Reviews

Willem van Doorn , S. B. Liljegren , W. v. Maanen , R. W. Zandvoort , A. G. v. Kranendonk , E. Kruisinga , Edward B. Koster , F. P. H. Prick van Wely , N. vanWijk & J. Prinsen JLz

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Translations of the following text to be sent to P. J. H. O. Schut, 60 Maarlant, Brielle, before March 1. They will be returned with corrections if accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

HET GROOTE WERK.

„Ik weet zeker, dat het je nooit gelukken zal!” Deze woorden had Louise Couvret op eenigszins spottenden toon tot haar man gesproken. Frits zat met gebogen hoofd en verknoeide zenuwachtig het met inkt bemorste papier tusschen zijn vingers. Daar kon hij niets op zeggen. Het was zeker al de twintigste keer, dat zijn vrouw deze vervelende opmerking maakte, en het ergste was: hij voelde wel, dat zij gelijk had.

Ja, hij was niet in staat een werk te leveren, waarmee hij zou kunnen uitblinken. Hij moest zich altijd maar bepalen tot middelmatige schetsen of kleine artikelen, die hem opgegeven waren.

Vroeger was er wel eens een roman van hem uitgegeven, en toen had hij zich illusies gemaakt, had hij dien grooten werklust gevoeld en was verder gaan schrijven.

Zijn omgeving had wel vertrouwen in zijn talent, maar die hem bewonderden, zijn moeder, zijn zuster, zijn vrienden, waren menschen, die veel van hem hielden en dus de fouten van zijn werk niet zagen. Alleen zijn vrouw had hem de oogen geopend, door haar minachtende woorden en dien kouden, ironischen blik.

Honderd maal was hij al begonnen aan dat groote werk. Honderd maal had hij woevend de vellen verscheurd, zich voorpratende, dat het onzin was, wat hij schreef, en dat het beter was, het alles maar in het vuur te werpen. Daar zat hij nu, stil, en zijn gedachten keerden terug naar die gelukkige dagen, weinige helaas in het begin van zijn huwelijk, hun wandelingen door die prachtige laan, met aan weerszijden de bloeiende appelboomen, die heerlijke intieme gesprekken, hun geheel en al opgaan in elkaar...

Nu scheen het hem toe, of hij zijn gegeven woord niet gehouden had, want in de drie jaren, dat hij getrouwd was, had hij zijn belofte aan Louise gedaan niet vervuld, had hij haar teleurgesteld in zijn talent en zijn toekomstdroom — een fortuin misschien.

Langzamerhand was voor Mevrouw Couvret de desillusie gekomen. De mooie plannen, die hij gemaakt had, bleken slechts onvervulbare wenschen te zijn, en in plaats van den rijkdom, dien hij haar had voorgespiegeld, konden ze maar heel eenvoudig leven. „Dat is niet erg, wel, lieveling,” had Frits gezegd, wij zullen er ons wel in schikken, als wij elkaar maar hebben.” Wat gaf hij om de toejuichingen van het publiek, om huldeblijken, nu Louise de zijne was. Maar een schaterlach was het geweest, een lach, die hem verstijfd had.

„Je weet wel, Frits, van liefde alleen kan men niet leven. Dat is goed in de romans, die jij schrijft, of beter, die je denkt te schrijven.”

Toen was in zijn hart iets gebroken.

Reviews.

A Study in Realism. By JOHN LAIRD, M. A., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the Queen's University of Belfast.
— Cambridge University Press. 1920. 14/— net.

Those Dutchmen who hold with Professor Bolland that, owing to its composite structure, English is not an adequate vehicle for philosophic thinking, — and there are disciples of Bolland in every high school and university in Holland — might do worse than put the matter to the test by reading this brightly written and engaging book, in which occur philosophical terms as handy and neat as ever set the heart of a student of language aglow, e.g. 'thinghood' and 'togetherness'. But this delightful side of the

book is only incidental. What the author has set out to do is to prove the tenableness of a philosophy whose fundamental assumption is that things can be known as they really are. The word 'things' in this general statement is to be understood 'in the most general sense possible'. *Any entity whatsoever that can be apprehended by the mind is a 'thing' in this sense, so that rainbows, dream castles, a yearning for Nirvana are included.* But to say that things may be known does not tell us what their reality is. That is a problem for investigation, not something that can be defined in advance, and, of course, there is no implication that knowledge can be satisfied in all its enterprises'. There may be many 'things' the apprehension of which would require the possession of more senses than we have got. And next, our sensory apparatus is unstable, unreliable, contradictory, altogether imperfect. But, as we say in Dutch, one must row with the oars one has got, and the fact that the field which is green to Hodge in his normal condition is yellow to him when he is jaundiced, and has many colours when he is intoxicated, does not justify an assumption that the whole field is only a hallucination, a figment of the brain. 'The senses are our only evidence for the existence of a physical world,' but it is not the realist who has to prove this existence, — it is his opponent, the doubter of sensory testimony, who must prove the non-existence of the world of which his senses tell him.

Now this kind of sailing will appear plain enough, even to people who refuse to admit the author's next point: the 'reality' of the past: 'Recollection appears to be the direct apprehension of the past, and an illustration will show its difference from memory in the sense of reproduction. When Jones asks himself what he recollects of his childhood he does not mean to ask what he learnt in his childhood. He learned to walk and speak, he learned table manners and toilet conventions, but the odds are that he has forgotten how and when he acquired these accomplishments. On the other hand, he can *recollect* specific events. He recollects the arrival of a baby brother, let us say, or some juvenile delinquencies which brought an impressive retribution, together with a few trivial incidents which seem to have clung to him for no reason that he can assign. These events are not habits or repetitions. On the contrary, recollection seems to be the mind's power of returning, again and again, to precisely the same event in the past. These peaks in the past stand out in relief where everything else is a blank or a crapulous haze, and Jones's repeated attention to the same thing is quite different from any habit he may have learnt'. As regards an explanation of the fact of memory itself, Professor Laird refrains from attempting to give one, saying any attempt of the kind is bound to be useless. 'Memory is possible, and that is all we need to know,' — and I wonder what Ribot would say to that.

The next chapter deals with fancy and the stuff that dreams are made of. What reality lies behind it all? This introduces a discussion of Freud's theories, which support the writer's general analysis. And if it were possible to explain why there should be any such thing as dramatic portrayal in dream, and how the manifest content of a dream symbolises or expresses a suppressed wish, or desire, or libido, this support would be very strong indeed. Accordingly the writer proceeds to give such an explanation which sounds plausible, but the wording of which I think is somewhat strong. The images and memories of dreams, being present in the day time but relegated then to an obscure or dark background, reveal themselves during sleep, it is true, for want of competitors, but this revelation need not be so *very clear*. There are people who see colours in their dream, there are others who see nothing but greys.

It is not the purpose of my review to give the essence of chapter after chapter. Looking through my copy I perceive many passages underscored — Professor Laird has often a very felicitous way of putting his thoughts — and only a few question marks. I put one for instance on page 113, where we find (in a discussion of 'principle,'): 'I have to arrange my ideas consecutively in order to appreciate the logic in the facts, but this arrangement is not itself *the discovery to which it is a means* (my italics).' Is it really a means to a discovery, I wonder. My notion is that logic, conscious logic, never makes discoveries. It can only verify intuitions, linking them up with what was previously proved. But I did *not* put a note of interrogation opposite the statement enounced on page 138, that 'sentiments are never blind, and reason is neither quite cold nor quite aloof.'

To the chapter on 'values' dealing with taste and beauty and virtue — it seems a pity Edgar Poe should have died before it was written — I intend to return. An attack on Hegel, which has my sympathy but with which I do not propose to deal afterwards, may be noticed here (page 140): 'The community is not a moral being. It is a community of moral beings, and a man owes duties to himself irrespective of the rest of society. Robinson Crusoe did not have to wait for man Friday's coming in order to have duties, and a man's morals are not entirely submerged in his social station... There is nothing subjective in this view, despite Hegel. The thesis of the *Phenomenology* and its successors is that gifts and capacities are not valuable in themselves because (would not the word *since*, preceded by a comma, be preferable? W. v. D.) they may be either good or bad, that their value lies in the rational organisation of them, that the state is just this rational organisation, and so that the bearer of value cannot be anything less than the state. It is an odd thing, perhaps, that a theory which persistently contrasts the unity of the cosmos with the imperfections of the sciences should be so ready to find Reason writ large in politics. Reason must be strong indeed to shine through the muddle and the meannesses, the intrigues, rancour, and pretence of political history; and the philosophers of Hegel's school shut their eyes so often to the facts of history, and so often descry Utopias by faith alone, that their thesis has to be accepted blindly before it can be followed wittingly'.

There is no feud between Prof. Laird and the psychologists. 'Any psychology (page 150) which does not implicitly or of set purpose deny that Smith or Jones may know this or that finally and without qualification is consistent with realism.... My thesis is that we must look to psychology if we wish to know what the mind is, and that there are no sound metaphysical principles with prove that psychological results must be merely provisional. No psychologist or philosopher pretends, of course, that he has obtained complete insight into the mind and its workings, but no sane inquirer makes this pretence in any of the sciences.' — As regards the phenomena of sub-consciousness we find (page 179) as the author's conviction: 'We know enough of the self to be able to scan its main features, and to be justified in believing that the hidden mind is of a piece with the mind that is known.'

The last chapter, called *The Larger Outlook*, develops an admission from which appears pretty clearly that this Study in Realism, which is at the same time a Defence of the same, is to be considered as a kind of *pile-work*. A certain number of stout piles doggedly rammed into marshy soil will, Dutch fashion, have to bear a complete fabric of realistic thought by and by. 'Many idealistic philosophies have at least proved their mettle by grappling resolutely with the high problems they have set themselves. They

have attempted to give a synthesis of art, morals, religion, and the sciences; and they may reasonably claim that intransigent denials and a few forays in the way of pithy argument are not enough to refute them. Moreover, they may claim with some show of reason, that realists have never done their own work thoroughly. Realism claims to be a theory of knowledge, and yet realists have seldom made any systematic attempt to bring the whole of knowledge under review'.

It is evident that Prof. Laird intends to make the attempt. He will have no lack of readers.

WILLEM VAN DOORN.

The Realm of Poetry: An Introduction by STEPHEN J. BROWN
S. J. — Harrap, 1921. —

I cannot but sympathise with the author for wishing to provide lovers of poetry, and especially teachers, with critical insight and canons of taste. As he says in his preface, 'appreciation must grow out of knowledge and understanding,' and 'one does not learn to love and admire poetry by dint of being told how admirable and lovable a thing it is.' A reader should have the courage of his literary convictions, but such courage, to be more than mere *parti pris*, should be based on something better than assertions of individual taste. In the realms of art *de gustibus est disputandum*. On the other hand, even such assertions of personal taste, amounting to nothing more than, 'I like this or that, and there's an end of it,' often refuse to be forthcoming, and the cowardly lover of poetry deserts some well beloved poet, just 'because some supercilious *littérateur* has dismissed him with a disdainful epithet.' Then, too, 'as the reader without knowledge or principles to guide his judgment may be a slave to the critics, so may he be a bondsman to this poet or to that, and the result is not less unfortunate..... To no poet must one swear unquestioning allegiance. Homer has sometimes nodded, Wordsworth and Victor Hugo have written a great deal of rubbish.'

It is not difficult to subscribe to these statements, while maintaining that the first section of the book under review — dealing with the nature of poetry — is only a very partial success, the cause being that the author (in Wordsworthian phrase) has put himself too much to school, 'nor dares to move unpropped upon the staff' of his own critical intellect. He has read many books on poetry and poetics, and the different views he has found in them he has pieced together rather than fused into one whole. Is Santayana, quoted on page 35, right where he says that, "fine art, in this as in all other things, imitates the method of Nature and makes its most beautiful works out of materials that are themselves beautiful"? I say he is not. Rosy and pink being admittedly prettier colours than black, it would follow that Rembrandt's negro in the Wallace Collection should as a work of art be accounted inferior to the baker's dozen of insipidly pretty Greuzes that find themselves there too, quite evidently by mistake. And though I shall not deny that there are decidedly ugly words which no poet can have a use for — cemetery, for instance, as compared with grave-yard — I hold that the bulk of the vocabulary of any language is aesthetically *neutral*, neither fine nor ugly in itself, but deriving its aesthetic values from context and setting. Let me exemplify this by comparing two lines from a well-known poem by Browning. The fifth line of the second stanza of *How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix* reads:

'Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit'.

The fourth line of the seventh stanza runs:

'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff'.

Now, taken by themselves these two lines are about equally harsh, in fact there is little to choose between them. But whereas number one must stand convicted of splintering our teeth *without having any business to do so*, number two is admirably suggestive. It follows that of two lines of verse of equal harshness the one must be called ugly and the other fine. But on the subject of Browning the author and myself seem unable to see eye to eye, and he disapproves of *Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister*, which I think a marvel of psychological insight adequately expressed.

The Rev. Brown's ear appears to be defective, where he *hears* an alliteration in 'His careering chariot steeds', because he *sees* two successive words spelled with the same initial letter. This sort of thing won't do. Where is the internal rime which the line '*What message dost thou bring?*' is alleged to contain? On page 86, where the pantoum — as in Gailey and Kurtz! — is numbered among old French verse-forms, the author states that Chaucer's *Troilus* and James Thomson's *To Our Ladies of Death* are both written in Rime Royal. Well, here follows a stanza from Chaucer's poem:

To thee clepe I, thou Goddesse torment,
Thou cruel Furie, sorwing evere in peyne!
Help me that am the sorwful instrument
That helpeth lovers, as I can, to pleyne!
For well sit it, the sothe for to seyne,
A woful wight to han a dreery fere,
And to a sorwful tale, a sory chere!

This is Rime Royal, the rime-scheme being ababbcc, but Thomson's pattern gives ababccb. Compare:

Over me pass the days and months and years
Like squadrons and battalions of the foe
Trampling with thoughtless thrusts and alien jeers
Over a wounded soldier lying low:
He grips his teeth, or flings them words of scorn
To mar their triumph: but the while, outworn,
Inwardly craves for death to end his woe.

In the second part of his book the author discusses the much-vexed question 'What can poetry do for us?' He finds many more or less satisfactory answers, and has my whole-hearted support where he says — and to me the saying appears to bear the stamp of originality: "It is useful, is it not, that we should think rightly: philosophy and science teach us that. Is it not likewise useful that we should feel genuinely? — Poetry helps to that."

Acting on this excellent principle, the Rev. Mr. Brown proceeds, in a third section, to unfold his ideas about *Learning to Love Poetry*, which of course implies *Teaching Young People to do so*. For this section I have little but praise, and for its sake I recommend the book very warmly, especially to those teachers of English on the Continent who are convinced that the time for confining one's 'literary' activities at school to *Enoch Arden* and *A Psalm of Life* ought to be past.

W. v. D.

The Sacred Wood. Essays on Poetry and Criticism. By T. S. ELIOT. — Methuen, 1920. — 6/— net.

Mr. Eliot, whose critical attitude towards life and letters often prevents him from being a very remarkable poet, is an exceedingly clever man. Indeed I once heard an English man of letters describe his cleverness as something *uncanny*, and say that, if the U. S. A. hold many like him, we poor worn-out and effete Europeans had better take a hint from Desiderio the Lombard King when beleaguered by Charlemagne.

"Let us go down,

And hide us in the bosom of the earth....!"

Mr. Eliot also detests reviewers, whom he has publicly proclaimed to be a nuisance. And yet his collection of essays, some of which appeared before, in the same or a more primitive form in papers like *The Athenæum* and *The Times Literary Supplement*, finds itself upon my desk and I am called upon to review it.

The Sacred Wood is a good book, instructive (sometimes destructively so) and stimulating. Let me cull some sayings worth meditating on:

"Once a poet is accepted, his reputation is seldom disturbed, for better or worse." (xii). "Arnold.... gives us often the impression of seeing the masters whom he quotes, as canonical literature, rather than as masters." (xiv, note). "It would be of interest to divagate from literature to politics and inquire to what extent Romanticism is incorporate in Imperialism; to inquire to what extent Romanticism has possessed the imagination of Imperialists.... But there may be a good deal to be said for Romanticism in life, there is no place for it in letters." (28).

"The Arts insist that a man shall dispose of all that he has, even of his family tree, and follow art alone. For they require that a man be not a member of a family or of a caste or of a party or of a coterie, but simply and solely himself.... There is only one man better and more uncommon than the patrician, and that is the Individual." (28).

"No poet, no artist of any art, has his complete meaning alone. His significance, his appreciation is the appreciation of his relation to the dead poets and artists. You cannot value him alone; you must set him, for contrast and comparison, among the dead. I mean this as a principle of aesthetic, not merely historical, criticism.... the poet who is aware of this will be aware of great difficulties and responsibilities. In a peculiar sense he will be aware also that he must inevitably be judged by the standards of the past. I say judged, not amputated, by them, not judged to be as good as, or worse or better than, the dead; and certainly not judged by the canons of dead critics.... He must be quite aware of the obvious fact that art never improves, but that the material of art is never quite the same." (44—46).

"When [oxygen and sulphur dioxide] are mixed in the presence of a filament of platinum, they form sulphurous acid. This combination takes place only if the platinum is present; nevertheless the newly formed acid contains no trace of platinum, and the platinum itself is apparently unaffected; has remained inert, neutral, and unchanged. The mind of the poet is the shred of platinum. It may partly or exclusively operate upon the experience of the man himself; but, the more perfect the artist, the more completely separate in him will be the man who suffers and the mind which creates; the more perfectly will the mind digest and transmute the passions which are its material." (48).

"We must believe that "emotion recollected in tranquillity" is an inexact formula. For it is neither emotion, nor recollection, nor, without distortion of meaning, tranquillity. It is a concentration, and a new thing resulting from the concentration, of a very great number of experiences which to the practical and active person would not seem to be experiences at all, it is a concentration which does not happen consciously or of deliberation.... of course this is not quite the whole story. There is a great deal, in the writing of poetry, which must be conscious and deliberate. In fact, the bad poet is usually unconscious where he ought to be conscious, and conscious where he ought to be unconscious." (52).

"[Swinburne's] diffuseness is essential, had [he] practised greater concentration his verse would be, not better in the same kind, but a different thing.... You could not condense *The Triumph of Time*. You could only leave out. And this would destroy the poem; though no one stanza seems essential." (132).

"Blake's beginnings as a poet.... are as normal as the beginnings of Shakespeare. His method of composition, in his mature work, is exactly like that of other poets. He has an idea (a feeling, an image), he develops it by accretion or expansion, alters his verse often, and hesitates often over the final choice. The idea, of course, simply comes, but upon arrival it is subjected to prolonged manipulation." (139).

I am not going to discuss the above sayings. Most of them, indeed, I can readily endorse. I have culled them chiefly that the readers of E. S. might have a notion of the contents of this book, which those who want enlightenment on such subjects as *Blank Verse*, *The Poetic Drama*, *Rhetoric* &c will do well to read. Written from the point of view of a professional it is frankly partisan and not a thing to swallow whole, like an approved manual written by a pundit of unchallenged authority. It will set one thinking, and even where it fails to convince it will clear away cobwebs. It might be read with some profit by certain Dutch critics that shall be nameless, gushing worshippers of 'the unconscious' and writers of involved sentences that, for all their would be depth, are my heart's abhorrence. But *they* will never glance at a book that is so entirely without cant, so level-headed. I trust, however, that among the readers of E. S. there will be some who will do more than glance.

W. v. D.

Epilegomena to the Study of Greek Religion: by JANE ELLEN HARRISON, Fellow and Lecturer of Newnham College, Cambridge. — Cambr. Un. Press. 1921. — 3/6.

This brief review is preliminary to an article which I propose to contribute to this year's *English Studies*, and in which I also intend to deal at some length with Miss Weston's theories on the origin of the legend of the Grail (*From Ritual to Romance*, Cambridge. 1920. —12/6). I notice that the learned author's standpoint has not been appreciably shifted, notwithstanding the vehement attacks made by euhemerists like Sir William Ridgeway on the theories of which Sir James Frazer remains the great exponent. To *littérateurs* of the older school it may seem the height of madness that one should study the barbarous practices of primitive peoples to obtain a clearer insight into matters religious, literary and sociological, but even in the present stage of our knowledge, with plenty of questions still unan-

swered and plenty of points unelucidated, such studies have already yielded splendid results.

Miss Harrison's *Epilegomena* — the *Prolegomena* appeared as early as 1903¹⁾ — consist of three chapters, which, besides giving the gist of her previous works on Greek religion, contain some new material based on the recent psychological work of Jung and Freud. The first chapter deals with primitive ritual, including the important initiation ceremonies and the fertility play, the second with primitive theology ('what ritual expresses in action theology utters in concomitant representation'), the third with the author's conception of *The Religion of To-day* ('via crucis via lucis') 'The instincts are good and remain the prime motors to thought. The personal emotions are good, the best of which the spiritually undeveloped are capable, yet in the exercise of these you but strengthen your selfhood. But in science, that is the disinterested search after truth, in art which is creative self-absorption, you lose yourself in something bigger and more permanent and these henceforth rank as of the highest religious value.'

W. v. D.

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POETRY, FICTION, DRAMA.

Pearl. An English poem of the Fourteenth Century. Edited, with modern rendering, together with Boccaccio's "Olympia," by SIR ISRAEL GOLLANCZ. 6³/₄ × 5, lii. + 285 p.p. Chatto and Windus. 1922. 7s. 6d. n. [A review will appear.]

Fourteenth Century Verse and Prose. Edited by KENNETH SISAM. 7³/₄ × 5¹/₄, xlvii. + 292 pp. Oxford 1921. 7s. 6d. n. [A review will appear.]

The Wheatley Manuscript. A Collection of Middle English Verse and Prose contained in a MS. now in the British Museum. Add. MSS. 39,574. Edited with introduction and notes by MABEL DAY. 8³/₄ × 5³/₄, xxxii. + 125 pp. For the Early English Text Society. Milford. 1921. 30s. net.

The contents of this volume have been transcribed from a MS. belonging to the beginning of the fifteenth century, and containing some poems hitherto unknown, among them a "Hymn to St. John the Baptist", which is given here. All the pieces in the volume are religious, and include "An Orison on the Passion", a "Prayer to the Blessed Virgin", a metrical version of the "Seven Penitential Psalms", and a "Prayer at the Elevation" in the Mass. [T.]

Metaphysical Lyrics and Poems of the Seventeenth Century. Donne to Butler. Selected and Edited with an Essay by HERBERT J. C. GRIERSON. 7³/₄ × 5¹/₄, lviii. + 244 pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. London: Milford. 1921. 6s. net.

Minor Poets of the Caroline Period. Vol. III. Edited by GEORGE SAINTSBURY, M.A. 8³/₄ × 5¹/₄, 551 pp. Oxford, 1921. 16s. net.

The two first volumes of this important work were published 1905–1906. The present volume, which concludes the work, deals with John Cleveland, Thomas Stanley, Henry King, Thomas Flatman, and Nathaniel Whiting. [T.]

COWPER, *Poetry and Prose*. With Essays by HAZLITT and BAGEHOT. With an Introduction and Notes by HUMPHREY S. MILFORD. Crown 8vo, pp. 196. Clarendon Press, 1921, 3/6 n.

The Poems of William Blake. Edited and arranged with a preface by JOHN SAMPSON. 8¹/₄ × 6¹/₄, xxxviii. + 344 pp. Chatto and Windus. 1921. 15s. net.

Poems: 1916—1920. By JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY. 8³/₄ × 5¹/₄, 67 pp. R. Cobden-Sanderson. 6s. net.

Some of these poems appeared in the *Nation* and the *Athenaeum*. Others are from a volume privately printed under the title "Poems: 1917–1918".

Seeds of Time. By JOHN DRINKWATER. 7¹/₄ × 5, 74 pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. 3s. 6d. n.

The Veil and other Poems. By WALTER DE LA MARE. 7³/₄ × 5¹/₄, viii. + 92 pp. Constable. 6s.

An English Anthology of Prose and Verse. By SIR HENRY NEWBOLT. Dent. 1921. 10/6 n.

¹⁾ The book, which is out of print, appears to be hardly known in Holland. There is a copy in de *Koninklijke Bibliotheek*, The Hague; there is none in the library of Amsterdam University, which, however, boasts of a complete third edition of *The Golden Bough*.

Dan, hoe gunstig ook de weersgesteldheid ware, minder voordeelg was die van het jachtveld: daar de grond over 't algemeen vrij drassig was en zich hier en daar groote plassen bevonden, die men nog kon rondrijden zoolang men stappende voortging, doch welke het te voorzien was, dat moeilijk zouden kunnen vermeden worden wanneer men eens het wild achtervolgde. Het moge ons, die nu leven, dan ook vreemd schijnen, dat men tot jagen een dag uitkoos in een zoodanig ongeschikt seizoen, 't welk heden bovendien tot het verboden tijdperk behoort. Maar, ofschoon men in de zeventiende eeuw geen tijd van opening en sluiting der jacht kende, zoo was deze desniettemin ook toen ongeoorloofd wanneer er sneeuw of ijs op het veld lag; terwijl de jachtordonnantien in Holland streng verboden, het geheele jaar door meer dan twee malen in de week ter jacht te gaan, en tevens, op éénen dag meer dan twee hazen en één of twee koppels konijnen te vangen. Het natuurlijk gevolg dezer bepaling was, dat de liefhebbers geene gelegenheid, die maar niet bepaald ongunstig was, verzuimden.

De belemmeringen, welke men nu en dan ondervond, zoo door de plassen van welke ik heb gesproken, als door de slooten, die het weiveld doorsneden, hadden dan ook ten gevolge gehad, dat het grootste deel der jagers, en daaronder de dames, niet over de weilanden voortreden, maar een binnenweg hielden, van welken men de vlakke kon overzien. Wat den Prins betrof, die als een echte jager voor geen hinderpalen terugdeinsde, hij bleef aan 't hoofd der overigen recht toe recht aan het jachtveld houden.

Reviews.

La Pensée de Milton.

To the Editor of *English Studies*.

Dear Sir,

As Prof. Saurat and his reviewer agree to have their difference over Milton's philosophy settled by me, I should be very much obliged to you if you would kindly publish this letter in your journal.

First some points which Prof. Saurat asks me to state, viz.

- 1) that Prof. Hanford has proved that Milton had the *Syncellus* in his private library, which, in Prof. Saurat's opinion, supports his case;
- 2) that Mr. Pompen has misunderstood the statement on p. 102 as to Milton's Latin, a statement which only refers to the opinion of professional Latin scholars but does not question Prof. Saurat's knowledge of Latin;
- 3) that the length of the quotations and translations in the treatise is a feature conditioned by the general structure of a D. litt. thesis in French.

On the other hand Mr. Pompen wishes to point out

- 1) that he repeals his charge of dishonesty;
- 2) that he considers the severity of tone towards the end of his article not fully justified;
- 3) that he maintains the substance of his article;
- 4) but that, at the same time, he can to some extent share my appreciation of Saurat's work as an attempt to arrange Milton's opinions into a system.

To this I should like to add a few words of my own.

I consider Mr. Pompen's criticism as being acute and to the point in many respects. He is right to question the originality of Milton as a philosopher. Indeed, before Mr. Pompen wrote his review, Prof. Saurat's later discoveries made him alter his own previous opinion as to this fact. In his *Milton et le Zohar* Prof. Saurat states: "l'originalité de Milton comme penseur sort bien diminuée de cette confrontation" (pp. 17—18). This actually proves Mr. Pompen to be right on the above point, and that he was right in cautioning against too limited an outlook when Milton's Pantheism was to be traced.²⁾ (As a fact, Mr. Pompen also correctly scents Cabbalism as a possible source!)

Those who are inclined to regard Prof. Saurat's treatise as the last word on a comprehensive, "thoroughly consistent" philosophical system, (which

Prof. Saurat evidently does not do himself, witness his later papers!) will do well to keep in mind Mr. Pompen's judicious words that "Milton was an extremely subjective man of strong moods and passions; and such men often pursue incompatible lines of thought". Moreover, we are actually indebted to several later papers by Prof. Saurat for additional information on the subject in question, and this information, as we saw, sometimes corrects Prof. Saurat's own earlier opinion.

But, on the other hand, I most decidedly refuse to think lightly of Prof. Saurat's work. It is true that he relies on Masson as to biographical matter. But to one who has for many years made Milton his chief study, it is obvious that Prof. Saurat's psychological skill in spite of this fact works simply admirably and covers the case quite differently from what Masson's reasonings or some late psychopathic extravagancies do. I should like to refer the reader to e. g. p.p. 61—62, where, in my opinion, the author with unflinching perspicacity lays bare Milton's very soul as convincingly as it is admirably executed. And though, now and then, I differ in opinion from Prof. Saurat, or else I am at least inclined to leave some question open as admitting of a different solution, I must regard his work as the most valuable till now published on Milton's philosophy, indeed as the only clever one as yet existent on that subject.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours very truly

S. B. LILJEGREN.

1) Mr. Pompen's review of D. Saurat's *La Pensée de Milton* in our number of Dec. 1921 called forth a remonstrance from the latter, which, together with our reviewer's reply, was to have been inserted in our February issue. At the request of Prof. S. B. Liljegen, of Lund, Sweden, and with the consent of both writers, this correspondence was not published, and a letter from Prof. Liljegen is now inserted instead. — Ed.

2) As to Mr. Pompen's reference to Bruno I feel doubtful, because I have long been engaged in a study on the relations of Milton and G. B. but am unable to trace any influence.

Vanessa, and her Correspondence with Jonathan Swift. With an Introduction by A. MARTIN FREEMAN. 1921. London: Selwyn & Blount Ltd.

Ever since Lord Orrery's indiscretion the tragical history of Swift's loves has been a favourite topic with many a literary and unliterary talker, and numerous are the solutions of the mystery, which, in spite of all, still envelops them. I have in my little collection of books bearing on the "Vanessa-Frage" even a novel in 2 volumes, by a Miss Woods, a rather ambitious but wholly vapid concoction, representing Swift as a kind of facial contortionist, who regards ladies with a look half-serious, half-mocking, and wholly bitter. And with this phenomenon Ester Vanhomrigh fell passionately in love! But the story is really too pathetic to write flippantly about it, and it is the last editor's chief merit, that in his lengthy introduction, he gives us the events with as little guesswork as possible, and throughout assumes the attitude of a generous and respectful, unbiassed, historian.

How easy and how tempting to a certain kind of critical mind was the attributing of an indecent meaning to the frequently repeated "drinking of coffee" in Swift's letters. Fortunately nothing of the kind is attempted by Mr. Freeman, who gives us Esther's and Swift's letters — for the first time edited from the originals — with just as few comments as are needful for

the understanding of them, and acceptable in a manly and gentlemanly treatment of the facts.

A table of letters on page 49 of the Introduction shows the number of letters, with their dates, exchanged between Swift and Miss Vanhomrigh during the period from 1712—1722. It is obvious that a good many of the letters have been lost. Mr. Freeman even thinks that "it would be rash to assume that we now have more than half the original number which were exchanged".

How this fragmentary state can be accounted for, is a question that is not easily answered. Vanessa used to endorse her letters — a fact overlooked by all previous possessors of the MS. — and there are indications that she made drafts of more letters than are here forthcoming. The volume as it is now in the MSS. room in the British Museum, was bought at Sotheby's sale on May 6th, 1919.

In an 18th century hand it bears the following inscription :

"Original Letters of Dr. Jonathan Swift Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, to Mrs. Van Homrigh celebrated by him in his published Works under the name of Vanessa.

With the foul copies of her Letters and Answers, in her own handwriting." Besides Vanessa's and Swift's letters, two of which had not been published until now, Mr. Freeman's book contains ten miscellaneous letters, which are from Additional MS. 38671 acquired by the British Museum in 1913. Nine of these have been unpublished hitherto, and with the exception of Robert Percival they are addressed to unknown correspondents of Swift's.

A specimen of Vanessa's spelling — which is not faultless in spite of her teacher — a facsimile of her handwriting and a very full index make Mr. Freeman's book into a very attractive volume, which should be in the hands of all serious students of Swift.

W. v. MAANEN.

The Case for Byron.

Byron. Par PAUL DE REUL, Professeur à l'Université de Bruxelles.
Extrait de la 'Revue de l'Université de Bruxelles', nos. 8—9,
Mai—Juin 1921.

The case for and against Byron as a man and a poet is stated in this essay with a precision and insight that bespeak the intelligent critic. It is one of the commonplaces of modern literature that Byron, thrust out by England, was acclaimed by the Continent of Europe, and this seems to have led many European men of letters to see in him a prophet. Typical of this pro-Byronic school of criticism is the Dane Georg Brandes, who in his *Hauptströmungen der Litteratur des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts*¹⁾ hails him as the English romantic poet, and as the great champion of Liberalism. M. de Reul, dealing with Byron's naive pride and affections, very aptly disposes of this kind of hero-worship with the remark: "Qu'on cesse de le traiter en prophète et l'on trouvera du charme en sa fatuité."

Some English writers fall into the other, far less sympathetic, extreme of denying him any degree whatever of genuine feeling and sincerity, to say nothing of merit as a poet. Morley, in his *First Sketch*, p. 910, contemptuously writes: "At fifteen he *considered*²⁾ himself to be in love with his neighbour at Annesley Hall, Miss Chaworth" — and, on p. 928: "Also in July, 1816, he *compared*²⁾ his luckless marriage with another that might

¹⁾ The title is, of course, that of the German translation.

²⁾ My italics. — Z.

have been” To put down such statements after reading *The Dream* is sheer malice, or total lack of psychological insight.

Prof. de Reul is no unqualified admirer of Byron's poetry. His criticism of that part of the works in which he voices romantic melancholy and revolt, in the person of the melodramatic hero that is always himself, is mostly destructive. We can agree with his assertion that it is “caduque” and “démodée”. *The Corsair* he compares to an operatic libretto, *Lara* reminds him of a *roman-feuilleton*. However, without going all the length of Mr. Hopman's essay in the first volume of this journal, who sees in their typical hero a mystic symbol, and ultimately our inmost Self, I think something might, in common fairness, have been said in favour of the romances. M. de Reul holds up for our compassion Taine's enthusiastic passage on the death of Lara; why not at least give a word of praise to the grim description of the battlefield, which for passionate realism leaves the companion piece in Scott's *Marmion* far behind?

In his discussion of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* the writer remarks that “Harold adopte une attitude qui sied à sa physionomie, mais qu'il ne créa point et qu'il ne justifia qu'imparfaitement”, and points out its resemblance, in some respects, to Chateaubriand's *René*. It is well-known that the conception of the Byronic hero is to be found already in Mrs. Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho*, and M. de Reul illustrates the fact by a quotation from this work. He then follows up the progress of the type through *Corsair* and *Lara* to the third canto of *Harold* and further in *Manfred*. An opportunity to bring out the *Childe's* character by contrast, and at the same time to show one of Byron's limitations as a poet — the task which M. de Reul expressly sets himself in this article — has been neglected in touching on Harold's sojourn in Greece. Nothing could be less classical, i. e. less Hellenic, than his reflections on Greece as set down in the second Canto. In the opening stanzas we have the sceptic in a monk's cowl, skull in hand, moralizing on Athens. In st. X, when it comes to picture the grandeur of Greek architecture — “it may not be”. He thunders at Elgin, but lacks words to describe the relics of art about him. Byron's view of Greece is not the artist's, but that of the public school boy —

The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon.

Historic associations take the place of artistic impressions. He is the modern man with his being out of harmony visiting Greece and seeing it under the aspects of decay and destruction; the enthusiast for nature, admiring its landscape; lastly, the revolutionary calling the Greeks to revolt.

“Un poète subjectif s'exprimant dans une langue oratoire”, Prof. de Reul defines Byron. At the same time: “Il voulut être grand homme plutôt que grand écrivain”. As a personality with a powerful influence on the 19th-century mind, the writer does him full justice. He believes, and demonstrates “que la critique littéraire à elle seule ne rend pas justice à une personnalité qui dépasse la littérature et déborde son cadre”. “La renommée de Byron est un chapitre de l'histoire des mœurs au XIX siècle”.¹⁾

R. W. ZANDVOORT.

¹⁾ It always seems a somewhat flat conclusion to end a review with an enumeration of printer's errors, but perhaps a note will be less offensive. I regret to say that there is every evidence of negligent proof reading, which is all the more annoying in an excellent essay like the present. I have noted, besides many mistakes of minor importance, an incorrect reference (p. 10), and wonder whenever Pope wrote “la Bouche volée!”

New Plays by John Galsworthy. ¹⁾

The six plays contained in this crudely bound and printed volume are all either short or very short sketchy pieces.

The First and The Last awakens reminiscences of old-fashioned melodramas with its very romantic love-affair followed by a murder and the suicide of both lovers. The exposition starts with a rather singular series of questions and answers. Keith Darrant K C., sitting asleep in his room, is awakened by the entrance of his brother Larry, who looks very haggard and ruffled. Keith, startled at his uncouth appearance, asks: 'What is it? ... Are you ill? What is it, man?' And receiving no answer, he immediately makes a bolder and somewhat surprising shot: 'Have you committed a murder that you stand there like a fish?' to which Larry answers (in a whisper): 'Yes, Keith.' And however incredible it may at first seem to Keith — and to the audience — his facetious supposition proves in this exceptional case but too true. Fortunately the following parts rise highly above this weak melodramatic beginning. The play contains some very effective scenes and leads up to a strong dramatic finish.

The second play: *The Little Man, A Farical Morality*, short though it be, is really too long for its meagre contents. The international conversation on the platform and in the train, bringing out once again in a very superficial way the old generally accepted differences in the character and manners of the average American, Englishman and German, is but very moderately humorous; the story, turning on an unlikely mistake, too evidently made for the moral purpose.

In *Hall-marked* the humour is of a more refined character. It is a really amusing, gently satirical piece; but not a bit more than the subtitle indicates: a 'trifle'. —

The two plays that follow: *Defeat* and *The Sun*, dealing with situations closely connected with the great war, seem to me the best of the volume. It is only regrettable, that the interesting central ideas, underlying these two tiny plays, have not inspired the author to a fuller treatment, a more sustained effort.

In the last piece of the volume *Punch and Go*, though but 'a little comedy' of barely twenty small pages, we see no fewer than ten personages besides a play within the play and within that again a cinema-like dream-scene; a plethora leaving an impression of more or less discordant unrest. The novelty and picturesqueness of the scenic effect form some compensation for the insignificance of the main action and the hackneyed theme of the play within.

When compared with last year's volume, ²⁾ which brought the almost perfectly beautiful play: *A Bit o' Love* and the powerful, well constructed and interesting *Skin Game*, this new collection must be judged a decided disappointment. But then a comparison with its forerunner can hardly be justified, as the present volume does not contain a single play of a length sufficient for deep character-analysis or skilful plot-construction.

May it soon be followed again by a few plays of a more ambitious scope.

Oct. 1921.

A. G. v. KRANENDONK.

¹⁾ *Six Short Plays* by JOHN GALSWORTHY. London, Duckworth & Co., 1921.

²⁾ See Review E. S. II, 89.

Mood and Tense of the English Verb. By H. POUTSMA. Noordhoff. 1922. 91 pp. and 138 pp. f 5.90, cloth f 6.50.

A Handbook of Present-Day English. Volume II. English Accidence and Syntax. By E. KRUISINGA. Third Edition. Kemink & Zoon. 1922. XXXI + 912 pp., cloth f 19.50.

The simultaneous appearance of these two books is apt to suggest the consideration of the question whether the almost complete restriction of English language-studies in Holland to the modern period is really justifiable from a scientific point of view. The only justification seems to me that the more thorough a scholar's knowledge is of the living stage of English, the only one indeed that can be known thoroughly at all, the better he is prepared to study language in general, or earlier periods of English. It is especially in the study of the syntax of earlier periods of English that we may hope for this one-sidedness to produce results, similar to those in Stoffel's *Studies in English*.

Another question that some students will ask is, if it is not to be regretted that two large books should be written on the same subject at the same time. It is true that Mr. Poutsma's book now runs into some thousands of pages, whereas the second contains "only" 900. But this difference of size is hardly sufficient to show that there is room for two books of this kind.

There is a more important difference, however. Mr. Poutsma's purpose is to supply an answer to any question of grammar a student may wish to ask when he is writing English. Can this verb be construed with a gerund or must it have an infinitive? Must we use an accusative with infinitive here, or a subordinate clause? Is the imperative possible or must we use a different construction? Such are the questions to which Mr. Poutsma gives an answer, supplying full lists and indexes. The second book, on the other hand, though it may sometimes answer practical questions such as these, will often be found "incomplete" by the practical student. For it does not aim at being a book of reference, a storehouse of grammatical fact, but it tries to answer questions of a different kind; it aims at giving the information wanted by those who wish to know *why* some things are wrong in grammar, and why others are right. In short Mr. Poutsma's book treats of the *how*, the second of the *why*. The merits of Mr. Poutsma's book are well-known, and have been acknowledged in reviewing an earlier instalment of his work in this periodical. As to the second book mentioned above, I must naturally leave it to the judgment of others.

E. KRUISINGA.

The Year's Work in English Studies, 1919—1920. Edited for the English Association by SIR SIDNEY LEE. Oxford University Press. 1921. Price to Members 3/6.

The English Association is steadily increasing its range of activities. The present publication will be welcome to all students of English who used to rely on the *Jahresberichte der germanischen philologie* published by the Berlin association of students of modern languages,¹⁾ which are no doubt excellent and of German thoroughness, but do not satisfy those interested in the modern period and especially students of living literature. In respect

¹⁾ Published by Reisland, Leipzig.

of time, however, they are far superior to the bibliographies published by *Anglia*, which could often supplement the *Jahresberichte* just because they appeared so much later. For Oldenglish we have the admirably complete lists of books and articles in Brandl's *Geschichte der englischen literatur* (1908), in Paul's *Grundriss der germanischen philologie*; it also mentions the bibliographical means of reference; for Middle English the well-known *Geschichte der englischen literatur*, by Gustav Körting, 1899, has been overtaken by the *Manual of the Writings in Middle English, 1050—1400*, published in 1916 (Oxford University Press) to which a supplement has already appeared, bringing it down to Sept. 1918.

With the help of these publications, and the series now opened by the English Association, the student will generally have no difficulty in finding out what work has been already done on any subject. The review of the work for Nov. 1919 to Nov. 1920 is descriptive rather than critical, and has been divided into eleven sections entrusted to eleven contributors, five of whom are women. It is not possible for a reviewer to test the whole book with regard to its completeness, but my impression is that non-English work is not exhaustively dealt with. It is to be hoped that this is due to the peculiar circumstances of the time. In the section on *Philology* Luick's *Historische grammatik* is not mentioned. There is no reason to suppose that this is owing to any set purpose, for Miss Hilde Murray generously acknowledges the work done by foreign scholars; perhaps the new instalments of Luick's work did not reach England in time to be mentioned in this volume. Any one who compares the lists in *English Studies* for 1920 will find more lacunae. On the other hand, there are several books and articles that might fail to become known to specialists but for this manual. We hope, therefore, that this venture of the Association will have as much success as its predecessors, so that further volumes will be possible.

K.

Brief Mentions.

Englische Phonetik mit Lesestücken. Von Dr. A. C. DUNSTAN. Zweite verbesserte auflage besorgt von PROF. DR. MAX KALUZA. Berlin und Leipzig. Vereinigung wissenschaftlicher Verleger. 1921. 4.20 M.

This new edition, essentially the same as the first, has been made more systematic and thorough, without a considerable alteration of its size and consequently of its character. Some undoubted mistakes have been corrected; impossibilities such as *peasoup fog* with three even stresses have disappeared. Some sections, such as those on American English and on Spelling Reform, have wisely been omitted, or replaced by a short note. Other sections are completely new. The phonetic transcriptions have been largely left unchanged, but the reviser has made some corrections. The absence of any preface makes it impossible to say on whose authority the changes have been made. But those I have noticed seem to me to be perfectly justified. Thus for Dunstan's *hænt ju* we now find *hævnt ju*; for *roil* 'royal' we read *roiəl*, although in this case the sounds intended may be the same, and *loił* 'loyal' has been left unchanged (p. 76). I had taken *ðru* :/aut 'throughout' for a misprint, but find it also in the new edition (p. 83). One correction may be suggested: in section 62 it should be made clear that the rule for the length of the vowel (in *cab*, etc.) refers to final syllables. The little book in its new form may be strongly recommended as a thoroughly reliable introduction to the subject. — K.

quotation from Caxton's Jason: He semed *better* a thing of that other worlde thenne an humayne persone. — Denkt te schrijven should not be rendered by a dependent clause, the meaning is 'expect' here.

Good translations were received from Miss T. B., Kollum; Miss B. M. C., Tilburg; Miss M. G., Amsterdam; Miss A. H., Flushing; Miss D. K., Tilburg; Mr. G. J. K. at L.; Mr. J. P. L., Giessendam; Mr. R. v. d. M., Hengelo; Mr. H. M. A. H. K., Flushing; Miss R. C. O., Arnhem; Mr. J. P. P., Rotterdam; Miss A. J. E. S., Gorleston-on-sea; Mr. B. S., Koog a/d Zaan; Mr. K. de V., Dokkum; Mr. B. de W., Moordrecht; Mr. H. v. d. W., Steenwijk; Miss A. B. V. v. Z., Hasselt.

Translations of the following text should be sent to P. J. H. O. Schut, 60 Maarlant, Brielle, before July 10th. They will be returned with corrections if accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. No translation will be included in the July number.

De Sneeuwbal.

Het sneeuwt maar altijd door. Van morgen, toen de school uitging, heeft de sneeuw een leelijk ongeluk veroorzaakt. Pas waren eenige van de jongens buiten of ze begonnen sneeuwballen te maken, met die waterachtige sneeuw, ballen zoo vast en zoo hard als steenen. Verscheidene menschen kwamen op de trottoirs voorbij. Een heer riep: „Pas toch op bengels!” en op hetzelfde oogenblik hoorden we een smartelijken kreet van den overkant van de straat, en we zagen een ouden man, zonder hoed, wankelen en zijn gezicht in de handen verbergen, en naast hem stond een jongen, die al maar riep: „Help! help!” Dadelijk schoten een menigte menschen van alle zijden toe. De man had een bal recht in het oog gekregen. De kinderen stoven uit elkaar. Ik stond voor het venster van den boekverkooperswinkel, waar mijn vader in was gegaan, toen er eenige jongens kwamen aanloopen en zich tusschen de anderen, die naast mij stonden, mengden, en deden of ze de uitstalling bezagen. Het waren Garone, Coretti en Garoffi, de postzegelverzamelaar. Intusschen had zich een kring om den ouden man gevormd en een politieagent en anderen liepen rond en vroegen: „Wie heeft het gedaan? Wie heeft het gedaan?” en ze wilden de handen van de jongens zien, of ze ook nog nat waren van de sneeuw. Garoffi stond naast me — ik merkte op, dat hij van het hoofd tot de voeten beefde en doodsbleek was. Ik hoorde Garone zachtjes tegen hem zeggen: „Komaan, zeg, dat jij het gedaan hebt, het zou laag zijn, om er een ander voor te laten boeten.” „Maar ik heb het niet met opzet gedaan!” antwoordde Garoffi, bevende als een blad. „Dat komt er niet op aan, je moet het toch doen”, herhaalde Garone. „Maar ik heb den moed niet!” „Kom, durf nu eens een beetje; ik ga met je mee!” De agenten en de omstanders riepen al luider: „Wie was het? Wie heeft het gedaan? Ze hebben hem blind gemaakt, de ellendelingen!”

Ik vreesde, dat Garoffi op den grond zou vallen. „Kom,” zei toen Garone, „ik zal je verdedigen,” en hij pakte hem bij een arm en duwde hem voort, terwijl hij hem als een zieke ondersteunde. De menschen zagen het, en begrepen het dadelijk; velen kwamen met gebalde vuist aanloopen.

Reviews.

La Pensée de Milton.

To the Editor of *English Studies*.

Dear Sir,

In order to supplement your note on my letter in the April issue of your journal, I should like to state that Prof. Saurat and his reviewer had both turned to me and asked my opinion on the review and finally placed the matter in my hands *with the very fullest confidence* in the justice of my sentence, in order to prevent increased bitterness on both sides.

May I ask you kindly to publish these lines in your journal?

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

S. B. LILJEGREN.

Shakespeare's Fight with the Pirates and the Problems of the Transmission of his Text by ALFRED W. POLLARD, Sandars Reader in Bibliography 1915. Second Edition, Revised with an Introduction. Cambridge, University Press, 1920.

The booklet the title of which I have transcribed at the top of this notice is very instructive, entertaining, and interesting, and makes excellent reading. It tackles several sorts of bibliographical problems, and by thus proceeding new light is cast on some ancient rather intricate questions and cruces of Shakespeareology. After an introduction of twenty-one pages in which the labours of the author and others, notably Mr. Dover Wilson, Dr. W. W. Greg, Mr. W. Jaggard, Mr. Alfred Huth, Mr. William Neidig, Mr. Percy Simpson, and Sir Edward Maunde Thompson are mentioned, there follow the four lectures, reprinted and revised, which were delivered in November, 1915, in the University of Cambridge under the terms of the Sandars Readership in Bibliography. The central idea of these lectures is that early editions upon which a text of Shakespeare's plays must be built, are a good deal closer to the original manuscripts than most of the text-builders have allowed. The chapters dealing with this and kindred problems are entitled: *The Regulation of The Book Trade in the Sixteenth Century; Authors, Players and Pirates in Shakespeare's Day; The Manuscripts of Shakespeare's Plays; and The Improvers of Shakespeare*. Of course there is an Index.

It would be rather difficult to single out such passages as stand out conspicuously by their importance, but I should like to call attention to the various proclamations of the sixteenth century in connection with the book trade. We hear of several proclamations being issued by divers kings and queens, but they seem to have had very little effect. Here is the close of one by Edward VI given on the 28th of April, 1551, (Mr. Pollard calls it a querulous proclamation on the worst possible lines) which I quote for curiosity's sake:

And forbicause diuers Printers, Bokeselers, anke Plaiers of Enterludes, without consideration or regarde to the quiet of the realme, do print, sel, and play whatsoever any light and phantastical hed listeth to inuent and deuise, whereby many inconueniences hath, and dayly doth arise and follow, amonge the kinges maiesties louying and faithful subjects: His highnes therefore straightly chargeth and commaundeth that from henceforth, no printer or other person do print nor sel, within this Realme or any other his (sic) maiestis dominions, any matter in thenglish tong, nor they nor any other person, do sel, or otherwise dispose abroad any matter, printed in any forreyn dominion in thenglishe tongue, onles thesame be firste allowed by his maiestie, or his priuie counsayl in writing signed with his maiesties most gracious hand or the handes of sixe of his sayd priuie counsayl, upon payne of Imprisonment, without baile or mayneprice, and further fine at his maiesties pleasor.

In other proclamations we find trespassers threatened with banishment, confiscation, and other punishments, but human nature apparently remained human nature still, and love of gain did its work as well as in our own times.

Particularly interesting also is the story of the publication of Shakespeare Quarto's p. 48 sqq., and though now and again some doubts may arise, I believe the author's standpoint towards the quartos is on the whole plausible and sound. Summing up his views on the subject Mr. Pollard recapitulates the contents of his book as follows:

"It has been the object of these papers to show that the Quarto's regularly entered on the Registers of the Stationers' Company were neither stolen nor surreptitious. I have gone further than this by bringing together some little evidence that some at least of these editions may have been set up from Shakespeare's autograph manuscript, and have further dangled before my

readers the hope that in some of these much vilified texts there may yet survive evidence of how Shakespeare meant some of his great speeches to be delivered. This is as far as bibliography can take us".

A very pleasant and convincing little book.

EDWARD B. KOSTER.

The Works of Shakespeare edited for the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press by SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH and JOHN DOVER WILSON, 1921—

This new Shakespeare edition 'nimble and sweetly recommends itself' unto our eyes by its artistic exterior. To see such tasteful volumes on his shelves is in itself a pleasure for the booklover. Fortunately on perusal the first highly favourable impression is not in the least impaired. This edition has indeed so many good points, that it is difficult to imagine it soon superseded by another. The Cambridge Shakespeare will in our opinion take pride of place among Shakespeare editions for many years to come.

A survey of the contents of the first volume *The Tempest* will show what wealth of matter is put at the student's disposition. After an excellent reproduction of the Droeshout portrait, we find a general introduction by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, in which he traces "Shakespeare's progress towards canonisation" with abundant quotations and references and some original and penetrating observations on Shakespeare's art. It is followed by a textual introduction by Mr. Wilson who explains by what principles he has been guided in the handling of his material. He tells us, that in the last decade the study of Shakespeare texts has been given a new trend by three discoveries. The first is that of Mr. Pollard, who demonstrated that 'dramatic MSS. which reached the printer's hands in Shakespeare's day were generally theatrical prompt-copy, that many of these are likely to have been in the author's autograph, and that therefore the first editions, the quartos in particular, possess a much higher authority than editors have hitherto been inclined to allow them.'

The second by Mr. Percy Simpson, who showed that the stops in the folios and quartos are not the 'haphazard peppering of ignorant compositors, as all previous editors have regarded them, but play-house punctuation directing the actors how to speak their lines'.

The third by Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, who has made it seem very probable, that 'one of several hands found in the confused and partially revised manuscript play *Sir Thomas More* was that of Shakespeare himself, and that therefore we now have three pages of authentic Shakespearian copy in our possession.'

These discoveries are surely of sufficient import to justify a new careful study of the accepted texts. As, however, the results attained by making use of them are here shown for the first time, so that they could not yet be verified and definitely approved of by other scholars, the present editors have prudently relegated the emendations they propose to the Notes, and except in a very few cases no changes have been made in the text itself. After Mr. Wilson's very interesting discussion of these discoveries, there follows an introduction to *The Tempest* by Q., a portrait of Elisabeth, a 'Note on Punctuation' and then after the play itself, a discussion of the copy used, a facsimile of 16 lines from the 'Shakespeare' addition to *Sir Thomas More* with a Transcript, twenty pages of Notes on corrupt or doubtful

passages, a short piece on the Stage History of *The Tempest* by Harold Child and lastly a Glossary in which difficult words or expressions used in an unfamiliar meaning, besides puns and quibbles are explained.

The only feature of this admirable edition which we cannot quite appreciate is the insertion of stage-directions. In general we can hardly imagine a reason important enough to justify any tampering with the text of a classic — excepting of course the correction of obvious printer's errors. It is true that stage-directions leave the actual text untouched, yet indirectly they may influence the meaning of a line or a passage and sometimes they are even intended to do so. An editor who undertakes the exceedingly delicate task of adding such material of his own, is foredoomed to err either by giving too much or by giving too little. If he makes bold to invent ample and frequent directions, such as a reader expects to find in a modern play, he will almost certainly offend by insinuating his own opinions and predilections too strongly; if, on the other hand, he restricts himself to a few harmless words, to indications which — as is so often the case in Shakespeare's plays — can be very easily derived from the dialogue, they serve no useful purpose. Fortunately the editors of the present edition have on the whole followed the latter course, which is at any rate far less censurable than the first; they have been diffident and circumspect, but while thus avoiding offence they have contributed little if anything to the clearness of the action.

The three other volumes published till now: *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Measure for Measure* — the editors follow for an inscrutable reason the order of the First Folio — keep up the very high standard of the first. In some parts — notably in the Introduction to *The Merry Wives of Windsor* — new and interesting theories are propounded, which we intend to discuss in a following number.

A. G. VAN KRANENDONK.

Die Englische Literatur der Neuesten Zeit. Von DR. LEON KELLNER.
Leipzig, Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1921.

The writer of a book like this takes upon himself a threefold task. First of all we expect from him, that he shall provide us with a reliable and well-furnished storehouse of the mere facts of literature; secondly that he shall interpret these data — indicate their interrelation, connect them with social and political phenomena, arrange them into a historical summary; thirdly we may expect some æsthetic valuation of at least the chief works of art mentioned.

Even a very exacting student will, we think, be satisfied with the mass of information put at his disposal in the four hundred large pages of this tastefully bound, well printed volume. Of every-one of the authors treated — even the minor ones — he will find a complete list of works and, what is a valuable feature of the book, a good and often extensive list of books and articles in which he can find further information and criticism. Of the more important figures full biographies are given besides notes on: "Persönlichkeit, Weltanschauung, Einfluss, Stellung in der Literatur, Geistverwandte Dichter, Schriftstellerische Art" and so on, while those curious in such matters will be glad to learn, that even about the lives of minor men they may find carefully collated details, which, though at the first blush they may seem of lesser importance in the history of literature or perhaps

not even strictly necessary to a right understanding of a work of art, are extremely interesting "an und für sich." We mean e.g. a scrupulous precision of proper names as in:

"Philip Bourke Marston 1850—1887, der Sohn des Dramatikers John Westland Marston, bei dessen Taufe Philip James Bailey und Dinah Maria Mulock Gevatterschaft standen...." (p. 268). —

Or a religiously exact enumeration of place (and hotel!) names as in: "(Thomas Lovell Beddoes) er erschien wie ein Irrlicht in Baden (im Aargau), Giesen, Basel, Straszburg, Mannheim, Mainz, Frankfurt am Main, London, dann wieder in Frankfurt, wo er mit einem Bäckergehilfen namens Degen innigste Freundschaft schloß, endlich im Storchhotel zu Basel, wo er in Jahre 1849 Gift nahm und starb" (p. 175). —

Or again a narration of lively biographical incident as: "Horne (Richard Hengist).... In der Bucht von Vera Cruz wurde er beinahe von einem Haifisch gefressen...." (p. 174).

But the author has by no means restricted himself to an accumulation of biographical facts. He sees the 'main currents' in the spiritual life of the epoch as well as any other writer and so we read e.g. that: "Die Wurzeln der neuen Literatur vielfach ins 18 Jahrhundert hineinragen", or that "Um die Mitte des 19 Jahrhunderts die Seele der Frau im englischen Schrifttum zum Wort kam" or that: "Der Naturalismus Zolas fast zwei Jahrzehnte brauchte um den Weg nach London zu finden" and many more well-known truths like these. But in the whole chapter 'Das Gepräge des Zeitalters' with its sequel: 'Einige Hauptmerkmale der Viktorianischen Literatur', we failed to find anything new or personal, anything giving evidence of a more than ordinary historical or philosophical insight.

The principle that has determined the order in which the great figures of the epoch have been treated, is found, somewhat curiously worded, in the preface:

"Dies ist das Buch der Könige die da herrschten im Reiche des englischen Schrifttums vom Jahre 1837 bis zum Jahre 1901."

He then gives a row of the names and dates of these kings, reminding us of the chronological tables in our schoolbooks of history:

"Im Jahre 1837, dem Jahre der Pickwickier, kommt Charles Dickens auf den Thron, das Jahr 1838 bringt Edward Bulwer seinen grossen Theatererfolg; 1839 erobert Carlyle die erste Stelle unter den lehrhaften Schriftstellern seiner Zeit; 1843 rückt das Lied vom Hemd den Stern des armen, verbrauchten Thomas Hood ins Gesichtsfeld des grossen Publikums..." etc.

In this order then — 'nach den Höhepunkten der Anerkennung' — the 'kings' are treated, so that e.g. the two great novelists Dickens and Thackeray are discussed apart, separated by seventy pages on Bulwer, Carlyle, Thomas Hood, Disraeli and their followers. Has this method really such great advantages over that which keeps the novelists, the critics, the poets, the historians of the period together in separate chapters? Surely the kings did not reign for one or two years, replacing one another, but during the whole period. In 1846, the year of *Vanity Fair*, the influence and popularity of Dickens was as strong as that of Thackeray, if not much stronger. In 1843 '*Das Lied vom Hemd*' did not set Carlyle's teaching aside, nor did in 1847 *Jane Eyre* cause a revolution in the English mentality; by that time and much later the influence of all the other great writers since 1837 was still far stronger than that exercised by Charlotte Brontë and so it seems pretty immaterial, whether in a history of the Victorian period Carlyle is treated before or after Thomas Hood and somewhat arbitrary and fanciful

to keep Dickens and Thackeray far apart simply because the latter's first great success came a few years after the first literary victory of the former. Moreover Dr. Kellner's method is hardly more strictly chronological than that generally followed by writers of literary history. They give us first a history of the poetry of a period, then a history of the novel, of criticism etc. Dr. Kellner begins with the year 1837 and treating Dickens and his imitators he carries us as far as about 1890, then he jumps back to 1838 and traces the history of Bulwer's influence up to about 1900, then we are taken back again to 1839, Carlyle, and so on. How this mixing up of novels, poems, criticism, etc., this constant harking back to the beginning of the period can have 'den groszen Vorzug der Einfachkeit' the author claims for it, we fail to see. But Dr. Kellner seems to attach great importance to his treatment of authors in the order of their first great success. Unfortunately he has kept the reasons for his preference in the dark, throwing out only some modest hints about the elaborate study and long cogitation that preceded the taking of the decisive step:

"Wollte ich alle meine methodische Erwägungen und Versuche die dem endgültigen Entschlusse vorangingen, hier auseinandersetzen, so würden sie eine Schrift für sich geben, "Wie soll man Literaturgeschichte schreiben?" und zwar würde sie die verwandte Arbeit Luzians bei weitem an Umfang übertreffen".

We think Dr. Kellner sets far too high a value on 'Anordnung' in general and on his own method in particular. As a matter of fact the quality of the various essays on great men of the period, which form the gist of the work, is of incomparably greater importance than any order whichever.

On the whole these essays form interesting reading. Those on the older writers are, we think, the best. We may especially note the one on Dickens with its clever analysis of Dickens's humour; the fine study of Carlyle, in which notably the chapter on 'C. und Goethe', and 'C. und der deutsche Idealismus' contain many original remarks; those on Thackeray, Disraeli, the Sisters Brontë; also the chapter on Stevenson, which gives a very good idea of Stevenson's personality and work and a just estimation of the artistic value of his imitators.

Towards the end of the book there is, however, a decided falling off. It seems, that Dr. Kellner has devoted much less study to the newer writers than he has given to the old familiar Victorian figures. The title his work bears on the cover: 'Die Englische Literatur der neuesten Zeit' is somewhat misleading, since on the strength of it a reader might reasonably expect to find at least a few words devoted to men as Galsworthy, Arnold Bennet, Compton Mackenzie, Lawrence, Walpole, Cannan, Walter de la Mare, Rupert Brooke, Gibson and a host of others whose names are not even mentioned.

The author would have done better to have kept the original title: 'Englische Literatur im Zeitalter der Königin Victoria', for the few additions have not really changed the character of his book, hardly any writer or work later than 1901 having been treated.

As a history of Victorian literature, especially of its older stage, Dr. Kellner's book has its value on account of some scholarly studies on the greatest representatives of the period. Those, however, who want to get some insight into the present state of English literature, its currents and tendencies, the work of the artists of the *newest* times, will find this volume of very little use.

A. G. v. K.

A Dictionary of Military Terms. By E. S. FARROW. London, The Library Press Ltd. 1919. \$ 3.50.

A book of this kind was bound to come. As was to be expected, Germany was the first in the field with her lexicon of war words, France followed suit with two or three, and now, at last though not yet too late, we have one in English. But unfortunately it is a blessing in disguise, so to speak, hailing as it does from New York City and not from London Town, although it was published in the latter place. This being the case, it presents only one aspect of the subject, viz. the American. At any rate the latter predominates, which is of course quite natural. Though this is a drawback, it is one of minor importance after all, since in this particular domain of the language of languages there is on many points no difference between official Yankese and English pure and undefiled. Another drawback of the book under review, viz. the fact that it will be far from easy for the foreign and the non-military reader to discover where the two languages do differ, might have been easily done away with. It would be unfair, however, not to state that in this direction there is some help from the author, who occasionally adds a bracketed [English] to his explanation. The only thing to be regretted is that this practice has not been followed right through the book. Is, e.g., *Leonard powder* an English or an American invention? The same question may be asked with regard to *Fogerty gun*, under which entry there is no indication at all as to the nationality of the true begetter of this weapon. The case is different with, for instance, *Abbertini gun*: "a form of battery gun having ten barrels as in the Requa battery". Now, the *Requa battery* being "a kind of mitrailleuse, used at the siege of Charleston in 1863", we feel at once on solid, i.e., American ground.

From the above instances it may be seen that the usual type of reference book has become altogether inadequate for the student who wants to know all there is to know about the latest development of English as a world language under the influence of the most terrific war ever waged in the history of mankind. But what is seen as clearly is the fact that even this special dictionary does not meet all the student's wants, however grateful he may be for what he is given. And there is sufficient cause for gratitude, for not only the smaller dictionaries but also the larger ones, the model N. E. D. not excepted, have become utterly out of date as regards war words as we know them, the larger being even greater sinners by omission than their numerous more or less pocketable offspring in consequence of their being worse sellers, thus missing the opportunity of a repeated if not regular re-edition — with or without an appendix. Many of these war words, it is true, have already been consigned to unrecorded oblivion, not even *verba et nihil ultra*, yet many there are, too, that will live as long as the immortal unknown soldier who once breathed his soul into them on the stricken field, each of them not only a word but *monumentum aere perennius*, for ever honouring the brave brother-at-arms or branding the brutal foe with the mark of the beast. Will *poilu* and *Boche* ever be ousted from the dictionary? It is a consummation devoutly to be wished, but, alas, as long as the word *revenge* as a military term (not given) is not obliterated from human memory *lasciate ogni speranza*, you conchies and pacifists and... peaceful lexicographers! Mr. Farrow's book is also a monument, a monument to the living and at the same time a memento for the dead in the realm of words. His past work on a *Military Encyclopedia* from his pen has stood him in good stead as a groundwork for his undertaking. But considering

this circumstance, are we not justified in asking ourselves why he has not drawn a rigid line of demarcation between the two, so that he that runs may read and find immediately what he is looking for, that is to say the new words of Armageddon birth, ephemeral as their life may be or have been. How many readers will be interested in the dead material given? Such a demarcation would have been an easy task for the author, since no existing source new or old has been neglected by him and many terms and expressions have been obtained from documents in the U. S. War Department, still others being secured from foreign War Offices, works of reference, and the most recent field reports of actual observations on the battlefields of Europe. All this is given and more, for an effort has been made to include in one volume brief descriptions of all important military terms and inventions of ancient and modern times, whereas a considerable quantity of slang and matter pertaining to foreign armies has also been introduced.

As regards slang, we are obliged to Mr. F. for such contributions as *fly-specker*, in the sense of the French *abruti*, "a plodding cadet"; *pepper-box*, another name for the *Allen pistol*, first manufactured by Ethan Allen and a favourite weapon with the "fortyniners"; *joe-emma*, and others not even recorded in the New Webster, which, being of a later date, might have laid Mr. Farrow's work under contribution. But to our great surprise we miss such familiars as, e.g. (*Big*) *Bertha* of universal fame, although the far less renowned *Big Boys* are honoured with an entry. What the student will sorely regret, too, is the lack of graphic authentic quotations illustrating the use of the words dealt with. Let us hope that the new compilation to be issued under the auspices of the Army War Museum will make a living thing of the present skeleton by means of the vast mass of matter placed at its disposal. A model book of the kind by the way, is Gaston Esnault's *Le Poilu tel qu'il se parle*, published by Bossard (Paris, 1919) In this connection I make free to refer the author to the word *arrosage*, not only a French term meaning "the moistening of gunpowder in manufacture", but also: "bombardement méthodique", as may be seen from Esnault's book. This is not the only word that might have come in for fuller treatment. Take, e.g., the never absent *Alboche*, according to Mr. F.: "a slang term of the trenches applied to all countries having German affinities." Applied by whom? That is the question, for the French *Alboche* is simply a perverted *Allemand*, the former word being the original of the more widely used apocope *Boche*, not only applied to the German Soldier (F.), but also to the German in general, the Austrians being the *Austroboches*. The word is not an abbreviation of the French word *Caboche*, as Mr. F. would have it. I refer the author to Esnault's book again, where it says: "L'origine du suffixe *boche* est obscure, on peut l'attribuer à des mots usuels, comme *caboche*, ou argotiques, comme *saboche*, de *sabot*, comme *liboche*; mais c'est déjà une explication provisoirement suffisante de le rattacher à d'autres suffixes qui offrent la même consonne d'appui, ...*broque*, *bif*, *bi*, *baque*, *bard*, et surtout à ceux qui offrent, sous la même structure de consonnes que *boche*, la même nuance des diverses voyelles: *bèche*, *-biche*, *-bige*, *-bache*, *-buche*". (p. 37).

However, I have not space enough at my command to go deeper into this *querelle d'Allemand*, so I leave it at that to turn to a good English term, culled from the very first page, to wit, *able-bodied*, as applied to one who is physically competent as a soldier for all duty. But in England the term is also used with reference to the Navy to indicate a special class of seaman, the A. B. Strange to say, even the N. E. D. is silent on this

point, which has not escaped the editors of the C. O. D., that masterpiece of conscientiously scientific condensation. The word is also fully and admirably treated in the new Webster. As was already pointed out above, some words entitled to a place in this dictionary are conspicuous only by their absence. Is not, to quote another instance, *according to plan*, the German *planmässig*, a very living and perhaps immortal — at any rate in history — military term, still widely used, especially outside its military sphere, in books and newspapers? Nevertheless it cannot be traced in Mr. Farrow's volume. Further (to confine myself to the letter A) the student will fail to find A. P. O. C. (?), *acceptance officer*, *action front* and *action rear*, *aërobatics* (as a companion to *aërodonetics*), *agony-waggon*, *agricultural officer*, *aid-post*, *air base*, *air bomb*, *air bump*, *air circus* (of Richthofen fame), *air merchant*, *air padre*, *air tractor*, *Allemand*, *all-round traverse*, *Ally Sloper's Cavalry*, *Amex* (an abbreviation for American Expeditionary Force), *angary* (English form of *angaria* duly given), *the angel's whisper* (the equivalent of the Dutch military bugle call "sokken verkocht"), *anti-flash gear*, *anti-Zeppelin bullet*, *Antrim* (Irish soldier from Antrim), *area controller*, *armament school*, *army compounder*, *artillery duel*, *Aussie* (Australian Soldier — cf. *Sammy and Tommy*).

I will not, however, lay down my pen without a word of cordial thanks to the author for his instructive, interesting and stimulating book, which, in spite of its shortcomings, may prove a great help to the general reader, who is of course less exacting than your professional lexicographer. Living in the glasshouse of publicity myself, it is not for me to throw critical stones at my brethren of the Johnsonian quill, yet a word of warning may not come amiss to some of our dictionary revisers and revivers, who will be confronted with such howlers as, for instance, *Black Maria* = "soort groot kanon, kogel", or *pipsqueaks* = „kanonnen, kogels" again, not to mention ephemeral *dixies* = potatoes (of all things!) where camp-kettles were meant, and a now exploded *barrage* = „belemmering vóór de loopgraven"! The very original spiritual fathers of these monsters would do wisely to invest some of their hard-earned copy-money in Farrow and study its contents from cover to cover. Its 676 pages would not be too much even as an impot.

Maastricht, Nov. 1921.

F. P. H. PRICK VAN WELY.

Brief Mention.

Lessons in English Grammar. By E. KRUISINGA and J. H. SCHUTT. Kemink. Utrecht, 1922. 175 + 15 pp. f 3.25.

In a way this booklet may be looked upon as a companion volume to the second volume of the *Handbook*, which was announced in the April number of *English Studies*. But the student is also frequently referred to other books, especially Jespersen's *Syntax* and some studies by Stoffel. Its aim is to show learners how they should study grammar, chiefly syntax, not by theoretical discussion but by practical examples.

The value of the study of the living stage of a language for scientific purposes is discussed in the introduction; in this connection we quote here the words of one of the leaders in Anglistic studies, professor Luick, who wrote recently: „Ich bin schon lange der ansicht (und vertrete sie in meinen vorlesungen), dass viele feinere syntaktische studien nur an der lebenden sprache gemacht werden können, weil der vorstellungsinhalt den der sprechende mit einer form oder fügung verknüpft, unmittelbar beobachtet werden kann.... Genaueste beobachtung des lebenden sprachgebrauches ist daher auf dem gebiete der syntax ganz besonders wichtig."

E. K.
J. H. S.

„Ik zeg je, Peter,” zei Mevrouw Emming tot haar man, een geacht geneesheer en burger van Berlijn, „dat Mevrouw Van Pelten niets mankeert; ze is alleen ziek van verlangen naar haar man en haar kind.”

„Weet je het weer beter dan ik?” vroeg hij plagend, terwijl hij haar in de wang kneep en zich bukte om haar te kussen. Ze was veel kleiner en aanmerkelijk jonger dan hij: niemand zou dan ook gedacht hebben, dat dit kinderlijke vrouwtje, behalve ander kroost, al een tienjarigen zoon had. „En hoe is Mevrouw tot deze diagnose gekomen?”

„Wel, als ze bij ons komt, kijkt ze niet om naar de jongens, maar Marietje verwent en vertroetelt ze, zelfs meer dan mij lief is. Ze heeft me al een keer of vijf gevraagd, hoe oud ze is; tien tegen één, dat haar eigen dochtertje van denzelfden leeftijd is, en blonde krullen en blauwe oogen heeft, net als ons kind. Trouwens, Mevrouw is zelf ook blond: het zou dus best kunnen.”

Dit gesprek tusschen den dokter en zijn vrouw had plaats in de gang van hun echtelijke woning, een ruim bovenhuis van één verdieping in één der Berlijnsche voorsteden, terwijl Mevrouw Emming haar man in zijn overjas hielp en daarna uitliet, een kleine vriendelijkheid, die ze hem elken dag, als hij zijn patienten ging bezoeken, bewees. Het was een morgen in 't begin van Mei, mooi, maar tamelijk frisch, en aangezien de dokter graag in een open voertuig reed, had ze hem met moederlijke bezorgdheid overgehaald niet zonder overjas uit te gaan.

„En wat zou je dan aanraden te doen?” hervatte Dr. Emming. „Ik zou berglucht voorschrijven, haar naar Zwitserland sturen, naar dat plaatsje waar haar man woont, je weet wel, waar ze dien tunnel aan 't bouwen zijn, en — de rest komt vanzelf”, antwoordde ze op vertrouwelijke toon.

„Haar naar Kandersteg zenden?” zei de dokter peinzend, „hm, ik zal er eens over denken.” Hij deelde niet het vaste geloof van zijn vrouw, dat deze twee trotsche mensthen weer tot elkaar te brengen zouden zijn. Eigenlijk was hij een beetje huiverig in zoo'n intieme aangelegenheid als een soort van bemiddelaar op te treden.

De dokter liep vlug de trap af, maar vóór hij in zijn auto stapte, keek hij naar boven en wuifde met de hand tegen zijn beide jongste kinderen, die hun neusjes plat drukten tegen het raam om Paatje te zien weggrijden. Terwijl de auto de straten doorvloog, haalde Dr. Emming een notitieboekje te voorschijn met de lijst van zijn patienten en keek het eenige minuten in. Bij den naam van Pelten kwamen hem onwillekeurig de woorden van zijn vrouw in de gedachten. Haar idee was misschien nog zoo kwaad niet. Er bestond altijd eenige kans, dat er een verzoening tot stand gebracht zou kunnen worden tusschen den heer Van Pelten en zijn vrouw. Ze hadden wel een hevigen twist gehad, maar het was geweest over een betrekkelijk onbeduidende zaak. Toch had dit tot een volslagen vervreemding geleid. Geen van beiden kon echter iets ergers dan overmatige trots en koppigheid verweten worden. Misschien zou het gemis van elkanders bijzijn hen langzamerhand wel zachter gestemd hebben. Bij nader overleg besloot de dokter dus op den raad zijner vrouw in te gaan.

Reviews.

Language, its nature, development and origin. By OTTO JESPERSEN.
London, George Allen & Unwin Ltd. 1922. 448 p. 18 sh. net.

All the numerous details of this new book by Jespersen marshal around the great problem of the general principle of the evolution of language, which the author, in his last chapter (p. 429) defines as follows: “The evolution of language shows a progressive tendency from inseparable irregular conglomerations to freely and regularly combinable short elements”. In the very earliest period, when language was originating, these “conglomerations” consisted in the songs by which primitive man gave utterance to his emotions, in special to that of love, and only very gradually did the primitive communities begin to see in these long groups of syllables the names of the phenomena and facts to which those emotions referred. And then commenced the evolution that lasted for several millennia, towards ever simpler forms, the evolution via the more complicated systems of language, which we know among the Indians e.g. and the already less synthetic systems of e.g. Sanskrit and Latin, to the strongly analytical systems, such as those of French, Danish and especially English.

These ideas are not new to those who know Jespersen's "Progress in Language", but all the same this is an entirely new book, owing to the abundance of new material and the clear arrangement of it. The author once more proves himself a master who stands above the problems, who does not allow himself to be caught by the doctrine of any particular school, and who applies the necessary criticism to his own ideas as well. He praises Madvig and Whitney for "the sobriety of their reasoning and their superior clearness of thought"; these are also his own qualities, but he escapes the error that he notes in them of reconstructing primitive men to their own image "as serious and well-meaning men endowed with a large share of common-sense" (p. 433).

Jespersen's ideas on the evolution of language have already had a great influence, and nowadays most scholars will probably agree with him that languages show a general tendency towards an evolution from a complicated synthetic system to a simpler analytic system. Jespersen considers this evolution as progress: "that language ranks highest which goes farthest in the art of accomplishing much with little means, or, in other words, which is able to express the greatest amount of meaning with the simplest mechanism" (p. 324). This is of course no longer the statement of a demonstrable or refutable fact, it is a personal valuation, and just as much as a man is at liberty not to think that society an ideal one that combines a maximum output with a minimum of labour, where material life goes without a hitch, so to say, so it is not necessary for us to rejoice with Jespersen at the fact that languages in general are more and more able "to express the greatest amount of meaning with the simplest mechanism". The oldest language was more poetical than the more modern languages, says Jespersen; are we to rejoice at such a development? Do we not notice repeatedly, in various fields of human activity, that all progress in a certain direction is apt to be attended by the loss of much that is sympathetic in another field? During the time that I often used to speak with Russian men and women from the people, I was fascinated again and again by their fine way of telling things; in general our own people are far behind them in this respect. And folksongs like the Russian we do not possess by far. And Puškin, as a poet, is unsurpassed in European literature. Am I, none the less, to consider Dutch, Danish or English superior as compared with Russian because the latter employs a great number of flexional forms and more long word formations? It may be true that for handling a more synthetic language more complicated psychic processes are required, but a man who speaks such a language as his mother tongue does not suffer the slightest discomfort therefrom, and one does not detect any more rapid mental wear in him than among us and our likes. I for one prefer to be content with noting evolution in language without speaking of progress or retrogression.

The main line along which the evolution of language progresses is intimately linked up with the evolution of communities. And the separate moments in the history of separate languages will also probably have to be considered in connection with social phenomena. But as soon as we come to details, we are faced with great difficulties. Great popularity was and is still enjoyed by the "substratum theory", which accounts for linguistic change from the adoption of a language by a population that formerly spoke another language. Anyone feels that this doctrine contains a kernel of truth, but none the less it can only account for a very small portion of the facts of linguistic change. The critical consideration of the "substratum theory," and the reduction of its scope to more modest proportions are a very successful part of Jespersen's

book. At the same time he, too, has not found the formula that explains, once and for all, the enigma of the phenomena of linguistic change. Besides the not entirely deniable influence of the ethnical substratum he believes especially in two social factors: "In the first place, the influence of parents, and grown-up people generally, may be less than usual, because an unusual number of parents may be away from home, as in great wars of long duration, or may have been killed off, as in the great plagues Secondly, there may be periods in which the ordinary restraints on linguistic change make themselves less felt than usual, because the whole community is animated by a strong feeling of independence and wants to break loose from social ties of many kinds, including those of a powerful school organization or literary tradition" (p. 260). It is not to be denied that similar social conditions may and must further rapid linguistic change, but they can no more be considered as the general or even as the principal cause of linguistic change than the influence of the ethnical substratum. I should like to point out two things for which an adequate explanation still remains to be given:

1. Although the "junggrammatische" view of sound law and analogy puts too simple a construction on the facts, the history of language not only reveals to us sound laws, but even groups of sound laws which operate in a common tendency. Thus Primitive Slavonic has eliminated all falling diphthongs and all final consonants, in consequence of a tendency towards "free contact" and a rising wave of sonority. How do such tendencies originate? Our insight into the interaction between the individual and the crowd must become considerably clearer and more concrete before such a question can be answered.

2. When from a language a number of younger languages have developed that exist fairly independently from each other, sometimes even entirely apart, we are often struck by a strong parallelism in development, as if their history were pre-determined in its main features. Meillet has drawn attention to this more than once. How is this? No one has answered this question yet, nor has Jespersen done so by pointing to the isolated life of groups of children and to the sense of independence of entire communities of men as the causes of intensive linguistic change.

Thus Jespersen's new book is not, any more than his former writings, the last word on the great problems that occupy him and every philologist. But it does belong to the best of what has been written on them. Our knowledge will not have got beyond the period of question marks for some time to come, each new theory is capable of being contested, supplemented and improved. But this labour of correction must be done with an unprejudiced mind and Jespersen is eminently unprejudiced. Some have seen in "sound symbolism" a main factor in the origin and history of language, others have stoutly denied this theory; a sober critical examination of the question is to be found in Jespersen. In how far does the development of children's speech give us an image of that of the speech of mankind? A clearer discussion of the question than Jespersen gives us cannot be desired; of far-reaching theories only that is kept which can stand sound criticism. And thus it is with every new problem that Jespersen brings within the scope of his investigation.

In this way his book has great value for everyone who is interested in the fundamental problems of philology, and it will keep its value as long as the reading public prefers an unprejudiced judgment to doctrinaire theories.

Leiden.

N. VAN WIJK.

The English School of Lutenist Song-writers. Transcribed, Scored and Edited from the Original Editions, by E. H. FELLOWES, M.A., Mus. Doc. John Dowland, First Book of Aires (1597). Part I. Nos. 1—10. Winthrop Rogers (18 Berners Street W. 1) 1920. — 5/—.

I have in my possession a dainty, green volume, (cheap at the pre-war price of one shilling), entitled *Lyrics from the Song-Books of the Elizabethan Age*, and edited by that distinguished literary veteran, the late Mr. A. H. Bullen. This handy volume has beguiled many an idle hour, and has often set me wondering about the tunes to which these lyrical gems were sung. Names like Byrd, Kirbye, Campion, John Dowland, conveyed nothing to me, although I understood quite well that their work was something very unlike Schubert's. And again I had occasion to be vexed at my defective equipment as a teacher of English and English literature.

An average Hollander will, on hearing about English songs, think of two types, and two types only. The one is the modern music hall song, the other is the sentimental wail, beloved of Mid-Victorian drawing-rooms, and not nearly unpopular yet, when things are looked into. Ah, what pleasant tears have been drawn from perfectly willing eyes by such beautiful songs as 'Nita, Juanita', and 'The Cottage by the Sea', and 'Won't you Buy my Pretty Flowers'!

To such a believer in the negligibleness and the insipidity of English song — of course he does not know 'Come, Lasses and Lads', or 'Since First I Saw your Face', or 'A-hunting We Will Go', or 'Gather your Rosebuds while ye May' — the scholarly work of Dr. E. H. Fellowes should come as a revelation.

John Dowland was a lutenist, a performer on the lute. The 'General Preface' tells us many interesting things about the school of which he was the chief adornment. Its career was shortlived but brilliant, beginning with Dowland's first volume in 1597 and practically ending with the same composer's *A Pilgrim's Solace* published in 1612. 'During this period some thirty volumes, or sets, were issued, of which copies have survived to our own time.... The words were set by these Lutenist composers with a true appreciation of their poetic value; their sole purpose was to enhance the beauty of the recitation of such lines through the medium of simple musical expression as opposed to any idea of elaborate device.'

Dr. Fellowes gives two versions of each song. There is a literal version, which when played upon a harpsichord should produce an effect closely approaching that of the lute. But there is also an alternative version intended for the modern piano, in which 'the original barring of the voice-part has been somewhat modified with the object of simplifying the interpretation of the music. The principle of irregularity in this matter has been retained, and.... the crotchet (or minim) unit remains constant in value right through each song, whatever may be the variations of rhythm.'

John Dowland was of Irish extraction, his name being originally Doolan. According to his editor, he was not only one of the greatest song-writers that England has ever produced, but he is to be placed unhesitatingly among the world's greatest song-writers of all time. Personally I hesitate to place him as high as that supreme master of song, the gentle and genial Austrian Franz Schubert, who combines the most exquisite melodies with simply marvellous pictorial qualities. I am even inclined to rate him a little lower than Lawes or Purcell. But he deserves to be known and appreciated as he was in Elizabethan times, when he celebrated triumphs all over the Continent. And the book is to be warmly recommended to such members of the English

Association in Holland as are willing to oblige social gatherings with a song, and are anxious to lay hands on a musical volume whose quaint contents are sure to appeal.

WILLEM VAN DOORN.

The vicissitudes of the Chapbook will be dealt with in our next number.

Two Americans on Dryden.

The Poetry of John Dryden: By MARK VAN DOREN. — Harcourt, Brace and Howe. 1920. —

John Dryden and a British Academy: By Professor OLIVER F. EMERSON (Western Reserve University, U.S.A.). — From the Proceedings of the British Academy, Vol. X, Milford. 1921. — 1/6.

Two very dissimilar things; one, a book, well and warmly written, a rehabilitation of Dryden, the poet; the other, a sober treatise, setting forth Dryden's merits as a student of his mother-tongue. Both are welcome.

The romantic conception of poetry, prevalent, nay rampant, from the time of Rousseau down to our days, and not nearly extinct yet, has always been hostile to literary work like Dryden's, giant though he indisputably is. But the realm of poetry is not a church, or, if it really must be circumscribed by certain tenets, we should be careful to reject any that would leave Dryden outside. True, he cannot poetize over a primrose by a river's brim, but he can draw characters. True, he has not any stool 'to be melancholy upon', but he has much intermittently flowing humour. True, he is unequal, like Wordsworth, but where he falls below his level, he — unlike Wordsworth — does not make the impression of mistaking his own dulness for inspired wisdom. And granted that his colouring is not subdued and that he does not scumble his outlines, — does that prevent him from being an artist?

'Latterly the critics with historical bent and eclectic taste have been busy either at placing Dryden in time or at explaining his imperfections by an appeal to the shortcomings of the audience for which he wrote. This tasting and this research have done much to lay bare huge flaws and inequalities in the surface which Dryden presented to posterity. Little has been done in the way of exploring the large spirit which worked beneath that surface, or in surveying other surfaces less conspicuous.... The story of Dryden's poetry is the story of a sinewy mind attacking bulky materials.' Not unfrequently the sinewy mind loses vigour, so that the bulky material gets diluted, as we find it diluted in a poet who must have been dear to Mr. Mark van Doren's Dutch forbears, long-winded Jacob Cats:

'As when a sudden storm of hail and rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded grain,
Think not the hopes of harvest are destroyed
On the flat field, and on the naked void;
The light unloaded stem, from tempest freed,
Will raise the youthful honours of his head;
And, soon restored by native vigour, bear
The timely product of the bounteous year.'

(Britannia Rediviva.)

More often, however, the poet warms with his subject, e.g. where he gives free renderings of eloquent passages in Lucretius, his favourite Latin author. Then there is a passionate, jerky movement in his verse, which rouses and stirs

'We, who are dead and gone, shall bear no part
 In all the pleasures, nor shall feel the smart
 Which to that other mortal shall accrue
 Whom of our matter time shall mold anew.
 For backward if you look on that long space
 Of ages past, and view the changing face
 Of matter, tossed and variously combined
 In sundry shapes, 't is easy for the mind
 From thence t' infer, that seeds of things have been
 In the same order as they now are seen;
 Which yet our dark remembrance cannot trace,
 Because a pause of life, a gaping space,
 Has come betwixt, where memory lies dead,
 And all the wandering motions from the sense are fled.')

And if Dryden's songs 'never go deeper than the painted fires of conventional Petrarchan love' (Mr. van Doren's metaphor seems rather curious), he is the master of the prologue and epilogue in English. The ninety-five pieces which he is known to have composed for delivery from the front of the Restoration stage, "give, more adequately than any other division of his work, a notion of his various powers: his speed, his precision, his weight, his melody, his tact. He seems to have been braced in writing them by his consciousness that they would be heard by acute and critical ears in actual playhouses; for he has purged himself of conceits, bombast, and mannered elegance. They are his most speaking poems; they have the warmth of flesh and blood. He has written some of them as much for fun as for money.... They are a running commentary on forty years of his life, as well as a living mirror in which the tiny theatrical world of Charles and James is shrewdly reflected".

The Poetry of John Dryden is a fine book. This is not to say that it is in every way perfect. Sometimes the author seems to lack the sense of historical perspective, e.g. where he says that 'the wars Waller sung were pretty affairs' (p. 28). Were they really? The Dutch wars certainly were not, and no naval encounter in the late war can be compared for grandeur with Tromp's and de Ruyter's sea-fights, or with van Wassenaer Obdam's disaster off Lowestoft in 1665.

The author's American ear often hears lines of verse differently from a European's. In

'But baffled by an arbitrary crowd',

where, according to Mr. van Doren, there is no pause whatever, a slight pause will certainly occur after the word 'baffled'. And Guyomar's speech (from 'The Indian Emperor'), quoted on page 111, contains at least three

*) *Rer. Nat.* III 847—860.

Nec, si materiem nostram collegerit aetas
 post obitum rursumque redegerit ut sita nunc est,
 atque iterum nobis fuerint data lumina vitae,
 pertineat quicquam tamen ad nos id quoque factum,
 interrupta semel cum sit retinentia nostri.
 Et nunc nil ad nos de nobis attinet, ante
 qui fuimus, neque iam de illis nos adficit angor.
 Nam cum respicias immensi temporis omne
 praeteritum spatium, tum motus material
 multimodis quam sint, facile hoc adcredere possis,
 semina saepe in eodem, ut nunc sunt, ordine posta.
 Nec memori tamen id quimus repraehendere mente
 inter enim iectast vital pausa, vageque
 deerrarunt passim motus ab sensibus omnes.

'departures from the iambic norm,' though we are assured there are none.¹⁾

Are the possibilities of rime so very great in English? (page 110). In this respect it is far inferior to Italian and French, for the simple reason that English has a wider vowelrange than either of the two, and more consonants. *Quiet* only rimes with *riot*, though Mr. Herbert Trench has found an additional *fiat*, and Aleister Crowley has hit upon *eyot*. Is there a pure rime to *anger*? Professor Housman's *holt* and *hanger* is ingenious, but allows no repetition. Many English poets cannot do without *love-move* or *gush-bush* or *the wind-mankind*.

Literary references ought to have been more detailed. It will not do to refer merely to 'Theocritus', when a quotation is given from his third idyll, lines 18 and 19.

* * *

The British Academy was founded in 1901 and was granted a royal charter in 1902. It embraces four divisions: (1) History and Archæology; (2) Philology; (3) Philosophy; (4) Jurisprudence and Economics. So it corresponds to the famous French *Académie* as it developed afterwards. But the avowed aim of the real founders of the latter institution, including Richelieu, had been the improvement of the French language, and the composition of dictionaries and grammars. And not only Dryden, but also John Evelyn and other notable contemporaries were strongly in favour of an English Academy modelled on the lines of the French prototype. The matter was even taken up by the Royal Society. But the project, such as it was, fell through, and Professor Emerson finds various causes for its failure. He also points out how reluctant Dryden was to abandon this pet notion of his. In his *Dedication of Troilus and Cressida* to the Earl of Sunderland he strongly urges the necessity of an Academy.

"The perfect knowledge of a tongue was never attained by any single person. The court, the college, and the town (not the country-side, W.v.D.) must be joined in it. And as our English is a composition of the dead and the living tongues, there is required a perfect knowledge not only of Greek and Latin, but of the old German, the French, and the Italian; and to help all these, a conversation with those authors of our own who have written with the fewest faults in prose and verse . . . I am desirous, if it were possible, that we might all write with the same certainty of words and purity of phrase to which the Italians first arrived, and after them the French . . ."

Dryden's eloquent appeal was of no avail. Perhaps it was as well. Dryden's failure contributed to the success of Dr. Samuel Johnson, the dictator.

W. v. D.

Brief Mention.

Longfellow's Excelsior, edited by FRED. QUANJER. Landmark Series for the study of English idiom. Rijswijk, Blankwaardt en Schoonhoven, 1922.

This little book is intended for students and general readers who want to increase their knowledge of idiom by the direct method. To this end a well-known poem has been chosen, which is treated word by word, synonyms and allied expressions being given in abundance. The notes are preceded by a paraphrase of the poem. Space does not allow of any criticism of detail; the booklet is well worth acquiring for those who have already attained some proficiency in English, and who want a change from the ordinary handbooks.

Z.

- 1) 1. To that sea-shore where no more world is found.
2. Where, for a while, my eyes no object met.
3. Upon the sea, somewhat methought did rise.

Het is vreemd, maar ik heb dat verlangen altijd gehouden, en soms verlang ik nog naar haar. En toen zij stierf en ik al een man en getrouwd was, is het mij geweest, als of er een bescherming uit mijn leven verdween.

Nu vond ik het soms wel prettig bang te zijn, en maakte mij verhalen van heel groote tijgers en baardige moordenaars; de laatste vooral waren mijn stadige vrees, en ik herinner mij nog de koude rilling die mij overviel, toen mijn nichtje mij eens vroeg:

„Waar ben je meer bang voor, zeg.... voor dieven.... of voor moordenaars?”

Toen heb ik, uit den grond van mijn bevend hart gestameld: „O.... voor moordenaars.... want die.... die maken je dood.” Want bang voor den dood was ik ook. En eens, dat ik den dood bijna zag, ben ik zoo geschrokken, dat ik het nooit zal vergeten. Wij woonden in den Haag, op de Mauritskade, over de brug, die naar de Nassaulaan voert. Het was winter, de gracht was bevroren, en een schaatsenrijder zakte, terwijl ik voor het raam zat mijn kousjes aan te trekken — witte kousjes met roode strepen — door het ijs, onder de brug en werd levenloos, bezwijmd in alle gevallen, er uitgehaald.... Van mijn venster zag ik dat bleeke, natte lijk, met slappe armen en druipharen en gesloten oogen, en vond het zoo verschrikkelijk, dat ik, één kousje aan, naar mijn moeder strompelde, de trap af, naar den salon, en in haar schoot uitbarstte in onbedwingbare snikken.... doodsbang en kilkoud, omdat ik den Dood had gezien.

Reviews.

Giovanni Florio, Un apôtre de la Renaissance en Angleterre à l'époque de Shakespeare. Par LONGWORTH CHAMBRUN. Payot, Paris, 1921. 20 fr. —

The English have always had the reputation of not liking to learn foreign languages; conscious of the power and richness of their own, they travel about the world. This was already the opinion of Giovanni Florio, the Italian teacher of the English Renaissance, and in expressing this opinion he appears to vindicate the same right for the Italian and French tongues, saying in his "First Fruits" (an English-Italian conversation-book): "What I thinke you of the maners of English men? — I will tell you, some are well manered, but many yl — Toward whom are they yl manered? — Toward strangers: and fewe of these English men delight to have their children learne divers languages whiche thing displeaseth me. When I arrived first in London, I could not speake Englishe, and I met about five hundred persons, afore I could find one that could tel me in Italian or French, where the Post dwelt."

Giovanni Florio was most likely born in England of an Italian father, Michel-Agnelo Florio, a protestant preacher, who under the reign of queen Mary had to look for another refuge. Giovanni probably passed his youth and had his education in Italy and France. In 1578 we find him returned to England as a private teacher of French and Italian at Magdalen College, Oxford.

In 1589 he entered into the service of Henry Wriothesley, lord Southampton, who in the same year left Oxford as an M. A. and began his career of protector of arts and science. To him Shakespeare dedicated, in 1593, his *Venus and Adonis* and the following year his *Lucrece*. Nash, Barnes, Barnfield, Chapman and Daniel assembled at the court of this Maecenas. Being especially a linguist and a grammarian, Florio was an enthusiastic propagator of the Italian language and literature in England, and found in the young lord Southampton a fervent disciple, who soon took a first place among the English Italophiles of his days.

Under James I Florio was removed to the service of the king in the

function of teacher of languages to the Prince of Wales and private secretary and reader to the queen.

His principal works were two collections of English-Italian dialogues, proverbs etc., in the two languages, his *First fruits* (1578) and *Second frutes* (1591). Next he wrote a, for his time perfect, Italian-English Dictionary: *Queen Anna's New world of words*, printed by Bradwood for Edward Blount and Wm. Berret, London 1611. This was the second, "newly much augmented" edition; the first was issued in 1598. Further he gave a valuable translation of Montaigne's *Essais*.

I will here give the beginning of the contents of his *First fruits*.

"*Englishe familiar Speeches*. To speake with a Gentleman, a gentlewoman, a marchant, a domestic.

Amourous Talke. To speake of England — To talke in the darke.

Divers sentences divine and profane. Three hyndred fyne proverbes. Fine sayings, pretty demands. The Abuses of the world.

Discourses upon Peace, Ware, envy, pride, beautie, nobilitie, poverty.

A necessary prayer and which be the goodes of Fortune.

Of wrath with certain fyne sayings of Ariosto and Other Poets, and what the profit of reading and learning of Science is, with certayne discourses in prayse of writers and philosophers.

Reasonings upon Diligence, Humanitie, Clemencie, Temperance and Soberietie." etc.

It may surprise the reader of Mme Chambrun's book that the author has not considered it her duty to determine the general influence on the Renaissance, in all directions of English literature and philology, of a man who did so much for the spread of Italian culture in England. She has restricted herself to the relations between Shakespeare and Florio and attempted to prove that Shakespeare knew the Italian language, literature and civilisation through the intermediary of Florio. It is just possible that Shakespeare learned much from the books of Florio, especially the Italian language, but Mme Chambrun's arguments for Shakespeare's profound study of the works, so that he enriched his own language and ideas by it, are not very convincing. I have been obliged to put many notes of interrogation in Mme Chambrun's chapter *Les concordances*.

Thus, for instance, in Florio's *First Fruits* we read the proverb "When the cat is abroade the mise play." Shakespeare writes in *Henry IV* act. I sc. 2: "Playing the mouse in absence of the cat." Mme Chambrun supposes that S. took this expression from Florio. So Florio: "Make of necessity virtue" and Shakespeare in the *Two Gentlemen*: "Make a virtue of necessity." Item Florio: "Necessity hath no law," Shakespeare: "Nature must obey necessity." Florio: "A gallant death doth honour a whole life," Shakespeare: "Nothing in life became him like the leaving of it." Florio: "The end maketh all men equal"; Shakespeare: "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Mme Chambrun says: "Peut-être ces proverbes paraîtront-ils au lecteur d'aujourd'hui vieux comme le monde, mais n'oublions pas que Florio affirme à plusieurs reprises, être le premier à les vulgariser en Angleterre, comme il a été le premier aussi à les avoir fait imprimer." The author must permit me not to accept Florio as an authority in this matter. Mme Chambrun should have proved that most likely such proverbs and expressions did not exist in the English vocabulary before Florio wrote his conversation-books. And even then nobody shall make me believe that Shakespeare could not have written the sentence: "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," unless he had read something of the kind in Florio's *First Fruits*.

Another instance: Florio has in his *Second Frutes*:

Women are the purgatory of men's purses;
The paradise of men's bodies; the hell of men's souls.
Women are in churches saints; abroad angels; at home devils
At windows serens; at doors pyes and in gardens goats.

In Othello we find this about women:

You are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours; wild cats in your kitchens;
Saints in your injuries; devils being offended;
Players in your housewifery and housewives in your beds.

In the Montaigne-translation we read:

Our religion hath no surer foundation than the contempt of life. Since we are threatened by so many kinds of death there is no more inconvenience to fear them all than to endure one. What matter when it cometh since it is unavoidable?

In Julius Caesar:

Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that Death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Had not the genius of Shakespeare inventiveness enough to imagine this himself, did he want the inspiration from Florio? Indeed I believe he was rich enough to pay such sayings out of his own purse. At any rate he was very ungrateful to his great model by ridiculing him in the shape of Holophernes in *Love's Labours lost*.

J. PRINSEN JLz.

An Essay towards a Theory of Art. By LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE.
London: Martin Secker, 1922. 5/—.

Byron, following the illustrious example of Epimenides the Cretan, once declared that poets are liars (See the eighty-seventh stanza of the third Canto of *Don Juan*), and the verdict has much to recommend itself. Not as regards poems. A good poem is always sincere; it is — besides other things — the true record of an actual experience, no matter to what extent the poet's imagination has modified the real occurrence to which the poem could be ultimately traced. But we are likely to be sadly fobbed off when we approach a poet asking him about the genesis of his work. Knowing the extravagant and fantastic ideas which many outsiders entertain about the nature of inspiration — this word to be pronounced with one's eyes glued upon the ceiling — he fools his questioners to the top of their bent. But the fault lies by no means entirely with the latter, since they have been spoiled by well-known fanfaronades about 'dashing off one's lines in a hurry, in spare moments,' and 'never blotting a line,' and so forth. It seems a vicious circle, from which no escape is possible, unless poets cease from swaggering and the reading public give up their pet notion that, because William Blake considered himself free of the world of fairies and spirits, this must likewise be the case with any poet worthy of the name.

I do not think that Mr. Abercrombie, though a poet, has often been guilty of striking a swaggering attitude. Certain it is that no such attitude is discernible in the present *Essay*. Certain it is that he does not consider poets, as a class, race, or genus apart, either from their fellow-men or from other

artists, painters, sculptors, musicians, etc. And he inscribes his book to lovers of truth. Where should he find them if not in the ranks of students of literature?

If poetry is an art, it follows that a poet must study his art, and, serving his apprenticeship, acquire literary skill, since no angel, devil or fairy will ever perch upon his shoulder, whispering in his ear what he has merely to take down from dictation. It follows also that the act of poetic creation admits of scientific analysis, though allowance must always be made for a residue which, being the product of unconscious or subconscious forces, is no further analysable and must be taken for granted. And it is obvious, inversely, that what applies to poets should equally apply to painters and other artists.

Mr. Abercrombie's starting-point in theorising being aesthetic experience, his book is non-historical, so that it leaves room for another by which it should be supplemented. Can we ever attain to a right appreciation of art, if we close our eyes to its lowly origins in what was primarily intended for use, for the satisfaction of man's immediate, physical wants? Did not the temple develop out of the rude shelter man first built himself? Did not the caveman in drawing the image of a bison on a rock, as often as not in a secluded, hardly accessible place, thereby attempt to capture some live bison's soul, in order to ensure successful hunting the next day? Were not dancing, singing, making poetry, practised, from the first, for utilitarian reasons? — But as centuries and centuries rolled on, these things suffered a change, i.e. they came to be looked upon with different eyes, one individual after another realizing, like Angus in Yeats's poem, that the little trout fit only to be cooked and eaten was really a glimmering girl with apple-blossom in her hair.

It seems to me that by ignoring this side of the question Mr. Abercrombie has injured the cogency of his arguments. What he says of a fine locomotive (page 37), that 'it is wholly designed to a practical end,' that 'its existence is to be justified by its achievement of that end, and that 'a locomotive is therefore not a work of art,' would with equal force apply to a vase, a church, a piece of religious sculpture. Yet we would not banish ancient pottery from our museums, and we would maintain that these old-world potters, ignorant of aesthetics and, perhaps, thoughtless of artistry, were nevertheless artists. — Was it an aesthetic experience that in the case of Bunyan prompted the writing of 'A Pilgrim's Progress', one of the few literary allegories that are really masterpieces? Surely the impulse to it was ethical, a thing which I would not venture to affirm so stoutly as regards Lucretius, though here, too, there were powerful ethical motives. And what about the well-known fact that an artist may be *oppressed* by some painful experience, and cannot get rid of what he has 'on the brain' except by converting the oppressive image into a work of art, which alone renders purely aesthetic enjoyment possible?

According to Mr. Abercrombie (page 43) the difficult part of our business lies in the prolegomena. But now it is strange that, whereas I often disagree about these prolegomena, my objections grow more and more infrequent as I read on. I assent when I read: (page 44) '*art is always purposive; the experience in which it originates must be collected into one continuous act deliberately willed, the purpose of it being nothing but to transform the experience into expression.*' I assent when he considers expression in art to be synonymous with communication, and when he asserts, '*There is no such thing as a private work of art: all art is public property.*' I assent most emphatically

on finding it stated (page 93) that '*the value of the poem is not merely in its inspiration, but in its art*,' which disposes of most of the work of a poetess Mr. Abercrombie has never read, viz. of Henriette Roland Holst.

Being called upon to give my final verdict, I would say, the book as a whole is eminently worth reading and studying, the provocative prolegomena because they set one 'thinking furiously', the other chapters because of our *æsthetic* enjoyment when we see how neatly the author hits nail after nail on the head.

WILLEM VAN DOORN.

The Chapbook.

Numbers 22 and 23 were lying on my desk waiting for a review, when the postman delivered number 24, containing besides a 'List of 101 Commendable Plays' for the use of 'Community Theatres, Schools & Dramatic Groups in Town & Country', an announcement to the effect that the publication of the Chapbook would be suspended for six months. Mr. Harold Monro hoped that by the end of that period the cost of book-production would have sufficiently decreased to enable him to publish further issues at the original price of one shilling. As a matter of fact the projected holiday extended over one month more, and number 25 — 'Twelve New Poems by Contemporary Poets' — was brought out in February 1923. Two are by William H. Davies, and they are neither better nor worse than the poems we have been accustomed for years to expect from him. 'The Spell', by John Macleod, might have been a good, whimsical poem for children, but as it is it falls between two stools. 'Love's Hour', by W. B. Livermore, was obviously inspired — oh, dear! — by J. C. Squire's *Behind the Lines*, which I quoted last year in Vol. III, No. 4, page 121. 'In Memory', by M. Hughes, gives tame expression to a rather old notion. 'The Rambling Sailor', by Charlotte Mew, is forcible and striking, but why that unconvincing dialect?

'Ryton Firs' (a fragment) by Lascelles Abercrombie, makes us wish for the whole. And 'When You Are Out', by S. Matthewman, would be the best of the whole batch, if it were not for the unfortunate word *rot*, which is far too violent for its setting.

No. 26, bringing more poems, appeared in May. I have tried, honestly tried, to read Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's contribution. I have felt my poor brains give way under the strain. Give me a real roundabout, I say, then I shall know, not where I stand, but where I whirl. Are these elaborate hoaxes poetry? Is this the way to interest a distrustful and lukewarm public in imaginative literature? Damn the fellow up and down! Lock him up in a cell! It needn't be a padded one....

Mr. Monro complains, in his Editor's Notes, that '*There is not sufficient talent; there is not enough printworthy new material....*' By including that precious 'Italian Air' — should not Signor Mussolini take action? — he has proved his assertion up to the hilt.

Life being the great humourist, it is small matter for wonder that No. 27 should contain 'about' twenty-seven answers to the following questions:

1. Do you think that poetry is a necessity to modern man?
2. What in modern life is the particular function of poetry as distinguished from other kinds of literature?
3. Do you think there is any chance of verse being eventually displaced by prose, as narrative poetry apparently is being by the novel, and ballads already have been by newspaper reports?

I am not going to answer these questions here, my standpoint being that of Professor Gilbert Murray, who wrote a postcard to state that 'Such questions are for the leisured classes, not for overworked professors'. I must also decline to give a compendium of the exceedingly various answers given and duly or unduly printed. But I wish to join issue with the Editorial statement in the 'Introductory Apology', to the effect that *poetry is not more popular because most of it is worthless*. Is not most 'prose' equally worthless? And do we not see again and again that positively worthless books, Tarzan stories, Pimpernel adventures, 'novels' by Charles Garvice and Ethel Dell, sell like hot cakes? — And again, are not poems of the Ella Wheeler Wilcox type as popular as can be? — Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu.

No. 28. More poems. No piece of Sitwellian lunacy this time. Rather much to be thankful for. I quote from Humbert Wolfe's 'Kensington Gardens':

THRUSHES.

The City financier
walks in the Gardens
stiffly because of
his pride and his burdens.

The daisies looking
up observe
only a self -
respecting curve.

The thrushes only
see a flat
table-land
of shining hat.

He looks importantly
about him,
while all the spring
goes on without him.

No. 29, September 1922, gives us a good article by Richard Aldington *On the Poet and his Age*. It seems a pity that it should be followed by a piece of Sitwellian slapdash — this time it is not Sacheverell but Osbert who is the offender — directed against Mr. J. C. Squire — Jack Squire, for short — alias Solomon Eagle, and his henchman, Mr. Edward Shanks. While granting that the great influence and power of the Editor of the 'London Mercury' may prove a great danger to English literature, I hold that he will be perfectly immune to the venom contained in this rotten bad doggerel.

No. 30. Poems again. Little that asks for comment. What sort of ear Margaret Drew has for Flintian *cadences* I cannot imagine. H. H. Abbot's contributions may be parodies; if they are not he may turn to certain well-known passages in Browning's *Saul*, and ask himself whether — after this wine — he can only offer us pop to swallow. The volume is saved by a little poem for which we have again to thank Humbert Wolfe:

Said this poet to that poet
"What do you lack?"
Said that poet to this poet
"Friend, scratch my back!"

Said this poet to that poet
"What if I do?"
Said that poet to this poet
"I will scratch you."

W. v. D.