SOME NEW BOOKS.

Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson.

In two octavo volumes edited by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON and published by J. R. Osgood & Co., we have the correspondence of *Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson*, which extends over a period of nearly forty years, and throws a great deal of light on the relations and the respective opinions, aims, and characters of the writers. The controlling impression made by the book is the great indebtedness of the Scotch author to his American friend. At a time when Carlyle found it impossible to persuade any English firm to publish his writings on remunerative terms, and was living in painful pecuniary straits, Emerson, at the cost of much personal inconvenience and labor, brought about the publication in this country of several works by the author of "Sartor Resartus," and forwarded remittances to London, which were of the greatest service to the recipient. If Carlyle did not always speak of Emerson to others with kindness and profound esteem—and it has been charged that he did not—he was assuredly guilty of rank ingratitude, for never was one man of letters under weightier obligations to another. And, after reading the evidence set forth in these volumes, we are disposed to pronounce the imputation incredible.

The relations which gave rise to this prolonged correspondence began with the visit which Emerson, then a young man of thirty, paid to the little farm at Craigenputtock, where the Carlyles, thus far beaten in their battle with the world, were living in solitude, poverty, and "desperate hope." Carlyle alludes to this visit in a letter written to his mother two days afterward. We should bear in mind that at this date he had received scarcely a token of recognition from his contemporaries. "Three little happinesses have befallen us. * * * Our third happiness was the arrival of a certain young unknown friend, named Emerson, from Boston, in the United States, who turned aside so far from his British, French, and Italian travels to see me here! * * * Of course we could do no other than welcome him; the rather as he seemed to be one of the most lovable creatures in himself we had ever looked on. He stayed till next day with us, and talked and heard talk to his heart's content, and left us all really sad to part with him. Jane says it is the first journey since Noah's deluge undertaken to Craigenputtock for such a purpose. In any case we had a cheerful day from it, and ought to be thankful." More cordial is the reference to this first glimpse of Emerson in a letter written somewhat later by Jane Carlyle, who, from all we hear of her, seems to have been one of the sweetest women that ever breathed in Scottish air. Poor, clinging, tender, self-forgetting, heart-famished woman—one cannot but think her lot might have been less bleak and desolate had it been cast in Concord instead of Chelsea. "I shall never forget the visiter," she writes, "who years ago, in the Desert, descended on us, out of the clouds, as it were, and made one day there look like enchantment for us, and left me weeping that it was only one day."

In a letter to a friend written at the time, Emerson gives some account of the same visit: "I found him (Carlyle) one of the most simple and frank of men, and became acquainted with him at once. We walked over several miles of hills and talked upon all the great questions that interest us most. The comfort of meeting a man is that he speaks sincerely; that he feels himself to be so rich that he is above the meanness of pretending to knowledge which he has not; and Carlyle does not pretend to have solved the great problems, but rather to be an observer of their solution as it goes forward in the world." In the same letter Emerson says, discriminatingly and candidly, that "My own feeling was that I had met with men of far less power who had got greater insight into religious truth. He is, as you might guess from his papers, the most catholic of philosophers; he forgives and loves everybody, and wishes each to struggle on in his own place and arrive at his own ends. But his respect for eminent men, or, rather, his scale of eminence, is about the reverse of the popular. * * * He talks finely, seems to love the broad Scotch, and I loved him very much at once." As might have been expected, Emerson, with his fine insight and delicate sympathies, did not fail to appreciate the singularly winsome character of Mrs. Carlyle. "I am afraid," he says, "he finds his entire solitude too lonely, but I could not help congratulating him upon his treasure in his wife."

From the date of this visit a correspondence began between the two friends—for such Carlyle and Emerson had become in a single meeting, and on the part of the American the friendship was to be more generous and helpful than the Scotch writer was to elicit from any Englishman. In Carlyle's first letter we encounter the following kindly words touching the proper relation of the mother country to the United States—words much less frequently spoken and far more rarely meant at that time than in our own: "And so here," he writes, "looking over the water, let me repeat once more what I believe is already dimly the sentiment of all Englishmen, Cisoceanic and Transoceanic, that we and you are *not* two countries, and cannot for the life of us be; but only two *parishes* of one country, with such wholesome parish hospitalities, and dirty temporary parish feuds, as we see; both of which brave parishes *Vivant! vivant!* And among the glories of *both* be Yankee-doodle-doo and the Felling of the Western Forest proudly remembered; and for the rest, by way of parish constable, let each cheerfully take such George Washington or George Guelph as it can get, and bless Heaven! I am weary of hearing it said, 'We love the Americans,' 'We wish well,' &c. What in God's name should we do else?"

In one of the early letters, dated May, 1835, Carlyle gives his correspondent an account of the woful accident by which the manuscript of the first volume of the "French Revolution," lent to John Stuart Mill, had been destroyed. It is wonderful, when we remember the writer's explosive temper, with what gentleness and forbearance he speaks of Mill's unpardonable negligence. The truth is that the world could better have risked the loss of all that Mill and his father ever wrote than that of the "French Revolution," whose rewriting Carlyle was more than once on the point of abandoning in despair. "Since I wrote last to you," says Carlyle, "there has a great mischance befallen me; the saddest, I think, of the kind called accidents I ever had to front. By dint of continual endeavors for many weeks (he had been at work upon it for more than a year) I had got the first volume of that miserable French Revolution rather handsomely finished; from amid infinite contradictions I felt as if my head were fairly above water, and I could go on writing my poor Book, defying the devil and the world with a certain degree of assurance and even of joy. A Friend borrowed this volume of Manuscript—a kind friend, but a careless one—to write notes on it, which he was well qualified to do." Carlyle goes on to recount how one evening about two months before Mill came in on him "distraction, literally, in his aspect;" the manuscript, left carelessly out, had been torn up as waste paper, and all but three or four tatters was clean gone. "I could not complain," Carlyle continues, "for the poor man seemed as if he would have shot himself; we had to gather ourselves together and show a smooth front to it, which, happily, though difficult, was not impossible to do. I began again at the beginning; to such a wretched, paralyzing torpedo of a task as my hand never found to do; at which I have worn myself these two months to the hue of saffron, to the humor of incipient desperation; and now, four months ago, perceiving well that I was like a man swimming in an element that grew ever rarer, till at last it became *vacuum* (think of that!) I, with a new effort of self-denial, sealed up all the paper fragments and said to myself: In this mood thou makest *no* way. Writest *nothing* that requires not to be erased again; lay it by for one complete week! And so it lies under lock and key. I have digested the whole misery; I say if thou canst *never* write this thing, why, then, never do write it: God's universe will go along *better* without it." Replying to this letter, Emerson wrote: "I could cry at the disaster that has befallen you in the loss of the book. My brother Charles says the only thing the friend could do on such an occasion was to shoot himself, and wishes to know if he have done so." Then follow some beautiful words of consolation which will remind the reader of perhaps the finest passage in the writings of Sir Thomas Browne: "I trust ere this you have re-collected the entire creation out of the secret cells where under the smiles of every muse it first took life. Believe, when you are weary, that you, who stimulate and rejoice virtuous young men, do not write a line in vain. And whatever betide us in the inexorable future, what is better than to have awaked in many men the sweet sense of beauty, and to double the courage of virtue? So do not, as you will not, let the imps from the fens of weariness and apathy have a minute too much. *To die of feeding the fires of others were sweet*, since it were not death, but multiplication."

It is also interesting to read Emerson's first impressions of the "French Revolution," before he had got it, as he said, at focal distance, and felt able and willing to muster his objections. "I think you," he writes, "a very good giant, disporting yourself with an original and vast ambition of fun; pleasure and peace not being strong enough for you, you choose to suck pain also, and teach fever and famine to dance and sing. I think you have written a wonderful book, which will last a very long time. I see that you have created a history which the world will own to be such. * * * You have broken away from all books and written a mind. It is a brave experiment and the success is great. We have men in your story, and not names merely; always men, though I may doubt sometimes whether I have the historic men. * * * We have always the co-presence of Humanity along with the imperfect, damaged individuals. The soul's right of wonder is still left to us; and we have righteous praise and doom awarded, assuredly without cant. Yes, comfort yourself on that particular, Oh, ungodliest divine man! thou cantest never. Finally, we have not—a dull word. * * * And so I thank you for your labor, and feel that your contemporaries ought to say, All hail, Brother! live forever; not only in the great Soul which thou dost largely inhabit, but also as a named person in this thy definite deed." Emerson insists, nevertheless, even amid the first outgush of admiration, that the "French Revolution" might be more simple, less Gothically efflorescent. "You will say," he writes, "no rules for the illumination of windows can apply to the aurora borealis. However, I find refreshment when every now and then a special fact slips into the narrative couched in sharp and business-like terms. This character drawing in the book is certainly admirable; the lines are ploughed furrows; but there was cake and ale before, though thou be virtuous. Clarendon surely drew sharp outlines for me in Falkland, Hampden, and the rest, without defiance or sky vaulting. (There is something comical in this comparison, made when Emerson was young, of Clarendon's portrait drawing with Carlyle's, and we can fancy the astonished, indignant sniff with which the latter would hear of it.) I wish I could talk with you face to face for one day, and know what your uttermost frankness would say concerning the book."

In a letter from Carlyle, written in May, 1835, we find the following allusion to Wordsworth and Southey: "In literature except a promised or obtained (but to me still unknown) volume of Wordsworth, nothing nameworthy doing. Did I tell you that I *saw* Wordsworth this winter? Twice, at considerable length, with almost no disappointment. He is a *natural* man (which means whole immensities here and now), flows like a natural well yielding mere wholesomeness—though, as it would not but seem to me, in *small* quantity and astonishingly *diluted*. Franker utterance of mere garrulities and even platitudes I never heard from any man. I am thankful for Wordsworth; as in great darkness and perpetual *sky rockets* and coruscations one were for the smallest clear-burning farthing candle. Southey also I saw; a far *cleverer* man in speech, yet a considerably smaller man. Shovel-hatted; the shovel-hat is *grown* to him; one must take him as he is."

Of Walter Savage Landor, in whom Emerson was much interested, fancying that he discerned in him a certain spiritual kinship with Carlyle, his correspondent had by no means a high opinion. "You asked me," writes Carlyle, "about Landor. From him I have not got much benefit either. * * * His intellectual faculty seemed to me to be weak in proportion to his violence of temper; the judgment he gives about anything is more apt to be wrong than right, as the inward whirlwind shows him this side or the other of the object; and *sides* of an object are all that he sees. He is not an original man; in most cases one but sighs over the spectacle of commonplace torn to rags. I find him painful as a writer: like a soul ever promising to take wing into the Æther, yet never doing it, ever splashing web-footed in the terrene mud, and only splashing the worse, the more he strives. * * * Enough of him! Me he likes well enough, more thanks to him; but two hours of such speech as his leaves me giddy and undone."

Emerson could not bear to see one of his idols shattered by the other, as we see from his firm protest: "Landor can be shorn of all that is false and foolish, and yet leave a great deal for me to admire. Many years ago I have read a hundred fine memorable things in the 'Imaginary Conversations,' though I know well the faults of that book. * * * I love the rich variety of his mind, his proud taste, his penetrating glances, and the poetic loftiness of his sentiment, which rises now and then to the meridian, though with the flight, I own, rather of a rocket than an orb, and terminated sometimes by a sad tumble. I suspect you of very short and dashing reading in his books, and yet I should think you would like him—both of you such glorious haters of cant."

Of Emerson's own writings, and particularly of the "Essays," a copy of which was sent to him in 1841, Carlyle did not stint his praise. Yet here, too, he is discriminating, or he would not be Carlyle. "My Friend," he writes in a letter of the year mentioned, "I *thank* you for this Volume of yours; not for the copy alone which you send to me, but for writing and printing such a Book. *Euge!* say I, from afar. The voice of one crying in the desert—it is once more the voice of a *man*. Ah, me! I feel as if in the wide world there were still but this one voice that responded intelligently to my own; as if the rest were all hearsays, melodious or unmelodious echoes; as if this alone were true and alive. My blessing on you, good Ralph Waldo! I read the Book all yesterday: my Wife scarcely yet done with telling me her news. It has rebuked me; it has aroused and comforted me. Objections of all kinds I might make, how many objections to superficies and detail, to a dialect of thought and speech as yet imperfect enough, a hundredfold too narrow for the Infinitude it strives to speak; but what were all that? It is an Infinitude, the real vision and belief of one, seen face to face; a voice of the heart of Nature' is here once more. * * * * You are a new era, my man, in your new, huge country. God give you strength, and speaking and silent faculty, to do such a work as seems possible now for you! And if the Devil will be pleased to set all the Popularities *against* you, and evermore against you—perhaps that is of all things the very kindest any Angel could do."

Carlyle, of course, did not fail to recognize the curiously disjointed, epigrammatic quality of Emerson's prose. "By the by," he writes in one of his letters, "I ought to say that the sentences are very *brief*, and did not, in my reading of the proof sheets, always entirely cohere for me. Pure, genuine Saxon; strong and simple; of a clearness, of a beauty noteworthy. But they did not, sometimes, rightly stick to their foregoers and their followers; the paragraph not as a beaten *ingot*, but as a beautiful square *bag of duck shot* held together by canvas." It is also clear that Carlyle, though he distinctly saw in Emerson the poet or seer, considered prose and not metre, rhymed or unrhymed, his proper medium of utterance. For a time Emerson himself seems to have undervalued his experiments in verse, for apropos of a volume of "Poems" sent to his friend at Chelsea he says: "I printed them, not because I was deceived into the belief that they were poems, but because of the softness or hardness of heart of many friends here who have made it a point to have them circulated." To the same venture Carlyle presently refers: "I read your book of poems all faithfully at Bay House (our Hampshire quarters), where the obstinate people—with whom you are otherwise, in prose, a first favorite—foolishly *refused* to let me read aloud; foolishly, for I would have made it mostly all plain by commentary; so I had to read for myself, and can say, in spite of my hard-heartedness, I did gain, though under impediments, a real satisfaction and some tone of the eternal melodies sounding afar off, ever and anon, in my ear. * * * But, indeed, you are very perverse; and through this perplexed, undiaphanous element you do not fall on me like radiant summer rainbows, like floods of sunlight, but with thin, piercing radiances, which affect me like the light of the stars. It is so: I wish you would become *concrete* and write in prose the straightest way." Elsewhere in these letters Carlyle tells his correspondent that "at bottom Poetry is for me a most suspicious affair at present. You cannot fancy the oceans of Twaddle that human Creatures emit upon me in these times, as if, when the lines had a jingle in them, a Nothing could be Something, and the point were gained! It is becoming a horror to me, as all speech without meaning more and more is. I said to Richard Milnes: 'Now, in honesty, what is the use of putting your accusative *before* the verb, and otherwise entangling the syntax? If there really *is* an image of any object, thought, or thing within you, for God's sake let me have it in the *shortest* way, and I will so cheerfully excuse the *omission* of the jingle at the end; cannot I do without that?' Milnes answered: 'Ah, my dear fellow, it is because we have no thought, or almost none. A little thought goes a great way when you put it into rhyme.' Let a man try to the very uttermost to speak what he means before *singing* is had recourse to. Singing in our curt English speech, contrived expressly and almost so exclusively for 'despatch of business,' is terribly difficult. Alfred Tennyson alone of our time (this was written in 1843) has proved it to be possible in some measure." We have a pleasing description of Tennyson as he was at this epoch, but later (1847), when he had entered the leonine phase of his career, he was not so unqualifiedly approved of by Carlyle. We read, for instance, that "he (Tennyson) came in on us on Sunday evening last and on the preceding Sunday: a truly interesting Son of Earth and Son of Heaven—who has almost lost his way, among the will-o'-the-wisps, I doubt; and may flounder ever deeper, over neck and nose at last, among the quagmires that abound! I like him well, but can do next to nothing for him. Milnes, with general cooperation, got him a pension, and he has bread and tobacco, but that is a poor outlit for such a soul. He wants a task; and, alas, that of spinning rhymes and naming it 'Art,' and 'high Art,' in a time like ours will never furnish him." Subsequently he speaks of the Idyls in the following strain: "We read Tennyson's Idyls with profound recognition of the finely elaborated execution, and also of the inward perfection of *recreancy*; and, to say truth, with considerable impatience at being treated so very like infants, though the lollipops were so superlative."

Of contemporary English novelists we hear but little in Carlyle's letters. In one place he speaks of Dickens as "reserved for a questionable fate," and subsequently he writes: "If you read the newspapers (which I carefully abstain from doing), they will babble to you about Dickens's 'Separation from Wife,' &c.; fact of separation I believe is true; but all the rest is mere lies and nonsense. No crime or misdemeanor specifiable on either side; *unhappy* together these good many years past, and they at length end it. Sulzer said, 'Men are by nature *good*.' 'Ach, mein lieber Sulzer, er kennt nicht diese verdammnete Race,' ejaculated Fritz at hearing such an axiom." Bulwer is disposed of as follows: "Ah me! Lady Bulwer has written a novel in satire of her Husband. I saw the Husband not long since; one of the wretchedest Phantasms, it seemed to me, I had yet fallen in with—many, many as they are here." Of Thackeray more approval is expressed, yet here, too, there are misgivings and reserves: "Thackeray has very rarely come across me since his return (from the United States); he is a big fellow, soul and body; of many gifts and qualities (particularly in the Hogarth line, with a dash of Sterne superadded), of enormous *appetite* within, and very uncertain and ill-shaped outlet in all points except his *outward seeing*, which is fixed enough, and *perfect* according to the modern English style. I rather dread explosions in his history. A *big*, fierce, weeping, hungry man; not a strong one. *Ah de mihi!*"

So long as John Sterling lived Carlyle wrote of him with more kindness and esteem than of any other man in London. After Sterling's death Ruskin and Froude seem to have stood highest in the good graces of the Chelsea philosopher. In the last letter he sent to Emerson he asks, "Do you read Ruskin's 'Lagoons,' which he cheerily tells me gets itself reprinted in America? If you don't, *do*. I advise you. Also his 'Munera Pulveris,' Oxford 'Lectures on Art,' and whatever else he is now writing—if you can manage to get them (which is difficult here, owing to the way he has toward the bibliopolic world). There is nothing going on among us as notable to me as those fierce lightning bolts Ruskin is copiously and desperately pouring into the black world of Anarchy all around him. No other man in England that I meet has in him the divine rage against iniquity, falsity, and baseness that Ruskin has, and that every man ought to have. Unhappily, he is not a strong man; one might say a weak man, rather, and has not the least prudence of management, though if he can hold out for another fifteen years or so he may produce, even in this way, a great effect. God grant it, say I." Carlyle goes on to say that "Froude is coming to you in October. You will find him a most clear, friendly, ingenious, solid, and excellent man; and I am very glad to find you among those who are to take care of him when he comes to your new country. Do your best and wisest toward him, for my sake, withal. He is the valuablest Friend I now have in England, nearly, though not quite altogether, the one man in talking with whom I can get any real profit or comfort."

With this testimony of Carlyle's confidence in the man who was to be his biographer, this remarkable correspondence—perhaps when we keep in view the influence exerted by the writers on the thought of their generation we should call it the most remarkable ever published—comes to an end. In November, 1872, Emerson went to Europe, and the two friends met again. But after this time no letters passed between them. Alike for the sturdy thinker and for the intuitive genius the work of life was well nigh over, and each knew without the protest that the ardent sympathy which had borne the stress of forty years of struggle and endeavor would not fail him in the final hour of enforced inaction and repose.

M. W. H.

Book Notes.

"The Indexed Atlas of the World" (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago), contains large scale maps of every country and civil division, with colored diagrams showing the population, wealth, debt, and taxation, railroads, civil condition of people, chief productions, articles of manufacture, and religions. A special feature is the arrangement in alphabetical order of nearly all known geographical names, those pertaining to each country and civil division being placed after its map. The ready reference index is very convenient. A minor feature is a digest of the civil laws of each State of the Union. Diagrams which show for the various States the quantity and value of farm crops, and the number and value of farm animals, are clear and comprehensive, and the religious statistics are given in a form that requires no explanation. There is hardly a geographical or statistical fact that cannot be found in the pages of this volume.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published in excellent style William Black's new novel of "Shandon Bells," which for the last year has added to the attractions of their monthly magazine.

That capital artist in boys' stories, Mr. James Otis, has written the "Adventures of a Boy and a Dog; or, Tim and Tip," and the Messrs. Harper have published it, with illustrations; and an excellent story it is.

A useful volume, "Science in Short Chapters" (Funk & Wagnalls), contains an extraordinary variety of valuable information.

A beautiful little edition of Thomas a Kempis is published by D. Appleton & Co.

WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS?

The Theory that Lord Bacon Wrote them Rebutted.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: It is related of a man who wished to offer his house for sale that he carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen. This circumstance is recalled to my recollection by the arguments of Mrs. Pott, who, having ransacked the remains of a Baconian literary brickyard, now produces her *brick*, and, with such a specimen of Bacon's work, lays claim to the glorious edifice which has rendered the name of Shakespeare immortal.

The attempt to transfer the works of Shakespeare to Lord Bacon has been attempted so often, and so thoroughly rebutted, that the task appears a weariseme one to once more repeat the well-known arguments which have settled the question forever.

As Mrs. Pott's book has received some attention from critics, I propose to offer a few facts for the consideration of those who have any doubts on the subject, promising to present nothing which is not supported by the best authorities.

The author of the *Novum Organum* is well known to have been a man who "took all knowledge to be his province"—not, as he observed, "as an augur taking auspices, but like a General who means to take possession." As a correct and perfect writer and master of the English language Bacon stood unrivalled, and is yet acknowledged as the founder in English literature of that favorite style of composition which he made his own.

It will be remembered that Lord Bacon received a college education and passed three years at Cambridge. He possessed a perfect mastery of the ancient languages, and wrote his principal works in the Latin tongue.

When only 16 years of age Bacon visited Paris and passed three years on the Continent, making a close study of the institutions of Europe at that period.

In a word, Lord Bacon was a man who had mastered all knowledge within his grasp, and was styled by his contemporaries the "adorner and ornament of learning," a title which all readers of his works will acknowledge to have been given appropriately to the author.

Let us now turn to Sakespeare, and we learn from the best authorities that he was the eldest son of a tradesman who had so large a family that the expenses of a liberal education could not be given even to the eldest child. Shakespeare passed a short time at a free school in his native town of Stratford on Avon, "where he probably acquired what Latin he was master of," but he was forced to return to his father's business, "which prevented his further proficiency in that language."

He then becomes a dealer in wool, and marries while yet young. Later he leaves his business and family and arrives in London, where he makes the acquaintance of a company of actors. Shakespeare joins this company, and it is said that "the top of his performance was the *Ghost* in his own 'Hamlet,'" Then followed the era of Shakespeare's playwriting, until he "gathers an estate equal to his occasion" and retires to his native town.

With this brief sketch of the educational facilities possessed by Bacon and Shakespeare let us now examine what a critical examination of Shakespeare's plays develop, and notice the evidence thus afforded as to the authorship of the works in question.

One of the most eminent critics of the English language observes of the Shakespearean plays that "the plots are often loosely formed and so carelessly pursued that he seemed not always fully to comprehend his own designs. The author of the plays had no regard to distinctions of time or place, but gave to one nation or age, without scruple, the customs, institutions, and opinions of another, at the expense not only of likelihood, but of possibility. Dr. Johnson observes: "We need not wonder to find *Hector* quoting Aristotle, when we see the lines of *Thersites* and *Hippolyta* combined with the Gothic mythology of fairies." Without enumerating the faults of the plays in detail, one critic has pointed out, the neglect of the "unities" and the violation of those laws which had been instituted and established by the joint authority of poets and critics. The works of Shakespeare, with all their excellences, are faulty in a critical sense, in style, which Dr. Johnson describes as ungrammatical, perplexed, and obscure. Voltaire even expressed his wonder that Shakespeare's extravagances were endured by the English nation. Taking one play, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," we find a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance is manifested, and of care and negligence. The author conveys his heroes by sea from one inland town to another in the same country. He sends the Emperor to Milan, and never mentions him more. *Proteus*, after an interval of "several days," says he has only seen her picture; and if we may credit the old copies, he has, by mistaking places, left his scenery inextricable.

How ignorant the author of Shakespeare's plays was of the map of Europe may be judged by reference to the play of the "Winter's Tale," when one scene opens with a shipwreck on the coast of Bohemia.

I may now ask Is it possible that the learned, accomplished, and correct Bacon could have fallen into such depths of errors and vulgar blunders? Is it creditable that the man who passed three years on the Continent, and wrote a book on the political status of Europe, could be ignorant of the geography of Bohemia, and place it on the seashore? Finally, I will ask, Can any one suppose that the "adorner and ornament of learning" could write such English that the critic of the Old Bailey, could style it "ungrammatical and obscure?"

There being ample evidence that the plays of Shakespeare were written by a man of poor education, it is singular how the life and character of Shakespeare suggest that he was the author.

I have shown that the whole of the education received by Shakespeare was at best a short period passed at the common school of a small country town. It would follow, therefore, that such a man attempting literary work of the highest caliber would occasionally fall into egregious errors, and that his range of subjects would be limited to the reading within his reach.

Shakespeare found himself in London a needy adventurer, but, as Dryden says, he had a large and comprehensive soul, his genius was not depressed by poverty, nor limited by the narrow conversation to which men in want are inevitably condemned. Johnson observes that the encumbrances of his fortune were shaken from his mind as dewdrops from a lion's mane. Shakespeare produced his first play, and we can well imagine with what success, for it must have been received as a revelation by his contemporaries. He doubtless rose rapidly to notice, and received the counsels and admonitions of scholars and critics, who saw in him a poet of nature holding up a faithful mirror of manners and of life.

Shakespeare at this time became a diligent reader, grasping everything within his reach in his native tongue, for the literature of the ancients and modern Europe were to him sealed books. Many of the Roman and some of the Greek authors had been translated, and English writers were increasing in number, and poetry had been cultivated with diligence and success. This was a stock of knowledge sufficient for a mind so capable of appropriating and improving it.

But it is evident that books supplied little of the knowledge which is scattered over Shakespeare's works, for the greater part of his excellence was the product of his own genius. He found the English stage in a state of the utmost rudeness, and carried the dramatic art to the highest state of excellence. But nature gives no man knowledge, and Shakespeare was limited to the literary material at hand. He borrowed some of his plots from novels, choosing the most popular. The stories which we now find only in remote authors were accessible and familiar in his time. The fable of "As You Like It" was found in a little pamphlet of that period, and the tale of Hamlet was in plain English prose. His English histories he took from English chronicles and ballads. Shakespeare's want of knowledge of the Latin language is shown by his making use of authors only which had been translated; thus those portions of Plutarch's Lives are noticed by him which had already been translated by North. So the "Winter's Tale" was taken from an old book called "The Delectable History of Dorastus and Fawnia," and Shakespeare followed his model closely both in regard to the order of the incidents and the extent of time; thus the scenes are laid in Bohemia and Sicily and the space of time occupied about sixteen years. The Comedy of Errors" is confessedly taken from the "Menæchmi" of Plautus." This was the only play of Plautus which was then translated. What can be more probable than that he who copied that would have copied more, but that those which were not translated were not accessible? How well this fact accords with the belief that Shakespeare was the author of his plays; for, as Johnson says, "he had small Latin and less Greek." Bacon, on the contrary, was familiar with the whole domain of ancient literature, and read the Latin authors with the same ease as works written in his mother tongue.

All students of Shakespearean lore fail to find anything in the plays which do not accord with their having been written by a man who was not a polished scholar. Dryden, an excellent judge of literature, justly remarks that "all the images of nature were present to him, and he drew them not laboriously but luckily. When he describes anything, you more than see it; you feel it too. Those who accuse him of a want of learning give him the greater commendation; he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature—he looked inward and found her there." Pope also observes that "he who will understand Shakespeare must not be content to study him in the closet; he must look for his meaning sometimes among the sports of the field, and sometimes among the manufactures of the shop. Books did not supply his knowledge."

That Shakespeare was the author of the plays published under his name is established beyond all doubt by the evidence of those who were his contemporaries and knew him well. First we have the authority of Lord Southampton, a patron of Shakespeare, who on one occasion gave him one thousand pounds. Lord Southampton was also well acquainted with Bacon. Secondly may be mentioned Ben Jonson, himself a writer of plays and a companion of Shakespeare. Jonson was certainly a good scholar, and in that had the advantage of Shakespeare. Surely he was capable of forming a judgment respecting the authorship of the plays, and had ample opportunity of testing the question. The well-known lines of Jonson to the memory of Shakespeare set at rest all doubt as to the opinion the former held on this subject. He calls him the "Sweet swan of Avon," and says: "He was not of one age but for all time." There is also the evidence of an interesting conversation between many contemporaries of Shakespeare who met to discuss the merits of Shakespeare's plays. We are told that Sir John Suckling, Sir William D'Avenant, Endymion Porter, Mr. Holes of Eaton, and Ben Jonson were present. Sir John Suckling, who was a professed admirer of Shakespeare, had undertaken his defence against Ben Jonson with some warmth, when Mr. Holes, who had sat still for some time, told them that "if Mr. Shakespeare had not read the ancients, he had likewise not stolen anything from them, and that if he would undertake to show any one subject finely treated by them, he would produce something on the same subject at least as well written by Shakespeare."

But there is one remark of Ben Jonson which appears to carry conviction with it as to the authorship of the plays, as it shows that the composition of the plays was done openly, and that the methods of Shakespeare's writing were well known even to the company of players.

Jonson says: "I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare that in writing (whatever he pennedd) he never blotted out a line." Ben Jonson appears to have answered bluntly, in view of the many errors of Shakespeare which were apparent even in those days: "*Would that he had blotted out a thousand.*" This was not a malevolent speech, for Jonson said: "I loved the man, and do honor his memory on this side of idolatry as much as any."

The works of Bacon, a correct and regular writer, have been described as a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with shades and scented with flowers. The composition, on the contrary, of Shakespeare is a forest, in which oaks extend their branches and pines tower in the air, interspersed sometimes with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and roses; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the eye with endless diversity. Bacon's works may be compared to a cabinet displaying precious rarities, minutely finished, wrought into shape, and polished into brightness; but Shakespeare opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in inexhaustible plenty, though clouded by incrustations, debased by impurities, and mingled with a mass of meaner minerals.

I think that if the facts I have here presented are calmly digested, all doubt as to the authorship of the plays attributed to Shakespeare will be set at rest, and that my readers will say with Milton—

What needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones
The labor of an age in piled stones,
Thou in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.

JOHN MICHELS.

GLADSTONE'S SCHOOL DAYS AT ETON.

His Poem on the Boys' Practice of Cutting Off Pigs' Tails.

From Temple Bar.

James Brinsley Richards has collected several incidents connected with Mr. Gladstone's six years' stay at Eton, and he mentions "he is indebted for some of these which he publishes to Mr. Gladstone himself, who kindly communicated them in conversation."

William Ewart Gladstone entered Eton in September, 1821. His two elder brothers, Thomas and Robertson, had already been some time at the school, and Thomas was in the fifth form. William was soon to be his fag. The three brothers boarded at Mrs. Shurey's. Shurey's was a small house, and it is a curious coincidence that Lord Salisbury, then Lord Robert Cecil, boarded there in after years. Gladstone was placed in the middle remove of the fourth form. His tutor was the Rev. Henry Hertopp Knapp, an excellent scholar, and a pleasant, very pleasant fellow, but a curious cleric, and as a tutor by no means exemplary.

It is more than strange to hear that the future Chancellor of the Exchequer was taught no mathematics at Eton, and hardly any arithmetic. * * * Gladstone received no religious teaching either, the boys usually being in bed till nearly 10, as Sunday "private business" (which consists now of a Scriptural lesson) was not yet thought of. At half-past 10 they attended a service in chapel, and it was a common complaint among the parishioners of Eton, many of whom had sittings in the choir, that the boys in the higher forms used not to enter chapel until the last stroke of the bell, when they would rush in all together, helter-skelter, shoving one another, laughing, and making as much noise as possible.

The noblemen's sons "nobs," and the sixth form occupied stalls, and it was customary that every occupant of a stall should, on taking his seat for the first time, distribute among his neighbors packets of almonds and raisins, which were eaten during the service. Between 2 and 3 P. M. all the forms below the sixth (but not the lower school) had to muster in the upper school room, where Dr. Keate gave out the subjects for the week's Latin theme, and then gabbled out some pages from the "Maxims" of Epictetus, or a few extracts from Blair's "Sermons." During this performance, some of the boys, having brought pens and ink with them, would dash off their themes, while the others kept up a continuous uproar.

Arthur Hallam had gone to Eton in the same year as Gladstone, and they were both in the same house, Gladstone being several places above his friend. Gladstone had as a fag George Mellish, son of the Dean of Hereford, to whom years afterward it became his duty as Prime Minister to offer a Lord Justiceship. Another of Gladstone's fags was John Smith Mansfield, now a Police Magistrate at Marlborough Street Police Court. Mr. Mansfield says of him: "He was not exacting, and I had an easy time of it. I cannot remember doing anything more than laying out his breakfast and tea table, and occasionally doing an errand. As Gladstone was about five years my senior, there was an immense distance between us. I recall him as a good-looking, rather delicate youth, with a pale face, and brown, curling hair—always tidy and well dressed—not given much to athletic exercises, but occasionally sculling, playing cricket and hockey."

It used to be customary for a boy on promotion to the fifth form to give a supper in his room; and afterward to recite a satirical ode, passing comments on all the other fellows in his boarding house. Gladstone, in his fifth form poem, eschewed all personalities, but conveyed his opinion with great vigor on some of the abuses rife in the school, and in particular on cruelties that used to be practised toward pigs at the Eton fair that was held every Ash Wednesday.

A barbarous usage had arisen for boys to hustle the drovers and then cut off the tails of the pigs. Gladstone gave great offence by remarking that the boys who were pressed, took to this kind of butchery were the first to quake at the consequences of detection, and he dared them, if they were proud of their work, to sport the trophies of it in their hats. On the following Ash Wednesday he found three newly amputated pigtails hung in a bunch on his door, with a paper bearing this inscription:

Quisquis amat porcos, porcis amabitur illis;
Cauda sit exemplum, hic repetita tibi.

Gladstone wrote underneath a challenge to the despoilers of the pigs to come forth and take a receipt for their offering, which he would mark "against their round head upon your faces;" but his invitation met with no response.

Gladstone founded a magazine—the *Miscellany*—and he used to stupefy his fags by his prodigious capacity for work. His table and open bureau would be littered with "copy" and proofs; he suffered like other editors from the plague of MSS., and had to read quires of proffered contributions that were unacceptable; and yet he always found time to do his school work well. Dr. Keate, carper as he was, could find no fault in him; and even ended by taking him into special favor, as undoubtedly one of the best and most industrious scholars in the school. Probably no other boy ever got such praise from Dr. Keate as Gladstone did, when the head master said to him: "You belong to the *Literati* (Pop.), and of course you say there all that's on your mind. I wish I could hear you without your being aware of my presence; I'm sure I should hear a speech that would give me pleasure." The *Eton Miscellany* continued to appear until its editor left Eton at Christmas, 1827. He had then been a whole year in the sixth form; but he had not become Captain of Oppidans, for one boy who was his senior remained at the school much longer than was usual; and, as already explained, places in the sixth were only to be conquered by time, not by merit. Gladstone was, however, President of the debating society, and the acknowledged head of Eton in literary attainments and oratory.

The Rev. C. C. James writes: "The name of W. E. Gladstone may be seen carved on the upper right-hand panel of the door which stands to the left as you face the head master's desk in the upper school. His sons have their names cut on the same door close by. This carving was not done by Gladstone himself, but by Dr. Keate's servant in requital for the customary leaving fee. The name Gladstone (no W. E.) is cut in large letters on the long walk near what used to be Shurey's and is very much my home. It is on the tenth slab from the home and the fifth from the opening. Mr. E. Lyttelton says that the family believe it to be by W. E. Gladstone's knife."

Sam Pearson's Good Shot.

From the Carlisle New Departure.

Mr. Sam Pearson was out hunting on LaGrue a few days since. He saw a deer standing in the road, which appeared very shy, yet did not notice him. Before he could fire at the deer a noise from behind startled him, and on looking round he saw two gray wolves not more than fifteen feet away. Quick as thought he raised his gun and fired, killing both, they being in range.

POETRY OF THE PERIOD.

Solitude.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone.
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air.
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go.
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all.
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all die on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

ELLA WHEELER.

The Spirit of Shakespeare.

From the Academy.

I.

Thy greatest knew thee, Mother Earth, unsoured
He knew thy sons. He probed from hell to hell
Of human passions; but of love showered
His wisdom was not, for he knew thee well.
Thence came that honeyed corner at his lips,
The conquering smile wherein his spirit sails
Calm as the god who the white sea-wave whips;
Yet full of speech and intershifting tides.
Close mirrors of us: thence had he the laugh
We feel is time, and see is time thousand leaves
At pasture; thence thy songs that winnow chaff
From grain, and pick philosophy's last leaves
Whyl if they have no response—they enforced
To fatten earth when from her soul divorced.

II.

How smiles he at a generation ranked
In gloomy nooklings over life! They pass.
Not he to feed upon a breast unthanked,
Or eye a be