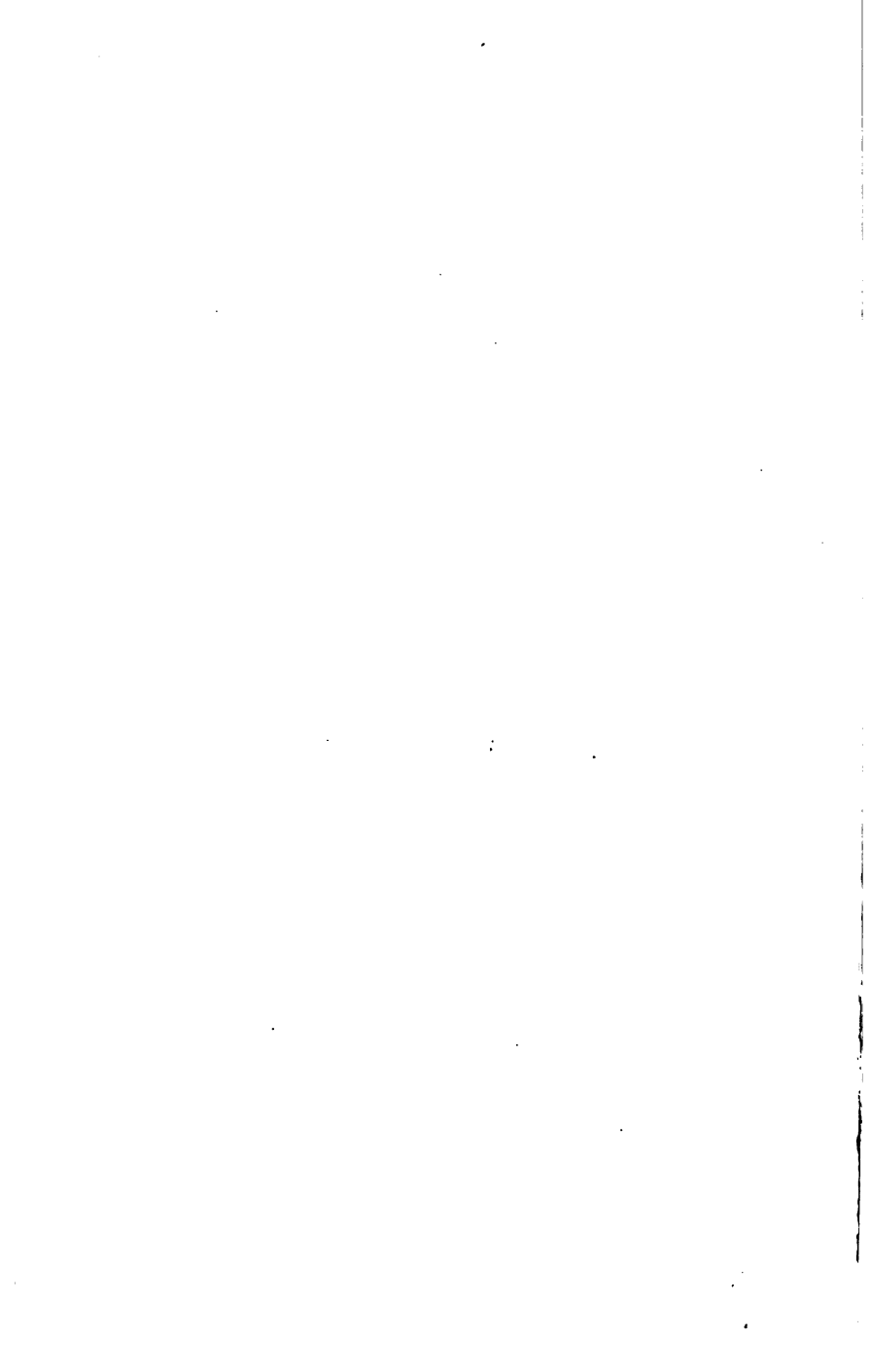
EX LIBRIS

810
M355
M86
v. 2









CLEMENT MAROT

AND OTHER STUDIES

BY HENRY MORLEY

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. II.

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

1871.

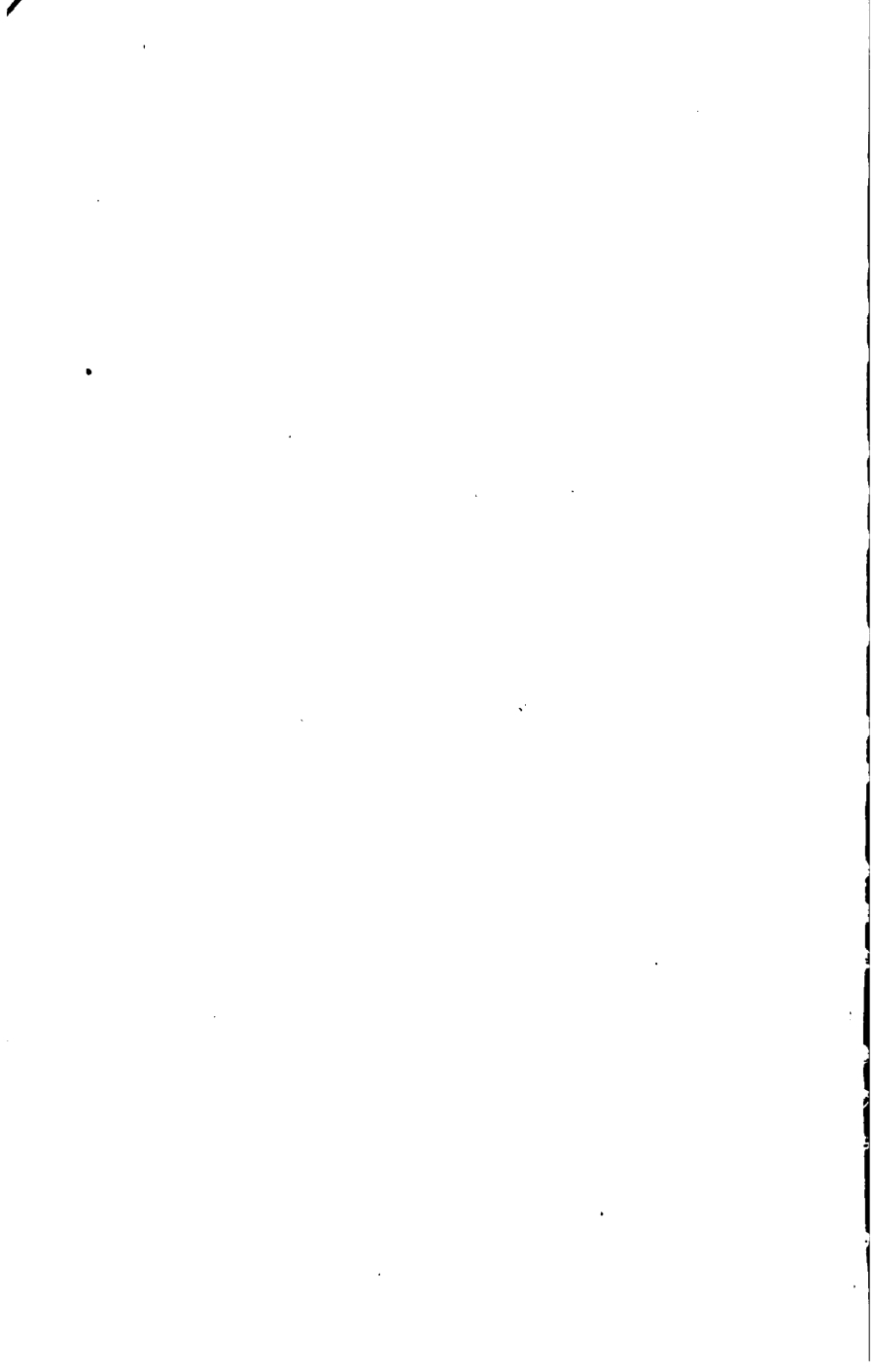
89

TO THE
MAGAZINE

810
M355
M86
V.2

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET,
AND CHARING CROSS.

605449



CLEMENT MAROT.

CHAPTER X.

IN EXILE AT FERRARA.

CLEMENT MAROT was about forty years old when, stripped of his means of life and condemned to the stake, he took refuge with the surviving daughter of his father's patroness, the good Queen Anne of Brittany. At Duchess Renée's court, and nearest to her in confidence, was her instructress and friend, Madame de Soubise, the same friend of the Marots who had first procured for Jean his place at court. She it was who now commended Clement to Anne's daughter. Renée knew him well by repute. When, as a girl, her mind throve under the friendly influence of Marguerite of Alençon, she had known the poet Marot as an honoured servant of that household, and she knew that he was a boy about her mother's court when she was herself a child there. But she had not known him personally.¹

¹ " *Tu sçais mon nom, sans sçavoir ma personne,
Et que jadis fut serviteur mon père
Dè ta mère Anne, en son règne prospère.*
Epître de C. M. à Madame la Duchesse de Ferrare."

Other men of mark sought refuge at the little court of Ferrara, for a time even Calvin; but few could have been more welcome to Renée than Clement Marot, who had now won the first name among the living poets of her country.

Anxiety and sickness had set their mark upon his face, but the good heart, still young, uttered its music gracefully as ever. Marot was a short man, rather squarely built. His curling black hair, not worn long, was already very grey, and his beard, not worn short, was a couple of years later quite grey. Lines of care and sickness were set in his high, broad forehead. His moustache flowed into his whiskers and beard, his complexion was dark, his nose short and broad, his whole expression grave and kindly. Socrates might have had some such face in middle life. The black eyes that sparkle at a jest, the prompt smile, the swift mobility of feature, must have been part of the charm in the man himself; but in the woodcut effigies we see a face cheerfully but intensely thoughtful.

From his exile in Ferrara Clement Marot addressed a letter in verse to King Francis.¹ The king, he said, might think that his absence confessed guilt. Not so; but he knew how many corrupt judges in Paris saved the guilty, and dealt cruelly with the innocent. He was content, therefore, not to fall into their hands. True, all were not unjust, but too many were; and many of them had been made enemies by his writing *L'Enfer*, and because he had read it before his Majesty.

¹ *Sur l'exil de Marot, au Roy, du temps de son exil à Ferrare."*

In many ways they had made known their grudge. One day they even came to him when he was ill and took him prisoner, arresting one under arrest already and in danger of death. They would have taken him from his bed to prison if the king, unsolicited, had not then interfered on his behalf, for which goodness Marot gives lasting thanks.

“The unjust magistrates do not wish me,” he says, “more ill than the Sorbonne, ignorant enemy of the noble trilingual college [Royal College of France] which you have established. It is forbidden to quote Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, because they are the speech of heretics. Truly is it said, only the ignorant hate knowledge. And in their hearts it will be found, O king! that they complain also of you who give light by your care for arts and letters.

“They and their court have threatened to my face,
And in my absence, danger and disgrace;
Their mildest threat, to give me my release
By execution. O that God might please,
For blessing of a land made desolate,
That on my blood their longing they might sate,
And the abuses wherein they are hemmed,
Clearly by all be witnessed and condemned.
O, four times, five times, happy were to me
Death, though it came with sharpest cruelty,
Could it come to me as the death that saves
A living million from being slaves.”

“It is evident, then, that they have an old tooth watering for me, and, as they could not convict me of any crime, knew how to give you a bad impression of your servant, so that afterwards they might fulfil their

malice at their ease. And to this end they have not been ashamed to send you many a tale and false rumour against me, of which they are the first inventors. I say No to them :

“ Luther did not come down from heaven for me ;
 Luther was not nailed to the cross to be
 My Saviour, for my sins to suffer shame,
 And I was not baptized in Luther's name.
 The Name I was baptized in sounds so sweet,
 That at the sound of it, what we entreat
 The Eternal Father gives. This is alone
 The Name in and by which, under God's throne,
 The wicked world is saved. So great its worth,
 That it bows every knee, of things on earth,
 In heaven, or hell. The Name by which the hand
 Of God has saved me from the wolfish band.
 O Lord, my God, this faith in me forgive,
 That for thy glory thou hast let me live.
 (The twisted serpents and the shapes men scorn,
 Surely are also for thy glory born.)
 Then, since it hath not pleased thee to allow
 That my vile flesh pass into ashes now,
 Make me to seek, while yet I write for men,
 Thine honour in the service of my pen.
 And if predestined this my body be,
 One day in flames to die by Thy decree,
 Not for a foolish cause be this, O Lord
 My God, but for Thyself and for Thy Word.
 And may the torture, Father, I entreat,
 Not wring my soul with anguish so complete,
 That from its memory the pain should thrust
 Thee in whom only lieth all its trust ;
 So that I may, when the long rest draws nigh,
 Call upon Thee with the last breath I sigh.”

“ What do I say? Where am I? Noble king,
 pardon me, for my mind was wandering. To come
 back, then, to what I talked about. Rhadamanthus

and his men, while I was at Blois, seized in Paris, with violent hands, all my great treasures, the hoards of my avarice, that is to say, my papers, my books, and my labours. O sacrilegious judge! who privileged you to carry seizure and massacre into the chamber of the sacred Muses? It is very true that they found there forbidden books; but that is not an offence in a poet, who should be allowed a loose rein and have nothing hidden from him, whether it be magic, necromantic, or cabalistical. There is no doctrine, oral or written, which can be wrong for a true poet to have in his head that he may do his duty as a writer :

“ Often it profits us to know what’s ill ;
 Use of it we can turn from if we will.
 But if I read all books, where’s the offence ?
 The Giver of all good has given sense
 To choose what differs not from Holy Writ,
 And has the grace and peace of God in it.
 And that which differs, when it has been tried
 By the right touchstone, can be thrown aside.
 For Scripture is the test whereby we find
 The finest gold ; and if we have a mind
 To make the worth of any gold appear,
 That stone will prove it when we place it near.

“ The judge,” Marot continues, “ showed his feeling against me when, among the first, he attacked me who was absent ; when vile and scandalous things were done to procure my grief and hurt and death. Knowing this, I trusted so much in your goodness, that I left Blois, sire ; to present myself to you. But some one came, and said to me, ‘ If you go, friend, you are not wise ; for you might have a severe greeting from your master.’ Then,

like the boat that to avoid a rock steers suddenly into the open sea, I fled the court, fearing to meet the danger of severity where I have before found only kindness and protection. For I knew that the averted eye of a prince is the most terrible thing upon earth.

“Then I went, avoiding this peril, not to a foreign land or prince, but to serve in my turn my second master and his spouse, your sister, to whom I was happily given by your hand sixteen years ago.

“Then soon afterwards, royal crowned chief, knowing that several, whose lives have been better than mine, were burnt so cruelly that great part of the nation marvelled, I abandoned, guilty of no crime, ungrateful France—ungrateful, most ungrateful to her poet; and in leaving her my heart was not much wounded with sorrow. You speak not true, Marot,” he then adds suddenly; “you felt great sorrow when you thought upon your little children!

“And so,” he goes on, “at last I passed the great cold mountains and entered the Lombard plains. Then in Italy I turned my steps whither God guided, to the dwelling of a princess generous with your pure blood, your fair sister and cousin-german, daughter of the king, so much feared and renowned, whom the chronicles call Father of the People. Having come into her duchy of Ferrara, she has graciously received and entertained me, because my writing pleases her and also because I have been of your household. Therefore, O sire! since I am with her, you may conclude with a free heart that your servant cannot be justly reproached with having

abandoned you. If I lose your service, it is my misfortune, not my fault."

The generous tone of this letter needs no comment. There is not a trace of shrinking from the poet's sense of right. He speaks his inmost heart when he says that he seeks to be saved only by the name of Christ, and even follows Luther's own teaching when he says that he is not Lutheran but Christian; that the Bible is his only rule of right. How little he flinches from his principle is evident from his reference to the cruel executions at which Francis had assisted on the 21st of January—executions of men to whose pure lives, which he calls better than his own, Marot gives fearless praise in the face of the king who burnt them.

To the same time belongs another poem of Marot's, called the *Complaint of a Christian Shepherd Boy*,¹ which is a rustic eclogue, through which the poet, as a shepherd boy, breathes out his thoughts to God under the name of Pan, the god of shepherds. Pan takes the same place in the allegory of several parts of Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, and some lines of invocation in this piece of Marot's seem to be paraphrased by Spenser in his December eclogue. But these stanzas of Spenser beginning:

"O sovereign Pan! thou God of Shepherds all,
Which of our tender lambkins takest keep;
And when our flocks into mischance mought fall,
Dost save from mischief the unwary sheep—"

¹ *La Complainte d'un Pastoreau Chrestien. Faite en forme d'Eglogue Rustique, dressant sa plainte à Dieu, sous la personne de Pan, Dieu des Bergiers.*

are, in fact, Spenser's version of the opening of another of Marot's *Sad Shepherd* Eclogues, which belongs to the same period, and has an introductory invocation very similar to that of the *Complaint of a Christian Shepherd Boy*. Spenser's whole December Eclogue is, we shall find, only a paraphrase from another poem by Clement Marot, which has some family likeness to that now to be described.

Marot sings that he heard lately a sad and lonely shepherd boy complaining in the woods. Then, drawing near to where he lay upon the flowers, he heard his lament, addressing Pan, who is in all places known as the great god of the shepherds. And he said:

“O mighty Pan! whom every shepherd holds for his great god, who only preservest everywhere our cots and our enclosures, and keepest our sheep when they are in their folds from perishing, thou whose eye looketh down upon all parts of earth, turn thy regard a little to this part, and towards thy humble shepherd boy show favour and the brightness of thy countenance. For I am so sad, O Pan!

“I am so sad that I am spiritless, if the benign grace of thy clemency be not vouchsafed me soon. Alas! O Pan, I must lament, in fields and woods lament, to see how shepherds from all parts are driven and scattered by false pastors; they fly pain brought near to them, are pilgrims to far lands, where the remembrance of their little homes deprives them of all joy but in thy name, the only name of thee their comforter.

“But, though it is a blessing and delight to rest the whole desire on thee alone, yet is it, Pan, grievous that shepherd boys fly thus into strange lands, and leave their cots, where in sweet songs they used to praise thy name, thine excellence, as they best could, and now they wander idly mourning through the plains.

“One sighs for the fat oxen left behind and for the well-fed sheep upon his fields; another mourns his cottage; half their grief should make men pity them. And I, O Pan! I know not whether grief for my hard lot or hope is saddest. Pleasure is a pain as keen as thought of ill; and should be so, when by this cruel storm I see the labour from thy vineyard lost; and that not our whole grief, for, what is worse, it has destroyed the seed.

“How long, O sublime Pan! permittest thou the sordid race, these evil and forsworn false shepherds, to rule flocks within thy fields? How long, O Pan, great and all-merciful! permittest thou this people to oppress us, and drive out them who seek thy praise and glory!

“I have seen the time, O Pan, when I was used to walk the woods and praise thy mighty name. I have seen the time when joyously my muse attuned the soft pipes to thy law and love. But now I am filled with numberless regrets; my crook is left, my reeds are laid aside:

“But the worst pain that my grief dwells upon,
Is sharpness of regret for Marion—
She is, O Pan, thy humble shepherdess—
And for the shepherd-babe in her caress.

O, Pan, great God, it fills my heart to think
 How, when we two would sit to meat and drink,
 Or when the night her mantle overhead
 Across the fair light-giving Phœbus spread,
 I taught her and her household gathered near,
 Saying to them, "O my companions dear,
 Let us praise Pan who reigns by power divine,
 Through all the fields within the world's confine ;
 From whom, by his high grace alone we hold,
 The blessing that sheep thrive within our fold ;
 Who watches to defend us from each snare,
 That in our cots we may live free from care."

Then, too, with Marion, I'd wish ; and say,
 Might it please Pan, this six-months'-boy, some day—
 This shepherd-babe that feeds upon your breast—
 Should live to sound his flute among the best.
 Ah, to work with him I'd have such good will,
 That he should tune his reeds with proper skill,
 Or play his hautboy, or what else he can,
 In canticles of praise to the great Pan.
 And that, O Pan, was all my heart's desire
 When home and leisure taught me to aspire,
 And that the frolic which amused me best
 In those days when with her I was at rest
 Within the walls lent me, O Pan, by thee,
 Winter and summer-time our home to be.

But steady now no more does Fortune keep,
 For now I have left Marion to weep
 Within her home, where the poor shepherd lass
 In weary plaint, I know, her days must pass,
 Straying among the fields, of ease bereft ;
 Cattle, and sheep, and the small lambs I've left,
 And besides that there wander idle now
 Twelve oxen wherewith I was used to plough."¹

¹ Work done in accordance with the teaching of the Apostles. To represent the Evangelists as four oxen at the plough was a familiar mediæval allegory.

“But of these griefs,” Marot proceeds, “thy shepherd boy knows none more cruel than the piteous massacre made by false pastors in thy holy fane; to see the inhuman deeds daily done there without regard to thee, O Pan! who still beholdest all men, and art looking down always from thy high dwelling-place.

“Alas! how often have my own two eyes seen the seditious doings of these pastors! Alas! how often, under saintly cloak, have they hurt wrongfully the tender lambs! O, and how often from my little home have I seen their accursed cruelty; how often, by ways feigning to be just, have seen the pillage of the flock whereof, O Pan, they profess care that renders them more able to deceive: foxes, disguised, who eat the tenderest among the sheep; wolves, who turn flocks out of the safer way into the desert; thieves, who enter in but by the window and work damnably by wicked practices upon the flocks. A whole day were too little to recount but a small part of what these eyes have seen. But, O true Pan, my only lord and god! my soul compels my voice to utterance. Have not I seen these pastors’ perverse ways and diverse trafficking? Have not I seen their malign look and damnable intrigue? Have not I seen, at rest in the green shade, how perilous their babblings that betray, great grief to me, the flocks in open day? More often than I wished, too, have I seen how thy pure temple has been made unclean.

“Then to myself I whispered, My great god Pan sees this all, beholding from on high what is done in his temple by these men; some time he will remember

their misdeeds and put out his strong arm. But still I grieve, seeing—and thou, sure witness, seest all—the flocks no better cared for, daily worse, and thee conspired against.

“For wholesome food they give a windy pasture to the flocks, and straw for grain, so that the healthy sheep, born to be fat and cheerful, pine away. Alas! what shepherd could contain himself, seeing such ills? Faithless he, sure, would be if he made no complaint. Pastors I see in deepest grief. Their hearts melt into sighs. I hear the bitter plaint of my companions; see the shepherd boys chased from their cots and folds. And is it not, O Pan, fierce fury that forbids our songs of thee and of thy holy name to rise from all our fields and celebrate thy praise,—thy praise forbidden in the fields or fanes? Alas! these pastors by their laws have made a silence among those who honour thee. Sudden destruction, death, these pastors bring on him who speaks of thee.

“For this cause I hang up my useless reeds, the reeds that once on the least hint were tuned to lively song, poured out with such good heart that at its music all our villagers danced with more glee, more lightly, faster, too, than when the hare leaps from its form for play among the heather. They were prompt, O Pan, with a good heart and will to worship thee, and join with me to bless thy holy name. But now our hearts and pipes, our flageolets and spinets, are all mute; no shepherd dares to tune upon his harp a song in praise of thee.

“O mighty Pan, from thy high place look down upon our grief. Make haste to succour thy poor straying flock that cries to thee for help incessantly! If by thy singular grace thou listenest to this my humblest orison and prayer, never, O Pan, will I forget thy love and mercy to us, but will publish it to my companions in all places. Then pastors of every nation, in glad throng, will bless the happy tidings of their peace. The shepherdesses, lightly tripping in, will carol praise to thee; great oxen low, sheep bleat content and pleasure, birds of heaven, bright with all plumage, warble thy sweet praise.

“And I, who pray for this, will not be last to praise thee, but will take my reeds again, wherein is such delight for me that loss of melody they make is loss of all the good in life. And is it not right that it be so, since all its harmony is but of thee. My flute now hanging from an oak will then be taken down, and, fingering the stops, I shall pour out a loud note through the woods, at sound whereof the naiads and the nymphs will leave their haunts, and shepherds gather round to hear and share the fulness of my joy. Then will, O Pan, the meanest of its notes rise to thank-offering that praises thee, and my full heart sing praises in thy fane.

“Up now my soul, 'tis time to cease from grief! Tongue end thy sorrowing, for I must seek my rest yonder by that high rock.¹ Besides, I feel the night

¹ “That spiritual Rock that followed them; and that Rock was Christ.” (1 Cor. x. 4.)

fast drawing on. In meadows near, I see the shepherds gathering their flocks, and through the fields there's not a shepherd left but looks for shelter till the night is past. And by the trembling of this oak I know that Pan, my god, has pity upon me; firm joy therefore has passed into my heart, because I know that he has listened to my prayer."

Surely there is true pathos in the poet's simple recollection of his home, the household that was drawn about him once in prayer: of Marion with her infant at the breast, the father's dreaming of the future for his child, and his high hope shared with the mother that whatever its course, through whatever instrument its music was to flow, it was a life to bless by teaching it to worship God.

Clement Marot was received with honour by the Duchess Renée. Le Laboureur says that he was welcomed by her as another Ovid. He paid for his entertainment by use of his art, and at this time set a fashion among French poets for writing *Blasons* and *Contreblasons*, pieces accumulating praise or dispraise. Great admiration for his blason *sur le beau Tetin* led others to write blasons on the hair, the eyes, the eyebrows, ear, neck, forehead, nose, and so forth; and his *Coq à l'Ane* letters, of which the second was written at Ferrara, set many pens at work to raise laughter by gay rambling lines of satire. But nobody else contrived to put like depth of earnestness into the form of idle jest, to say so much with the air of comical disjointed chatter.

The second *Coq à l'Ane* contains an allusion to the capture of Tunis by Charles V. in the middle of the year 1535, but a reference to the protection he receives at Renée's court shows that he was at Ferrara still. It was written, therefore, in the latter part of the year. Its satire chiefly falls on the Sorbonne, the prominent thought being the persecution of the reformers, but there is a passing reference to the king's appetite for war, and lust of conquest :

“ What is gossip's last new strain ?
When will the king give us war again ?
O the pretty bit of land !
I must have it in my hand.
Nevertheless, it is understood,
A gipsy woman wears a hood.”

Ten thousand slaves set free by the capture of Tunis, clothed and returned to their several countries, spread the fame of Charles V. through Europe at a time when Francis had again plunged into war with him for conquest of land in Italy. After all his plotting to secure aid of the pope, a greater King than himself balked his diplomacy. Death claimed Pope Clement VII. As far, therefore, as Rome was concerned, Francis had tied his second son to the pope's niece for nothing. Alexander Farnese succeeded to the Papacy as Paul III. in October, 1534. Again, the triumph of the Sorbonne in Paris, and the cruelties of persecution, alienated from King Francis the Protestant princes of Germany. How could he now play them against Charles, who had conceded at Ratisbon a toleration not to be secured in France? Again, the King of England had thrown off

the pope, and cared no more to meddle with Italian politics. Nevertheless, Francis sent his force against Milan, and seized on the way the Duchy of Savoy, on plea of claims made in the name of his mother, Louise of Savoy, and upon other pleas. Charles found, when he came back from Tunis, his brother-in-law of Savoy asking for help to regain his duchy. It was a help he was not then able to give. But King Death intervened then with another stroke of his diplomacy, and on the 24th of October he summoned away Francis Sforza, Duke of Milan, the man against whom King Francis had said he made war. Sforza was gone. He left no child, and Charles V. took possession of the vacant fief of Milan. Francis put in his claim, with which the emperor then dallied to gain time; and Marot's second *Coq à l'Ane* letter was written after the death of Sforza, during the first month of this dalliance.

Full outbreak of war was deferred until the summer of the next year, 1536. In April, 1536, Charles vehemently denounced at Rome, before the pope, and the French and other ambassadors, the perfidies of his rival, and his incessant stir of strife. "Let us," he said, "spare the blood of our subjects, strip to our shirts, and fight together on some island, bridge, or galley, with Burgundy and Milan for the stakes; and then let us join forces against Turk and heretic. If he will fight he shall fight, and that to the uttermost. He shall fight till one of us is brought to the condition of the poorest gentleman in his dominions." In May, Charles at the head of his own force marched to the attack,

leading ten thousand horse and forty thousand foot. He entered Piedmont, while his sister and his brother were supplied with money for simultaneous attacks on Picardy and on Champagne. To some it seemed that the last days of France were come.

Hercules of Este, Duke of Ferrara, was sorely troubled by the state of politics, while Renée his wife was gathering French scholars and reformers at her court, and helping all poor French who came to her. There is tradition that in one year she relieved ten thousand, and when reasoned with on the expense said, "What would you have? They are my countrymen. Were it not for the stupid Salic law they would be also my subjects." She was good, generous, earnest, but obtrusively French, at a time when French alliances were dangerous for an Italian prince, and when vials of wrath were being filled to pour out over France and her unquiet king. The Duke of Ferrara sought his safety in alliance with the Pope and favour of the Emperor, who looked at him but coldly. There was an unsettled question, too, of homage for the Duchy. The duke's gorge was rising against his wife, against all Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, and especially against French protestants. The days were near when Clement Marot and his fellow exiles would no longer find a quiet place of refuge at Ferrara.

Among Marot's epigrams and letters of compliment, is one to the Duke of Ferrara, several are to the duchess, to Madame de Soubise and to her daughter, Anne, married to Antoine sire de Pons, who was then

acting at the duke's court as first gentleman of the chamber. But the storm without soon rolled into his haven. Rabelais writing in 1536, from Rome to the Bishop of Maillezais, reported in one of his letters, "My Lord Bishop of Limoges, who was the king's ambassador at Ferrara, seeing the duke, without acquainting him with his design, was gone to the emperor, is returned to France. It is feared that Renée will receive no little displeasure by it; the duke having removed Madame de Soubise her governess, and ordered her to be served by Italians, which does not look well."

To Renée this was the beginning of more serious troubles. When the duke drove away from her these cherished companions, no doubt he resented, as both French and protestant, the influence of Madame de Soubise on Renée's mind. Marot paid homage to her at her parting. His friendship, he said, followed her not only because long since she was the first cause of the kind reception which his father had, when he first came to the court of Louis XII., to whose wife Anne she was the friend best beloved; nor only because here at Ferrara she had obtained a like reception for his son; so that her kindness seems to be inclined towards the little family of the Marots; "but because," he said, "by instinct of nature you and yours love literature, knowledge, virtues that look heavenward, liberal arts, and all who exercise them. Adieu, then, noble lady, friendly always to the Muses, by whom the deserted Muses have so often been consoled. Adieu,

the hand that once drew out of Flanders into France the Belgian Jean le Maire, who had a soul like Homer's. Snow and rain vex her not, fair winds play on her path! She has sorrow enough in the parting from her mistress. But since heaven wills that it be so, may good come of it. For seven years here, and in all for thirty years or more, most noble lady, you have served mother and daughter. It is right that you seek home and rest, serving God only for your future years. Honour you take with you; honour follows you, best guerdon of your labours; and we shall soon know from your absence what your presence was to us."

If Marot and his friends were not immediately driven from Ferrara, the duke was against them, and their presence could only increase the troubles of his wife. At the time, therefore, when Charles V. began to pour war into France, the exiled poet bade farewell to Duchess Renée, and wandered away to find some other place of painful rest.

CHAPTER XI.

EXILE AT VENICE—HOME AGAIN.

VENICE, in 1536, maintained, at much cost to herself, an armed neutrality among the contests of the world. King Francis offered for her alliance lands in Italy of which he had not an acre to give, and talked to her of the terrors of the great Turk, Solyman the Magnificent, from whom Venice did not believe she had anything to fear. The power of the Sultan Solyman, his invasion of Hungary, and long war with the Austrians, the recent defeat by Charles of the Turkish Pirate Admiral Barbarossa at Tunis, suggested to the mind of Francis that, as the enemy of Charles, he ought to be the friend of Solyman. At a time, therefore, when repression of the Turks, then at the height of their power, masters of Egypt, Syria, and Palestine, Greece, Albania, Servia, Bosnia, and Macedonia, recent conquerors of a great part of Hungary and of the island of Rhodes, was a part of the religious aspiration of all Christendom, King Francis was about to scandalize his neighbours by entering into friendly treaty with the Turk. He was the first Christian sovereign who joined hands with the unbeliever. But he had not stretched his hand out to Marot.

The poet at this time of his refuge among the neutral citizens of Venice, if not somewhat later, wrote that little pastoral upon the course of his own life¹ which Spenser has paraphrased in the December eclogue of his *Shepherd's Calender*. Spenser has varied Marot's motto at the close by a Latin paraphrase of its meaning: *Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.*

"A shepherd boy named Robin lately went alone among the beeches, shady trees, and there with bold heart, being by himself, he made the woods and the calm air resound as thus he sang: 'O sovereign god Pan who never yet hast been slow to protect our folds and flocks and those in charge of them, and liftest up all gentle shepherd boys who have not meadows, cottages, or herds, thee I beseech if ever in these low ways thou deignest to hear little rustic songs, hearken awhile from thy green cabinet the rural song of little Robinet.'"

So Marot began. Thus begins Spenser :

"The gentle shepherd sat beside a spring
 All in the shadow of a bushy brere,
 That Colin hight, which well could pipe and sing
 For he of Tityrus his songs did lere :
 There as he sat in secret shade alone,
 Thus, gan he make of love his piteous moan.

O sovereign Pan! thou God of shepherds all
 Which of our tender lambkins takest keep,
 And when our flocks into mischance mought fall
 Dost save from mischief the unwary sheep,
 Als of their masters hast no less regard
 Then of the flocks which thou dost watch and ward ;

¹ *Eclogue au Roy, soubz les noms de Pan et Robin.*

I thee beseech (so be thou deign to hear
 Rude ditties tuned to shepherd's oaten reed
 Or if I ever sonnet sang so clear
 As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancy feed)
 Hearken awhile, from thy green cabinet
 The rural song of careful Colinet."

Marot continues :

"In the spring season of my idle youth I was like the swallow who flies, now here, now there; that age led me without fear or care whither the heart said I should go. In the woods, without fear of the wolves, I often went to gather the holly, to make birdlime, to take singing birds all differing in song and plumage; or I used to make traps to take them, and cages to put them in; or swam across the deep rivers, or patched the rags at my knee. Then I learnt to shoot straight and far, for chase of wolves, and to knock nuts down. O how many a time have I climbed the trees to take from her nest the pie or the jay, or to throw down to my companions, who spread their hats, the fruits already ripe and fair to see."

Spenser continues :

"Whilome in youth, when flowered my joyful spring,
 Like swallow swift I wandered here and there;
 For heat of heedless lust me so did sting
 That I of doubled danger had no fear:
 I went the wasteful woods and forests wide,
 Withouten dread of wolves to bene espied.

I wont to range amid the mazy thicket
 And gather nuts to make me Christmas game,
 And joyed oft to chase the trembling pricket
 Or hunt the heartless hare till she were tame.
 What recked I of wintry ages waste?
 Tho deemed I my spring would ever last.

How often have I scaled the craggy oak
 All to dislodge the raven of her nest?
 How have I wearied with many a stroke
 The stately walnut tree, the while the rest
 Under the tree fell all for nuts at strife?
 For ylike to me was liberty and life."

In this paraphrase, as in that of the eclogue on Louise of Savoy, it will be observed that there is something lost by erasure of the local colouring which by its truth gives so great a charm to Marot's verse. In Marot's lament for Louise, stern realities in the condition of France, longing for peace in an afflicted nation, genuine sympathy with mourners, blend with the fresh strain of religion. These disappear, or become simply poetical ornament, in Spenser's lament for Dido. So in this eclogue one feels that Marot is painting with a vigorous simplicity—and in verse hardly less musical than Spenser's—from true recollections and a lively present sense of his own life in the France of the sixteenth century, and that the homely incidents which Spenser passes over, as well as the wilder features that he tames, as when Marot's wolf became Spenser's hare, show in Marot the strength as well as grace of a true artist.

Marot goes on:—"Sometimes I went to the mountains and sometimes to the depths of the valleys to find the homes of the martens, the hedgehogs or white ermines, or went step by step along the thickets searching for the nests of the goldfinches, or of the yellowhammers, the chaffinches, or linnets. Yet already I used to make some notes of rustic song, and under the young elms sounded the reeds when almost a child. I could not

well say or think who taught me to begin so soon; either a nature inclined to the Muses, or my fortune that so marked me for your service; if it was not one of these I may be sure that it was both. Seeing which the good Janot [Jean Marot], my father, would wager with Jaquet his comrade two twin lambs against a fat calf that some day, O sacred Pan, I should make songs in thy praise, songs that is which would please thee. And I remember how often on holidays when we looked from afar on our feeding flocks it was his custom to give me a lesson in the sweet sounding of the flute, or the inditing of some rural song to be sung in the manner of the shepherds. Of evenings, too, when the scattered flocks were folded, the good old man worked for me, and watched late with me by the lamp, as shepherds by the fireside stoop over their magpies or starlings. True it is that this gave trouble to him, but it was so full of pleasure that in doing it he was like the good shepherd who is watering some young plant in his little garden, or bringing to the teat the lamb that he loves best in all his flock. And the great labour he took surely was that, after his example, in a day to come, I might sing thy praise, O Pan, who enlarged his bounds, preserved the verdure of his fields, and kept his flock from frost."

This picture of Clement's early bent towards song, and the tender reference to his father's careful training, is represented by the next stanza of Spenser's eclogue:—

“ And for I was in thilk same looser years,
(Whether the Muse so wrought me from my birth
Or I too much believed my shepherd peers)
Somedele ybent to song and music’s mirth
A good old shepherd, Wrenoch was his name,
Made me by art more cunning in the same.”

There can be little doubt that Marot contrived this poem with a double sense, like that which is frequent in the *Faerie Queene*. Pan is as distinctly God in Marot’s eclogue, as the Fairy Queen is the Glory of God in Spenser’s allegory. But as Queen Elizabeth might find herself, and was referred to purposely sometimes by double senses, in *Gloriana*, so in this poem Marot meant that King Francis should be able to read himself into Pan, the god of shepherds, patron of poets. Francis had been the later source of Jean Marot’s income, Clement was trained to serve him, Francis wrote verse himself, as the next passage indicates. But Marot’s put his soul also into the deeper sense of the allegory. Also there was the word of God uttered in music on the lips of the psalmist and the prophets. And to that Marot was even planning to attune the voices of his countrymen.

Recalling still the time when Jean Marot hung over his son as guide and protector, Clement proceeds thus: “ ‘Pan,’ he would say, ‘is the triumphant God over the pastors. It is he, my child, who first pierced the reeds and took counsel with himself to form them into flutes. Even he also deigns to be careful in use of the art which I will teach you. Learn it, then, that the hills and woods, the rocks and pools, may learn from your

voice to sing after you the high name of this great God who is so often in my mind: for it is he through whom your field, your vine will yield abundance, and who will make you to dwell pleasantly among the sacred rills. There you will have on one side the great enclosure of thick willows where the honey bees go to suck flowers for their pasture, and will often lull you to sleep by their soft humming, even then when you shall feel your rustic flute weary with its much music. Then soon afterwards, from the next thicket, the pie will wake you with its chattering, the dove, too, will awaken you to sing again your best.' Thus, careful for my good, the good Janot spoke to me, and little then I minded. For then I had no care within my heart for cattle or for any pasturage."

For this record of fatherly religious counsel, Spenser substitutes, in two stanzas, the advent of Love to the young Shepherd. Marot continues:

"When the Spring fails us, and the Summer comes, then the herb grows in form and strength. So when I, too, had passed out of my spring, and my days came to their summer, the sense grew, but not the care. Then I employed my mind, and body too, on things most suited to that age, in building cotes of wood that could be carried, in rolling them from place to place, in strewing rushes on their floors; in trimming trellises, bushes, and hedges; in the right interlacing of the hurdles that were to close the sheep folds; or in weaving, to make cheese, baskets of osier with rush fastenings of which I used, for I loved her then, to make presents to

Helen the blonde. I learnt the names of the four parts of the world. I learnt the names of the winds which proceed from them, their qualities, and what weather they bring; of which the birds, those wise diviners of the fields, gave me instruction by their flight and song. I learnt also, when I went to the pastures to avoid dangerous herbage, and to know and cure many ailments which sometimes hurt the creatures in our fields; but above all things, by as much as I loved the white rose more than the hawthorn, I loved best to sound my pipes and make them resound through all bucolic notes and songs; songs of lament and melancholy songs. So that one day the listening oreads, fauns, dryads, sylphs, and satyrs, wept to hear, and the more sovereign gods wept also, and the shepherdess Margot who is of worth so great. No wonder that they wept, for I caused my pipes to sing the death, alas, the death of Loissette, who now takes delight in looking down from heaven upon her flocks here below."

In Spenser this passage is paraphrased by the following stanzas :

“ Then as the spring gives place to elder time
 And bringeth forth the fruit of summer's pride;
 Also my age, now passed youthly prime
 To things of riper season self applied,
 And learned of lighter timber cotes to frame,
 Such as might save my sheep and me from shame.
 To make fine cages for the nightingale
 And baskets of bulrushes was my wont :
 Who to entrap the fish in winding sale
 Was better seen, or hurtful beasts to hunt ?
 I learned also the signs of heaven to ken
 How Phœbe fails, where Venus sits, and when.

And tried Time yet taught me greater things ;
 The sudden rising of the raging seas,
 The sooth of birds by beating of their wings,
 The power of herbs, both which can hurt and ease,
 And which be wont t'enrage the restless sheep,
 And which be wont to work eternal sleep."

A stanza representing plaint of love is then substituted by Spenser for these next thoughts of Marot:

"Another time, for love of my beloved, I hung up my pipes against all comers, and on that day it was hard to know which of the two had won the prize, Merlin or I, when with noble step Thony came into the field to bring us to accord, and adorned two shepherd's crooks of equal length with many violets, then gave them to us for his pleasure, but I yielded the right of choice to Merlin."

This is Marot's brotherly reference to Mellin de St. Gelais, the poet of his own time who stood next himself in reputation. The Thony who stepped nobly was another poet of the day, distinct from Antoine Heroët. Scattered about, Marot's writing is abundant evidence of his fine sense of the brotherhood of letters. The sense of his own genius only made him the more able to perceive and prompt to recognize the genius of others. There was room in his heart to

"Welcome all who lead or follow
 To the oracle of Apollo."

Love of his work meant brotherhood with all his honest fellow workers, and with all who, out of fellow feeling, gave to work of his and theirs willing attention. Marot proceeds:

“ And dost thou think, O kind God Pan, that the practice and the daily pains I took to sound the flute, were only that I might obtain the prize? No; but I sought to learn so well that thou, who art the Prince of Shepherds, shouldst take pleasure in the hearing of my song, as in the hearing of the wave upon the shore, or the fall of the water springs from the high rocks into the valley. Truly this was the greatest care that I had then, and I take to witness of it the golden Phoebus, who looks down on me and sees me if this close wood do not shut him out, and who has seen me cross many a rock and many a flood that I might come nearer to thee.

“ Then did the gods of heaven and of earth make me so happy; even the wood gods, that thou had'st pleasure in my little rustic notes, and did'st listen to my hymns and canticles, permitting me to sing them in thy temple, where still I contemplate the image of thy grandeur which bears in one hand the rich and strong pastoral crook of hard service-wood, and the other holds the pipe of seven reeds, made according to the harmony of the Heavens, wherein are the seven high and radiant gods, and denoting the seven Liberal Arts which are inscribed within thy holy head girt with its crown of pine.

“ Thus and then in the summer of my days it pleased me more in our rustic meetings to have done that, O Pan, which was pleasing to thee, or which might in some measure delight thine ear, than to have as many sheep as Tityrus. And a hundred times more did it please me to hear said, ‘Pan looks with favour on the

shepherd Robin,' than to see three hundred cattle about my home. For then I had no care within my heart for cattle or for any pasturage.

"But now that I am in Autumn, I know not what unaccustomed care surprises me, so that the strain of song becomes in me, not weary or vain, but sad and slow; and, in truth, often stretched on the grass, I hear my pipes, hung on a tree in the fresh breeze, murmur against me that I had made them idle. Then suddenly desire awakes again, and wishing to do wondrously in song, finds fixed before its eyes this Care which makes it sad, dismays it; for so swarthy pale is Care, so ugly, that at sight of her the rustic Muse, even the bold heroic Muse, is chilled. Both in a moment turn and fly from her, like sheep before the wolf's gaunt hideousness.

"I hear on the other side the harsh noise of the woodpecker, the kite whistle, and the bittern boom, see the starling, the heron, and the swallow strangely wheel about, warning me that cold has come of the sad Winter that unclothes the earth. On the other side I hear the north wind whistling winter, and my flocks, in dread of it and worse, keep themselves crouching huddled in a heap. To hear them bleat one would say that they wished with me to call thee to their help, and that they know that thou hast fed them from their birth."

Spenser continues the adaptation of Marot's idea of the change of seasons, and advent of winter to the love plaint in his December eclogue. It will be enough to quote two stanzas in illustration:

“So now my year draws to his latter term,
 My spring is spent, my summer burnt up quite,
 My harvest hastes to stir up winter stern
 And bids him claim with rigorous rage his right.
 So now his storms with many a sturdy stour,
 So now his blustering blast each coast does scour.

The careful cold hath nipt my rugged rind
 And in my face deep furrows ald hath pight ;
 My head besprent with hoary frost I find,
 And by mine eye the crow his claw doth wright,
 Delight is laid abed ; and pleasure past ;
 No sun now shines ; clouds have all overcast.”

Then follows Spenser's close. Thus ends Marot: — 6

“I do not ask, O sovereign goodness, for two thousand acres of pasture in Touraine, nor for a thousand oxen wandering over the grass of the Auvergne hills. It is enough for me if thou save my Flock from the wolves, the bears, the lions, and the lynxes, and me from frost, for coming winter has begun to snow upon my head.

“Then Care will no more spoil my song but fly from me more swiftly than she makes the Muses fly before her, when she shall see that I have thy favour. Then my pipe which hangs from the oak will quickly be taken down by me, and I shall sing in safety, throughout the winter, more loudly and clearly than ever I did in summer time. Then in knowledge, music, and tone, one of my verses shall be worth a song, a song worth a rustic eclogue, ~~and an eclogue~~ a bucolic. What shall I say more? Let come what may: rather shall the Rhone run upwards, rather shall the great forest have no branches in it, swans become black, crows white,

than I forget thee, O Pan great of renown, or cease to give praise to thy high name. Up, my sheep, flock small and lean, leap around me with glad heart, for already Pan from his green mansion has done this good to me, that he has heard my prayer."¹

While Clement Marot thus looked through the earthly to the heavenly king, Francis and France were also in sore trouble. Paul Jovius had been bidden to take much paper to record the victories of Charles over the French in France. The Marquis of Saluces, stupid as that ancestor who tried Griselda's patience, held Piedmont for Francis. He believed that the end of France was come with this invasion, and revolted to the

¹ Edmund Kirke whose explanations of the Shepheard's Calender fall very far short of a true insight into his friend's work, makes one or two references to Marot. In his gloss on Spenser's name of Colin Clout,—taken undoubtedly from Skelton,—E. K. writes, "Colin Cloute is a name not greatly used, and yet have I seen a poesie of M. Skelton's under that title. But indeed the word of Colin is French, and used by the French poet Marot, if he be worthy of the name of a poet, in a certain Eclogue." On the name of Roffy in the ninth Eclogue E. K. says that it is "the name of a shepherd in Marot his eclogue of Robin and the king," It is, as we have seen, Marot's pastoral form of the name of his publisher Pierre Roffet. Upon the 11th Eclogue, E. K. states in the argument that it is made in imitation of "Marot his song, which he made upon the death of Loyes the French Queen." But of the twelfth Eclogue he gives us no hint that it also is made in imitation of one of "Marot his songs," being that one before mentioned of Robin and the King. Thomas Warton was the first to point out the pallel, but he overstated it in saying that Spenser's twelfth Eclogue was "literally translated" from Marot's Pan and Robin. Less direct intimations of the influence of Marot on young Spenser are to be found also in other passages of Spenser's early verse.

enemy. But Francis now profited by the counsel of Montmorenci and the brothers Du Bellay.

Jean du Bellay, Bishop of Paris, who had been made a Cardinal in 1535, was returned from Rome in 1536, when the great invasion threatened France with her last ruin. Francis made him his Lieutenant-General to watch over Picardy and Champagne. As he understood the art of war, Jean du Bellay undertook also the defence of Paris, which he fortified with ramparts and boulevards. Francis meanwhile fortified his efficient servant with gifts of benefices and the utmost favour. The influence of this liberal bishop on the king would favour the desire of Marot for restoration to his home, and for the well-being of his little household, that "flock small and lean." With the influence of Jean du Bellay came that of Marguerite, who, in the same year 1536, made her friend Gerard Roussel bishop of Oléron.¹ There was good hope, therefore, for Marot, who, at this time, wrote a letter in verse to the Dauphin, which that prince received not many weeks before his death. "I never," said Marot, "asked anything of you. Who is it now that is bold to ask? Exiled Marot. And why does he write? Because, in truth, he dares not come and speak. He dares not breathe the air of France; but he would fly thither, if he had his wish. It is not much that I

¹ Jacques Le Fevre died in the following year, 1537, and bequeathed to Roussel his library. Roussel lived till 1550. In that year he preached at Mauléon against having too many festival days, whereby he stirred such wrath in zealots of the other way of thinking that they rushed on him and threw him from his pulpit, so that he was half killed, and died afterwards of the hurt thus received.

ask and hope from you: that you will speak for me to your dear father, the king, that he may grant me a safe conduct for half a year, or for six months if he don't like half a year, not that I may visit my estates, but that I may see my little Marotkins and arrange a matter that weighs heavily upon me; also that I may say farewell to my friends and old companions, for you know, and I know still better, that the fury of pursuit gave me no time to do this. Also that I may see again the Royal Court, my schoolmistress. If I find there a thousand caps off, a thousand Good days! coming from all sides, so many God bless you! so many to embrace me,—it will be a pleasant language of some sort. And then, Marot, is it good keeping to be exiled and banned from France? Ah! no, monsieur. When I have taken my greetings, Adieu, messieurs! Adieu, my darling! And that done, the comrade will be gone, his term is up. But if the king would take me back, as of old, I do not say I should be pleased; a vassal must obey his prince. He would take me, if he knew how soberly I have learnt of late to speak; for these Lombards with whom I live have given me a strong lesson in good manners—never to say a word of God, speak little, play the poltroon. I pause on one word for an hour: if any one speak to me, I answer with a nod. But I pray let me have the safe conduct, and then there will be time enough to tell of this. In fine, royal offspring, I want only a small writ; one often gets that for an enemy, and why not for a friend? And it is not right that Champagne should be closed more completely against me than against any

Jack of Spain, for I am a good Frenchman, though I was not born at Paris. If I am thought of, as I hope to be, I've undertaken to repay with an exquisite work, that, spite of time and spite of fire and spite of sword, and spite of death, shall make King Francis and his noble Dauphin live for ever."

There is a trace of manly reproach in this half pathetic badinage, when Marot says that the king would take him again if he knew how he had learnt from the Lombards not to speak of God, and to be afraid to utter what is in his heart, and when he refers to the invaders of France who force their way into the land from which he is exiled who loves it.

But Marot's return was delayed. He dates his third *Coq à l'Ane* letter to Lyon Jamet from Venice, an exile still during the invasion of Provence, on which he dwells. The same letter contains also some details of that flight from France, of which he says in the letter to the Dauphin that heat of pursuit allowed him no time for farewells. He had a very narrow escape at Bordeaux.

In the war of invasion which Francis had at last provoked, France stood on the defensive. It was wisdom in her chiefs to lay her fields waste, that they might not feed the enemy. Provence was desolated by Montmorenci for the good of France. In a strong camp at Avignon, well victualled by way of a river that ran through it, Montmorenci gathered and entrenched an army. Francis entrenched himself at Valence with another force. Marseilles and Arles were well gar-

risoned; elsewhere all Provence was laid waste and abandoned by its inhabitants. Fortifications, mills, wells, ovens, were demolished; the whole population was removed, and all food that could not be carried away was destroyed. Charles entered Provence, dependent for provisions on his fleet, which was at the mercy of the winds, and would have supplied him insufficiently if the wind could have been made always to blow as he commanded. The common reliance of that day upon an invader's power of living, at least to a certain extent, on the enemy, proved vain for Charles V. in Provence, where to possess all was to possess nothing but barren land, in the midst of which French armies lay quiet, in camps that he could not take and out of which he could not tempt them. It was very difficult to keep the French troops quiet. Montmorenci was much troubled by their tumultuous impatience, and they could not have been held in hand much longer, when Charles, having in two months lost half his army by disease and famine, retreated. He was harassed by light troops and crowds of peasantry until the retreat became flight and the dead and dying were left on the road. The third *Coq à l'Anse* letter, sent from Venice at the end of July, 1536, says, "It is true that the Emperor has passed from Italy into Provence. The French cry, 'Live France;' the Spaniards, 'Live the Emperor.' There is not laughter enough in the world for all. There is no courage without a fear. Is it not too great a mistake, for goods that are merely earth, to maintain such horrible war? I would as soon be a calf

that goes straight to the slaughter-house as go to such a butchery. '*Fy, fy de mourir pour la gloire!*'"

But the king's hunger for land and thirst for glory had brought France almost to a struggle for existence, and it was not in vain that Provence suffered the utmost pains of war. France was saved. The invasion of Champagne was averted by the dexterous diplomacy of Jean du Bellay. Picardy was invaded, but sufficiently defended by its nobles. Charles, who had been confident of success, went back to Spain; and he left Francis no wiser than before.

But King Francis had lost his eldest son, the Dauphin, who died suddenly at the age of twenty. His death may have been rightly ascribed to the drinking of cold water when heated with a game at tennis; but his cupbearer, an Italian noble, was charged with having poisoned him, and, under torture, when some will say anything to get a relaxation of the agony, he confessed, and accused the imperial generals—even Charles himself—of instigation to the crime. Marot added verses upon him to the epitaphs in his Cimetière, and two lines in the epitaph show that Marot shared the French belief that the king's eldest son had been poisoned by the Count of Montecuculi at the instigation of Charles V.

He wrote that epitaph in France; for in winter-time, late in the year 1536, Clement Marot was permitted to return to his own country. On his way to Paris he found at Lyons, where he had many friends, the Cardinal de Tournon in authority as the

king's lieutenant-general in that district, and addressed to him one of his metrical letters. In the course of this letter Marot said, "Nature draws us to the place of our birth; the very beasts return to their own holes. I found all pleasant on the homeward road; rocks, north wind, hail, and snow, seemed Spring to me, and I return a thousand thanks that I again see Lyons, where I had hoped to bring my greeting to the King Francis. But, since he is not here, to whom can I bring it but to you who take his place? And gladly I salute you, who are a friend of the Muses. God keep from harm the caressing air of the noble city!" The poet received warm welcome in Lyons, and acknowledged it in a poem of cordial adieu to the gentle city, where the old, he said, pay court only to virtue, and the youth seek the wisdom that death cannot take away. They often visited him, not for his own merit. He thanks his little Muse for that. He is the ugly husband, she the pretty wife. "Farewell, Rhone, running straight to Avignon! I go to Paris." And to Paris he goes singing, and greets the king, the queen, Marguerite of Navarre, the court, and France with a musical *Dieu gard* when he returns to his old life early in the next year, 1537. He ends the poem with a *Dieu gard* also for his enemies. But not a word now to the world outside about that one beloved fold of his, with its sheep little and lean. God alone heard his *Dieu gard* to Marion and to the little ones.

CHAPTER XII.

LAST EXILE AND LAST HOME.

KING Francis resumed war in the year after the narrow escape of the kingdom. It was his turn to be confident. After peurile formalities, the parliament of Paris declared Flanders and Artois re-united to the crown of France, and Francis advancing to the Low Countries, began a campaign. But the course of war was again arrested by the intervention of the ladies. Queen Eleonore of France and the queen of Hungary, two sisters of Charles, obtained a ten month's truce for the Low Countries, and afterwards proceeded to secure a truce for three months in Piedmont. Pope Paul III. proposed an interview between the contending monarchs. A truce for ten years was signed, on the 18th of June, 1538, and afterwards they met as great friends at Aigues-Mortes. Francis then cultivated the friendship of the emperor. He fell off from his allegiance as an ally of Solyman, and the Protestants, whom he had favoured fitfully when they formed one of the elements of antagonism to Charles, again felt the weight of his orthodoxy. Then the clouds began slowly to drift again over the little household of Marot.

Meanwhile Clement was happy with home, friends, and countrymen. Grace of a kindly nature was on all

his work. He endeavoured to commend to the king grave thought with an air of levity, and poured out his religious feeling in such pieces as his poem of *The Rich in Poverty, Joyous in Affliction, and Content in Suffering*,¹ a purely didactic strain of resignation to God in the sorrows of the world, which bids the worldly put on Christ and lay up treasures in heaven. Among his later pieces of this kind we have most insight into his life from one entitled *Balladin*. This poem calls on lovers of the ball or dance to cease their footing, and the instruments to cease to keep tune to their feet, while he tells of a virgin named Christine (Christianity) who came from the East then more than fifteen hundred years ago, and is still known for her beauty as Christine the Fair. She has seen age after age without herself losing the flower of her youth. She was not rich, but of a good house, and came as a simple shepherdess. She was ever active, always kind, and the best of all dancers, because the heart went with every step and movement of her body. Her speech won most of those who listened to it, and many died for the love of her.

Thus her voice and her fame reached to the uttermost parts of the earth, where a woman was bred whose name was Simonne (Simony), who was full of envy at her fame. From a servant, this woman became queen over kings, and in some places which her fame reached was known as Simonne the Great. But John of the Eagle, when he was taken up to the firmament, gave

¹ *Le Riche en Pauvreté, Joyeux en Affliction, et Content en Souffrance.*

her another name.¹ She has not remained young, like Christine, but ages daily, and will die of age. She was in high favour; but those who had seen Christine after her said she was painted, and were not surprised because that is the custom of the country. Simonne had three parts of all worldly goods, and was endeavouring to get for herself the other part. She was covetous of purple and fine linen, that she might have her body clothed more richly than her soul. She was idle and proud, and the instruments she played were basilisk and bomb and cannon. She chanted day and night many things that were not in her heart. But she danced heavily and out of time; for she was deaf, and also she would not heed instruments that played in tune.

In speech Simonne was sharp and deceitful. Not by her beauty or grace, but by her wealth, she won to herself servants. None, therefore, suffered pain for her; but they repaid her by putting to death the servants of Christine, when they said that she only was worthy to be followed. They murdered so many as to lessen not their love to their mistress but their number. So the fair shepherdess fled to the most barbarous parts of all Europe, and left you Simonne the Great to dance in her place.

Simonne had reigned in pomp through dark days for nearly a thousand years, when Apollo shot a ray of light through the thick air. Christine was concealed then on a rock in Saxony,² whence she came forth as

¹ Revelations xvii.

² The Wartburg.

fair as ever, turned her bright eyes on all sides, and called each one to her, singing these verses :

“ Come unto me, all ye who are oppressed,
 Come to me, old and young, from east and west,
 Go not elsewhere, on other ways you fall.
 Come unto me, whose love would win you all,
 Come unto me, and I will give you rest.”

Few heard at first; and then the whole world listened.

But when Simonne heard the soft sound of that song she grew leaner by half for spite; because against her the soft speech of Christine is raised as a sharp sword, and someday it will kill her. Loyal lovers, were there ever words so strange? To you softer than honey and to the disloyal bitter as gall! When Cicero spoke, the ignorant learnt nothing. By the voice of Christine rustics—untaught barbarians—find her high teaching clear. Christine travelled through Europe softly summoning her friends, who left wealth, home, themselves, to follow her. Lovers of many nations came, full of dispute; but when they drew near to her, dissension ceased. For love of her, nothing was said of recompense:

“ Let us leave, let us leave, the true follower says,
 All the troublesome, intricate questions we raise;
 Let us do, let us do, what fulfils her desire,
 A heart without love always asks for its hire;
 Let our care be, without more ado, to love well,
 For she knows what we need ere with her we can dwell.”

The fair one travelled till she reached the river Loire, where more than twenty times she cast eyes on

me ;¹ for my eyes had not the light to see her with. She came near, and said to me "Awake, it is time, my friend! You have slept too long in the gloom, awake!" By those few words I knew her, and a load of tormenting grief went from my heart. I felt more free than I had ever been, and said, "O merciful Christine, do you return in pristine shape to suffer the assaults of slander? I beseech you keep me in your grace; but I do not know what I shall do to acquire it, for there is no health in me. Yet be pleased so to give it that it never passes from me, for threat, or torment, or false seeming, or the pains of death." When Christine heard me, she said: "My heart is glad when I find my lost sheep on the plain. Now put off this fleece you wear. You have been among the lovers of Simonne; now you must forsake the old colours, and to win one good suffer a thousand griefs.

"None can know, though little or low,
 None can know, though prince or grandee,
 Escape from pains of trouble or woe,
 Who take up their cross to come after me."

If you have rightly learnt the art of love, you know that every lover must conform himself to the ways of his mistress. You must study my ways and learn to follow me in the dance; for he who cannot dance with me wins not my love. Make friends, then, with my lovers, and learn of them, and study day and night my Music in my Books. Do that, and you will become

¹ At Blois.

a good dancer. Then boldly return to me." At these words I left her, and love bore me on his wings through the woods wherein Orson was nursed by the bear and through the lovely and delicious valley.—

Jean Marot had said of knights going to the wars, that to look at them you would not think that they had ever danced. Dancing was then among the constant pleasures of the court, and Clement Marot, with the snow on his head before its time, pleasant companion as he still was, sat among the dancers and thus moralized the perfect stepping to a music without discord, into Christian obedience to the law of love.

There was a tilt among the poets after Marot's return to court in 1537. Marot was abused roundly by François Sagon and others, and replied whimsically in like strain, and in the assumed character of 'Fripelippes, Marot's valet.' The dispute is always assumed to have originated in violent personal attacks upon Marot, dictated by a serious hostility. It may be so. But what the Scotch called *Flytings* were a form of literature in those days. Dunbar and Kennedy, two friendly poets, exhausted powers of abuse in 'flyting' one another for the amusement of their friends. James IV. flyted a little with Sir David Lindsay. Skelton's abuse of Garnische, and the battle between Clement Marot and François Sagon, in which many amused themselves on either side, were possibly but other forms of the same kind of rough jousting with the pen. When men met bodily to knock one another down for sport, the humour of the time might find little offence in an

ingenious duel by assault and battery with staves of verse.

François Sagon was a poet of no great mark, born at Rouen and secretary to the abbot of St. Evroul, in Normandy. In 1537, when he crossed pens with Marot he had been hardly known for more than four years as a poet. This is the first thought of Fripelippes. He observes that his master is not attacked by a Saint Gelais, a Heroët, a Rabelais, a Brodeaux, a Scève, a Chappuy, nor by Papillon or Thenot, but by a herd of young calves, new rhymers who seek fame by attacking men of mark. There is no need to write against them: their own writings confound them. The other leader of the attack was La Hueterie; and Fripelippes compares these friends to two asses rubbing against each other. There is a letter, in verse, by Charles Fontaine to Sagon and La Hueterie which was at first attributed to Marot, and the jest was for a time lively. Marot's *Fripelippes* was answered by divers pens. There was a Grand Genealogy of Fripelippes; and Sagon invented himself a page, Matthieu de Boutigni, who wrote at length the "Abatement of the Cackle"—*Le Rabais du Caquet*—of Fripelippes and of Marot. The *Rabais* of Sagon had its answers. There was a shower of epistles, apologies, remonstrances, epigrams, epitaphs of Sagon, huitains, and dizains, mostly French, some Latin, by many hands. There was enough rhymed flying from all sides to fill a volume of fair bulk; and it seems to have been kept up on all sides as, according to the humour of the day, a bit of fun. Marot himself only contributed the letter in the name of Fripelippes.

Of the poets then most in repute at court next to Marot stood Mellin de Saint Gelais. He was four or five years older than Marot, and survived him. Mellin was born at Angoulême; had studied Law at Padua; gave up Law for the Church; and became, though a man of much learning, a lively and fashionable lyric poet at the court of Francis, who could sing his own pieces to his own accompaniment. Francis gave him the abbey of Reclus, and, when he lived on into the next reign, Henry II. made him his almoner. He avoided all the risks which Marot found in those days attendant on expression of a noble sense of life, and he went out of the world as gaily as he had lived in it. Doctors, over his death-bed, were in warm dispute as to the remedies for his disease. "Gentlemen," he said, "I will save you trouble," turned his face to the wall, and died. All Clement Marot's references to him are very cordial. When he speaks of the imitation of his blasons, and especially admires the verse of one writer whom he does not know, he notes that his friend Mellin had not contributed to the collection, and contrives then to introduce expressions of a high respect for his genius. But Mellin de Saint Gelais, with a liberal interest in the life of his time was idle, and did not care to give his soul to his work as Marot did; therefore his work does not survive as Marot's does.

To Rabelais Marot addressed an epigram, paraphrased from Martial's¹ saying "If we were at peace, and could make our own use of our time, living in

¹ Lib. v. epig. 20. "Si tecum mihi chare Martialis."

freedom as men ought to live, we should not need to follow courts, or suits, or pleadings, nor rich houses with their smoky scutcheons, but with place and work to our minds, could enjoy ourselves in pleasant shade. Alas, now we do not live for ourselves, and we know that we let our good time fly from us. But if one knows that, why does one not live well?" The version is so close as to be rather a translation than a paraphrase; but its thought is adopted, and becomes significant when addressed by Marot to Rabelais in days wherein there was no educated people to enable a poor man of genius to do his work without dependence on the goodwill of a patron for his daily bread.

Of the other writers named by Fripelippes as Marot's friends, Antoine Heroët, who lived to be Bishop of Digne, was a student of Plato, whose dialogue on love, the *Phædrus*, he translated, and whose philosophy runs through the sketch of an ideal woman in his poem of the *Parfaite Amye*. This poem produced a little courtly flyting. La Borderie opposed to the Platonic lady a more earthly standard of perfection in his *Amye de Cour*. Charles Fontaine took the side of Heroët and the pure womanly ideal in his *Contr' Amye*. Paul Angier followed with an *Apology for the Court Lady*.

Victor Brodeaux, whom Marot called his son, wrote but a few short pieces, delicately turned, and died young, leaving a son who rose to repute for his learning. The next poet upon Marot's list of contemporaries in the year 1547 is Maurice Scève, a poet of Lyons whom the new race of poets then arising praised as a scholarly

writer and forerunner of Ronsard. Claude Chappuy, who is next named, served, like Marot, as valet-de-chambre in the court of Francis. Papillon was a poet and friend on whose behalf Marot wrote one of his genial letters in verse to the king. He had found Papillon, he said, sick and sad, and sought to comfort him. Papillon put his dry hand in Marot's, and told him that he wished to write a letter to the king for help, but the doctor had forbidden use of the pen. "Courage, then," said Marot, "the letter shall be written. You shall get well if you can be cured by rhyming." "He thanked me," said Marot to the king, "a hundred times, when I left him, and went up Parnassus to write this to you. If Theseus went down to hell for Pirithous, why should not I go up Parnassus to make known the sorrows of a friend. If Pluto, who was hostile, rewarded that friendship, can I suppose that your heart, which is friendly, will take it ill in this that my hand serves my friend, when we are both your servants. I believe rather that you will thank one and show your pity to the other."

But the king's sister Marguerite is entitled to a foremost place in any mention of the poets of this time. Her poetical works published at Lyons in 1547 as *Marguerites de la Marguerite des Princesses* form two volumes; one sacred, the other secular; and were edited by Symon de la Haye, a squire in her household. Besides the *Mirror of a Sinful Soul*, one of these volumes contains several Miracle Plays written by Queen Marguerite, to be acted before her people. One

on *The Nativity* has the usual incidental Shepherd Play, or Bergerie, but it is more graceful and less farcical than was customary. One on *The Adoration of the Magi* allies itself to the Morality by introducing Philosophy, Tribulation, and Divine Intelligence among the characters, and there is allegory mixed with the play of *The Desert* which represents in the desert Joseph, Mary and the Infant Jesus with God and the Angels. In the other volume are a comedy and a farce, both corresponding to our English Interludes of the same period; and among these and the other poems short and long, while much is conventional, there is enough of honest truth and genius to entitle them to a place of lasting honour in the literature of the reign of Francis I.

On New Year's Day, in 1537, James V. of Scotland, who had been ready in 1536 to aid his French ally in the time of danger, married the consumptive eldest daughter of King Francis. James and his bride left Paris for Scotland early in the spring. Marot honoured the marriage with a poem of congratulation, but at Midsummer the young wife was dead.

The king himself in the same year barely escaped death by fever. Marot in congratulating him on his recovery, says that he may almost call himself successor to his own posterity, for he was so ill that the people already had looked upon his son as king of France. Then another illness in 1539 caused Marot to write, on the king's recovery two longer pieces, an ode to the Goddess Health, and an ode which represents Queen Eleonore's sense of the value of her husband on occasion of his

sickness and his convalescence. The king recovered and outlived the poet.

Among Marot's writings of the year 1538, is a letter to Marguerite of Navarre, written in the person of her little daughter Jeanne d'Albret, who was expecting Marguerite's return to Blois. There was the fresh heart in Marot still, and with grey head and furrowed forehead he could represent with gentle playfulness, a little girl's innocent prattling to her mother.

When the peace was in question, in 1538, between Francis and Charles, Marot wrote an ode or canticle of Christianity. Accord between them meant assuagement of a thousand sorrows of the people, and in Marot's poem Christianity calls upon Charles, however distant, to come near to Francis, not for battle but to bring back Peace from heaven. "If you caused Mars to descend, can you not make him ascend again and give place to fair Peace, the humble daughter of God. If you two do not this, the world labours for it in vain." Marot represents Christianity as calling upon the triumphant princes to have pity on the peoples their children, whose wretched condition it would be too long and pitiful to tell, and if they could not pity them, then let them have compassion on the noble blood of France and Spain. Mars used to stain his darts with the blood of simple soldiers, now he takes noble chiefs, who fall by the shot of the soldier. How many of those you most favoured have been killed within these last ten years? How many more will perish, if you do not now seek peace? United, strengthened with paternal pity,

choose some place where Pallas may shelter you in a heavenly cloud from the deceivers and peace breakers."

The peace was made at Nice, and for a time King Francis showed enthusiasm for his new ally. On his way through France, opened to him by Francis that he might more readily advance against revolted Ghent, Charles V. on New Year's Day of 1540 rode into Paris side by side with his friend Francis I. Marot's verse, of course, celebrated that glad sight. But in about two years Francis and Charles were at war again; Francis joined the Turk, and this time so effectively that he brought in the infidels to fight with him. His ally, the Pirate-Admiral Barbarossa, in the winter of 1543 carried off to Constantinople fourteen thousand Italians as slaves taken in the quarrel of the King of France. The King of England joined the clash of arms, and there was no peace upon earth when Marot was taken to the peace of heaven.

Marot had many friends in the bright city of Lyons, which in those days was a centre of intellectual energy, because it was a place of resort for merchants, a centre of traffic between Italy, France, England, Flanders, and Germany. There were at this time in Lyons nearly forty Florentine houses, and its August fair brought traders from all parts of Europe. One of Marot's friends in Lyons was M. de Villeroi, whom he had served in his youth as page. To him, in kindly recollection of old times, he dedicated in 1538 a reprint of the poem written while the poet was in his service, the *Temple of Cupid*. In the same year also there appeared

at Lyons, at the time of the August Fair, a new edition of Marot's poems from the press of his friend Etienne Dolet.

Etienne Dolet, like Marot, poet and reformer, was about thirteen years younger than his friend Clement; his age being twenty-nine when he printed in 1538 the works of Marot, under the superintendence of their author. Before that time there had been many editions of the *Adolescence Clementine*. The first finished printing in August, 1532; the second, with some additions, in November of the same year; the third, without more additions, in February, 1533 (New Style); the fourth, which was like the third, finished printing in June, 1533—these all for Pierre Roffet of the sign of 'The Faulcheur' in Paris. An edition, in four parts, was printed in 1534 for François Juste at Lyons, the other editions had appeared about the same time in Lyons, one printed for Guillaume Boule. There was an edition also printed by Jeau de Channey in Avignon. Pierre Roffet issued at Paris another edition in 1535; Bonnemere of Paris issued two editions, one in 1536, another in 1538. An edition appeared at Antwerp from the house of Jean Steels in 1536, and another in Paris in 1538, printed by Denys Janot, at the time when Marot was editing his poems at Lyons for Etienne Dolet, now under the name of *The Works of Clement Marot of Cahors, augmented with two books of epigrams, and a great number of other works not hitherto printed The whole carefully revised by himself and better arranged*. In a letter to Dolet of the last day of July,

1538, Marot said that he now repudiated others, and made this the author's edition of his writings. There was an edition of Marot's writings under the name of *Works*, published in the same year, and in 1539 by François Juste at Lyons, one also in Paris both in 1538 and 1539. There was another at Antwerp in 1539, and of more that steadily continued to appear, the most interesting of those published up to the time of Marot's death, was a beautiful new edition of the works by Dolet in 1542, and a Lyons edition of 1544, the year of Marot's death, which is the first in which the works were classified as we meet with them in later issues. This recital of editions is of interest only as evidence of the strong hold taken by the earnest genius of Marot upon the life of his own time. He was not only an amuser of the court. Where there was a town life, liberal and energetic, the people, as far as they were able to read, read him. He expressed the purest aspirations of France in his time, was always a true Frenchman. His work suggests to us what France might have been, and may yet be with better kings or calmer power to adjust the limits of authority.

Immeasurable was the loss of France by the want of nobility and strength of character in Francis I. He was a lively Frenchman, too, and clever; but he wanted few of the faults and all the strength of his race. Master of France at a critical transition time, if he had been capable of feeling heartily with his sister Marguerite and his poet Marot, if instead of showing weakness in the luxury and license of his court and in

the misery brought on his people by an irrational war, he had shown energy in development of the true forces of his kingdom, France might have been spared the civil war that followed, and the wreck of her best hopes by its disastrous close.

Etienne Dolet, who in 1538 printed for Marot the first collection of his writings which he dignified by the title of his *Works*, was another of the men then representing the best energies of France. He survived Marot only two years, and was then at the age of thirty-seven, tortured, strangled, and burnt in the place Maubert. He was born at Orleans in 1509, came to Paris at the age of twelve, and learnt Latin of Nicolas Beroald, some of whose religious Latin verses Marot has translated. Between the ages of seventeen and twenty, Dolet was a student at Padua. He was then for a time secretary to the French ambassador at Venice, continued his studies in literature, and became poet as the lover of a young Venetian Elena, who died. In 1530 he returned to France, aged twenty-one, a strong Ciceronian, and began work at commentaries on the Latin language. Eager in search for knowledge, Etienne Dolet went to learn law at Toulouse. He was made orator by the French scholars in the University; gave offence to the parliament of Toulouse by free speaking on their behalf; and, in March, 1533, was sent to prison. He was released; still libelled, threatened, and at last, because he thought for himself too freely, expelled from Toulouse. He withdrew to Lyons, visited Paris in 1534, and in the following year returned to Lyons, where he printed, in 1536 and 1538, his two

folio volumes of *Commentaries on the Latin Language*, which he dedicated and presented to King Francis. Marot lauds their worth in one of his epigrams. A third volume was to follow, if health permitted, and if the author were not hindered by incessant calumny and persecution. In the interval between the publication of the first and second volume of his commentaries Dolet obtained, in March, 1537, the king's license for ten years to be the printer of all books of his own writing and of other works of modern or ancient authors which had been duly revised, corrected, illustrated, or annotated by him. He married at the same time, and trusted to live, not by patronage of the great but by his printing-press, of which, with scholarly enthusiasm and earnest interest in the stir of life about him, he intended to make only the noblest use. He began to print in 1538. His first book, *Cato Christianus*, was a declaration of his faith, in exposition of the ten commandments and the Lord's Prayer. It is significant that such a man should, in the same year, at the very outset of such an enterprise, issue also the works of Clement Marot.

Meanwhile Marot, again at the centre of authority in France, had devised a plan for bringing among king and courtiers the music of the sacred Temple into favour. Immediately, or very soon, after his return from exile at Ferrara and Venice, he began to turn the Psalms of David into song, and succeeded in getting king and courtiers to bring them into fashion. A man's character may in part be inferred from the tone of those who address him, and the mere instinct of cour-

tesy would cause Marot to adapt his manner with the king to the king's character and humour. Although the poet cannot keep his heart out of his work, and does not seek to do so, he knows that when he speaks to the king he must give some air of levity to gravest thought. The king was humoured into encouragement. It is said that the dauphin took to himself one of the psalms translated by Marot for a hunting song, and that others took one this psalm and one that, setting them to light song tunes or airs from the vaudevilles. If so, it must have been sad satisfaction to Marot to place even in this way the praise of the great God Pan, the Almighty Father, upon the lips of careless shepherds. The king was delighted at first. When on New Year's Day of the year 1540 Francis and Charles rode into Paris side by side, Clement Marot, at the suggestion or with the goodwill of Francis, presented to Charles V. the thirty Psalms which he had, up to that time, translated; and Charles is said to have acknowledged the gift with a present of two hundred gold doubloons. It was a happy day for Marot when the men whose lust for earth had exiled Peace, rode together as allies, and he could dare to say to them both, through the words of David, "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."

" Mais sa montagne est un saint lieu :
Qui viendra donc au mont de Dieu ?
Qui est-ce qui là tiendra place ?
L'homme de mains et cueur lavé,
En vanité non eslevé,
Et qui n'a juré en fallace."

It did not at first occur to Francis that this was flat heresy, if not sedition. He encouraged Marot to go on. The book, containing thirty psalms, of which versions were made with help from the scholarship of the College Royal, was dedicated in verse to King Francis, and the dedication began with the inevitable parallel between Francis and David,—as Alcuin had found David a parallel for Charlemagne, and Dryden found him afterwards a parallel for Charles II. Marot gives the greater part of his dedicatory verse to a genuine expression of his sense of the sublime beauty of the Psalms, whose theme is above the themes of Virgil and Homer; which soar above Horace as the eagle above the lark; whose inspiration is direct from God; which figure Christ in David; and which fit themselves to all the wants and aspirations of the soul. They had been dark to the people; but now, by the help of those who under Francis had learnt Hebrew, their sense was clear to all men, and here thirty were adapted to the voices of his countrymen. This dedication was followed by a metrical address to the ladies of France. “When,” Marot asked here, “will the Golden Time come wherein God alone is adored, praised, sung as He ordains, and His glory shall not be given to another?” He called on the matrons and maidens of France, whom God had made to be His temple, to turn from the bad example of those who put unclean songs in their lips. “Here is,” he said, “matter without offence to sing. But no songs please you that are not of Love. Certes, they are of nothing else but Love;

Love itself by Supreme Wisdom was their composer, and vain man was the transcriber only. That Love gave you language and voices for your notes of praise. It is a love that will not torment your hearts, but fill your whole souls with the pleasure angels share. For His Spirit will come into your hearts, and stir your lips, and guide your fingers on the spinet towards holy strains. O happy he who shall see the blossoming of that time when the rustic at his plough, the driver in the street, the workman in his shop, solaces labour with the praise of God! Shall that time come sooner to them than to you? Begin, Ladies, begin! Help on the Golden Age, and, singing with gentle hearts these sacred strains, exchange the everchanging God of Foolish Love for the God of a Love that will not change."

But to the Sorbonne this was all very bad. The Psalms are a piece of theology, and to attempt to interpret them aright is the especial business of the Theological Faculty. What right has a light-hearted court poet to turn them into song, and set princes and ladies, working men and working women, to sing with David, "I will bless the Lord at all times: His praise shall be continually in my mouth," and that even without any special authorization from the Syndic of the Faculty?

There is a little octavo printed in 1542, without printer's name or place of publication, except in a colophon which is but a jest against the pope: "Printed at Rome, by command of the pope, by Theodore Brüss, German, his printer in ordinary, the

15th of February." This book is entitled *The Form of Prayer in French Churches, and French Hymns which are sung in various Churches*. It contains Marot's thirty Psalms, which in that year were added by Etienne Dolet to his new edition of Marot's *Works*, with eight other Psalms by another hand. It was not good Christianity to twit the pope at the end of a book of devotion; but the pope and his friends were rougher controversialists. A small joke broke no bones and burnt no flesh.

The old enemies of reform were again active against Marot. Francis was again listening to those who counselled violent repression of the heretics. In 1540, when the parliament of Aix condemned the Vaudois of Provence to general destruction, Guillaume du Bellay interposed with the king, and stayed the execution of the order. But the fervour of orthodox zeal gained influence between that time and the spring of 1545, when, by the king's order, the royal lieutenant of Provence carried fire and sword among the unhappy people whose crime was that they sought to worship God with simple purity of heart. When solitary fugitives were caught, who implored the executioners to be content with their goods, and spare their lives, "I will send you," said the lieutenant-general, "to dwell in hell with devils, you, your wives, and your children; so that no memorial of you shall be left." Five thousand of them were slain. Twenty-two of their villages were burnt. Seven hundred men were sent to the galleys. These people were in religious accord with the then

unpersecuted Vaudois of Piedmont, among whom Clement Marot went to die, and had died only a few months before the massacre.

While the bitterness was rising to this height, Etienne Dolet, representing the free energy of Lyons, worked at his press, and in 1542 he was the first printer of Marot's *L'Enfer*. In the same year Dolet was seized for printing heretical books, and imprisoned at Paris in the Conciergerie, where he lay bound for fifteen months. When he came out, he went back to Lyons, and published a poem, in the manner of his friend Marot, which he called the *Second Enfer*. While Dolet was in prison, Francis abandoned Marot to the wrath of the Sorbonne. He fled from it to Geneva, towards the close of the year 1543.

At Geneva Marot's version of thirty Psalms,¹ enlarged by the addition of twenty more, was published with a preface by Calvin, and adopted there among the formularies provided for the worship of the people in their mother tongue. Calvin's preface argues against Latin services, justifies the services of his own church, and the custom of singing as a part of them, and recommends the use of these French versions of the Psalms of David, sung not to light and worldly tunes but in association with the grave strains that befit a

¹ The thirty Psalms first translated by Marot were, i.—xv., xviii., xix., xxii.—xxv., xxxii., xxxiii., xxxvi.—xxxviii., xliii., xlv., xlvi. and l. Those added afterwards were, li., lxxii., lxxix., lxxxvi., xci. ci., ciii., civ., cvii., cx., cxiii., cxiv., cxv., cxviii., cxxxviii., cxxxvii., cxxxviii. and cxliii., with the Commandments adapted to song, and the *Nunc Dimittis*.

place of worship. The popularity of Marot's version of the Psalms had caused ten thousand copies to be sold soon after their publication. Music was written for them by Guillaume Franc, and afterwards printed with them, and for generations afterwards shepherds praised the great Pan in his temples as they had been taught by Robinet. The collection, completed by Beza, was used as the Psalter of the French Protestant Church.

But the music of Calvin's church was not such as Marot could dance to. Following the fancy of his *Balladin*, he would not look upon Calvin himself as a good dancer. From 1539 to 1564, the year of his death, Calvin was pope in Geneva. His religion was earnest and true, but combative and theological, and his theology, as well as his own personal opinion about nearly everything in life, had to be duly accepted by his followers. To the mind of Clement Marot, religion had another aspect. It was not combative, not theological. It sought to escape from all din of dissension, and to reconcile a full enjoyment of the natural delights of life with simple love of God and labour against all that wars against, not this or that dogma of the schools, but the pure spirit of the Gospel. His religion was fed by a study of the life of Christ; his dogmas were those two on which our Lord himself has said hang all the Law and the Prophets. The lively, genial poet, who with heart and soul sought to serve God but did not call himself holy, and who occupied openly a middle ground between the combatants on either side, was not at home under the rule of Calvin.

Theodore Beza, in his *History of the French Reformed Churches*, spoke afterwards quite honestly and truly the voice of the church of Calvin on this subject. "Clement Marot," he says, "after his return from Italy to the Court, was very much hated by the Sorbonne for translating very happily thirty Psalms of David into the French tongue, which are dedicated to the king, who thought them worthy to be printed. But he was forced to make his escape, and retreated to Geneva where he translated twenty more of them. He had always been bred up in a very bad school, and could not live in subjection to the reformation of the Gospel, and therefore he went and spent the rest of his days in Piedmont, which was then in the possession of the king, where he lived in some security, under the favour of the governor." Beza is quite right. Marot had sought a reformation in the spirit of the church, and an abatement of its fleshly corruptions; but he could not live in subjection to a reformation of the Gospel.

When Marot left France, the war had broken out again between Francis and Charles. He had gone to Geneva not before the autumn of 1543, and he was in Piedmont, when, on the 14th of April, 1544, the Count d'Enghien gained a great victory over the imperialists at Cerisolles. Marot (even about whose place of refuge in Piedmont this war was thundering) sent ten lines of compliment and good wishes to his victorious countryman. It was also from Piedmont, where he had gone to die, that he wrote to a friend the last of his metrical letters.¹ "Look," he said, "at the sovereign virtue of

¹ *A un sien amy.*

the Muses, who have given us true love for one another, and opened frankly to each other our closed hearts. Would God that we might live together far from tumults and the short pleasure of courts!" Then follows, in line after line, mention of the names of friends; and he has seven times fifteen more, he says. "All in man perishes except the good things of the mind. I have lost all that I had—means, friends in my own country—all that could be taken from me; but over plain and mountain my mind follows and is my companion; no power could exile me from the Muse. While Yes and No are said, the world will read me. You also, who have tasted Helicon, write; and know that death has a shroud only for the body."

Thus the last thought of his last letter answers to the motto upon all his writings, that there is no death for the true utterance of a true mind: *La Mort ny Mord.*

The Vaudois were under persecution by Charles III. Duke of Savoy, when Francis invaded Piedmont. The invasion stopped the persecution. While Francis held Piedmont as conquered ground he did not venture to extend to the Vaudois there the oppression suffered by their friends in France. It would be, he felt, bad policy to weaken his hold on conquered land by giving reason for rebellion among its people. Thus for twenty years of the French occupancy, from 1536 to 1556, the reformed church in Piedmont had rest, and prospered. By 1556 the increasing congregations had ventured, indeed, openly to build churches for themselves.

They had no such public churches in 1544, when

Marot took refuge among them. But they industriously circulated among themselves a translation of the Scriptures; teachers were many, and their form of teaching answered to that of Marot's sermon on the Good and Bad Pastor. The exiled poet, not yet fifty years old, had the best reason, therefore, for his choice of a last refuge in Piedmont. His old court relations gave him also friends in the Marshal de Bouthières and M. d'Annebaud, who there exercised the king's authority.

In the valleys of Piedmont the grey head of the poet could be bowed among shepherd worshippers, whose faith was simple, and who learnt their duty from the Sermon on the Mount. There, in the last days of his sickness and exile, the grey head was uplifted to sing with them, as he had taught them to sing, the praise of the great Father of All.

And so Clement Marot himself passed as a strain of music from among the jar of treasons, stratagems, and spoils. In the autumn of the year 1544 he died. War and persecution were about him still; some men killing their neighbours for the sake of earth, some for the sake of heaven. He was cast out of France. There remained to him, only, as he said, his Muse which yet lives and his faith in Divine Mercy:

LA MORT NY MORD.

ANDREAS VESALIUS.

THERE is an old folio, known to all who have visited the fountain-heads of medical literature, and dear to bookworms for its woodcut illustrations, which in their own time were ascribed to Titian. It is the 'Corporis Humani Fabrica' of Andreas Vesalius. The first page is adorned with a large and spirited woodcut, in which a young man, wearing professor's robes, is to be seen standing at the table of a lecture theatre, and pointing out from a robust subject that lies before him the inner secrets of the human body. The tiers of benches that surround the lecture table are crowded with grave doctors, who are leaning forward, struggling to see, and even climbing upon railings, from which they look down with faces that present a striking group, expressive of much wonder, interest, and curiosity, mixed with a little awe. And yet they look upon a spectacle which is presented in our day as a matter-of-course to thousands of young men during the winter session at the hospitals.

The woodcut at once leads us to suppose that we have to deal, in the book to which it is prefixed, with the man who was the first to force his way into a path obstructed by a heavy barricade of prejudice. If we turn over a leaf, we find his portrait in another sketch;

rough, bold, and masterly. It portrays spirit and flesh of a young man who has the marks of a hardworking brain upon his forehead, and of a firm will upon his face. He looks like a man born to do work for the world, and not unwilling at the same time to take ease in it. He evidently can enjoy as well as think, and will, and do. His beard is very trim, his senses look acute, his rather handsome features express much refinement, aptness also for a look of scorn. He shows like a chief in intellect, a gracious king over some region of knowledge, who possesses all he could inherit, and knows how to conquer more; a good companion to kindred minds when recognized among them as a leader. So we judge from the noble portrait of the young professor in his robes, Andrew Vesalius, aged, as we are told by the inscription on the border, twenty-eight; a man who at that age had already become the

X Luther of Anatomy.

We meet only occasionally with born poets and musicians. Vesalius had a native genius of a rarer kind—he was a born dissector. From the inspection of rats, moles, dogs, cats, monkeys, his mind rose, impatient of restraint, to a desire for a more exact knowledge than they or Galen gave of the anatomy of man. But in his day, to be dissatisfied with Galen was to be a heretic in medicine; and to touch with a scalpel the dead “image of God” was reckoned impious in theology. There was no doubt left upon that latter point, for, in the lifetime of Vesalius, Charles V. had brought the question formally before a consultation of divines

at Salamanca. For purposes of ambition, living men might be blown asunder, at the cannon's mouth, cut up with sword and axe, or probed into with military lances. For the purposes of science, dead men were not to receive a wound.

Three weasels formed the family arms of Andreas, * whose name was properly Wesalius, his forefathers having at one time belonged to Wesel, where they formed a portion of the noble Wittag family. The immediate progenitors of Andreas for several generations had been eminent for medical attainments. Peter Wesalius was a famous physician. John, the son of Peter, another thriving doctor, was physician to Mary of Burgundy, the first wife of Maximilian I. John, growing old, retired from business; not, however, until he had introduced Everard, his son, to his distinguished mistress and to all his profitable practice. Everard kept up the reputation of the family, wrote Commentaries on the books of Rhases, and upon the Aphorisms of Hippocrates. The son of Everard, and the father of Andreas, enjoyed another reputation of the same kind; he was apothecary to the Emperor. The family mind was touched by this hereditary transmission through five generations of the same pursuit. When Andreas and his brother Francisco were destined to follow the two separate professions of Medicine and Law, their father found it very difficult to keep Francisco steady to his course of jurisprudence. Sending him out to study law his father found to be like throwing a ball against a blank wall, he came regularly back upon his

hand. When afterwards Francisco saw his famous brother very much attacked by Galenists, and indisposed to pay attention to them, there was nothing nearer to the heart of the young lawyer than a desire to fight his battle for him. The veins of the family, in fact, ran medicine. Andreas, when he was not fifteen years old, attended plague cases and practised surgery.

He was born on the last day of December, in the year 1514. His father, the apothecary, being attached to the service of Margaret, governor of the Netherlands, aunt of the Emperor Charles V., Andreas Vesalius was born at Brussels. He was sent as a boy to study at Louvain, where he made very rapid progress in all branches of knowledge taught to him. He manifested a great taste for science, and spent all his leisure upon practical research into the mechanism of the lower animals. He became very proficient in the scholarship of the day, so that in his great work, written before he had allowed his skill to rust, the Latin style is singularly pure. Jean Riolan, who took pains afterwards to show that Vesalius was but a shallow fellow, and that his knowledge of anatomy in particular was not much more than skin-deep, protested that he must have found some good scholar to write the Latin of his books. At the same time, however, that he might smite with a two-edged scalpel, the discerning critic blamed the sentences of Vesalius for their length and his style for its obscurity. His scalpel was blunt, for his own style was very clumsy. The good Latin written by Vesalius while he was comparatively fresh from his studies at

Louvain, became corrupted by disuse. That Vesalius mastered not only Latin but Greek also, accurately, at Louvain, may be inferred from the fact that he wrote Greek annotations to the works of Galen. It is more certainly proved by the confidence with which the great Venetian printer, Aldinus Junta, in after years made application to Vesalius alone for a corrected text of Galen, and for castigation of a Latin rendering of Galen's works. The application was in part only responded to.

Greek and Latin were sources of pleasure to the young anatomist, only because they enabled him to read medical books. Then also, as he soon discovered the corruptness of translations generally, he was not content to study the Arabians by aid of their interpreters, but betook himself to a scholar learned in Arabic and Hebrew, Lazarus Hebræus de Frigeis. With that teacher he read Avicenna in the original Arabic, and afterwards was able to write for himself a paraphrase of the ten books of Rhases to the Emir Almansor.

From Louvain the youth was sent to Paris, where he studied physic under a most eminent physician, Jacobus Sylvius, otherwise Jacques de la Boë. Sylvius found his new pupil disagreeably acute. It was the practice of that illustrious professor to read to his class Galen 'On the Use of Parts.' He began fairly, and when he had reached the middle of the first book, at the point where the anatomy commences, he said, "Gentlemen, we now come to a part too difficult for the comprehen-

sion of beginners. Were I to go through it with you, we should only be bewildering each other." To save trouble, therefore, the professor took a flying leap over all intervening matter, and descended plump on the fifth book over which he cantered easily to the tenth section. From the rest of the work he made selections, to the consideration of which he either gave a single lecture, or to which he devoted five or six lessons at most. This course of professional study was illustrated sometimes with the dissection of some portion of a dog, prepared for the purpose by a surgeon under the professor's eye. This always was thrown away on the third day, when it became unpleasant to smell.

Sylvius believed, like his brethren, that the anatomy of all flesh was contained in Galen. If he found anything in his dog that puzzled him, the fault lay with the animal; the dog was wrong. Often the learned man—more used to turn over leaves of books than strips of muscle—blundered about his little preparation, vainly searching for some bloodvessel or tendon that he meant to show. At the third of his practical demonstrations witnessed by Andreas, the teacher was so much surprised at the confused construction of the animal before him that he called upon the newcomer, whose passion for dissecting was well known, to help him through his difficulty. The professor's patience was tried farther by the fact that Andreas Vesalius, by the intensity of his own enthusiasm, infected his companions with a pitiless zeal after correct details of anatomy. Whenever Sylvius, unable to find some vein or nerve, excused

its non-appearance and passed glibly on, he made work for his pupils. They slipped down when he was gone, hunted the dog through for the missing part, dissected it out for their master with great neatness, and triumphantly called his attention to it on his next appearance.

The influence of a commanding mind and of a strong enthusiasm was exercised over his associates in a yet more striking way by the ambitious student. He caused some of the young men to share his own impatience at the dog-anatomy to which they were confined. Pleasure-loving youths, moved by his impulse, were to be found with him haunting at ghostly hours the Cemetery of the Innocents. Once, when he went with a fellow-pupil to the Montfauçon, where the bodies of executed criminals were deposited and bones were plentiful, they found themselves attacked by a pack of fierce dogs. Masters of the situation, they would by no means let a bone be touched, and there ensued so hard a battle with them that Vesalius believed the dogs were at last going to get their turn as dissecters, and had agreed upon him for their first subject. 7*

Another of the teachers under whom Andreas studied in Paris was a man of great renown, Gauthier of Andernach, or, to speak learnedly, Guintherius. He was physician in ordinary to King Francis I. Guintherius, before he went to Paris, had been Greek professor at Louvain. At Paris he occasionally ventured so far as to dissect human bodies. I run over three years to state here that in his 'Institutiones Anatomicæ,' pub-

lished in 1536, Guinther took occasion to specify Andreas Vesalius (the classic V had not at that time been adopted in the name) as a youth of great promise, Vesalius then being twenty-one years old. Again, after three more years had elapsed, in publishing a new edition of his 'Institutiones,' Guinther stated that he had been indebted largely to the helping hand of Andreas Vesalius, a youth most diligent in the study of anatomy. The youth was then already himself beginning work upon a book that was to produce a revolution in the science.

At about the age of nineteen, however, the pupilage of Andreas at Paris, under Sylvius and Guinther, had been broken off by the French wars. He retired then to his alma mater at Louvain. Here, continuing his studies, X he for the first time openly demonstrated from the human subject, offering to the scholars of Louvain an unaccustomed spectacle. He had himself in Paris only twice been present at a demonstration of the kind.

During his sojourn at Louvain, it happened one day that Vesalius walked with his friend Reiner (Gemma Frisius) outside the gates. Reiner, called Frisian from his birthplace, became Professor of Medicine at Louvain, and distinguished for his skill in mathematics. As a physician he was in request at the court of Charles V., but wearied of court practice and gave it up. He was noted for his short stature, and six years older than his comrade in this country walk; Vesalius twenty and he twenty-six. By accident their ramble brought them to the Tyburn of Louvain, the spot on which it was usual

not only to execute criminals, but also to expose their bodies. It was a place of human bones, and of men's corpses in all stages of corruption. To such a spot the friends came very naturally, led to it no doubt by a familiar path, for where else was there a retired nook to be found of which the scenery was more completely in accordance with the taste of an anatomist? Vesalius loved nature with the ardour of true genius, but he was a man who could have boiled his kettle with more pleasure in the valley of Jehoshaphat than in the vale of Tempè. Why should he not? Is the thigh-bone that propped up a lord of the creation less to be honoured than a primrose-stalk? Or is the cup that has contained the brain and wit of man to be regarded with less tender reverence than buttercups and pumpkins?

Vesalius and Gemma Frisius, whose humour it was to admire nature in the mechanism of the human body, looked at the dead men with learned eyes. The botanist a-field looks out for specimens to carry home, so the anatomist Vesalius looked keenly about him, for in such a place the obvious question was, could he make any addition to his hortus siccus of odd joints and bones.

Now there had been executed on that spot a noted robber, who, since he deserved more than ordinary hanging, had been chained to the top of a high stake and roasted alive. He had been roasted by a slow fire made of straw, that was kept burning at some distance below his feet. In that way there had been a dish cooked for the fowls of heaven, which was regarded by them as a special dainty. The sweet flesh of the

delicately roasted thief they had preferred to any other ; his bones, therefore, had been elaborately picked, and there was left suspended on the stake a skeleton dissected out, and cleaned by many beaks with rare precision. The dazzling skeleton, complete and clean, was lifted up on high before the eyes of the anatomist, who had been striving hitherto to piece together such a thing out of the bones of many people, gathered as occasion offered. This was a flower to be plucked from its tall stem.

Mounting upon the shoulders of his friend, and aided by him from below, young Andreas ascended the charred stake, and tore away whatever bones he found accessible, breaking the ligaments which tied the legs and arms to the main trunk. The trunk itself was bound by iron chains so firmly to the stake, that it was left there hanging. With stolen bones under their clothes, the two young men returned into Louvain.

But in the evening Vesalius went out alone to take another walk, did not return in haste, and suffered the town gates to close against him. He had resolved to spend the night a-field under the stars ; while honest men were sleeping in their beds, he meant to share the vigil of the thieves. There was the trunk of the skeleton yet to be had. At midnight none would dare to brave the spectacle of fleshly horrors, to say nothing of such ghostly accidents as might befall them among corpses of the wicked, under rain, moon, stars, or flitting night clouds. Certain, therefore, that no man would come to witness his offence, Vesalius at midnight

again climbed the tree to gather its remaining blossom. By main force he deliberately wrested the whole set of bones out of the grasp of the great iron fetters, and then having removed his treasure to a secret spot, he buried it. In the morning he returned home empty-handed. At leisure then, and carefully, he smuggled through the gates, day after day, bone after bone. But when the perfect skeleton was set up in his own house he did not scruple to display it openly, and to demonstrate from it, giving out that it had been brought by him to Louvain from Paris. The act of plunder was, however, too bold to escape attention. Vesalius afterwards was banished from Louvain for this offence. X

In the next year, 1535, Andreas, having completed his twentieth year, served as a surgeon in the army of the Emperor Charles V., during the French war. He was then earning a salary, and finding subjects for dissection on the battle-field. Soon afterwards he went to Italy, making his head-quarters apparently at Venice, and displaying his zeal and ability as an anatomist, by demonstrating publicly under the shadow of the most famous universities. Andreas Vesalius at once excited the attention of the learned men of Italy, as a remarkable youth of twenty-one or two, who could name, with his eyes blindfolded, any, even the smallest human bone put into his hand, who was versed deeply in comparative anatomy, and had more accurate and practical knowledge of the structure of the human frame than any grey-beard of the time had dared to master. He was a youth who had turned all the

ardour and passion of his age into the service of that one mysterious pursuit at which his neighbours shuddered and admired ; a youth who was at the same time an able scholar, and who could declaim his knowledge in sound Latin from the lecture-table. The intensity of his zeal, and his own habit of mastery won for him in Italy so prompt a recognition of his genius, that he was only twenty-two years old when he was offered (in 1537) a professorship at Padua, created for him. It was the first purely anatomical professorship, and in accepting it Vesalius became the first Professor of Anatomy who taught the science, and received a salary for so doing from the funds of any university.

A good deal of morbid curiosity, a corrupt taste for witnessing dissections of the human body as a novel spectacle, no doubt increased the number of the new professor's hearers. He was doing a bold thing, his lectures were a striking innovation on the tameness of conventional routine, and his fame grew with proportionate rapidity. He continued to hold his professorship at Padua during seven years, but he was at the same time professor in two other universities. He was sought by the academies for the same reason that causes an attractive performer to be sought at the same time by rival managers. Wherever he appeared, the theatre would fill. When already appointed at Padua, he was endowed with a professorship also at Bologna, in which town he put together and compared the skeletons of a man and of a monkey. Being thus doubly a professor, he accepted also the urgent invi-

tation of Cosmo, Duke of Florence, who desired that he should take office as Professor of Anatomy at Pisa. Cosmo secured his man not only by offering a salary of six hundred crowns for a short course of demonstrations, but also by commanding that the authorities should furnish him with a free supply of bodies, whether from the cemetery or the scaffold. In each university the services of the professor were confined to a short course of demonstrations, so that his duties were complete when he had spent during the winter a few weeks at each of the three towns in succession. Then he returned to Venice.

At Venice, Andreas Vesalius studied indefatigably, at the same time that he practised physic. He not only solicited the bodies of condemned criminals, but also begged of magistrates that they would sentence such men to the modes of death that he from time to time suggested, in order that he might obtain physiological knowledge from his post-mortem inspections. He was not afraid also to beg that executions might be delayed when he was well supplied with subjects, so that there might be material for him to work upon at a more leisure time. Furthermore, he watched—and incited his pupils to watch—all the symptoms in men dying of a fatal malady, and it was usual with him and them to note where, after death, such men were buried. For their bodies night visits were paid to the churchyard, either by Vesalius or by some of his pupils, and a diligent search was then made for the accurate determination of the cause of death. Many a corpse was in this way

secretly conveyed by Andreas to his own chamber, and concealed in his own bed.

At Padua and Bologna, where there was no bold Cosmo to back the teacher, no public means were ventured upon for the supply of the new lecture-table. It was supplied without trouble to Vesalius by the enthusiasm of the students, who became resurrectionists on his behalf.

Thus it happened that on one occasion his class was edified by the emotion of a portly Petrarch under a monk's hood, who had sought in the excitement of anatomy a refuge from his grief for the recent death of a too well-known Laura. He sat down thinking of his old acquaintance with a sigh—

“Mai non fu' in parte, ove si chiar vedessi
Quel, che veder vorrei, poi ch'io nol vidi,”—

and started with a shout that betrayed all his secret when he saw her stretched out on the demonstrator's table. She had been disinterred by the students as a friendless person—one who in life had not regarded her own flesh as sacred, and whose body, therefore, might be lectured from without risk of exciting any active outcry against desecration of the dead. Vesalius, who hated monks as false pretenders and obstructors of sound knowledge, enjoyed greatly this dilemma.

During the first three years of office as professor, Andreas did not depart, or wish to depart, from the approved rule of study. He praised the works of Galen in good faith, and made use of the anatomical writings of that ancient author as the text-book upon which he founded all his demonstrations. With practical expe-

rience, however, the conviction grew, not only that the anatomy of Galen was extremely incomplete, but that it was often wrong. He had marked down upon the margins of his text-book as he detected them many discrepancies between the text of Galen and the human body. These variations he found, as he went on, were constant. Then, dissecting lower animals, and monkeys more especially, he made comparison between their parts and corresponding parts in man, until he became convinced that Galen very rarely wrote from actual inspection of the human subject; that he had been a great anatomist, but that his teaching was based on a belief that the structure of a monkey was a direct copy of the structure of a man. Galen had not ventured often to defy superstition, and defile himself by too close contact with the dead of his own race. This fact being ascertained with certainty, Vesalius took more than usual pains to note every discrepancy between the text of Galen and the actual parts which it endeavoured to describe. The list of these variations—annotations upon Galen—formed in a short time a volume of considerable thickness.

Having thus seen reason to distrust the foundations upon which the whole structure of medical science was, in his time, built, Vesalius at the age of twenty-five resolved to reconstruct more durably the science of anatomy. He perceived only one way in which this could be done: he would dissect minutely through the human body, and write down all that he found there, carefully and accurately, in a well-digested book. He

would collate upon each point the evidence obtained under the scalpel with the writings of the authorities who occupied the schools before him, would retain their nomenclature and repeat their truths, but rectify their almost countless errors. To this bold enterprise, after his genius had once admitted the idea, Vesalius was further impelled by the encouragement of his friends, and chiefly by the incitements of a colleague in the University of Padua, Mark Antony Genua, and of the patrician, Wolfgang Herwort. So it happened that, at the age of twenty-five, Andreas Vesalius, already a famous teacher, began to write, from actual scrutiny, his text-book of 'The Fabric of the Human Body.' He at the same time practised medicine, and expressed loudly and often his regret that the art of healing and the science of anatomy were followed as two separate pursuits. He declared a correct knowledge of anatomy to be essential both to the physician and the surgeon, and he taught the science in his writings with a constant reference to medicine and surgery, bitterly ridiculing those practitioners who got their knowledge of disease out of a study of syrups.

It is possible to tell in a few paragraphs all that is known to have been done before the time of Vesalius for the promotion of the study of true human anatomy. In very ancient times it is proved that there was no lack of dissectors, those of the Alexandrian school used the knife freely on the human subject. Herophilus is said to have cut up and examined three hundred bodies without reckoning his vivisections. Of

the anatomy of the ancients, however, nothing has been transmitted except what has come down to us in the extant works of Galen. Galen, it has been shown, dissected lower animals and monkeys—rarely man. When contact with a corpse made expiations and ablutions necessary, it was not an easy thing to be an accurate anatomist. After the death of Galen that chief still continued to hold sway for centuries over the world of medicine. The Arabians put implicit faith in him, and copied all his errors, adding many of their own.

In the middle ages practical anatomy when it attempted any inspection of “the Divine image” was regarded as impiety; nevertheless, a first step in a right direction was made by Mondino, about the year 1315. Mondino, professor of medicine at Bologna, between the years 1315-18, exhibited the public dissection of three bodies, and by so doing was the cause of a great scandal. Alarmed by an edict of Pope Boniface VII. he gave up his dangerous experiment, but he had published a work ‘On Anatomy,’ containing much original matter, which was adopted by the learned world, and prescribed to be read in all academies.

For three centuries this work continued to be in force as an authority. In the time of Vesalius, Mondino was read commonly as a supplement to the anatomy contained in Galen, and if any anatomist had new facts to record, he edited Mondino, and attached to the text of that author his own experience in the form of commentary. In the year 1520, Mondino had in that way been supplied with notes by Alessandro

Achillini, and edited by his poet-brother Philothes, at Bologna; and in 1521 the book of Mondino was again amply illustrated by Jacques Berenger, the best of the precursors of Vesalius. Mondino wrote succinctly, treating of parts in their natural order, but his information was not only succinct, but also meagre; his style being obscure and barbarous, often incomprehensible, his errors many. His errors were so many that Matteo Corti—who spoke before Vesalius had shaken the old paramount authority—said of Mondino “all that is right in him is Galen’s, but his own matter is always wrong.” Achillini was pronounced jejune; Berenger diffuse, but really good. Jacques Berenger introduced also into his edition, for the first time, pictures, by which the eye was enabled to comprehend the details given in the letter-press. The pictures were rude, nineteen in number, increased in another publication, two years afterwards, to twenty-two. These plates deserve to be remembered by anatomists as the first efforts that were made to facilitate their studies by depicting as well as describing the human frame. In 1534, Albert Durer depicted the symmetry of the human body in four books, but rather as an artist than as an anatomist. The greatest painters, protected by Julius II. and Leo X., had been allowed to study practically just so much anatomy as was required for the perfection of their art. Drawings from nature of the superficial muscles had been made by Leonardo da Vinci, Raffaele, and Michael Angelo. Representations of the anatomy of deep-seated parts

immediately preceding the publication of the plates issued by Vesalius, were edited in 1540 by Walter Hermann Ryff; and a more valuable set, in which the brain is well depicted with its parts figured and named, was published by Balthasar Becker. None of these works were at all calculated to disturb the supremacy of Galen, or to create any revolution in anatomy. But they were indications of the ripeness of the field for work like that to which Vesalius devoted himself with the whole fresh zeal of youth and all the vigour of his genius.

The income derived by Andreas from three professorships, and from his practice among the Venetians, perhaps also the prosperous worldly condition of his family, enabled him to spend money freely in the prosecution of his literary work. He took pains to secure, not only for his description of parts, but also for the representations of them to be published in his book, the utmost possible fidelity and beauty. It cost him not a little to tempt able artists from their studies of the beautiful to sit and paint, day after day, from a dissected corpse. Grudging no cost, he succeeded so well as to obtain for his book anatomical plates not only incomparably better than any that had been previously published, but more excellent as works of art than very many that have appeared since his day. The chief artist engaged with him in this labour was Johann Stephan von Calcar, native of Calcar, in the duchy of Cleves. That artist studied during his best years in Italy, admiring chiefly the works of Raffaele

and Titian. He was one of the most able of Titian's pupils, and so accurately seized his master's style and manner, that many works from the hands of Calcar, portraits especially, have been attributed to Titian. Rubens kept, until his death, a Nativity by Calcar, that was remarkable for its effects of light; and Calcar is well known to many in our own day as the painter of the portraits which accompany Vasari's Lives; Calcar, then, was the chief artist engaged upon the anatomical figures published by Vesalius, and so it happened that those figures were in their own time often attributed to Titian.

While Andreas was steadily at work upon his book, author and artists (another artist was Nicholas Stoop) making simultaneous progress, the first few plates were sent to the professor's father, who, it may be remembered, was apothecary to the Emperor. By him they were shown to Charles V., also to many of his most distinguished courtiers, and in this way the praise of the young anatomist first came to be spoken from imperial lips. In the year 1539, at the age of twenty-five, Vesalius issued to the public a few completed plates as an experiment. Being successful in Italy, they were largely pirated by German publishers, and many bad copies of these plates are therefore extant. The *Opus Magnum* was again to be preceded by another herald, an epitome of its six books with illustrations of the choicest kind. In this epitome the matter was arranged and the plates were chosen with a direct intent to supply that kind of information wanted commonly by surgeons. The chief

care of the book was to describe and depict accurately those parts which are most frequently exposed to wounds, dislocations, tumours, and such ills of the flesh. It was to serve also as an index to the greater work. Although the epitome was finished first, and dedicated in due form to Philip, son and heir of the great Emperor, the actual publication of it was delayed until some months after the appearance of the full and perfect work, the '*Corporis Humani Fabrica*,' first published at Basle, in the year 1543, its author being at that time twenty-eight years old.

With the famous treatise of Vesalius upon the '*Fabric of the Human Body*' begins the history of anatomy as it is now studied. In that book the plates are throughout to the letter-press what the real subject is to the lecture of the demonstrator, and the references to the pictures are minute, distinct, and accurate. The groundwork of true human anatomy is laid, throughout the book, with an exactness never before approached. The work is strictly anatomical, but it includes many important references to the allied subjects of physiology and surgery. The descriptions of parts are given in well-polished Latin, with the clearness of a man who is quite master of his subject, and, as he goes on, the author makes a merciless comparison between the structure that is really found in man and the description of it found in Galen. He shows, finally, by cumulative proof, that Galen taught from a knowledge, not of men, but of brutes. Because, in showing this, Vesalius proved errors not only of Galen, but of the whole mass of his

brethren,—who had gone to Galen only for their information, and whom he would compel to sit at his own feet for better knowledge,—he knew well that he was provoking all the brotherhood to war. He therefore made his onslaught upon error in a fighting mood.

Old men were not willing to tolerate dictation from a boy of twenty-eight. Professors and physicians who maintained a reputation for wisdom in their universities and in the world by propping it upon an intimate acquaintance with the works of Galen were not disposed to let their prop be struck away; they held to it tenaciously. Sylvius at Paris was especially indignant at the scientific heresies of his late pupil; he attacked his book with violence. Vesalius, therefore, wrote to his old master a letter full of friendly feeling and respect, inquiring wherein he had been guilty of error. Sylvius replied to this that he liked his old pupil very well, and would be glad to call him friend, but he could do so only on condition that he would show proper respect to Galen. If he failed in that, he was to expect no quarter either from Sylvius or any pupils of his school.

Soon after the publication of his work in 1543, the name of Andreas Vesalius had become widely known at Court as that of a man gifted with preternatural skill in the art of healing. In the year 1546 Andreas went from Venice, then his home, in company with the Venetian ambassador, to Regensburg, where he was to exercise his skill upon the Emperor, and from that date he was ranked among the Emperor's physi-

cians. On his way to Regensburg, he stopped for a short time at Basle, and there gave a few demonstrations from a skeleton prepared by himself, which, upon leaving, he presented to the University. The skeleton was hung up in the lecture-hall with an inscription under it commemorating the event, and it is still one of the curiosities of Basle.

From the Emperor, Vesalius was sent in the same year to attend one of his nobles. Afterwards at Ratisbon he wrote and published (still in 1546) one of his works, a long letter to Joachim Roelants, on the use of China-root (one of the sarsaparillas). In that work, while he professed to treat of the medicine by which the Emperor's health had been restored, he entered largely into a vindication of his teaching against all assailants, and a fresh exposition of the fact that Galen had dissected brutes alone. The letter, of which the greater part was devoted to the business of self-assertion, contains much autobiographic matter, and is the source from which many of the preceding details have been drawn.

Returning then to Italy—his age being thirty-two—Andreas again taught and dissected publicly at Bologna, Padua, and Pisa. His object was to battle against opposition from the orthodox. With few exceptions all the young men—all the next generation of physicians—declared themselves enthusiastically to be of the party of Vesalius. The old scholars and practitioners declared that innovator to be a mere infidel in anatomy, teaching a mass of errors. Vesalius, to put down these people, wrote always on the day before each of his

demonstrations a public notice that it would take place, and that all men who decried his errors were invited to attend to make their own dissections from his subject, and confound him openly. Not a man ventured to accept the challenge, and in this way the opposition to Vesalius on the part of his immediate neighbours was held very much in check.

But from the old-fashioned teachers of the young in other towns—especially from Sylvius in Paris—the outcry against the heretic who had endeavoured to shake faith in the word of Galen was incessant. In the year 1551 Sylvius broke out in print; his wrath was a long madness, and in his published lucubration the display of it runs to an excess that is pitiable. He accuses his old pupil, whom, by way of a dull, rude joke, he everywhere calls *Vesanus*, as a monster of ignorance, arrogance, and ingratitude—a man who poisoned Europe by the breath of his impiety, and who clouded knowledge by the infinitude of all his blunders. The animosity of Sylvius had become bitterly personal, and he even went so far as to accuse *Andreas* to the Emperor, and to seek an ally in one of the imperial physicians, *Cornelius Barsdrop*, whom he endeavoured to bribe, not with money but with bones, namely, the skeleton of a child. All this hatred was not spent in vain. Sylvius was called upon, as a credible witness, to substantiate his charges, by exhibiting the errors of *Vesalius* from his own dissection of the subject. He was unable to do so. The human body was perverse, and followed the descriptions of the heretic; but so completely was belief in

Galen the religion of the old physicians, that Sylvius next declared the men of his own time to be constructed somewhat differently from the men who had lived so many centuries before. The ancients, at any rate, it was quite certain that Galen had dissected and described infallibly. Rather let him believe that God's work had been altered than that Galen had confounded men with monkeys.

The outcry raised against him by so many grave authorities did, in effect, create in many minds a vague dread of Vesalius and his writings. They fell into bad odour at Court; he performed wonderful cures, but when so much testimony went to show that the young man's writing was arrogant and impious, it was felt that it must be wrong to countenance his books. When, therefore, for the sake of his reputed skill as a practitioner of medicine, Vesalius was called to reside permanently at Madrid, the summons was attended with so many circumstances showing the success of those who clamoured at his writings, that in a fit of proud indignation he spent one unlucky hour in burning all his manuscripts. Thus he destroyed a huge volume of annotations upon Galen; a whole book of Medical Formulæ; many original notes upon drugs; the copy of Galen from which he lectured, covered with marginal notes of new observations that had occurred to him while demonstrating; and the paraphrase of the books of Rhases, in which the knowledge of the Arabians was collated with that of the Greeks and others. The produce of the labour of many years was thus destroyed

in a short fit of passion. While the ashes of his manuscripts were yet before him, Andreas repented of his deed.

X He lived no more for science. As a Court Physician at Madrid it was of no use for Vesalius to teach anatomy to the church from bodies robbed out of the consecrated ground. He lived upon his reputation, and indulged in all the ease compatible with the stiff life of a Spanish courtier. There was a second (augmented) edition of his 'Fabric of the Human Body,' published at Basle in 1555; but it was left for scholars and physicians to fight out among themselves the question of its merits. Vesalius was dead to controversy and to study, but alive to gain and pleasure.

The reputation he enjoyed as a physician was unbounded. One instance of his wonderful sagacity is an instructive example of the growth of knowledge among men of the lancet. There is now scarcely one hospital pupil in his third year who would not be ashamed to fail in the diagnosis of an aneurismal tumour. Such a tumour on a patient—a big and wonderful tumour on the loins—puzzled two famous imperial physicians, Adolf Oceone and Achilles Piriminus. Vesalius being called into consultation, said: "There is a blood-vessel dilated; that tumour is full of blood." They were surprised at so strange an opinion; but the man died, the tumour was opened, blood was actually found in it, and all were in a rapture of astonishment.

Another case was of a more startling kind, though not so creditable to the wit of the physician. In 1548

Maximilian d'Egmont, Count of Buren, a favourite general, was ill at Brussels. He had a disease of the heart, and Vesalius being called in not only said that he would die, but undertook also to predict the day and hour of death. In those days of astrology and superstition the habit of desiring and of hazarding predictions was extremely common. Vesalius had seldom risked his reputation by the use of them; but this one (as I hope he did not feel that it would do) brought its own fulfilment. The dread anticipation occupied the Count's mind. On the appointed day he called his relatives and friends together to a feast, distributed gifts, declared his last wishes, took formal leave of all, waited with strong suppressed emotion for the appointed hour of death, and at the hour predicted actually died.

After the abdication of Charles V., Vesalius remained attached to the Court of Philip II. Don Carlos, Philip's son, in chasing a girl of the palace who fled from him, fell down a flight of stairs and so received a very severe blow on his head. There was great swelling and the Prince lay hopelessly insensible until Vesalius, fetched from a distance, cut into the scalp and relieved his patient promptly.

Brother physicians, however, said even at Court that Vesalius understood only superficial injuries, and could not cure internal disease. Vesalius replied easily that the world outside the profession had a different opinion, and that he had no reason to envy any doctor in the world the income he could make out of his skill. When Henry II. of France was lying mortally sick of his lance-

wound, it was Vesalius whom Philip of Spain sent to save him from the clutch of death. But it was a long way from Madrid, and death was travelling much faster than the doctor.

The controversy concerning the infallibility of Galen was, in the meantime, raging with considerable violence. Renatus Henerus, a young man studying at Paris under Sylvius, felt annoyed at the incessant outcry against Vesalius with which that professor was continually worrying his classes. He heard also that many sound and mature men disapproved of what, to his fresh heart, appeared very much like the bitterness of bigotry. Fuchs at Tübingen, Massa at Venice, and Rondolet at Montpellier, first-rate authorities, taught already without scruple many things that contradicted Galen. Henerus, finding this to be the case, determined on his own part to speak out on behalf of the too-much abused reformer.

✓ He published, therefore, at Venice, in 1554, an apology for Vesalius, in which he spoke of Sylvius always with the respect due from a pupil to his teacher, and declared that he had never seen the man whose reputation he defended. Among other attacks upon the great anatomist was one published in 1562 by Francisco Puteo of Vercelli; but at that time Vesalius had shaken off a little of his lethargy, being apparently impressed with the belief that his fame was not secure. There appeared, therefore, a sharp reply to Puteo from a writer calling himself Gabriel Cuneus. That writer Jerome Cardan, his contemporary and friend, with the best opportunities of knowing the truth, identifies with

Andreas Vesalius himself. Internal evidence corroborates the statement of Cardan.

The fears of Vesalius concerning his good fame in the world of science had been excited in the year 1561, by the appearance of the 'Anatomical Observations' of Falloppio. Giovanni Bonacci, whose pseudonym was Gabriel Falloppio, had been one of his pupils, and having mastered all the knowledge of his chief, had continued, with great skill and industry, to push forward the knowledge of anatomy. While the scalpel of Vesalius was rusting, Falloppio was making new researches; and when, in the year 1561, he published the results of his labours, after thirteen years of public teaching in Ferrara, and after having presided for eight years over an anatomical school, he was, of course, able to enlarge the borders of the science. With a temper that more suited the tone of feeling in a courtier than in a scholar, Vesalius regarded the advanced knowledge of his pupil as an infringement of his rights. Though he had been twenty years away from work as an anatomist, and had at that time in Madrid no opportunity of testing the discoveries of Falloppio by actual dissection, he wrote hastily an angry, wrong-headed reply, an 'Examination of the Observations of Falloppio,' in which he decried the friend who made improvements on himself, as he had been himself decried for his improvements upon Galen. The manuscript of this work, finished at the end of December, in the year 1561, Andreas committed to the care of Paolo Tiepolo, of Venice, orator to the King of Spain, who was to give it to Falloppio. War, how-

ever, so far obstructed travelling, that the orator did not reach Padua until after the death of Falloppio; he then very wisely retained and kept to himself all knowledge of the MS. Vesalius soon afterwards, on his way to Jerusalem, took possession of his work and caused it to be published without more delay. It appeared, therefore, at Venice in the year 1564.

The journey to Jerusalem, on which Vesalius set out from Madrid when in the full noon of his prosperity, is thus accounted for in a letter from Hubert Languet, Sir Philip Sidney's old Huguenot friend, to Caspar Teucher:—"Vesalius, believing a young Spanish nobleman, whom he had attended, to be dead, obtained from his parents leave to open him, for the sake of inquiring into the real cause of his illness, which he had not rightly comprehended. This was granted; but he had no sooner made a cut into the body than he perceived symptoms of life, and, opening the breast, saw the heart beat. The parents coming afterwards to know of this, were not satisfied with prosecuting him for murder, but accused him of impiety to the Inquisition, in the hope that he would be punished with greater rigour by the judges of that tribunal than by those of the common law. But the King of Spain interfered and saved him, on condition, however, that by way of atonement he should make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land."

Boerhaave and Albinus, in the notice of Vesalius prefixed to their edition of his works, observe that the heart cannot well beat with life after so much dissection of the human frame as is necessary to expose it to the

eye. It has been known, however, for centuries, that the irritability of muscles continues after death, differing in different parts, and may be excited mechanically by slight stimulus. The ventricles of the heart lose the contractile power within fifty minutes after death; but in the auricles it remains for hours—longer, indeed, than in any other muscle. Such facts had been observed even by Galen, who, perceiving that in the right auricle the power of contracting under stimulus remained longer than in any other portion of the body, described that part as the *ultimum moriens*—the last to die. Involuntary contraction of this kind may have helped in the ruin of Vesalius, or perhaps the priests, who had long watched their opportunity, took care to make the most of a mechanical gurgling in the body, or a chance movement occasioned by some shaking of the table, and contrived at last so to fix with a fatal weight the accusation of impiety upon the bold man who had so long set them at defiance.

Quitting Madrid for Venice, Andreas set out upon the next stage of his journey, from Venice to Cyprus, in company with Giacomo Malatesta di Rimini, General of the Venetian army. From Cyprus he went on to Jerusalem, and was returning, not to Madrid, but to the labours of his youth as a Professor at Padua, being invited by the Venetian Senate to occupy the Chair of Physic in that University, vacant by the death of Falloppio, when he was shipwrecked in the neighbourhood of Zante. Cast ashore upon that island, there he perished miserably, of hunger and grief, on the 15th of October

of the year 1564, before he had quite reached the age of fifty. His body was found some days afterwards, in a miserable hut, by a travelling goldsmith, who recognised in its starved outlines the features of the renowned Andreas Vesalius.

At the goldsmith's cost, therefore, the shipwrecked man was buried among strangers. After his death a great work on surgery appeared, in seven books, signed with his name, and commonly included among his writings. There is reason, however, to believe that his name was stolen to give value to the book, which was compiled and published by a Venetian, Prosper Bogarucci, a literary crow, who fed himself upon the dead man's reputation.

CONRAD GESNER.

151.

565

WHAT I shall relate here of the life of Conrad Gesner, of Zurich, will be drawn chiefly from a memoir published very soon after his death, and written by a brother student and companion, Josiah Simler. The memoir is simple and unaffected: it contains no syllable of panegyric, but leaves the facts of Gesner's life to speak in their own language to the hearts of scholars. It is dedicated to Caspar Wolff and George Kellner; two other friends of Gesner, one of whom, Wolff, succeeded to the naturalist's books and papers. Josiah Simler, in the dedication, speaks with true Swiss simplicity, and with a graceful tenderness as well, about his little record of their old companion:—"It seemed to me that I owed this duty to a most dear friend, whom while he lived I greatly loved and sought, and by whom I felt my love to be returned."

Conrad Gesner, born at Zurich in the year 1516, was the son of a worker in hides. His father's Christian name was Ursus, and his mother's Barbara; but they were in name only barbarous or bearish. They were poor, for they had many children; but they lived honestly, and behaved as members of a civilised Swiss town. Conrad was sent by them, while very young,

to the town school, where he studied the rudiments of Greek and Latin, under very competent teachers, namely, Thomas Plattner, who removed afterwards to Basle, Theodore Buchman, Oswald Geishäuser, and Peter Rauchfuss. Buchman expounded Scripture in Zurich; Geishäuser afterwards had charge of the church in Basle; Rauchfuss excelled in Greek, and became Greek Professor in the then very celebrated school of Strasburg.

Gesner, even from the tenderest years of his childhood, showed a studious character, and a great power of retaining knowledge. His father was too poor to pay on his account for more than the first years of wholesome necessary education. Happily, a teacher in the college, John Jacob Ammian, Professor of Latin and Oratory, saw in Conrad so much promise for the future, that he took the young scholar into his house and instructed him gratuitously for three years, believing, with a noble patriotism, that whatever labour he might spend upon the boy would be repaid in a few years to Zurich. Conrad Gesner thus became enabled to attend, not only the lectures of Ammian upon Latin and oratory, but also those of the Professor of Greek, Rodolf Collin, a peasant's son, who was interpreting Plutarch. While the youth was in this way fully occupied, and had delivered up his whole mind to dialectics, oratory, and Greek, civil war had broken out, and his father, the leather-seller, being among those who went out to fight, was not among those who came home again. He was killed in the battle of Zug, in the year 1531.

Conrad was then fifteen years old, and lay in his mother's house seriously ill. On his recovery it became necessary that he should not remain a burden on the widow, for she had other children to support, with means that had become more contracted since her husband's death. The student-son went, therefore, to Strasburg, and attached himself for some months to the service of a celebrated Lutheran, Wolfgang Fabricius Capito. Possibly his old master, Rauchfuss, had helped him to this situation, in which he enlarged his opportunities of study, and acquired a fair knowledge of Hebrew—a language of which he already had picked up the rudiments at home.

Meanwhile, the generous John Jacob Ammian and his other learned friends in Zürich had not forgotten the young Conrad Gesner. After a brief stay in Strasburg, Conrad returned to his native town, to be sent out, with a stipend, by the scholastic senate of Zurich, on an educational mission into France. Johann Fricius went with him—a fellow-student, bound to him in those days by parity of disposition and community of study, who through manhood remained afterwards one of his warmest friends. They went to Bourges, where Gesner, then only sixteen years old, acted for twelve months as a teacher, communicating what he knew to others, and in all spare time reading for himself, incessantly, Latin and Greek, to perfect his acquaintance with those languages. Having spent a year in this way, Conrad went to Paris, being attracted thither by the University. In Paris he found many famous men, and listened to much

teaching; but he was accustomed to say afterwards that he learned little at Paris, for want of counsel in the regulation of his studies. Gesner stands pre-eminent among all scholars as a wonderful economist of time. It is doubtful whether in his whole life, from the first school-days to the moment of death, he suffered as many hours and minutes as would make, when summed up, one day to be wasted. And even though his industry was so incessant, it would still be manifestly impossible that he could have left behind, after a short life, such works as now remain to us, unless he had not only worked incessantly, but understood most thoroughly the art of working at all times in the right way. This art, in the warm days of his youth, Gesner had not acquired. At Paris, he used to say, he had no regularity in study. He revelled luxuriously (he was seventeen years old) among the Greeks and Latins, equally ready to delight in poets, orators, historians, physicians, or philologists. In his youthful audacity he thought that his mind had capacity to hold them all, and this habit of gluttonous reading weakened his mind, he said, by leading him into the vice of skipping. He read over his books, not through them. Readers of to-day will not judge sternly this one blot upon the early life of Conrad Gesner.

The industry of Gesner, however, was not confined wholly to the world of books; even in those days his hours of travel and of out-door exercise were periods of active study. There was a pure-hearted Swiss pastor, Johann Fricius by name, who devoted all his leisure to botanical pursuits; this pastor, who was Conrad's uncle,

conceived early a great affection for his clever nephew, and had delighted to take the child with him among the mountains, on plant-gathering excursions. Then he would expound as he could to his apt scholar the mysteries of nature, and watch the glow of the boy's pleasure in them. The impression made on Gesner's fresh heart by association with the herb-loving pastor, Fricius, strengthened with time; and herborising never ceased throughout his after life to be the scholar's chief delight. On the way to Bourges, therefore, at Bourges, on the way from Bourges to Paris, around Paris, and along the homeward road, Gesner diligently spent his out-door time in the collection of every plant new to his eyes, and in comparing what he found, whenever it was possible, with the descriptions of plants given by Dioscorides and other ancient authors. I wish to believe that Johann Fricius, who was young Gesner's companion and bosom friend in that journey through part of France, and afterwards in the whole journey through life, who was bound to him by similarity of tastes, and at whose side Conrad afterwards was buried by his fellow-citizens, must have been a son of the good pastor, Johann Fricius. It is very natural to think that in the dwelling of the pastor, or while trotting about him upon the mountains, Gesner and Fricius acquired those common tastes by which they were to the last united.

From Paris Gesner returned to Strasburg, in which town he had made friends from whom he hoped to get increase of knowledge. Being summoned back to Zurich by the scholastic senate, in whose service he was engaged,

the youth, who was not then quite twenty years old, earned his stipend as a teacher in the school wherein he had himself received the rudiments of classical instruction. At this period, says Josiah Simler, evidently concerned about what he thought a very weak point in the young scholar's character—*nescio quo consilio, uxorem tempestivius duxit*. One of the prevailing features in the life of Conrad Gesner, scarcely second to his marvellous assiduity in study, was his gentleness of heart, his spirit of kindly courtesy, the suavity of temper for which men of letters ought to be, but are not at all times, distinguished. He was always apt at loving, and though he was at no time guilty of any worldly folly or excess, he did not cumber his mind much with worldly wisdom. Therefore Gesner married a true-hearted girl when he was not quite twenty years of age, and had no wealth beyond the stipend of assistant-teacher and the available resources of a very well-filled head.

In school, the young husband taught to the boys rudiments of Greek and Latin grammar. At home he worked at the books of the physicians. Still he prosecuted his researches in the fields, allying botany readily enough to a course of medical reading, since in that day plants were studied chiefly with reference to any use that they might have as remedies. Gesner proposed to himself the attainment of the dignity of a physician, which if it did not—in Zurich, at any rate—obtain for him much money as a healer of disease, would give him standing in the learned world, and enable him to rise, from the stool of a teacher of rudiments, to the chair of

a professor in his native town. Still receiving from the scholastic senate the same stipend paid to him at home, Gesner was sent to Basle, where he continued his study of medicine, and was assiduous in labour for a perfect acquirement of the Greek language, in which the best medical learning of the ancients—whose science the moderns followed carefully in Gesner's days—was written.

Designing at the same time to increase and strengthen his familiarity with Greek, and to provide, if possible, increased means in support of the little home he had erected, Gesner at this period of his life undertook to revise and enlarge a Greek and Latin lexicon which had been already issued, very badly done, by persons who did not put their names upon the title page. Over this task the young student took much pains, and he delivered to the printer not only the old lexicon, with its mistakes corrected, but a large body of additions drawn from the Greek Thesaurus of Guarini, otherwise Varinus, of Favera near Camerino. The printer, however, without Gesner's knowledge, used only a small part of those additions, reserving, probably, the rest to give increased attraction to another issue. Soon afterwards, by the printer's death, whatever plan he had was superseded; but Gesner's papers, over which the student had spent many days of toil, could never be recovered. Afterwards Gesner was employed three or four times by Henry Peter, bookseller, of Basle, in the further amendment and increase of this dictionary, with the addition of authorities from his own reading.

When he had spent about a year at Basle, and become exceedingly well versed in Greek, the senate of Berne having founded a new university at Lausanne, and offered liberal stipends for professors, Gesner obtained a professorship, and went to Lausanne. There he remained for three years as professor of Greek, and acquired the warm friendship of Peter Viret, and Beatus Comes, minister of the church, of Himbert, the professor of Hebrew, and Johann Rebitt, who succeeded Gesner in his chair. The friendship of these men abided with him to the end of his career. Being thoroughly familiar with the subject of his public teaching, Gesner required to spend no time in preparation for his duties in the university, he had therefore a good deal of leisure during those three years at Lausanne, which he was entitled to fill up with his own pursuits. He studied medicine still, and as he had edited lexicons while getting up his Greek, so now he issued a few medical books, which were in part original, in part epitomes and compilations, and in part translations from the Greek physicians. Pursuing still, while at Lausanne, his botanical studies, he published also a 'Catalogue of Plants,' in the alphabetical order of their Latin names; their names in Greek, German, and French being in each case added. In the compilation of this Catalogue, he followed Jean de la Ruelle, Leonard Fuchs, and Jerome Böck (Hieronimus Tragus); not, however, without occasionally differing from their statements, or adding new observations that belonged entirely to himself. During the same period,

Gesner published also a short 'History of Plants.' In this history, the descriptions of plants were drawn from Dioscorides, the omissions of Dioscorides being supplied from Theophrastus, Pliny, or more modern Greeks; the properties were added in paragraphs condensed from Paulus Ægineta, Galen, or Ælian. During this period of study at Lausanne, Gesner also published a book on the 'Preparation and Selection of Simple Medicaments.' During the same period he published also a compendium of Galen's book upon the composition of medicaments, arranged according to genera, and according to the parts of the body upon which their healing virtue operated, beginning at the head and ending at the heel, with a collection of precepts. He issued during these three years other books also, containing the essence of his voluminous readings among Greek physicians, and also some fruits of his study of Greek for its own sake—volumes becoming his position as a Greek professor, such as an 'Essay on the Wanderings of Ulysses,' and what Homer meant to represent by them. As Gesner in the course of a short life issued seventy-two works from the press, besides leaving at his death eighteen that were unfinished but in progress, it is obviously impossible to give in a few pages even a brief account of all his writings. In this notice of his life it must suffice, therefore, to name occasionally a few minor works, by way of indicating the direction taken by his industry, and to attempt a description only of the most important products of his labour.

After three years spent at Lausanne, publicly as a professor of Greek, privately as a student of medicine, Conrad Gesner went—botanizing, of course, by the way—to Montpellier, of which place the medical school was famous throughout France. His design in going to Montpellier was to obtain admission as a resident for some months in the house of any distinguished physician, for he believed that by watching the domestic life and daily practice of such a man, by familiar speech with him, and in the daily intercourse of friendship, he might perfect his knowledge in a short time, more thoroughly than by attendance at the public lectures. Public teaching demonstrated, for the most part, only those doctrines of the ancients which Gesner in his own house had already mastered. At Montpellier, however, he found none of the more eminent physicians able to receive him as a house pupil; he therefore stayed but a short time in attendance on the lectures of the celebrated men through whom Montpellier was famous, and then returned to Switzerland, prepared to take his medical degree. At Basle, having heard the teaching of the principal physicians, being instructed chiefly by Albane Thorer and Sebastian Singeler, he held the usual disputations, was formally admitted to the dignity of doctor, and withdrew to settle in his native town. He was then twenty-five years old.

The first half of Gesner's life was then completed, for he died before he reached the age of fifty. He had spent twenty-five years in the incessant toil of preparation for a worthy place among his fellow-townsmen; he

then settled in Zurich, and began amply to fulfil the expectations of his old friend Ammian, and of the scholastic senate of the town. In a very short time he received the appointment of Professor of Philosophy, which he retained until his death, when his friends Caspar Wolff and George Kellner succeeded him. At the same time he practised medicine, and published from time to time the fruits, as will be seen presently, of an almost incredible amount of study. During the twenty-four years of his mature life in Zurich, Gesner's wife was always his companion. He had no children of his own, but in his later years a sister with her children became dependent upon his ungrudging aid, and probably formed part of his domestic circle.

Conrad Gesner had a very great pleasure in the study of languages; he not only understood many, and read the books of many nations, but he studied language for its own sake, and, as usual, testified the thoroughness of his investigations by the books to which they led. Already, at the age of twenty-five, he was acquainted intimately with half-a-dozen tongues, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, German, Italian, and French, and he had been only three years settled in Zurich when he published his first great work, the 'Universal Dictionary,' a piece of bibliography which it is very hard to believe the work of a man only twenty-nine years old. It is an alphabetical catalogue—wonderfully full—of authors famous or obscure, ancient or modern, with a statement of what they had written and the argument of their books, drawn in very many cases

from the prefaces inserted in the books themselves. This Dictionary was first published in the year 1545. Three years afterwards it was followed by a companion volume, entitled 'Nineteen Books of the Pandects.' It contains the matter of the Dictionary grouped into subjects. Thus, one book contains an alphabetical catalogue of existing works on grammar and philology, another contains the bibliography of dialectics, rhetoric, astrology, geography, or jurisprudence, and so forth.

The twentieth book, containing authors who had written upon medicine, was omitted as imperfect; but in the following year the twenty-first book of the Pandects was issued separately, containing the writers upon Christian theology. As an index to authors who wrote before the year 1545, Gesner's 'Universal Dictionary' and 'Pandects' remain to this day very valuable.

These volumes were the result of immense study, though it will presently be seen that they were trifles in comparison with the whole body of Gesner's work. During the toil of labours as a naturalist in the study and the field, Gesner continued to amuse himself with philological researches, and in order to complete our view of his industry in this direction, I may mention here the publication, in the year 1555, when he was thirty-nine years old, of his 'Mithridates,' on different languages, ancient and modern. To German, his own language, he devoted more especial study. When, in his publications as a naturalist, he described birds,

beasts, or fishes hitherto unknown, or known only to the learned by the names of science, he invented names for them adapted to the genius of his mother tongue, and so endeavoured to enable all his countrymen to talk familiarly about them. If all scientific men who have lived since his day had followed his example, it would not be so difficult as it now is to diffuse a taste for science. But what ordinary man will dare to seek an exact knowledge of science when there is an army of barbarous terms defending every approach to it. However much a man may love plants, will he study them minutely when they are to be wedged into his memory under such names as *escholzia*, *krynitskia*, *gleditschia*? Gesner, then, so far as his own study went, endeavoured to give to every object in nature, that was not already supplied with one, a household name in his own language. He also published a list of German proper names that had been made out and sent to him by some curious friend, appending his own annotations and discussions on their etymology; and he was still busily studying German etymologies (among a great number of other things) when death bade him put his books aside. Greek Gesner worked at as the language in which all the best materials of study were contained. For this reason it was among languages, next to German, the subject of his most assiduous attention, and he became little less familiar with it than with the tongue in which his wife addressed him. He studied with an intense thoroughness not only the Greek physicians and philosophers, but also the grammarians,

theologians, orators, and poets. Whenever in his reading he encountered a new fact, either adding to his knowledge in philosophy or illustrating in some apt way a nice point in the structure of the language, it was retained in his mind, and always afterwards was to be found when wanted. Enough has been already said to make it obvious that Gesner was aided in his studies by an extraordinary memory. The student, it should be said, not only read Greek but wrote Greek, his lightest relaxation was the composition of Greek idyls, and he would write Greek letters to a learned friend, breaking occasionally out of prose into facile iambics. He translated Greek authors, emended the text of Aristotle, Theophrastus, Dioscorides, Oppian, and others. He also spoke fluently in Greek, which had become a second mother tongue to him, and in that language expounded Greek philosophy occasionally to the more advanced students of his class.

Gesner studied in all branches of the philosophy known to his own time, but chiefly physics, as the branch most nearly allied to medicine. Physics and ethics were the subjects of his professorial teaching during the twenty-four years of his mature life at Zurich. Sometimes he taught directly from the Nicomachean ethics and the physics of Aristotle, but more frequently he suited his prelections to the capacity of younger hearers, and made use in his class of the compendiums of Melanchthon (not to say Schwartzerde), Schegke, Wildenberg, Sebastian Fuchs, and others.

The natural objects in the study of which Gesner felt

the greatest interest were plants, animals, and metals ; these he regarded as objects offering more distinct ground for inquiry than such intangible matters as meteors, &c., and he believed also that from a study of these, useful knowledge could more readily be drawn for the advantage of medicine and the arts of life. In studying these subjects with a direct reference to their practical importance, it was Gesner's determination to collect, and if possible discover, facts, but not to theorise. By far the greatest of his literary works was the 'History of Animals,' and he undertook to devote his chief labour rather to animals than to plants, because of plants many had written ; and on metals, a work had been published in his own time by George Bauer : concerning animals, however, little had been said.

Gesner's 'History of Animals' was commenced very soon after his final settlement in Zurich, and the first book was published in the year 1549, Gesner then being thirty-three years old. For the preparation of this history Gesner undertook a course of reading in all previous authors who had touched upon his subject in any way, compared them, and selected whatever he thought best from Greeks, Latins, and barbarians, ancients and moderns, writers famous and obscure. He undertook also what journeys he could afford in search of animals and plants. He visited some parts of Italy, and spent a month in Venice, for the purpose of examining and sketching fishes of the Mediterranean. He visited also various parts of Germany, and was about to descend the Rhine to the ocean, still for the purpose

of procuring and studying different kinds of fish, when war broke out over Germany, and, obedient to the entreaty of his friends, he returned to Zurich. These were holiday excursions, and it rarely happened that he failed to make a yearly tour among the Alps of Switzerland in prosecution of his never-intermitted search after new species of plants.

He was too poor, however, to spend much money in travel, while he was, at the same time, bound to Zurich during a great part of the year by his professorship. It was his practice, therefore, to obtain compensation for the limited range spread before his own eyes by a full use of the eyes of other men who were at home—or who had travelled—in far countries. He established friendships with some among the learned in all parts of Europe; from such correspondents he received pictures of foreign animals, their local names, and other details. His house was open to all strangers, and the information published by contemporary writers—as, for example, that furnished by Bellon and Rondolet on water animals—was freely used, with full acknowledgment of every intellectual obligation. No man of letters ever was more generous in recognition of the claims of others, more liberal in praise of fellow-labourers, more courteous in dissent from their opinions. In his 'History of Animals' every man from whom he received help, whether in private correspondence or through public writing, has been named; and Gesner's liberality of spirit was rewarded by the full respect of the best men among the learned of his time. Bellon and Rondolet,

while rivalling each other, both honoured and helped Conrad Gesner.

The 'History of Animals' was planned in six books, of which four were completed. They treat—the first of viviparous and the second of oviparous quadrupeds, the third of birds, the fourth of fishes and aquatic animals. The fifth book was to have contained the history of serpents, and the sixth the history of insects. Copious materials and a large number of pictures had been collected for use under each of these heads, but they had not been arranged, nor had the writing of either volume been commenced when Gesner died. Each of the four published books is a considerable folio, containing a dense mass of print on every page. On a cursory inspection of the volumes, we observe, first, the very carefully drawn pictures, in which errors of the wood-cutter, where they occur, are conscientiously pointed out, and among which it now and then occurs, as in the case of the giraffe, that a second and better sketch of some depicted animal having been procured from a trustworthy correspondent, it has been inserted in a later sheet as a correction. Every animal known to authors being included in the plan of Gesner's history, one cannot fail to be struck by the appearance, in a history of animals, of pictures of the Sphinx, of a ridiculously ugly "American monster," with a human face, of the unicorn, and of some other curiosities. They are, however, not gravely introduced as animals that have been seen, but as animals that have been described in fable or elsewhere, the precise authority for them being

History of
Animals

at all times stated, not, of course, without a degree of occasional credulity that was reasonable faith to a scholar in the sixteenth century. It is also evident, at a first glance, that in this 'History of Animals' each separate animal is treated with a thoroughness of detail not common, or, indeed, likely often to be useful in our own day. Many of the single articles, reprinted in modern type, would stand by themselves as works in one volume or more. The single article upon the horse would fill, I believe, two rather thick octavo volumes. There is one quadruped, Gesner himself says, of which his account is drawn from 250 authors.

When we look more closely into the work, we find that the animals in each volume are arranged mainly in alphabetical order. Now and then, as in the case of some animals allied to the ox, in defiance of the alphabet, animals very much of the same kind have been described in association with each other; but, on the whole, the principle of arrangement is that of a dictionary. Upon this subject Gesner modestly and wisely said that he belonged rather to the grammarians than to the philosophers, of whom the number was extremely small; that, in the then existing state of knowledge, he could not undertake to make an accurate arrangement of the animal world, that he had simply endeavoured to bring together, in the same work, all that was known in his time concerning every animal, and so to produce a book of reference which would be most useful to future students if he arranged his subjects alphabetically. In volumes containing

figures of animals, published separately, as companions to the 'History' (in which also figures were contained), the pictures were, however, classed according to the ideas held in Gesner's time concerning genera and species.

In setting down the information he collected, Gesner divided the description of each animal into eight parts, headed by the first eight letters of the alphabet. Under letter A he wrote the name given to the animal by different nations,—that is to say, its name, where it had any, in Hebrew, Arabic, and Chaldee, Persian, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, French, German, English, and Flemish. When there was none already existing, he invented a vernacular name, or a suitable word for the naming of the animal in Greek or Latin. Under letter B, Gesner, in the next place, detailed in what region the animal was found, and what difference occurred in the appearance of the same animal, or what difference of species there might be corresponding to the difference between the countries it inhabited. Under the same head Gesner described the animal with very great minuteness, always proceeding from the whole to its simple parts, and then to the compound parts. Thus having described the body generally, its size, shape, colour, &c., he would proceed to a description of the skin, hair, blood, fat, bones, veins, nerves, &c., those being regarded as the simple parts; from them he would pass on to a detailed description of the eyes, ears, nose, head, horns, brain, liver, heart, &c., &c., down to feet and nails, which were made up

of the simple and entitled compound parts. Included in this description of the parts of animals was an explanation of those "points" which should determine choice in the case of all animals that had been made in any way subservient to the use of man.

The next division of the information given on the subject of each animal, marked always by the letter C, detailed the natural actions of its body, its voice, senses, food, drink, sleep, dreams, excrements, and secretions, movements, as running, flying, swimming, &c., &c. Under this division were grouped all the signs of health; and rules for the preservation of health were collected in the case of all animals that had been used by man. Under the same letter was described all that related to the subject of reproduction, from the first desire of the parents on to the final rearing of their young. All that was known of the diseases which each animal was subject to, formed then the last clause of information under letter C, the history of each disease being narrated with the treatment proper for it. Under the letter D, Gesner then described the affections, habits, and instincts of each animal, so far as they had been observed. He described, also, the behaviour of an animal towards others of its own kind, towards its young, towards man; its likes and dislikes, its tastes or distastes in relation with other animals, or with inanimate objects. Under the next letter, examination was made of the use of the animal to man, except in the two important characters of food and medicine. This division included an account of the methods

of hunting some animals, or taming others, an explanation of the way in which any tame animal should be cared for and fed, with regulations for the preservation of its health. In this division were included also all matters concerning shepherds, flocks, herds, folds, stables, and so forth. With the account of horses was connected information upon the subject of carriages; with the account of oxen were connected details on the subject of the plough, and so forth; whatever contrivances or departments of industry were connected intimately with the domestic use of any animal received full notice in Gesner's History under the letter E. The same division included, of course, an account of the use of animals in spectacles and games, and did not omit to record whatever could be told about their market price. The uses of animals to man, as described by Gesner, have not, of course, been fully summed up in the preceding abstract; many animals, for example, afford prognostics of the weather. When the uses of the whole animal had been fully described, there often remained much to add about the value of its parts, and the mode of using them, as skins for clothing, dung for manure, &c. The two main uses of animals, in the opinion of Gesner's time, their conversion into food or medicine, were discussed separately in the two next divisions of each subject. The pharmacopœia contains in our time not many medicines of animal origin, and those, like spermaceti and cod-liver oil, not very potent. Three hundred years ago, however, many parts of animals were used medicinally by the doctors. Under

the letter F, therefore, Gesner considered the use of any animal as food, by whom eaten, and whether the whole was eaten, or part, and if part, what parts. He considered its use, firstly as plain food for a healthy man, and secondly, as diet for the sick. Then, to make that division of the subject quite complete, he discussed in each case the details of cookery, and the condiments with which the meat ought to be eaten. Then under letter G, the remedial uses of the animal were dwelt upon, and a collection was made of all that had been written on the use as medicine,—1, of the whole animal; and 2, of any of its parts, taking first those parts which were simple, next those which were compound. In classing the different applications made of any animal or part of an animal to the diseases of man, where they had been made in more than one disease, the diseases also were named and dwelt upon in a fixed order. First, those affecting the whole system—general maladies—were considered, then maladies affecting parts, the parts being invariably taken in succession from above downwards, beginning at the head and ending at the heel. Many superstitious remedial uses have been made of animals, or of their parts; these Gesner did not omit—he wilfully omitted nothing—from his History. Having discussed fully the remedial uses of an animal itself, Gesner closed this seventh division by a history of remedies for bites or other wounds inflicted by it, giving first the general treatment of such injuries, and afterwards a detail of the single remedies that had at any time been recommended.

The last divisions of the plan upon which Gesner proposed to describe every known member of the animated world, involved often the writing for one animal of a treatise that would make an independent book. This division, under the letter H, discussed the creature philologically and grammatically. It contained the less used Latin and Greek names for it, those employed by the poets now and then, or confined to dialects; also the feigned names or nicknames given to it, and their etymologies. It discussed then grammatically the proper names of the animal in different languages, and passed on to the epithets that had been attached to them, firstly in Latin, secondly in Greek. Allied philosophically with this subject of epithets were the considerations which followed the metaphorical use of the animal's name, and of the derivative words formed from it in Greek and Latin. Information followed on the paintings, sculptures, casts, or other images made from the animal, and upon the stones, plants, or other animals deriving their own names from it, with the reason of each derivation of that kind. Gesner considered next the proper names of men, regions, towns, rivers, &c., which either had been drawn from, or accidentally resembled that of the animal whose history he was relating. In the last part of this final division the most indefatigable of scholars gave a *resumé* of the social history of each creature, of the fables with which it was connected, divinations, prodigies, portents, monsters, its connection with religious ceremonies, its burial, perhaps, in Egypt,

or its sacrifice in Greece. He detailed the proverbs to which each creature had given rise, taking them chiefly from Erasmus; some being revised, and others added from the vulgar tongues or Scripture. He closed with a compilation of similitudes, emblems, and apologues.

This is the plan upon which Gesner laboured at that work which is the chief monument of his transcendent industry. Not every animal, of course, had obtained so much attention in the world as to provide matter for full treatment under every one of the eight heads, but by the plan just given the history of each was examined, and before Gesner died he had published four of the six folios which were to bring together into one place all that had been said worthy of recollection about every animal then known, whether considered as an independent creature, or in any one of its relations to society. These four volumes contain the complete history, up to the middle of the sixteenth century, of birds, beasts, and fishes.

I ought not to cease speaking of this massive work without dedicating a few words to the memory of Christopher Froschover, publisher of Zurich, who sustained the whole cost and risk of publication. The four folios of Gesner's 'History of Animals,' with the additional volumes of figures, contain a mass of typography, and a multitude of wood-cuts from drawings sketched from nature, that would be regarded as the basis of a most serious enterprise by the wealthiest of publishers in the most populous metropolis of our own day. Christopher Froschover, of Zurich, did not flinch.

His emblem, punning on his name of Frog-over—a boy over a frog, and frogs over a palm-tree—is stamped upon the title-page of every book published by Gesner while at Zurich. When Gesner was dead, and old Christopher, his publisher, was dead, there was a young Christopher, who succeeded to the business, and mourned his father's loss through his trade emblem, by removing the old boy from the frog's back, and retaining the frog without a rider, in the foreground, while in the background there was the usual colony upon the palm-tree.

It has been said that Gesner's study of Nature was confined to tangible things, animals, metals, plants. He devoted himself chiefly to the publication of a history of animals, for reasons that have been already mentioned. On metals and gems he published a small book, compiled from an immense mass of materials; and, since he did not live in the vicinity of mines, he used great zeal in the questioning of strangers, and in benefiting by the observation of his correspondents who had better opportunities of practical research. The study of plants, however, remained always his favourite pursuit. Among the mountains about Lucerne, on the banks of the Rhine, at Basle, in France, in sundry parts of Italy and about Venice, when he dwelt a month there studying fishes, in yearly trips also among the Swiss Alps, he had been always an unwearied plant collector. He had read all that was written upon botany—had at his tongue's end all the information that was to be found in Dioscorides, Theophrastus, and Pliny among the ancients,

or in Ruellius, Fuchs, Tragus, and other moderns. Of every plant that he found for the first time he made a careful drawing, and caused it, if possible, to grow in his own little garden—which became a true botanic garden in the town of Zurich; or if it would not thrive there, he preserved a specimen of it carefully dried. He investigated constantly the properties of plants, studied their qualities and temperament by eating portions of them to test personally their effect upon the system, or by sitting down to his study with their stems, leaves, and flowers bound to his person, that he might observe any effect they could produce upon the skin. He sought aid from the knowledge of other men, not only in books, but in the world around him; questioning not the learned only, but conversing with the common people; learning from old crones and from rustics common names of plants, and popular traditions of their virtues; rejecting nothing scornfully, but examining all that he heard, and endeavouring to trace even the muddy waters of superstition to their wholesome source. The plants that he collected he compared with the descriptions found in ancient authors; and with each plant before him he collated the accounts of Pliny, Theophrastus, and Dioscorides, discovering blunders of compilation made by Pliny, and correcting in each author many faulty passages. His ardent interest in botany being well known among all learned men, and the courteous scholar being everywhere respected by his fellow-labourers, from Italy, France, Germany and England there were arriving constantly

at Gesner's house in Zurich, seeds and plants, both dry and fresh, as new material for study. The produce of all this zeal, and of the out-door industry of thirty years, was a collection of more than 500 plants undescribed by the ancients. He was arranging his acquired knowledge for the purpose of publishing the results of what had been, above all others, his labour of love since childhood up to the last day of his life. Many figures were already cut in wood that were to have been used on the pages of the book which Gesner did not live to write. The preparation of these figures had gone on under the close superintendence of the naturalist, whose face was often bent over his artist's shoulder, watchful to prevent the play of fancy that might introduce pictorial effect at the expense of truth. He would not leave to the discretion of the artist so much as a fibre in the venation of his leaves, or a line upon the petal of a flower, but enforced by constant scrutiny and exhortation scrupulous fidelity to Nature.

So far the story of the life of Conrad Gesner presents to our imaginations the picture of a scholar whose intense devotion to his studies might excuse in him some little neglect of what are now and then called the distractions that belong to daily life. Gesner, however, was not more a scholar than a gentleman. In the town and in the household he performed every duty with a genial promptitude. In Zurich he was honoured by all people, not as the learned man who had won European fame, and earned the title of the German Pliny, but as the kind, upright citizen. His practice

as a physician was not very profitable; for it was at that time the custom among the Swiss—a custom wholesome for the time—to dread the doctor. When the doctor might, perhaps, order powder of rubies, to the despair of his poor patients, when patients suffering under the thirst of fever were forbidden to taste any liquid, and when doctors, with the best intentions, certainly killed more patients than they cured, the Swiss showed their good mother-wit by keeping physic from their doors as long as possible. The practice, therefore, of Conrad Gesner as the chief physician of Zurich, was insignificant, interfering not at all with his vocation as Professor of Philosophy, and very little with his private studies. Such cases, however, as he had, he treated with peculiar discretion; among his works there is a sanitary book ‘on the Preservation of Health,’ in which, as in his ‘History of Animals,’ he showed a due sense of the importance of a more exact study of Hygiène, and of a branch of it, I may observe, little regarded in this country—cookery.

Gesner, a Swiss and a scholar, living in the days of the Reformation, examined carefully the records of the Christian faith; he studied zealously the ancient fathers, and read the Scriptures carefully. He had a great affection for the Book of Psalms, which he read commonly in Hebrew. He was not bigoted, but lived in friendly correspondence with men of all creeds and nations, always, however, bold and earnest in support of his own views of Christian truth. He reasoned with his friends among the Unitarian heretics in Poland.

While at home he did not hold himself to be too learned or too busy to attend at church, not only on the sacred days, but twice a week also on working days, when the minister, Bullinger, to whose congregation he belonged, assembled those who would attend. If he knew beforehand that Bullinger was about on any day to give an exposition of some part of the Old Testament, Gesner would take his Hebrew Bible with him to the church, and follow the preacher in it with the intellect of a philosopher and the simplicity of those past days when, as a child, he revered the Scriptures as he heard them from the lips of the herb-loving pastor, Fricius. The same spirit of piety had induced Gesner to take especial care that in his 'History of Animals' every allusion made to an animal in holy writ should be expounded to the best of his ability.

The scholar of Zurich was a Christian and a gentleman. He shrank from giving pain, was simple in his mind and manners, free from ostentation, modest, rigidly truthful. Never idle, he had no leisure to acquire a taste for luxury, nor was there perceptible in his outward character a trace of lust. He belonged to a strict school of reformers; his speech was pure, and he abhorred either the hearing or the reading of obscenity. He reprov'd it when spoken in his presence; he issued Martial in a new edition, with all impure passages expunged. He lamented greatly that in his days men had reformed their opinions so much more completely than their lives; and he held frequent consultations with grave theologians on the means that might be

taken to improve the discipline of the reformed church, and get better deeds as well as better doctrines from the people.

The scholar, Conrad Gesner, lived in the exercise of never-failing courtesies towards all who had relations with him. He cultivated the friendship of the good and learned, and he grudged no labour to his friends. He assisted in the revision of proof-sheets for them, suggesting from the vast stores of his knowledge any emendations or additions that seemed advantageous. He provided authorities, wrote prefaces, edited posthumous works; he helped young students by supplying them with Greek exemplars that they might earn credit by editing; he was indefatigable in his zeal to push on to success any hard-working struggler in whose merit he had faith. To the junior physicians of the town he was a guide, not a rival; he let slip no opportunity, when they met in consultation or in other ways he was able, by generous and well-timed words, to strengthen their good fame. He acknowledged every favour he received; his writings contain not one sentence of detraction, but a thousand sentences displaying cordial recognition of all merit that he found in his contemporaries.

Who that was good and learned in those days was not the friend of Conrad Gesner? The scholar's doors were always hospitably open. He desired to compensate for his own inability to travel by hearing the discourse of men from all parts of the world. He did not count the time spent in society as lost, because he did not waste

his social hours in trivial conversation; he talked that he might learn. When a man came to him from a foreign country, that man was for the time his book, and while he fulfilled all his duties as a host, he was continuing his studies. Rarely a day passed in which Gesner was not visited by some one desirous either to see the famous naturalist and scholar, or to study something that he had upon his premises. As Gesner's garden had grown into a very well-supplied botanic garden, so his whole house had become a museum, although one room in it had especially been dedicated under that name to the arrangement of his dried plants, his metals and fossils, his large collection of the stuffed bodies of strange animals, and his pictures of natural objects. These treasures had accumulated rapidly by the donations of his learned visitors, and contributions sent to him from the warm friends that he had made in many corners of the world. Gesner had little gold: his treasure was his knowledge; and he gave that with unusual generosity. He was ready to explain to any people whatever they desired to understand through him, and glad to give away his duplicates to those who could appreciate such gifts. If any rare secret came to his knowledge, if a profitable hint in medicine was suddenly discovered in the course of his wide circle of reading, he never attempted to retain it and employ it to his own exclusive gain. If it was professional, it was at once communicated to his brethren in the town—if literary, it was sent to any friend who could make best and promptest use of it. Many thousands of men have

had more genius than Conrad Gesner, but never one man, perhaps, has had more completely the true noble spirit of a man of letters.

In the year preceding the death of Gesner, plague increased in Zurich, and among those whom it removed was his old master, Buchman; there died also in that year Gesner's bosom friend, Johann Fricius, who had been his companion of old time in France. Gesner dreamed one night that he was bitten by a serpent, and in the morning told his wife that he regarded the dream as a presage of his death. The serpent, he said, was the plague. From that time he considered, though he was not yet forty-nine years old, and in possession of his usual health, which never had been robust, that his course of life was drawing to a close. His letters to his friends from that time frequently dwelt upon this solemn presentiment, never with pain, though he believed that his most cherished work was to be left unfinished; he expressed no regret, no dread. It is in one of Gesner's letters, written during this last year of his life,—a letter to Zuinger,—that a passage occurs in which we read how real had been the progress made by him in botany. Had he lived to write the work for which he had prepared himself by more than thirty years of observation, he would have achieved for himself, in the most distinct manner, a fame which we can now ascribe to him only upon the evidence of a few words in a letter. He appears to have been the first who made that great step towards a scientific botany—the distinguishing of genera by a study of the fructification.

“Tell me,” he writes to Zuinger, “whether your plants have fruit and flower as well as stalk and leaves, for these are of much greater consequence. By these three marks,—flower, fruit, and seed,—I find that saxifraga and consolida regalis are related to aconite.”

On the 9th of December, in the year 1565, a plague-spot appeared on Gesner's left side, over his heart. There was no symptom of plague except the too-familiar monition of this carbuncle. The scholar, however, assured that in a few days he must quit the world in which he had been labouring so steadily, remembered that he had yet work to do, and tranquilly employed his last hours in the careful settlement of his affairs. He had not at first the usual headache, fever, or other distressing symptoms of the plague; he did not, therefore, retire to bed, but called his friends about him, and proceeded to adjust the distribution of his little property in such a way as would ensure the best attainable provision after his death for those who hitherto had been maintained by him,—his wife, his only surviving sister, and his sister's children. His library he sold to his friend, Caspar Wolff, at a fair price, and then having bequeathed a fixed sum to his wife and another fixed sum to his nephews, he left to his sister the remainder of his worldly goods. He then arranged whatever papers he thought necessary to the easy settlement after his death of all money questions, writing notes and full instructions for the information and assistance of the two women who were soon to lose his protection,

and despatching letters to those friends by whose advice or help their trouble would be lightened.

When he had carefully discharged this duty, Gesner closeted himself in his library with Caspar Wolff, who undertook to be his literary executor. Wolff was to inherit all the papers of his friend and teacher, and with him Gesner went through them all, arranged them, drew up a bibliographical inventory of his published works and of his unfinished writings. Above all, he assiduously laboured to make clear the design for his unwritten history of plants. The first plague-spot appeared on Gesner's breast upon the 9th of December, and he died on the 13th; but within that interval he found time not only to set his house in order, but to discuss with Caspar Wolff, and to note down for his more certain information the botanical discoveries of which Wolff had undertaken to complete the publication. When he had done all this, and written farewells to the dearest of his absent friends, though the physicians who had care of him did not despair of his recovery from an attack so mild in its approaches, Gesner talked of the new world that lay before him with the ministers of Zurich. On the day before his death, after he had been for a long time closeted with the minister, Henry Bullinger, in conversation on domestic matters which he had commended to the care of that warm household friend, he delivered, in the spirit of an early reformer, the confession of his faith.

At night, not feeling that he was upon the point of

death, but watchfully solicitous for the comfort of his friends, he warned his wife away to rest, and would allow no one to sit up with him - except a single nurse. Being left alone with her, he remained long awake upon his bed, praying with fervour, and then fell asleep. In the stillness of the night, he awoke suddenly, and felt that death was struggling with him. He called his wife, and desired to be carried into his museum; he had caused a bed to be made there on the preceding day; he would die among his plants and all the works of God that he had gathered there together. Supported in his wife's arms, on the bed in his museum, Gesner died that night, in the act of gentle prayer.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

SAVINIEN CYRANO DE BERGERAC, from whom Molière did not scruple to steal written goods, to whose wit Fontenelle perhaps owed something when he wrote his 'Mondes,' Voltaire something when he wrote his 'Micro-megas,' Swift something when he wrote his 'Gulliver,' Savinien Cyrano de Bergerac was born in the year 1620, the son of a gentleman at Bergerac in Perigord. The priest of his parish, a good man named Kostgänger, kept a school for young children, and to that Cyrano was first sent. One of his playmates there, whose name was Le Bret, remained attached to him throughout life, and published his works after his death, prefacing them with a sketch of his career, which is the main source from which modern accounts of the life of Bergerac have to be drawn up.

At school, under the care of Father Kostgänger, Cyrano was a most impatient pupil. He despised the teaching of his master, for he was too bold and quick of wit to endure patiently the littleness of studies which in those days were considered both the root and fruit of knowledge. Logic was chopped finer than smoke. Children were taught to argue in Bocardo, and Felapton, puzzled with Barbara, Celarent, Darapti, Baroco, Baralipon.

Father Kostgänger taught like his neighbours, and over him, as over another monk, might have been raised after his death the epitaph—

“ Hic jacet magister noster,
 Qui disputavit bis aut ter,
 In Barbara et Celarent,
 Ita ut omnes admirarent,
 In Fapesmo et Frisesimorum ;
 Orate pro animas eorum.”

Which in a horribly bad translation might stand thus :

“ Here our logical master lies,
 Who disputed twice or thrice
 In Baralipton and Darapti,
 To the wonder of all who on him clapt eye,
 In Fapesmo and Frisesimorum ;
 Pray for the souls of all the quorum.”

This barbarous logic was employed most commonly on useless sophisms, such as that ancient one called ‘ The Liar,’ over which it is said that Philetus puzzled himself to death :—If you say of yourself, “ I lie,” and in so saying tell the truth, you lie. If you say, “ I lie,” and in so doing tell a lie, you tell the truth.

Aristotle held this case to be a great perplexity. Bergerac held all such cases in contempt. As a school-boy he made Father Kostgänger the object of his first disgust at pedants and low people who prefer the little to the great ; at men who will work for months and for years upon the smell of an apple, to decide whether it be form or accident.

And there was more than the logic that a boy of spirit might resent in such education as was thought

best at the beginning of the seventeenth century. A servile following of the ideas of Greek and Latin writers provoked Bergerac's contempt. *O, imitatores, servum pecus!* was his feeling throughout life. A Peter in such times could call himself Pomponius and spend his earnings upon the purchase of ground in the Campagna, that he might there worship Romulus and Remus, and as a Roman keep the feast of the foundation of the city. A worshipper of Aristotle could refuse to look through Galileo's telescope, lest he might irreverently perceive stars which had not been seen by the Greek sage. A Claude Belurger could learn Homer by heart, carry his verses always on his person, and repeat them to himself in the church instead of prayers; finally throwing away his life upon a journey to the plains of Troy. A Jesuit, Caspar Knitel, could teach that the seven words of the first line in the *Æneid*, *Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus avenâ*, were so many arguments in proof of the necessity of practising the virtue of humility. Lawyers pushed cases home with classical comparisons, clinching them habitually with Horace's *Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur*. But when a fable could be got that required no mutation of the name, when Tibullus, for example, could be quoted literally against some poor girl who really had been called Næra by her godfathers and godmothers, the argument was held to be complete. One advocate, terrible by his skill in finding "homonyms" of this kind, could not be faced on his own ground until he had stumbled once and made himself ridiculous.

This he did at the close of a powerful and ingenious speech against one M. Meauder, whose name he had read in his instructions as Meander, and upon whose tortuous ways, as well as upon all points that belonged to his geography and history, the lawyer had dilated with superb effect, until the terrified object of his denunciation suddenly cleared his character by shouting, "Sir, my name is Meauder, not Meander!" The whole argument before the court fell into ruin. Against all this intellectual slavery to a past time, Bergerac even as a boy rebelled.

Preference of the little to the great was in other respects at that period the vice of learning and of literature. Men discussed carefully whether it was always requisite for u to follow q, and in the middle of the century Thomas Gataker settled the question for his part by enforcing a separation between the couple that had so long lived faithfully together, and printing books full of such spelling as qi, qæ, qod. There was a respect entertained towards lipogrammatic books, treatises in all the words of which some one letter never occurred. There was a taste in poetry—if it may be said to concern poetry at all—for acrostics and retrograde verses, which were equally sensible whether read forwards or backwards, and in each case scanned correctly. For example, here are a couple of such verses:—

"Prospicimus modo quod durabunt tempore longo
Fœdera, nec nobis pax cito diffugiet;"

which when inverted read as follows:—

“Diffugiet cito pax nobis, nec fœdera longo
Tempore durabunt, quod modo prospicimus.”

How miserably time was wasted over littleness like this! Throughout the provinces of France also literary taste was infected by a love of anagrams; old and young worked at them. The father Pierre de St. Louis, author of the ‘Magdalenaide,’ became a Carmelite monk upon discovering that his lay name Ludovicus Bartelemi yielded the anagram *Carmelo se devovet*—“he devotes himself to Carmel.”

Impatient of the kind of knowledge that he got from Father Kostgänger in Perigord, Cyrano expressed freely his wish for a much larger field of study. He was therefore sent to Paris. Still in his first youth, full of strength and life, and long restrained desire for the complete enjoyment of his faculties, he was furnished with money by his father, and trusted alone among the dangers of the capital. He sought knowledge, and he sought excitement. He was soon engaged in a wild course of dissipation, made a party to incessant duels, and displayed such strength and courage that at the age of nineteen he was known commonly in Paris by the name of the Intrepid. Knowledge he sought from Jacques Rohault, whose friend he remained through life, and in whose classes he had Molière for fellow-pupil. Molière afterwards excused his unscrupulous adoption of the published thoughts of Bergerac by saying, that when they were pupils together they used to suggest humorous fancies to each other, and that Bergerac afterwards made use of his ideas so freely that he

only reclaimed his own in pillaging the whims he had suggested. No doubt there was some ground, but, I am very sure, not much, for this apology. Bergerac had wit of his own that was only too luxuriant, and there were few things which it was more natural in him to scorn than robbery of other people's brains. His whole life was a protest against it. He forswore obedience to all the ancients, threw stones into the temple of Aristotle, and in the consciousness of his own strength, claimed freedom from all literary bondage. He himself suffered much from petty larceny, and this scrap from a letter full of humorous complaint against a literary thief, does not look like the writing of a man who would dish up for the public scraps filched from the waste heap even of Molière.

"He speaks" (writes Bergerac of this purloiner of other men's ideas) "as much as all books, and all books seem to have spoken only to produce him. He never opens his mouth except to commit larceny, and is so born to theft, that when he is silent it is only to rob the dumb. The ancients are Pagans, and the Pagans being now our enemies, he takes their property as right of war. His papers are cemeteries, in which are entombed the living and the dead. If, on the Day of Judgment, every man takes his own, the partition of his writings will give rise to the last quarrel among men. He claims that inasmuch as the twenty-four letters are as much his property as ours, he has the same right that we have to arrange them as he pleases. Aristotle being dead, other men live upon his lands, and why

not also on his books? If this gentleman's manuscripts were on fire, by throwing water over them I should be saving my own property. We are friends. His works were my whole thought; and whenever I set myself to imagine anything, I think only of what he most probably will write."

It is not, indeed, quite true that the possession of wit is a proof of inability to borrow it from others. If that were so, Molière, whose genius far transcended Bergerac's, would never have taken thoughts from his old friend. But Molière, servant of the court and public, was required to write incessantly, so that, without lacking humour, he might easily find it worth while to appear sometimes in the market as a borrower. Bergerac wrote only for his own amusement, and has left behind him no more than a single comedy, a single tragedy, a single tale, and a few letters.

His behaviour when he first joined the society of Paris, as an ungoverned youth with money in his pocket, it has already been said was scandalous. His friend Le Bret, fearing lest want of occupation and position might in a few years destroy the prospects of a life, persuaded him to become his own companion in arms. Le Bret was in M. Carbon Castel-jaloux's company of the King's Body Guards, and Bergerac, upon his friend's recommendation, also entered it as a cadet. A position of this kind then implied real military service, and to a man so stout of heart and limb as young Cyrano, whom his Gascon friends called the Demon of Courage, and all Paris the Intrepid,

it involved a great deal of fighting that was of a much less creditable kind. Duels used to be called affairs of honour, which, even now in France, no soldier has dared to decline. Duellists then chose seconds not to stand by, but to be positive assistants in the combat. Brave soldiers were thus called upon incessantly to draw swords in the quarrels of their friends, and Bergerac, who was no churl, found his great physical power the occasion to him of frequent danger. Every man who had a duelling appointment looked for a strong-handed and intrepid second. If any friend or chance acquaintance, therefore, was engaged to fight a duel, he made a point at once of asking the favour of M. Savinien Cyrano de Bergerac's assistance. Le Bret declares that, although he at one time had duelling appointments for almost every day in the year, and kept them all, Bergerac never once engaged in combat on account of any quarrel of his own.

He had a fine face, with a commanding nose upon it, and I have seen it written of him that he resented any comment on its size, and fought not a few duels to maintain a due respect for it among his neighbours. There is no ground at all for this assertion. If his portrait may be trusted, the nose was such a one as many men who want a sign of power on their faces would be glad enough to own; Bergerac took it as a gift of nature in good part, and retaliated against any irreverent commentators by showing how the inhabitants of the moon destroy at birth all small-nosed infants, having no hope for their future. In his own

quarrels he was prompt enough to point a joke against any antagonist, but he was not the man to point a sword. Companions, too, who were so eager to have him as a combatant on their own side, must have held his prowess in enough respect to cause them to avoid making him their antagonist in private battle. For Cyrano himself it was more than enough to be every man's second. In a letter to his most familiar friend, he speaks of the ugly scrawls which he was constantly receiving from men used to the perpetual handling of the sword, and says—

“Though I look like a man bursting with health, I have been sick for the last three weeks, during which my philosophy has been at the mercy of gladiators. I have been incessantly a victim to the *tierce* and *quarte*. (We cannot translate the pun, since we may not call sword thrusts tertians and quartians.) I should have lost all knowledge of paper if it had not been the material on which challenges are scrawled I think it would be necessary for God to perform some miracle, as great as the wish of Caligula, to bring my battles to an end. If the whole human race were set up with a single head, and of all the living there remained but one, there would be still a duel left for me to fight. Truly you were quite wrong the other day in calling me the first of men, for I protest, that for a month past, I have been second to everybody.”

The joke is much neater in French:—*Je suis le second de tout le monde.*

By the references to his philosophy, that was at the

mercy of gladiators, and to his having nearly lost all knowledge of paper, we are reminded that Cyrano was already acquiring philosophical ideas, and seeking happiness in literary occupation. He studied with great relish the writings of Descartes, who was then living, and in full possession of his fame. Descartes had in youth become a soldier for the sake of travel; he was once, like Bergerac, a student among fighting men, and not the less a fighting man himself. The first principle in the philosophy of Descartes, namely, that no old dictum was to tyrannize over an argument, but that everything asserted must be proved and proved afresh, precisely suited Bergerac's ideas, for, as we have seen, he hated blind subjection to authority. Himself disposed to swear by nobody—*Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri* was the familiar line Le Bret quoted to that effect in the description of his character. Cyrano used to declare that one literary man fed on the knowledge of another, and that he for his part only read books to detect their larcenies, and pull off their stolen clothes. Were he a judge, he said, he would deal more severely with a literary thief than with a highway robber, glory being more precious than dress, horse, or even gold. If he found anything new in a book, whatever might be its faults, he never blamed it. Thus the nature of the starting point taken by Descartes, and his own taste for philosophical inquiries, sufficed to place Cyrano in the foremost rank of the admirers of that famous thinker.

Not only to philosophy, but also to poetry, was the

attention of the young soldier directed. Even while in the camp on active service he found many hours that he could devote to reading and to writing. Le Bret says that he has seen him surrounded by the uproar of the guardroom and the swearing of his fellow-troopers, writing an elegy as quietly as if he were in a cabinet alone with not a murmur near. Like all young poets—like all youths who have the ink fever and are to turn out literary men, he began with heroic verse, and in due time broke out with a five act tragedy. This is an eruption of a regular and wholesome kind—a sort of measles, in fact—which rarely fails to show itself among young members of the literary family. There are some men who, as children, have never had the measles, as there are some authors who have never written tragedies. But in any such case the disorder may yet break out even in old age, and then perhaps be very troublesome. In the case of Bergerac it appeared comparatively late, but was got over in a very favourable manner.

He was fond of the stage, and there is a story of his youthful licence which shows, not only how much he could presume upon his personal strength and daring, but with how weak a hand the law restrained young bloods from outrages against their fellow-subjects. Bergerac for some reason conceived wrath against the comedian Monfleury—probably he had been displeased with some of his performances—and he sentenced him to a month's banishment from the stage. Shortly afterwards Monfleury undertook to enact some part, and

Bergerac, who was in the pit, rose when he appeared, and called to him—"Off, sir, off! if you don't wish to be pounded!" Monfleury made his exit, and abided by his sentence. He was a fat man. "The rascal," said Bergerac; "because he is so big round that you can't thrash the whole of him in a day, he gives himself airs of defiance!"

How redoubtable a young man Bergerac was, is shown by a story of him told and credited in his own day; given also by Le Bret, who names half-a-dozen men of note, then living, able to testify to its truth; though he himself was afraid to confess that he believed the whole of it. Near the ditch of the gate of Nesle, a friend of Bergerac's was fallen upon suddenly by a band of a hundred men armed and disguised. Bergerac flew to the rescue, and by his single aid put the entire band to rout, killing two of the assassins, and wounding six. I do not think the tale very incredible. Rogues, cowardly enough to fall by the hundred on a man with his mouth shut, are of course cowards enough to fly by the hundred from a man who shows his teeth.

Against the king's enemies also M. de Bergerac was called upon to display his prowess, and he earned what were called honourable scars. At the siege of Mousson a musket-ball passed through his body; and at the siege of Arras, in 1640, he was pierced in the neck. From these wounds he suffered much. By repeated invitation from his comrades to engage in duelling, his life was constantly imperilled. He had literary

ambition, and no wish to die. Brave as he was, there was but little hope for him of promotion in the army, because he had no patron; and even if he had had one, his free humour would have caused him to disdain those services of overstrained civility by which he could have retained his favour. He for these reasons gave up the profession of arms, and devoted himself wholly to study.

It was then that the Marshal de Gassion offered to attach him to his person, but Cyrano shrank from what was to his mind a mere offer of bondage. His friends, however, took great pains to make it clear to him that he could never hope to achieve any success as a man of letters, if he had not the support of some grandee who would maintain his cause. It was to oblige his friends, therefore, that Bergerac, before publishing anything, sought a patron at court; and in 1653, when he was thirty-three years old, attached himself to the Duc d'Arpaion, to whom in the succeeding year he ascribed the first works that he printed — his tragedy, his comedy, and a few letters.

His life then was already near its close. Madame de Neuville, a pious and charitable woman, and a relation of his through the Berangers, had in a measure created him anew, and taught him to regard all criminal excess with horror. The libertine was in his eyes a monster. He became moderate in his eating, and forswore ragouts. He avoided wine, which he compared — oh, ye teetotallers! — to arsenic, saying that everything was to be feared of that poison, in whatever form of

preparation it might be presented. He entertained no feeling but one of the highest respect for women. He took pains to avoid selfishness in the disposal of his property. All the while he remained a wit and a philosopher, studying Descartes and revelling in an extravagance of satire. By the time he had quite purified his life and character, the populace was fairly brought to the conviction that Cyrano was an atheist. His independence of opinion had no doubt offended many priests, and he had taken no pains to secure to himself the defence of patrons. His tragedy, '*The Death of Agrippina*,' being on the story of Sejanus, represented that conspirator as a contemner of the gods. This is quite true to fact. Ben Jonson had done the same. "What excellent fools," cries the Sejanus of Ben Jonson, "religion makes of men." Whenever the Sejanus of Bergerac said anything to that effect, the pit, which after the run of a few nights had learnt its cue, exclaimed, "Ah, the atheist!" "Let us strike!" said Bergerac's Sejanus of an evil omen, "*Frappons! Voilà l'hostie!*" A tumult arose in the pit—after some nights, be it remembered—and there were shouts of "Ah, the sinner! Ah, the atheist! Hear how he speaks about the Holy Sacrament!"

This kind of persecution Bergerac bore with the quietness of a philosopher. He rejected utterly all vain tradition, whether it came to him from priest or pedant. The crime of his religion was, that he allowed no superstition to combine with it. As for his tragedy, he had no reason to be ashamed of that. He was

ashamed of nothing but the sins of his youth ; and because they were his one sorrow, he used to apply to himself in those his latter years the language of Tibullus :

“ Jam juvenem vides instet cum senior ætas
Mærentem stultos præteriisse dies.”

The clamour of the ignorant did not deprive him of all friends, for of the multitude that had surrounded him, many remained true to him till death ; and some—chief among whom was Le Bret—were faithful to his memory and mindful of his credit after he was gone. Bergerac died of a long illness, caused by a blow on the head, accidentally inflicted by himself. On his deathbed he observed that his court patron, the Duke d’Arpaion, in whose house indeed the fatal accident had happened, had deserted him. He died in 1655, when he was only thirty-five years old.

His ‘ Voyages to the Sun and Moon ’ were left behind him fit for publication, as well as a half-satirical, half-philosophical treatise, called ‘ The History of a Spark,’ which some thief stole out of his sick chamber. The faithful Le Bret took charge of his friend’s reputation, published next year the ‘ Voyage to the Moon,’ and in 1661 the ‘ Voyage to the Sun,’ finally collecting M. Bergerac’s works into two volumes, in fulfilment of the trust committed to him by his friend, “ to show,” as he said, that M. de Bergerac is not one of your common dead ; that he remains with us, not to behave like an ugly ghost and frighten honest men, but to cheer us as he did when living, and to prove himself as full of

jollity as ever." What kind of cheer his works afford I will endeavour now to show.

Bergerac's tragedy, 'La Mort d'Agrippine,' is upon the story of Sejanus, and is very regular in form. It preserves the unities of place and time, having its action in the palace of Tiberius, and its events spread over not more than four-and-twenty hours. It is a tragedy containing four principal persons; and according to the old French custom, which saves trouble in the development of character by giving to a hero or a heroine a confidential cipher, to each of Bergerac's four figures there is appended such a cipher, for the increase of its value. The characters then are—Tiberius, with his confidant; Sejanus, with his confidant; Agrippina, widow of Germanicus, with her confidante; and Livilla (Ben Jonson's Livia), sister of Germanicus, with her confidante.

The story has of course the same historical foundation, but by no means the same dramatic development as the earlier Sejanus of Ben Jonson. Bergerac's plot is well developed, begets striking situations, maintains the interest in a most orthodox way, is written with vigour and originality—nevertheless, the play is far from satisfactory. Its leading character is not Sejanus, but Agrippina; and Bergerac's conception of Agrippina, meant to be great, is mean. That is the radical defect which abases the whole value of the tragedy, She first appears full of a sublime grief for her husband's fate; the widow of a hero uttering heroic things and proposing a stern offering to the manes of the

dead Germanicus. But her vengeance consists only in trickery. She allows Sejanus to believe that he may aspire to share a throne with her, cheats him with words of double meaning, and so lures him to destruction. In doing this she excites the jealousy of her sister-in-law, Livilla, who for love of Sejanus has sinned much. Livilla, who is in the secret of all plots, is at last urged, in a frenzy of wrath, to become traitress. By opening the eyes of Tiberius, she precipitates a catastrophe which crushes both her paramour and Agrippina with a single blow. Agrippina had taken thought on her own account. She had deluded Sejanus, and had hoped to cheat Tiberius by falsehood and hypocrisy. When, therefore, she dies bravely at last, we do not care. We say, "By all means let her die, for she has not been behaving as a Roman matron should." Against the hypocrisy of Agrippina even the crimes of Livilla show to advantage. Hers is a real love, a womanly madness. With all her crimes upon her head, we like her when upon her madness despair follows, when the ruin of Sejanus makes her careless of herself, and she replies with a high spirit to the marvel of Tiberius at her own complicity in the designs she has betrayed :

"TIBERIUS. Even my son's wife in the plot against me!

LIVILLA. Yes, even I, son's wife and brother's child,
 Against thee raised the dagger—against thee,
 My uncle and my father; in one crime
 A hundred crimes would have created this
 A sin without a name. Thy favourite,
 Thy niece, thy cousin, and thy daughter, I,
 Bound to thyself by all the ties of blood,
 Triumphed in bringing all thy kindred on

To do the murder with a single hand.
 My stroke of vengeance was to have profaned
 All the degrees of blood relationship—
 Killed thee in spite of nature as of law.
 All who are of thy blood in my revolt
 Were to have published how a tyrant finds
 In his own house, though but a daughter's there,
 His executioner.
 My husband I have murdered. A worse deed
 I would have done to be no more the wife
 Of any son of thine. His wife I was
 That in my children I might dominate
 Over thy race, and at my will pour out
 The blood constrained to filter through my flesh."

At least this lady is plain spoken, and we like her for it. Lying is infinitely worse than murder in a hero or a heroine of tragedy. Altogether Livilla is the most sincere person in the play. Sejanus cheats her, pretends that he is not indisposed to sacrifice Agrippina for the satisfaction of her jealousy. Directly afterwards he pooh-poohs Terentius, his confidant, who, wondering at such acquiescence, exclaims, upon his idea of sacrificing Agrippina to Livilla, that, "The victim will be nobler than the god." Sejanus explains that he hates Livilla. Poor wicked Livilla! we are bound to pity her, by all the laws of art. The feature in the character of Sejanus which has been best expressed by Bergerac is that proud contempt of the gods which was a part of him. "Rome," says Terentius to him,

"Rome, as thou knowest, is monarchical,
 Not long enduring aristocracy.
 The Roman eagle finds it hard to mount
 Carrying more than one man on her wings.
 Respect and fear the thunder of the gods!

SEJANUS. It never strikes the earth in winter time.
I have six months at least to mock the gods in,
After which I will make my peace with heaven.

TERENTIUS. These gods will overturn all your designs.

SEJANUS. A little incense lifts them up again.

TERENTIUS. Whoso fears them—

SEJANUS. Fears nothing. Bugaboos,
Fancies that we adore we know not why,
Floaters upon the blood of beasts that we strike dead,
Gods that we make, and not gods that make us,
Phantom supporters of our firm estate.
Go, go, Terentius. Who fears them, fears nothing.

TERENTIUS. But did they not exist, this mundane sphere—

SEJANUS. Did they exist, could I unscathed stand here?

So again, when Sejanus has a cruel death before him, Agrippina, seeing the bold front he offers to it, says :

“ You’re proof against so sad a spectacle.

SEJANUS. It is but death, which moves me not at all.

AGRIPPINA. And this uncertainty of all beyond ?

SEJANUS. Could I be wretched, ceasing to exist ?

An hour after my death the vanished soul
Is what it was an hour before my birth.”

Presently afterwards he adds, in the same strain,—

“ Why with regret say farewell to the day,
That we cannot regret when gone away.
By no death-stroke is good or evil brought,—
For while we live, we live ; dead, we are nought.”

It was in these passages, by which Bergerac represented the Roman conspirator as *soldat philosophe*, that the French public, led by its priests, saw infidelity. They belong, as it need scarcely be said, properly to the person by whom they are spoken. Ben Jonson had to put in the mouth of the same character sentiments of precisely the same import. One passage of

this kind I have already quoted. In another place the Sejanus of Ben Jonson asks of some interlocutor, does he

“think the gods, like flies,
Are to be taken with the steam of flesh,
Or blood diffused about their altars—think
Their power as cheap as I esteem it small?”

He scorns, in another dialogue, “Thy juggling mystery, religion.” He swears in the hour of peril

“By you that fools call gods,
When I do fear again, let me be struck
With forked fire and unpitied die.
Who fears is worthy of calamity.”

Bergerac's tragedy consisted of well-pointed lines in the rhymed heroic metre proper to such works in France. His comedy, ‘Le Pedant Joué,’ was written in prose, and is remarkable as being the earliest specimen of prose comedy in French literature. Molière, afterwards wrote many, and adopted also another innovation which was in the first instance introduced by Bergerac—namely, the production upon the stage of a peasant speaking in his own *patois*.

‘Le Pedant Joué’—Puzzling a Pedant—reminds us by its title of Cyrano's detestation of all pedantry. Just as Lesage, disgusted in youth by the villany of the farmers of revenue, made them the theme of his first comedy, and held them up to scorn in Turcaret, so Bergerac, vexed in his youth by pedants, held up one of the class to ridicule in his first comedy as Monsieur Granger, and exposed him in effigy to a remorseless persecution. Pedantry never dies, but the form of

it which insulted the understanding of Bergerac is now so obsolete that, in speaking of this comedy, I shall not take the trouble to reproduce any of Monsieur Granger's puerilities of logic and affected modes of speech. He takes an early opportunity in conversation with a braggart Norman captain of breaking out into some of those idle rhymes to which I have already referred, and inflicts on the captain seventy or eighty lines, all ending in "if." Of Captain Chateaufort, the Norman Bobadil, a sketch will, I think, be amusing, and I shall dwell chiefly on his character in speaking of Cyrano's comedy. His unrestrained extravagance of boasting now and then steps from the ridiculous to the sublime.

He appears in the first scene with Monsieur Granger, the pedant, as one of three suitors for his daughter's hand. As becomes a candidate for the vacant son-in-lawship, he gives an account of his family and character. Nature and art, he says, quarrelled over the creation of him; he therefore created himself a long time ago, when the Gods of Olympus were in a weakened and divided state. He ate some of them, and imbibed into his own person their qualities. Possibly, Bergerac really had then in his mind the doctrine of his countrymen concerning the divine wafer in the sacrament. If so, the satire was too far-fetched to be perceived. Presently afterwards Chateaufort claims Diana for his mother. She said to his mighty father, "You are an Alexander, I am an Amazon; let us produce a plus-quam Mars, useful to

the human race, who, after carrying death to the four quarters of the globe, shall found a kingdom on which the sun never sets." The satire there was obvious enough. To Granger's doubts as to his fortune, he replies, "I will make of America and China a courtyard to your house;" but the pedant, who becomes angry at the captain's impudence, begins to promise him, *primo*, a demonstration, *item*, an addition of thrashing, *hinc*, a fracture of arms, *illinc*, a subtraction of legs, then such a multiplication of blows, thumps, kicks, &c., &c., &c., that afterwards the eye of a sphinx could not find wherewith to make further division of his miserable atoms. Finally, however, Granger engages the captain to commence hostilities against La Tremblaye, another of the suitors. For, as he reflects to himself, he has but one daughter, and is offered three sons-in-law; one of them says that he is brave, but Monsieur Granger knows the contrary; another says that he is rich, but Monsieur Granger cannot tell; another says that he has gentle blood, but Monsieur Granger only knows that he has a very hungry stomach.

It next appears that the pedant is himself in love, and that his own son is his rival. He proposes to get his son out of the way by sending him to Venice; but the son is obstinate, and will not go. An amusing scene between father and son follows, in which the son is denounced as mad whenever he expresses his resolve to stop at home, and flattered as a model of discretion whenever he is terrified into a consent to go abroad.

The youth's purpose and the father's mood vary together. In the next place, however, we discover that the young man is aided by the wit of one of those roguish serving-men who are well known to all readers of comedy. This genius, named Corbinelli, advises his master to set out as if for Venice, and himself presently returns to the pedant with shocking news of his son's capture by Turkish pirates on their way by water to St. Cloud. They went on board the Turkish galley when they had scarcely left the coast, and the young man was immediately made a prisoner. Monsieur Granger is cajoled out of money for his ransom. Nothing could be more extravagant, and nothing merrier, than this whole scene, which is one of those taken by Molière and introduced into the 'Fourberies de Scapin.' In that place it has become famous, and through that channel the pedant's frequently recurring expostulation—*Que diable allais tu faire dans cette galère*—has passed into a proverb. *Que diable aller faire aussi dans la galère d'un Turc? D'un Turc! Que diable allais tu faire dans cette galère?* The only revenge taken by the old man on Corbinelli, who affects a dread lest the Turks should devour him when he goes back with the money, is to assure him that, being Mussulmans, they don't eat pigs. The old man's purse is, of course, taken into the hostile camp, which is the house of the lady to whose hand he and his son aspire.

But the unlucky pedant is exposed to a great many more perplexities. The three suitors for his daughter vex him sadly. Upon the suitor who claims to be rich,

and who is a peasant with a peasant's tongue and fist, the Captain Chateaufort falls by mischance, and very soon the peasant's staff falls on the captain's shoulders. "I have fought in my life," brags the captain, while his back still aches, "I have fought seventy thousand combats, and always killed my adversary, without leaving him time for confession. I am heart all over, you can wound me nowhere without killing me." (Thump goes the stick again, and thump, thump, thump. I give not the words, but the substance of the captain's running comment). "I cannot tell, young man, why it is that I feel drawn towards you with so much affection. Either you are my own son, or you exercise a charm over my mind because you have a devil. If you be my son, Heaven forbid that I should slay you; if you be a demoniac, you are not answerable for your actions. Heaven forbid that I should call you to account." (Thump, thump.) "For my wrath, young man, is terrible. It is a national calamity. I have waved my hat, and sunk fleets with the wind of it. Do you desire to know how many I have killed? Set down a 9, and put as many grains of sand after it as all deserts and seas contain, turn them to noughts, and there you have the number of my slain." (Thump, thump, thump, thump, thump, thump.) "I cannot tell how it is, but I am resolved now to be beaten. But I find it difficult, let me tell you, to restrain my rage. I must take care to put a guard upon myself. I will procure two constables to walk with me, and see that I am not again beaten, lest, being struck, my wrath

be awakened and a disaster happen; for when I am angry it is hard to tell what I may do. I am a man to blow the sun out like a candle."

The peasant with the ready hand has next an interview with the pedant, who at first pays great deference to him on account of the extent of real and personal estate which he claims to possess. The countryman is honest in his self-assertion; but as it finally becomes apparent, through much obfuscation and bewilderment, caused by his anything but pedantic mode of speech, that his estimate of wealth is rather different to that common among inhabitants of towns, Monsieur Granger sends him away unceremoniously without his dinner.

The pedant then takes thought on behalf of his own courtship, and sends his man, Paquier, who is as simple as the son's man is sharp, to Genevoté; that is the name of the young lady who has at her feet both son and father. Paquier is to take a loving message, of which the purport is to appoint an interview, and he is especially charged, in discoursing about his master, to speak as of a lover, and talk only about fire, and flames, and cinders. The man does his bidding very literally. Genevoté affects great tenderness towards Monsieur Granger; Paquier represents him as a man half-roasted and grimy through constant sitting with his nose over the fire. Genevoté speaks of the pedant fondly; Paquier takes pains to bring her discourse to the right topic, and asks after her winter stock of fagots; for his master, he assures her, will want plenty of fire. The confusion, and with it the fun of the scene,

heightens. Paquier has stuck to his point, but is beginning to fail for want of matter, when he remembers suddenly the fire of St. Elmo. The lady asks questions about the gentleman, which Paquier sets aside, because it suddenly occurs to him to ask about the forthcoming St. John's fires, and whether Mademoiselle Genevoté will take part in the festivities connected with them. She abides by M. Granger for her topic, bids the man go and say she burns for him. Paquier brightens up; she has come to the point at last, and on he goes with spirit: "Yes, and as I have heard master say, there are three fires in the world, madame; the first central, the second vital, the third elemental. The first fire has three subsidiary fires, differing only by accidents—the fire of collision, the fire of attraction, and the fire of position." Paquier, who is resolved to be a good friend to his master, next hauls into discourse a wild fire that he had seen once dancing on the moor. At his wits'-end, he is reduced to wishing Genevoté St. Anthony's fire, and then cries to himself in despair, where the devil can another fire be found? After a little beating of his brains, he returns to the charge with, *Feu votre père et feu votre mère, avaient-ils fort aimé feu leurs parens?* and more in the same vein.

Monsieur Granger, however, understands that he is to have an interview with Genevoté, and has it. The lady worries him much, and tells him—with many a ha, ha, ha, and hi, hi, hi—of the tricks that have been played upon him. Here again Molière has found the scene good, and annexed the greater part of it, which

stands almost unaltered, except as regards the names of the speakers, as the third scene of the third act of the 'Fourberies de Scapin.' The scene ends, according to Bergerac, with a mischief-meaning assignation. Genevoté is sister to La Tremblaye, the gentle swain to Granger's daughter. While the pedant is abroad haunting the doors of Genevoté, La Tremblaye is to run off with Mademoiselle Granger, and marry her. So ends the third act of the comedy.

The scene of the next act is before the lady's window, in the road, at night. The pedant is there playing Romeo, and his man Paquier is there, with a ladder, to assist his love. A great deal of burlesque pantomime work is contrived with the ladder, master and man being fooled in the dark by Corbinelli. Corbinelli is then seen approaching the house door. "What is that?" says the pedant. "Look yonder!" says Paquier. "'Tis your soul; you gave it yesterday to Mademoiselle Genevoté. Not being yours, it has left you." "Speak!" Granger cries; "who art thou?" Corbinelli answers, in a mighty speech, that he is the great devil Vauvert, who has done this, who has done that, who has done the other thing, reciting an enormous catalogue of horrid exploits. "This devil," Paquier observes, when he has finished speaking, "hasn't lived with his hands in his pockets." "What do you augur from this?" asks his master. "I augur," says Paquier, "it's a she devil, it is so full of talk."

La Tremblaye, as if alarmed by the noise outside, enters then against M. Granger, crying "Thieves!"

and Chateaufort makes his appearance; but is unable to assist the father of his mistress in this great extremity, or use his sword, "made of a leg of the scissors of Atropos," because he submits to be taken prisoner by La Tremblaye, at the request of the universe. Then enters Manon, the pedant's daughter, professing that from her own chamber she has heard the cries that told her of her father's danger. "Ah! M. de la Tremblaye," she cries, "spare my father, and accept me as his ransom. I was waiting for him in the college, when I heard the disturbance in the street." "But," says M. Granger, "I am not to be tricked in that way, mademoiselle. You shall not marry this man, I forbid it." "Ah! Monsieur de la Tremblaye," Manon weeps; "my poor dear father, I see by your eyes that you are going to kill him." In this manner Granger is at last brought to consent that La Tremblaye shall have his daughter, upon condition of his own marriage with Genevot, La Tremblaye's sister. Chateaufort then contrives to provoke a few more blows, and as they fall he counts them. He gets twelve. "Ah, twelve!" he says, "now that is fortunate; I was under a vow to bear as far as twelve, if you had struck me a thirteenth time I should have been constrained to kill you." Instantly he receives the thirteenth blow in the shape of a kick that floors him. "Well!" he says, "I was just going to lie down."

Monsieur Granger having arranged, as he thinks, a speedy marriage with Genevot, becomes a little

anxious on the subject of his son and rival. He therefore bribes Corbinelli to keep him effectually out of the way by making him drunk at a cabaret, and maintaining him in that state until his father's wedding shall be over. Upon this foundation a new scheme is built by Corbinelli for the advantage of the lovers. His master is to feign death. Corbinelli will go in despair to Granger, saying that he had performed his bidding only too well, for that his young master had, alas! met with his death in a drunken quarrel. Genevot is then to be in distress, and reveal to the pedant that she had once made a vow to the young man to marry him alive or dead. All bar to the old man's hopes being removed, at least she might entreat the melancholy satisfaction of having fulfilled her vow to his son by going through a form of marriage with his corpse. Granger would consent easily to so conscientious a desire; Genevot would be married to the body of her lover, which would then get up and be thankful. Paquier, coming to the bottom of this scheme, reveals it to the pedant, and so the fourth act ends.

In the last act Corbinelli comes to the pedant with his story, bringing, as we should say, coals to Newcastle—as M. Granger tells him, “shells to the pilgrim.” The old man exults, and the young people are in a sad perplexity. Corbinelli constructs then a new battery and opens fire. Everybody becomes complaisant. Monsieur Granger is in the right, and of course he must marry Genevot, and there shall be festivities, there must be fun in the house, and they

will act a play. By all means a play. Arrangements are then made for private theatricals, which are so contrived as to be an amusing satire on the public stage, and the performers generally of Bergerac's time. Captain Chateaufort and the other *dramatis personæ* apply at the door for admission as spectators. The captain contributes nothing. "I give enough," he tells Paquier, who is constituted porter for the occasion, "I give enough in taking away nothing. I do immense good when I do no harm." Author of the piece, as well as stage-manager and prompter, is Corbinelli. M. Granger has an easy part assigned to him. It is to sit in a chair, and take care not to speak a word. He represents a cruel father. Genevot is a fair lady, and the pedant's son makes love to her. Granger finds his path by no means easy. He needs perpetual reminding that a comedy is not the business of life; that everything done in a play is make-believe. In a little time he has become very much impressed with the fact that he is engaged in private theatricals, that he puts out the players by his blunders, and spoils the amusement of his friends. He is ashamed of the frequent admonitions of the prompter, and when a man is introduced dressed as a notary, and the distressed lovers sign a document, which Corbinelli says must be supposed to be their marriage contract, and it is brought to Granger in his chair, and as he is told that it is in his part, as the father who proves generous at bottom, to countersign the supposed document, he writes his name where he is told to write it. Very

soon afterwards he discovers that the notary is a real notary, the contract a real contract, and that his son has, with his own assent, been marrying Genevoté before his face. That is the last trick played upon the pedant, and with it the comedy of 'Le Pedant Joué' ends.

From this very brief outline it may, perhaps, be seen that Bergerac's comedy does not lack vigour and vivacity. It exactly hit the manners of his day, was full of bustle and good fun, which must have provoked incessant laughter. The military braggart of those times, depicted by so many dramatists, is now a character entirely obsolete, and college pedantry now furnishes less manifest material for ridicule. Affectations of speech run in a new channel; we have outgrown the years when it was the conceit and pedantry of lovers to discourse to their mistresses of flames and cinders. In his own time, Bergerac's satire was well pointed and well aimed; his wit was genuine, and still has its effect; the exuberance of life in him still can enliven those who read his works. The plot of the 'Pedant Joué' is extravagant, and so are many of its scenes; but if the extravagance was mirthful, it was accounted no demerit on the stage for which he wrote. From wandering farce actors, who played the pieces of Monchrétien or Balthazar Baro, purchased of their authors at ten crowns a-piece, the Comic Muse of France had only then commenced her appeal to better tastes. It was not till about the year 1630 that Pierre Corneille produced comedies in verse

which were "legitimate" productions, if not very good. Bergerac's comedy was the first that appeared in prose. It is the oldest play in its department of French drama, and what Boileau calls the *burlesque audace* of Bergerac is scarcely more manifest in that than in some of the maturest works of Molière. What is there in the 'Pedant Joué' more absurd (or more amusing) than the conversion of M. Jourdain into a Mamamouchi, or the very last scene Molière enacted, the admission of Argan to the Faculty of Physic? Let this also be remembered: Molière and Bergerac were both born in the same year, 1620. Bergerac died at the age of thirty-five. Had Molière died at the same time, Bergerac would have survived as the greater man of the two, for Molière had then written only two verse comedies of no great merit, 'L'Etourdi' and 'Le Dépit Amoureux.' Far better than either is that third work by Bergerac, 'The Account of a Voyage to the Moon,' which is said to have influenced Swift in the writing of his 'Gulliver,' and by which the wits of other men of note seem to have been stimulated. Appended to it was a second 'History of Travels in the Sun,' by the same author, and both were, after a short time (in 1687), translated into English by A. Lovell, Master of Arts.

Though itself aiding in the production of other works of a like kind, I think it pretty certain that Bergerac's 'Journey to the Moon' never would have been made if Lucian had never visited the empire of Endymion, and fought on his side with hippogriffs

against Phaeton and his Nephelocentaurs. Had Lucian not woven an extravagant tissue of impossibilities to ridicule the tales of travels told by Ctesias of Cnidos, and the account given of the Great Sea by Iambulus, Bergerac's pleasant satire probably would never have appeared. But the extravagance of Bergerac meant more than a burlesque on the extravagant. His work was what Lucian's is not, and Swift's is—a comprehensive satire on the men and manners of his time. Herein lies its chief merit and interest. It is interesting also for the large admixture of serious philosophy, in the shape of sound astronomical information and much reasoning drawn from Descartes, which it seems to have been Cyrano's wish to popularise by introducing it in an amusing way among amusing matter. The satire, too, in its most extravagant flights has often so wise a thoughtfulness to nerve its wing, that the reader of the book, however much he may be made to laugh, soon feels it to be anything but a trifle by whom he is addressed. A short notice of this book must end the account of Bergerac.

Designing, if possible, to reach the sun by encasing himself in bottles of dew, and rising as the dew was drawn up by the sunbeams, Cyrano tried the experiment, but through the bursting of some of his bottles and other accidents, he came to earth again. He fell, however, at a great distance from home, in New France or Canada. Hurt by his fall, he was nursed at the governor's house, and had talk with the governor on many things, and among others on the doctrine of the

earth's movement. The governor cited to him the opinion of a learned father, who believed that the earth moves, but not for the reason given by Copernicus; but—I quote Lovell's translation when I quote at all—“because hell fire being shut up in the centre of the earth, the damned, who make a great bustle to avoid its flames, scramble up to the vault as far as they can from them, and so make the earth to turn, as a turnspit makes the wheel go round when he runs about.” Bergerac, it should be said, was not afraid of mother church, for, said he, “there can be no harm in offending the Pope, he is so full of indulgences.”

Not forgetful of his desire to mount, Bergerac made a flying machine in Canada, and started with it, but soon fell to the ground, and was sorely bruised. His bruises were anointed with marrow, and he tried his machine again one night, aiding its ascent by jets of fireworks fastened about its circumference. The machine again proved unfortunate, but when it fell Bergerac was surprised to find that he continued rising. The reason of this was that the moon was then on the wane, and it is usual for her when in that quarter to suck up the marrow of animals. Bergerac, therefore, being covered with marrow, rose. When about three-quarters of the way were completed, he ceased rising, and began to fall, but he still fell towards the moon, by whose mass, it being smaller than the earth, he had not before been acted upon so as to feel the full force of its centre. He first saw in the moon a mortal, who explained how he had risen by the use of a magnetic

bowl. Presently he was found by the natives, who are men walking on all fours, and taken by them into their chief town.

“Then (he says) when the people saw that I was so little (for most of them are twelve cubits long), and that I walked only upon two legs, they could not believe me to be a man; for they were of opinion that nature having given to men as well as beasts two legs and two arms, they should make use of both of them alike. And, indeed, reflecting upon that since, that situation of body did not seem to me altogether extravagant, when I called to mind, that whilst children are still under the nurture of nature they go upon all four, and that they rise not on their two legs but by the care of their nurses, who set them on little running chairs, and fasten straps to them, to hinder them from falling on all four, as the only posture that the shape of our body naturally inclines to rest in. They said then, as I had it interpreted to me since, that I was infallibly the female of the queen’s little animal; and therefore, as such, or somewhat else, I was carried straight to the town-house, where I observed by the muttering and gestures both of the people and magistrates, that they were consulting what sort of a thing I could be.”

In this situation Bergerac had many experiences, and one visitor, from whom he learnt much, proved to be no less a personage than the dæmon of Socrates, who gave him a satirical sketch of his own history; and as to his living in the moon, added, “that which makes me to continue here is because the men are

great lovers of truth; have no pedants among them; that the philosophers are never persuaded but by reason, and that the authority of a doctor, or of a great number, is not preferred before the opinion of a thresher in a barn, if he has right on his side. In short, none are reckoned madmen in this country but sophisters and orators." Having escaped from his showman by aid of the friendly dæmou, Bergerac saw more at large what life was in the moon. Among other things he found that it was inhabited by a spiritual people, living much, not upon gross flesh, but upon the steams arising from cooked food. This is the only idea directly taken from the account of Lucian. "The men in the moon," Lucian wrote, "kindle a fire, and then broil frogs upon the coals, which in that country fly in vast numbers in the air, and when they are broiled enough, they sit about a table, and licking the smoke or steam that comes from them, they think they dine like princes. And this is the food that nourishes them." Bergerac, asking for more solid fare, was taken early the next morning to the innkeeper's garden, where the larks were fired at, and fell ready roasted. For those people know how to mingle with their powder and shot a composition that kills, plucks, roasts, and seasons the fowls all at once. When the time came for departure, Bergerac's guide, who was the dæmon in the body of a man of the moon, paid their scot in verse, the money of the country. For their supper, bed, and breakfast, the charge was three couplets, equal to six verses. They might live well, the dæmon explained, since a

week's pampering of their appetites would not cost a sonnet, and he had four about him, besides two epigrams, two odes, and an eclogue.

"'Would to God,' said I (Bergerac goes on), 'would to God,' said I, 'it were so in our world; for I know a good many honest poets there, who are ready to starve, and who might live plentifully if that money would pass in payment.' I farther asked him, 'If those verses would always serve if one transcribed them.' He made answer, 'No,' and so went on—'When an author has composed any, he carries them to the mint, where the sworn poets of the kingdom sit in court. There these versifying officers assay the pieces, and if they be judged sterling, they are rated not according to their coin—that's to say, that a sonnet is not always good as a sonnet—but according to the intrinsic value of the piece. So that, if any one starve he must be a blockhead, for men of wit make always good cheer.'"

Being soon afterwards captured and associated with the queen's little animal, of which he had heard so much, Bergerac found the creature to be a Spaniard, who had by some means reached the moon, and who was kept as a curiosity, together with the queen's birds and an ape in a Spanish dress. The two prisoners were able to converse in the Latin language upon questions of philosophy; and as it became apparent that they were not mates, a question arose among the learned men of the moon as to what these little creatures were. Either they were wild men or they were birds. The latter theory being made probable by their hopping on

two legs, while there was much to urge against the other notion, Bergerac was put by himself into a cage, and the queen's bird-keeper came daily to teach him to whistle.

In time he learned more than whistling, he acquired the language of the moon. In learning it he was aided by a queen's chambermaid, who used to visit his cage much, and whose pet bird especially he was. As soon as he could talk there was fresh marvelling; and he showed much wit, and won so greatly upon visitors, as to make it necessary that an edict should be issued, letting all people know that what he said was not done through reason, but, let it be done never so wittily, through instinct alone. Nevertheless doubts arose, and a convention of the learned was assembled to decide whether the strange bird was indeed a reasonable being. He was brought before the court, and being questioned on philosophy, held closely to his Aristotle. He was declared to be a kind of ostrich, which is a very stupid bird, and sent back to his cage. The friendly *dæmon* always visited him there, and told him many things. For example, he was told that in case of war arising between two states in the moon, care is taken for the even matching of the troops on either side, in order that those who are physically strong may not oppress the weak, but that the contest may be one of spirit and of valour only. They also in time of war decide the fate of empires often by the conferences of learned, witty, and judicious men, holding one victory by force of argument to be worth three by force of arms.

Another investigation of Bergerac's case being demanded, he was re-examined, but as he abided by his old philosophy and his old account of himself, it was again held that he was a bird, perhaps a parrot. But if he was an accountable creature, as he wished to be considered, he was liable to heavy penalties, and to these he was indeed afterwards condemned; for, on his continual assertion that he came from a world which was their moon, and that their world was his moon, it was resolved that he who thus taught heretically that the moon was a world and the world a moon, should be reputed a man, and condemned to punishment or retraction, "because of the scandal that the novelty of that opinion might give to weak brethren." He was saved only by the interposition of the dæmon.

Soon afterwards Bergerac was taken to sup in company with some philosophers, with whom he conversed at large, and among whom he observed the great respect and deference paid by the old to the young. In justification of this custom, an admirable *ex parte* case is made out against the claim of old men to superiority of wisdom. Bergerac knew that it would give offence, but he said, they who are old have once been young, "therefore by repeating these things I have obliged all men, and only disobliged but half." He saw an old man quit the supper table (it was a supper of steams sent up from the kitchen), and found that he retired to sup apart, being opposed to the wanton cruelty of vegetable diet. He was one who considered it less sinful to massacre a man than to cut and kill a cabbage,

because one day the man will live again, but the cabbage has no other life to hope for. By putting to death a cabbage you annihilate it; by killing a man, you only make him change his habitation.

The dæmon of Socrates then said to Bergerac:—

“Knowing that in your world the government of health is too much neglected, I will tell you something of the care we here take of our lives. In all houses there is a physiognomist entertained by the public, who in some manner resembles your physicians, save that he prescribes only to the healthful; and judges of the different manner how we are to be treated, only according to the proper figure and symmetry of our members; by the features of the face, the complexion, the softness of the skin, the agility of the body, the sound of the voice, and the colour, strength, and hardness of the hair. Did you not just now mind a man of a pretty low stature who eyed you? He was the physiognomist of the house; assure yourself that according as he has observed your constitution, he hath diversified the exhalations of your supper. Mark the quilt on which you lie, how distant it is from our couches. Without doubt he judged your constitution to be far different from ours, since he feared that the odour which escapes from these little pipkins that stand under our noses might reach you, or that yours might steam to us. At night the flowers upon which you sleep will be, no doubt, chosen with like circumspection.”

Another of Bergerac's ideas concerning wholesomeness arises out of his surprise, one day when out for a

walk, at hearing of some malefactor condemned to die in his bed, and then be put into a hole in the earth, followed by a hundred and fifty men in black, mocking his remains with a burlesque of sorrow. This surprised the stranger, who had been accustomed to believe no end more desirable. In the moon, he was told, the dead bodies are all burnt, except only those of malefactors, which are doomed to be crawled over by worms, and left to the discretion of toads, which feed on their cheeks. This happens after they have been ignominiously laid in a pit, and had a pike's depth of earth thrown over their mouths. "But," said Bergerac, "we call that honourable burial." "Honourable," cried they of the moon;—"the plague clothed in the body of a man!"

Presently follows this account of the last days of an inhabitant of the moon, who is mortally sick:—

"Every one embraces him, and when it comes to his turn whom he loves best, having kissed him, affectionately leaning upon his bosom, and joining mouth to mouth, with his right hand he sheathes a dagger in his heart. The loving friend parts not his lips from his friend's lips till he finds him expired; and then pulling out the steel, and putting his mouth close to the wound, he sucks his blood, till a second succeeds him, then a third, fourth, and so on all the company."

They then fill the house with enjoyment, and during three or four days, whilst they are tasting the pleasures of love, they feed on nothing but the flesh of the deceased.

“I interrupted this discourse (continues Bergerac), saying to him that told me all, that this manner of acting much resembled the ways of some people of our world, and so pursued my walk, which was so long, that when I came back, dinner had been ready two hours.”

He was asked by his hosts, on being so late, why he had not ascertained how the time was going. He had endeavoured to do so, he replied, and had inquired the time of a vast number of people, but they did no more than hold up their heads and show their teeth at him. He was informed then that his question had in each case been answered, for that by turning his face up to the sun, any person in the moon could convert his well-proportioned nose into the gnomon of a sun-dial, and that to such a dial the teeth served as a convenient row of figures. Bergerac had only in each case to observe upon which tooth the shadow of the nose fell, to get a perfect answer to his question.

At this time Bergerac entertained serious thoughts of a return to earth, by help of his friendly dæmon, from whom he received, as parting gifts, two books—one of them containing the Histories of the Sun and of a Spark; the purpose of the other was to prove that everything is true, that black is white, that nothing is something, and that what is is not, without the use of any captious or sophistical argument. These books were executed after the manner usual in the moon, so as to address themselves to the ears, not to the eyes. Each was composed of cunningly contrived machinery,

with springs and wheels, so that whoever desired to be informed by it had only to wind it up, and turn the hand to whatever chapter he might wish to read. Their books being made in this way, children in the moon can read as soon as they can speak, and the machinery is so small, and enclosed in cases so elegant—one in diamond, another in pearl—that a traveller may hang books to his ears as pendants, and so he who runs may read.

In good time the adventurous traveller did safely return to earth. At first, as he came down, he could distinguish the two continents, Europe and Africa; then he observed a volcano, and perceived a strong odour of brimstone; then he fell into the midst of briars on the side of a hill, where he was seen presently by shepherds who spoke Italian. Little heed was paid to him by these people, but he was barked at violently by their dogs, and until he had aired his clothes he excited a great barking of dogs wherever he appeared; for those animals, being used to bay the moon, smelt that he came thence.

COLLEGE WORK.

[*Introductory Lecture for the Session 1867-1868, in the Faculty of Arts, University College, London.*]

TO-DAY, in the Faculty of Arts and Laws, we enter upon the thirty-ninth year of the work of this College. The first stone of the building in which we meet was laid on the 30th of April, 1827.— Its first Session was opened in October, 1828. The first name mentioned in a report to the proprietors before the first opening of classes was that of a Professor from whose energy the College still draws strength, and who is also the main pillar of the associated school, Professor Key. Our origin is not, through distance, so dimly to be seen that a friendly enthusiast can imagine of us—as has been imagined in the Black Book of Cambridge, and in an ‘*Assertio Antiquitatis*’ of the University of Oxford, for those great centres of learning—that we came into existence not very long after the siege of Troy. King Alfred never did anything for *us* beyond providing matter for discussion in a History or Anglo-Saxon Class. We owe most to one of the Henries—Henry, Lord Brougham—who, had he laboured at the work of the fourteenth century as steadfastly and as successfully as he has laboured on behalf of the nineteenth, might have been celebrated

by Friar John Capgrave in his 'Book of the Illustrious Henries;' but, missing that obscurity of honour, survives every dispute as to his rank among the foremost leaders of two generations, lives to see the ripening of harvests he has sown, and, in years of trial energetic among those who bound this College firmly to the life of our own time, is at this day its noble President.* The College is so young, that there are still active in its daily work, as members of its Council or of its staff of teachers, some—like Lord Belper, Lord Romilly, and Mr. Grote, Professors Key and Grant and Malden—by whom, in its first days, the character—the life—of the new institution was maintained against much ill report; who made it what it has been, strong in itself, elsewhere also a begetter of strength, and who see in our own present prosperity and that of other Colleges, and of a great London University, and of yet other Colleges and yet another University in Ireland, sprung from us, the fruits of the field in which they ploughed when mist was thick and the wind chill. Abating nothing of just reverence for older institutions which have been guides of the past—and in which most sure we are that the life of the present is too strong to be bound hopelessly in trammels of tradition—may we not ask, is there a place of education with a past more honourable, a future more hopeful, than the College of which we, teachers and students, have, during this new Session, to maintain the honour and advance the hope?

That is a common trust in which the student who

* Lord Brougham died May 9, 1868.

first joins us to-day has as distinct a part to fulfil as the teacher who has laboured here since first the walls were raised. Each has his work to do in the College, and will do it best if he can enter heartily into the spirit of the place. And what is that?

When, in old times, the clergy, or a studious few among them, were the only lettered class, collegiate teaching began, naturally, in connexion with abbeys and churches. Alcuin, Charlemagne's tutor, and the tutor of his empire, was taught in the monastery school founded at York by Archbishop Egbert. He tells, in his poem on the Archbishops and holy men of York, how he there studied Grammar, Rhetoric, Law, Poetry, Astronomy, Physics, and Interpretation of the Scriptures. Just eleven hundred years ago Alcuin became the head of that school, and custodian of the Library—the best in England—from which he drew the knowledge he poured out by word of mouth among his students. Books then were too scarce and costly to be scattered freely among learners, and oral teaching—lecturing—must have formed a considerable part of Alcuin's system. That even foreigners came to learn at York, from Alcuin, we may infer from the fact that one such student's name is left on record, that of Liudger, a noble Frieslander, who lived to be canonised as a saint, and so found a biographer. We also see, in his extant letters, how Alcuin maintained, after he had been called to the Court of Charlemagne, a lively interest in some of the old students who had been under his care. Three of them—Wizo, Fredegis, and Sigelf—he took with him as assist-

ants in his task of spreading knowledge through the new Empire that was remodelling the form and character of Europe. Charlemagne, taking this Yorkshireman for guide, made him virtually his Minister of Public Instruction, and backed with despotic power every act of his for the establishment of well-disciplined schools throughout the land. Necessarily, because of the condition of society, the schools were entrusted to the clergy, who included within their body the small lettered class. But, besides the cathedral schools, there were some—perhaps three only—specially distinguished as Public Schools, which may have been under immediate direction of the State, and the chief school was a secular one, within Charlemagne's own palace, established for the good of himself, his sons and daughters, and his sister Gisla. From this Palatine School of Charlemagne tradition derives the existence in his capital of the earliest University.

The history of the University of Paris is obscure and doubtful for many generations after Charlemagne; but it is certain that the Faculty of Arts was the most ancient part of it, and that its Chancellor was always the Chancellor of the Church of St. Geneviève. I turn now to a safe guide over this doubtful ground. In days when the question of granting a charter to this College of ours was hotly debated, and some disputants appeared hardly to know what a University or College really was, an 'Essay on the Origin of Universities' was published by Professor Malden, which is still referred to as the most reliable sketch of its subject. Indeed, it is the

acknowledged basis of the article on Colleges in the latest Encyclopædia. In that essay it is admitted to be "possible that the Faculty of Arts may have grown out of a school attached to the Church of St. Geneviève according to the ordinances of Charlemagne; but this bare possibility is all the proof that can be shown on behalf of the foundation of the Paris University by the great Emperor of the West." Its true life dates from the twelfth century; and it is in an ordinance of Innocent III., dated 1215, that we have first evidence of its being called a University. An extant deed, dated six years afterwards, adopts the style, "We, the University of the Masters and Scholars of Paris." In later times the name of University came to be restricted to educational bodies which had the power of granting degrees. At first it was not restricted even to places of education, and certainly was not applied to them, because they taught the universal round of learning. "In the language of the civil law," says Professor Malden, "all corporations were called *Universitates*, as forming one whole out of many individuals. In the German jurisconsults *Universitas* is the word for a corporate town. In Italy it was applied to the incorporated trades in the cities. In ecclesiastical language the term was sometimes applied to a number of churches united under the superintendence of one Archdeacon. In a Papal rescript of the year 688, it is used of the body of Canons of the Church of Pisa. By applying the term, therefore, to the teachers and learners of the school of Paris, Innocent III. recognised them as forming a connected and

organised body, and not merely as an assemblage of individuals." The name of University is first found applied to Oxford in a public instrument of the year 1201, fourteen years earlier than the Papal ordinance just mentioned; and it is first found applied to Cambridge in a document of the year 1223. Practically, then, the application of the name dates in each case from the same period, the beginning of the thirteenth century.

It was in the thirteenth century that the first Colleges were founded—the earliest of them in connexion with the University of Paris. It was the custom there to cultivate in each College a single study, or small group of studies—as Theology in the Sorbonne, or Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, in the *Collegium Trilingue*, founded by Francis I. early in the sixteenth century. With us, Colleges were founded at Oxford and Cambridge, not as separate schools, but as places of lodging for the students. These were gradually endowed by the beneficent with means for relieving the poor student of some part of his expenses, and furnished with provisions of discipline to ensure some sort of domestic superintendence. University College, Oxford, and Balliol College, which had Wiclif in the number of its masters, were founded before the end of the reign of Henry III.; Merton College in the reign of Edward I. Before the foundation of Oriel, in the reign of Edward II., these three were the only Colleges, that is to say, the only lodging places for students in which there was endowment for the pecuniary benefit of their members. But

it is said that there were then three hundred Halls, or Inns, in which students lived at their own expense, under supervision of some tutor, or principal, responsible for their good conduct. Such inns had often irreverent names invented for them by their student-lodgers—as Ape Hall, Physic Hall, Pill Hall, Beef Hall, Pittance Hall. The oldest of the Cambridge Colleges is St. Peter's, founded in the reign of Edward II. King's Hall and St. Michael's, of the same reign, were, with Merton Hall, afterwards swallowed up in the great foundation of Trinity College. Clare Hall—of existing foundations next in antiquity to Peterhouse—was founded in the first year of Edward III., in 1326.

The teachers who drew students from all parts into these Colleges and Halls were not wiser than Alcuin. Logical subtleties had multiplied and diverged, but the general curriculum of the schools remained almost what it had been six hundred years before. Alcuin, too, had classed all subjects of teaching in the seven steps of the Trivium and the Quadrivium. Grammar, Rhetoric, and Logic were the Trivium of Ethics; Arithmetic, Geometry, Music (cultivated for its importance in religious services), and Astronomy, were the Quadrivium of Physics; and these were the steps up to Theology. Grammar meant, indeed, the use of language; but the languages of modern Europe were unsettled and uncultivated, and in the republic of the educated men scattered about Europe there could only be exchange of thought in Latin. Knowledge of that language alone opened to them the learning of the past

and of their present. A few theologians studied Hebrew or Chaldee; but at the close of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century study of Hebrew was so exceptional that his Hebrew scholarship brought Reuchlin into trouble; for in Cologne, at any rate, blind persecution of the Jews included a hot zeal against their language. The study of Greek, diffused from the teaching of Greek refugees after the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, was admitted so reluctantly and slowly that in the time of the Reformation a common cry of the churchmen who stood upon the old ways was, beware of Greek, lest you be made a heretic. Thus, for century after century, Grammar, or Language, in the Trivium, meant only Latin. When it meant more, it meant also Hebrew and Greek, as in Francis the First's Trilingual College. What more it means now, in foundations over careful of tradition, is Greek but not Hebrew, and certainly not any language that contains the thoughts of our own day.

Whether a certain tradition, given in the continuation of Ingulph ascribed to Peter of Blois, be true, is of no consequence; the book is not so old as it pretends to be, but it is old enough to give a true representation of the form and matter of mediæval teaching at the Universities, and it gives this notion of University teaching in an account of the origin of the University of Cambridge, which it dates 1109:—

“Joffred, abbot of Croyland, sent over to his manor of Cottenham, nigh Cambridge, Gislebert, his fellow monk and Professor of Divinity, with three other monks,

who, following him into England, being thoroughly furnished with Philosophical Theorems and other primitive sciences, repaired daily to Cambridge, and having hired a certain public barn, made open profession of their sciences, and in short space of time drew together a great company of scholars.

“But in the second year after their coming, the number of their scholars grew so great, as well from out of the whole country as the town, that the biggest house and barn that was, or any church whatsoever, sufficed not to contain them: whereupon, sorting themselves apart in several places, and taking the University of Orleans for their pattern, early in the morning Monk Odo, a singular grammarian and satirical poet, read grammar unto boys and those of the younger sort assigned unto him, according to the doctrine of Priscian, and Remigius upon him. At one of the clock, Terricus, a most witty and subtle sophister, taught the elder sort of young men Aristotle’s Logic, after the Introductions of Porphyry and the Comments of Averroes. At three of the clock, Monk William read a lecture in Tully’s Rhetoric and Quintilian’s Flores: but the great Master Gislebert, upon every Sunday and Holyday, preached God’s word unto the people. And thus, out of this little fountain which grew to be a great river, we see how the city of God has become enriched, and all England made fruitful by means of very many Masters and Doctors proceeding out of Cambridge, in manner of the holy Paradise,” &c.

It is very much to the honour of Terricus that in

this Academic Paradise he knew in 1109 what comments would be made on Aristotle by Averroes, who was not born until about the middle of that century.

Of the Scottish Universities,—more like those of the continent, and keeping pace with the requirements of the day,—St. Andrew's dates from 1411, Glasgow from 1450, Aberdeen from 1494, Edinburgh, 1582, after the establishment of the High School in 1578. Dublin obtained its University in 1591, but London, the great centre of the nation's energies, was without a University until this College, founded as the University of London, gladly transferred that name to an institution, flesh of its own flesh, whose sole function it now is to confer degrees on all who can deserve them, without distinction of creed or college; degrees that can be acquired only by a steady course of well-directed intellectual exertion, and for that reason stand first in honour among evidences of the possession of such thews of knowledge as examiners can test. The founders of this place in which we meet to-day could not foretel the measure of their success. Had it been less than it was, here might have been, as in Dublin and in Edinburgh, a single place uniting the two functions of the College and the University. But the success exceeded expectation. Competing Colleges arose to multiply the number of our fellow-labourers, and to adapt our work, as no one institution could by itself possibly adapt it, to the great diversity of minds unlike in tendency or training but alike sincere. So in literature, there was a little epoch made by the first production of the 'Edin-

burgh Review.' It came of the same spirit which produced this College, and had indeed our President among its founders. The 'Edinburgh' brought the 'Quarterly' into existence; and then followed other Quarterlies, each representing a distinct shade of religious or political opinion. The gain was general when diverse minds thus carried through every section of society that higher tone of intellectual criticism, of which the founders of the 'Edinburgh Review' devised the plan, and set a prosperous example. As the 'Edinburgh' in 1802 was followed by the 'Quarterly' in 1808, and afterwards by others; so University College in 1828 was followed by King's College in 1830, and afterwards by others. And as the days of unfriendly rivalry between those two great periodicals have passed away long since, with the narrow feuds which, among thoughtful men, no longer embitter our political discussions; so also between these two great London Colleges there is now the right understanding that each has its own place in the same field of work, and that for the successful issue of their common labours each has an interest in the prosperity and honour of the other. In an account of 'Social Life in Former Days,' gathered by Captain Dunbar out of his family records, we read of a Sir Robert Gordon, of Gordonstoun, who had a feud with his neighbour Dunbar of Newton. Their lands lay east and west of a strip of barren sand. Whenever the wind blew from the east, Sir Robert ploughed the sand that it might damage the Newton lands; and whenever the wind blew from the west, Dunbar of

Newton ploughed the sand that it might damage the lands of Gordonstoune. Both estates were impaired. If those disputants had abided each by the right use of his ploughs and horses on his own domain, and had joined strength also to reclaim into fertility the barren strip between them, they would not only have been better neighbours, but they would have been more prosperous men. We may very safely take this up as a parable against all waste of energy in petty jealousies. Here we have none. Elsewhere, also, there is an end of the old notion that honest differences of opinion shut out fellow-workers from respect for one another. At one of its soirées of last session this College welcomed cordially the Principal, the Chaplain, and five or six of the Professors of King's College among the guests who honoured it by the acceptance of its invitations. We claim fellowship, then, with all places of education that have been produced since 1828 by the movement which was here initiated. If any of them are based upon a more exclusive principle than that which to us here is as the breath of life, still it is well. In doing so they meet requirements of some sections of the great community which, at present, we might be unable to reach. Enough that we are all seeking to diffuse as widely as we can the truest education we can give.

In the year 1835, when Sir Robert Peel was Minister, the House of Commons addressed the Crown praying that a Charter of Incorporation, with power to confer degrees, which had been actually framed by the Law

Officers of the Crown in the year 1831, might be granted to this College, then called the London University. Soon after the formation of the next administration, that under Lord Melbourne, communications took place between the council of the College and the Government, which ended in the acceptance of a Collegiate Charter only. Thus, since the beginning of 1837, the name of this institution has been University College, London. And in the charter of the London University, granted together with that of University College, the Government adopted most distinctly and explicitly the principle for which our founders had contended. That document contained a declaration, common before in the writings of Liberal Reformers, but never until then embodied in a royal charter, that the King "deems it to be the duty of his royal office to hold forth to all classes and denominations of his faithful subjects, without any distinction whatsoever, an encouragement for pursuing a regular and liberal course of education."

That, then, was one fruit of the College work. The Queen's Colleges in Ireland were opened in 1849, and the Queen's University was created in 1850, upon liberal principles, by charter from the Crown. This was followed, in 1852, by a Brief of Pius IX., giving his apostolical approval to the establishment of a Catholic University in Ireland. Taking no part in the controversies that arise during such movement, from the first and for all time to come, it is for this College to show by its work, and its work only, what is that liberal

course of education in which men of all classes and denominations may take part together, and how best to uphold the just purpose of its founders. We are of the same mind now that was expressed in their first prospectus, when they hoped, they said, that they were "about to lay the foundations of an institution well adapted to communicate liberal instruction to successive generations of those who were then excluded from it, and likely neither to retain the 'machinery of studies superseded by time, nor to neglect any new science brought into view by the progress of reason;" of such magnitude also as to provide "the illustration and ornament which every part of knowledge derives from the neighbourhood of every other."

In Paris and Bologna and elsewhere abroad, as in some of our Scottish Universities, there arose of old a division of the students into nations. They were rather provinces than nations. Paris had the French, Picard, and Norman; the only really distinct nationality being the German, called afterwards the English. So at Glasgow the nations are Clydesdale, Tiviotdale, Albany, and Rothesay. It used to be found that students from the same part of the country agreed together better than those between whom the little local patriotisms and diversities of dialect came into conflict. Here, too, we have our nations; but they are not divided. Every quarter of the globe has furnished students to this College; and no student has ever felt that creed or race has shut him out from full participation in its work, and cordial relations with his

fellow workers, whether those who teach, or those who learn. If this good end be attainable only by leaving undisturbed, and reverently trusting to home care, those views of the Divine nature which are in each household accounted sacred, we think that in so doing we take the surest way to keep unblemished in each heart its own true spirit of religion. Well for us, that we meet on the broad common ground of human knowledge, and learn to seek truth, which is part of God, with mutual forbearance and unflinching candour.

Knowing how difficult it has been for the ancient Universities, richly as they are endowed, to burst cords of tradition which confine their energies, must we not take it for a sign of the energy, not of the impotence, that we are enabled to know this so well? Many of their own members attack the narrowness with which the Colleges, now more than the Universities, blockade the way of study with dogmatic irreligious tests. Within the last two or three weeks, at the meeting of the British Association, there has been discussion of their waste of educational power. It was led and invited by an eminent professor in the University of Oxford. At the meeting in Belfast of the Social Science Congress, University Reform was a main topic. The Education Committee came, indeed, to a formal resolution that the council of that association be requested to "consider what steps, if any, it can take to promote the adaptation of the Universities to the present requirements of education by the improvement of their government, of the modes and subjects of

instruction in them, of the employment of their revenues, and of the conditions of admission." A Blue Book just published disseminates the evidence taken before a Select Committee upon Mr. Ewart's Bill for the Extension of University Education. The chief design of the bill was to open the old Universities to students lodging in their towns outside the walls of the Colleges. But the discussion of this was inseparable from nearly all the more important questions of education and discipline; and, in the evidence received, the strongest arguments for reform are found coming from members of those Universities who are most warmly devoted to their interests.

Our function, the function of a College, is to teach; while that of a University is to test, and stamp with certain letters, its own graduated marks, the ascertained results of teaching. In evidence upon the relation between College and University at Oxford and Cambridge, we are told, with some particular detail, how far the Colleges have been enriched by ancient gifts for support and encouragement of students. Thus, at Oxford, it is calculated that the scholarships and exhibitions are worth about 80,000*l.* a year; of which 700*l.* or 800*l.* belong to the University, and 79,000*l.* to the Colleges. The fellowships and headships of Colleges are worth another 140,000*l.* a year. The ecclesiastical benefices attached to the Colleges are estimated to be worth 200,000*l.* a year. So that here is in Oxford alone an income of half a million a year, with education, by no means gratuitous, of about 1400

undergraduates. Each college has also a fixed charge of about 60*l.* a session for tuition, chamber rent, food, and attendance, and the usual cost of a student to his family varies from 150*l.* to 300*l.* for the twenty-four weeks of the session.

Beyond the student's fees little is paid out of the half million a year of revenue for the teaching of the 1400. In this place alone, in College and school, we are teaching more than 800,* and hope, in good time, to be teaching 1400. We have been able also to send men from the class-rooms into the world with a fixed relish for intellectual work and practical resolve to do some good by it, although we have no 500,000*l.* a year, and have not even 1000*l.* a year, of endowments to be spent chiefly upon the reward of school-boy learning. The money of the ancient Colleges is still maintained as a perquisite of the Church, and, for the most part, distributed in excessive rewards for careful study, limited to about three subjects. It is argued that more of it should be spent upon the actual machinery of education. This is said to be so hampered by tradition, and so ill arranged, that the Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, told the Select Committee upon Mr. Ewart's Bill, how, in his College, about 100, and about 150 in Trinity, stay up during the vacation, because they find that they learn most when there is no teaching going on. Mr. Newman, of Balliol, said, also, that tutors interrupt the men in term time, and that more work is done during the vacation.

* Last Session (1868-9) the number was 1087.

We have here, of course, but a point or two seen from one side of a large subject. Again, also, let us recal to mind that these are points to which attention is now being drawn by faithful members and friends of the two Universities which take so great a place in the present as well as the past intellectual history of England; which trained also, let us remember here, the greater number of the men who made, and who are still helping to make, the work of this College what it is.

And what is it? A round of work in which no study is first and none is last. That is, for each comer the chief study which serves best to fit him for the future duties of his life.

Let us glance over the syllabus of our work for the session now begun. Languages stand first, the Grammar of the Trivium, the first step to knowledge, as our forefathers said rightly. The first condition of knowledge is, of course, the use of speech. To the exact attainment of much knowledge, it is essential that speech should be used and interpreted with scholarly tact and precision.

Much exactitude is secured in the sciences by furnishing each with a language of its own in technical terms, each representing one thing only, and the sense of each clouded by no indefinite varieties or looseness of popular usage. This necessary aid to exact study of the sciences is derived almost wholly from the Latin and Greek languages. To the man of science, therefore, a knowledge of these languages is necessary, if he

would use the terms of his own art with swift perception of their sense, and skilfully invent what new terms his own labour for the advance of knowledge may perhaps make requisite.

Of a few sciences the whole history is recent, but there is hardly one that will not now and then incite its faithful follower to some research into the knowledge of the past, while most of them have old historical foundations. But the whole body of the knowledge of Europe from its first civilization to the end of the sixteenth century lies written in Latin, the old common language of the learned. Only the study of Latin will give access to it.

If the practical value of this power of interpreting and rightly coining words from the Latin and Greek, and of this access to all that was written in Latin, be great to the student of science; to the student of literature, or the man of letters, the worth of Latin is yet greater. For a large part of the mind of Europe during more than sixteen hundred years is locked up in it, and accessible only to him who is able to read Latin.

To precision in the use of our own language, a clear and delicate perception of the sense of words is necessary. Ignorant of Latin we can make only a blind use of the words of Latin origin which take part in the composition of our language. Ignorant of the best Latin literature we must be content with hearsay knowledge of its influence upon the minds of men in later times, and miss also important aid to the exact ex-

pression of our thoughts in our own language. Good English is, indeed, to be homely, idiomatic, Saxon. It is the part of a cultivated Englishman in speaking or writing, to hold by an old rule, as Roger Ascham, almost our first writer of good English prose, has quoted it, "He that will write well in any tongue, must follow this counsel of Aristotle, to speak as the common people do, to think as wise men do, as so should every man understand him, and the judgment of wise men allow him." The educated English writer cannot, I think, be too homely in his use of native words and idioms, but he is not to use them weakly or inaccurately. The best written English, Saxon in idiom and vocabulary, is to a certain extent, Latin in style. The imitation is not servile; and in some respects our language is more flexible, and capable of more precision than the Latin; but we have much to learn from the exquisite neatness and harmony with which writers like Cicero, Virgil, and Horace packed their thoughts into the aptest form, and gave to unaffected use of the most simple words a force or beauty that will make them last until the end of time. Dryden, who, in his prose writing, was of all men of his time the most Saxon, who read Chaucer, and relished our old ballads, said, in the dedication of his 'Troilus and Cressida,' that he was often uncertain whether what he wrote was idiom of the tongue or the false grammar and nonsense prevalent in common speech and writing, and had no other way to clear his doubts but by translating his English into Latin. The difference, of course, is great

between the long limp bolsters of words forming sentences of what is commonly called Latin English, and an idiomatic Saxon English perfected in its use by study of the art of the best Latin writers, who formed clear musical sentences exactly fitted to their thought with simple words. It promises, then, some help to English, and much help to Latin scholarship, that our Latin classes during this new session will be chiefly occupied, from term to term, with a full study of Cicero.

I have said so much of Latin as an essential part of such a course of education as that which we are to-day re-opening, because it is fit that we should distinguish clearly between a just recognition of its use and a traditional worship of it, as a study that was most important in the middle ages, to the more or less complete exclusion of a dozen others which are necessary now. A boy who, after a few years of education, will leave school and enter into the business of the world, is cheated of his rights if he be shut out from the information he most needs, in order that he may learn imperfectly a dead language, for which he will have little use in after life, and of which he will probably remember only the pain it cost him to get that of which he has never missed the loss. In such cases, nay always, where one must be taken and the other left, a living language will be of more value than a dead one. It is very questionable, also, whether obedience to tradition is not causing many parents to ruin the intellectual digestion of their children with surfeits of Latin gram-

mar, when they hunger and thirst for a far different kind of food. "We do amiss," said Milton of this early forcing of young minds awry, "to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Greek and Latin, as might be learnt otherwise easily and delightfully in one year." Early forcing has many an advocate. The strongest case I know in its favour is that of Fortunio Liceti, prematurely born one day in the year 1577, when he was no bigger than the palm of a hand. His father, being a learned physician, put him along with a thermometer in an Egyptian egg-hatching machine, and by judicious forcing worked him up into a man, who lived to the age of eighty, and wrote eighty erudite books, all upon different subjects, by not one of which the world was benefited.

But such questions, however we may deal with them, do not concern us here. The student of this College comes to us always of an age to learn; and by his coming indicates that he has leisure or need for that liberal course of education in which Latin has the distinct practical value I have been attempting to define.

You know how much that has been said of Latin will apply also to Greek. Greek has, indeed, fewer workaday uses, but it has had more part in the higher education of the human race. The Latins themselves drew strength from it, and literary skill. Through generation after generation, even when known only as filtered through the Arabians, Aristotle was the science of the world. When the Greek refugees turned tutors, and gave Italy and Europe knowledge of their tongue,

Plato fastened upon the minds of men; his writings blended with and fed the spiritual aspirations of the day, and he had his part in the reformation. Within this century the soul of a school-boy poet was lit on the way of song by Homer, read only in a translation, but even so causing him to feel

“Like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes,
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.”

While you have Greek to study you are not without another world to conquer and possess. What is it in Greek that drew our Milton to *Æschylus* and caused him to base his noblest strain of prose on an oration of *Isocrates*? If you would know what it is, fasten on Greek with might, and strive to master it, and do not lose your hold on it when it is conquered. Conquer it, as the Romans did, that it may have its nobler conquest over you. A smattering of Greek has a few practical uses. If we can only look up words in a lexicon, and know the force of a few prepositions, we can get at the meaning of Greek technical words, make out what element of Greek there is in modern language, and guess what a tailor or a pickle-merchant means by the name he has given to a pair of trousers or a sauce. But if you go farther, do not stop, if you can help it, till noblest utterances of the past come to your hearts and minds out of the Greek texts as living speech of men, not as dead lessons. And, thereafter, do not

stay for a long time together out of the company of friends who are worth keeping, and who will have been hard to win. Every study rusts and perishes with long disuse. Latin, to a considerable extent, may be said to be able to take care of itself. A man who retains anything of the habits of a student, will have frequent inevitable use for it. But in the press of daily work, Homer, and Sophocles, and Plato, are too apt to be left on the shelf, and after a time they become dumb books, or we are to them as deaf people who understand only by snatches. A power has gone from us that life is too short and too busy to permit us to recover. Lay, then, the foundations of your knowledge of Greek deeply and firmly while you may; complete the structure of it in your student life; and then take a repairing lease of it for the term of your natural lives, enter into possession of it, treat it as one of the noblest castles on your intellectual estate, and do not let it crumble into ruin.

Before there was Greek, or Latin, there was Sanscrit, the next study on our list, the language of all others most talked about and argued from by men who could not read a line of it, perhaps could not even distinguish between Sanscrit and Arabic upon a written page. In studying Greek, Latin, English, or any of the allied languages, we learn this or that about Sanscrit analogies, believe, or do not believe, or receive with modified belief, a theory connecting nearly all the languages we study as so many members of an Indo-European family with Sanscrit for a common ancestor. We are

all obliged to hear, and occasionally say something, about Sanscrit ; but few of us feel bound to know anything of it. We say that we have not time now for the study, and will put it off to a convenient season. Of late years students of Sanscrit, especially in Germany, have been setting up a revolution in mythology, invading all the grammars that are grammars, and carrying everything before them ; perhaps because they are in the right ; perhaps because there is almost nobody competent to say that they are wrong. Shall we deliver ourselves up blind captives to these men, or shall we learn to use our own eyes, and to follow with intelligence the course of their inquiries ? Some second-hand knowledge about Sanscrit no student is now able to dispense with, and our round of College work would be imperfect if it did not give those who have use for it full opportunity of adding a real knowledge of Sanscrit to their other preparations for the part they are to take in life.

To many it is a necessity, to more it is a natural desire, to acquire the knowledge of another ancient tongue, that through which the sublime strains of Isaiah passed into the minds of men, and the sweet singer of Israel taught many nations to hymn praise of God. The study of Hebrew is made important in our day to many by the wide discussion of critical questions which involve a reference to Hebrew texts. The questions of theology we do not touch ; but careful study of the Hebrew language by those who desire to read in it, forms a long recognised part of the College work.

Next on our list are Arabic and Persian. How bright a part was played by the Arabians in mediæval history, how much of European song and science flowed from sources in the Arabic, we all know well. But Arabic and Persian are not only old languages with literatures and historical connections full of interest, they are living tongues of peoples with whom we are in frequent friendly contact. Sir Samuel Baker stopped a year to study Arabic upon his road towards the sources of the Nile. Central and Northern Africa have strong—too strong—attraction for some Englishmen; of Arabia and Syria the attraction is yet stronger. To some of the large number of Englishmen, upon whose ability depends the right maintenance of our great Indian empire, Arabic and Persian are studies that will have a special value.

To many languages and dialects of India, derived from Sanscrit, Sanscrit is a key; but they are to be learnt as living tongues by Englishmen, who will hereafter live among the people speaking them. Marathi, Hindoostani, and Hindi, Bengali, Gujrathi, and that chief language of the Deccan, which is said not to be derived from Sanscrit, Telugu, will be, for students with careers in India before them, not the least practical and necessary sections of the work done in this College.

Here is already a wide interpretation of the old term Grammar in the Trivium; but we have yet to add to it the next four subjects of study which lie nearer home. If we do not study English, we simply elect not to be joint possessors of the intellectual inherit-

ance bequeathed us by our forefathers, not to take the right way of entering into the life and soul of our own people. We seek no strength and dignity from the cherishing of its best memories as we sit, familiar children of the house, beside the hearth of our great national home. We refuse to understand the might and beauty of the language that we speak; refuse sometimes to acquire even the power of expressing our own thoughts in our own language clearly and accurately upon paper, while we struggle, perhaps, vainly, for a useless knack of doing crochet work with Latin quantities. In due relation to all other parts of training, Latin versification has, I believe, its use. But an English gentleman will easily be pardoned—and thanked, should he be asked to be thanked—for not writing verse in any language, if the gods have not made him poetical. But the day is at hand when it will be required of him to speak or write the simple prose of his own language as well as he can; to make it, to the utmost of his ability, a perfect instrument for the expression of his thoughts. The day is at hand, too, when an Englishman will rank it among first duties in his education to learn that which he must learn before, in its whole length and breadth, the literature of his country lives for him, and he is as one in a city of the gods with liberty to feast in all its mansions. The writers of our own day interest us easily, because we are ourselves part of the life of their time, understand every allusion to a current topic, and share, perhaps, the ephemeral taste that decides the form of composition. It is by

study alone that an Englishman can so far breathe the air of the past that he may walk over the fields with Chaucer really singing by his side, or out of the stir of town bring home with him, not merely a book labelled Herrick's Works, but Robert Herrick himself, who came to him from out of a crowd of duller people at a bookstall.

While we thus draw to ourselves vigour from the best minds of our forefathers, we shall not fail to perceive how, in the life of the past, as of the present, no power is self-produced and self-contained. Man influences man, and nation nation. This is so true that during one great period of our literature it is essential to the full intercourse with our own writers that we should pay all the attention we can to the literature of Italy; at another period the study of our own writers forces us into a study also of the literature of France; at a later period we find it necessary to know something of German literature. Thus the study only of English literature, apart from all other motives, would impel us to seek what knowledge we are able to get of the languages and literatures of France, Italy, and Germany. But of those languages each has a right to be studied for its own sake, as a way of access to new realms of thought. They have also, like the right command of English, their own living, practical, commercial use. For the student, it is enough if he can read them; to the man of action, it is money's worth that he should be able to speak and write at least one of them rightly and readily. I

need not dwell upon the obvious advantage possessed by the working man, from the diplomatist down to the humblest merchant's clerk, when he can converse freely in their own language with Frenchmen, Italians, or Germans, and write foreign letters accurately in the language of the men whom he addresses. Such studies form also a part of our Trivium.

There is no need to dwell especially upon the importance of a good knowledge of French. In all colleges and schools where it is taught the state of the classes shows how thoroughly it is appreciated now in England. With the study of French let us unite such study of the mind of France in its literature as shall deepen our knowledge of Frenchmen, and give new guarantees for that most happy sense of common interests and common aspirations by which the peoples of England and France are becoming year by year more closely bound.

As requisite a study among educated Englishmen as French in the days of Victoria was Italian in the days of Elizabeth.

Perhaps because it has been slighted in examination systems, by which students are, to a certain extent, forced in their choice of subjects; perhaps from other causes; it has happened for some years past that while, in this and other colleges, Italian is fully recognised and fitly provided for as an important branch of study, the Italian classes in those colleges which have them suffer everywhere an undue neglect. It may be that when the newborn nation, master of both head and limbs, sits

crowned in Rome, and, understanding that wealth and revenues can come only of commercial energy, is again lusty with trade in Florence, Venice, and Genoa, our merchants will find use for converse in Italian. But, in the mean time, is it no part of a liberal education to learn how we may draw near to the head waters of the intellect of modern Europe? In the pages of those three patriarchs of modern literature, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, we may yet study large questions of that future upon which they set the mark of their own minds. Is it no part of the desire of an educated Englishman to share the delight of Spenser in Tasso and in Ariosto's "famous Tuscan pen"? The part of our own literature most rich in its abounding life and power, is brimful of enjoyment of that branch of Italy which, in the revival of the nations, was the first to blossom, and bear fruit, and scatter seed abroad. We worship the name of Dante, buy his thoughts in translation upon translation; but will go no nearer to him. We will read descriptions, or see pictures, of the grand cathedral to which its last translator likened Dante's masterpiece, but we will not ourselves enter there from day to day, and leave our burden at this minster gate. We care not if

"The love from Petrarch's urn
Yet amid yon hills doth burn,
A quenchless lamp"

from which, in other lands, a thousand tapers have been kindled. For us the lamp is out, if we may judge by the small heed paid in these days to Italian studies;

except it be in the opera book of 'Rigoletto' or 'Il Trovatore.'

The language and literature of Germany stand next in the account of college work, and suffer no neglect. Fashion approves the study. The best period of German literature, instead of being, like that of Italian, the remotest, is, of all neighbouring literatures, the one nearest in date to our own time, and most in harmony with modern English thought. The German, too, is studious, and provides us, in many a domain of thought, with more exhaustive text-books, notes, and commentaries than our own country produces. There is, indeed, hardly a branch of knowledge in which the student who cannot read German does not lose some valuable help.

Here ends, for the present, our reading for the nineteenth century of the word Grammar in the mediæval Trivium; and we sum up the highest results of all these studies, in so far as they are purely grammatical, with those researches into Comparative Grammar which every other year quicken some of our most advanced students to philosophical inquiry.

Side by side with this study of the speech and thought of men extends the study of the laws of Nature, infinite investigation of the harmony and fitness of the works of God. Of many of these studies the grammar is in the science which investigates the properties of numbers and space, and to the teaching of Pure and Applied Mathematics the large place is here given that it must needs occupy wherever art and science have a home.

In lectures and by laboratory training the processes of

Nature are investigated; physics and chemistry are distinct studies; to many necessary, to all useful. Structure and properties of the texture of the human body and the apparent processes of life; varieties of form and structure, and consequent modifications of the functions in all classes of animals; the life of plants; the structure of the earth, are subjects of study amply recognised by students and by teachers as essential parts—for many the parts most essential—in a modern round of college work. Then there is full provision also for the special studies of the architect and civil engineer, who play so large a part in the great history of British enterprise. There is history itself. There is that special study of the wealth of nations, which has owed its best development to men akin in spirit to the founders of this college. And there is study of the wealth of individual man in his own mind, the instrument by which he is enabled to pass, by inheritance or conquest of his own, into enjoyment of that share of knowledge which his years and opportunities permit him to possess. Beyond all these are the law classes. Once it was part of the education of an English gentleman, who might become a justice of the peace or legislator, to complete his education in an Inn of Court, where he might learn something of the laws he would be called on to administer or alter. That honest custom has gone out, but the return to it is easy here, where our round of study includes classes of jurisprudence and of English law. The list is long, yet it has not included the wide range of study to

which yesterday Dr. Graily Hewitt welcomed our students of the Faculty of Medicine. So many are the forms of work from which—to quote a couplet more apt than musical—we trust that not a few students of ours will pass into the world,

“All various in their tastes and studious toils,
But each adorn'd with Learning's splendid spoils.”

Now we have seen what this College came into the world to do; and I have shown you a skeleton of the work before us. You yourselves, old students and new students, must help us again this year to add to the skeleton its brain and heart, its flesh and blood. Be knit with it all, so that it shall live and stir in every part. The University of London, in the fourth of the charters by which it has been enabled, with increasing weight, to keep its place in the expanding system of which it is now the centre, made what I believe to be a grave mistake when it offered its degrees with equal freedom to all students who passed its examinations, whether they had or had not received college training. We cannot fail to see the beneficence of the purpose; but the license indiscriminately given hurt more than it helped. True it is that there may often be a solitary scholar, usually an adult, so placed in life that he cannot generously be required to go to college before taking a degree to which his attainments give him a just claim, and by help of which he might attain less painfully his proper status in the world. To all such men a great liberal University should have discretionary power to hold out its helpful hand. But every such

case should be dealt with distinctly upon its merits, as exception to the wholesome rule. At present, I fear, many are misled into reliance upon private study. Thus, at a second B.A. examination, in which 104 candidates presented themselves, fifty came from affiliated colleges, eleven from other colleges and schools, and forty-three were private students. Of those from the colleges one-third were rejected; of those from the schools one-half; of those who had relied on private study, nearly three-fourths of the whole. Had college-training been the rule, and exemption granted only upon special grounds, many of these hermits, turned collegians, would have been saved a bitter disappointment, some of them perhaps a lasting injury. They would have known more; and they would have had advantages which count in life, though they do not count in examination papers.

I mean nothing so small and worthless as those influential acquaintanceships for which some persons here and there think it desirable to send a son to college. What I mean includes thorough contempt for that; a hearty, wholesome, and unselfish intercourse of young minds, active in search after knowledge for its own sake; measuring strength one with another; taking their falls without anger, and their triumphs without boast. The private student fails often where, in the examination room, he is not found to fail, and fails in examinations, too, for want of vigorous participation in all this. He does not know where he is strong, and where his powers are below the standard of

the men who should be, but are not, his comrades. Little comes to his ears of the incessant questioning and eager arguing by which intellects in rapid growth take needful exercise. The bodily antics of childhood are not more natural and necessary to the development of the young body, than to the straight and strong growth of the mind is that brisk spirit of inquisitive argument in youth, of which old people, whose intellectual limbs are set, sometimes become impatient. Work, then, argue: there is no lack of material, opinions are various as men, or would be so if all thought for themselves. Inquire fearlessly; convince doubts, never strangle them. See in your teachers here men who are students too, searching for truth, and watchful against tyranny of lifeless forms. "I hate," said Milton, "an instructor who comes to me under the wardship of an overseeing fist." We teach as fellow students whom time has advanced a little farther than you on the road of knowledge, and we tell you by what landmarks we have ourselves been guided. In a little while we turn aside to our last rest, and are but memories to you who travel on and take part in the later and the better knowledge of the world.

It is often said that boys should go to public schools to see how bad the world is, and learn to be on their guard in after life against the wickedness of men. That is a calumny on boys and men. But it does happen sometimes that among boys in a great school the reverence for truth is lost, and then much else goes with it. Here we believe in boys; and have in

the school 400 witnesses to justify our faith. In colleges—especially a London college, wherein a large number of the students can return home after every day's labour into the shelter of that family life which

“Leaves the disencumbered spirit free
To reassume a staid simplicity,”—

the spirit of the place is absolutely the reverse of that imagined by the true believers in the wickedness of men. But why should I tell you what you know so well?

Only to say this. That excellent spirit, in accord with the true spirit of the College, which not only makes all our work pleasant, but makes also the act of meeting for work to be in itself pleasant and wholesome, grows with the growing sense of fellowship. We must do, therefore, all that we can to bring us trustfully and freely into contact with each other. In the way of this there stand at present some mechanical impediments. We have outgrown our space. The great generosity already shown by those old friends of the College who happen to know the difficulty, gives us hope that when it is more widely known their liberal example will be followed, and a new wing will very soon be added to this building.* Then we shall have more lecture-rooms, and more ability than we now have to provide opportunities of intercourse outside the class-room. Meanwhile let us improve what opportunities we have; they are not few, though fewer

* This has partly been done, and the College now includes a spacious Students' Common Room.

than we wish. Our discipline is no dull set of forms. There is all that is due to yourselves, and nothing more. Without order and attention in the class-rooms none of you could prosper in your work. Plato says that "a boy is the most ferocious of animals." The ferocious animal which he resembles is, I think, the domestic kitten. When, at his first passage out of boyhood, the young student suddenly enjoys the freedom of that trust which a College puts in his own powers of self-restraint, he is likely to be sometimes so ferocious as to play when he should work. Yet even that occurs but seldom. Would it ever occur if it could be remembered always that this personal indulgence is only to be had at the expense of others whose work it disturbs? After a year's contact with the College work it does, as far as I know, become a point of honour with all students to deal fairly by their comrades and themselves in this respect.

But, outside the lecture-rooms, encourage, I again say, playful and earnest intercourse one with another. Each following his own tastes and needs, put life into your Debating Society, your Literary and Philosophical Society, your Gymnastic Club, or whatever else is honest and of good report, that brings you cordially together. Put your hearts into the work of the classes; do not go to them for rote knowledge, or value information in proportion to its power of enabling you to pass examinations. Work for examinations; but, above all, work for the fruit you hope to gather in your after lives. Fasten upon each study for its own sake;

find your way into the soul of it. Seek opportunities of questioning your teachers upon every point that suggests to you a doubt or difficulty. It is a reward to them for their own work to see that they excite such questioning. Leave nothing half learnt behind you, as you travel on through any study. If you do, you may be like the general who starves all his force because he has left some point behind him where he can be cut off from his base of operations. Be, as students, absolutely fearless in admitting ignorance. The wisest man on earth may easily be ignorant of something that a child could tell him. One honest "I don't know" wins more than a hundred wise looks masking discreet silences. It is a life's labour to know all that is known in a single science. They do not know what knowledge is who are ashamed to own the want of any part of it.

One counsel more, and that is all. Work healthily. Nobody, I believe, was ever killed by brainwork; but both men and youths have died, because they joined to their brainwork an attempt to live under impossible conditions. Do not overtask a sickly frame; a healthy one will be the better for hard work, done rationally. But it is not rational to go back to the blunder of the Neoplatonists, who took the body for a clog upon the mind, and sought by physical privations to lighten it as much as possible. For a few days, in case of need, a healthy body will bear without risk many privations; and there *are* times, few and far between, when an eager student may deny himself some hours of sleep. But

the men work best, last longest, and do most in their lives, who steadily and wholesomely and with a cheerful mind work on from day to day, preserving health by due regard to the necessities of food and exercise and sleep.

In bidding you all welcome, then, to the new session of work that we are to share together, my last counsel—not mine only, but that of all your teachers here, of whose warm welcome I am but the mouthpiece,—is that you should set to work *at once*: not trusting to excess of labour when a time draws near for testing your attainments. Nothing is to be gained by that later strain upon your energies, equal in durability, or even in extent, to the knowledge acquired and digested day by day. Our session is now opened, and to-morrow, genially and steadily, without strain and without flinching, let every Student resolve to himself that the College Work begins.

ENGLISH FOR ENGLISHWOMEN.

[*Part of a Lecture introductory to the course of English Literature given in 1869, upon the first establishment in London of the "Ladies' Educational Association."*]

THERE once lived in a city rectory two fellow-students. The elder of them, William Elstob, orphan son of a merchant of Newcastle-on-Tyne, had been sent by his guardian to Eton, thence to Cambridge. He inherited consumption, and was for that reason removed to Oxford when the Cambridge air appeared to disagree with him. The younger student was Elizabeth Elstob, his sister. She was the first woman who studied English at its sources; "and I think she will be the last," said Samuel Pegge. The Association which invites us to the work we now begin is not of Mr. Pegge's opinion.

Elizabeth Elstob studied English that she might become the comrade of her brother. Father and mother dead, they two were all to one another. When he left Cambridge for Oxford, and pursued his studies there with failing health, she, a girl of sixteen or seventeen, went to him, made a home for him, nursed him. She learnt what he learnt, worked with him and for him. Thenceforth, until she stood, a solitary, helpless woman at his grave, one roof covered them both; she joined

herself to all his studies, and became, in truth, the better scholar of the two. They were both linguists; she, for her part, was skilled in eight languages, and most of all skilled in her own. Thus she had taken her own way in life despite the prejudices of the uncle who was guardian to her brother and herself. This gentleman, when she was left motherless, at eight years old, had endeavoured to direct her education upon the profound social principle that one tongue is more than enough for any woman. Elizabeth, who was ten years younger than her brother, came with him to London when he was appointed to his city rectory, that of St. Swithin and St. Mary Bothaw. She sympathized with his speculations on the intimate connexion between law and divinity; for by those speculations he was harmonizing with his life as a divine his labour of love on a full edition of our Saxon laws. When William Elstob edited the Anglo-Saxon Homily upon the birthday of Saint Gregory, it was his sister who wrote the accompanying translation. Then it was agreed that while he edited Anglo-Saxon laws, in the service of time-honoured rights, she should produce an edition of *Ælfric's Anglo-Saxon Homilies*, in the service of time-honoured religion. Was this true sister,—whose age was but thirty when her brother died,—blue stocking or ministering angel? Certainly she was qualified, by knowledge, to make a sunshine in the shady place of the frail-bodied rector's study looking out upon a city lane.

After her brother's death, in 1714, Miss Elstob—or

Mrs. Elstob, for in those days it was only during girlhood that a lady was called Miss—Mrs. Elstob was very poor. A friend once asked her to write for him a little account of herself and her brother. What she wrote for that friend is now among the MSS. in the Bodleian Library. Of her brother she said “he was of so sweet a temper that hardly anything could make him show his resentment, but when anything was said or done to the prejudice of religion or the disadvantage of his country.” In the tenderness of her memory, she recorded simply, that “his generosity was his greatest fault.” The little patrimony left to the two orphans was exhausted when he died. For the love of letters George Smalridge, who in that year became Bishop of Bristol, was prompt to supply Mrs. Elstob’s needs. Chief Justice Parker became, at the same time, chief promoter of the publication of her Anglo-Saxon Grammar. This was published the next year after her brother’s death. It was written for a lady who had undertaken to be taught by her, but had found no time to fulfil her promise. The types for this grammar were cut at the expense of Chief Justice Parker, who was delicately complimentary in decorations which he caused to be engraved for the first page. At the page-head is a little plate, showing the entrance of the Graces on the domain of the Wise, and placed under it in the initial letter,—within the round of the G to the word Grammar is a carefully engraved miniature of a fair, resolute, and true young face. That is the face of Elizabeth Elstob, about thirty-one years old, and still

so far resolute and true that she will not remain dependent on the purses of her friends, but has flown into the country to set up a very little school at Evesham in Worcestershire. The school scarcely found her bread, and at last ceased to do that. She had then only a small pension of twenty guineas a-year from the private purse of Queen Caroline. After years of lonely struggle, the woman who knew more than any girl then wished to learn of her, at last was received as governess in the family of the Dowager Duchess of Portland. There she was spared labour and sorrow during the remaining seventeen years of a life that reached beyond the limit of threescore and ten.

These lectures, the slight beginning of an effort to assist the study of their own language and literature by English women who live here in London, at the headquarters of English thought, cannot be more fairly begun than with a kind memory of Elizabeth Elstob, who, one hundred and fifty years ago, sounded on the way we are now going, when the way for her was dim and perilous. The motto for her 'English-Saxon Grammar' might serve also for the motto to this course of ours. It had been part of a letter to herself from a Right Reverend Prelate, and it is this:—"Our Earthly Possessions are truly enough called a Patrimony, as derived to us by the Industry of our Fathers; but the Language that we speak is our Mother Tongue, and who so proper to play the critics in this as the Females?"

De Quincey, in his 'Essay on Style,' dwells upon what

he calls "the purity of female English." He says, "Would you desire at this day to read our noble language in its native beauty, picturesque from idiomatic propriety, racy in its phraseology, delicate yet sinewy in its composition, steal the mail-bag, and break open all the letters in female handwriting." How far this is true you are more able than I to judge, since you can get the requisite experience without robbing a mail. But I believe there is the same truth in it which caused, in the days of Henry IV. of France and for some time afterwards, French scholars and grammarians to seek the fellowship, and even follow the lead, of Frenchwomen in the endeavour to refine and fix their language. Those leaders at last went astray, for they knew little, and were critics formed rather by good instinct and bad fashion than by study. But, whether or not spoilt by fashion, the women of a country are, and must always be, the guardians and transmitters of its language. Sons of those Northern seamen, who married the women of the land and made the strength of Normandy, received the language of their mothers. After a few generations not only the language, but the very whereabouts of the old home of their fathers was forgotten. Only the land and language of their mothers was to the sons their land, their language. In the untaught women of that vigorous race the great forces of nature worked only as they have worked and will work in every race and age. As one poetess sang for another, who had lost both of her sons in battle:—

“What art’s for a woman! To hold on her knees
 Both darlings; to feel all their arms round her throat,
 Cling, strangle a little; to sew by degrees
 And ’broider the longclothes and neat little coat;
 To dream and to doat.

To teach them It stings there! *I* made them indeed
 Speak plain the word *country*. I taught them, no doubt,
 That a country’s a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
 The tyrant cast out.

And when their eyes flashed O my beautiful eyes
I exulted; nay, let them go forth at the wheels
 Of the guns, and denied not. But then the surprise
 When one sits quite alone! Then one weeps, then one kneels!
 God, how the house feels!”

Yet still our mothers, wives, and sisters, suffer as they may through us, bid us go forth at the wheels of the guns to every true battle of life, and whatever the surface pattern or the deeper folly of a few, that is the Woman of the Period, of this and of all periods, of this and of all lands.

The work begun to-day, with a well-grounded hope, is only one of many results of a course of change begun before the close of the last century. We trust it will stand firm, because its root is deep. To draw an illustration from the subject of the present course, a glance at one fact in our literature will show very distinctly what I mean. For century after century, until of late, the roll of English writers showed only a faint representation of the genius of women. In the time of Charles II., there were indeed “the divine Astræa” and “the matchless Orinda;” but Astræa—Mrs. Aphra Behn—was a divinity of bad clay, and in literature

womanhood was represented only by Orinda. This was Mrs. Katherine Philips, an estimable lady, married at the age of sixteen, and dead of small-pox at the age of thirty-three. She lived much with her husband in Wales, away from the corruption of the Court, and earned the praise she had from Cowley. By witness of good men and of the tenor of her verse, some lines of her own, expressing her ideal of an English girl, may stand for a piece of unconscious self-portraiture :—

“A beauty, not to Art in debt,
 Rather agreeable than great ;
 An eye, wherein at once do meet
 The beams of kindness and of wit ;
 An undissembled Innocence,
 Apt not to give, nor take offence ;
 A conversation, at once free
 From passion and from subtlety ;
 A face that's modest yet serene,
 A sober and yet lively mien ;
 The virtue which does her adorn,
 By honour guarded, not by scorn ;
 With such wise lowliness indu'd
 As never can be mean or rude ;
 Whose equal mind does always move,
 Neither a foe nor slave to love ;
 And whose Religion's strong and plain,
 Not superstitious nor profane.”

Hard things are said of the women of the period of Charles II., for whom 'Paradise Lost' was a new poem of their day. Levity came, no doubt, to Court and was conspicuous. But we shall find that whatever their politics, the characters of Englishmen and Englishwomen remained even then essentially what they had always been. But then, and before then, and after then,

our countrywomen spoke but seldom for themselves until the days were near to which we now belong. The rapid change then became marvellous. We have had Charlotte Smith and Fanny Burney, Hannah More, Hannah Cowley, Mrs. Inchbald, Joanna Baillie, Sophia Lee and her sister, Jane Porter and her sister, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Radcliffe, Mrs. Opie, Maria Edgeworth, Lucy Aikin, Mary Brunton, Mrs. Somerville (with her firm grasp of science), Mrs. Shelley, Mrs. Browning (first among the poetesses), Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë and her sisters, Mrs. Gaskell and the authoress of *Adam Bede*, Miss Martineau, Florence Nightingale, Miss Carpenter, Mrs. Gatty, Mrs. Howitt and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mrs. Everett Green, Miss Sewell, Mrs. Linton, Mrs. Craik, Mrs. Sartoris, Miss Thackeray, Miss Isa Craig, Miss Ingelow, Mrs. Webster, Miss Rossetti, and twice as many more who could be named if it were necessary to extend the catalogue. This is no insignificant result of chance, but a great and growing characteristic of our literature during the last hundred years. It shows that the progress of society for some generations past has not been limited to the advancement of the men. Each sex retains and develops its own character; and the higher education sought by women will only maintain and strengthen their true natural relation to the happiness of home. It is not knowledge, but the sham of knowledge that makes what is called a "blue stocking."

This name of terror is a good name for those whom it fits, because it implies one of the familiar signs of

imperfect training,—obtrusiveness, or affectation of mere outward peculiarity. The original blue stockings were Mrs. Vesey, Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Thrale (afterwards Mrs. Piozzi), and friends of theirs, who plagued society with would-be intellectual routs, pale copies from the French of Madame du Deffand, Mlle. de l'Espinasse, Madame de Tencin, Madame de la Popelinière, and the good *bourgeoise* Madame Geoffrin, with whom died out in 1777 the fashion among French ladies for setting up what were called *bureaux d'esprit*. During the later years of this French fashion Mrs. Vesey and Mrs. Montagu distinguished themselves by an endeavour to transplant it into England. There are two versions of the origin of the name given to the ladies who affected wit in these assemblies. One is, that about 1768 Mr. Stillingfleet—botanist and small poet, grandson of the more famous bishop of that name—excused himself from attendance at one of Mrs. Vesey's parties at Bath, because he had no proper costume. She replied, "Pooh, pooh! come in your blue stockings." He did so, and justified himself by repeating aloud this form of his invitation as he entered the assembly. For which reason Mrs. Vesey's routs came to be called jestingly "blue-stocking parties." The other version is, that at one of the first of these parties given by Mrs. Montagu, Madame de Polignac came in blue-silk stockings, then the last new Parisian fashion, newer, indeed, than the fashion for *bureaux d'esprit*. All the ladies of Mrs. Montagu's coterie followed this fancy. The consequence was that a gentleman, who had been at one of

her soirées, wrote to a friend that the ladies made a charming intellectual society, who had one rule, "they wear blue stockings as a distinction." Now, in man or woman, thorough study is the death of all these petty affectations.

Mrs. Montagu did indeed print something about Shakespeare. Mrs. Piozzi did know enough of Milton, to jump at the meaning of her friend Miss Streatfield's maid, clever at an errand, who stepped over the way to beg she would oblige missis with "milk and asparagus lost." Bits of knowledge were sought by these ladies, as barbarians seek bits of coloured glass for outward ornament. Their healthy natural vivacity was sickened by the strain to appear clever. To this group belonged, in fact, Anna Matilda, Laura, Julia, and the rest of the tribe who swung the incense of their petty affectations about that "celestial bard," as they called him, Mr. Merry, who could "through space with rapid comets glow." They were the Della Cruscan by whom young Gifford was roused to launch his Baviad against "the eulogies that wait each modish strain."

No; vanities like these are no fruits of the higher education of man or of woman. True knowledge is their only sure destroyer. We daily see with how much arrogance the ignorant man reasons, because he is dead to the unbounded realms of thought outside the den in which his mind is shut. The more we know, the wider is our sense of the unknown. We climb and climb, and when, with our best climbing, we have reached the topmost bound of a life's knowledge can feel only like

stout Cortez, when another ocean lay before him, as he stood "silent upon a peak in Darien." Have we not known how simple and how unostentatious are the life and conversation of a Faraday? True culture seems to create in men some of the qualities wherein the grace of womanhood consists :

"Patient of contradiction as a child,
Affable, humble, diffident and mild,
Such was Sir Isaac, and such Boyle and Locke;
Your blund'rer is as sturdy as a rock."

Much knowledge is not the first necessity of life. A certain scholar in the fifteenth century was so desirous to be perfect in his Greek that he travelled to Constantinople for a Greek wife. And he got his wish, for the lady proved a termagant, and made him only too familiar with all the hard words in her language. That story has been told in jest against learning in women; but I suppose that a woman also has to look for something above and beyond knowledge of Greek in the man who is to be her companion for life. That something above and beyond itself, in man or woman, it is the tendency of true, living knowledge—knowledge become wisdom—to produce.

Nor need we be discouraged by the thought that, labour as we may, we never shall advance so far upon the road of knowledge as the Newtons and the Lockes, who leave their names to be for ever cherished by their country. The question that concerns us most is, whether we are on the road at all. Between the foremost ground yet reached by any one, and the

remote place of his humblest followers, the interval is very small compared with the vast spaces to be traversed. The right way can give the same delight to all, whatever part of it they see. Only let us be careful that we do walk in the pleasant path of a true study, and are not led aside into the wilderness of dead men's bones, where there is no foliage but that of a few stunted text-books, and Mrs. Mangnall is the Sphinx. Most of us have spent some time of our lives in a desert of that kind, for advance is slow towards an improved sense of the purpose of school-training. In after-life the way to a higher education is not difficult for men to find. Our higher schools, our universities and colleges, and our societies for special cultivation of each form of study, these, with a daily unrestricted intercourse, have made the ways of knowledge easy for a man; and it is now, I think, well understood that some of these helps are of a kind which ought no longer to be denied to women. An educated woman is not now regarded as a prodigy. As Miss Edgeworth said, at the end of the last century, when the common average of education was much lower than in the present day, "A woman may now possess a considerable stock of information without being gazed upon as a miracle of learning; and there is not much danger of her being vain of accomplishments which cease to be astonishing." No Englishman, she observed, is startled at sight of a lady riding on a side-saddle; but when an Englishwoman rode on a side-saddle through an Italian city, where the sight was unusual, the people all turned out

to gaze at her, some with astonishment, and some with pity. "Ah!" they said, "Poverina, Poverina! She has only one leg!" What we have now to do is to support and extend every good and becoming effort to make the higher education of an Englishwoman customary.

Therefore we welcome very heartily the scheme now ripening for the establishment near Cambridge of a well-appointed Ladies' College, and rejoice in the success of the Ladies' Colleges in Harley Street and Bedford Square, which have for some years past done invaluable service, and which will become more and more useful as the years run on and attention is more and more directed to the need which has to-day brought us together. If we did not believe that whatever work may be done by our Ladies' Educational Association, in true fellowship with every kindred effort, wherever or whatever it may be, will strengthen instead of weakening the hands of all who labour in a like direction, this Association would not have been formed. But there is much work to be done, and need of many labourers. The immediate cause of the establishment of this Association was the good example set in Edinburgh and some northern towns. Not apathy, but an obvious difference in the conditions under which work of the same kind could be done in London, and not least the question how far it was being done already by the excellent Ladies' Colleges to which I have referred, delayed the following of that example. When, however, it became evident that there were in London many

ladies no more willing than thoughtful men are to allow, at any time of life, the arrest and decay of knowledge, and who do wish for such living help as we desire to give, there was a plain duty before us. We might have waited altogether till next year, in order that then work might be begun upon a large scheme, well matured; but we have preferred to act on the old proverb, and not put off till to-morrow that which we can do to-day. We begin at once, therefore, with only two courses of lectures, and those short ones. But we do mean substantial work; and if we find what we expect to find, a few more years may show that these two courses are but the small beginning of what the promoters of these lectures wait only encouragement to mould into "a system of advanced education for women going beyond anything that has been yet thought of in London."

It only remains for me now, before we begin work, to tell you what is the plan of this particular course for the present session. It would be impossible in twenty lectures to give an account of English literature, naming all the writers and labelling them with characters. If it were possible, it would be useless. Knowledge so given is really worse than none; far better no staff than a reed. A course even of the best kind of English study, if it lasted for ten years, could only be suggestive, not exhaustive. The best teaching can serve no higher end than to show students how to teach themselves. Her own language, and all that is noble and pure in it, is, as Elizabeth Elstob said, the most

natural study for an Englishwoman: she is the natural maintainer of the honour of the mother tongue. If English girls at school were fairly trained in their own language and its literature, they would be readers for life, drawing grace and strength to their minds from communion with the best intellects of England, which has in all times been busy to find and maintain the right, and which has shown through different forms of creed a religious earnestness that must bring it, in its whole truth and beauty, when once understood, very near to the heart of a good woman. To lay a firm foundation for self-education throughout life, is, so far as English literature is concerned, to give life a new pleasure in a study that is in fact one of the healthiest of recreations.

GABRIEL HARVEY.

WHEN, in 1579, their old comrade at Pembroke Hall, Edward Kirke, prefixed to Spenser's first venture in verse, 'The Shepherdes' Calender,' a letter to Gabriel Harvey, as its unnamed author's "special friend and fellow-poet," he only told in prose what is shown by the Calender itself, where Harvey is enshrined as Spenser's Hobbinol. The difference is great between this Hobbinol as we may see him if we care to look for his true features, and the figure which stands for him in encyclopædias, in text-books, and in that lively account of the paper war between Harvey and Nash which most of us have read with natural enjoyment in Isaac D'Israeli's 'Calamities of Authors.' Hardly a definite fact has been stated, real or imaginary, which has not had a turn given to it unfavourable to the good name of this much misrepresented scholar. A vague concession that "the friend of Spenser and Sidney could hardly have been contemptible," is all that we have given us in the 'Calamities of Authors' to qualify the finding of a portrait in the mere caricature produced by an unscrupulous wit, who had more genius but less worth than his antagonist, and who amused himself and the town with the extravagant exaggeration of what

he took to be the weaknesses of his opponent's character. Yet there is not one—actually not one—sharp point in the indictment against Gabriel Harvey which does not break at a touch when we look from the burlesque upon him to the man himself. He did not become a great man, or what he called a “megalander;” we may, if we will, class him with what is fossil or extinct in literature—its megatherium or dodo. But in his day he worked hard, aspired nobly, and left witness to his labour and his aspiration. Perhaps we do not care, for his own sake, to read the evidence, but set him aside as one of the small matters, if any there be, in which it is not worth while to be just. Then let him have the advantage of being not merely Gabriel Harvey, although to him that was something, but also Spenser's Hobbinol, which to us is more. He was, during some important years of Spenser's life, the poet's “long-approved and singular good friend” and counsellor. The counsel was outgrown, but not the friendship. To our credence as well as Harvey's, Spenser has left what he once called “the eternal memory of our everlasting friendship, the inviolable memory of our unspotted friendship, the sacred memory of our vowed friendship;” and it is a little due perhaps to Spenser that we should ascertain how much credit is due to the commentators who would have us think that he wrote in this way to a conceited pedant seven years older than himself.

Gabriel Harvey was the eldest of four sons of a ropemaker at Saffron Walden, a prosperous man who, when

his boys were young, filled the chief offices of his native town, and spent his money freely on their education. Three of the boys were sent to the neighbouring University of Cambridge, and they all three became noticeable men. The son of whom nothing is known may have succeeded to his father's business. Of the three who took to scholarship, Gabriel became, while yet a young man, in or not long before the year 1576, a lecturer on Rhetoric at Cambridge, with Cicero for his guide, and large attendance at his lectures. The year usually given as the probable date of Gabriel Harvey's birth is 1545; and then, as the date of his death is known, it has to be added that he reached the age of ninety. It does not inevitably follow that because Gabriel Harvey was at Cambridge before Spenser, and had ceased to be an undergraduate when his friend first came to college, he was—as the young would count years—a much older man; although the presumption would be fair if there were not evidence to the contrary. But then the fact seems to have been overlooked that there is rather good evidence to the contrary. Harvey's Introductory Lecture upon meeting his class at Cambridge, in the year 1577, was published as his 'Ciceronianus,' dedicated to William Lewin, who, in a letter prefixed to it, gives his own opinion upon the most eminent masters of eloquence, and speaks of his friend Harvey as *adhuc adolescentem*; which he would hardly have done if Harvey had been thirty-two years old. No doubt the range of a man's years comprehended under that term might have been taken by a Roman as from seventeen

to thirty; Cicero called himself *adolescens* at the time of his consulship when his age was forty-four, but he speaks elsewhere of five-and-twenty as the term of adolescence, and that certainly answers so well to our own usage, that Harvey could scarcely have been spoken of as *adhuc adolescentem* when he was thirty-two years old. It is more probable that his age did not exceed five or six-and-twenty, and that he had begun the public teaching of rhetoric in his university in the preceding year. For in the next year, 1578, his two first lectures were published as his 'Rhetor,' and we find that, in referring modestly to the full attendance before him, while valuable teachers such as Byng and Dodington, whom he named with reverence, were lecturing to empty benches, he said that he ascribed the fulness of his class in the preceding year to students' love of novelty, but warned them that there was no more of that—"Harvey is old now, and leaves novelty to new professors." As the introductory lecture of the preceding year was upon the occasion of his again meeting his class, we may assume that he had begun to teach in 1576, when he was—*adhuc adolescens*—twenty-five years old, or a year younger. The known age of his brother John was thirteen or fourteen, and Richard could not have been very much older, for he also, when he went to Cambridge in 1575, as a pensioner of Pembroke Hall, found in his brother Gabriel a guide and tutor. There was at least one sister in the family, and there might have been several intermediate in age between Gabriel and Richard. At any rate.

here is good reason for believing that Gabriel Harvey, instead of being a pedantic scholar seven and more years older than his friends Spenser and Sidney, a man who could give himself some airs of seniority in social intercourse with them, was a familiar friend, with no more difference of age than is consistent, in free fellowship of youth, with equal sharing of enthusiasm and exchange of thought. Spenser and Harvey at Cambridge were both of the same college; Pembroke Hall; and Spenser was in his last year, taking his degree of M.A., when Harvey began, if he had not sooner begun, lecturing on Rhetoric. As for Philip Sidney, Oxford was his university, and although he is commonly said to have gone for a few months to Cambridge at the age of fifteen or sixteen, there is no evidence that he did so. If we would know how the strong friendship between Harvey and Sidney first arose, we must understand more than we do of the relations between Harvey and Sidney's uncle Leicester, whom Gabriel, in his 'Gratulationes Waldenses' incidentally, and also specially in the inscription of that part of it which is dedicated to him, distinguished as "his Lord;" and who, in July, 1578, when Queen Elizabeth paid her visit to Audley End, was about to send him into France and Italy.

In Harvey's 'Walden Gratulations,' written to commemorate the visit of her Majesty to Audley End, the great house of his native town of Saffron Walden, two significant scraps of dialogue are left upon record. An impetuous member of the University of Cambridge,

there present by its representatives to pay honour to Queen Bess, stepped out of the ranks and knelt to her. The over-zealous gentleman was, let us say, about six-and-twenty years old, tall, keen of feature, swarthy, and black-haired. "Who is this man?" the Queen asked in her blunt way. "Who is this? Is it Leicester's man that we were speaking of?" And when told that it was, she said, "I'll not deny you my hand, Harvey." In a short Latin verse exercise appended to the first of the four books of his 'Gratulations' upon the Queen's coming to Walden and Audley End, Gabriel Harvey gives that piece of dialogue. He adds another set of verses on another saying of the Queen's upon the same occasion. "Tell me," she said of him to Leicester, "is it settled that you send this man to Italy and France?" "It is," said he. "That's well," she replied; "for already he has an Italian face, and the look of a man; I should hardly have taken him to be an Englishman." In his lines upon this theme, we have Gabriel's own witness to the dusky hue, which scoffing Nash compared to rancid bacon. Harvey's service of Leicester, here so distinctly indicated, may have led to the establishment of that warm friendship for Leicester's nephew Sidney, which breathes out of another poem in the 'Walden Gratulations.' It certainly enabled Harvey the more safely to counsel his friend Spenser, gone northward, to leave "those hills where harbrough nis to see," and resort to the dales with their rich shepherds and fruitful flocks. It may have been not as a poet only that Harvey sent Spenser to Leicester, though

enough for Sidney that he was a poet of his own age who thought with him on the great religious questions of the day. The fact that it was Gabriel Harvey who sent Spenser to London, seems to connect this reference in 1578 to Leicester's purpose of sending Harvey abroad with the affectionate Latin hexameters addressed to his friend Harvey in October, 1579, by Edmund Spenser, then on the point of travelling into France; "dispatched by my lord, I go thither," Spenser said, in the postscript dated from Leicester House, "as sent by him, and maintained (most what) of him; and there am to employ my time, my mind, to his honour's service." Through those two scraps of the Queen's talk recorded in the 'Walden Gratulations,' we come perhaps a little nearer to the prose version of Hobbinol's advice that Colin should resort to the rich shepherds of the dales.

On the occasion of the Queen's coming to Audley End, Dr. Howland, the Vice-Chancellor of the University, had notified to Lord Burleigh that he and the heads of colleges would there wait on her Majesty, and have ready some disputants on two moral questions—one, Whether Clemency or Severity be more praiseworthy in a prince; the other, of Fortune and Fate; also that they would present a book, which was, in fact, a Greek Testament, bound in red velvet and gold. Burleigh chose the debate on clemency and severity, and accepted the offer of the book, upon condition that it was not to be scented with spike, which her Majesty could not abide. There must be also some gloves and a few verses for Leicester, the Earl of Oxford, and Sir

Christopher Hatton; Burleigh himself wanted none. The University duly appeared by dignitaries in their gowns and hoods; the Queen arrived, hot and faint, from her journey, in July weather, and went indoors; but after due refreshments the debate took place, and lasted for three hours. Mr. Fleming, of King's College, argued for clemency; Byng, Master of Clare Hall, concluded; Harvey, of Pembroke, Palmer, of John's, and Hawkings, of Peterhouse, opposed; Fletcher, of King's College, was moderator; but the Lord Treasurer, as Chancellor of the University, took on himself to interfere, and cut short all repetitions or long discourses by way of confutation with the dictum, "*Loquor ut Cancellarius, disputa dialecticè.*" There is, in the library of the British Museum an old copy of Quintilian, which once belonged to Gabriel Harvey, and has wide margins liberally besprinkled, in some places crammed, with notes in his firm and elegant handwriting. On the blank space at the end we find him fortifying himself for this conflict, using Quintilian as a whetstone to his wit, and labelling references to sections on extempore speech, memory, pronunciation, audacity, and courage, and against all manner of diffidence and despair as—"My notes against my disputation at Audley End, in the Court, before my Lord Treasurer, my Lord of Leicester, and in the Queen's hearing." He writes under this a sound reflection, founded on the popularity among Italians of the artificial style of Aretino: "*Unico Aretino—in Italian,* singular for rare and hyperbolical amplifications. He

is a simple orator that cannot mount as high as the quality or quantity of his matter requireth. Vain and fantastical amplifications argue an idle brain. But when the very majesty and dignity of the matter itself will indeed bear out a stately and haughty style, there is no such trial of a gallant discourser and right orator. Always an especial regard to be had of decorum, as well for orators and all manner of parleys as in other actions." Is this the thought which animates fantastic pedantry? The notes here quoted are at the end of the book, before the fly-leaf, which is covered with citations from many authors, made, apparently, in view of the same occasion, and therefore before July, 1578. The rest of the notes, which are part Latin, part English, and the incessant light underlining of words as the whole book was read carefully, pen in hand, belong chiefly to the following year; for in a closing memorandum Harvey sets down that he had read the book through again from the beginning, in September, 1579, and compared it with Cicero ad Brutum and Ramus, meaning, no doubt, Ramus's 'Brutinæ Quæstiones.' The notes often illustrate pleasantly their writer's character, and give his estimate of the reputations of contemporary scholars. It is interesting, for example, to find him noting as "*tria vividissima Britannorum ingenia,*" Chaucer, Sir Thomas More, and Bishop Jewell; to which he adds, as the next triad, "*tres florentissimas indoles,*" Heywood, Sidney, and Spenser. "*Qui quærit illustriorum Anglorum ingenia, inveniet obscuriora,*" from which censure he excepts,

he says, a very few, and first of them Sir Thomas Smith, Ascham, Wilson, Digges, Blundeville, Hakluyt, "mea corcula"—my favourites.

But how little of a dry pedant young Gabriel Harvey was, we can learn without reference to MS. if we will only look into his three published lectures, delivered, as the custom was, in Latin. In his introductory lecture, upon returning to the University in 1577, he says, after the fashion of wit in his day, that during the vacation he had been breakfasting on Tully, dining on Cæsar, and supping on Virgil. He will not say with which viand he took nectar, with which wine, and with which beer, but will speak of the talk of the guests, which is the sweetest seasoning of banquets. He then characterises the style of different writers. A friend had said that it would be less wonderful that Duffield should leave his philosophy than Harvey the eloquence he loves and exalts *supra mundum, supra modum*. Philosophers, says Harvey, are not always prophets; and he proceeds at once emphatically to recant much that he had taught in the preceding year. He had followed those Italians—Bembo, Sadolet, Nizolius—who exalted above all things the Ciceronian style, and had detested men who were not absolute Cicero-worshippers, as Erasmus, More, and Budé. He had abused Politian and Pico della Mirandola. He cites his own old Ciceronian formulas for the beginnings of speeches and letters, speaks of the delight he had in big Roman capitals, as IVP. O. M. "I produce," he said, "my folly to make you wiser. I worshipped

M. T. as the god of Latinity, and would rather have been a Ciceronian than a saint." But he had since fallen upon Jean Sambuc's 'Ciceronianus.' It had made him think, and sent him to the study of the old masters of Latinity. From that he had gone to the 'Ciceronianus' of Peter Ramus, and to that of Professor Freig, of Basle, and to a preface by Sturmius, of Strasburg, and he had learned now to look at the ground and roots of Ciceronian eloquence; to relish the independent thought in Pico, and Erasmus, and Politian; to look for the whole man in a writer as the source of style, and, still exalting Cicero, to attend first to the life and power of the man, and not to the mere surface polish of his language. Let every man, he says, learn to be, not a Roman, but a Frenchman, German, Briton, or Italian. That certainly is not the lecture of a pedant rigid in the forms to which he had been bred. And the manliness of scholarship grew upon Harvey. In one of the MS. notes made by him three years later on the margin of his Quintilian, a sentence of the text suggests to him that Mr. Ascham, "in his fine discourse of Imitation, is somewhat too precise and scrupulous for Tully only, on all points; we having such excellent and dainty choice in the Latin tongue, worthy to be regarded and resembled in fitting place," and then he cites, with a differently defining adjective to each, nearly a score of authors. On another page he notes that a man without Greek is half learned; as Ascham said in joke of Mr. Haddon,

though he loved him dearly, that he fluttered on one wing.

Thus Gabriel Harvey won honour to himself at Cambridge while he was training his two younger brothers, Richard and John. Richard was a lively pupil, ready to turn Latin verse on any subject, and warmly attached to his brother. He had Gabriel's fervid spirit without his discretion. He passed through a course of medicine and philosophy to study for the Church, and held a vicarage at the time when his brother John, who had obtained a physician's degree from his University, died—twenty-nine years old—at Lynn, in Norfolk, where he had been establishing himself in practice. Dr. John Harvey was a quiet, studious man, who wrote little books indicating healthy tastes and calm judgment. But the Rev. Richard was restless and impulsive. He plunged into the Marprelate controversy; he played prophet; he attacked the wits of the town as "piperly players and makebates;" and it was he who brought the wits down on himself, and provoked them, in the reckless fashion of the time, to scoff at all his family.

Then Gabriel's resentment of an insult diverted the enemy's fire, and it was he who had to bear the whole brunt of the battle. He had at that time left Cambridge; and having in 1585 obtained grace for a degree of D.C.L. at Oxford, was practising in London as an advocate in the Prerogative Court.

Gabriel Harvey was a man of quick parts and high

character—ardent, impressible, with a keen interest in intellectual pursuits, and a critical appreciation not exceptional, but modified and bounded by the notions of his time and by the studies of the University. He stood for an influential class, and fairly represented it. We have always been told to believe, on the authority of Thomas Nash, that he was ashamed of his father, the rope-maker; and encyclopædists have it that he ostentatiously claimed kindred with Sir Thomas Smith, another Saffron Walden man, who had been, with Cheke, joint chief of the Greeks at Cambridge, and who died a Secretary of State in 1577. But his writings, and those of his brothers, show that Gabriel Harvey was warmly and openly attached to his family and to his native town. Evidently not in boast of worldly position, but as the most natural reply to a libel on the old man's character, in the course of the Nash controversy, Harvey made known that his father, twenty years before, held the chief offices in his town, and that he had spent a thousand pounds upon the education of his sons. These were the public evidences of his father's worth. Again, it is not true that Harvey showed eagerness to claim Sir Thomas Smith as one of his relations. The reverse is true. He avoided the boast. As a Cambridge scholar and Saffron Walden man who had a reputation for his Latin verse, Gabriel Harvey followed an old custom in producing 'Smithus, vel Musarum Lacrymæ,' upon the death of a scholar who was one of the chief glories of his University, who also was of Saffron Walden,

and to whom, he says, he had looked up as his model of life, studies, and character. It seems that there was a family connexion: for in one of his later letters Harvey speaks very incidentally of Sir Thomas Smith's son as cousin. But in this series of laments, or "Tears of the Muses," they are the Muses who speak for themselves in their own character, and some of them exalt the scholar they mourn by naming him as of their kindred. When speaking in his own person, at the opening and close of his work, to Walter Mildmay and to Sir John Wood, Smith's nephew and late secretary, Harvey is far from claiming, as it seems he could have claimed, a family connexion with the man whose memory deserved his honour.

Again, it has been said, in the pleasant book, 'The Calamities of Authors,' that Gabriel Harvey's vanity caused him to publish a collection of panegyrics upon himself. Where is it? Can it be that the title of the four books of the 'Gratulations of Walden,' a collection of laudatory Latin epigrams and poems upon Queen Elizabeth, Leicester, Burleigh, and three other personages of the Court—the third of them, and dearest of all, Harvey's friend, Philip Sidney—can it be that this volume, produced in honour of the Queen's visit to Walden and Audley End, has been mistaken for a set of panegyrics on its editor? Or is such a description given to the nine pages of verses on the Harvey and Nash quarrel attached to the 229 pages of 'Pierce's Supererogation'? This is the sort of attention and justice clever men get from posterity when they have

once been well covered with abuse from which it is nobody's particular business to defend them, and when they have not achieved in their lives anything great enough to draw on them the general attention of their countrymen in after times.

On the authority of Nash, Gabriel Harvey and his brothers John and Richard have been confounded in one common charge of a ridiculous addiction to astrology. Thoughtful men of their time believed in the influences of the stars, and our language attests the old strength and prevalence of such convictions. But of these Harveys, as before said, Richard alone was an enthusiastic student of astronomy; and it was against him and his 'Astrological Discourse upon the great and notable Conjunction of the two Inferior Planets, Saturn and Jupiter, on the 28th of April, 1583,' that Nash, in a passage of 'Pierce Penniless, his Supplication to the Devil,' levelled his abusive wit. Richard's unlucky astrological prediction was addressed at its close—
"From my father's house in Walden . . . to my very good and most loving brother, Master Gabriel Harvey, at his chamber in Trinity Hall." Gabriel then held a fellowship of Trinity. That Gabriel Harvey, had he been at Walden, would have discouraged, as he had before discouraged, his younger brother's astrological enthusiasm, is evident from the opening of this treatise :
"Good brother, I have in some part done my endeavour to satisfy your late request, wherein you advertise me either not so much to addict myself to the study and contemplation of judicial astrology, or else by some

sensible and evident demonstration to make certain and infallible proof what general good I can do my country thereby, or what special fruit I can reap thereof myself." John Harvey, the other brother, published in 1588 'A Discursive Problem concerning Prophecies; how far they are to be valued or credited, according to the surest Rules and Directions in Divinity, Philosophy, and other Learning;' but this was written for the purpose of confuting and condemning superstitious faith in traditions and pretended prophecies, and it especially undertook to examine and reject an old prophecy of terrible things which were to happen in 1588, though admitting that this year might see the prologue to serious events of which the five acts and the epilogue would in due time probably follow. One of Gabriel Harvey's letters, printed without his knowledge and against his wish, was set forth as containing "a short and sharp judgment on earthquakes." As the set of letters to which this belongs is known through Haslewood's reprint in 1815 of 'Ancient Critical Essays,' and Haslewood left out the earthquake letter because the matter of it was foreign to his purpose, the world has assumed pretty generally, from its title only, that here Gabriel displayed his addiction to astrology. But the letter exactly accords with the spirit in which he had sought to abate Richard's astrological enthusiasm. It reports to Spenser talk of the night before over an earthquake of which the shock had just been felt—the earthquake of 1580, which set in motion the pens of Arthur Golding, Thomas Churchyard, and many others—and Harvey repeats the argu-

ment he had then held, that earthquakes proceed from natural causes, and that although doubtless it is in the power of God miraculously to produce them, it is not the business of man to treat them superstitiously. He speaks with supreme contempt of the crop of pamphlets and prophecies that the recent earthquake shock was likely to produce. In the same letter Harvey reported Cambridge news with a sharpness of censure which, when these private letters were printed without his knowledge, by an injudicious friend, made it his duty to apologise to the Cambridge authorities. In the course of the Nash quarrel, when a distorted version of this is cast up against him, he admits that he was then unduly irritated because he had failed in his application for the office of Orator to the University.

That he was unduly irritated in the Nash quarrel is quite as true. Gabriel had just laid his brother John, the young physician, in the grave, when a gross attack on the whole family, provoked by his brother Richard, came into his hands. It consisted only of a few lines, which were afterwards expunged from the satire, Greene's 'Quip for an Upstart Courtier,' in the text of which they had been interpolated. The copies which contained it were destroyed, and we do not know what the scoffs were which caused Gabriel to come to town, determined to proceed by law against the libeller. He found Greene dying miserably, and his judgment was so far overpowered by his anger, that he allowed himself to be urged into a written expression of it after Greene was dead. Yet there are earnest and generous thoughts blended with

the words of wrath, and there is a pathetic strain of earnestness in the whole letter which contains Gabriel's reference to his dead brother, and record of his latest words to him: "Oh, brother, Christ is the best physician, and my only physician. Farewell, Galen — farewell human arts. There is nothing divine upon earth except the soul aspiring towards heaven."

I do not justify the temper of the Harvey and Nash quarrel, but I do protest against any continuance of the belief that students are reading literary history when they find in Isaac D'Israeli's 'Calamities of Authors' this quarrel made the basis of a misrepresentation of all facts in the life of a man whom Sidney and Spenser honoured as their friend—a misrepresentation which extends even to so trifling a detail as the suggestion that "it became necessary to dry up the floodgates of these rival ink-horns by an order of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The order is a remarkable fragment of our literary history, and is thus expressed: 'That all Nashe's bookes and Dr. Harvey's bookes be taken where-soever they may be found, and that none of the said bookes be ever printed hereafter.'" It is, indeed, a remarkable fragment, for it is quoted with omission of the fact that this was not a condemnation special to Harvey and Nash, but part of a general excommunication of books by which, in the year 1599, Whitgift and Bancroft made themselves ridiculous. They ordered the burning of Marston's 'Pygmalion,' of Marlowe's Ovid and of his Satires, of Hall's Satires, of the Epigrams of Davies and others, of the *Caltha Poetarum*, besides

Nash's and Harvey's books; and decreed that no satires or epigrams should be printed for the future. Indeed, says Warton, in that year "the Hall of the Stationers underwent as great a purgation as was carried on in Don Quixote's library." Had the 'Calamities of Authors' been then in existence, probably that learned and entertaining book would also have gone to the fire, and one author, at least, would have been spared the additional calamity of being known to the world, less by what he said than by what Isaac D'Israeli said of him.

INFLUENCE OF THE CELT ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

[*Afternoon Lecture, Dublin, April, 1867.*]

WHEN the Arab "dwelt beneath the shadow of his lance, and cooked his food upon the ashes of the towns he conquered," he was, as he is now, a man of unmixed race. Among the pure races Baron Larrey argued that none was so perfect. The Arab, said the Baron, has more convolutions to his brain, brain made of better—that is, firmer—stuff, senses more exquisitely acute, heart and arteries more perfect, than any other man. But what has he now to show for all his perfectness? A thousand years ago he was playing a brilliant bat in the political cricket-field, but in the midst of his wonderful running his wind failed him, and he was bowled out. It seems to be the weak point in all unmixed breeds of men that in the long run of life they may leave all behind them for a little time and then fall to the rear. Thus the pure Spaniards who are still in South America, and have for centuries been keeping their blue blood clear of the liquor in the veins of other men, are feeble as their neighbours the Indians, who boast also of unmixed race. But somebody has written a whole book to show how the *Mestijos*

born of intermarriage between Spaniards and Indians are so vigorous and enterprising, that these are the men who are to found and to maintain a South American republic of the future. And is there not a reason why such things should be? It may be part of the great plan to which our lives belong, that in large national relations, as in little personal affairs, we are strong by fellowship; and the race that shall go strongly forward and endure until the end must claim and admit community of blood with other races. There is penalty upon seclusion. We must work on till we have learnt all to work together. To compare great things with lesser things, how many a Royal line has become feebler for the want of free range in its marriages. If King Cophetua did wed the beggar maid, his descendant may have had to thank him for a better wit than falls usually by nature to the lot of Princes. Now as between the Anglo-Saxon and the Celt we do not know which is the beggar maid and which Cophetua, but we do know that we as a people are strong, not because we are Teutonic, not because we are Celtic, but because we are both. As a power in the world the Anglo-Saxon would long since have proved a failure but for intermarriage with the Celt, and at this day within these kingdoms the elements of strength are least evident in those counties where the population—here too mobile, there too stolid—is most purely Celtic or most purely Saxon. Hesiod's praise in his *Georgics* of the "healthful mean" may be applied to those who boast themselves of perfect, unmixed race:

“O fools, that all things into judgment call,
Yet know not how much half is more than all!”

Influence of the Celt on English Literature proceeds not from example set by one people and followed by another, but in the way of nature, by establishment of blood relationship, and the transmission of modified and blended character to a succeeding generation. Evidence of this will be clearer if we look for it not so much in ultimate results as in the first processes which led to them.

The pure Gael—now represented by the Irish and Scotch Celts—was, at his best, an artist, with a sense of literature, active and bold imagination, joy in bright colour, skill in music, touches of a keen sense of honour in most savage times, and in religion fervent and self-sacrificing zeal. In the Cymry—now represented by the Celts of Wales—there was the same artist nature, but by natural difference, partly, no doubt, because their first known poets learnt in suffering what they taught in song, the oldest Cymric music comes to us not like the music of the Irish harp, in throbbings of a pleasant tunefulness, but as a wail that beats again, again, and again some iterated burden on the ear.

Such was the Celt. Each point in this description can be justified on evidence of which the weakest has this to be said for it, that it has satisfied the critical sagacity of that thoroughly accomplished and by no means credulous Irish scholar, the late Professor Eugene O'Curry.

The sense of literature was shown in the earliest

times by the support of a distinct literary class among the Celts who first possessed the country. In Erin, the first head-quarters of song and story, even in the third century there was the poet with his staff of office, a square tablet staff, on the four sides of which he cut his verse; and there were degrees in literature. There was the Ollamh, or perfect Doctor, who could recite accurately seven fifties of historic tales; and there were others, down to the Driseg who could tell but twenty. As we travel down from the remotest time of which there can be doubtful record, we find the profession of historian to be a recognised calling, transmitted in one family from generation to generation, and these later professors of history still bore the name of Ollamhs. So it was in the MacFirbis family, of which came Duaid MacFirbis, calling himself Dudley Firbisse, a master of Irish record, who was the last of the Ollamhs, and who, when an old man of fourscore, was killed by a young bully not two hundred years ago. The young man was flirting with a barmaid who bade him be quiet, or the old man in the next room would see him. Upon that he drew his knife, rushed into the next room, and stabbed MacFirbis to the heart. So died the last of the Ollamhs. It was, he said, the hereditary occupation of his family that they wrote books of history, annals, poetry, and kept a school of history. Under the year 1279 the 'Annals of the Four Masters' record the death of a MacFirbis, "chief historian" of the O'Dowda's country. It was a MacFirbis who, before 1416, wrote the Book of Lecan, now

in the possession of the Royal Irish Academy, and part of the Yellow Book of Lecan, of which a large fragment is in the library of Trinity College, Dublin.

Of the active and bold fancy that accompanied this Celtic sense of literature as an art, and of the Celt's delight in bright colour, almost any one of the old Gaelic poems will bear witness. The delight in colour is less manifest in the first poems of the Cymry. For them the one colour was that of blood; they are of the sixth century, and sing of men who died in the vain fight against the spreading power of the Anglo-Saxons. Even among the Gaels, in echoes that still reach us of that body of third and fourth century poetry which has for its central incident the battle of Gabhra wherein Fionn's famous clan was crushed by the united forces of all other clans of Erin, except their allies the men of Munster, we miss much of the lavish suggestion of bright colour that belongs to the old Gaelic poetry and history. For an example of that colouring, here, from the *Tainí Bo*, is part of an old picture of a march of Gaelic Celts seen from a hill by a MacRoth who is describing them. "Some are with red cloaks; others with light blue cloaks; others with deep blue cloaks; others with green, or gray, or white, or yellow cloaks, bright and fluttering about them. There is a young red-freckled lad, with a crimson cloak in their midst; a golden brooch in that cloak at his breast," and so forth. Even the ghost of a Celt, if it dropped the substance, retained all the colouring of life, and would come up out of the ground gay as a tulip. When the exact artistic shaping and

wording of that history of the cattle plunder had been lost, a deputation sent by the chief poet was on its way to Italy in search of the right form of the narrative, because it was said to have been carried thither by a learned man. On the way the deputation rested at the cromlech of the poet Fergus McRoigh, where the ghost of the poet kindly came up and saved the travellers all further trouble by dictating to them the right form of the tale. The ghost is described. It had brown hair, and wore a collared gold-ribbed shirt, a green mantle, a gold-hilted sword, and sandals of bronze. There is in one of these old poems a description of a lady's bower, its main roof thatched in stripes of brown and crimson, and its portico with wings of blue and yellow birds. The whole description is alight with colours of the rainbow. If the Cymry had a dragon in a fable, he was red; a Saxon dragon was more likely to be white. The vivacity of Celtic fancy is shown also by an outpouring of bold metaphor and effective simile.

“ Each shoulder covered with his painted shield,
Swift as the war-horse, there the hero marched.
Noise in the mount of slaughter, noise and fire;
The darting lances were as gleams of sun.
There the glad raven fed. They went not free
While he, as in his course the eagle strikes
The morning dews aside, so scattered them,
And like a whelming billow struck their front.
They, the bards tell, are brave men who to slaves
Reveal no counsel. Spears in warrior hands
Were wasting men, and ere the swan-white steeds
Trampled the grave of him whose word had been
So masterly, his blood washed all his arms:
Buddvan was such, son of Bleëdvann the Bold.”

Here in a mere average stanza, containing one of the ninety celebrations of the chiefs who fell in fight with the Angles at Gododin, we have abundant illustration of the play of the Celt's fancy. Buddvan, with the many-coloured shield, is fleet as a war-horse; the flight of spears is as the darting of sunbeams; the hero scatters his foes as an eagle strikes the dewdrops from his path; he whelms them as a wave; his horse is swan-white; when his blood is shed it washes all his armour. This audacity of genius, which is the father of invention in the useful as in the liberal arts, this intellectual oxygen is, no doubt, absent from the genius of the Anglo-Saxon. In that one verse of the 'Gododin' are more similes than in the six thousand and odd lines (English measure) of the Anglo-Saxon Beowulf.

Playing upon musical instruments was the only industry with which in 1187 Gerald of Wales, who had been to Ireland as secretary to Prince John, credited the Irish. In that he said "they are incomparably more skilful than any other nation I have ever seen. For their modulation on these instruments, unlike that of the Britons" (the Cymry of Wales), "to which I am accustomed, is not slow and harsh, but lively and rapid, while the harmony is both sweet and gay." After more minute description he adds that "both Scotland and Wales strive to rival Ireland in the art of Music." Ireland used only two instruments—the harp and tabor, Wales the harp, the pipe, and the crowd, which was a sort of fiddle.

Mr. Fergusson, when preparing the ground for his

admirable 'History of Architecture' by a survey of the characteristics of different races in their relation to his art, says that "the true glory of the Celt in Europe is his artistic eminence. It is perhaps not too much to assert that without his intervention we should not have possessed in modern times a church worthy of admiration, or a picture or a statue we could look at without shame." That is said generally of the Celt in Europe, and my purpose now is to show that in these kingdoms, without help from the Celt, there could have been no Shakespeare in our literature.

Two higher characters associated with the Celt's artistic temperament have yet to be illustrated, his sense of honour in most savage times, and in religion fervent and self-sacrificing zeal. Of the sense of honour there is odd illustration in one of the oldest histories which tell of the first appearance of the Gaels in Erin. They landed at the mouth of the Slaney, in Wexford, unobserved by the Tuatha de Danaan who then occupied the country, marched on Tara, and then called upon the three kings of the island to surrender. The kings answered that this was not fair. They were taken by surprise. So they proposed to the invaders that they should go back, re-embark, retire nine waves, and then, if they could make good their landing, they should have the country. The Milesians agreed that this was fair, and did try back. Another notion, which occurs in the 'Tain Bo' and elsewhere, was that if one man should come out against an army, or hold a pass against an army, the

army must halt and fight him one against one till he was beaten, or till, if he could, he had destroyed the whole host in a series of single combats. We are not bound to believe such things were ever done; enough for us that there is the temper of the people indicated by the character of its inventions. And they are inventions which belong to savage times when, says another of these old tales, the Ulster men mixed the brains of their slain enemies with lime and played with the hard balls they made of them. Such a brainstone is said to have gone through the skull of Conchobar, who lived afterwards seven years with two brains in his head, always sitting very still, because it would be death to him to shake himself.

The self-sacrificing zeal that entered into the religion of the Celts bore fruit, we shall find, in the first Christianizing of the Anglo-Saxons. But of the Celt in his old days of savage artist life, when he was a pagan gentleman in the rough, singing and fighting, may we not say as it is said in the Homeric hymn of Hermes, when he strung the first chords of his lyre over the shell, that

“God in him did sing.

His play was likewise an unspeakable thing,
 Yet, but as an extemporal assay
 Of what show it would make, being the first way
 It tried his hand; or a tumultous noise
 Such as, at feasts, the first-flower'd spirits of boys
 Pour out in mutual contumelies still.”

Mutual contumelies no doubt enlivened the early intercourse between Gael and Gael, Cymry and Cymry, Teuton and Teuton. When, in the oldest of our

Anglo-Saxon poems, Beowulf in the course of argument over the dinner-table twits another gentleman with having murdered his own brothers, and says that he shall pay for it in Hell, the home thrust of the disputant is not resented. Indeed we are told that the host was glad to hear this sort of conversation, because it gave him confidence in the spirit of a guest who had come over the sea to fight a monster for him. Among Celts the contumelies between Gael and Cymry must have been the liveliest.

The Gaels were the first comers. Before their migrations hither, their headquarters on the continent seem to have been in Spain, and the adjacent part of Gaul distinguished by Cæsar as Aquitanian. They crossed not only to Ireland but also to the west of England. From Erin they passed by the peninsula of Kintyre and the stepping-stones of Islay and the Western Isles to the main land of the Scotch highlands, whose old name of Alban, allied to Alp, became the Albion of later times. From the west of England and from the north of Scotland these Gaels, as they spread and divided the possession of the lands, peopled the north of England. In his life of Agricola, written about the year 98, Tacitus says that our Silures and Brigantes, that is to say, our people of Wales and our people of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Northumberland, in his time resembled the people of Spain more than the other Gaels in language and aspect. The Irish Gaels in the south-eastern corner of Ireland, between Waterford and Wexford, were espe-

cially described as Brigantes, and it is geographically a fair supposition that the land assigned to them between the Slaney and the Suir was the part of Ireland to which those Gaels crossed who were forced out of Wales by the encroachments of the Cymry.

For that the Cymric Celts, who crossed from Gaul and spread from their landing-places in the south of England, did press westward upon the Gael, is shown by the surviving of the Gaelic word for water, uisge, which is not Cymric at all, in the names of the rivers Exe, Esk, Usk; by the tradition of the common people in North Wales that the original inhabitants were Irish, so that their cromlechs are sometimes called Irish cots, and the foxes and polecats are said to be descended from the Irish dogs and cats. It is shown also by the fact that twenty times in North Wales the name of Gwyddel (for Gaedhel or Gael) is attached to places so situated that they might have been last strongholds in which settlements of Gaels remained, after their main body had been cast out by the Cymry. All the sites are in mountain-passes, morasses, or other places that could easily be held against assault. One in Cardigan, Cefn y Gwyddel, not far from the sea, has near it a farmhouse which is still called Lletty 'r Cymro, the Quarters of the Cymry. Even at Holyhead they waited and walled themselves against the pressure by which they had steadily been driven westward to the sea; if we may infer so much from the old name of that place, Cerrig y Gwyddel, stones of the Gael. But all the Gaels were not expelled, and some differences in physiognomy

and dialect between the present inhabitants of North and South Wales have been ascribed to the different degrees in which the Cymry were modified by inter-marriage, in those early times, with the Gaelic branch of the great Celtic stock of what is called the Indo-European family.

Then came the pressure of men of the Gothic stock, predominating element in the construction of a modern Englishman. They came to us from all the coasts inhabited by Belg or Frisian, Saxon or Scandinavian. These, when they crossed the sea, would strike naturally upon the eastern and the southern coast of England.

Cæsar distinguished between Belgic, Celtic, and Aquitanian Gaul. The people of these three divisions differed, he said, "in language, customs, and laws." His Aquitanians, of whom Strabo says that "in language and appearance they resembled Spaniards rather than the other Gauls," were Gaels. The other Celts were Cymry, who probably spread over the whole of central and northern France before considerable numbers of them, who had lived opposite our south-eastern shores, upon the coast of France east of the Seine, were displaced and forced across the channel by the conquests of a Germanic people. These were the Belgæ. It is common to contradict Cæsar upon this point, and say that the Belgæ too were Celts. But Cæsar relates explicitly that they were mostly descended from Germans who in ancient time had crossed the Rhine and passed over the modern Belgium to occupy the coasts of Gaul east of the Seine, on which they settled because

they were fertile, and from which they expelled the previous inhabitants. Large numbers of the Cymry, so expelled, would cross the water, and thus form in England that new Celtic migration before which the Gaels receded, and by which they were in part forced westward till they crossed to their near kindred in Ireland. The Cymry pressed upon the Gael because they were themselves pressed, even upon the soil of England, by the Belgæ. For the Belgæ, finding that here, too, the coasts were fertile, established themselves strongly in a district of Britain which at last spread from the Hampshire coast to the shore of the Bristol channel. They did not call themselves Belgæ; but, in the language of the Cymry, Belg means a Ravager. The people of Sussex and Surrey were called Regni, and here also it may be significant that, in the language of the Cymry, Rhegn means accursed. Cæsar notes that in language, customs, form of houses, names of towns, the South Britons agreed with the opposite Gauls; that Divitiacus, king of the most powerful tribe of the Belgæ in Gaul, had rule also in Britain; and that there was a king in Kent who had a name, which he calls Cingetorix, identical with that of a king on the Moselle. Why should we deny Cæsar's authority when he describes people of whom he saw much, and ascribes to them differences which he thoroughly knew how to distinguish?

I accept Cæsar's authority, then, for the two reasons, 1, that he is entitled to belief, and 2, that his statement accounts for and agrees with what we find. It places

the first entrance of the Teutonic, or, as it is conventionally called, the Anglo-Saxon element, into the south of England centuries before Hengist and Horsa, centuries perhaps before his own invasion. At the same time we have in the north of England, extending into Lancashire and Yorkshire, a Celtic population consisting of Cymry, who, as there is good reason to believe, absorbed into their body a considerable number of the Gaels. It is the beginning of the casting of two different types of the English mind. In the south are men like the Hampshire farmer who cures bacon, or the field labourer, dull, honest, and ill-paid,

“Whose only claim is this,
 With labour stiff and stark,
 By lawful turn his living to earn
 Between the light and dark ;
 His daily bread and nightly bed,
 His bacon and drop of beer—
 But all from the hand that holds the land,
 And none from the overseer.”

In the north is the keen-witted inventor among the spindles, the factory hand who has been found reading Newton's ‘Principia’ at his loom, the Edwin Waugh, best of a score of north-country working men who, in penny broadsides of rare merit, uttered the poetry of the patient sufferers in Lancashire during the cotton famine. Thomas Hood sang for the southern labourers; they of the north, in days even of sorest need, can utter their own music and tell us,

“That, as pleasure's sometimes a misfortin,
 An' trouble sometimes a good thing,—
 Though we liv'n o'th floor, same as layrocks,
 We'n go up, like layrocks, to sing.”

Cumberland, some think, retains evidence in its name that it has been Cymry land; others derive its name from Irish Gaelic, in which *cumar* means a confluence or valley, and *cumurach* a region abounding in hills and valleys. They connect the name with that of the Cumeragh mountains in Kerry, which are among the highest and wildest in Ireland. There is a parish of Cummer in Connaught, a Cummertrees in Dumfries on the Solway Firth, and a Cummersdale in Cumberland. In Cumberland there is the word Cymry itself in Cumrew, a parish on the fell-side six miles north of Kirk Oswald.

To the Solway Firth and to this hill country of the north of England we now look.

It is the year 570, or thereabout. The mixed people of the opposite Germanic coasts, Frisian, Saxon, Dane, who blended to form English, or, as the schools say, Anglo-Saxons, have been for generations crossing the North Sea and the English Channel to settle upon the eastern and the southern skirts of England. They have been driving their way inland with plough and sword. On six occasions these migrations have been in such force that the venerable Bede put them on record as so many memorable invasions, from the first in 449, of men under Hengist and Horsa who founded the kingdom of Kent, to the last in 547, under Ida. This was the pouring in upon the eastern coast, from the Firth of Forth to the Humber, of those people whom we may as well begin to call by the conventional name of Anglo-Saxons. I say the conventional

name because it was no national name of theirs. They called themselves the Englisc folc, and the language formed after their settlement by fusion of their dialects they called the Englisc speech. The compound word Anglo-Saxon appeared for the first time, as a distinction between English and continental Saxons, in Asser's 'Life of Alfred,' when the bright days of what is called the Anglo-Saxon power were all ended, and our history was drifting in the direction of the Norman Conquest. It has since been used, and I use it here, only as a convenient name for the mixed Teutons, with here and there a dash of Scandinavian, who became in Britain the dominating power, and of whom we are asking how it was that they had their genius brightened by admixture with the Celts. In the Teutonic mixture Frisians predominated. A glance on the map at the coast line opposite England shows us that it could not well be otherwise, and the language called Anglo-Saxon, spoken nowhere on the continent, but the result here of a fusion of dialects, in its vocabulary and inflexions more strongly resembles the old Frisian than any other. It is much nearer to old Frisian than to old Saxon. In short, the closest affinity to the Anglo-Saxon type among the nations of the continent is to be found, not in a German, but in a Dutchman.

Now the Dutch are an earnest and religious people, home-loving traders, brave men, who have shown what stand they can make in the battle against civil and religious despotism. But the human mind is incapable of conceiving a Dutch Shakespeare. When modern

literature was opening its first blossoms, the Dutch showed their strength as a people by giving birth in the twelfth century to the famous beast epic of *Reinaert*,—*Reineke Fuchs*, *Reynard the Fox*,—grand for the simple boldness with which it confronted vices of nobles and corruptions of the clergy with the satire of a sensible and duty-loving people. In the thirteenth century their *Jacques van Maerlant*—who is called the *Father of the Flemish Poets*—wrote for his people an encyclopædia in verse, '*Flowers of Nature*,' in sixteen books, as '*of Men*,' '*of Quadrupeds*,' '*of Birds*,' '*of the Marvels of the Sea*,' and so forth; also, '*the Historical Mirror*,' in thirty-one books, telling the history of the world from the creation to the thirteenth century; and a '*Rymbibel*,' or Bible in verse, for which he had to justify himself before the Pope. We must not make the absurd attempt to give in a parenthesis a history of Flemish literature, but as this literature was at the beginning so it has remained; and of like character was the literature of the Anglo-Saxons. It was religious, popular, encyclopædic, strong in the sentiment of duty and desire to be of use. Anglo-Saxon of the Anglo-Saxons is in our own day a Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, or the design of a publication like '*All the Year Round*,' or '*Chambers's Journal*.' What have those two pieces of modern Anglo-Saxon to do with the sketch of an incident in the year 570? Two saintly modern deacons are in *Raffaello's* picture of the Transfiguration, and their use is said to have been that a good monk could feel he was himself one of their

company, and so through them was helped to think himself into the picture.

It is the year 570, or thereabout. Ida's Angles,—or Anglo-Saxons,—have strengthened the hold of kinsmen who preceded them upon the coasts of Durham and Northumberland, or *Déira* and *Bernicia*, which is the Latin form of the Cymric *Deivyr* and *Bryneich*. They have extended their conquest inland, pushing upon the Cymry, and they have fastened upon *Ododin*, clearly the land of the men whose name the Romans Latinized as *Otadini*. These occupied the whole region immediately behind the coast line of Northumberland, Durham, and the North Riding of Yorkshire. The Cymry are in arms. They demand back a portion of the land of the *Ododin*. The conquerors hold what they have won, and from a chief of the Cymry, *Mynyddawg*, Lord of *Eiddin*,—that is to say, a chief whose lands are on the river *Eden*, which flows through *Westmoreland* and *Cumberland* into the *Solway Firth*—the call to arms goes forth among surrounding tribes. From *Wigton*, *Kirkcudbright*, and *Ayr*, across the *Solway Firth* and up the *Eden*, come three chiefs, with five battalions of 500 men each; three come from about *Dumbarton* on the shores of *Clyde*. The Lord of *Eden* has raised three levies each of 300 warriors; and so these come up the *Eden* or march through *Strathclyde*, the confederate Cymric tribes of the west coast, from the *Firth of Clyde* to the *Firth of Solway*, to their gathering place among the fells of *Westmoreland*, between *Howgill* and *Stainmoor*, about the head waters

of the Eden. Thence they are to march down in all their force for a death struggle with the invaders, who are pressing on them from the eastern shore. The Swale and the Eden rise in the same hills, the Eden flowing to the westward, the Swale to the eastern sea. Down Swaledale the host of the Cymry march to Ododin, or Gododin, as the name is also spelt in the fine fragment of the lament of the bard Aneurin for all the chiefs that fell. I tell the story from the poem. Its geography is of my own making out, but fits so well with every detail, that I dare take it for granted, in spite of a common opinion that the Lord of Eiddin was a Lord of Edinburgh. The Cymry march through Swaledale for some five-and-twenty miles, when they reach Catterick, the Cattraeth of the poem, where, as at Cattraeth, there is a confluence of rivers. Catterick is five miles to the south-east of Richmond in Yorkshire. At Catterick are still to be seen ancient burial mounds, and apart from an old camp of the Romans which is there also, the village graveyard stands within an ancient camp of unknown origin. This was the camp raised by the Confederate Cymry, when at Cattraeth they met the Anglo-Saxon force that had advanced to meet them in the year when, as Aneurin sang, "The heroes who marched to Cattraeth were renowned, wine and mead out of golden goblets was their drink; that year to them was one of high solemnity, three hundred and sixty-three chieftains wearing the golden twisted chain; of those who hurried forth after too much of revelling but three

escaped by valour from the pit of burial, the two war dogs of Aeron, and Cynon the dauntless, and myself, from the spilling of blood, the reward of my pure song." That is the literal translation of the passage in the 'Gododin,' which was thus translated by Gray as a fragment from the Welsh :

“ To Cattræth's vale in glittering row
Twice two hundred warriors go ;
Every warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreathed in many a golden link :
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar that the bees produce,
Or the grape's ecstatic juice.
Flush'd with mirth and hope they burn :
But none from Cattræth's vale return,
Save Aeron brave, and Conan strong
(Bursting through the bloody throng),
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep, and sing their fall.”

The Cymry fought to the death for six days. They disdained alike flight and submission. The poem of the 'Gododin' is a wail for chief after chief, and thus with a sigh ends what remains to us of the lament, "And Morien lifted up again his ancient lance, and roaring stretched out death towards the warriors, the Gwyddyl and the Prydyn ; whilst towards the lovely, slender, blood-stained body of Gwen, sighed Gwenabwy the only son of Gwen." Then, after telling how the corpse was carried from the battlefield under an unfurled banner, the poet adds : "He who meddles with the mane of a wolf, without a club in his hand, will have it gorgeously emblazoned on his robe. Fain

would I sing 'Would that Morien had not died.' I sigh for Gwenabwy the son of Gwen."

Here, then, is literature showing us how, in history as in chemistry, the joining of two elements which are to form some valuable compound produces at first heat, fumes, and a fierce effervescence. Aneurin has described some of the first consequences of an addition of three or four volumes of Anglo-Saxon to one volume of Celt: but, happily for us, the resulting formula represents the most durable and serviceable compound that has yet been produced in the chemistry of nations.

The blending of the Celt and Anglo-Saxon had begun in the north even in those days of the great battle at Catteraeth; for some passages in the 'Gododin' indicate that Celts of the eastern coast, men of Deivyrr and Bryneich, had remained there and become incorporated with the new possessors of the soil. There never was repulse of the whole body of the Cymry into Wales. Bede, writing a hundred and fifty years after the battle of Catteraeth, speaks of the Britons of Northumberland as being in his day partly free and partly subject to the Angles. In the hill country, to which the Anglo-Saxon did not care to follow with his plough, and in the fens, were independent Celts. The bagpipe is a Celtic instrument of torture, and the Celts seem to have cheered with it the bitterns in the fen country. "The drone of a Lancashire bagpipe" is one of Falstaff's similes for melancholy. In the west of England so far were the Celts from having

been entirely driven into Wales, that in King Alfred's time, three centuries after the last of the Anglo-Saxon settlements had made its hold on the land good, a line from north to south, dividing England into equal parts, had on the west side of it a country in which Celts abounded. They were the chief occupants of the five south-western counties. In Athelstane's time Britons and Saxons divided equal rule in Exeter. Neither in the west nor in the north of England were the Celts enslaved. Wales they had to themselves, and there they cherished the tradition of their nationality. But where they lived among the Anglo-Saxons they accepted, when outnumbered, the established rule, or if in equal force divided rule, and lived in either case as fellow-citizens with their Teutonic neighbours. It has been said that all the Celtic words in English are such as would be taken from a people in a state of slavery. The statement was based on a small list of about two dozen words, and tested by a fuller list is shown to be most absolutely wrong. Why, even our word "happy" is Cymric. Did we get our word for happiness from slaves? The quantity of Celtic in our standard English, and still more in our provincial dialects, is much larger than has been, until recently, supposed.

The best vigour of English literature during the whole Anglo-Saxon time before the Conquest was in the north of England. Our classic ground was within Durham and Northumberland and the North Riding of Yorkshire, the region of the struggle ended at Cattraeth. William's terrible wasting of Northumbria, four years after the

Conquest, was one of several depressing influences on the North; and for the next couple of centuries it is the West of England that becomes the classic ground. Meanwhile the fusion of the elements of English strength goes on. The court and capital happen to be in the part of England that most needs the vivifying influence; to the court and capital all diverse elements of strength are attracted; combinations are manifold, fusion is intimate, and wits are sharpened by attrition with each other. So at last the whole lump becomes leavened.

The earliest English literature, that which is called Anglo-Saxon, begins with a Pagan epic or heroic poem, 'Beowulf,' of Teutonic-Scandinavian mould, and of a date not earlier than the sixth century, or later than the eighth. Its principal scenes are in a chief's mead-hall, which must have been very like the old Icelandic hall of which Dr. Dasent gives a plan in his translation of the story of *Burnt Njal*. Other scenes are, by a bottomless pool; a rocky waveworn coast, before a dragon's cave; and the building on a hilltop of the hero's funeral barrow, when, as the last lines of the poem say, "round about his mound rode his hearth sharers, who sang that he was of kings, of men, the mildest, kindest, to his people sweetest and the readiest in search of praise." The monkish copyist has clumsily interpolated a few Christian sentiments, but this is an old Pagan song of brave deeds done only for gold and gifts, of right to the strong, and, for religion, iron destiny. "What is to be," the poet says, "goes ever as it must;" and

again, "the Must Be often helps an doomed man, when he is brave." If this poem was brought over the sea, its scenes were laid on the coast of the island which contains the Danish capital, and on the opposite point of the coast of Sweden. If the tale is of England as Mr. Haigh of Newcastle has shown some reason for supposing, its scene may be laid chiefly in the neighbourhood of Hartlepool, upon the coast of Durham, and the hero Beowulf may have sailed to Hart, near Hartlepool, from Covehithe, Suffolk. In either case it represents the Anglo-Saxon of the north of England before the Celts converted him to Christianity. The Church of the Irish Celts, as represented at Iona, was unquestionably the centre of the missionary work among the Anglo-Saxons of Northumbria. The next great poem, the first Christian poem in our language, and, if 'Beowulf' was brought from the continent, the starting point of English literature, came from a man of the North Riding of Yorkshire. By misinterpretation of a sentence in Bede, it has been usual to call him a herdsman. He seems really to have been, about the year 670 or 680, a small farmer of ground held under the abbey of Whitby, which was then a chief centre of missionary work, presided over by the Abbess Hilda. He was a very true, even a great poet, and he was persuaded to abandon his lay occupation, enter the monastery, and join the clergy in their labour. It was to be his part of the work to paraphrase in popular verse, for recital in churches, or song on the highways, the vital portions of the Scripture story. That story was dictated to him

by scholars who had been trained in the Celtic school, and followed usages of the Eastern not of the Western Church. They knew and read the Chaldee scriptures, and as he began his work with the song of Genesis, the name they gave to this lay-brother in the monastery was the Chaldee name of the book of Genesis, derived from its first words, "In the beginning," that being, in the Chaldee, Cædmon. Thus under a monk's hood the true name of this noble poet has been lost. In the practical purpose of his work Cædmon was Anglo-Saxon. It has for its first note—the first note of unquestionably English song—the sentence, "For us it is very right that we praise with our words, love in minds, the Keeper of the Heavens, Glory King of Hosts. He is the source of power, the head of all his great creation, Lord Almighty." This deep religious feeling is henceforth the soul of Anglo-Saxon literature. The forms of Cædmon's poem, are, like the language, clearly Anglo-Saxon; he sings of the battle in which Lot was taken prisoner, exactly after the manner of the battle songs that pleased the heathen chiefs and their hearth sharers. His verse is as free from similes as that of other Anglo-Saxons; but whence came his vivid power of realization, the singular vivacity with which he represents in simple words grand thoughts or pictures present to the poet's eye? After Lot had been taken prisoner, says Cædmon, "then a warrior hastily went journeying, one, a leaving of the weapons, who had been saved in battle, to seek Abram." The poem opens, like Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' with the fall

of the rebellious angels, and thus, one thousand years before Milton, Cædmon represented Satan :—

“God’s angel erst, he had shone white in heaven,
 Till his soul urged, and most of all its Pride,
 That of the Lord of Hosts he should no more
 Bend to the Word. About his heart his soul
 Tumultuously heaved ; hot pains of wrath
 Without him.
 Then said he, ‘ Most unlike this narrow place
 To that which once we knew, high in heaven’s realm,
 Which my Lord gave me, though therein no more
 For the Almighty we hold royalties.
 Yet right hath he not done in striking us
 Down to the fiery bottom of hot hell,
 Banished from heaven’s kingdom with decree
 That he will set in it the race of Man.
 Worst of my sorrows this, that, wrought of earth,
 Adam shall sit in bliss on my strong throne,
 While we these pangs endure, this grief in hell.
 Woe, Woe ! had I the power of my hands,
 And for a season, for one winter’s space,
 Might be without ; then with this Host I—
 But iron binds me round ; this coil of chains
 Rides me ; I rule no more ; close bonds of hell
 Hem me, their prisoner.’ ”

The music of the poet’s own verse, in which is a rhythm varied with the thought, is lost, of course, from this rough metrical form of a literal translation into modern English. But the thought speaks for itself, apart from all charm in the manner of expression. The Anglo-Saxon poet never runs into hyperbole. He realizes, but he has a high sense of God in the world, which gives dignity to his action, and real elevation to his thoughts. Cædmon’s picture of Satan in Hell has a sustained grandeur derived wholly from literal repre-

sentation of that which is in his mind. In the fragment quoted, and throughout the poem, there is power derived partly from the very absence of hyperbole. The image itself is great, it fills the poet's mind, and his art truly reproduces it.

This people's poet, who so grandly opens English literature, was surely one of those Yorkshiremen of the North Riding, who, mainly Anglo-Saxon, had in their veins a dash of vivifying Celtic blood. There is no other Anglo-Saxon poet who comes near to him. The rest are as religious, as practical in their purpose of diffusing knowledge, but they cannot speak pictures as he does. The copyist of the one fragment that remains to us, misled one day, perhaps, when sleepy after dinner, by the apparent connection of the last line he had written with the first line of some other verse that lay beside him, imported a cold, weak poem by another hand upon another subject—a piece beginning with the flood, and ending with the sacrifice of Isaac—into the midst of Cædmon's glowing narrative of the passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites. And no editor of the poem has diverted his own attention from points of grammar and language so far as to observe an interpolation which, as to its literature, is like a leaf of Mr. Tupper bound up in a Milton. Yet the transcriber's blunder is pleasant for the sudden sense of refreshment one feels after an interlude of commonplace, at passing suddenly from the interpolation of the words—"the land of Canaan, thy people, father of noble children, of folk most excellent," to the Red Sea again

with Cædmon's, "The folk was affrighted, the flood dreads seized on their sad souls; ocean wailed with death, the mountain heights were with blood besteamed, the sea foamed gore, crying was in the waves, the water full of weapons, a death-mist rose." We are told then how "bursting ocean whooped in bloody storm," and "corpses rolled," and "the guardian of the flood struck the unsheltering wave with an ancient faulchion, so that in the swoon of death those armies slept."

There is, let me repeat, nothing equal to this paraphrase in Anglo-Saxon literature. Cædmon was a great poet, and the first fruit probably of Celtic influence upon our literature. The rest until the Conquest, is more evidently Anglo-Saxon. Pure Anglo-Saxon was the beautiful life of Bede at Jarrow, faithful monk, devout theologian, exact, impartial historian, diligent diffuser of instruction, whose works were an encyclopædia of all that was accounted useful knowledge in his time. Alcuin of York, who became Charlemagne's Minister of Public Instruction, was practical and literal, as well as learned. So we may go down the roll until we reach King Alfred, faithful king and diligent promoter of instruction. There is not an original thought in his works, but they all are a carrying out of the sound belief that it was his royal duty to revive the decaying knowledge of his country. Of the three men who have just been named, King Alfred was the model of a patron to an Anglo-Saxon society for the diffusion of useful knowledge; Alcuin the model of a chairman

for all its committees ; and Bede the model of an editor for all its works.

Only two daring original thinkers England yielded in the days before the Conquest, and they both were Celts. One was the establisher of those opinions which disturbed the early Church under the name of the Pelagian heresy. The name of the heretic, one of the Cymry, was Morgan, originally Morgant, which is Cymric for sea brink, and was given to one born by the seashore. This was translated into Pelagius. He said that Adam was mortal, that the rest of mankind was not being punished for his sin ; that infants are not born wicked ; that by our own effort we must overcome temptations ; and with a dozen such assertions scandalised the orthodox. The other independent thinker was a philosopher of mark, who followed Alcuin as an Anglo-Saxon scholar in foremost repute at the French Court. •His name of John Scotus Erigena will indicate his Celtic relationships. His great philosophical work on 'the Division of Nature' caused him also to be accused of heresy. His wit played freely, even about his patron Charles the Bald. His Majesty, calling across the dinner-table to John Scotus, asked him what separates a Scot from a Sot? Scotus replied, "the table." Another day the King, seeing the philosopher, who was a little man, between two fat monks, sent him a dish containing two small fishes and one large one, bidding him divide them equally between himself and his two neighbours. He gave to each of his fat neighbours a little fish and took the big one to himself. "That is not fairly divided,"

said the King. "O yes, it is. There," pointing in turn to the monks and fishes, "is a big one and a little one. And here," only now he pointed to the fish first, "is a big one and a little one." Erigena has been called Irishman, Welshman, and Ayrshire man; at any rate he was a Celt.

It is not needful to say much about the Celtic influence which came in with the Normans. The Northmen—the same who in England were called Danes—went to France as mixed crews of the same material out of which Anglo-Saxons had been made; but no doubt with the elements in different proportion, more Scandinavian and less Frisian. Their power was not established in France by Rollo till King Alfred's time, less than two hundred years before their conquest of England. The French called the Northmen English, and the only remaining fragment of the speech of Rollo might well pass for that. When he was asked to kiss the king's foot for the territory granted him, he is said to have replied, "Ne si by Got!" and the Norman who gave the kiss by proxy, refusing to stoop, hoisted the sacred toe so high that he turned over his Majesty upon his back. The land occupied by these Teutonic and Scandinavian people was the part of France which had in Cæsar's time been held by the Belgæ, also Teuton. No doubt there had, since then, been fusion with the Celts, and the children of these Normans received from their mothers more or less mixture of Celtic blood. The language of all Gaul had been Latinised; and in the fifth and sixth centuries there was fresh mixture of

racés, while diversities of dialect and language were established, as the Teutonic races of Herulians, Goths, Lombards, and Franks successively overran the west of Europe. They came in hordes, bringing their women with them; and it is inferred by Savigny, from comparison of social laws, that in northern France the Franks settled numerously, and expelled large numbers of the natives. In southern France the Visigoths settled in the fifth century, and had their capital in Toulouse, while over northern Gaul Attila passed as a scourge, and the confederation of Teutonic tribes, known as the Franks, who gave its name of France to the whole country, made their way in by advance to the Somme through conquered Belgium. Thus, in the land now called Normandy, we had first, in Cæsar's time, Belgæ in possession, Teutons who had expelled the old Cymric inhabitants. Admit that they proceeded to blend with the Celts about them; then came, with their wives and children, the Teutonic Franks, who turned out many of their predecessors, and so entered into possession. Admit, again, a period of Celtic admixture; then came the Teutonic and Scandinavian Northmen, who married the women of the land, adopted its language, and established a Normandy from which, in less than two centuries, they crossed over—not as a nation bodily, but as an army—establishing a court and government, and setting enriched men in castles, where they became centres of influence to the surrounding populations. It is easy to see how the Conquest should affect our language as it did, and how it might bring in some

Celtic words embedded in what French was current enough to become blended with English. They came, a Scandinavian and part Teutonic people, brightened by infusion of some Celtic blood, apt enough surely to assimilate with a people Teutonic and part Scandinavian, which had partly undergone, and was still undergoing, a like process of admixture with the Celt.

That this is so, and that the chief influence of Celt on Anglo-Saxon is still the direct one caused by union of native races, we may see clearly in the Celtic influence upon our literature after the Conquest, and before the fusion had become too perfect to enable us to separate the elements. The bright bold thought was all in the West Country, where Celts and Anglo-Saxons lived together. It was a Welshman, Geoffrey of Monmouth, afterwards made Bishop of St. Asaph, who boldly conceived the notion of grafting a bud of poetry upon the old stock of monastic chronicle. His fabulous 'History of British Kings,' put forth with the sly gravity of a Defoe, scandalised all the sober and laborious chroniclers of fact, fed all who had fancies, and became a fountain of bright song. Hence first flowed the King Arthur legends, that have run on in unbroken current to our laureate's 'Idylls of the King.' They called the mock-historian Geoffrey Arthur. They said, mockingly, that he had made the little finger of his Arthur stouter than the back of Alexander the Great. They said, "That fabler with his fables shall be straightway spat out by us all." A man who knew when any one spoke falsely because he saw the devil, as it were, leaping and exulting

on the tongue of the liar, found that when he was himself oppressed by evil spirits, the Gospel of St. John laid on his chest caused them to fly away; but if he took up the 'History of the Britons,' by Geoffrey Arthur, "they instantly re-appeared in greater numbers, and remained a longer time than usual on his body and on the book." Yet that history, copied, read, talked of, containing the first sketch of our first English tragedy, 'Ferrex and Porrex,' the story of Shakespeare's 'King Lear,' the story of Milton's 'virgin daughter of Lochrine,' was turned into Anglo-Norman verse by Gaimar, and again broadened into the larger song by Wace, a man of Jersey; again, yet more enriched, doubled in length and with some exquisite additions, it appeared as an English poem—and that, too, was by a West of England man, the good priest Layamon, who was priest of a parish on the Severn, near Bewdley, in Worcestershire.

To draw one illustration more from the Arthur romances, which in France formed a large body of tales in prose and verse, it was an Englishman of the West Country, Walter Map, born on the Marches of Wales—one who called the Welsh his countrymen, England "our mother,"—by whom a soul was put into the substance of those legends. It was he, the man of brightest genius in our literature before Chaucer, wit and poet of the Court of Henry II., who connected the rude half-poetic tales of love and fighting with the mystic legend of the Graal, invented the ideally pure knight Sir Galahad, sent the knights of the Round Table in quest of the holy Graal—or dish used at the Last Supper and

before his burial to receive the blood of the crucified Lord—which none but pure eyes could see; placed at the Round Table the Seat Perilous, upon which none but a pure knight could be safe; and who blended his more spiritual additions with the rest by inditing also in the older style his romance of Lancelot. Thus satisfying the clergy and his own conscience, he pleased the scholar, filled chasms in the popular tales, reconciled contradictions, and gave in modern literature to the cycle of Arthurian Romance an active immortality. The same wit, who was also an archdeacon, amused the Court of Henry the Second by circulating unacknowledged verses in the name of a Bishop Golias, an episcopal Falstaff glorying in all those unspiritual enjoyments which men desiring the true welfare of the Church condemned and satirised. Many believed that there was really such a bishop who produced these Latin poems. Bishop Golias passed into a byword. The wit and whim of the poems, and of all else that Map wrote, flashes with earnestness. The satire sometimes is profoundly stern, as in those lines which some reader of sound without sense has set to music as a drinking song, and which have therefore earned for Walter Map the title of the jovial archdeacon. It is a piece out of ‘the Confession of Golias.’ In wrath and bitterness of mind, in candour of despair, Golias, in this paper, is making a confession. He admits the lust by which he yet defiantly abides. He remembers the tavern he has never scorned, nor ever will scorn; then it is that he says, in those lines beginning “*Meum est pro-*

positum in tabernâ mori," "What I set before me is to die in a tavern; let there be wine put to my mouth when I am dying, that the choirs of the angels, when they come, may say, 'The grace of God be on this bibber!'" With a jovial feeling, truly, such words were put in the mouth of Goliath by a wit who had in him the spirit of a church reformer! Distinctly, then, during the time when it is possible to draw a line between the English who are not, and those who are, influenced by admixture with the Celts, we find this: from the West Country, on the side of the line where Celts had been most freely blended with the Anglo-Saxon, comes all that is most original in English literature. On the eastern side are steady, earnest, plodding, pious compilers, chroniclers, and rhymers. On the western side the Celtic influence produced boldness in speculation among theologians and philosophers; made poetry flow out of chronicle as water out of the dry rock; produced in Walter Map a spiritual wit, in whom we find many of the best qualities of a true English poet.

Two other men of great genius lived in the times before the more complete fusion of elements in the capital. They are, Roger Bacon and the author of that wonderful poem called 'The Vision of Piers Plowman.' If either of these had been born far east of our middle line, there would have been doubt thrown on the opinion based upon the facts here brought together. But Roger Bacon was completely a West countryman. He was born in Somersetshire, one of the counties that had even been named in King Alfred's will as belonging

to the Celtic population. Of the author of 'The Vision of Piers Plowman' it is always inferred from the opening lines of the poem that he was at home by the Welsh border, somewhere near the Malvern hills.

We have seen, then, what were the characteristics of the Celt; how the Celts, Gael and Cymry, spread over England; how the Teutonic races, or the Anglo-Saxons, pressed upon them; what conflict there was before a readjustment; and how, in the North and West of England, the Celts remained partly in mass and partly scattered as fellow-citizens through the Teutonic population. We have seen also that precisely where the honest, earnest, practical, God-fearing Anglo-Saxon mass was leavened with the artistic feeling of the Celt, there it was, and only there, that the best energy of a true literature appeared in England, before the establishment of a dominating centre of thought among men gathered from all districts to the capital. We have seen enough, perhaps, of our literature in the making, to enable us to say that without help of the Celts the Anglo-Saxons could not have produced a Shakespeare. By brotherhood of races we are strong, with thought more vigorous, with wit more keen, with peace more sure.

"Whatever was created needs
To be sustained and fed."

No race of men, not even the most perfect, is self-sustaining. It would be good if we could mate our Hampshire flaxen-headed ploughboys with the peasant girls of Limerick and Kerry. We cannot establish a

society for doing that; but we can remember—thankfully for the past, hopefully for the future—the interdependence of the Anglo-Saxon and the Celtic races, and act on our knowledge that an Anglo-Saxon and a Celt, grasped hand in hand, means England great in genius and power.

“LEVAVI OCULOS.”

Human knowledge is but lipping of the holy name of God ;
Is not Wisdom found, but finding where the feet of Wisdom trod.
How glorious the myriad of upward-looking eyes
From every race throughout the world all tending to the skies !
Has man no God, so mighty is this universal prayer,
Has man no home beyond the stars, it can create one there.
Yet God there is, and God is Friend, is Father to us all :
On each eye that looketh upward will the light of Heaven fall.

In cathedral, mosque or temple, in the closet or the field,
Heart to God that hath been opened ever hath by God been healed ;
Hath felt the breath of whisperings which set the soul at rest ;
Faint murmur floating down to it from mansions of the blest ;
Trouble of bliss ; a prompting and a longing after aid ;
Unutterable consciousness of God ; a Knowledge made
Immediate, which urges man before the very Throne
Of God to fall,—yea, on His Breast,—contented there alone.

AN OLD STUDENT OF ENGLISH.

WHEN due attention has been paid to his father, this will be the story of the life of Francis Junius (to the world not scholarly, Dujon) the younger. He was a model student of English in the time of Milton.

Junius the elder was a man of mark, who died of the plague in 1602. His son, Francis the younger, was then eleven years old, and his own age was fifty-seven. The elder Junius acquired his renown as a theologian of the Reformed Church. He was born at Bourges, and he also was the son of a good scholar, who was of the king's counsel in Bourges, and in favour with Francis I., although a Huguenot. The father of Francis the elder taught his son at home, with the help of tutors. Those tutors grossly mismanaged the education of a timid boy, who was too modest to make any complaint of their behaviour to him. Too shy for a Court life, unfit for active business in the world, he was urged to become a thorough scholar. He was moved often to tears by his father's acute prophecy of the miseries of civil war that would afflict his country. Already, when studying in Lyons, he narrowly escaped from a popular tumult in which many Huguenots were massacred. When he was sent after-

wards to Geneva, the religious war broke out ; communications with home were cut off, and he would have starved if he had not been succoured by a poor tailor, also from Bourges, who once had received succour from the house of the Dujons. Yet, that he might not be a burden upon his helper's poverty, the hungry student abstained during four months from all food except just so much every evening as would keep body and soul together. After seven months of the civil war there was a truce, and Dujon then was able to receive money from home. Meanwhile he had determined to give up his life to the study of theology. His father opposed this, and called him back to Bourges. While they were arguing by letter, the father was officially sent to inquire as to a popular massacre of Huguenots within their place of worship at Issoudun. There the rabble broke into his lodgings, murdered him, and threw his body out of window. The son then was resolved never again to enter France. He earned his living at Geneva by giving private lessons in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew. His health had suffered much by privation of food in the seven months of poverty, and suffered still by the continual privation of rest to which he unwisely condemned himself, believing that he could advance the faster and the farther in his studies by a sacrifice of strength. But he ascribed his weakness to the air of the place, and when the French congregation of the Reformed Church at Antwerp sent to Geneva for a minister, he took upon himself that office, and journeyed to the Netherlands. There he became active in

the great religious contest with the force of Spain, in political counsel as well as in preaching. As a Frenchman he was especially obnoxious to the regency, and Margaret of Parma made several attempts to seize him. Thus he was at last driven to Heidelberg, where he was well received, and ministered in the neighbouring church at Schönau. How he paid a long visit to his mother; how the shy scholar was compelled to follow a campaign with the Prince of Orange, and would have been driven to join another, bitterly against his will, if a beneficent dog had not crippled him opportunely with a sharp bite in the leg; how he was joined with Tremellius in the execution of the Latin translation of the Old Testament published at Frankfort in 1579; how, after more personal experience of the confusion of the times, he became Professor at Heidelberg (where his son, Francis Junius the younger, first saw light); how he was further tumbled about a world of strife, sent in the train of a duke to Henri IV., returned to Heidelberg, presently was in Holland on his way to the court of Henri IV., but, staying in Holland, there attained the climax of his fame as a professor of theology in Leyden, before his death by the plague in 1602, it is enough thus to suggest. But let us not forget that as a theologian he was one of the most tolerant of his time, and by no means claimed an exclusive right to the love of God for any one communion. It is quite in the course of nature that a very shy man whom the roughness of the times tossed to and fro more than he liked, found courage and time to court and marry four

times over. The wife who became mother to the younger Francis was a Dutchwoman of good Antwerp family, which also produced at least one scholar of repute. One of his daughters became wife to the learned Gerard Voss. But Dame Study was the only wife of his son Francis.

Francis Junius the younger, by parentage French, by birth German, by education Dutch, and English by election, was seventeen years older than Milton, whom he survived; Milton dying in 1674, but Junius in 1677. His childhood and youth were spent at Leyden, where he studied mathematics with a view to a post in the army of Prince Maurice of Orange. The twelve years' truce with Spain, settled in 1609, unsettled the plans of the young scholar; his age then was eighteen. He turned for a time to theology, and piously devoted himself to the collecting and publishing of his father's theological works. Then he was in France till the year 1620, when he came, aged thirty-one, to England. Here he made many friends, felt much at home, and obtained the office of librarian to the Earl of Arundel.

This was Thomas Howard, only son of that Philip who by the attainder and execution of his father, Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, lost his dukedom, and was known as Earl of Arundel, because he held Arundel Castle by descent from his mother. Philip Howard—being a Roman Catholic—died in the Tower. His father, the Duke of Norfolk, and his grandfather, Surrey, the famous poet, had died on the scaffold. Philip of Arundel scarcely saw the infant son born

during his imprisonment, who was but three years old when the death of his father left him to the care of a good mother. As he also had lost rank by his father's attainder, he was simply called Lord Maltravers during the rest of Elizabeth's reign. His mother guarded him, her only son, jealously, fearing to let him go abroad, or be much seen at home. Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, who was kind to the boy, called him the Winter Pear, and said that he would be a great and wise man if he lived. In the first year of James I. he was restored to the forfeited dignities of Earl of Arundel and Earl of Surrey, and to such baronies as the Duke of Norfolk, his grandfather, had lost by his attainder. Then the Winter Pear turned mellow. The young earl married a great heiress; honours were added to him; he travelled into Italy, and, cultivating his great relish for the arts, became a famous patron of Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture. In 1620 the King of France sent to London as his ambassador the Marquis de Cadenet, a marshal of France, with a suite of about sixty persons of distinction. It is possible that Junius, who came to England in this year, came in the train of the Marquis de Cadenet. King James entrusted to the Earl of Arundel chief care of the reception of the Marquis. Next year the Earl of Arundel was one of the three commissioners for holding the Seal taken from Lord Bacon; and he was also made Earl-Marshal for life, with a pension of 2000*l.* a-year. It was then that, in his quality of patron of Arts and Letters, the Earl of

Arundel—remembered as friend of Sir Robert Cotton, Spelman, Camden, Selden, and other students of the past—gave Junius, who was recommended to him by Lancelot Andrewes, and Laud, then Dean of Gloucester, that leisure and ease for study which he enjoyed for thirty years in England as the Earl's librarian. It was the same Arundel who sat as High Steward at the trial of Strafford. He was in 1644 so far restored to his grandfather's honours, that he was created Earl of Norfolk. But he was not then resident in England; he had left this country in February, 1642, and was chiefly in Holland and Italy until his death in October, 1646. This nobleman, wealthy and most munificent, scholarly, and somewhat austere, the most liberal patron of his age; who had agents in Italy and Greece to furnish his collections with the treasures of the past, strengthening pride in his Arundel Marbles and his noble picture gallery; good husband and indulgent father; Protestant of a Catholic race, who felt, keenly as the Dujons had felt, the curse of religious bigotry; this was the Earl of Arundel who made England the home of Francis Junius the younger.

The darling pursuit of Junius was a study of the earliest forms of English and the languages allied to it. But the librarian to the Earl of Arundel, living among treasures of art, could not remain untouched by the generous enthusiasm of his patron. The first fruit of his new life was, therefore, a substantial work in three books, dedicated in 1636 to Charles I., and heavily loaded with citations; '*De Pictura Veterum.*' His

patron possessed, or was ready to get at any cost, whatever book threw light upon the state of Art among the Ancients; Junius, therefore, exhausted every accessible source of information upon the Origin (subject of his First Book), Progress (his Book II.), and (Book III.) Consummation of the ancient Art of Picturing. By such labour—in itself most pleasant—he repaid the favours he received, and earned a right to work as he pleased at Anglo-Saxon, Mæso-Gothic, and the like. Ussher was one of his friends. Anglo-Saxon books were then in request among scholars who preserved something of the old notion of Reformers at the breaking up of monasteries, that if one could read the primitive divinity in such works as the Homilies of Ælfric, that would help to restore the church to its earlier and less corrupted form. An Anglo-Saxon MS. poem, found by Ussher in the course of his book-huntings, he gave to his friend Junius; it was the unique copy of Cædmon's Paraphrase. Junius brought to his studies a thorough knowledge of Dutch, his mother-tongue, as well as of German and English. He had acquired also more or less mastery of the ancient languages both of the South and North of Europe, had worked at the old Gothic remains, at Icelandic and Old Frisian. He believed that the diversity of languages in modern Europe is to be analysed and explained only by a thorough study of those dialects of the North which blended, now one with another, now with Latin; for they were, he said, Goths, Vandals, Franks, Burgundians, Almain, who brought their ways of speech into the Roman Empire. Let the

thorough student of language begin then, argued Junius, with the study of the remains of those old writers who were of the Northern kindred.

When he had lived thirty years in England, seen the Civil Wars, and the establishing of the Commonwealth, Dujon's relatives in Holland urged his return to them. He did return in 1650; but hearing that there were villages in Western Frisia where the people spoke a dialect differing little from Old Frisian and unintelligible to their neighbours, he resolved to study by the light that this would give him. Travelling off, therefore, to pay a visit to those villagers, he stayed with them two years. In 1655 he published, at Amsterdam, his observations on a Paraphrase of the Book of Canticles by Willeram, a learned Frankish abbot who lived in the eleventh century, and who made his paraphrase upon Solomon's Songs in Latin hexameter and Frankish prose. This piece of old Frankish had been published at Leyden in 1598 by Paul Merula. Junius was the first man who commented upon its language, using for text a MS. which happens not to have been a very good one.

In the same year, 1655, he printed, for the first time, the most valuable of all extant pieces of Anglo-Saxon literature, Cædmon's 'Paraphrase.' This is not merely a monument of ancient language, but a work of genius, in which we learn that the main outline of Milton's Satan had been roughly sketched a thousand years before the time of Milton by the first great Christian poet of this country, or of Europe. The MS., of which no

other copy has been found, had been, as before said, one of the findings of James Ussher, who gave it to Junius. It was lent also to William Somner while he was at work upon his Saxon Dictionary. Milton, who had a scholar's interest in literature, was thoroughly versed in Bede, made familiar with Bede's story of Cædmon by preparations for the writing of his early History of England, and there is clear evidence that Junius cultivated his acquaintance. When, after the publication of Milton's 'Defence of the People of England,' men were asking one another, "Who is this John Milton?" Isaac Voss at last wrote (in July 1651) from the court of Queen Christina to his friend Nicolas Heinsius that he had found out all about him from his uncle Francis Junius, "who intimately cultivates his acquaintance." This letter is at page 618 of the third volume of Burmann's 'Sylloges.' It is, therefore, impossible that Milton should not have been told by Junius of the discovery of part of Cædmon's poem, which dealt with his own chosen topic of the Fall of Man, or that he should have felt no interest in the actual publication of it as one of the new books of his day, and sought no means to obtain knowledge of its contents. But if Milton had some such knowledge, 'Paradise Lost' is only the grander for the sense we have that our own old poet has a shrine in it beside Homer and Virgil, Sophocles and Apollodorus, and that in him Milton felt there was a life yet nearer than Homer's to his own. In and before 1648, Milton was at work upon Bede, who tells the story of Cædmon. For some time before 1655 the discovery

of the poem was known to English scholars; in 1655 Junius printed and published it. 'Paradise Lost' is said by Aubrey to have been begun in 1658. It was sold to Samuel Simmons, for 5*l.* down and possibilities, in April, 1667, twelve years after Cædmon had been printed.

Junius's next service was by the discovery of the famous silver codex, a fragment of the Mæso-Gothic Gospels of Ulphilas. Ulphilas, born early in the fourth century among the Goths in Dacia, became their bishop and their friend. Through his intercession with the Emperor Valens, he obtained for his people, oppressed by the Huns, a settlement in Mæsia, now Servia and Bulgaria. Into Mæsia, about the year 367, they swarmed over the Danube, and became the MæsoGoths, into whose language their friend Ulphilas translated the New Testament. Of that most ancient piece of Gothic writing there remains a precious fragment in one MS., splendid with gold initials and silver letters of its text, produced probably by Italians at the close of the fifth century or the beginning of the sixth. It is now chief treasure in the Royal Library of Upsala. This MS. Junius discovered and studied. A beautiful fac-simile was made of it, and with a glossary which Junius constructed from it, it was published at Dordrecht in 1665, with Gothic types, which had been cast at the expense of Junius.

Three years before his death our scholar returned to England for the purpose of examining some of the Anglo-Saxon MSS. in the Cotton Library, and other

collections. He lived during two years at Oxford in high honour among the learned there; but the last year of his life he spent at Windsor with his nephew, Isaac Voss, who had taught Greek to Christina of Sweden, had been honoured by Louis XIV., received courteously by Charles II., and was then D.C.L. of Oxford, and Canon of Windsor, with apartments in the Castle. Junius left his MSS. to the University of Oxford, which erected to his memory a monument at Windsor, and keeps a portrait of him, painted by Vandyck. An engraving of it by Vertue is prefixed to one of Junius's posthumous works, his 'Etymologicon Anglicanum,' first published in 1743, by Edward Lye, in folio, a book full of amusement and instruction for the curious student of English. The portrait shows the cheerful face of a man who liked his work, and threw upon it. Thoughtfulness and good temper are so blended in expression, that it is difficult to say which seems to predominate. Dujon's work agreed with him, but it was hard work. He died placidly at the age of eighty-six, beloved of many friends.

Yet he had toiled steadily on through life, and even as an old man of more than eighty, worked thirteen or fourteen hours a day. His secret partly was, that he stole nothing from the dues of nature, but annexed to his own uses the barren wastes of life. He had sound natural health, and he gave seven hours to sleep, being in bed by nine o'clock, and up in the morning at four, in all seasons. Then his work was for many years upon a great Gothic Glossary in Five Languages, extending

to nine volumes, which Bishop Fell afterwards caused to be transcribed for the press. He would work jovially at this till dinner-time, one o'clock. After a temperate dinner, he gave an hour to exercise, sometimes indulging himself with a run, or in bad weather giving himself up and down drill on the stairs. At three o'clock he went to his books again, and stuck to them till eight, then supped and went to bed. By nine o'clock he was always asleep; at four, again awake and up. Yet he was no recluse; every student who sought help, every friend who sought fellowship, was welcome. Even when he was an old man, with some natural right to be peevish, he was still as in his younger days cordial and cheery, sending the visitor out from his study with a smiling sense of the good stories he had just been hearing, and of the simple unstrained geniality of the old gentleman, who, in the mean time, had turned himself back to a calm relish of his Five-Language Gothic Glossary. Junius quickened his enjoyment of work by thorough recognition of the fact, that however closely he stuck to his books, and avoided all empty inventions for the shovelling away of time, flesh and blood had as much claim on him as parchment. So he worked like a recluse; harder than most of the healthy men who are supposed to be killing themselves; saw only the best side of the world, and lived and died surrounded not by a gnat-swarm of acquaintances, but by a brotherhood of friends.

THE OPENING OF CÆDMON'S PARAPHRASE.

Translated into Modern English.

I.

Most right it is that we praise with our words,
 Love in our minds, the Warden of the Skies,
 Glorious King of all the hosts of men,
 He speeds the strong, and is the Head of all
 His high Creation, the Almighty Lord.
 None formed Him, no first was nor last shall be
 Of the eternal Ruler, but His sway
 Is everlasting over thrones in heaven.
 With powers on high, soothfast and steadfast, He
 Ruled the wide home of heaven's bosom spread
 By God's might for the guardians of souls,
 The Sons of Glory. Hosts of angels shone,
 Glad with their Maker; bright their bliss and rich
 The fruitage of their lives; their glory sure,
 They served and praised their King, with joy gave praise
 To Him, their Life-Lord, in whose aiding care
 They judged themselves most blessed. Sin unknown,
 Offence unformed, still with their Parent Lord
 They lived in peace, raising aloft in heaven
 Right and truth only, ere the Angel Chief
 Through Pride divided them and led astray.
 Their own well being they would bear no more,
 But cast themselves out of the love of God.
 Great in Presumption against the Most High
 They would divide the radiant throng far spread,
 The resting-place of glory. Even there
 Pain came to them, Envy and Pride began
 There first to weave ill counsel and to stir
 The minds of angels. Then, athirst for strife,

He said that northward he would own in Heaven
 A home and a high Throne. Then God was wroth,
 And for the host He had made glorious,
 For those pledge breakers, our souls' guardians,
 The Lord, made anguish a reward, a home
 In banishment, hell groans, hard pain, and bade
 That torture-house abide their joyless fall.
 When with eternal night and sulphur pains,
 Fulness of fire, dread cold, reek and red flames
 He knew it filled, then through that hopeless home
 He bade the woful horror to increase.
 Banded in blameful counsel against God,
 Their wrath had wrath for wages. In fierce mood
 They said they would, and might with ease, possess
 The kingdom. Him that lying hope betrayed,
 After the Lord of Might, high King of Heaven,
 Highest, upraised his hand against that host.
 False and devoid of counsel they might not
 Share strength against their Maker. He in wrath
 Clave their bold mood, bowed utterly their boast,
 Struck from the sinful scathers kingdom, power,
 Glory and gladness; from the opposers took
 His joy, his peace, their bright supremacy,
 And, with sure march, by His own might poured down
 Avenging anger on His enemies.
 Stern in displeasure, with consuming wrath,
 By hostile grasp he crushed them in His arms;
 Ireful He from their home, their glory seats
 Banished His foes; and that proud angel tribe,
 Malicious host of spirits bowed with care,
 He, the Creator, Lord of all Might, sent
 Far journeying, with bruised pride and broken threat,
 Strength bent, and beauty blotted. They exiled
 Were bound on their swart ways. Loud laugh no more
 Was theirs, but in hell pain they wailed accurst,
 Knowing sore sorrow and the sulphur throes,

Roofed in with darkness, the full recompense
Of those advancing battle against God.

II.

But after as before was peace in Heaven,
Fair rule of love ; dear unto all, the Lord
Of Lords, the King of Hosts to all His own,
And glories of the good who possessed joy
In heaven, the Almighty Father still increased.*
Then peace was among dwellers in the sky,
Blaming and lawless malice were gone out,
And angels feared no more, since plotting foes
Who cast off heaven were bereft of light.
Their glory seats behind them in God's realm,
Enlarged with gifts, stood happy, bright with bloom,
But ownerless since the cursed spirits went
Wretched to exile within bars of hell.
Then thought within His mind the Lord of Hosts
How He again might fix within His rule
The great creation, thrones of heavenly light
High in the heavens for a better band,
Since the proud scathers had relinquished them.
The holy God, therefore, in His great might
Willed that there should be set beneath heaven's span
Earth, firmament, wide waves, created world,
Replacing foes cast headlong from their home.

* Several words that mean Lord, but imply different sources or aspects of dominion, are used by the Anglo-Saxon poets, and they are not used indifferently by Cædmon, but chosen always with a poet's care. Thus the three words used here, 'Frea,' 'Theoden,' and 'Drihten,' imply in the Lord successively freedom from all rule higher than his own, headship of a people, and headship answering the type of father in a household. There is the same regard to aptitude in use by the Anglo-Saxon poets of other words, which we sometimes mistake for synonyms, for example, those which express the idea of the sea from different points of thought. In modern English these distinctions can be expressed only by added words.

Here yet was naught save darkness of the cave,
 The broad abyss whereon the stedfast king
 Looked with his eyes and saw that space of gloom,
 Saw the dark cloud lower in lasting night,
 Was deep and dim, vain, useless, strange to God,
 Black under heaven, wan, waste, till through His word
 The King of Glory had created life.

Here first the Eternal Father, guard of all,
 Of heaven and earth, raised up the firmament,
 The Almighty Lord set firm by His strong power
 This roomy land; grass greened not yet the plain,
 Ocean far-spread hid the wan ways in gloom.
 Then was the Spirit gloriously bright
 Of Heaven's Keeper borne over the deep
 Swiftly. The Life-giver, the Angel's Lord,
 Over the ample ground bade come forth Light.
 Quickly the High King's bidding was obeyed,
 Over the waste there shone light's holy ray.
 Then parted He, Lord of triumphant might,
 Shadow from shining, darkness from the light.
 Light, by the Word of God, was first named day.

[The story of Creation is continued until God's return to Heaven, after instruction and counsel to Adam and Eve. Then Cædmon proceeds]:—

IV.

The Almighty had disposed ten Angel tribes,
 The Holy Father, by His strength of hand,
 That they whom He well trusted should serve Him
 And work His will. For that the holy God
 Gave intellect, and shaped them with His hands.
 In happiness He placed them, and to one
 He added prevalence and might of thought,
 Sway over much, next highest to Himself
 In Heaven's realm. Him He had wrought so bright
 That pure as starlight was in heaven the form

Which God the Lord of Hosts had given him.
 Praise to the Lord his work, and cherishing
 Of heavenly joy, and thankfulness to God
 For his share of that gift of light, which then
 Had long been his. But he perverted it,
 Against Heaven's highest Lord he lifted war,
 Against the Most High in His sanctuary.
 Dear was he to our Lord, but was not hid
 From Him that in his Angel pride arose.
 He raised himself against his Maker, sought
 Speech full of hate and bold presuming boast.
 Refused God suit, said that his own form beamed
 With radiance of light, shone bright of hue,
 And in his mind he found not service due
 To the Lord God, for to himself he seemed
 In force and skill greater than all God's host.
 Much spake the Angel of Presumption, thought
 Through his own craft to make a stronger throne
 Higher in Heaven. His mind urged him, he said,
 That north and south he should begin to work,
 Found buildings; said he questioned whether he
 Would serve God. Wherefore, he said, shall I toil?
 No need have I of master. I can work
 With my own hands great marvels, and have power
 To build a throne more worthy of a God,
 Higher in heaven. Why shall I for His smile
 Serve Him, bend to Him thus in vassalage?
 I may be God as He.
 Stand by me, strong supporters, firm in strife.
 Hard-mooded heroes, famous warriors,
 Have chosen me for chief; one may take thought
 With such for counsel, and with such secure
 Large following. My friends in earnest they,
 Faithful in all the shaping of their minds;
 I am their master, and may rule this realm.
 Therefore it seems not right that I should cringe

To God for any good, and I will be
No more His servant.

When the Almighty heard
With how great pride His angel raised himself
Against his Lord, foolishly spake high words
Against the Supreme Father, he that deed
Must expiate, and in the work of strife
Receive his portion, take for punishment
Utmost perdition. So doth every man
Who sets himself in battle against God,
In sinful strife against the Lord Most High.
Then was the Mighty wroth, Heaven's highest Lord
Cast him from his high seat, for he had brought
His Master's hate on him. His favour lost,
The Good was angered against him, and he
Must therefore seek the depth of Hell's fierce pains,
Because he strove against Heaven's highest Lord ;
Who shook him from His favour, cast him down
To the deep dales of Hell, where he became
Devil. The fiend with all his comrades fell
From Heaven, angels, for three nights and days,
From Heaven to Hell, where the Lord changed them all
To Devils, because they His Deed and Word
Refused to worship. Therefore in worse light
Under the Earth beneath, Almighty God
Had placed them triumphless in the swart Hell.
There evening, immeasurably long,
Brings to each fiend renewal of the fire ;
Then comes, at dawn, the east wind keen with frost ;
Its dart, or fire continual, torment sharp,
The punishment wrought for them, they must bear.
Their world was changed, and those first times filled
Hell
With the Deniers. Still the Angels held,
They who fulfilled God's pleasure, Heaven's heights ;
Those others, hostile, who such strife had raised

Against their Lord, lay in the fire, bear pangs,
 Fierce burning heat in midst of Hell, broad flames,
 Fire and therewith also the bitter reek
 Of smoke and darkness; for they paid no heed
 To service of their God; their wantonness
 Of Angel's pride deceived them, who refused
 To worship the Almighty Word. Their pain
 Was great, then were they fallen to the depth
 Of fire in the hot hell for their loose thought
 And pride unmeasured, sought another land
 That was without light and was full of flame,
 Terror immense of fire. Then the fiends felt
 That they unnumbered pains had in return,
 Through might of God, for their great violence,
 But most for pride. Then spoke the haughty king,
 Once brightest among Angels, in the heavens
 Whitest, and to his Master dear, beloved
 Of God until they lightly went astray,
 And for that madness the Almighty God
 Was wroth with him and into ruin cast
 Him down to his new bed, and shaped him then
 A name, said that the highest should be called
 Satan thenceforth, and o'er Hell's swart abyss
 Bade him have rule and avoid strife with God.
 Satan discoursed, he who henceforth ruled Hell
 Spake sorrowing.
 God's Angel erst, he had shone white in Heaven,
 Till his soul urged, and most of all its Pride,
 That of the Lord of Hosts he should no more
 Bend to the Word. About his heart his soul
 Tumultuously heaved, hot pains of wrath
 Without him.
 Then said he, Most unlike this narrow place
 To that which once we knew, high in Heaven's realm,
 Which my Lord gave me, though therein no more
 For the Almighty we hold royalties.

Yet right hath He not done in striking us
 Down to the fiery bottom of hot Hell,
 Banished from Heaven's kingdom, with decree
 That He will set in it the race of Man.
 Worst of my sorrows this, that, wrought of Earth,
 Adam shall sit in bliss on my strong throne,
 Whilst we these pangs endure, this grief in Hell.
 Woe! Woe! had I the power of my hands,
 And for a season, for one winter's space,
 Might be without; then with this Host I—
 But iron binds me round; this coil of chains
 Rides me; I rule no more; close bonds of Hell
 Hem me their prisoner. Above, below,
 Here is vast fire, and never have I seen
 More loathly landscape; never fade the flames,
 Hot over Hell. Rings clasp me, smooth hard bands
 Mar motion, stay my wandering, feet bound,
 Hands fastened, and the ways of these Hell gates
 Accurst, so that I cannot free my limbs;
 Great lattice bars, hard iron hammered hot,
 Lie round me, wherewith God hath bound me down
 Fast by the neck. So know I that He knew
 My mind, and that the Lord of Hosts perceived
 That if between us two by Adam came
 Evil towards that royalty of Heaven,
 I having power of my hands—
 But now we suffer throes in Hell; gloom, heat,
 Grim, bottomless; us God Himself hath swept
 Into these mists of darkness, wherefore sin
 Can He not lay against us that we planned
 Evil against Him in the land. Of light
 He hath shorn us, cast us into utmost pain.
 May we not then plan vengeance, pay Him back
 With any hurt, since shorn by Him of light.
 Now He hath set the bounds of a mid earth
 Where after His own inage He hath wrought

Man, by whom He will people once again
 Heaven's kingdom with pure souls. Therefore intent
 Must be our thought that, if we ever may,
 On Adam and his offspring we may wreak
 Revenge and, if we can devise a way,
 Pervert his will. I trust no more the light
 Which he thinks long to enjoy with angel power.
 Bliss we obtain no more, nor can attain
 To weaken God's strong will; but let us now
 Turn from the race of Man that heavenly realm
 Which may no more be ours, contrive that they
 Forfeit His favour, undo what His Word
 Ordained: then wroth of mind He from His grace
 Will cast them, then shall they too seek this Hell
 And these grim depths. Then may we for ourselves
 Have them in this strong durance, sons of men,
 For servants. Of the warfare let us now
 Begin to take thought. If of old I gave
 To any thane, while we in that good realm
 Sat happy and had power of our thrones,
 Gifts of a Prince, then at no dearer time
 Could he reward my gift if any now
 Among my followers would be my friend,
 That he might pass forth upward from these bounds,
 Had power with him that, winged, he might fly,
 Borne on the clouds, to where stand Adam and Eve
 Wrought on Earth's kingdom, girt with happiness,
 While we are cast down into this deep dale.
 Now these are worthier to the Lord, may own
 The blessing rightly ours in Heaven's realm,
 This the design apportioned to mankind.
 Sore is my mind and rue is in my thought
 That ever henceforth they should possess Heaven;
 If ever any of you in any way
 May turn them from the teaching of God's Word
 They shall be evil to Him, and if they

Break His commandment, then will He be wroth
 Against them, then will be withdrawn from them
 Their happiness, and punishment prepared,
 Some grievous share of harm. Think all of this,
 How to deceive them. In these fetters then
 I can take rest, if they that kingdom lose.
 He who shall do this hath prompt recompense
 Henceforth for ever of what may be won
 Of gain within these fires. I let him sit
 Beside myself.

[An incomplete sentence is then followed by a gap in the MS.; which goes on]:—

Then God's antagonist arrayed himself
 Swift in rich arms. He had a guileful mind.
 The hero set the helmet on his head
 And bound it fast, fixed it with clasps. He knew
 Many a speech deceitful, turned him thence,
 Hardy of mind, departed through Hell's doors,
 Striking the flames in two with a fiend's power,
 Would secretly deceive with wicked deed
 Men, the Lord's subjects, that misled, forlorn,
 To God they became evil. So he fared,
 Through his fiend's power, till on Earth he found
 Adam, God's handiwork, with him his wife,
 The fairest woman.

INDEX.

A.

ACHILLINI, ALESSANDRO, ii. 81, 82.
 Adolescence Clementine, i. 82, 278-286; ii. 52, 53.
 Adrian VI., Pope, i. 146, 147, 150.
 Adventurers in Camp, i. 126.
 Advocate of Women, Jean Marot's, i. 79.
 Agnadello, Battle of, i. 73-75.
 Akakia, Doctor, i. 291, 292.
 Alabre, Captain, i. 54.
 Albigeois, i. 10.
 Albret, d', Alain, i. 27, 28, 120.
 ———, Henry, King of Navarre, i. 119-122, 211, 212, 238.
 ———, Jeanne, i. 237.
 Alençon, the Duke of, i. 111, 124-127, 153.
 Allegorical Poetry, i. 48, 57, 60, 61, 66, 67, 103-105, 208-210.
 Alviano, Bartolomeo d', i. 71, 74.
 Amboise, George d', Cardinal, i. 41-45.
 Ammian, John Jacob, ii. 98.
 Anabaptists, the, i. 167.
 Anagrams, ii. 136.
 Anatomy, first study of, ii. 65-96; first Professor of, ii. 76.
 Ancients, idolatry of the, ii. 134.
 Andrelinus, Faustus, i. 37.
 Anglosaxon, study of, ii. 291-293.

Anglosaxons, ii. 263-266.
 Animals, Gesner's History of, ii. 111-120.
 Anne of Brittany, i. 27-39, 45-49, 69, 91.
 Army, a standing, established, i. 41.
 Arundel, Thomas Howard, Earl of, ii. 288-290.
 Attigny, the Camp of, i. 125-127.
 Augsburg, Confession of, i. 296.

B.

BACON in Lent, i. 171-174,
 Balade, form of a, i. 175-177.
 Balance of Power, i. 41, 42, 187.
 Balladin, Marot's, ii. 40-44.
 Basle, Vesalius at, ii. 87; Gesner at, ii. 103.
 Bayard, the Chevalier, i. 125.
 Bazoche, the, i. 92-94, 135, 136.
 Beda, Noel, i. 224, 283, 300, 302, 303, 304, 307, 310, 314.
 Belgæ, ii. 259, 260.
 Bellay, du, Guillaume and Jean, i. 159, 293, 301, 307, 308; ii. 33, 59.
 Belurger, Claude, ii. 134.
 Beowulf, ii. 270.
 Berenger, Jacques, ii. 82.
 Bergerac, Cyrano de, ii. 132-174.
 Beroald, Philip, i. 281.
 Berquin, Louis de, i. 244, 248.

- Beza, Theodore, ii. 62.
 Bible in French, i. 167, 299.
 Blasons, ii. 14.
 Blois, the Chateau of, i. 38.
 Bluestockings, ii. 222, 223.
 Boe, Jacques de la, ii. 69-71, 86.
 Bogarucci, Prosper, ii. 96.
 Bonacci, Giovanni, ii. 93, 94.
 Bonnemere, ii. 52.
 Bonnavet, Admiral, i. 149.
 Bouchar, Doctor, i. 161, 168, 169, 175.
 Boulle, Guillaume, ii. 52.
 Bourbon, the Constable, i. 124, 148, 149, 217.
 Braillon, Doctor, i. 292.
 Brantôme, i. 109, 110.
 Briçonnet, Bishop of Meaux, i. 113.
 Brittany, Anne of, i. 27-39, 45-49.
 Brodeaux, Victor, ii. 45, 47.
 Brother Lubin, i. 107, 108.
 Bucer, i. 311.
 Buchman, Theodore, ii. 98, 128.
- C.**
- CADURCUM, i. 5.
 Cædmon, ii. 271-276, 293, 294; translation from, 297-306.
 Cahors en Quercy, i. 1-23, 228.
 Calcar, Johann Stephan von, ii. 83.
 Calvin, i. 243, 255, 293, 309; ii. 60, 61.
 Cambray, League of, i. 64-66; peace of, i. 238, 271, 298.
 Cambridge, University of, ii. 182-184, 235, 236; colleges, ii. 191.
 Capito, Wolfgano Fabricius, ii. 99.
 Cardaillac, Bishop Guillaume de, i. 11-15.
 Carlos, Don, Vesalius and, ii. 91.
 Cato Christianus, Dolet's, ii. 55.
 Celt, Influence of the, on English Literature, ii. 248-284.
 Cerissoles, Battle of, ii. 62.
 Cessac, i. 24, 25.
 Channey, Jean de, ii. 52.
 Chants Royaux, i. 139, 140, 281.
 Chappuy, Claude, ii. 45, 48.
 Charles V., Emperor, i. 99, 100, 113-115, 117, 122, 128, 144-153, 155, 157, 158, 183, 236-238, 296, 297; ii. 14-16, 20, 21, 32, 35-37, 39, 50, 51, 56.
 Charles VIII. of France, i. 36, 47, 97, 101, 102, 116, 152.
 Chartres, Marot prisoner at, i. 187, 189.
 Châtelet, the, i. 83, 93; Marot prisoner in, 187-204, 313.
 Chelius, Ulric, i. 311, 312.
 Chevauchées, i. 20.
 China root, ii. 87.
 Ciceronianus, Gabriel Harvey's, ii. 231, 232, 239.
 Classical style, i. 62.
 Claude of France, i. 36, 47, 97, 101, 102, 116, 152.
 Clemency, Seneca on, i. 293.
 Clement, Saint, i. 24, 25.
 Clement VII., Pope, i. 150, 160, 161, 183, 185-187, 294, 297, 306, 307; ii. 15.
 College of France, i. 255; ii. 181.
 College Work, ii. 175-213.
 Collin, Rudolf, ii. 98.
 Commune, an old French, i. 1-13.
 Complaint of a Christian Shepherd Boy, ii. 7-14.
 Concordat between Francis I. and Leo X., i. 98.
 Condemnade, i. 59.
 Confession of Augsburg, i. 296.
 Consuls of Cahors, i. 12.
 Contreblasons, ii. 14.
 Coq-à-l'Asne Letters, i. 282-286; ii. 14, 15, 35-37.
 Coq Nicolas, i. 309.

Crétin, Guillaume, i. 138-143,
158, 280.
Customs of Cahors, i. 16, 17.
Cymry, ii. 258.

D.

DANCING, Marot on, ii. 40-44.
Danès, Pierre, i. 255, 310.
Dauphin, Marot on birth of the,
i. 101; sent to Spain, 181;
returned, 251; Marot's letter
to, ii. 33-35; epitaph on, 37,
38.
David of Italy, 37.
Descartes, ii. 141.
Deschamps, Eustache, i. 171-
174.
Despourveu, Le, i. 103-105.
Deuse, Jacques, i. 18, 19.
Dictionary, Gesner's, ii. 107, 108.
Doctrinal of Princesses, Jean
Marot's, i. 77, 78.
Dolet, Etienne, ii. 52-55, 60.
Doria, Andrea, i. 237, 238.
Doullon, Nicholas, i. 236, 239.
Drama, early, in France, i. 134-
138.
Duelling, ii. 138-140.
Dufour, Antoine, i. 37.
Duprat, Antoine, Chancellor, i.
149, 182, 216, 222-228, 245,
303.
Durer, Albert, ii. 82.

E.

ECLOGUE, Marot's, on Louise of
Savoy, i. 257-272.
Editions of Marot's Works, ii.
52, 53.
Egmont, Maximilian, ii. 91.
Eleonore, Queen, i. 238, 251, 252.
Elstob, William and Elizabeth,
ii. 214-216.

Enfants sans Souci, i. 94, 134,
135.
Enfer, Marot's, i. 190-204.
English for Englishwomen, ii.
214-228.
Envoy l', origin of, i. 177.
Epigrams, Marot's, i. 291, 292.
Equivocal Verses, i. 141-143,
226.
Erasmus, i. 112.

F.

FABER STAPULENSIS, i. 162, 167,
168, 179, 182, 244; ii. 33,
note.
Faloppio, ii. 93, 94.
Farel, Guillaume, i. 313, 314.
Ferdinand of Spain, i. 64-66.
Ferrara, Hercules d'Este, Duke
of, i. 217; ii. 17-19.
Field of the Cloth of Gold, i.
116-118.
Fontaine, Charles, ii. 45, 47.
Fools, the Prince of, i. 93, 135.
Formalism, i. 87, 88.
Francis I., King of France, i. 35,
47, 98-102, 111, 113, 136, 147,
155, 157, 158, 159, 178-184,
217, 219, 230, 237-239, 241,
242, 247, 248, 272, 292-295,
306-315; ii. 2, 3, 20, 21, 35-
37, 39, 49-51, 53, 54, 56, 57.
Fricius, Johann, ii. 99, 128.
Fripelippes, ii. 45.
Frisius, Gemma, ii. 72-74.
Froschover, Christopher, ii. 120,
121.
Fugitive Love, Lucian's, i. 232.

G.

GAELS, ii. 257.
Galen, ii. 69, 70, 78, 79.
Galiot du Pré, i. 206.

Geneva, Marot exile in, ii. 60, 61.
 Genoa and France, i. 40, 49-61,
 79.
 Gesner, Conrad, ii. 97-131.
 Gododin, ii. 265-268.
 Good Shepherd, Marot's, i. 287-
 291.
 Gothic Glossary of Junius, ii.
 295, 296.
 Grammar, ii. 181, 182.
 Gringoire, Pierre, i. 136, 137.
 Guillard, Louis, Bishop of Chart-
 res, i. 205, 206.
 Guintherus, ii. 71.

H.

HAINAULT, the French Army in,
 i. 125-133, 148.
 Harvey, Gabriel, ii. 229-247;
 Richard, 243, 245; John, 244.
 Hebrew, study of, i. 256.
 Henry II. of France, ii. 91, 92.
 Henry VIII. of England, i. 114-
 119, 146, 158, 294, 295, 303,
 304.
 Heptameron of Marguerite of
 Navarre, i. 273, 275.
 Heresy, i. 160-180, 187, 236,
 239, 245, 347, 294, 301-316;
 ii. 59, 60, 63, 64; in Anatomy,
 ii. 65-96.
 Heroet, Antoine, ii. 45, 47.
 Holy League, the, i. 184-187.
 Homonyms, ii. 135.
 Horse, Sieur Vuyart's, i. 253,
 254.

I.

INVASIONS of France, i. 150, 151;
 ii. 35-37.
 Isabeau, Marot's, i. 174-178.

J.

JAMES V. of Scotland, ii. 49.
 Jamet, Lyon, i. 170, 171, 314.

Jeanne d'Albret, i. 237.
 Jodelle, Etienne, i. 134.
 Judgment of Minos, i. 106, 281.
 Julius II., Pope, i. 41-45, 47, 58,
 64-66, 77, 79, 96, 121, 136.
 Junius Francis, ii. 284-296.
 Juste, François, ii. 53.

K.

KOSTGÄNGER, FATHER, ii. 132,
 133.

L.

LANGUET, HUBERT, ii. 94.
 Lascaris, ii. 255.
 Lausanne University, ii. 104.
 Lavigne, André de, i. 37.
 Lecoq, Curé, i. 292.
 Lefevre, Jacques, i. 162, 167,
 168, 179, 182, 244; ii. 33,
note.
 Lenglet du Fresnoy, i. 171-173,
note; 237, *note*.
 Leo X., Pope, i. 98, 111, 112,
 115, 145.
 Levavi Oculos, ii. 284.
 Livre d'Heures of Anne of Brit-
 tany, i. 38.
 Logic, ii. 132, 133.
 Lombard usurers, i. 12, 14.
 Lorraine, Antoine Duke of, i.
 252, 254.
 Louis XII., King of France, i.
 32-36, 39, 41, 44-47, 54-57,
 60, 63-66, 93, 135.
 Louise of Savoy, i. 45, 101, 111,
 113, 148, 149, 159, 180, 256;
 Marot's Elegy on, 257-272.
 Louvain University, ii. 68, 69,
 72.
 Lubin, Brother, i. 107, 108.
 Lucian's Fugitive Love, i. 232.
 Luna, Marot's, i. 215.
 Luther, i. 111, 112, 162-164,
 295; ii. 4, 41.
 Lyons, Marot at, ii. 38, 51, 52.

M.

- MAC FIBBIS, ii. 251, 252.
 Machiavel, i. 43
 Madrid, Treaty of, i. 180, 184, 230; Vesalius at, ii. 89-95.
 Maguelonne, Letter of, i. 106.
 Maire, Jean le, i. 95, 96.
 Map, Walter, ii. 280-282.
 Marguerite of Alençon, i. 102-106, 109-113, 117, 123, 153, 159, 160, 178, 180, 183. Marries King of Navarre, 211, 212, 231, 237, 242, 245, 256, 262, 272-275, 292, 298, 300, 308, 309; ii. 48, 49.
 Marignano, battle of, i. 98.
 Marot, Clement—
 1496? birth, i. 1, 23.
 parentage, 3, 24-26.
 education, 80-82, 87, 89.
 page to M. de Villeroi, 91, 92.
 Bazochian, 93, 94.
 1515? to the wars, 97.
 1518. Valet in household of Marguerite of Alençon, 109.
 1521. In the army of the Duke d'Alençon, 124-134.
 writings, 137, 138, 152, 155.
 1523. Death of his Father, 151, 80.
 1524. At Battle of Pavia, 153.
 imprisoned, 153.
 courtship, 155, 156.
 1525? Marriage, 157.
 1525. imprisoned in the Châtelet for heresy, 168, 174, 187.
 writings, 168-178.
 1526. removed as prisoner to Chartres, 187.

Marot—continued.

- edits 'Roman de la Rose,' writes 'L'Enfer,' 190-204.
 released from prison, 213, 207.
 1527. 'Roman de la Rose' published, 207-210.
 writings, 220, 228.
 Valet to the King, 224, 225.
 again imprisoned, 228.
 released, 229, 30.
 1528. Seeking enrolment on the King's household list, 215, 216, 224-232.
 writings, 231-235.
 withdraws from Paris, 248, 249.
 1529. return to Paris, 249.
 writings, 249-254.
 1531. Sickness, 256, 257, 276.
 Elegy on Louise of Savoy, 257-272.
 recovery from sickness, 291.
 1532. publishes works of his father, 278.
 — 'Clementine Adolescence,' 278-286.
 edits works of Villon, 293.
 1534. Exile to Ferrara, 314; ii. 1, 6, 14.
 1535. goods confiscated, and condemned to the stake, i. 315.
 personal appearance, ii. 2.
 exile at Ferrara, ii. 1, 14.
 writings, 2-14.
 1536. Exile at Venice, 19, 20.

Marot—continued.

- writings, 21-37.
 return to France, 37, 38.
 writings, 40-44.
 1537. at Court again, 44.
 1538. writings, 50.
 'Works' printed by Etienne Dolet, 52.
 editions of his works, 52, 53.
 translates some of the Psalms, 55-58.
 1543. exile at Geneva, 60-62.
 1544. exile in Piedmont, 62-64.
 death, 64.
 Marot, Jean, i. 3, 24-26, 38, 39, 47-81, 85, 86, 151, 180.
 —, Michel, 315, 316.
 Martyrdoms, i. 236, 239, 245, 247, 294, 311, 314; ii. 59.
 Maximilian, Emperor, 27, 28, 44-47, 58, 63-66, 100.
 Medici, Catherine de', i. 307, 309.
 Melancthon, i. 311.
 Mellin de St. Gelais, ii. 45, 46.
 Mere Sotte, i. 136, 137.
 Meschinot, Jean, i. 37.
 Milan and France, i. 40, 56, 70, 80, 98, 149, 152.
 Milton and Cædmon, i. 292-294.
 Minfant, i. 131, 134.
 Miracle Plays, i. 134; ii. 47.
 Mirror of a Sinful Soul, i. 281, 308, 309.
 Molinet, Jean, i. 207.
 Mondino, ii. 81.
 Monfleur, comedian, ii. 142.
 Montfauçon, i. 219-222; ii. 71.
 Montmorenci, Anne de, i. 231, 232; ii. 35-37.
 Montpellier, University, i. 159; ii. 106.
 Moon, Bergerac's Voyage to the, ii. 146, 163-174.

- Morin, Lieut.-Criminal of the Châtelet, i. 205, 196-198, 204, 310, 314; ii. 4-6.
 Mort d'Agrippine, Bergerac's, ii. 147-151.
 Motto, Marot's, ii. 64.
 Münzer, Thomas, i. 166, 167.

N.

- NAPLES and France, i. 39.
 Navarre, Henry d'Albret, King of, i. 119-122, 211, 212, 238.
 See also Marguerite.
 Nash, Thomas, ii. 243-246.

O.

- ORLEANS, Henry Duke of, 181, 251; married to Catherine de' Medici, 307, 309.
 Oxford, University and Colleges, ii. 190.

P.

- PAIX DES DAMES, i. 238, 271, 298.
 Palais, law clerks of the, i. 93, 94.
 Pan, God of Shepherds, ii. 7-14.
 Pan and Robin, 21-32.
 Papillon, ii. 48.
 Paradise Lost and Cædmon, ii. 292-294.
 Paris under Louis XII., i. 89, 90. University, i. 87-91. Parliament of, i. 160, 161, 179, 180, 239, 245, 246, 303, 309.
 Parrots, i. 95, 266.
 Passion, Confrères de la, i. 134.
 Paul III., Pope, ii. 15, 39.
 Pavia, battle of, i. 153.
 Pavillon, Seigneur du, i. 315.
 Peasants' War, i. 162-167.

- Pedant Joué, Bergerac's, ii. 151-162.
- Perréal, Jean, i. 37.
- Petigliano, i. 71, 74, 77.
- Petit, Jean, i. 207.
- Philips, Katherine, ii. 220.
- Piedmont, Marot's exile in, ii. 62-64.
- Placards, Farel's, i. 313, 314.
- Plagiarism, ii. 137, 138.
- Plague, i. 128; in Zurich, ii. 128, 129.
- Pothon; Seigneur, i. 102.
- Prince of Fools, the, i. 93, 135.
- Psalms translated by Marot, ii. 55-59.
- Q.**
- QUADRIVIUM, ii. 181.
- Quercy, i. 5-9, 13, 17-22.
- Queste de Ferme Amour, i. 91, 92.
- Quintilian, Gabriel Harvey's, ii. 236-238.
- Quip for an Upstart Courtier, ii. 245.
- R.**
- RABAIS DU CAQUET, le, ii. 45.
- Rabelais, i. 86, 159, 283, 301; ii. 46, 47.
- Rauchfuss, Peter, ii. 98.
- Reiner, ii. 72, 74.
- Renée of France, i. 78, 217, 218; ii. 1, 2, 17-19.
- Rhadamanthus of the Châtelet, i. 196-198, 204, 205, 310; ii. 4-6.
- Rich in Poverty, &c., Marot's, ii. 40.
- Riolan, Jean, ii. 68.
- Rivolta, sack of, i. 71, 72.
- Robin and Pan, Marot's Eclogue of, ii. 21-32.
- Roffet, Pierre, i. 259; ii. 31, *note*, 52.
- Rondeau, form of a, i. 52.
- Ronsard, i. 110.
- Roussel, Gerard, i. 298, 299, 311; ii. 33, *note*.
- Ryff, Walter Hermann, ii. 83.
- S.**
- SAGON, François, ii. 44-48.
- Saint-Gelais, Mellin de, ii. 45, 46.
- Saluces, Marques of, ii. 32.
- Saubonne, Michelle de, i. 27, 78, 218; ii. 17-19.
- Scève, Maurice, ii. 47.
- Sedition, Luther against, i. 162, 163; of Noel Beda, i. 305, 306.
- Sejanus, Bergerac's, ii. 145.
- Semblançay, Seigneur de, i. 219-222.
- Sermon on the Good Shepherd, Marot's, i. 287-291.
- Serre, Jean, farce-actor, i. 137-138.
- Simler, Josiah, ii. 97.
- Simony personified, ii. 40-44.
- Sleidan, Jean, i. 166.
- Smith, Sir Thomas, ii. 241, 242.
- Sorbonne, the, i. 90, 239, 245, 255, 256, 300-308, 312; ii. 3, 58, 59, 180.
- Sottise, i. 135.
- Soubise, Madame de, i. 27, 78, 218; ii. 17-19.
- Spenser and Marot, i. 257, 258, 260, 261, 267-270; ii. 7, 21-32.
- Steels, Jean, ii. 52.
- Stoop, Nicholas, ii. 84.
- Study, ii. 295, 296.
- Sun, Bergerac's Voyage to the, ii. 146, 163.
- Sylvius, Jacobus, ii. 69-71, 86.

T.

- TEMPLE OF CUPID, i. 106, 281;
 ii. 51.
 Tiepolo, Paolo, ii. 93.
 Tory, Geoffrey, i. 279.
 Toulouse, Counts of, i. 7, 9, 10.
 Trilingual College, i. 255; ii
 181.
 Trivium, ii. 181.
 Tunis, capture of, ii. 15.

U.

- UNIVERSITY of Aberdeen and
 St. Andrew's, ii. 184; Bo-
 logna, ii. 76, 78, 81; Cam-
 bridge, ii. 182-184; Glasgow,
 184-188; Ireland, 187; Lau-
 sanne, ii. 104; London, ii.
 176, 184-187; Louvain,
 ii. 68, 69, 72; Montpellier,
 i. 159, ii. 106; Oxford, ii.
 190; Padua, ii. 76, 78; Paris,
 i. 87-91, ii. 69, 71, 86, 99,
 100, 178-180, 188; Venice,
 ii. 95.

V.

- VALET, Marot as, to Marguerite
 of Alençon, i. 109; to Francis
 I., i. 215, 216, 224-232.
 Varinus of Favera, ii. 103.
 Vatable, François, i. 255, 310.
 Vaudois, i. 9-10; ii. 59, 60, 63,
 64.

- Venice and France, i. 31, 40-47,
 58, 63-76, 184; Vesalius at,
 ii. 77.
 Vers Équivoques, i. 141-143,
 226.
 Vesalius, Andreas, ii. 65-96.
 Villeroi, Seigneur de, i. 91, 92;
 ii. 51.
 Villon, François, i. 55, 82-85.
 Virgin's Image desecrated, i.
 246, 247.
 Voss, Gerard, ii. 288.
 Voyage de Gènes, Jean Marot's,
 i. 49-61.
 ——— de Venise, Jean Marot's,
 i. 66-76.
 Vuyart, Pierre, i. 253, 254, 292.

W.

- WALDEN Gratulations, Gabriel
 Harvey's, ii. 233-235.
 Wolff, Caspar, ii. 129, 130.
 Wolsey, Cardinal, i. 128, 132.
 Works of Marot, editions of the,
 ii. 52, 53.

Z.

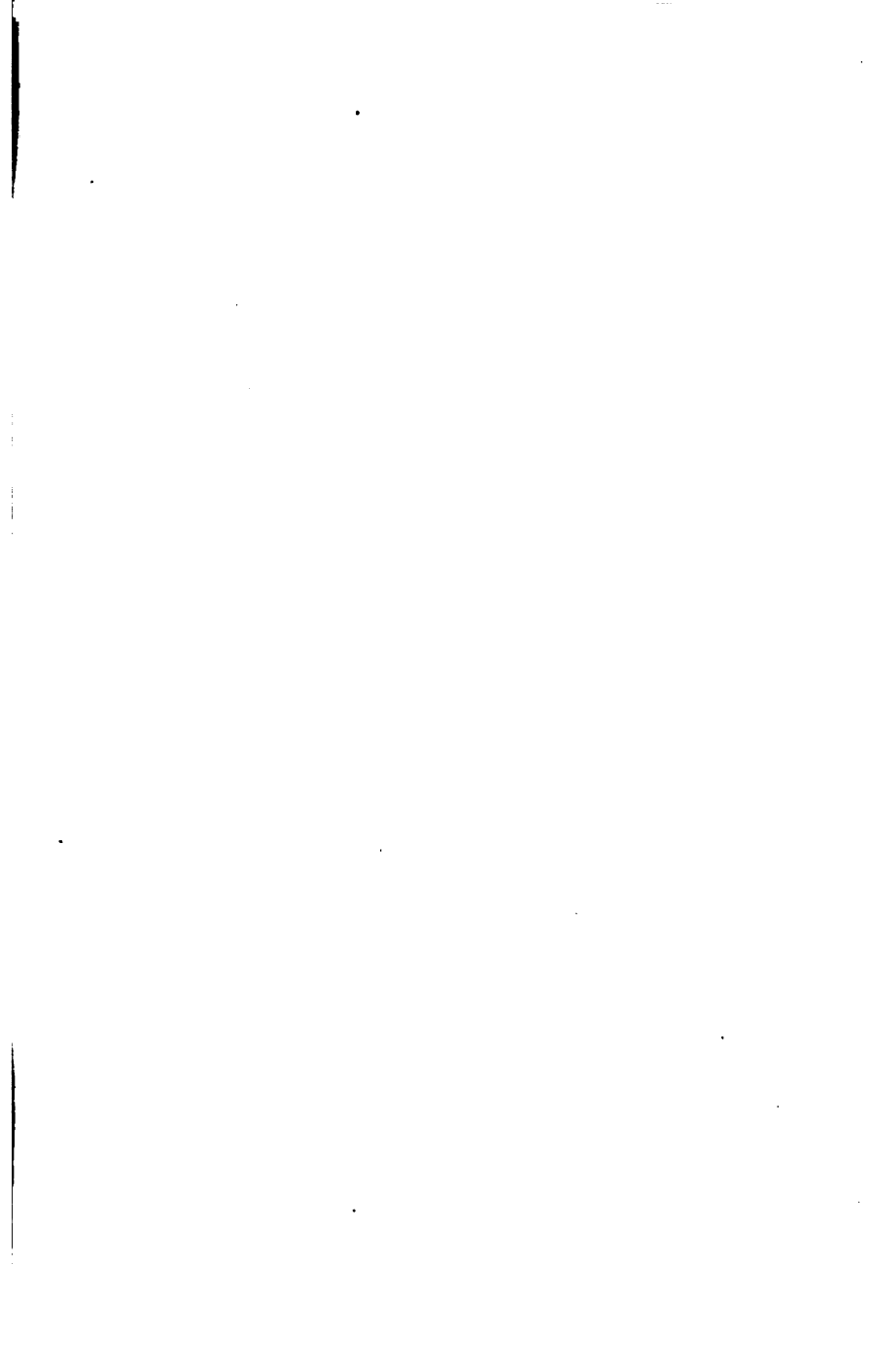
- ZANTE, shipwreck of Vesalius at,
 ii. 95, 96.
 Zuinglius, i. 169, 170.
 Zurich, Conrad Gesner at, ii. 97,
 99, 107-129.

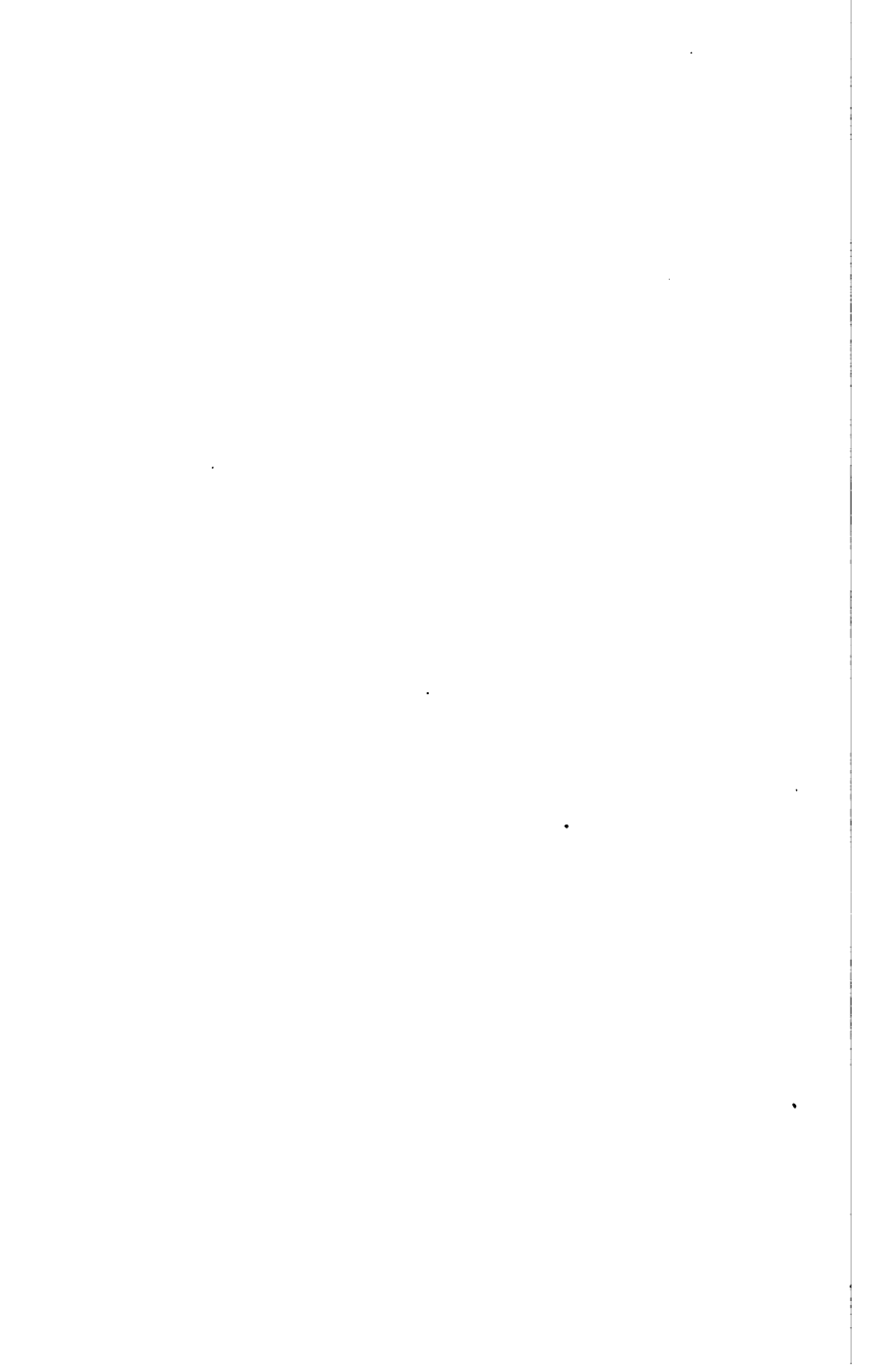
THE END.

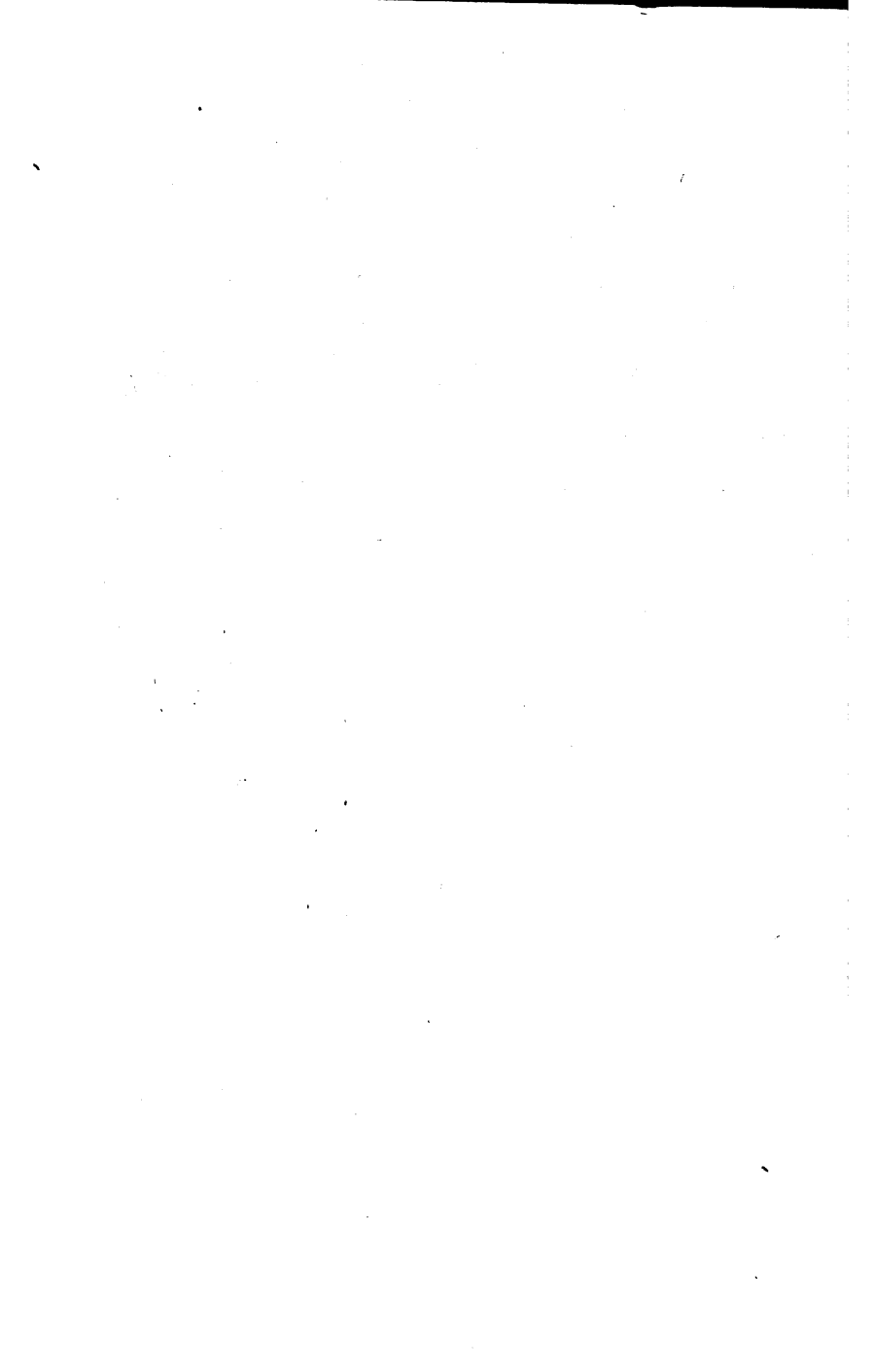
LONDON:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET,
AND CHARING CROSS.

(3)







14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED
LOAN DEPT.

RENEWALS ONLY—TEL. NO. 642-3405

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

161
FEB 17 1971 25

OC
March 17

LIBRA
REC'D LD MAR 13 71-11 AM 35

APR 8 1981 46
RECEIVED BY

FEB

OCT 0 1980

REC

CIRCULATION DEPT.

FEB 2

LIBRARY USE ONLY

DEC 10 1984

REC

CIRCULATION DEPT.

REC CIR DEC 10 1984

MAR 2

LD 21-100m-7

LD21A-60m-3,'70
(N5382s10)476-A-32

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

YB 48864

605449

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

