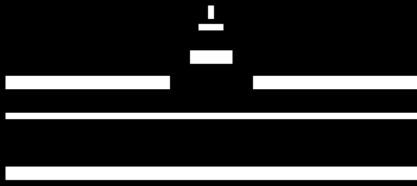

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The Works of Francis Turner Palgrave
A Descriptive Survey

Marvin Spevack

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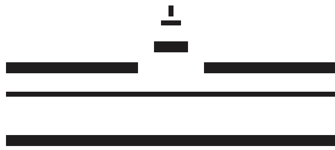

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Marvin Spevack held a chair of English Philology at the University of Münster. After producing essential works on Shakespeare – concordances, editions, and a thesaurus – he turned to literary figures of the nineteenth century with studies of James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps, Isaac D'Israeli, Sidney Lee, and now Francis Turner Palgrave.

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Note

For the purposes of an index to this work the reader is referred to the free and searchable online version at urn:nbn:de:hbz:6-12429559756

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M.S.

Prefatory Note

The *Palgrave* has been a household name for as long as one can remember. To many, in homes and schools, it was an introduction to English poetry, and to many it has been a constant companion. So much so that Francis Turner Palgrave, the begetter of *The Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language*, had only one life, as the compiler of what is doubtless the most widely known and influential anthology of English poetry from the time of its appearance in 1861 to the present day. For after his death in 1897 the *Palgrave* continued as the *Palgrave*, albeit revised, enlarged, updated, indeed metamorphosed by various editors, and, remarkable in this day of multitudinous anthologies, still in print, one of the most recent versions in 718 pages. The story of its conception, inception, and reception—from an initial "so excellent a work, that we unhesitatingly recommend every lover of English poetry to get the volume and read it" to a recent "The Sixth [Edition of] Palgrave's: Who Needs It?"—as well as his work as anthologist, is an important chapter in the cultural history of England.

But the *Palgrave* blots out other Palgraves. For one, the Palgrave who was a leading art critic almost at the very moment of the appearance of his anthology. Praised or feared by some, hated or ignored by others, he was a critic to be taken seriously in his day. For another, the Palgrave who was an active literary historian and critic, whose prospect was not merely English but also classical and European literature, as explicit in the very title of his last work *Landscape in Poetry: From Homer to Tennyson* (1897), practiced in countless articles, reviews, editions and in his lectures as Professor of Poetry in Oxford from 1885 to 1895. For a third, Palgrave the poet, who produced six volumes of poetry and numerous poems in journals and for special occasions. Not to mention the further accomplishments of this man of letters: three novels, some works for children, and tireless efforts in behalf of worthy artists and public institutions, indeed of the cultural health of the nation.

His fate, as his prophetic soul had hinted in his essay "Children of This World," may be that of those who take unpopular stands: disregard and

isolation. These other Palgraves have been neglected, but for the *Golden Treasury* and an occasional notice of his art criticism, receiving hardly any recognition. One reason is certainly that the works of this prolific author are relatively unknown. The aim of the present undertaking is to make them known. As solely a descriptive survey of works large and small, it is to be regarded as a figure in the cultural carpet of the Victorian Age.

•1•

BEGINNINGS

It is not surprising that a reviewer of the memoir of Francis Turner Palgrave by his daughter Gwenllian F. Palgrave[1] should find that "Palgrave was a man of almost 'perfect selflessness,' and the introduction to his home circle is not one of the smallest delights of a beautiful record" of "an editor of collections of poetry made with exquisite taste and almost unerring judgment [and whose] own gifts as a poet were considerable, and some of the pieces given in this volume are beautifully expressed and full of tender thought and feeling." It is, however, notable that the "chief charm of the book lies in the glimpses of the distinguished men with whom Mr. Palgrave was on the most affectionate terms," mentioning Lord Frederick Cavendish, Tennyson, and Gladstone.[2] What emerges from this assessment is Palgrave as a kind of transmitter of the personalties of others, a foil to set them off, a kind of Samuel Pepys with exquisite manners and larger inner and outer circles of friends and acquaintances which also included such worthies as James Anthony Froude, Arthur Hugh Clough, Benjamin Jowett, John Henry Newman, Thomas Woolner, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, Frederick Temple, who had been principal of Kneller Hall Training College during Palgrave's time there as vice principal. Those circles embraced not merely his social life but also his intellectual bent, his spiritual disposition, and his professional activities, the very names reflecting Palgrave's experience at Oxford, his long service in the Education Department of the Privy Council (not to mention his brief time as assistant private secretary to Gladstone in the Colonial Office), and his passionate devotion to the furtherance of art, which for him meant the fine arts—he was a leading art critic—and literature or more accurately poetry, which he anthologized

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[1]*Francis Turner Palgrave: His Journals and Memories of His Life* (London, 1899). Hereafter cited as Gwenllian.

[2]*London Quarterly Review* 2:1 (July 1899), 184.

and edited and wrote continuously for almost half a century. In the 1850s, his fledging decade, he also published three novels, whose interest lies partly in their autobiographical features, partly in the enactment, as it were, of his critical principles, and overridingly as testaments to the wide-ranging platforms and tireless industry which marked a career reaching the end of the century and helping to define the nature of the Victorian era. Along the way too, and generally unnoticed, Palgrave as literary historian produced a brief but noteworthy literary history of English poetry, a personal appraisal standing almost alone between the monumental three-volume history by Thomas Warton (1774-1781) and the six-volume work by William John Courthope (1895-1910). It began in 1861 in a lengthy review of *Bell's Annotated Series of British Poets,* whose running headline was "The Growth of English Poetry,"[3] and continued some months later in 1862 in an article entitled "English Poetry from Dryden to Cowper."[4] It coincided with the publication of Palgrave's most famous work, *The Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language.*

I. Critic

1.

That coincidence was not accidental, and the appearance of the *Golden Treasury* in 1861 is not without a certain element of inevitability. Palgrave had produced a volume of his poems, *Idyls and Songs*, in 1854, his relationship with Tennyson was ever since 1849 an inspirational element in his life, and his orientation towards poetry was evident: "He had by the time he was six years old ... 'learned by heart all the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," for his own pleasure, and he understands it well.' He commenced Caesar's Commentaries when he was seven, 'and the Greek grammar, which he considers as a great amusement'," and not long after he began writing Latin verses in his playtime.[5] But until this time his publications were largely otherwise: three novels in the 1850s—interestingly, but for collections of his poems, his only full-length books with indivisible elements—and, predominately, critical reviews of contemporary literature, architecture, and art for various periodicals,

[3] *Quarterly Review* 110:220 (October 1861), 435-59.

[4] *Quarterly Review* 112:223 (July 1862), 146-79.

[5] Gwenllian, p. 14.

which prefigured the similar production of thematically related collections of his essays ranging from *Essays on Art* (1866) to what is essentially a collection of individual if not detachable essays, his last work, *Landscape in Poetry from Homer to Tennyson* (1897), *With*—as the title continues, in the manner of an anthology—*Many Illustrative Examples*. That cluster of survey and illustration is evident in Palgrave's mini-history of English poetry and his *Golden Treasury,* however difficult it may be to say whether it was the chicken or the egg which came first.

What undoubtedly did come first are the elements of a critical orientation already apparent in the articles Palgrave produced before or contiguous with the survey and the treasury. His first publications—among the unsigned essays and reviews collected by him and, with other material, bound in four volumes which he presented to the British Museum in 1897[6]—offer a clear indication of his critical interests. What Palgrave designates as "the writer's first attempt,"[7] his article "A Tale of Florence: Some Account of the Youthful Life of Dante Alighieri,"[8] which appeared just after he left Balliol, is at once a tribute to the city of Florence, a paean to the poet Dante, a glorification of the love story of Beatrice Portiniari, and a celebration of the "treasures of the *dolce lingua,*" which, following his running commentary on the *Vita Nuova*—his "attempt to gather a few of he flowers which the poet has with much profusion scattered through the garden of his love-story"—Palgrave crowns with his own translation of the sonnet beginning "Negli occhi porta la mia donna Amore" and the prose paragraph "after the death of Beatrice."[9] Palgrave's enchantment with Italy, begun in the enthusiastic letters from his parents in 1837 and nurtured by his own travels in 1839 and 1843, and his love of languages and devotion to poetry, not to mention an empathy with the youthful love affair that appears in the novels he was to write, are fixed early and firmly. That foundation

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[6][Miscellaneous Essays] British Library, shelfmark 012274.ee.1. Palgrave collected essays from 1847 to 1897 and presented the four volumes to the British Museum in 1897.

[7]In a handwritten comment in [Miscellaneous Essays], vol. 1.

[8]*Sharpe's London Magazine* 5:109 (27 November 1847), 74-6.

[9]Ibid., p. 74.

included painting,[10] by extension all the fine arts, and even in a brief way the articulation of the nature of art. In "Michael Angelo's 'Raising of Lazarus,' in the National Gallery,"[11] Palgrave's description of the painting is prefaced by an assumption that "the high thoughts arising ... in the beholder's mind have a place and a power for good." This moral dimension is embedded in the "all but unnoticed" picture, in which Palgrave synthesizes his critical components—Italy, painting, poetry—finding its greatness conveyed in "the simplest language [of] this *visible speech*—to use the expression of Dante."[12] It cannot be said that Palgrave's approach was simply that of an infatuated enthusiast. He was only too aware, as he strolled through the National Gallery, of the indifference and ignorance of many of his fellow Englishmen, be they a "party of rough visitors" or, as he concludes in his brief review, "Mr. Rogers' Pictures,"[13] those who might purchase from the collection for the National Gallery. With a sharp sneer of one confident of his taste he makes very clear with an admittedly "negative suggestion" that it is not works by Claude, Rembrandt, Rubens, Reynolds or Raphael that should be added to the National Gallery "simply because we have specimens of somewhat similar quality," nor "feeble" or undistinctive works even if by masters like Mantegna or Rubens.[14]

Palgrave's synesthetic approach is evident in a package review of some ten books in the Belles-Lettres section of the *Westminster Review*.[15] It takes note of contemporary minor novels in English and French, a collection of miscellaneous items by Walter Savage Landor, a popular sketch of the history of architecture, a volume of scholarly studies of Dante, a collection

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[10]One of his first and most important works was his "Essay of the First Century of Italian Painting," added to a translation into English of Franz Kugler's *Handbuch der Geschichte der Malerei* as *Handbook of Painting. The Italian Schools* (3rd ed., London, 1855), pt. 2, pp. 517-56.

[11]*Sharpe's London Magazine* 6 (March 1848), 121-2.

[12]Ibid., p. 122.That the editor sought fit to note that the composition of the work and the figure of Lazarus were the work of Michelangelo but that the rest of the work was executed by Sebastian del Piombo in no way damages Palgrave's thesis.

[13]*Saturday Review of Politics, Literature, Science and Art* 1:26 (26 April 1856), 519-20.

[14]Ibid., p. 520.

[15]61:119 (January 1854), 303-10. Attributed to Palgrave by the *Wellesley Index to Victorian Periodicals.*

of essays in which "certain notabilities of various nations are taken as types and representatives of certain classes," and a series of lectures on poetry delivered extempore to the working classes at Brighton. Palgrave was thirty but obviously self assured and apparently comfortable in a wide range of subjects. He was adept at classical and modern languages, was (like his father) an *Italianato* and (like his mother) avidly interested in architecture,[16] had written a novel and was to write two others a few years later, and in the year of the review, 1854, published his first volume of poems. That he was a voracious and swift reader is obvious from the number of works reviewed and the fact they were all published within a year of the review; that he read carefully and shrewdly is apparent in the details he quotes. His prose is fresh, direct, and uncluttered with jargon. The tone of his criticism is modulated according to his subject. It may be mischievous: "The title-page runs thus:—'Alderman Ralph; or, the History of the Borough and Corporation of the Borough of Willow Aere: with all about the Bridge and the Baronet, the Bridge Deed and the Great Scholar, the Toll-keeper and his Daughter, the Fiddler and his Virtues, the Lawyer and his Rogueries, and all the Rest of it. By Adam Hornbook, Student by his own Fireside, and among his Neighbours, when he can secure the arm-chair in the corner.' This is at least an excellent title page, as it gives a very accurate idea of the book that is to follow. It is one that would perhaps rather gain than lose by a second reading—an uncommon merit in a novel."[17] It may be impatient: "Assuming, however, the fidelity of the picture of certain phases of Parisian society [in *Mémoires de Bilboquet*], they are such as we confess[18] to being rather weary of. We should be careful too not to imitate the mistake of some of our Sanitary Commissioners, and by incautious opening of the drains and sewers of social life, run the risk of infecting wholesome literature with their villanous [*sic*] miasma."[19] And it can be blunt, as in the case of Landor's *Last Fruit from an Old Tree*: "It is seldom also that so much arrogance and self-complacency are found in connexion with talents and attainments of so high an order."[20] But it

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[16]One of his earliest articles was "A Few Words on the Study of Architecture," *Educational Expositor* 2 (April 1854), 142-4.

[17]*Westminster Review*, p. 303.

[18]Ibid., p. 304.

[19]Ibid., pp. 305-6.

[20]Ibid., p. 308.

can also be sympathetic and flexible: *Oakfield* is "a novel of the thoughtful, and by no means of the exciting order; too full of serious and lengthy discussions for the class of composition to which it belongs," but it furnishes "much material for reflection on the great public question of the recivilisation and possible regeneration of India."[21] And it can be straightforward and admitting of complexities: *Studies of Dante Alighieri* are really *studies*, and not light essays to which that name is sometimes given."[22] Palgrave's tone may be modulated, his subjects variegated, but his focus is sharp and penetrating. What governs his critical approach is a commitment to social advancement and harmony. He accepts that the "sufferings of the poor, the abuses of the law, the evils of slavery, nearly all the social questions of the time, have come to be considered as the legitimate subject of fiction."[23] Absolutely central is the conception of art and especially poetry in his praise of F. W. Robertson's *Two Lectures on the Influence of Poetry on the Working Classes*: "a beautiful and simple, yet profound exposition of the principle that true poetry is adapted to the wants and feelings of ordinary men; that it is the most powerful vehicle for the transmission of high and pure inspirations from mind to mind; that poets are in this sense the prophets of the world, who warm, animate, and exalt their brother man."[24] It is a conception at once aristocratically focussed and yet socially embracing, a keystone enforced, *mutatis mutandis*, by Palgrave's page-long footnote eulogy of Robertson, the clergyman who "did not accommodate himself to the prejudices, or tastes of his hearers; he used no art; indeed he scorned all theatrical effect. His chapel was crowded because he was felt to be earnest; because he was a profound searcher of the human heart, and addressed his fellow-men as no stranger to their inmost sufferings and temptations."[25]

If it is evident in a somewhat more prosaic way in his agreeing that it "would be desirable to render Architecture a more general object of study, and that to convey such knowledge to general readers in a popular and a pleasant manner—to interest them in an art which affects not merely our

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[21]Ibid., p. 305.

[22]Ibid., p. 309. In a footnote Emil Ruth's German work is incorrectly titled *Studien von* [instead of *über*] *Dante Alighieri*.

[23]Ibid., p. 303.

[24]Ibid., p. 310.

[25]Ibid., pp. 310-11.

homes and the provision of structures for the fitting discharge of public duties, as well as the artistic progress, the aesthetic culture, and the refined enjoyment of a people, would be to do a good work,"[26] then it is evident as well in a more professional way in "Taste in France."[27] This article contains severe criticism of bad taste in France: "There is a want of healthy impulse, of genuine life, in the many cathedrals and churches they are building and restoring."[28] Its socio-political implications apply not merely to the "decree of Central authority" but as well to the mindless English who would import the worst features: "one feels everywhere that the work is not a work of love, but results from Government patronage, or the policy of ecclesiastical propaganda."[29] The element of love, essential to social harmony, derives from the identity and integrity of the individual self. Moving from a description of the failures of modern French Gothic structures, Palgrave addresses the whole matter of restoration philosophically. In a further instance of his focus on the heart and the pure, he rejects efforts in church restoration to "unite with effect coloured windows and coloured walls. The more brilliant each is, the more it kills the other."[30] This gilding of the lily is not simply an aesthetic matter. It goes beyond Palgrave's "protest against a system which is rapidly rendering the master-pieces of Gothic architecture valueless as monuments of antiquity, as objects of beauty, as incitements to devotion."[31] From this standpoint it is not far to the maxim that "time is often the best painter"[32] and from that premise to conclude that "new work does not replace the old." This insistence on the purity and integrity of an original finds support in the "warning" of "a great genius," John Ruskin: "Neither by the public, nor by those who have the care of public monuments, is the true meaning of the word *restoration* understood. It means the most total destruction which a building can suffer: a destruction out of which no remnants can be gathered: a destruction

[26]Palgrave's review of George Godwin's *History in Ruins* in the *Westminster Review* 61:119 (January 1854), 309.

[27]*Fraser's Magazine for Town and Country* 55:329 (May 1857), 583-9.

[28]Ibid., p. 583.

[29]Ibid.

[30]Ibid., p. 585.

[31]Ibid., p. 586.

[32]Ibid., p. 585.

accompanied with false description of the thing destroyed. Do not let us deceive ourselves in this important matter; it is *impossible* to restore anything that has even been great or beautiful in architecture."[33] That destructiveness applies to all departures from the essential or original. In the third and last section of his article Palgrave points out "some of the fallacies in ornament and arrangement committed lately in the museum of the Louvre." Too many statues standing "in official monotony, like files of courtiers awaiting he transit of Caesar,"[34] too many pictures serving "only to fill space; they are so much other upholstery,"[35] too many pictures so inharmoniously juxtaposed that they "make war and kill each other."[36] Palgrave's very vulgar thing, a shopkeeper's vice—precipitate passion for display,"[37] another manifestation of his devotion to the purity and sanctity of original creativity and, with his warnings to the English government to avoid these blunders, an awareness of their implications for the health of the nation.

This aristocratic selectivity and its social implications are central in Palgrave's "On Readers in 1760 and 1860."[38] The focus on books is not essentially different from that on architecture before restoration. In earlier times, like 1760,

> the line then drawn between the studious and the world was traced by the knowledge that those who wrote were more or less the separate class who were qualified and trained to teach others, and that readers came to learn new thoughts or information, or to find amusement of a kind higher and more amusing than can be expected from living gossip. Books were then a "substantial world" by themselves ... They were then objects of special belief; they were oracles conveying something not to be found elsewhere, or to be approached casually ... there lay a genuine worship of the Muses in it all, an honest recognition of industry, and earnestness, and genius.[39]

But the attitude of the present century to the eighteenth seems "a derisive

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[33]Ibid., p. 587.
[34]Ibid., p. 588.
[35]Ibid., p. 589.
[36]Ibid., p. 588.
[37]Ibid.
[38]*Macmillan's Magazine* 1:6 (April 1860), 487-9.
[39]Ibid., p. 488.

gesture towards that Pharisee [in the parable]—thanking God that we are not like him, so proud, formal, worldly, and over-well dressed."[40] Exaggeration and the passion for display find their inflection in the fact that in 1860 people "go to books for something almost similar to what they find in social conversation. Reading tends to become only another kind of gossip. Every thing is to be read, and everything only once; a book is no more a treasure to be kept and studied and known by heart."[41] As a result the integrity of a work is not observed and many false judgments of books once just studied and enjoyed occur. Palgrave's position is, as always, embodied in the proverb *multum, non multa*—"we read at once too much and too little"—and he does not hesitate to spell it out pedantically: "let a man, or a woman who wishes to claim her natural mental rights and position, read mainly the best books, and begin again when the series is ended." Which those best books are that put the "thoughts of its age in the sweetest light and highest form, but includes, by a natural implication, the thousand lesser works contemporary,"[42] and what makes them so, are among the prime objectives of Palgrave's career. For the nonce they serve as elements of a preamble to the major work Palgrave was already preparing, *The Golden Treasury: The Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language,* and its narrative frame, the two articles which constitute his mini-history of English poetry.

To that preamble belong as well a cluster of apparently diverse articles which appeared at this time: "Mr. Holman Hunt's Picture, The Finding of Christ in the Temple,"[43] "W. H. Thackeray as Novelist and Photographer,"[44] and "Historical Art in England."[45] What is noteworthy in what is mainly a description of the painting is Palgrave's precise and attention to details of Holman Hunt's craft not as ends in themselves but for the "distinguishing executive character of the picture that strikes the eye at first, [its] luminous depth and intensity of colour, the perfect truth of *chiaroscuro* that gives relief and roundness to every part ... the whole truthful effect being enhanced, when, upon examination, we discern the

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[40]Ibid.

[41]Ibid.

[42]Ibid., p. 489.

[43]*Macmillan's Magazine* 2:7 (May 1860), 34-9.

[44]*Westminster Review* 18:2 (October 1860), 500-23.

[45]*Fraser's Magazine* 63:378 (June 1861), 773-80.

minute and elaborate finish that has been given to the most trifling details. The whole has the roundness and substantiality of nature."[46] Truth is the keyword, and not just in the immediately recognizability of the scene, or in Holman Hunt's praiseworthy journey to Jerusalem to study and absorb the environment and accoutrements of the scene he was to portray, nor even in the skillful execution for "which he had spared neither time, labour, study, nor expense." Truth is not simply the camera-eye's rendition but the artist's transcendent grasp of the wholeness of nature. Palgrave elaborated on this idea in his long review of nine works of Thackeray published between 1845 and 1859. Once again Palgrave's premise is the simultaneity in books, as in paintings, of the author's or artist's expression of mind and its indivisible connection with the sentiments of the community. An author is obliged artistically and morally from the "secret processes of the mind"[47] to portray that grandness of nature which makes the whole world kin. Such works are rare. *Multum, non multa* is trumpeted beyond Palgrave's abhorrence of the profusion of works that offer no more than social gossip in his provocative assertion "we have a little too much even of Shakespeare."[48] For all his skill Thackeray is only a photographer. His excellence, like that of photography, is not that excellence of human skill that is art. Thackeray photographs society and not life: "his day is not our waking hours, but only our hours in the drawing or the dining-room."[49] And his generalizations are not from life but from society. And, like the "cold and lifeless image"[50] of photography that Palgrave contrasts with the presence of the human soul in a great artist like Turner, in Thackeray there is not so much cynicism as a "denying spirit," an "impersonal and unsympathetic point of view,"[51] like that in the creed of Pendennis: "neither hoping much, nor caring much, nor believing much."[52] Palgrave admits that his comparison of the processes of Thackeray and photography is not meant to suggest that "far higher elements are absent from any one of the

[46]"Holman Hunt," p. 35.
[47]"Thackeray," p. 517.
[48]Ibid., p. 506.
[49]Ibid., p. 519.
[50]Ibid., p. 506.
[51]Ibid., p. 508.
[52]Ibid., p. 509.

mature works." "Yet," he must conclude, "there is a certain sense in which the two processes touch. And we think the moral will be found true on reflection, that these are charming and delicate arts; but Art is quite another matter."[53] Still, it is interesting to note that in a handwritten comment on the article he admitted that it was "written with immense pains & containing much which now seems to the writer eminently ludicrous, in 1868."[54] And Palgrave himself designed a tablet in honor of Thackeray for Charterhouse Chapel, for which Anne Thackeray thanked him by sending him "Papa's little monogram which he always used" and later his coat of arms.[55]

It has been said that Palgrave's criticism was strongly influenced by his personal relations. It might be held that his approval of William Holman Hunt was based largely on the fact that Holman Hunt was also one of the faithful of his idol, Tennyson. It might also be said that Palgrave was critical of the editor Thackeray who had rejected an article he had submitted as "not likely to suit the Cornhill Magazine."[56] Personal sympathy may also have initially animated Palgrave's treatment of the historical painter John Cross, who died in 1861 and whom Palgrave regarded as the "most gifted representative of one of the highest and least practised forms of art."[57] Cross was not of Palgrave's circle, as were Holman Hunt and the sculptor Thomas Woolner (whom he also actively supported). But Palgrave was doubtless moved by the "moral" of the short and unhappy life of Cross, who died at forty-two: "A long life of uninterrupted painting would not have exhausted the scenes of the past which Cross saw with the inner eye and longed to fix on canvas; but after

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[53]Ibid., p. 523.

[54][Miscellaneous Essays], vol. 1.

[55]In a letter of 12 October 1865 (British Library Add.MS. 45741, fol. 226-7).

[56]*The Letters and Private Papers of William Makepeace Thackeray*, ed. Edgar F. Harden (2 vols., New York, 1994), II:913. It is not clear which article was meant but since Thackeray's letter is dated 9 November 1859 a likely candidate is "On Readers in 1760 and 1860," published in April 1860. In a letter to Palgrave of 17 January (no year) Thackeray explained: "I have been doubting and doubting as long as Lord Eldon & I am afraid have decided against the paper at last ... Your paper has the objection, that it cries down the quality of the wares w[h] we are actually selling" (British Library Add.MS. 45741, fol. 233).

[57]"Historical Art," p. 773.

his first success ... so little encouragement did he find, that this man, who might have done so much for us, had to paint his few great works in his scanty leisure between the lessons to children by which alone he could maintain himself. What a tragedy in brief is here! what waste of lofty gifts—what wreck of far-seeing intentions!"[58] The eulogy is not restricted to Cross but to the fate of the genuine struggling artist, for "the consolation is not absent with which high aims and the noble devotion to truth and duty bless the life-long service of the faithful."[59] And as the terms of Palgrave's praise indicate, Cross is be understood within the context of the "highest and least practised forms of art" and as the title is "Historical Art in England," Cross is the initial impulse of a widening gyre: a man, a man who is a painter, a painter practising one of the highest forms of art, an art with a national heritage. The crowning consolation in Palgrave's eulogy is that the "place" of such as Cross "will be where the successful of the hour have no portion—amongst those who have done the State some service, and played their part as men."[60] Palgrave uses a detailed description of a number of Cross's works to illustrate the three main essentials of historical art—"mastery of drawing, harmony of composition, dramatic and vital presentment of the situation"[61]—and moves quickly and more fully to criticize the English for not caring to learn about, much less appreciate, historical art. His tone becomes sharper: "they are satisfied (to give the vulgar reasons) with a vague idea that large pictures would disagreeably disturb their upholstery; that such art has never answered in England, and, therefore, will never succeed; that because some artists have notoriously failed in this branch, all must. Or perhaps the remark may be that art is only meant for pleasure and ornament; or we hear the base cry of complacent pettiness, 'It does not interest me; we think it dull.'"[62] Such ignorance or apathy infuriates Palgrave, who outlines three underlying fallacies: that few subjects of general history are lawful subjects for historical art, that only the remote past is its subject, and that "it necessarily involves pictures of what, in a true upholsterer's spirit, those who cover roods of wall with the

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[58]Ibid., p. 780.
[59]Ibid.
[60]Ibid.
[61]Ibid., p. 774.
[62]Ibid., p. 777.

monotony of the paper-stainer or the vanities of the mirror, call 'inconvenient' size."[63] Although Palgrave stresses that historical art nurtures the national spirit, he cautions, as always, against interference by government in art and literature and, not surprisingly, science. For, as always, in all the elements in the widening gyre the temper must be "spontaneous and self-developed."[64]

To be sure, Palgrave was sympathetic with those artists who had suffered the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune or neglect. But in his sympathy and activity in their behalf he never lost sight of his artistic creed. In announcing a "little memoir of our dear A. H. Clough," he confessed to Alexander Grant, "I have tried hard for severe *Art* in my paper."[65] Clough died on 13 November 1861. He was forty-two, a good friend of Palgrave's, who shared the Oxford experience, the company of such as Benjamin Jowett, concern about the French Revolution, the siege of Rome by the French, a time together at the Education Department of the Privy Council, and not least an enthusiasm for nature. These ties find their way into the two memoirs Palgrave wrote in 1862, the first and more extensive in *Fraser's Magazine*,[66] the second as preface to *The Poetical Works of Arthur Hugh Clough*.[67] Both stress the personal disposition and integrity of Clough. "His influence was always towards whatever should incline others to a liberal view of the questions of the day, of the claims of the feeble, and the feelings of the poor," he wrote in the first.[68] In the second: "He always held in horror the selfish deductions which (he thought) were often made from some doctrines of Political Economy:—and when the Irish famine took place, he advocated the relief fund which was set up in Oxford in a very plain-spoken and vigorous pamphlet, urging the immediate suppression of certain academical luxurious habits, and, above all, requiring from us sympathy with the distressed as an imperious duty."[69] In both there is admiration for Clough's "deep sympathy with those who live by the labours we too slightingly call mechanical, and with

[63]Ibid., p. 778.

[64]Ibid., p. 779.

[65]In a letter of 22 February 1862 in Gwenllian, p. 71.

[66]65:388 (April 1862), 527-36.

[67](London, 1862), pp. vii-xxiv.

[68]"Clough," p. 528.

[69]*Poetical Works*, p. ix.

minds which owe more to nature than to society or study; the delight in friendship and in solitude; the love of wild wandering, and intense—not appreciation of, say rather 'acceptance in,' the natural landscape."[70] These traits are important in themselves and in their resonance in Palgrave's own life. More significant, if not the more "severe *Art*" Palgrave tried hard for, is the refrain "plainer living and higher thinking"[71] to characterize Clough's life and the inextricable connection between the life of the poet and his poetry. In commenting on Clough's *The Bothie of Tober-Na-Vuolich,* that "intensely Oxonian" work, Palgrave qualifies the connection, "It is not an autobiography in disguise; but it will readily be felt that so honest a nature could not do otherwise than utter itself in its work."[72] But in saying that Clough is "there" in his work, that "others might write, but he lived his poem,"[73] Palgrave uses the relationship to illustrate what is "severe" about art. Laudable personal traits and social activities are necessary, to be sure. Little mention is made here—or elsewhere in Palgrave—of genius. What marks Clough most are his "noble qualities" and his "higher thinking." But, although "they have a charm so great that ... they almost disarm the judgment. Viewed in that aspect, Clough's work is wanting in art; the language and thought are often unequal and incomplete; the poetical fusion into a harmonious whole, imperfect ... one feels a doubt whether in verse he chose the right vehicle, the truly natural mode of utterance. His poetry, in a word, belongs to that uncommon class in which the matter everywhere far outruns the workmanship."[74] Clough's life "truly was a life of much performance, yet of more promise."[75] Great art, however, requires not only feeling and vision but also Palgrave's recurring essential, finish.

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What might be considered the first climax of Palgrave's career was the publication within a few months of two articles surveying English poetry and the *Golden Treasury.* Their almost simultaneous appearance was less

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[70]"Clough," p. 529 and *Poetical Works*, p. xii.

[71]"Clough," p. 528 and *Poetical Works*, p. ix.

[72]"Clough," p. 530.

[73]Ibid., p. 535.

[74]Ibid., p. 530.

[75]Ibid., p. 534.

coincidental than complementary. In effect the survey was the frame and the anthology the illustrating elements. Moreover, each in its own way represented a continuity of thought and yet a breaking of new ground. The running title of the first article "The Growth of English Poetry," more likely of the editor's devising than the author's,[76] is to a certain extent misleading. Palgrave's indisputable premise is doubtless that poetry "in Wordsworth's fine phrase, 'is the first and best of all knowledge—it is immortal in the heart of man'."[77] That fixedness, however, does not delineate the nature and direction of the vehicle. It is the lodestar but not journey. For Palgrave the evolution of poetry is not gradual or steady or predictable, as evidenced in, say, Italy, "where Dante gave in the 'Commedia' a masterpiece, of which his early poems afforded no anticipation," or Germany, where "when the first age of legend and love-song concluded, four hundred years went by before a nation gifted with the best poetical elements found its voice in Goethe and his fellow-poets."[78] Palgrave is practising historical criticism and his approach is chronological, but it is not to be assumed that history and chronology are the only parameters. Palgrave uses his review of the series of twenty-nine volumes (which he noted would be extended to fifty, but which as the Aldine Edition of British Poets in fact numbered fifty-two by 1866) to evaluate, to sift the best from the whole poetical crop. His is not an all-inclusive multi-volume and extremely popular *Cyclopaedia of English Literature* like Robert Chambers's, a literary history and anthology in one, or George Lillie Craik's *A Compendious History of English Literature, and the English Language, from the Norman Conquest,* not even a compact version with an emphasis on biographical details of authors, like William Francis Collier's *History of English Literature in a Series of Biographical Sketches*, which, like Craik's and Palgrave's works, also appeared in 1861—all of which were in the main in the tradition of works of instruction, intended for the general improvement of the "great body of the People," especially the young, and, so the preface to Chambers, "to bring the belles-lettres into the list of those agencies which are now operating for the mental advancement of the middle and humbler portions of society."

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[76]It is a review of twenty-nine volumes of *Bell's Annotated Series of British Poets.*
[77]Ibid., p. 435.
[78]Ibid., pp. 435-6.

True, Palgrave had entered the Education Department of the Privy Council in 1849, had been vice principal from 1850 at Kneller Hall, where his "work consist[ed] of Lecturing on English History, and English Literature, and English Composition, of instructing the students how to teach boys what he teaches them,"[79] had written, in his house journal, for his students the two-part "Method of Lectures on English Literature,"[80] a "Review of De Quincey's Autobiography, with Some Remarks on English Prose-Writing,"[81] a translation into English of sections of Tacitus's *Germania*[82]—all with a strong pedagogical accent but also with fundamental tenets, the groundwork, of his literary orientation. In the first article, in the form of an imaginary conversation between Wordsworth and Coleridge, it is said by Coleridge that literature "begins only with systematic and conscious composition," that it "implies ... systematic elaboration of thought ... Observations on recorded Facts, not given as they absolutely are—(for such representation is simply impossible)—but as seen through the mind of the writer, and by him—to borrow the significant terms of Representative Art—invested with unity of treatment, unity of coloring, and unity of interest."[83] And further by Wordsworth: "It is not the Poet who creates the landscape:—nor yet the landscape that gives birth to the Poet:—it is the union and *synthesis* ... between that which is without us and that which is within us:—between the natural mind and the mind of nature—that the Poet's creation is evolved."[84] For a "true method" of organizing literature, a "mechanical though necessary scaffolding" is proposed by Coleridge: a chronological frame according to centuries but based on a "consideration of [the] subject matter, and growing out of it."[85] In the review of De Quincey Palgrave proceeds from

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[79]In a letter from Frederick Temple to Arthur Hugh Clough dated 10 May 1853 in *The Correspondence of Arthur High Clough*, ed. Frederick L. Mulhauser (2 vols., Oxford, 1957), II:428.

[80]*Educational Expositor* 1 (May 1853) 119-22 and (June 1853), 176-80.

[81]Ibid., 1 (December 1853), 447-52.

[82]Ibid., 2 (August 1854), 305-9.

[83]"Method of Lectures," p. 121.

[84]Ibid.

[85]Ibid., pp. 177-8. This is essentially the method Palgrave is to apply in all his surveys, be they of art or literature, or even in reviews, as in that of "The Works of Alfred de Musset," in *Oxford Essays, Contributed by Members of the University* (London,

the conviction that "Style and Language ... are, with reference to the communication of Thought or Information to others, of a value not less than Thought or Information themselves"[86] to their "indissoluble" coexistence as Form and Matter and "from the expression of thoughts of grace, thoughts of color, and thoughts of harmony ... the name of Artist is given by those who by the union of Spirit and Matter give to each meaning and manifestation." And even further. "These are partial Arts:—but greater far, and far more arduous in its operations, is that Art which embraces all Thought whatsoever:—its province, the revelation of mind to mind:—words, uttered or written, its means: its object, not merely to please, but to inform—not merely to inform, but to educate."[87] Put another way, "Style is the perfection of Language"; "Form"—Palgrave uses the term interchangeably with "style"—"is a condition inseparably essential to permanency."[88] And even in the brief introduction to his translation of Tacitus—"to the teachers and the students of English history, invaluable"[89]—there is the relevance of the past to the present and especially for the English nation, the heritage of "the love of Nature and the love of home."[90] Palgrave returned in 1855 to the Education Department, where he remained until 1884. But in writing for the *Quarterly Review* he was not so much the pedagogue, a role he learned, as the advocate and appraiser, a role he was destined for.

Accordingly, Palgrave's organization of the "Growth of English Poetry" is historical and chronological, but he conceives of it not as a continuum marked by arbitrarily defined periods or ages: "Human nature and human history never indeed really present broad lines of distinction: one age is always intertwined with the past, and prophetic of the coming; the old ever blended into the new, and the new anticipated in the old."[91] Palgrave prefers two great divisions of English poetry from Chaucer to

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1855), pp. 80-104.

[86]"De Quincey," p. 447.

[87]Ibid., p. 448.

[88]Ibid., p. 449.

[89]"Germany," p. 306.

[90]Ibid., p. 305.

[91]"Growth," p. 437.

Milton, two "essential cycles,"[92] which he would divide into classes called "Creative and Retrospective." Thus Chaucer, with whom Palgrave begins his survey, is at once the "Morning Star of our poetical literature," but "his poetry embodies almost exclusively the spirit of his own younger days ... His poems neither were, nor could be precursors or models in any strict sense for the poets of modern England. Chaucer is the Hesperus of what, in the absence of a better term, we must call our Feudal Ages."[93] Palgrave's conclusion is not entirely new, but his yoking of opposites, based on the favorable political situation under Chaucer's patron, Edward III, and an Anglo-French dialect interspersed with Latinisms, both of which were soon to become obsolete, is well taken.

The interrelationship of the socio-political situation and the state of the language and literature is stressed again in Palgrave's assessment of the relatively low status in Europe of England under Henry VIII, "when the far west had to look eastward for the renewal of its civilization."[94] In poetry and architecture, Palgrave's darlings, the forms were borrowed, in 1500, from Italy, his beloved model. Thus Surrey, though "a man of fine genius," was "prevented ... from becoming a great poet" by "the state of our language and literature."[95] Palgrave's comparison is characteristically self-revealing: "like those early travellers who carried home from Athens imperfect drawings from the masterworks of Phidias and Ictinus, [Surrey] brought before his countrymen some resemblance of the grace of Petrarch, some fragments from the art of Virgil and Horace."[96] In quoting Surrey's "The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings," Palgrave is observant enough to note that although imitative of Petrarch's "Zefiro torna," it attempts "a closer painting from nature [which] connects Surrey with our earlier poets and foreshadows a style which has been since eminently characteristic of English Poetry,"[97] as well as, a feature of Palgrave's literary criticism which culminated in his last book-length work,

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[92]Ibid., p. 436, adding: "that with the writers after 1660 begins what, although marked by very diverse phases, may be truly defined as the modern style," which is to be the subject of his follow-up "English Poetry from Dryden to Cowper."

[93]Ibid., pp. 437-8.

[94]Ibid., p. 438.

[95]Ibid., pp. 438-9.

[96]Ibid., p. 439.

[97]Ibid.

Landscape in Poetry from Homer to Tennyson. Palgrave does not have less regard for Wyatt, whose "poetry, like all of his century (Shakespeare excepted), falls within certain limits of thought,"[98] though—Palgrave foreshadowing his view of the qualities of true poetry—"containing many instances of simplicity and seriousness, and many lines of natural elegance; nor must the variety and frequent excellence of the metres which he has tried or invented be overlooked."[99] Only Drummond of Hawthornden, "the lineal representative of those early amourists," merits specific mention and quotation before the "'Faery Queen' first proved modern England capable of a great poem."[100]

Palgrave's appraisal of this early poetry derives from his questioning of the "common and very natural illusion, by which those who have a real interest in any human art attribute to its beginnings a large portion of the glory which surrounds its triumph." His position is harshly simple: "we doubt much whether the excellence of any perfect art is implicitly involved in work which is not perfect."[101] It is fixed and denies any gradual study or steps, artistically or chronologically, leading to perfection. "Our early poetry, from Chaucer to Spenser," he is convinced, "cannot be regarded as an altogether spontaneous effort of the national spirit; in its formation influences not only foreign, but derived from an earlier and in many ways a far higher period, were largely intermingled with native elements: much in it was rather recovery than creation."[102] To emphasize his conviction Palgrave rejects the "present tone of criticism" which contrasts Elizabethan writers as "natural" and their successors after 1660 as "artificial," the terms, "like most good epigrammatic judgments ... far too clever and definite for the facts."[103] In short, what follows is not better because it follows or is neatly labelled. Palgrave's position is dangerous, for it obliges him "to dissent from the opinion of a writer, few of whose judgments, indeed, are open to reversal," Henry Hallam. Interestingly enough, although disagreeing with Hallam's conclusion that a comparison of Elizabethan poetry with that of the nineteenth century "would show an

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[98]Ibid., p. 440.
[99]Ibid., p. 441.
[100]Ibid.
[101]Ibid., p. 442.
[102]Ibid., pp. 442-3.
[103]Ibid., p. 443.

extravagant predilection for the mere name or dress of antiquity," Palgrave, ever independent, finds it "more in place" to compare with an earlier standard of excellence the four great collections of the period: Tottel's, Edwards's "Paradise," "England's Helicon," and Davison's "Rhapsody." Palgrave does not disguise his unshakable preference for Roman and especially Greek poems: "When we consider what the Greeks did, and with what means and within how brief a period ... it would be enough to make a thoughtful man ... despair of human genius, but for the charm that lies in the names of William Shakespeare and Francis Bacon."[104] Nevertheless he proceeds to describe each collection, lament that all are not easily accessible, and in pithy phrases admire a number of small poems, which he quotes and also includes in his treasury of the "best" in the English language.[105]

At this point, midway through his essay, Palgrave modifies and sharpens his focus. Satisfied that the conception of independent cycles has been established and that the superiority of Greek poetry accepted, he turns to the "one principle which the early Greek poetry has in common with the English—the concentration of interest on man and his passions"[106]—in order to contrast and so define both. To demonstrate how natural description may be used as the vehicle and the foil to human feeling Palgrave juxtaposes three poems on the presence of Spring by four poets of different times, Surrey, Browne, Gray, and Wordsworth. Whereas nature is more or less directly connected with the personality of Surrey in "The soote season," there is a gradual animating enlargement of vision until in Wordsworth's "Lines written in early Spring" "individual passion disappears, and the mind of the poet ... draws a picture in which the simplest and closest delineation of the scene is connected with a moral embracing all humankind."[107] The defining feature and limitation of the early writers, Palgrave holds, is their incapability of "viewing anything except reflectively, and with reference to their own feeling."[108] Palgrave goes so far as to conclude sweepingly that in "essential characteristics ... it

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[104]Ibid.

[105]Ibid., pp. 443-6.

[106]Ibid., p. 446.

[107]Ibid., p. 448. Only the poems by Gray and Wordsworth found a place in the *Golden Treasury*.

[108]Ibid.

is clear that a wider interval separates Wordsworth and Keats, Shelley and Byron, from Spenser and his contemporaries, than lies between them and the so-called artificial poets of the eighteenth century."[109] And he widens the gap by averring that the quality of simplicity noted in the early writers is a simplicity "less of words than of ideas."[110] Palgrave examines a "small gallery of pictures of a mistress" to demonstrate how love, a prominent topic, is presented mainly in "its elementary aspects, and rarely carried into an subtlety of analysis." Poems by the Earl of Oxford, ("What shepherd can express") and Habington ("Castara") give way to the "Sweet Stream" of the "great master of simple pathos," Cowper, and the "incomparable" "She dwelt among the untrodden ways" of Wordsworth,[111] which demonstrate those "finer aspects and remoter links of feeling" looked for in vain in early writers (except in Shakespeare's sonnets) and found in Wordsworth, Shelley, and Tennyson.

Yet compared with other countries in the early period, in England, Palgrave confesses with "a modest pride," and "England alone, was the new world of Society and Politics, inaugurated and accompanied by a new world of Poetry."[112] In England "all that was highest in the new order of things, and noblest in the old, passed at one into poetry."[113] In the poets from Spenser to Milton "we see England, from Elizabeth to Cromwell, interpreted to herself." As the years advanced, poets were increasingly freed from the "bonds of inexperience and conventionality" and achieved poetry of "greater depth, finish, and compass."[114] Palgrave illustrates the growing variety and sophistication from the period from Charles I to the Restoration in poems by Herbert, Crashaw, Vaughan, Quarles, Suckling, Cartwright, and Cowley, among others,[115] as well as comparing two imitations of Marlowe's well-known song, the "Come live with me, and be my love"—in the one by Raleigh the "fancies ... are all imaginative conceits and fallacies," in the other by Donne the "frostwork ingenuities

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[109]Ibid., p. 449.
[110]Ibid., p. 450.
[111]Ibid., pp. 450-1. Only the latter two found a place in the *Golden Treasury*.
[112]Ibid., p. 451.
[113]Ibid., p. 452.
[114]Ibid.
[115]Ibid., p. 455.

of the intellect."[116] Despite the increasing clarity and strength of English poetry Palgrave admits that it would be "almost ludicrous to say that such poetry culminated in Milton ... too immeasurable [is the] space between every other poetical gift and the gift of Sublimity." Nevertheless "in Milton's style is concentrated the best essence of the early poetry; music, manly strength and freshness, combined commonly with a directness and simplicity of language hitherto unattained; whilst the main feature of ancient style, as compared with modern—juxtaposition of thought and image with the view to effects of passion or vividness in picture—is presented with a perfection and nobleness of which the 'Divina Commedia' had given the only earlier example to Christendom."[117] Hence, in Milton the wheel comes full circle. To Palgrave he "may rightly be placed last of the ancients." And yet in his "special tendencies," evident in a brief comparison with Keats, Milton may also be regarded as the "earliest of the moderns; as the goal of one age is often the starting-point of the succeeding."[118]

Palgrave's continuation of the "growth" of English poetry, "English Poetry from Dryden to Cowper," omits "growth" but is framed by the same inextricable premises. The first, "Poetry, under her own peculiar laws, is, perhaps more than any other pursuit of man, the direct reflection of the spirit of every age as it passes. The mirror she holds up to Nature is not so much Nature at large as to Human Nature. The poet is indeed the child of his century."[119] And the second, the survey of literature from 1660 to 1720 and then to 1800, affirms the "great truth of human progress," as anticipated by Suetonius, that "there is a kind of circle in things, through which, like the revolution of the seasons, the minds and thoughts of men pass," specified by Palgrave to "that there is no final pause, or canon of the perfect and the complete in Art" and accompanied by a cautionary, "that hence moderation in judgment is the only safe and wise attitude for a creature whose intellect seems to move, onwards, and with increasing purpose indeed, yet ever through the spiral orbit of successive reactions."[120]

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[116]Ibid., p. 456.
[117]Ibid., p. 457.
[118]Ibid., p. 458.
[119]"English Poetry," p. 146.
[120]Ibid., pp. 147-8.

Palgrave is quick to reject the designation the "French School" to English literature as an explanation for the new style, finding it "as little applicable to our poetry from Dryden to Pope as the title 'Augustan Age' to Addison's contemporaries."[121] What does account for the "almost generic" change of style between writers like Spenser and Pope or even Herrick and Sedley, "contemporaries during nearly half their lifetime," was the revolutionary "spirit of bold Doubt and Inquiry" accompanying the burgeoning of modern science and other "modes of knowledge," a tone of mind which Palgrave sums up as the Spirit of Criticism,[122] whose aim in literature was "to give clearness to language and plainness to thought; to insist on the vast importance of Form and Finish; to bring down poetry, as Socrates was said to have attempted for philosophy, from heaven to earth; to make her capable of representing not only common life, but the interests of the day in science, and speculation, and politics; to try what moderation and subdued colour might do for this art, as the former age what could be effected by glow and by enthusiasm."[123] Pope and the writers of his time are not only free themselves from "faults of obscurity and conceit, from affectation in thought and from trick and play on words," but freed literature while their influence lasted.

Palgrave's survey illustrates how poetry, "compelled to think clearly and briefly, to finish accurately, [took] up into itself, in a word, the best elements of prose." As he proclaims: "Let imagination and fancy have their due honours; but *beau comme la prose* will always be the last and highest praise of the best poetry."[124] Not only the style and structure but also the matter of verse was affected by the critical spirit, as in Dryden's Epistles to Dr. Charleton and Lord Roscommon or Cowley's address to Francis Bacon. And the spirit of the age "forced itself equally on verse," as in Dryden's political satires, Pope's social satires, and the Whig and Tory poems of Tickell, Swift, and Defoe.[125] Palgrave is not unaware of the danger of connecting poetry with thought and inquiry. Although not entirely suppressing individual feeling and passion, these writers were

[121]Ibid., p. 149.
[122]Ibid., p. 150.
[123]Ibid., p. 151.
[124]Ibid., p. 153.
[125]Ibid., pp. 154-5.

nevertheless led to "separate the imaginative processes from the rest,"[126] the predominance of the didactic and critical temper revealing deficiencies in "imaginative force, grace, and truth of passion"[127] and compounded by the "prevalence of a false and shallow classical tone."

To chart the course of poetry from 1720 onwards Palgrave once again begins with an outline of the socio-political scene. "Perhaps no century since the Roman conquest has presented so great a change as that which lies between England at war with Louis XIV. and the England at war with the First Consul of France."[128] And, as before, he "emphatically" and broadly points out that poetry followed the ways opened by the spirit of the age. "The domestic feuds of the time when ministerial and parliamentary government was established appear in Swift; the current theological and moral speculations in Pope and Parnell; the peace and commercial advance under wise Walpole are embodied in the didactic verse of Dyer and Grainger, Somervile and Thomson; Watts marks the beginning of the religious change of which Cowper represents the majority. The influences of Nature on Poetry reappear in Gray, Warton, and Burns; foreign travelling yields its first-fruits in Goldsmith; Gay gave pictures from common life, viewed from the side of sentiment, Crabbe under the influence of social economy."[129] Rejecting the phrase "Pope and his followers," Palgrave considers Pope. "in regard to subjects and mode of thought," as "rather the last of a school than the founder of a new manner,"[130] as "not only ... the last conspicuous writer whose general tone and sphere of work are drawn from courtly life, but [as one who] long outlived the developments of poetry already beginning."[131] In addition to the poets just mentioned above, the spirit of the age also "compelled" men who may have looked to Pope as "their model for more than metre to treat subjects as alien from Pope as the rockwork of his Giotto was from the boulders of Dartmoor or Cader Idris."[132] After a brief and more or less dismissal of didactic and moral verse and the large proportion of

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[126]Ibid., p. 156.
[127]Ibid., p. 157.
[128]Ibid., p. 160.
[129]Ibid., p. 161.
[130]Ibid.
[131]Ibid., p. 162.
[132]Ibid.

mechanical verse which "fills long shelves in the vast collections of Johnson and Chalmers [and] has been a serious cause of the indifference towards poetry of the eighteenth century,"[133] Palgrave crowds the second half of his essay with summary characterizations of leading poets and styles: Thomson and Dyer, Collins and Gray, for landscape description intimately blended with human feeling, an advance in poetry and "much influenced by the study of Greek writers";[134] the antiquarian research of the Wartons, whose importance lies "less in the work itself than in the sentiment which it perpetually embodies": "a love of the wild and the romantic, a deference to fancy, an enthusiasm for solitude and country scenes,"[135] as found in Logan and Beattie, whose poetry Palgrave likens to the painted landscape of the time, "Gainsboroughs on paper."[136]

The critical spirit which dominated the poetry of the early eighteenth century gave way to a love of natural description and attempts at a more vivid and wider delineation of human character and incident not only in the poetry of nature but in the gradual development of the tale and the lyrical narrative. The rediscovery of the ballad was contemporaneous with the origin of the lyrical narrative. Ramsay's Scottish collections, *The Tea-Table Miscellany* and *The Ever Green*, were recognized and appreciated and doubtless influenced Gay and the Burns and others who contributed to the coalescence of Scottish and English songs.[137] Percy's *Reliques* and other antiquarian researches brought further advances, which reached a pinnacle of sorts in Burns's "first and best" volume, *Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, in 1786.[138] Palgrave culminates his survey of this development with the parallel reassertion in the two last poets of the eighteenth century of "the pure poetry of human passion and character unknown in England since the drama of the pre-Restoration period." His approach to Cowper is eulogistic both of the man and the work. He celebrates the man Cowper: "The love of freedom, and friendship, and Nature,—the scorn of pettiness, vanity, ambition,—the hatred of meanness and of wrong,—the tenderness for the poor and feeble,—all these elementary affections of

[133]Ibid., pp. 162-4.
[134]Ibid., pp. 165-70.
[135]Ibid., pp. 171-2.
[136]Ibid., p. 172.
[137]Ibid., pp. 173-4.
[138]Ibid., pp. 175-6.

human nature, which so rarely penetrate the character of those who praise them, were to this highhearted man the breath of life."[139] Although he acknowledges that these qualities are not poetry, he stresses the connection between character and craft by asserting that these qualities "are far more important to the poet than the experience so prized by Goethe." Artists may have similarities, as do Cowper and Burns, "Both struggling in style against the mannerism from which they could not wholly escape; both loving Nature and Human Nature with the enthusiasm of the poet's immortal youthfulness: Burns more intense, Cowper the wider in his interests: the one richer in colour and melody and spontaneous flow, the other attaining his end by a more gracious touch, and compensating by purity for what he wants in strength."[140] Admittedly, there are essential differences between them. But it is in recognition of their high degree of unity in the gift of pathos that Palgrave closes his survey by quoting in full Burns's "Highland Mary" and Cowper's "To Mary Unwin"[141]—less perhaps a conclusion than an apostrophe to and perhaps an introduction to a study of the poetry of his own day which was to occupy him in the years to come, a study which took the form of editions of poets with critical appraisals and biographical memoirs, of articles and lectures on the art of poetry and specific poets, of a continuous flow of his own poems, and of a series of anthologies, culminating in the *Second Series* of the *Golden Treasury* in 1897, the year of his death. That study had its parallel and enforcement in Palgrave's outspoken critical engagement in the fine arts and institutions of his time.

II. Novelist

1. *Preciosa*

1.

First novels are likely to be strongly autobiographical, especially if they are anonymous or pseudonymous. Palgrave seems never to have openly acknowledged his authorship, but the suspicions of his friend and mentor

[139]Ibid., p. 177.
[140]Ibid.
[141]Ibid., pp. 178-9.

Benjamin Jowett[142] were more or less accepted by general consensus and later confirmed in a single mention by his daughter Gwenllian in her memoir of her father[143]—which but for a few reviews are apparently the only references to the novel in his lifetime. The internal evidence for an autobiographical attribution is largely circumstantial. The socio-cultural environment—the comfortable upper middle class ambience, the good house, the horses, the cultivated conversation, the polite company—is of course the stuff of the nineteenth-century novel. More specific features—journal- and notebook-keeping, letter-writing, conversation dotted with French phrases, travel abroad—are likewise suggestive but inconclusive. Traits of Palgrave himself present themselves: his propensity for quoting literary and philosophical sources, his poetry-writing and journal-keeping, his endearingly benign references to children (including the insertion in the novel of a story for children), his interest in architecture, his bouts with depression, his embedding of the death of the hero's aunt, possibly a rendition of the death of his mother in August of 1852, some months before the appearance of the novel. These resemblances are admittedly ex post facto, as it were, derived from what is known of Palgrave's later life. Even the most definitive and now generally accepted evidence for the connection between the main action of the novel, the rejection by Lucy Ledyard, his Preciosa, of the love of Edward Eustace, and an event in Palgrave's life, his despondency at the marriage of the sister Georgina, whom he had admired from childhood onwards, of his good friend Charles Alderson, is not quite synchronic. It is based on a letter to Palgrave from Alderson expressing his sympathy for him in "this heavy trial" and "firmly believe[s] that the time *must* come, when the sharp edge of this sorrow must be blunted—and you attain something like peace."[144] The letter is dated, however, 20 July 1857, the year in which Georgina married Sir Robert Cecil, but five years after the

[142]In a letter of 16 April 1853 J. C. Shairp wrote to Arthur Hugh Clough, "Preciosa I've not seen but heard Jowett speak of; he either knew or guessed that it was by Grant or Palgrave or some of their coterie." See *Correspondence*, 2:401. In a letter of 3 February 1853 Frederick Temple wrote to Clough (2:374): "A little book named Preciosa, a mere story book, has made its appearance bearing evident marks of being written by a Pupil of Jowett's."

[143]Gwenllian, p. 51.

[144]British Library Add.MS. 45741, fol. 3-4.

publication of *Preciosa*. It may apply to *The Passionate Pilgrim*, Palgrave's second novel, published in 1858, which has a similar theme. But that would appear to mean that Palgrave was rejected twice and had never recovered from an initial disappointment. Other evidence for the connection is not unreservedly credible. The hand in the flyleaf note in a copy of *Preciosa* owned by Eleanor Leighton, sister of Palgrave's friend, the poet John Byrne Leicester Warren (third Baron de Tabley), naming Preciosa as Lady Salisbury, or Georgina Alderson, is neither authenticated nor dated. The journals which Palgrave kept from childhood onwards are no longer extant, Gwenllian's excerpts are too slight and protective to contain even hints of any personal turmoil. In his collection *Idyls and Songs*, purportedly containing poems written between 1848 and 1854, No. 52, a sonnet entitled "To G. C. A." emphasizes thought more than pain. After many years of the mutual confidence of their pleasing "casual talk or jest " and "no need for deep enquiring gaze," the sestet moves on:

> But when, more happy-grave, on serious things
> Thy balanced judgment and quick insight turn,
> Of thy true worth a mute conviction springs,
> Whispering thy very self is yet to learn.
> Ah! yet to learn—and not alone by me:—
> For thine own brightness hides thyself from thee.

Moreover, contemporary reports of Palgrave's emotional condition are rare. None of his closest friends in the 1850s mention it. In July of 1852 he was happily touring in Germany with his Oxford friend Max Müller.[145] The death of his mother in August of 1852 brought letters of sympathy: Gwenllian quotes one from Jowett, as well as Palgrave's composed response in his poem dated February 1853 "Grief brings no anodyne for grief."[146] Perhaps the earliest reference, albeit oblique, to Palgrave's emotional distress comes later and is recorded by Diana Holman-Hunt, the grand-daughter of William Holman Hunt, who quotes a letter of 20 April 1860 to Palgrave in which an "utterly exhausted" and "suffering from such emotional strain" Holman Hunt implores Palgrave's help—"I

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[145]Gwenllian, pp. 44-5.
[146]Ibid., pp. 45-6.

want you very much—you are the only fellow who can impart to me the learning which it was impossible for me to acquire when I was a boy—and which now I feel the want of more and more every day"—which she interprets as "may hav[ing] saved the latter's life as he was evidently so desperately depressed" as to be—she asserts in an undocumented parenthesis and without citing any specific cause or circumstance—"contemplating suicide at the time."[147]

Be all that as it may, however attractive the pursuit of authorship or the discovery of the treasures which a *roman à clef* is to unlock, the text's the means to catch the essence of the thing.

2.

Frederick Temple's calling *Preciosa* a "mere story book" may seem demeaning, were it not for the fact that he thought it "really worth reading." Considering that the list of books Clough might "care to read" included works by the soon-to-be dean of Westminster Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, the classical scholar Benjamin Jowett, and the excavator of Nineveh, Austin Henry Layard, this is no small praise—even if the apparent Oxford origin might incline him to take notice of it or if Jowett had not been reported to have spoken of it "with praise" and said "it did the author credit."[148] It was certainly not the "story" of this "little book" by an unidentified author that might have impressed these intellectuals. The simple narrative of the unrequited love of Edward Eustace for Lucy Ledyard, his Preciosa, is the well-worn stuff of countless romantic tales. The misery of two noble characters unable to achieve a satisfying resolution of a relationship that began in childhood is not in itself enough to counter the criticism of one reviewer who could understand readers for "finding 'Preciosa' more prosy than precious, and for closing the book with a yawn ere they have got half way through it."[149] But it may be that very prosiness which explains the interest of the intellectuals and the praise of the reviewer who held that "This very singular and deeply-interesting story is conceived and wrought out in a manner which has scarcely a precedent or parallel in the whole range of the romantic

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[147]*My Grandfather, His Lives and Loves* (London, 1969), pp. 211-12.
[148]In the letter of 16 April 1853 quoted above.
[149]*Athenaeum* No. 1312 (18 December 1852), 1394.

literature of this country."[150] Gwenllian quotes a portion of a review in the *Times* which runs along similar lines: "'Preciosa' has something in it akin to the few really great works in which the master painters of the passion of love have sounded its bitter depths ... Such a work necessarily appeals to a very limited class of readers ... But there are some books which it is vain to criticise; in a sense of a new and peculiar beauty the reader forgets the faults, however numerous and glaring. We think that 'Preciosa' is one of these books."[151]

Palgrave himself is explicit about his aim:

> This tale is so much more confined to feelings than to facts, that the few adventures we have recorded are narrated rather to illustrate the inner life of the actors concerned, than to raise the transient and unrecurrent interest which we feel in exciting complexity of plot and unexpected strokes of *dénouement.*
>
> The very *dénouement* of Edward's story was, in fact, that there was no *dénouement.* Or perhaps we should rather say, that the romance of his earlier years fell within the circle of that greater and higher law, under which everything that seems rounded off and perfect takes its place with things imperfect and incomplete under the one sentence of nothingness. If there was a moral to his course, the moral was one—
>
> "Of love that never found his earthly close;"
>
> and whose sequel was but the bitter lesson of one experience more—that all things are vanity.
>
> Except this, there is nothing further to be learnt from his story; and the reader may as well shut the book, which he had better never have opened if he be discontented with the knowledge that the tale presented to him contains the record of fact in place of the constructions of fiction. (pp. 200-1)

Palgrave's manner of illustrating the inner life of the actors is dependent on the actors he chooses and the ways he chooses to delineate their feelings. These are matters of artistic technique. But that "nothing further to be learnt" than "all things are vanity" requires explication, and that is a philosophical and existential matter.

Edward Eustace may well be the most intellectual lover in all of

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[150] *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* 20:229 (January 1853), 60.

[151] Gwenllian, pp. 51-2. Unfortunately the review does not seem to be retrievable in a search of the digital archive of the *Times* of London and there is no way of filling the numerous gaps.

English fiction. In the very opening chapter he may compare himself to Shakespeare's Troilus, letting his "eyes wander over Preciosa's sweetness" and sitting "Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks, / Staying her waftage" (p. 5). And like Troilus, so overwhelmed—"I am giddy; expectation whirls me round. / The imaginary relish is so sweet / That it enchants my sense!"—that he implores, "O Love! be moderate!—allay thy ecstasy,— / In measure rain thy joy—scant this excess; / I feel too much thy blessing, make it less!" (p. 6). The amorous self, however, is clothed in the person of Faust, who applies a philosophical examination of Edward's citation of the "old Poet"'s "O Chance! fair Order and Persuasion's sister, / Daughter of Forethought"[152]: "Like Faust, in the opening of the play, I linger and hesitate over the language. Is it *Persuasion*—or is it *Obedience?* Is it to be *Forethought*—or is it to be *Providence?*—Words identical, and yet how different!" (p. 1). To illustrate that "All are actors; but all plays have not the same character of ending," Edward quotes Dante (p. 4):

> Altre vanno via senza ritorno,
> Altre rivolgon se, onde son mosse,
> Ed altre roteando fan soggiorno (*Par.* 21:37-9).

And to underline the "hidden ways" by which the "higher powers guide us"—that is, "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong"—he turns (p. 5) to Tennyson's "Lotus-Eaters":

> They smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song,
> Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
> Like a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong.

It is not alone his literary alliance with doomed figures like Troilus and Faust which prefigures and intensifies his fate. Edward himself as lover is explicit of his reckless abandonment of self, concluding his initial note-book entry at the very beginning of the story with an operatic outcry: "Lady—lady, my all-too-precious Preciosa! oh, 'if you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange!'" (p. 7). And at the same time he outlines as philosopher the existential platform

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[152]Plutarch, *De Fortuna Romanorum* 4.

for testing of his thoughts and deeds: "if this day I am fixed to act, is it Chance, or is it Forethought?" (p. 2).

Thus the courtship is to be seen as a discourse, literary and philosophical. Riding together, Edward and Lucy discuss Shakespeare (pp. 87-9) and unfold thereby their character and relationship. Of all Shakespeare's plays Lucy prefers *As You Like It*, Edward, *Twelfth Night,* in which "the tragic and the comic are so happily blended; none, *par conséquence*, which gives so true a picture of life." "Rosalind is so charming! but then, again, I like Beatrice exceedingly" is Lucy's reply. The discussion broadens. Edward's "Ah! I see your principles of judging" elicits Lucy's "I know what you are thinking, Edward ... You secretly agree with that *odious* Th----y, that women hate Shakespeare naturally." "Not at all—not at all," Edward counters. "But still, Lucy, what I was going to say, I must confess women in general seem to me to have but a feeble appreciation of humour." In the manner of both Rosalind and Beatrice, Lucy replies: "Indeed! You are very impertinent----what shall I call you!" ... "shaking her whip at him with an air of comic chastisement." The whip is dropped. Edward retrieves and hands it to her in the best comic cavalier manner, "bending on one knee, with a mock seriousness which he could scarcely maintain." At this point Palgrave freezes the action in order to illuminate the underlying awareness of the tension between reality and imagination, between what is attainable and what is illusory:

Even in spite of the very flattering picture which Eustace, by aid of the great Venetian, had drawn,[153] Lucy Ledyard was not by any means strictly beautiful. The lines of her face were not regular; her tints were not well preserved. She even had a trick of frowning that left her on the whole more like old Admiral Ledyard than the Venus of Milo or that other of the Tribune and the Capitol. But

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[153]Typically, Palgrave uses works of art and his critical assessment of them to describe and assess individuals. In a letter to his sister, Edward uses Titian's Flora to give "some idea of [Lucy's] general look and complexion. But indeed, without the regular lines of that exquisite face, Lucy has the same leading characteristics, the soft golden hair, so rich and deep that it almost suggests the colour that it quite avoids; the dark brown Italian eyes. (p. 29). In another instance: "Her long lustrous ringlets, unconfined by comb or riband, went down over her shoulders, and fell on each side her fair face in such lines as the great Milanese and his pure-minded scholars love to inweave around the countenance of that gracious type of womanly beauty, under which they have pictured the Virgin Mother" (p. 266).

"'Tra bella a buona
Non so che fosse più:"—
She wore a winning simplicity of expression, which spoke
"The royal heart of innocence;"
a—
"Lampeggiar dell' angelico riso,"
in which good sense playfully contended with gaiety.

Yet the confident Benedick in Edward yields to the love-shaken Orlando:

Checking her horse at this moment, her whole person fell into the lines of that wavy meaning repose that follows interrupted action. Borne closely and clingingly against the fair form, the folds of her riding-dress were but the "thousand-fold echo" and confession of the precious limbs within. The sea-breeze blew aside her ringlets, her dark eyes glistened with the light of youth, her lips were parted with the smile of expectation. Edward thought he had never seen her so beautiful. A full revulsion from the distracted feelings of the earlier morning,—a passionate confidence of affection—fell upon his mind. He cried out—for even in such moments the chain of previous association is on us—

"If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy."

What we have here lingered over was, of course, but the passing of an instant; and, carrying on equally with her unbroken presence of mind, the former train of conversation, Lucy took the whip from his hand, with a somewhat petulant haste, and yet not without a gay smile, as she gave the answer, "O wonderful, wonderful! and most wonderful wonderful!—and yet again wonderful!—and after that out of all whooping!"

And so the scene ended. Regaining his self-possession, Edward remounted, and his companion at once continued,—

"I still hold to Rosalind."

And they enlarged on the subject, Lucy praising her man-like independence, Edward that girlish affection which at last broke through doublet and hose, and made strength less graceful than weakness, till the miles were traversed, and they rejoined their party within Westlea Churchyard.

The literary dialectic is inflected in other artistic activities of personal interest to Palgrave. Music, for one:

Lucy was at the piano-forte, playing a sonata of Beethoven's—one of his [Edward's]

chief favourites. The long wavy movement that fell on the ear like rippling lines of water on the surface of some smooth lake, passed as he entered, through still chords, into the graceful and melodious *allegretto*, which, deepening gradually in force and colouring, and then winding its way back to its own first sparkling notes, led the hearer to anticipate some agitated storm of passion that should give the picture its due completeness and unity. (p. 32)

Although Edward was prepared to turn the page, looking up to him for the first time, Lucy declined to continue: "We can contrive something now to spend the evening reasonably," rejecting his "I so dislike a broken work of art, such as this is now; and—" with "No, no," said she, decidedly (p. 33). Later (pp. 101-3), Lucy defines Beethoven's "own manner": "I often think that one detects him purely by his excellence. When we hear an air of the most prefect simplicity, depth, and tenderness conjoined, we know that it is Beethoven's, simply because it is free from even that graceful mannerism which we feel—for we may not venture to call it more—in Mozart or Handel, not to speak of the lesser stars." Among whom is Weber, Edward's favorite,[154] whom Lucy, while not denying his greatness, nevertheless regards as having "a poverty of ideas, which shows itself in a too frequent recurrence to certain exquisitely sweet musical phrases." Edward's "special liking" for Weber's "Preciosa"—he is "very fond of the—name"—is a link to his fantasy. "In the joy of his heart, exhausting the brief and ever-recurring nomenclature of affection, he had often ... thought of Lucy Ledyard to himself under the name of the heroine of that exquisite opera ... 'Preciosa mia!' he cried to himself—darkness giving freedom to thought—"my own precious Lucy!'" ... "The morning, with all its too-pressing realities, was already seen through the golden halo cast over it by the happy hours of her frank and confiding companionship. An inexpressible lightness and airiness of soul came over him,—a transfiguring transparency, as it were, to being, which those only know for whom Love has consecrated Youth to Purity."

The literary and artistic dialectic is but a segment of the philosophical. Early in the novel, for example, Palgrave counters Schlegel's view that Romeo's "first passion for Rosalind, so quickly absorbed" in his love for Juliet, "should be regarded, not as a proof of levity, but as an indication of

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[154]Weber was the subject of Palgrave's one article on music. See below, p. 184 n. 773.

Romeo's warm and affectionate nature" (p. 18) with Goethe's: "The first love ... is the only one; for in the second, and by the second, the highest sense of love is already lost. The conception of the eternal and infinite, which elevates and supports it, is destroyed, and, like everything else that recurs, it appears transient." (p. 19). Lucy's rejection of Edward's open declaration of his love (pp. 136-7)—tearfully confessing, "Oh, I am so *very* sorry. I value you so very much. I do not know any one, whose friendship I value more. Have we not always been like brother and sister together?"—is a harsh enactment that the "lesson which life teaches is not stability, but change" (p. 44), of the novel's countless references to mutability, of Edward's journal entry, "It is, indeed, an act of faith to see Unity in the scattered elements of this misnamed 'Order.' Unwilling as Plato was to dogmatize on such matters—strong as he was in the conviction of the eternal and unchangeable laws of Thought and Being, even his last result is but—Man, the plaything of Providence" (p. 188). Edward quotes Pascal: "Ce qui m'étonne le plus ... est de voir que tout le monde n'est pas étonné de sa faiblesse. On agit sérieusement, et chacun suit sa condition non pas parce qu'il est bon en effet de la suivre, puisque la mode en est, mais comme si chacun savailt certainement où est la raison et la justice. On se trouve déçu à toute heure, et par une plaisante humilité on croit que c'est sa faute, et non par celle de l'art qu'on se vante toujours d'avoir" (p. 189).

Pascal, in fact, comes up again. Attempting to soothe Lucy's anxiety, her wish "that it were possible for me to obtain a more sober and earnest character for my life," Edward's sound sister, Catherine, reads her "a bit from Pascal":

> Quand on se porte bien, on admire comment on pourrait faire si on était malade; quand on l'est, on prend médecin gaiement: le mal y résout. On n'a plus les passions et les désirs de divertissements et de promenades, qui la santé donnait et qui sont incompatibles avec les nécessités de la maladie. La nature donne alors des passions et des désirs conformes à l'état présent. Il n'y a que les craintes que nous nous donnons nous-mêmes et non pas la nature, qui nous troublent; parce qu'elles joignent à l'état où nous sommes les passions de l'état où nous ne sommes pas. (pp. 268-9)

Different as they are, and unknown to each other, Edward and Lucy are in search of a way of confronting mutability. The death of Edward's

aunt, Mrs. Lester, in whose "trim and well-kept garden" Lucy "read the signs of a truly *nice* and orderly mind" (p. 267) and which elicited Catherine's reading a bit of Pascal to an unsettled Lucy, is parallelled by Edward's veritable litany of responses to passing and peace in the extracts from his journal (pp. 254-60). And in the wake of the death comes the second rejection (pp. 284-7), and with it one answer to mutability. "My aunt is gone! And beside Catherine, you are all that I have on earth," Edward confesses "with a firm and collected slowness." "It is most dreadful to me—but—but I *cannot* change. But, oh! Lucy—our long friendship—whatever you wish, it must be." "Thank you much for speaking," Lucy replies, "But *indeed*, dear Edward,—indeed," she added, looking at him once more—once more—the last time,—"I shall always think of you as I always have thought. But you know—you know I do not change: it cannot ever be—indeed it cannot." "And I, too, Lucy—Lucy!" he cried ... "I must love you ... I cannot change—whilst I live, with all my strength and being I must still love you" (p. 286).

There is a dénouement after all. Overwrought with despair, "sickness of heart," "disease of the body," and in the "distraction of that madding fever (p. 297), Edward is "determined he would without delay seek knowledge elsewhere. He would at once visit that hospital; he would there gauge the measure of madness; he would frame a scale whereby to compare himself with its occupants" (pp. 303-4). There he learns that Lucy had been there too to visit the deranged James Storey, who "rushed at her with the most distressing cries and exclamations," whereupon she did not run or scream, but "stood there quite firm; and, with a quiet smile and a gay tone, said, alluding to his words,—for he thought she was some heathen goddess,—'Not to-day; I am off for Olympus; I have business with Phoebus to-day'." "He was," recounts the superintendent, "taken aback by her presence of mind. I ran up at the moment, and, by a sign that he knew, compelled him to obey ... By yielding to the current of his thoughts, she was able, you see, to master them, and check their violence for an instant. It showed remarkable judgment, I thought, in her, as well as perfect courage" (pp. 310-11).

The impact on Edward is epiphanic, a casting-off of what Lucy had noted in her journal as his "morbid self-anatomy" (p. 165):

A calm, such as he had not known for weeks past, rested upon him.

> "It was not quiet, was not ease,
> But something deeper far than these."

It was the quiet sense of something won, and something lost; the fixed determination to put aside, in the strength and consciousness of sanity, all dreams, all regret, all foolishness of sorrow; to set up the invincible might of endurance, the concentrated and essential energy of the soul, against the slights and assaults of fortune; to live his life, to work out his work, with a passiveness indifferent to success, and strong only in the sense of duty; to maintain the even balance of the soul, daring to look before and after without regret and without anticipation; to battle no longer against the past; to accept it as it was, with all its delights and all its torture; but to let Lucy, dear so long, be dear still; even should he see her no more for ever—irrespective of every feeling of self—dear in the sole light of her own exceeding preciousness; to preserve her still his, by the unswerving faith that made him hers; to hope for her no more, and to love her no less. (pp. 311-12)

Edward's resolution is a rejection of the conventional romantic yearning for death—"I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!"—and the "learned German [Kleist] ... who shot himself ... from weariness" (p. 27)—and a confirmation of the condemnation of "Werterism" [*sic*] ("What more wretched than to see a man given up to the weakness of passion," p. 213). What he had come to conceive as the "least favourable point in [Lucy's] character, "that spirit of somewhat reckless and disregardful independence" (p. 282), he now recognizes and accepts for its separateness and stability. Edward's love for Lucy is not fulfilled, nor ever will be. But its very existence, tried and tested, is affirmed. For Edward the initial philosophical question—Is it to be *Forethought*—or is it to be *Providence*?—and his immediate conclusion, "*vanitas, vanitatum vanitas*" (p. 5) are answered in his awareness, in the concluding extract from his journal, that "it is only gradually, and, as it were, with unwilling steps, that [man] follows the changeful and labyrinthine dance of the universe. Everything *flows*, as men said of old. We should not say Circumstance, but Circumfluence" (p. 313).[155] As Lucy was able to "master" the madman by "yielding to the currents of his thoughts," so Edward asks for "Endurance—that, oh! even such as it is, I may go forth and bear the appointed burden; that I may work my work; that I may bear to say ... I

[155]Palgrave's "Circumfluence" predates the *OED*'s first instance (1881) by some thirty-nine years.

thank God that He vouchsafed that I should love this too precious creature; that I may love none *less* even for having loved one *too much*; that I may yet grieve for the sorrowing, and bear a face of joy among the cheerful; that so, Lucy!—if still so—I may not be altogether unworthy of thee." The stability of love is amplified in the manner of a prayer and the obligations of an oath:

That I may find calm, at least, in the fulfilment of duty; that I may preserve the health and balance of the soul; that I may not render up Faith the last sacrifice of insatiate Sorrow; that in the collectedness of sanity I may be spared the sad confession that experience wrings out, and conscience shrinks from—the terrible knowledge that in this inscrutable dispensation, man's sufferings as often expiate the error of love, as the crime of hatred. (p. 325)

Extending Edward's prayer, Palgrave integrates a quotation from Boccaccio's "Elegia di Madonna Fiammetta" to add pungency to his appeal for "strength to bear the accomplishment of that last wish, *her* last words" ("But this only I beg, that we may not be less friends")[156] and then ends the novel with a poem of his own, an exhilarating and liberating air in four stanzas, concluding:

I do not love thee less,
Though thou to thine own inner heav'n art flown,
And sit'st in light alone;
E'en there my last long sigh must breathe before thee,—
I do not love thee less,
Or less adore thee.

3.

Quotations and other literary and philosophical allusions begin, fill, and conclude the novel. Some are identified, most are not. A great many are in French, Italian, German, and Latin, testing the reader's education. Some are appositives, teasing the reader to identify the name, the "learned German who shot himself" (p. 27), the "great Florentine" (p. 203), the

[156]"che ella pur tornerà quì alcuna volta od amante, o nimica, che ella ei torni;—e di quale animo, che ella ritorni;—*tu pur l'amerai*" (VI,17,2). Palgrave has made some changes in the text.

"great Milanese" (p. 266). Verses—snatches from the centuries of Western culture—stud the text. In a way, the novel is a blatant display of Palgrave's immense reading and remarkable memory, and its elitist disposition no doubt one reason his Oxford companions spoke of it "with praise," found it "did the author credit," and was "really worth reading." They must have relished the insertion of a scholarly disputation on the "riddle of the painful earth" between the university men Edward Eustace and Tom Kennedy while on a walking tour in Wales (pp. 181-7). At the same time its exclusiveness, its penchant for indirectness—not to mention its fondness for philosophical musings and moralizing sententiae, as well as its often confounding allusions and name-dropping—and consequently its submerged narrative may have motivated the response which the reviewer in the *Athenaeum* could understand: the readers "closing the book with a yawn ere they have got half way through it." There can be little doubt that Palgrave was showing off, and that his showcase was attracting some readers and repelling many others.

Be that as it may, it may well be "an honest method, as wholesome as sweet," applied consciously, if imperfectly, and so perhaps—to reverse Hamlet's appraisal of the speech that was caviare to the general—more fine than handsome. It was Palgrave's way, evident in his prose and poetry, and tellingly described by Henry James, who wrote to Palgrave in 1897 on the collection of essays *Landscape in Poetry from Homer to Tennyson*, "I have lately been reading much of your lovely 'Landscape' book, on the copious knowledge and charming presentation of which I heartily congratulate you. You have a genius for illustration and a pair of fingertips for plums! The volume is a priceless pudding of the latter; really a gallery of many rooms, in which one can walk and sit."[157] Commenting on the collection of poems *The Visions of England*, Palgrave's attempt to "offer ... single pictures of ... leading or typical characters and scenes in English history," James is at his perceptive peak, wise and sly:

Your book has given me a great deal of pleasure—I think it extremely interesting. The idea seems to me fine, and the work rich. The thing is full of England—full of knowledge and feeling about her history, and of an *impregnated* quality which seems to me rare and valuable ... It seems to me very much the poetry of reflection, of association—rather than of whatever t'other thing is that makes lyric verse. It strikes

[157]In a letter of 24 April 1897 in Gwenllian, pp. 257-8.

one as begotten very much by the love of poetry and the knowledge and study of it, and as being full of echoes and reverberations of poetic literature. I don't accuse you of "lifting," but you write from such a lettered mind that your strain is a kind of coil of memories. All this is to me a merit, and I suppose the merit you aimed at—that of *commemoration*.[158]

Palgrave's "strain," his technique, is indeed of an "*impregnated* quality," "full of echoes and reverberations," a "coil of memories," and "begotten very much by the love of poetry and the knowledge and study of it." In *Preciosa* its application of countless quotations and allusions is purposeful. For one thing, it locates the relatively isolated milieu of the English countryside and its inhabitants within a larger and timeless context. The microcosm is also the macrocosm. The characters are themselves and also metaphors and archetypes. Edward is associated with Faust, Troilus, Florizel. Kleist, Werther; Lucy with Shakespeare's Rosalind and Perdita, Titian's Flora, Dante's Beatrice. The theme, love, has no borders and no single language. The tale, the "mere story book," becomes a myth, a record "designed for those who have tested the delights, or have perhaps lain beneath the bitterness of those feelings which too often renew the joys, the temptations, and the loss of Paradise to the children of Adam" (p. 19). The aspect is panoramic and the events synchronic. In the collective cluster of quotations and allusions, everything is simultaneous and flowing, a demonstration of Palgrave's coinage, circumfluence.

The quotations and allusions can also be individual and specific in purpose. In the brief first chapter of seven pages, for example, there are some seven, only the first of which Palgrave identifies. Opening the novel with a quotation from Plutarch—"O Chance! Fair Order and Persuasion's sister, / Daughter of Forethought"—establishes both the theme and the persistence of the question of the sovereignty of forethought and providence. Edward dramatizes the dilemma by assuming the person of Faust at the outset of his career and thus foreshadowing a similar fate. The coming of the dawn—"as with Faust, the village chimes announce a new day has been given to the earth"—is full of apprehension, a mood which Palgrave intensifies with a seemingly insignificant reference to the course of the sun, "this 'inoffensive pace' of time" (p. 2), a snatch from Milton's *Paradise Lost* (VIII:164), which immediately precedes Raphael's

[158]In a letter of 7 February 1881 in Gwenllian, pp. 163-4.

admonitory, "Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid, / Leave them to God above, him serve and fear." In the next quotation Edward plays the role of *raisonneur*, characterizing and generalizing the human situation. His axiomatic "All are actors; but all plays have not the same character of ending" (p. 4) is extended to include the inexorable going and returning, the transitoriness of life, as vivified in Dante's "Altre vanno," quoted above. The past as a source for the representation of the helplessness of man and the supremacy of the "higher powers" is complemented by the present in Palgrave's lines from the final choric song in Tennyson's "Lotus-Eaters," quoted above. Edward In the persona of Troilus in the last two quotations (pp. 8-9, mentioned above) of the first chapter is still another manifestation of the archetypal expectant lover of uncertain fate.

4.

Palgrave's use of quotations and allusions to describe a situation, to intensify a feeling, and to comment on or generalize from them—in short, to create an amalgam of the personal and yet universal, of the inner and outer, of past and present, of poetry and prose, of fact and fiction, of life and art—is matched by his use of practically all the forms of narrative technique. The "mere story book" may contain only a little story of small events over a few months in a provincial setting but the relation of them is prismatic, revealing the intensity and complexity of the inner life, of feeling and sensitivity, as well as the inescapable relativity in the understanding and evaluation of persons and events. The novel begins with an extract of 29-30 June from Edward's note-book and ends with one from his journal of 26 and 29 August, the first in Lenton, the second from Gate's End. The actual time and location frame is thus fixed, as is the dominant focus on the inner life which such entries portray, where the clock is stopped or turned back or forward and the room is of no consequence. The entries follow no predictable order, nor do they reflect only those of the customary interior monologue. Edward's extracts often take the form of dialogues with himself, he puts questions and supplies answers. Transitions and contradictions are often marked by affective *Oh*'s and *Ah*'s. Narrative scenes are invoked: "I see Arthur—happy in the immediate view of the fulfilment of his successful endeavour [his marriage to Emily, Lucy's sister]. Arthur bids me take counsel by his success, and act as he acted" (p. 3); to the charge of want of thought, Lucy "may boldly

stand up and say, `Not Guilty'" (p. 316); her words are quoted as if in dialogue and answered by Edward (p. 325). The intimate *I* is mingled with the generalizing *we*, both often giving way to the universalizing *man* or the avoidance of pronouns altogether, as in sententiae and truisms. And then there is the level of the numerous insertions of poems, those layers of intensification and comment on persons, actions, feelings, and thoughts from Palgrave's own pen and those of his treasury.

Palgrave's attempt to employ all the means of portraying the complexity of feeling and situation is manifest in the many technical devices of narration he employs. *Preciosa* is a first-person narrative. An omniscient narrator is also present to steer the action and, as the case may be, to explain action and character, and to elucidate method:

> As Edward's hasty departure broke off the anecdotes which he might have been willing to give on the subject of the Ledyards, and his acquaintance with them, the void left shall be here supplied. And we trust it will seem to no one matter for blame if this be in part accomplished by the insertion of letters and other documents, the actual composition of those with whose history we are immediately concerned; even though by this mode of proceeding a greater vividness of presentation be obtained at the expense of absolute continuity of style and method. (p. 18)

Accordingly, at the beginning of Chapter XI: "We here insert portions of the correspondence belonging to the latter part of Edward's Lenton visit. These letters will speak for themselves, and bring the history up to the point at which it was dropt at the close of the third chapter" (p. 104). The major characters, Edward, Lucy. Catherine, Arthur, and Mrs. Lester, are *comme il faut* letter-writers. The epistolary narrative-within-the-narrative is complemented by the extracts from the journals of Edward and Lucy and further complemented by the poems they compose or cite therein. Palgrave thickens the narrative texture even further by relating a dream of Edward's "before the date of his affection for Lucy" (pp. 145-6) and amplifies Edward's reveries of childhood by inserting a story-within-the-story, "The Two Cousins" (pp. 219-27), a mirror-like rendition, in childhood, of the fate of Edward Eustace and Lucy Ledyard in the persons of Edward Thornton and Lucy Bennett, ending prophetically if not ominously, "Oh, dear Edward!—kiss me, and be my brother again, and I will be your little sister all the rest of my life—indeed I will!" and appropriately followed by the moralizing: "Love others, if you would be

loved by them." This story, an "imperfect attempt of a child of nine or eleven—his own, and not his own—[which] so strangely did ... claim kith and kindred that he could not be disowned with his present hand-writing" (p. 219), is not the only narrative which Edward finds among his books, papers, and faded letters. "Among exercises, copies of verses, and many other memorials," he comes across the first part of what he "had proudly entitled my *Vita Nuova*:—recollections of the events of those three or four preceding years which had already seemed a life parted from me by the gulf that divides youth from childhood" (p. 317). "Imitating the great of old": person within person. *Vita Nuova*: copying the first pages before destroying the leaves: story within story. "Ah! it was strange and sad, that I should read in their tone something of a prophecy, forgotten, but not unfulfilled."

The psycho-philosophical texture of *Preciosa* is in itself a manifesto for the sovereignty of the individual and the inner life. It is at the same time a celebration of poetry and the fine arts as conveyers of the most precious achievements of mankind. And yet despite an apparent elitist viewpoint, the novel is not without a foreshadowing of the socio-political implications that mark Palgrave's entire career: his criticism of bureaucracy in his art reviews, his various treasuries meant to educate and elevate a wide public, his religious poems intended to nurture the inner life and its transcendence, his affection for and defence of children, his championing of the education and independence of women, his rejection of utilitarianism and commercial greed.

2. *The Passionate Pilgrim*

1.

Palgrave chose a pseudonym, Henry J. Thurstan, for his next novel, *The Passionate Pilgrim* (1858). Although the exact origin or significance of this name is elusive, it is obvious that the novel is Palgrave's. The very title-page offers favorites from his personal literary treasury: the main title resonates the influence of Shakespeare; the subtitle, *Eros and Anteros*, the reliance on classical mythology and the fondness for that antipodal character of experience so prominent in *Preciosa*; the quotation from Dante—"Tu lascierai ogni cosa diletta / Più caramente" (*Paradiso* XVII, 55-6)—the Italian element in his life and work, as well as the thematic implications. And the Greek dedication which precedes the title-

page—“philon philtate aeimnemosune alastoros te anathema”[159]—is doubtless addressed to his Preciosa and reiterates the plight of the rejected but ever-faithful lover. If these outward signs were not enough, then a casual thumbing through the opening pages reveals the voluminous reading and the heavy employment of names and quotations which mark Palgrave’s style: among them Petrarch (pp. 2, 6, 20), Rousseau (p. 2), Voltaire (p. 3), Augustine (pp. 4, 5), Plato (p. 5), Shakespeare (pp. 5, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 24), Wordsworth (pp. 6, 12, 20, 22, 23), Medean magic (p. 7), Virgil (p. 8), Dante (pp. 8, 9, 15, 18, 24), the pools of Bethesda (p. 9), Marah bitterness (p. 9), Ida and Toggenburg (p. 9), Lucretius (pp. 11, 26), Helen and Beatrice, Perdita and Una (p. 15), Tasso (p. 17), Sophocles (p. 18), Juvenal (pp. 18, 21), Antigone (p. 18), Scott (pp. 19, 23, 24), Horace (p. 21), Pope (p. 21), Milton (p. 21), Coleridge (p. 21), Byron (pp. 22-3), Shelley (p. 23), Keats (p. 23), Tennyson (p. 23), Spenser (p. 24).[160] Typical as well is Palgrave’s lofty if not haughty explanation for adding a list of “References and Translations” (pp. 249-56):

> Thinking the catalogue would be unnecessary to those who love poetry, and tedious to those who do not, I have not included in the Index references to the shorter quotations and allusions in the text. This addition would indeed have almost amounted to another volume. The writer has borrowed on all sides: he is more Editor than Author: readers inclined to approve any single thought or phrase will do well (he warns them), to reserve their favour for those, *qui ante nos nostra dixere*.[161] (p. 249)

Although some six years separated the two novels—the first climaxing with the Preciosa’s rejection of the lover, the second with Désirée’s marriage—Palgrave is telling the same story of his frustrated love and posing the same agonizing existential questions. But he is not writing the same novel. For *Preciosa* was a mixture of narrative and reflection: there were scenes and dialogue, there were numerous characters, each with a personal perspective and together multiple perspectives, the outer world

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[159]Roughly, “To most beloved of friends, tormentor and adornment of eternal remembrance.”

[160]For the convenience of the reader, references are to the downloadable reprint with an introduction by R. Brimley Johnson (London, 1926).

[161]Palgrave is making use of Scaliger’s “Pereant, qui ante nos nostra dixere.”

was as evident as the inner. In *The Passionate Pilgrim* there is only the narrator. What little action there is, is mainly reported. Persons and events come into existence as they are called up, filtered, and commented on by the narrator. The novel is one long interior monologue, consisting of pages-long numbered blocks where there should be paragraphs. Although the learned mind is expansive, it is the opening sentence, the "*heart was hot within me: the fire kindled,*" that establishes the focus: "To set forth, and, were it possible, eternalize in true words a tale like mine, is an impulse so strong, it has affected so many through all ages, that one may justly esteem it based deep in our human nature—an ultimate fact: *the fire burns;* there is no other answer" (pp. 1-2). The fire burns, the emotional outbursts and intellectual ruminations (and repetitions) increase as the characters and actions decrease: the result is at once discursive and speculative, intense and claustrophobic. "I desire ... to render in language the feelings that can come but once in life, but which will throughout colour, and may survive it: to paint them with the fewest and plainest words I can; in the most English English (pp. 4-5) ... It is not facts ... but the glory of their investing sensations I wish to narrate" (p. 14). That narrative is not of a story but, as the narrator reminds us: "Readers ... will not expect here any development of the plot by stirring action, by a master-stroke of ideal ingenuity, by one of those luminous coincidences which in romances, however tragic, so often save a hero from despair, and the moral of a tale of self-refutation. Mine is but one instance and lesson more of the Preacher's long-recorded experience: the inner history of things 'that have been, and may be again'" (pp. 188-9). Palgrave is writing after the fact, as it were. Even what should be the climactic event of the novel, the marriage of Désirée, comes late and is reported indirectly by the narrator: "Another friend who had joined us a few hours before from London, suddenly remarked, rather as a man who hints at well-known things than as the bringer of news, 'You have heard it of course,—Désirée is married'" (p. 153). His response, "I could smile as I remember how the vision ended," is proof enough of how the direct passion of *Preciosa* gives way in *The Passionate Pilgrim* to the retrospective and recollective and thereby touching on the larger epistemological question put by the narrator: is "Knowledge only Remembrance" or "how far by inverse rule [do] we create what we think we are recollecting" (p. 114). And that not in the fewest and plainest words. If it is not an easy or comfortable read, it is

at least an unusual, and, perhaps surprisingly and not unimportantly, an informative one. For it is in effect somewhat less interesting as a roman à clef or the "mere story book" of an unfulfilled love affair than as an outline of the autobiography of one whose lifelong journals and other personal information have all but disappeared.

The fire that burns is not identical with that which Palgrave had portrayed in *Preciosa*. Six years have passed, yearning persists, but there is little real hope of fulfillment. It is the past that is recalled and is reinvented—the "beyond beyond" (p. 15). The name Preciosa predicates a closer proximity, a physical presence: lover and loved one meet often socially and alone. The name Désirée is more abstract: the lover and the loved one hardly meet at all in the present, nor is there a society around them. Désirée in fact seems to exist mainly in the mind of the unnamed narrator. And there she more than exceeds "the ladies of Arthur's court, Helen and Beatrice, Perdita and Una" (p. 15): "Désirée was all womanhood to me" (p. 15). And further: "Désirée, and Not Désirée, were truly more to me than the 'Not I' and the 'I' to the Idealist Philosopher" (p. 15). Or, to put it another way, she is a sacred figure to be venerated. "Holy" is the recurring word. "The college routine of chapel attendance," he recalls, "was then to me, bound in this passionate superstition, one happy privilege more, an hour set aside by a holy consecration to summon up the thoughts of Love 'in her own native place,' to be in a closer communion with Désirée:—as the organ in its loftiest thunders shook 'the prophets blazon'd on the panes,' to speak her name aloud; to intercalate it in every supplication of the Liturgy" (pp. 60-1). It was more than that "great change [that] was wrought on me which Wordsworth by process of the seasons experienced in his communion with Nature" (p. 65): "Like Dante when his regained Beatrice led him up to the beatific vision, alone with Darling I was translated into a loftier heaven, where desire to human aspiration added the angel wings of hope, and the purple glow of passion whitened to a more intense and celestial ardency, a region where every hour was a portion of eternity, trust in her was implicit faith, and reverence for her pure religion; where I adored 'Madonna' without idolatry, and loved God in loving Désirée" (p. 66). The narrator is, after all, a passionate *pilgrim*.

He is also aware that "words indeed have their limits; like colours, they are foiled at each extremity, by the sunlight and by the gloom of nature" (p. 4). And though he purports to be "without the expressions into which I can transfuse the elixir of their sweetness or the wormwood of their despair" (p. 4), the pursuit and depiction of his desire and vision are inextricably connected with his search for the "most English English." He is as much infatuated with words as he is with Désirée. Seen thus, *The Passionate Pilgrim* is a *Bildungsroman*, tracing the literary education of the narrator—his schooling, his reading, his realization of the process that is learning, his attraction to poetry, and ultimately his conclusion that poetry is the vehicle that best depicts and comforts the passionate pilgrim.

The education which emerged from the narrator's experience with Désirée coincided with his experience at school some twenty years earlier. The two are, in the beginning, contrasted:

Around were the well-known faces of hearty companions, the rough, the out-speaking, the careless contemporaries, the din, the shouting voices, the reckless murmur, the long room with its worn and dismal formality of furniture, the ragged benches, scattered books, diagrams dark with neglect, dust-lurid air: and at a thought, in the centre of all, that golden vision which appeared almost bodily immanent by the force and passion of loving remembrance: that treasure which was all one's own, and yet seemed, by some mysterious magic, transfused into all around it; omnipresent as Nature to the youthful Wordsworth, by process of a diviner Pantheism. (p. 12)

It was a "contrast that truly seemed, whatever the joy of the moment, between earth and heaven" (p. 13). And it was unabated. Two or three years later, when "I had returned ... from a college success, to be welcomed at school with the honours set on such conjunctions for schoolboys":

There was a feast at the Master's house, the congratulation of the seniors, the welcome from those already successful; a little intoxication of pleasure; a sense of first entry on real life. And, this concluded, without I found the blither and more demonstrative greeting from my comrades, shouts, and brave good wishes, and warm hands clasped in mine, and the rude and animated procession which carried me in triumph round the plying field. But on that afternoon, by a coincidence heartfelt and striking the more, because sight of her, as we passed childhood but

had not reached independent years (with the further impediment of school-residence), had now grown rarer, a far other triumph awaited me. That was the "beyond beyond", to take Imogen's phrase, an hour with Désirée. Who would pretend to recall the words spoken, and fifteen years intervening? But she had come to give me joy of my success; it was enough: I fell down in spirit, and worshipped the dear child whose lightsome glee and 'sorrise parolette' of congratulation were more animating than contest, more satisfying than victory. (pp. 14-15)

But there was more to school than the "fitful earnestness of boyish study," for "with its hours of laborious despair [came] trances of the first delight in Beauty and Greatness" (p. 16). As the narrator recognizes, in boyhood "the mind is nearer Nature then, the taste and senses unconsciously more refined, more instinctively fastidious, than when in later life our faculties have been dulled by iteration of experiences, distracted by a thousand arguments" (p. 11). And if "Love ... teaches us science before we are aware; we have entered without knowing it on a new life, and feel that we are less children than we thought ourselves" (p. 20), "books and the thoughts they suggest" (p. 17) have their role in education as well. They were clearly important, and, deserving "immediate commemoration," were recorded daily in his journal. Although he half apologizes for turning from the image of Désirée to trace "the successive gradations of delight or instruction through which the master-spirits of the world led [him]," he soon senses, as his reading brings him into "worlds never to be realized," that there is a connection between them and Désirée: "She whose image distracted my thoughts from study, first animated me to study with thought" (p. 20). It is little wonder then that Palgrave can conclude that "The dear parents might guide by love and by example, friends counsel, and masters instruct:—but Désirée was my education" (p. 31).

In a dozen or so pages (pp. 18-30) of Book I Palgrave outlines and comments on his studies. The list of books is impressive and the process enlightening as both a personal and a curricular statement. Dante and Shakespeare are "first and most recurrent" in his journal. During his earlier holidays he attempted to "master" Sophocles and Juvenal, "efforts mainly of freewill, and hence likelier to teach appreciation of these books than the fated taskwork of school, in which, as other boys, I could not at first separate the pleasure of learning from the sensation that I was compelled to learn" (p. 18). The "ponderous sentences and emphatic one-

sidedness of the Satirist affected me *then* far more than the large wisdom of the Poet, his crystal tranquillity, his modest grace and refined passion" were too remote from the boy's world. "I could not worship that beauty in Antigone which had touched me to the life in Beatrice,—that golden-haired Christian child who had walked the actual streets of Florence, while the passers-by cried 'Miracle', and the young lover fainted beneath the fire and blessedness of passion" (p. 18). Yet, even as a boy, he sensed the importance of the classical heritage and tradition, as well as the process which is learning: "Unable to master the severe idea of Sophoclean art, unable to find an echo to my own heart's language in which the silver flow of anapest and iambic, the calm words which conceal such intensity of feeling, I should have presumptuously misesteemed this great Poet, if the strong testimony of centuries had not warned me that one reward of maturer years might be initiation into his mysteries" (pp. 18-19). With Shakespeare and Scott there were no such problems. A "new atmosphere" was opened: "I became part of what I listened to" (p. 19), albeit since the advance was "gradual and tardy" plot was his main interest, unable to separate a writer's gifts from the narration or "take pleasure in imaginative excellence itself, regarded as a distinct thing; in the poetry, for poetry's sake" (p. 20). Further, if he "listened" to Shakespeare, he "read" Pope, attracted in boyhood by "the monotony of Pope's even syllables, the lines which were incomprehensible without effort, the bitterness of his often one-sided wrath and mad exasperation against rivals" (p. 21), but, although grateful to him now for "much enduring pleasure," concluding that "satirical writings should be kept from the young" for seeming "framed to influence them unduly." It was when reading "Christabel" and the "Ancient Mariner," the "Allegro" and "Penseroso," that he "began, but imperfectly, to delight in [them] as such; slowly my mind was attuned to their high and passionate thoughts by the music to which they were chanted" (p. 21). Looking back, Palgrave "should be ashamed to tell" how many years of his youth "were lost to Wordsworth. This was partly personal dulness; partly the sense of a certain want of passion, the passion of love especially, in this noble poet; partly the misguiding effect of Byron's flippant satire, and that, I know not whether cowardice or animation, which leads the young always to side with the laughers" (p. 22). But having confessed his shame and come to accept that in the "Excursion" and the "Pilgrimage" both poets "should have spoken our

thoughts for us, should have prophesied for their century" (p. 22). As if his "foolish contempt" of Wordsworth were not enough, Palgrave confesses that he "thought it an act of judgment exquisitely humorous and original to repeat with servile obsequiousness the miserable criticism of then popular judges on Shelley, Keats, and Tennyson, other poets, pitying perhaps this blindness, by their sweet music led me on to some sympathy with the Imagination and Fancy in themselves—to some love of poetry for its own sake" (p. 23). This "change" which "sooner or later ... must have come" was "immediately due to the accident by which another work or series of works had now superseded Scott's for the holiday evening lecture": "the newly- gained consciousness of their perpetual poetry of sentiment" (p. 23). "Two brief stanzas of unearthly music" in Halbert's Invocation to the Lady of Avenel (in *The Monastery*) were "an authentic spell, unveiling secrets of melody and majesty far beyond those even which the story ascribed to their talismanic virtue" (p. 24). Dante in the "Commedia" and lyrical poems, Scott in the "Bride of Lammermoor," Spenser in the "Epithalamium" and "Daphnaida," Shakespeare in the Sonnets—"each appeared either with me in actual personality, or by a contrary mode of identification, what I read had been, somehow, far off, when or where I knew not, my own creation or experience" (p. 24). So conceived in the learning process, each poem is connected with Désirée, becomes a "jewel" to offer her. "From intercourse with the Immortal he "teaches her what he had learned on that lofty place, and she repeats it to him, and he fails to know his words again, they come so changed from her lips, deepened in their wisdom, more musical in their melody, sweeter in their sweetness" (p. 25). The synthesis of love and poetry is achieved.

With "there were other regions, where Désirée's image only and recollection could accompany me" (p. 25), Palgrave opens his discussion of the powerful influence of Classical literature in forming his mind, carefully noting that the "common repugnance to the studies of school from which I can claim no exemption, never extended itself ... to the books so studied" (p. 25). His reading, whether at home or at school, was extensive, his opinions frank. Homer, Sappho, Simonides, Pindar, Aeschylus, Heracleitus, and Plato are poured forth. "Gleams" of that "untravelled world" began to break through in the story of Ulysses; Ajax, Oedipus, and Antigone were revealed in the images of the marbles of the Parthenon or the engraving of Raphael; Ovid's "Fasti" deepened the

impression of the mysterious ancient world. But "in the fragments in which by a common but injudicious school arrangement, Herodotus, Thucydides, and Livy were studied," he "learned little" (p. 27). Cicero ... "conveyed almost the pleasure of poetry by the vague largeness of the thought, the sweetness and latter-day humanity of the moral sentiments, the fine cadences and balanced amplitude of the style" (p. 27). But such studies were "lessened" by his "foolish fancy" of trying to "trace foreshadowings of Christian religious feeling" or presumptuously contrast[ing] what [he] imagined the imperfect morality and half-vision of poets and philosophers with the better things of the middle or modern ages. Thus Plato and Lucretius were for some years (I note it as a warning to any youthful and sympathetic reader) rendered useless to me by a boy's weak vanity" (p. 27). Palgrave's self-criticism is worth quoting: "Their masterworks fared as an ancient statue among children, chipped and dishonoured one day, the next decorated with toys and dressed up in finery: I christianized the one, and anathematized the other" (p. 28).

Palgrave's "most heartsome and most continuous delight" was owed to Virgil, the "closer cherished favourite, the playing-field and fireside darling" (p. 28), whose works "touch a child more readily" than Homer's. "To boyhood, so favoured in its exemption from critical pedantry or the world's sneer at imaginative enthusiasm, Virgil ... is a magician still ... most the lines painting in purple light and with a grace almost superhuman the image of passion, allured me" ... Virgil, in his purple-robed and laurelled majesty had stooped to whisper messages of tenderness to an English child: it was Virgil who bade me track that Star by the road of manly excellence" (p. 29). "Whatever growth of mind belongs to [these] years was ... the result mainly of these [first studies] and of the passion of love" (p. 30). The inextricability of the two is once again stressed. "It is no fine fancy, no figure of words, but with strong and sober reason that, looking back to that golden time and the first fires of loves, I see her, not only with the noble Poet in sunshine and moonlight, field and billow, in the world without me; but far more and to higher issues in the world within" (p. 31).

The pursuit of what Palgrave calls the love of wisdom from the wisdom of love was accompanied and hindered by "faults of nature ... ranged unchecked" (p. 32). His confession "for Truth's sake, and without the very least sensation of pleasurable pride" is, however, too all-

embracing, too reminiscent of Malcolm wanting the king-becoming graces, to warrant undue elaboration in any biographical study:

> Vices of temper, and not such as the novelist paints either as incompatible with their opposites or exaggerations of some nobler quality, but stubbornness and pliability, hasty heat and sullenness, oppression of the weak around me, and irreverent contempt of worth and power, scorn of tenderness, coarseness and conceit----I might lengthen the list, could such a catalogue have any charm. (pp. 32-3)

What exactly is hidden behind his citing of "Dear Dr. Johnson [who] stood a winter's day bareheaded on the site of Michael Johnson's bookstall in the market-place of Uttoxeter, contrite and confessing himself ashamed before all men, at his boyish shame for his father's profession" or the following ellipsis or the pious continuation, "Let me add this only: I remember I blushed to think myself less favoured than some of my companions in parental rank or wealth, and trust that what I thus record against myself may be my forgiveness and atonement"—is at best speculation. Still, such utterances, while sharing biblical rhetoric of Palgrave's reverence for love and wisdom, are in a somewhat different egotistical key, and are tempting.

Modulated, they can, of course, apply to his search for the love of wisdom. This disposition seems to have been carried over to his first days at Oxford. "I despised and censured at will and random: I prided myself on narrowness of mind, when so many friendly hearts, the bright, the good, and the thoughtful, were satisfied to be narrow with me: I submitted with alacrity to other claims from authority than the one authority of truth" (p. 54). But "meanwhile, by a strange and concealed contrast, college studies silently filled the mind with what I venture to call the brute material of ideas, the inert and seemingly lifeless seeds of an inner life, absolutely irreconcilable with the judgments consciously formed and enunciated with the petulant arrogance of dogmatic youth" (p. 54). The process of learning at Oxford was a "revolution gradually worked in [his] thoughts" (p. 55). From materials gathered "we form precipitate conclusions on the new knowledge, or cling with passion to the standing framework of our opinions; and the tongue speaks and the heart believes, what in the innermost soul is perhaps unconsciously discredited. The new faith springs 'like a covered fire' within the sanctuary of the existing; an

old historical cycle repeats itself; national developments are mirrored in individual; the 'vile superstition' of Tiberius proves the creed of Constantine" (p. 55). From "logic, treated not as a verbal system of deduction, but as the theory at once and the method of all strict thinking," he "gained the first insight, however dim, into those ultimate points of human consciousness on which the whole array of opinion rests: into what, with the profoundest sense of its limitations, in quality and in degree, must yet be called—there is at least none beyond—ultimate truth" (p. 56). Palgrave's hesitating and reverential circumnavigation to "ultimate truth" should not lessen his exuberant gratitude to his tutor, that "eloquent and accurate thinker," who "vivified" him with Aristotle and "supplied a young English student with a living method in mind,—an Organ of thinking" (p. 56). And since at the time he was retrospecting on his student days he was already a teacher and then vice principal of Kneller Hall, a teacher-training school, it is not surprising that he should have ideas not only about the subject matter but also the process and organization of studies. He rehearses three forms or stages of study: first the masterworks "identified with boyish opinions, and seen through the colours of personal passion"; then at college those read "almost without judgment; more to gain conception of new realms, than to conquer or submit to the indwelling Spirits"; and finally the masterworks "more and more from their own point of view" as they "moulded mine" (p. 81).

The "revolution," however, was not as yet complete. In a search for an explanation for the "great change, an initiation into the mysteries" (p. 76), Palgrave turns to William Whewell's Fundamental Antitheses of philosophy, which he explains, "using words far less lucid and pregnant, but (I fear) likely to be far more generally intelligible ... that increase of knowledge, experience, and reflection led the mind on to a confession of ignorance, at each new argumentation the more profound and the more humbling" (p. 78). But it is mainly Heracleitus whom Palgrave credits with being the "first [who] consciously and clearly asked what was the relation between thought and thing; how far the world within answered to the world without; what might be the authority for any human conclusions; what, in a word, was known in Knowledge, to answer it by Mystery" (p. 83). Palgrave quotes Heracleitus:

Everywhere we stand between contradictions—Part and Whole—Unity and

Divisibility—Soul and Body—Finite and Infinite. Existence is change—all things are and are not; we may not say they *are*, but they are *becoming*. The world's harmony returns on itself; opposites pass into each other in an eternal flux. All the settled conclusions of man are from one divine source; all are true and all are together. Much information is not science: there is one wisdom, to find the law which governs all through all. (pp. 83-4)

Reiterated as

Each fundamental conception, like the bipolar forces of magnetism, has its hostile correlative; seems at once to be and not to be; exists only to human thought when we recognize the possibility of its antagonist, and yet, by the very recognition of that antagonism, appears to part with existence. As the son of Blyson saw,—turn what way we will, we stand between contradictions. (pp. 87-8)

This conclusion is explicit in the title of the novel and, as concurrent circumfluent opposites, is the philosophical and existential keystone of Palgrave's thought.

All the while Palgrave continued his reading of poetry. With his newly discovered organ of thinking—"a veil rends, a prejudice drops, a foolish criticism is forgotten, a foolish jest has grown flat" (p. 57)—he experiences the "first sympathetic readings" of Milton and Tennyson (p. 57), whose works, "like God's (and themselves surely God's also) are, in Goethe's splendid language, perfect to me still as on the first day" (p. 58). He defends Shelley's poetry against the "common and exaggerated" charge of being "deficient in human grasp and interest," although pained by "that over-estimate of his own insight into metaphysical and moral truth which led Shelley to deface many splendid stanzas by he infusion of a Platonism falsely so esteemed" (p. 94). Palgrave's preoccupation with poetry is an enduring consolation: "Homer with his great healthy spirits, yet pathos beyond Dante's pathos, fresh to-day as when sung at the court of Sardis and Sikyon ... Sappho, Catullus, Milton, and Shakespeare, 'joys for ever'" (p. 100), and Wordsworth, "one worthy to be named with these, a poet who seemed sent in the latter days to make the sun more bright, and the winds more musical; to lighten the 'weary weight of this unintelligible world', the 'burden of the mystery', with 'happiness beyond all hope'; to lead us gently on to some foretaste of 'the central calm at the heart of all agitation'; to spread 'the light that never was on sea or land' over the whole domain of Nature" (pp. 100-1).

Disappointingly perhaps, Palgrave gives little concrete information about Oxford. He does bring up one "new and real event" which "deserves special commemoration," but it is so remotely phrased as to render only the distant forest and not the trees. "I saw the system of religious doctrine (I do not name it, because I can only name it by appellations more than commonly connotative of party bitterness) devised by two or three subtle minds, and followed by many devout and serious, shaken so deeply, that those who left, and those who opposed it, raised shouts of ungraceful derision over a catastrophe by which, however, that system was rather modified, the event has shown, than ruined" (pp. 78-9). What the parties were, who the adversaries, what the doctrines involved in the "revolution"—these details are not commemorated (pp. 77-9) perhaps because he "was not personally touched by the crisis" (p. 78) or perhaps because the events of the Oxford Movement were generally known by his readers or, most likely, because the real world is mainly a dimly lit background to set off the inner life and reflections of the young man. At any rate, they were at this time relatively marginal to the passionate pilgrim who, after his "University course had ended with fair success," returned to London (p. 103) and resumed travel abroad. Trèves gives him the opportunity to display the historical and archaeological orientation so prominent in his early travels and those of his father and mother (pp. 109-14), an insertion likely from the journal, now lost, he kept from his earliest days onwards and, as respite from an ascent overlooking the Moselle valley, a nursery tale: a "Legend revealed on a scene so romantic" of the love of Desiderata and Adalbert in the time of Charlemagne (pp. 114-20). The tale and the scene, however unnecessary for the development of the narrative, strengthen Palgrave's determination to "make [Désirée] mine more truly" (p. 120).

3.

Books III and IV, forming the second half of the novel, continue Palgrave's life after leaving Oxford with first class honours in classics, but without much attention to the details of his attempt to come to terms with life. There is hardly a reference to his post as Petrean Fellow at Exeter, his employment in the Education Department of the Privy Council and Kneller Hall. These omissions are understandable in a work where names are not named and events are multi-applicable. London

might be an exception, but, aside from an architectural description of the General Post Office (p. 123)—one of Palgrave's hobbyhorses—it does not seem important enough to warrant a touch of local color. Instead, there is talk of work and the routine of daily life as a way of surviving. "I threw myself with energy into the active duties of my profession"—although not really defining that profession—"for friends said with a smile, *that* was an unfailing curative. I took up again every thread of my former rational interests in art and science, studies and poetry, and thought these clues would lead me forth securely from the Daedalaean labyrinth of regret and passions" (p. 149). But to no avail. And the surprising report of Désirée's marriage serves to deepen his distress and intensify his desire into a decision "not to shrink from the conflict of life or fail before unmanly sorrow" (p. 172). Although Palgrave warns the reader not to expect "any development of the plot by stirring action, by a master-stroke of ideal ingenuity, by one of those luminous coincidences which in romances, however tragic, so often save a hero from despair" (p. 188), he does contrive a coincidence and construct an action that may "save a hero from despair, and the moral of a tale from self-refutation" (p. 188). Passing by Désirée's house one April morning, he hears her voice and learns that it is her sister Mary's wedding day and is urged to go to the church. The wedding is a kind of fulfillment of Palgrave desire, "rather like something fashioned in a dream" (p. 194): "I would take her hand for my guidance through what, with Désirée, would be the double blessedness of an earthly and a celestial for ever,—the Heaven of life, and the life of Heaven" (p. 192). It is described sumptuously: "the strangely blending effect of hazy air and fitful sunbeams, crimsoned in their passage through the blazoned saints, sacred words and choral responses, the silent crowd and garlanded white group which to fancy seemed a company of the Glorified from the Paradise Adoration-scenes of Van Dyck or Angelico" (p. 191) and in the repeated pledges, the "most poetical of our English Church Services; there is something of Milton and Michelangelo in that union of grandeur and of homeliness; in the repetition of the familiar Christian names, the donation of 'worldly goods', followed at once by the primaeval picture of the 'comfort of Abraham and Sarah', the 'faithfulness of Isaac and Rebekah" (p. 192). Désirée's urging him to visit her—"we have much to talk over" (p. 193)—renews his faith in the force of love ... Nature was kind, and Providence was powerful; I

may truly say I put myself in their arms like a child in his mother's, careless where she may carry him in his sleep, but secure of her smiles at the waking. 'Whence' and 'Whither', questions which, on so many subjects, provoke and defeat human reasoning, I would not allow my soul to ask; I would take the new life and enjoy it to the fullest" (p. 194).

During this "recovered Paradise" (p. 196) Palgrave rediscovered the delight of reading Homer, Milton, and, in greater detail, Keats (pp. 196-7), of conversing with friends, and the awareness "that in this very world, the world of all of us, the most commonplace existence is a miracle of superhuman strangeness" (p. 199). But that is neither the answer nor the end. On a trip to his beloved Italy to re-create his experience there with Désirée, Palgrave encounters Padre Girolamo. Asked the purpose of his journey, Palgrave tells him the "literal truth," receives "the kind commonplaces of consolation, counsels of hope, news on the shortness of life, and the hundred other contradictory anodynes of sympathy," while admitting that "all was over-balanced by the relief of confession to the human soul I should never meet again, by the pride of speaking the praises of Désirée in that strange land, by the inseparable pleasure of saying Désirée once more" (p. 227). But it is Padre Girolamo's narration of the poor orphan girl Immacolata Angiolieri, who had been so impressed by the example set by St. Rose of Lima, "that, not satisfied with disfiguring her face, or washing her hands in quicklime, she had literally mixed wormwood with her food, torn her flesh with a thousand daily stripes, and then crawled to a bed of nettles" and by other elements of the mystery of the Passion leading to "the village belief ... she would rise in death by absolute corporeal assumption" (p. 228). This "blasphemous piety" nevertheless attracts Palgrave in its evocation of the question "why we are, and why we suffer; the triviality and the magnificence of life" but the "abyss" is not for him "bridged by that strange and fearful example of rapt severance from the common conditions of existence" (p. 229). The humanist Palgrave resists, and prefers the "wise" Pascal's view, "Man is neither beast nor angel, but man," adding, "Ah, better human tears, better this blank hopelessness, better the most humiliating confessions of ignorance, than such solution of the mystery" (p. 229). This conclusion, however, is in itself a consolation if not a redemption. For Palgrave always regards his love as holy and eternal. "Better, no doubt, not to have been, but, having been, better to have loved and lost, better expiate even thus

the crime of love, than not to have known her. Here, at least, if here only, there is no regret for the past: here, if in this flux of life, man may anywhere possess assurance, no shadow of change possible in the hereafter. These confessions began with protest against the common doctrine of sorrow; and so with calm conviction I may close them" (p. 245).

It is not difficult to guess the response to what one critic called a "literary curiosity."[162] Its lack of a clear narrative—"so far as there is any story in the volume," remarks even the most sympathetic of the reviewers;[163] "It is not the history of the events that compose a lifetime, but a manual of sensations and spiritual experiences," says another,[164] which is matched by a style overladen with "all the thoughts he has ever read of eloquent poets, ancient and modern ... [which] produces a painful sense of suffocation, as from heavy-scented flowers, enervating, depressing. stifling, stupefying,—altogether miserable and muddy."[165] This view is only partially ameliorated when expressed in a somewhat more understanding way by another: "Mr. Thurstan is burthened with the thoughts of other men. He has always some expression or recollection, some borrowed figure or analogy, which stands between him and the reader. And his style has the monotony of a constant elevation. It is all pitched in a very high key."[166] All agree that the author is learned and earnest, that the work is rare and cannot be popular. The most telling appraisal comes from the most favorable review: "What Mr. Thurstan's book wants is art. It would be difficult to point to a work which more strongly illustrates what is the sphere of art in fiction-writing, or, what is much the same thing, in autobiography. Real feeling is the necessary foundation, and nature must precede art; but after having undergone, and even while still in some degree undergoing, the pangs and delights of the most deep and genuine passion, the artist—the man, that is, of creative genius—recasts, moulds, and harmonizes his experience."[167] Its conclusion is that "his book is not a great book, it is not a production of

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[162]*Leader* 9:429 (12 June 1858), 569.
[163]*Saturday Review* 5:136 (5 June 1858), 595.
[164]*Leader*, 569.
[165]*Athenaeum* 1596 (29 May 1858), 686.
[166]*Saturday Review*, 595.
[167]Ibid.

artistic genius, but it is not one to be lightly passed over, or easily forgotten."[168] For another, however, it "is a curiosity; but there is neither genius nor individuality to invest it with the human interest which makes Dante, Petrarch, and Shakspeare [*sic*] the text-books of the heart."[169] All things considered, the critical reaction may not be as surprising as the fact that a work of this kind by an unknown author should have received as much critical attention as it did.

3. *My Sister Cecilia*

My Sister Cecilia, Palgrave's third novel, was published serially in eight installments of thirty-six chapters from October 1891 to May 1892.[170] Like some of his other work it appeared in *The Grove*, a monthly miscellany based in Lyme Regis, where Palgrave had a home. Appended to the first chapter, a tipped-in note from the editor informs the reader that Palgrave "wishes to add that it was written soon after leaving Oxford,—now, alas! many years since." Since Palgrave had left Oxford, to which he had returned only briefly as Fellow of Exeter College, in about 1849 and since the most likely motivating event of what is doubtless an autobiographical novel is the death of the narrator's mother, and Palgrave's mother died in 1852, it is reasonable to accept Palgrave's "wishes" and regard 1852 as at least the *terminus a quo* of the novel. But in that year Palgrave published *Preciosa* anonymously, and so it is likely that *My Sister Cecilia* was written later. But when? The marriage of Palgrave's real-life preciosa, Georgina Alderson, was in 1857, leading in the following year to his novel *The Passionate Pilgrim*, under the pseudonym Henry J. Thurstan. The fairly straightforward and controlled narrative of *My Sister Cecilia* resembles that of *Preciosa*. But that is not necessarily a reason for placing it before the passionate ruminations which characterize the *Passionate Pilgrim*. Indisputable is the fact that the novel underwent revisions, and this may be of help in establishing a possible date. The tipped-in note says that Palgrave "was prevented by accident from revising the portion of his story now printed." What the accident and the portion were must remain a

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[168]Ibid., p. 596. *The National Review* 13 (July 1858), 246, listed it as "Suitable for Reading Societies."

[169]*Athenaeum*, 687.

[170]*Grove*, 1:6 to 2:13.

mystery. Clear, however, is a possible *terminus ad quem*. In a footnote to the opening sentence of the concluding chapter, "Thus ended A Sister's Story," Palgrave explains: "Thus named when first planned. But a change became inevitable after the appearance of Mrs. Augustus Craven's *Récit d'une Soeur*" (2:13 [May 1892], 385).[171] That was in 1866. Among other details in the story itself that may be telling of the date is the marriage of the narrator towards the end of the novel, a not unlikely parallel perhaps to Palgrave's own marriage in 1862. All in all, it seems reasonable to place "soon after leaving Oxford" in the late 1850s, after the *Passionate Pilgrim* of 1858 and before the *Golden Treasury* of 1861. That later revisions took place is also clear. The change in the title is one instance; another is the poem "Between the Worlds" (p. 383), which appeared as "Between Cradle and Grave" in the collection *Amenophis* in 1892, as did the untitled poem written, says the narrator, in Ardeley Churchyard and inserted as the conclusion of the novel to "sum up Cecilia's whole childhood and youth" (pp. 386-9) and then titled "Elegy on the Departed" and dated 1891 in *Amenophis*. It is well-nigh impossible to say why the novel was not published before 1891. That Palgrave's other novels were not published under his name may well have to do with their sensitive personal details, a factor which may well account for the delay at that time of the publication of *My Sister Cecilia*. Strangely or not, Palgrave's daughter and biographer, Gwenllian, makes no mention of it at all. The death of Palgrave's wife, Cecil, in 1890 and his own failing health[172] may have been factors in the late publication. One can only speculate.

Less a matter of speculation are the autobiographical components. Like Palgrave himself, Edmund Marlowe, the narrator, has been educated at home as a boy and has studied at Oxford. He is a fond brother, a poet, an avowed Hellenist, an admirer of Wordsworth and Scott, an author conscious of his craft, a philosophic inquirer into the nature of things seen

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[171]The view that the novel was renamed for Palgrave's daughter Cecil Ursula, born 1863, is most unlikely given the circumstances of both lives. There is fantasy indeed in finding any connection between the forenames of the main characters, Cecilia and Edmund, and those of Tennyson's sister Cecilia and her husband Edmund Lushington.

[172]In a letter to Macmillan of 14 May 1891 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 227-8) Palgrave complained, "I am almost crippled by rheumatism of a peculiar obstinate kind."

and unseen, and ever alert to the passage of time and the imperatives of recollection. His father, in the novel a parish priest, is like Francis Palgrave a reader of the great works of Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, and especially the "masterworks of Hellenic imagination," a believer in their ability to "interpret their country, whilst they outrun it," "rarely quitting these Elysian Fields of high thought and poetry," and always attempting to instill at least the English works into his young children:

On how many evenings did he leave Pascal, or Dante, or the golden pages, describing the "City of God," or those (perhaps dearer still), where "yesterday's going down to Pireus" leads by magic maze to the region of Plato's mysterious commonwealth—how often, to read some choice poem, Milton and Shakespeare, or Wordsworth when he fondly hoped years had brought his children the more philosophic mind, whilst we drew or worked in the aimless variety of childhood. (2:7 [November 1891], 16)

And, as if to verify the concern of Francis Palgrave in his letters to his children, the narrator confirms the loving depth of the relationship: "To us, the children, there was always playfulness the most winning and the most affectionate: councils were ready for the occasion, but a high and religious aim to shun any direction that might by chance interfere with what gifts and inborn character Heaven had granted us" (p. 16). All but idealized in both the prose and poems of the narrator, the mother—if only to judge by her lengthy letters to her father—is nevertheless recognizable as

a lady who spontaneously identified health of soul with happiness ... eager for an experience of life and of nature wider than the limitations of home could afford, yet returning from the rare chances of society or travel with the one sigh only and an instant's heart-sinking, to the quiet ways of Ardeley. And then with what cheerful good sense would she take up the threads of home and village duties! how temperablely and blithely recall us to our interrupted employments! what hours of patient pleasure, as it seemed (for she was, I think, by nature rather tenderly kind and helpful than *fond* towards children) given to the so often thankless task of instruction! (1:6 [October 1891], 275)

More immediately recognizable is her penchant for sketching (2:9 [January 1892], 123), a trait passed on to Palgrave and her other children. In all, the "most affecting" remembrances of father and mother, of the parental

ambience, narrator and Palgrave agree, are those "which ally themselves, not with acts of duty, or devotion, or love ... but with those impulses and powers that we can scarcely think of as other than mortal;—the deep delight in Art, the passion for Nature; seeing eyes and expressive voice, and skilful fingers:—or most, perhaps, that reverential and intelligent devotion to the masterworks of Genius; the judgment trained and elevated by the harvest of quiet hours; the memory stored with treasures that even in God's own eye we can hardly think altogether valueless" (1:6 [October 1891], 275-6).

Familiar too is the non-urban location of Palgrave's early life and novels. The seat of the family is Ardeley, in a "retired district" of Hertfordshire, "unspoiled country," as his daughter called it, in a house which seems to have resembled the old-fashioned house at Hampstead or his grandfather's in Yarmouth which the boy visited often. But though "country," there is little in the way of nature there. Instead, the narrator reflects on the social interaction of two neighboring families, the Marlowes and the Therfields in Founainhall, "the only neighbours for whose company our parents cared to interrupt the happier sequestration of Ardeley" (p. 278), and more precisely on the relationship between their children, Edmund and Cecilia Marlowe and Robert and Eleanor Therfield——a situation with a strong resemblance to that of the other novels and, to be sure, of the real plight of the young Palgrave in his pursuit of the hand of his Preciosa and Desirée, Georgina Alderson, the sister of his neighbor and friend Charles Alderson. The main ingredients of a traditional social and romantic comedy are given: the contrasting young pairs, their contrasting parents, their contrasting homes, their contrasting lifestyles. The young ones are reluctant or eager, as the case may be, but doubtless attracted and attractive. There are surprises and turnabouts. There is suspense and there is sadness.[173] And there is a happy marriage at the end. But only one. And there the difference begins.

For *My Sister Cecilia* is a "fitful-tinted" (2:13 [May 1892], 386) tale that the narrator and loving brother tells, a "memorial to one, gifted and fated so singularly" (p. 385), a tale that elicits, as motto for the closing poem

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[173]It is not surprising that Palgrave should find Jane Austen's *Persuasion* at home, as it were, in another of his villages, Lyme Regis, as in his two-part article "Miss Austen and Lyme," *Grove* 1 (June 1891), 58-63, and (July 1891), 141-6.

"Elegy on the Departed," Dante's "E se non piangi, di che pianger suoli?"[174] The tale, like so many of Palgrave's works, is a remembrance of things past, of innocence and youth past. Once again, it is the story of children growing up together so intimately attuned to each other as to be inseparable: to Robert, Cecilia was "my almost undivided companion," and to him "my true childly reminiscences are Cecilia's childhood" (1:6 [October 1891]), 272). Six years older, he "enjoyed the delight of witnessing Cecilia's whole life" and "for many years also I stood towards her in a sweet two-fold relation, as child with child, and as guardian with nurseling" (p. 273). He could "boldly place [him]self on the loftiest rank of brothers crowned and exalted by the angelic guardianship of sisterly affection. Outwards from youth [his] studies received from her clear native sense many serviceable hints; and her example was [his] best study. She bore with [him], and taught [him] thus forbearance: selfishness was shamed before one so without thought of self: courage [he] inherited from [his] dear mother, but Cecilia in [his] sight practised it as duty, and exalted natural impulse to virtue. She walked before heaven in holiness, and when [he] erred, her silence was a rebuke beyond admonition: she prayed for [him], and could [he] neglect prayer?—She loved [him], and [he] learned love" (p. 274).

But from the beginning there are ominous signs: a sudden piercing cry from the nursery, the view of "the little Cecilia where she clung to the railing of her bed and looked forward with eyes fixed, and motionless lips, and cheeks paler than her night dress, in that ecstasy of terrified love, which by virtue of its own power is almost prophetic" (p. 281). Palgrave does not hesitate to enlarge the dimension of the otherwise trivial infant's alarm at a mother's temporary absence. His conclusion of the first installment is an enticing foreboding:

> He, who in creation foreran our whole coming lives, and knew that again the cry would rise towards heaven, and Cecilia fold in her arms one who was ignorant even of a daughter's tenderness,—will He not also, in His infinite love, when an hour comes that must come,—recompense the mother and the child with the ecstasy of an everlasting reunion? (p. 281)

[174] *Inferno*, 33:42.

Palgrave passes over Cecilia's early years, mentioning of her education only her being captivated by Scott's "Marmion," which had been placed on her mother's "index of the proscribed" but then removed when it was considered that "her Index of books prohibited to the little daughter might be now put aside with safety," since Cecilia had apparently not "suffered by this abrupt introduction to the Supernatural" (2:7 [November 1891], 13). Instead, after a short description of the father's reading few books but well, his praise of Hellenism, and his role as "most winning and most affectionate" parent, the narrator, Edmund, informs the reader that "within a few months before her seventeenth birthday [Cecilia] was loved, sought, and betrothed; and this with as much general satisfaction resulting as a bridegroom can expect to meet with, when his chosen is the 'bright desire' and central darling of a family" (p. 17). Returning from his second College vacation, thrown off guard and not a little unsettled by the fact that Robert at college had withheld the news, Edmund is assured by Cecilia that she "knew it could not be otherwise—it was as if a voice spoke for me.—And I am so happy, dear Edmund, only he is so much too good for me" (p. 19)—an assurance, however, that bewilders him. "What was the voice half hinted at?—this haste and apparent abdication of liberty, so perplexing in one who thought far too highly of all that affection implied, ever to give it (and this for life) by mere impulse" (2:8 [December 1891], 55). And though "there was something in it that vaguely vexed me; yet something of delightful interest also from the conviction thus brought that *all* my sister's character was not yet known to me" (p. 56). That interest leads Edmund qua Palgrave to philosophize: "Often the sketches of great artists charm more than the finished work; the first seem still part of themselves; the complete creation, it has been truly remarked, has separated itself from the artist" (p. 56). But it doubtless lends to the suspense that Edmund the character is unaware of the direct and deeper implications regarding Cecilia's character.

So too is suspense evoked by the attention given to the negotiations of the families: "The houses immediately interested in an engagement are generally animated with a great liveliness and decided *couleur de rose* in the sky; but they are not precisely 'Palaces of Truth.' On the contrary, engagements are flourishing epochs of a certain not ungracious or unnecessary insincerity. What charming qualities are then discovered among the *in laws* on both sides, which never will exist,—and never did

exist!" (p. 59). A visit of Edmund to the Therfields illustrates this observation: "Mrs. Therfield received us, as we met her in the hall, with all manner of affectionate incoherence—she begged us to excuse her—was really ashamed to run away—how happy dear Robert looks, does he not?—had some important commission to give her daughter—should be back in a moment, it was a trifle, only a trifle" (p. 60). The ensuing reconciliation of Edmund and Robert also sets up in Edmund and Eleanor the inevitable parallel couple of social and romantic comedy, a parallelism in Edmund's serio-comic confession of his past behavior:

> She, in a word, loved more than I—the true prologue to such marriages as are "made in Heaven." What had effected the difference between the Eleanor of to-day and any day for the last many years preceding was, I recognised, not so much that I loved her more, as that circumstances had led me to conceive the possibility, the desirability of a new relation between us, in which I should have a more perfect and undivided right to love her; in which (a further privilege) her maidenly reserve might no longer restrain an affection for me which I had never doubted, and till that day had never thought of fathoming. But this difference was everything. (p. 64)

Aware of his absurdity, but unaware of implications of the difference between a sketch and a completed work that he had evoked in the case of Cecilia, Edmund continues with self-mockery:

> Like Corporal Trim, "it was on a Sunday in the afternoon when I fell in love" (or, rather, knew that I was so) "all at once with a *sisserara*.—It burst upon me, an' please your honour, like a bomb,—scarce giving one time to say "God bless me!" "I was in the way of it;" and yet, like the Corporal's master, I was certainly only "as much in love as any man usually is."

The sides having been drawn up, as it were, obstacles emerge to delay the marriages. As moralizer, the narrator puts it so: "When there are love, and easy circumstances, all homes may be held happy; but this happiness, as the shrewd preacher remarked to Boswell about Heaven, has its degree" (p. 67). Cecilia, who had only been mentioned but not was present during this time, is reported "to feel a daily increasing conviction that to depart from her mother, even if the separation were but to take another name, and Fountainhall for a home in place of Ardeley, was for her a thing all but impossible" (p. 68). Secondly, there was "a certain shrinking back, a want of absolute sympathy between Eleanor and Cecilia,

against which both strove in vain ... a disparity [which] lay ... between character" (p. 69). For these "inward reasons," all involved were in a standstill: "We were as though every one was in silent expectation of some sign in the heavens—some auspicious omen—some morning in which the sun would rise as it were more brightly and before the almanack to point out the hour's arrival" (p. 69). To this, his father's failing health required a few months' foreign journey on which Edmund was to accompany him while Robert, having just received Holy Orders, was to take charge of the parish.

Immediately avowing that his story, "as separated from Cecilia's, was altogether unromantic" (2:9 [January 1892], 113), Edmund deflates the suspense somewhat by flashing forward to inform the reader that his father had returned in restored health after an absence of four months and that he himself had visited Italy. And, the passage of time having added to the suspense about the "romantic" story of Cecilia, he seems to increase it further by relating what he had experienced during his travels with his father through northern Europe and Austria. Since "the best point of my journey," he declares, "was an acquaintance with my own dear father's mind closer and deeper than, in the strange ways of life, is permitted to most children" (p. 113), Palgrave is presenting a thematic foil, as it were, to the relationship between Cecilia and her mother. Edmund's experience—and obviously Palgrave's own—is epiphanic: the "three hours evolution of [the] glorious spectacle" of the emerging day ... [left him and his father] entranced for the short space of that 'high hour' in pure harmony and what was almost union with nature. But even if this were just a moment, for "the world seemed to be with us again as the Church bells broke out ... like a summons into our restricted human life" (p. 115), he did indeed amid the commonplaces of life "feel that mystery and miracle far exceed its ordinary events and those that, as people say, follow the laws of nature. The marvels of science or of legend ... these are all as Time to Eternity, if we compare them, in calmness, with the common facts of our existence. The life of the meanest street-sweeper, of the poorest servant, of the workhouse infant that dies before any one has cared to christen it—is a marvel far transcending the legends of Arabia or Brittany" (p. 118). And in what is at the core of Palgrave's veneration of children and his own existential creed of life, the father, recalling having knelt beside the cradle of some dying infant, is revelatory:

This baby knows already that mighty Secret, that "most real reality" which Plato could seize only by conjecture, or St. Paul shadow forth by metaphor. This feeble soul whose only language seemed a cry, and only desire the mother's breast, whose lips had not yet learned smiles, or eyes direction, has become an Immortal Intelligence. It has exchanged the arms of the sister nurse-child, who caressed it yesterday and will play on the turf-mound that covered it next week, for the embraces of Seraphim; for the smiles of the Everlasting Love. Since the hand touched the hour, and the cottage clock last struck, it has left Time for Eternity. Oh think of that change! it has passed from the cradle and the swaddling clothes to the World unseen, to the visible Presence of Power almighty. (p. 119)

Death and separation, concretized in the German inscription on a gravestone in Riesenheim, lead to thoughts of Cecilia and her mother:

How often she has said she felt no absolute assurance, could find no definite promise of reunion; how often that if it were His will to take the dear mother from her, even if assured of meeting by an angel from Heaven, she feared that during life the loss would be no less, and the night of separation not brightened in its gloom by the prospect of eternity. "My poor lamb," he cried, "how *shall* I comfort her!" (p. 121)

That question is not rhetorical, for the mother is ill and dying and the direction and dimension of the novel change: "Henceforth ... a change followed in the balance of our minds. Cheerfulness ... became now a desire and an effort to preserve the disguise of cheerfulness in *her* presence ... Life henceforth concentrated on the interest of one room alone" (pp. 125-6). But not for long. Not quite halfway through the novel the mother dies. To the children is left the harder task: "to complete the act of severance" (2:10 [February 1892], 169). Thus "how anxious this change soon became; how other interests intervened, and the hopes of happiness and the blessing of love returned appeared now to soften our distress, and then to augment it, is," so the narrator, henceforth my "main story" (p. 176). The father, "past the consolation of religion and of thought by the greatness of his calamity ... yet determined to contend manfully with his sorrow" (p. 175), departs alone on his travels to Italy perhaps, perhaps to Greece. Writing "now from fifteen years' experience," Edmund sees "that [he] then began to value Robert truly" (p. 177), resumes his contact with him and Eleanor. Cecilia remains calm and distant. Bringing news, with the "steps of a happy herald," of their father's well-being, Edmund

overhears Cecilia reading aloud two poems, "as if the words afforded her some consolation." The first begins:

> Holy Remembrance
>   Is all things to me:
> Life's only semblance
>   Is Memory.

The second, a dirge like Palgrave's "The King's Messenger," concludes:

> Lo a second stranger here
> Bids the mourners lift the bier:
> Bids the dead lie meek and still.
> Turns to Time and says "I will:"—
> Time triumphant Death avows,
> Time before the Master bows:
> Bows the gray enmantled head,
> On his ceaseless course has fled:
> Death holds on his resistless way,
> Homewards marshalling his prey.
>
>   Slowly slowly through the porch,
> Through the graveyard slowly slowly;
>   Let them wind and go:
>   Weeping sow the seed of woe:
> Hide it for the harvest of the Holy. (pp. 182-4)

Reacting to Edmund's presence, Cecilia "rising, with a look calm, reverential and loving beyond the love of earth," says "gently 'Dear Edmund, you bring pleasant news, I know: I was perhaps asleep when you came in: I heard it in my dream'" (pp. 184-5). A further dimension of character and story is explicit in Edmund's response: "I was swayed by her: was within the sphere of a mind wrought up to an excitement that in itself gave authority, and as in the tales of magnetic magic, was capable of a spell and a command overpassing its individual limits" (p. 185).

The strangeness of the scene leads the narrator to reflect on the commonplace phrase "truth is strange, stranger than fiction" and to

conclude, as novelist too, that the strangeness is

> not in the specific event itself—but in the slightness of the accidents which are its material cause, and the contrasting destiny and the long preparation of character by which the event is secretly rendered possible ... In life, as in politics, there are no *faits accomplis*: the results of character never cease: what we secretly love 'is the combat and not the victory;' and contrary to what is written in the books, we should ourselves be disappointed if the plot did not recommence from the *dénouement.* Truth is stranger than fiction mainly in this, that no novelist dares to present as it is the shifting veil and tissue of our life—at once so trivial in its seriousness and so all-important in its vanities. (2:11 [March 1892], 226-7)

The position is existential and relates specifically to Cecilia, whose strange behavior is due less to "diminution of strength or discomposure of organization ... than by setting it free as it were from corporeal limitations: that as was in fact the case, the visionary child within her might be now about to awaken, and the farseeing imagination reassert rights, kept only in abeyance hitherto by growing years and maturer judgment" (p. 227). This and sorrow set Cecilia apart from others and from the "excellence and certainty of Christian hope" (p. 238). Marriage is impossible: "To enter upon the new life of marriage with its many duties and interests, was, she was convinced, no more within her power than to turn the sun backward, and make this year last year again" (2:12 [April 1892], 285). And to her second sight of her father in the cemetery at Riesenheim comes another, a vision of her father lying ill in Angers, with direful consequences.

On his way to visit his father, Edmund is arrested on suspicion of the abduction or murder of the little girl of Mrs. Morden, a villager he had visited before setting off. The witness on whose word he was apprehended was Cecilia, who was present in the Morden cottage. Much melodrama and puzzlement, of course, but as it turns out Cecilia had mistaken the shadowy form of the jealous and irrational Mr. Morden, who had stolen the child, for that of Edmund. Still possessed by the loss of her mother, perhaps more than ever, Cecilia wishes only "to have to-day and to-morrow ... for thoughts of *her*—her only!—to look over her books, and re-commence her work, and revisit the places she loved, and be a little . . . . with mamma again" (2:13 [May 1892], 366). To explain Cecilia's behavior Palgrave introduces a Mr. Gray, who had assisted the father

during his illness at Angers, “a man equal perhaps to her father in force of mind, but curiously opposed to him in general tone of character:—common sense contrasted with love of the ideal: blithe heartiness with the finer feelings never perhaps accompanied by melancholy and that peculiar reserve which springs from an abiding sense of the transience of life: A reader of men, and student in physical science, set against one who was habitually ‘most pleased with the joy of his own thoughts,’ or perhaps, unwilling to reveal their secret reflective sadness” (p. 370). The diagnosis of Cecilia’s “Uncle Gray” has the straightforwardness of a raisonneur: the death of the mother destroyed the balance of the house. And as regards the imaginative Cecilia, “by a curious paradox, the more impressible the soul, the less it appears receptive of certain religious ideas in their literal sense: what to the multitude are consolations, to such organizations suggest only an analysis of the grounds of relief afforded; and this in turn leads them to detect further causes of sorrow, as one mountain ridge ascended only brings in sight a further and higher height for the traveller” (p. 371).

This leads Palgrave to larger and for him perennial themes. The action of the remainder of the novel becomes secondary: Edmund reflects on the fact that he married Eleanor; Cecilia remains unmarried, devoting her life to the charitable activities her mother had initiated and the care of the little returned child. Instead, there are almost academic conversations by Mr. Gray and the father in which the men of opposing dispositions agree that “many things do remain at present beyond our philosophy,” that science, “finding the evidence for second sight, for example, all deductions made, yet really incontrovertible, accepts the fact, but places it under a new and wider law. It remains exceptional indeed, but credible: mysterious, but not more mysterious to the thoughtful than any Cause or any Effect:—than the mystery in a word which is synonymous with Nature” (pp. 375-6). And later, Edmund moralizes on the “fearful, daemonic power [that] appeared to have been amongst us”: “Human nature is such, that it cannot be consoled ... Not Death, but Life is our Lethe. Our grief was absolute, and our joy is real: but Existence is more than either. And it is perhaps not presumptuous to believe that things are thus ordered, and thus universally, not without some divine Providence: some merciful Intention. Only the fool has said in his heart, There is no Hope. It is best that some things should at last be forgotten” (p. 380).

Time "came to our healing," leading us "with steps of varying retardation to our final happiness": the father dies contentedly, two years later Eleanor "restored to Ardeley that peculiar and indefinable charm which a house gains only by the presence of childly life," and Cecilia, having joyously responded to the birth of the first child of Edmund and Eleanor, joins hands with Robert. The resolution is not simply domestic, however. Palgrave follows the announcement of Cecilia's "removal to Fountainhead" with his poem "Between Two Worlds" (p. 383), its refrain, "She will not come again," signalling that "old times had now altogether passed away; that a barrier had been set up by that new Life between us and the Ardeley of childhood; the 'mother' within these walls bore now a fresh significance" (p. 384). Moreover, Palgrave concludes the novel with his poem "Elegy for the Departed," a paean to the cycle of life, the overcoming of sorrow through the comfort of motherly love, and the final reunion:

> O Mother, Mother mine, my soul
>   Mounts with the mounting dove:
> Almost I seem thy steps to trace
>   To Heavens the heaven above!
>
> Thou first blest sign of peace to man,
>   Love's own sweet messenger!
> Where my Saint sits, God grant me wings
>   To rise and follow her. (p. 389)

Palgrave felt these lines seem to "sum up Cecilia's whole childhood and youth: they condense in one strain her story" (p. 386). The story condenses as well Palgrave's devotion to, nay reverence of, memory, be it in life and art: "Nothing," he asserts,

> so precious as the Past: for nothing so absolutely irrevocable. Hence to all imaginative minds the peculiar interest of the buildings or other relics of bygone days. The charm of many years is beyond all we read of magic: magic, which could not give it, in Eastern legend never gave it anything so charming. Woman's love in its height, manly friendship in its largeness: each wants that peculiar preciousness which Time, who consoles from grief, can alone set upon affection ... I have laid these images aside as the sweetest and securest matter for the remembrance of old

age. Such are the joys which no calamity can reverse, and treasures that cannot be taken away: such endearing recollections will be, I think, amongst the everlasting thanksgivings and songs of Heaven. (pp. 384-5)

III. Poet

Idyls and Songs

1.

Palgrave's first volume of poetry, *Idyls and Songs*, appeared in 1854, and since it includes poems from 1848 to 1854 it is in effect his earliest book as well as being the first to appear under his own name, his novel, *Preciosa* (1852) having been published anonymously. It is very much Palgrave, reflecting his early years, his time at Oxford, and the beginning of his professional life as educator. More important, perhaps, the collection of eighty-two poems is not simply an introduction to the work of a young poet who had just reached the age of thirty: it is a celebration of poetry itself, more an anthology of poetic possibilities than simply a collection. Its title is a catchall for almost all the possible shorter poetic forms and structures. Its poems are narrative, lyric, and dramatic; its themes personal, reflective, secular, sacred, dedicatory, didactic, literary, even political.

There is a grouping of the poems in the Contents: A for poems II-VII, B for VIII-XXXVIII, C for XXXIX-XLVIII, D for XLIX-LIV, E for LV-LXXIV, and F for LXXV-LXXXII. But the rationale of the grouping is not always apparent, and the dating of the poems is lacking. There is some coherence within the groups: C, for example, which begins with the poem "The Age of Innocence" and ends with "Recollections of Childhood," is consistent in its focus. But although it contains "Dedication of the New Pentameron"—i.e. "to a volume of tales for children"—both the poems Palgrave had written for the New Pentameron, "Song" and "The Offering," appear later in group E. Group B begins consistently enough with ten translations of short works by classical authors like Sappho, Alkman, Simonides, Euripides, Catullus, and Horace but continues with such variegated topics as "The Birth of Art," "The Sculptor," "The Burial of St Catherine," "Dante to Beatrice," "The Judas Kiss," "Cospatrick" (from the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border), an "Introduction to Fletcher's 'Faithful Shepherdess'," "Milton," "To Louis Napoleon Bonaparte," and "On the Death of Robert Peel."

Because it appears pointless to seek thematic unity in a collection which seems to offer none does not mean that certain thematic patterns and stylistic habits are not discernible. The most striking may well be Palgrave's treatment of classical authors. If he was not entirely happy with the term "classical," there can be no doubt of its profound influence on the conduct of his life and the nature of his art. Classical literature was a challenge to his intellect and imagination, nurtured by his parents and grandparents. Translation was not a static occupation. The fascination was so great that as a boy he not merely translated Greek poetry into English but, to sharpen his focus, then translated his English translation back into hexameters. In fact what is striking about the translations of the ten short poems in Group B is the fact that they are more renditions than translations. They are re-creations of the meaning and spirit of the originals, so much so that they are original works in themselves. Alkman's "Night Scene" (X)—that Palgrave knew Alkman is testimony of the extent of his classical education—is splendidly unbookish and empathetic:

Sleep mountain-tops and ravines,
Sleep headland and torrent;
Sleep what dark earth bears on her bosom,
Green leaves and insects;
Beasts in the den and bees in their families;
Monsters in depths of the violet sea:
Sleeps every bird,
  Folding the long wings to slumber.

Less immediately spectacular because the poem itself is so well-known and thus extremely challenging but nevertheless of high quality is Palgrave's rendition of Catullus's "To Lesbia" (XV):

Live we, love we, Lesbia mine:—
Graver counsels we decline;
Prizing at a farthing's price
Worn-out sages' chill advice.
Suns may set and suns rise burning;
Life's short day sees no returning,
Doom'd henceforth of Fate to keep

One sure everlasting sleep.
—Come a thousand kisses pour:
Add a hundred to the store;
Then a thousand thousand more;
Let the count past counting go,
Lest our own delights we know:
Lest some ill eye scan our blessings,
Envying Love's untired caressings.

A fragment from Sappho's "The Bridal" (IX) is a further example of Palgrave's improvising skill:

    —O fair—O sweet!
As the sweet apple blooms high on the bough,
High on the highest; forgot of the gatherers:
    So Thou:—
Yet not so: nor forgot of the gatherers;
High o'er their reach in the golden air,
    —O sweet—O fair!

What is notable about these examples and what applies as well to the rest of these re-creations is Palgrave's adjustment to the tone of the original and the freedom and verve with which he transforms the meter and text. Since a detailed comparison with the original is not possible in this context, it may be well to point out the variety of verse rhythm and meter, none of which are strictly dictated by the original poems: in the first the line by line variation of trochees; in the second the fairly regular trochaic line embellished with rhyming couplets; and in the third the combination of trochees and dactyls and the surprising rhymes of lines two and four and lines six and seven. Palgrave was well aware of the difficulties involved in transferring classical metrics into English. As a boy of sixteen he informed his grandfather, Dawson Turner, that his "holiday task" was a translation into Latin of Gray's "Ode to Adversity."[175] A year later, on 5 July [1841], he wrote him that he had "translated some Tacitus & some Pliny, & re-translated them back" and found "this certainly shews

[175]In a letter of 23 July 1840, Trinity College Cambridge, TURN2/U1/5.

how defective and un-elegant [his] own composition is, in a very mortifying manner; but [he] hope[d] that [he] shall improve at last, and write plainer, easier Latin, not so abstruse and full of qui, quid, quod."[176] In the dedicatory poem to his collection *Lyrical Poems* (1871), he asked:

> Where are the flawless form,
> The sweet propriety of measured phrase,
> The words that clothe the idea, not disguise,
> Horizons pure from haze,
> And calm clear vision of Hellenic eyes?

But these questions were not simply rhetorical. They contain the essence of Palgrave's aesthetic creed, to which he was devoutly and unshakeably loyal, as the concluding stanza of this poem, "The Immortal Memory of Free Athens," stresses:

> Yet as who, aiming high
> Must aim far o'er the mark that he can gain,
> —O shining City of the Maiden Strine:—
> I name thee not in vain,
> If these late Northern lays be kin to thine.

Palgrave was not inclined to concede that sestets of heroic couplets, such as Thomas Campion used in his translation, "My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love," were necessarily more natural or effective. Instead, he was adventurous in seeking suitable metrical rhythms and forms, but never sacrificing the words or sense of the original. In the remaining translations are found quatrains rhyming aabb, ccdd, etc., rhyming couplets of fourteen lines, one of fifteen with lines 9-11 rhyming, one of nine with lines 7-9 rhyming. In all instances, Palgrave is not bound by the meter of the original and makes unfettered use of classical metrics, convinced that the spirit of "Free Athens" is challenging, emancipatory, and elevating. And, as he had known that from the first, it was the ear that was the passage to the mind, as he sought, in the "severe idea of Sophoclean art," to "find an echo to [his] own hart's language" in the "silver flow of

[176]Ibid., U1/11.

anapest and iambic, the calm words which conceal such intensity of feeling."[177] Or, extended to all poetry, as he "rightly" remembered in reading "Christabel" and the "Ancient Mariner" and the "Allegro" and "Peneroso," he "began, but imperfectly, to delight in [them] as such: slowly my mind was attuned to their high and passionate thoughts by the music to which they were chanted."[178] In a grand synthesis most broadly put in his novel:

> That common repugnance to the studies of school, from which I claim no exemption, never extended itself—I write it with thankfulness—to the books so studied. And presently, more familiar conversance with the two great treasure-languages of antiquity (so unmeaningly termed Classical) opened the door to the first comprehension of those writings, which are amongst the most powerful of all outward circumstances in forming the mind; which, awaking in answer to our own unexplored and hidden consciousness, or replying to the questions of the soul, in the strictest sense perform the work of Education.[179]

2.

Palgrave's fascination with poetry was not restricted to classical themes and forms, just as his admiration of classical authors did not in any way clash with his taste for Continental or native authors, past and present. Late in life, in a letter of 12 January 1889 to Canon Wilton, he asserted that the sonnet, "consecrated from the first in Italy to strong but delicate passion, seems to me the only elaborate metrical form which really suits our genius."[180] In Group D, albeit not there alone, he used the sonnet to honor some of those who played a role in his life: "To the Lady-Author of the 'Child's [Children's] Summer'" (LXIX), Eleanor Vere Boyle, author and illustrator; "To W. W." (L), William Warburton, friend at Balliol, Inspector of schools, later Canon of Winchester; "To M— M—." (LI), Max Müller, philologist and friend in Oxford; "To G. C. A." (LII), Georgina Alderson, his Preciosa; "To Henry Hallam" (LIII), historian, close friend of his father's, and father of Arthur Henry Hallam; and "To [Robert] Burnet Morier" (LIV), friend at Balliol.

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[177]*The Passionate Pilgrim,* p. 18.

[178]Ibid., p. 21.

[179]Ibid., pp. 25-6.

[180]Gwenllian, p. 214.

The first sonnet, the only one to use the rhyme scheme of the Italian form—abba, cddc, effe, gg—is nevertheless structured in three quatrains, each beginning with "Because," and a concluding couplet. The others—rhyming like the English form, abab, cdcd, efef, gg—tend to "turn" after the octave, like the Italian form, the sestets beginning, respectively, "—All these," "And yet," "But when," "England for this," and "But happier." The only other sonnets in the volume, "Sonnet to Sir J. Reynolds," XXXIX in Group C, and "Sonnet" ('It Ver, et Venus') LXIII in Group E, have the same metric structure as the sonnet to E. V. Boyle. The variety of form is matched by the variety of subject. Some are personally affectionate, like those to Oxford friends who are praised for their "tenderness with manliness combined" (Warburton), for "True-hearted warmth of friendship, frank and free" (Müller), for "wintry memories, Friendship proved as thine" (Morier). One is immediately personal, as in the bitter-sweet sonnet to his loved one, Georgina, addressed as "dear Friend," before, but somehow in anticipation of the rejection of him which became the subject of his novels *Preciosa* and *The Passionate Pilgrim*. Another, "Sonnet" ('It Ver, et Venus'), generalizingly personal, the speaker mirroring self and seasons, begins, "I know not in all life a time more drear" and concludes, "Thoughts of past days a drear heart-winter bring, / And with gray snow-wreaths stain the heav'n of Spring." In such a stance Palgrave's diction is adjusted: the landscape and figures are conventional and Classical: amidst the "fleecy cloud-flocks of the dappled skies" appear "Hyperion (doff'd the shepherd guise, / Admétus' winter-thrall") and "Afrodite's birth." The citation of Lucretius's "It ver et Venus" and his penchant for the Classical-sounding noun compounds—winter-thrall, cloud-flocks, heart-winter, snow-wreaths—are sure signs of a less domestic, if not nobler, orientation. They find an equivalent in the sonnet "To Henry Hallam," the friend of his father's whom the child Palgrave most likely met, in the trumpeting use of moral, if not allegorical, abstractions—Justice, Truth, Liberty—in the political landscape of "bigots or in Church or Senate," in the historical association with those "loved names "th' impartial record glows," in the theological implications of the Greek motto "megas in megalois" in apposition to Hallam, and, in the rhapsodical conclusion:

—With Him, who sightless to the pomps of earth,

In his own Paradise o'er England mourn'd,
And that Deliverer by the rabble scorn'd.

A similar, less immediately personal but nevertheless deeply felt, relationship is found in the sonnets to Boyle and Reynolds. Both were artists and both are honored in connection with what is a central theme of the volume and indeed of Palgrave's entire life and career—women and especially girls. Boyle, who was known to Palgrave, is praised as "Childhood's Interpreter," her skill honored "because thou know'st the limits of thy strength / And art well-pleased awhile a child to be." The sonnet to Joshua Reynolds, the first of two poems entitled "The Age of Innocence," is a paean to the "gracious incarnation" of Reynolds's art in his pictures of children as summoned up in Palgrave's sensuous experience:

On little Alice late one morn I gazed,
Darling of many hearts, half risen from sleep:
The long loose locks, the moist full eyes set deep
In chisell'd shade: translucent hands upraised
From sleep-flush'd cheeks the wavy stream to part:
Coralline lips, and curved in wakening glee.

Palgrave deals with women and girls directly or indirectly in more than half of the poems in this volume. Some are easily identifiable, Like Boyle, Georgina, Amy Robsart, St. Catherine, Sappho's Aphrodite, Catullus's Lesbia, Horace's Chloe, Dante's Beatrice. Others are more or less the conventional figures found in ballads and romances, chosen less for their personal relationship to Palgrave as for their fate and landscape, like "The Lass of Lochroyan," "Mary at Lochleven," Christabel in "Romance," the wife of "Cospatrick," and Gisella in "The Adopted Child." Still others are less important for their names as for the quality of their nature and the intimacy of their existence. They are Palgrave's loved ones: Alice in "As You Like It," the unnamed maid in "The Proposal," Blanche and Ada, Fleurice and Blanchefleur, Bluette in "The Age of Innocence," the child in "Mother and Child," Margaret in the "Dedication to a Volume of Tales for Children," "The Dream-Child," Florence and Mary in "To Florence," the "fair child" in "To—", and "Fioretta."

Interestingly enough, the poems dealing with women, like the many dealing with love, tend to be dramatic narratives or even casual interludes, the former concerned with absence more than presence, the latter with the pleasures and pains of love but without pressing intimacy or sensuousness. There is literary conversation in "As You Like It," flirtatious, to be sure, but bodiless. There is "idle broken talk" in "The Proposal" (V), "awkward blushing words came stammering thro' / As if our eyes each fear'd the other's view." Palgrave is, of course, Victorian and conservative. But it would be incorrect to question the seriousness of his view and presentation of love. And it would be obtuse to overlook the implications of such lines as follow:

> A deeper silence yet, a dread to stir:
> I felt self pass and die away in her:
> The heart was faint beneath the weight of bliss,
> The burden of its own deliciousness.

The fulfilment, if it can be so described, is not of the moment but of the hope:

> O whisper'd words, still ended, still begun!
> O soft confessions that the day outwore
> Still with the deepening twilight deepening more!
> O happy sleep, by woodland music stirr'd;
> O happier wakening with the jocund bird!
> Awake, Aurora, bring the sun mid-way!
> Blush, ruby rose, prophetic of the day!

Or of the prudence of caution, as in "Love's Temperance" (LX) and its refrain:

> When Chance is Friendship's cause,
>   Unites a stranger pair:
> When heart to heart expands,
>   And knows a friend is there:—
> If 'tis your wish that Love endure,
>   —Ménagez donc l'Amour.

Or of the despair of rejection, as in "Irony" (LXX):

I may not weep, I may not weep
  The loss of all I held most dear:
  There is no solace in a tear,
No medicine for the wound of grief,—
  —Too deep, too deep
For any such relief.

It is doubtless an oversimplification but nevertheless unavoidable to characterize such poems as portraying the features of courtship, such as attraction and pursuit, as experienced by a lover in love with love. It is the ongoing act and counteract that is primary, not the stable or fixed result. "Women are angels, wooing," is Cressida's wary conclusion, "Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing." "Think you," in Byron's wry estimation, "If Laura had been Petrarch's wife, / He would have written sonnets all his life?" Palgrave is neither wise nor wry, to be sure, but totally committed to the pursuit of the idea, the dream, the ideal, and the unattainable and captivated by the great variety of poetic forms to assist him.

The poems dealing with girls are similar in being concerned with an unattainable ideal. But that ideal is more complicated, being both past-orientated and sensuously present. Although the poems themselves are named for children there can be little doubt that Palgrave is attempting to portray, nay recapture, "The Age of Innocence," so the running headline of the sonnet to Reynolds and the narrative of "Bluette," or, as in the opening line of his "Dedication to a Volume of Tales for Children," to "gild again the golden hours of leisure," or, as in the ten twelve-line stanzas entitled "Recollections of Childhood" (XLVIII), which begin:

I love the gracious littleness
  Of Childhood's fancied reign:
The narrow chambers and the nooks
  That could a world contain:
The fairy landscapes on the walls
  And half-imagined faces:
The stairs that led to wider realms,

The passage-scene of races.
—By stranger feet the home is trod,
Yet still the rooms I see:
But he blithesome days of childhood
May ne'er return to me.

Although this poem is directly autobiographical—the very house, the rooms, the activities are documented in a commentary on the poem by Palgrave's brother Inglis in a letter of July 1898 to his "dear Niece" Gwenllian[181]—the childhood and the children it presents is fancifully fairytale-like, a dream or a dream of a dream. It is, in fact, Palgrave's awareness of the interplay of life and dream, present and past, that he invokes in the opening of "The Dream-Child" (XLIV) and inflects in his novels as well, and generalizes with allegorical capitalizations:

O sad sweet Power, that in this waking dream
Which men call Life, stores up, and sets the Past
By Time's effacement weaken'd and destroy'd,
Before the Present: thought to thought recurring:
All action moulded then to thought: all words,
All purposes!
We call'd not, but the ghosts
Are trooping round us: shadows, yet true:
Unheedful, unremoving: real all
E'en in the unreality: unchanged
Where all else seems so changeful.

Childhood is flowers and bowers, of "golden locks" and "rosebud cheeks." Palgrave is conventional in setting it in "heav'n of Spring" but there is real joy in the "Roundelay" (LXI) which begins:

When life was fresh and fearless
Spring was green and golden:
And her lusty heart
Did our hearts embolden.

[181]Gwenllian, pp. 6-14.

From the happy pipings
Of her daylight quire
We our music took:
As the song went high,
Still our hearts beat higher.

No matter what her name—be it Margaret, Bluette, Fioretta—or appositive—dear child, fair child, little wild one—the child he pictures in this childhood is the girl of Reynold's "gracious incarnation," as in "Bluette" (XXXIX):

Playmate meet for kindred flowers:
Nursling of the bounteous hours.
Lily-robed in vesture white,
Save where silken ribbon blue
Spans the tender waist, while thro'
Softly traced in wavering light
Her sweet limbs faint outline gleams,
And the white frock whiter seems.

Surprisingly or not, however, the child may also be the woman, as in "Fioretta" (LXVII):

Violet are my darling's eyes:
Rosy red her fingers:
Violet shadows round her cheek,
Where the red rose lingers.

Lily fair my darling's brow:
Primrose gold her tresses:
Lily sweet the baby breath:
Sweeter the caresses.

Happy sunlight where she sits
Pearly pure reposes:
Happy laughter lights her eyes,
Singing to the roses.

O’er her daisy-circled brow
  Dewy diamonds shower:
Tears of flowers are all her tears,
  And herself a Flower.

Botticelli or Reynolds? Woman-child or child-woman? The overlapping is evident. And not simply because the facial features and the dress are as conventional as required by the various and likewise conventional verse forms. What may not be as immediately obvious is that the innocence of the child finds a kind of equivalent in the elusiveness or unattainability of the woman. There is expectation, there is anticipation in “Bluette”:

Couch’d on flowers in greenwood wild
Here I watch my favourite Child:
Playmate meet of kindred flowers:
Nursling of the bounteous hours.

There is a holding of hands, the “flutter’d breath,” “the fond young lips prest close and warm”:

—My darling heart to heart I fold,
—My happier Vision I behold:—
The white soft frock—the sash of blue—
The edging lace—the tiny shoe;
The sock turn’d down—the ancle fine—
The wavy folds—the bosom line:
The grass-stain’d impress of the knee—
The flounce torn out in greenwood glee:—
Each accident of childly dress
Partaking thy sweet sacredness:—
Ah far past Fairy counterfeiture
This very child—this gracious Creature:—
The quick warm breath: the heaving breast:
The tender weight against me prest:
The fair fine limbs—the soft—the pure—
All maidenhood in miniature.

To both child and woman there is desire; to the child, however, it is sensuous. To both, the ideal is best unfulfilled or safely transformed into a bodiless presence, as in the concluding lines of "Bluette":

> The soul incorporate in the frame:
> As fair, as bright, as pure from shame:
> The sweet frail thing that wept and smiled—
> The more than Angel in the Child.

More is involved in the summoning up of the age of innocence. It is the recognition of its passing, as in the second stanza of "Roundelay" (LXI):

> Now tho' Spring be golden,
> 'Tis the tint of dying:
> Through her Autumn locks
> Winter gales are sighing.
> 'Tis her budding childhood:
> Yet her death is here:
> And the ringing music
> Of her voiceful quire
> Thrills above her bier.

Palgrave acknowledges with pain the passage of time and the passing of the seasons in "Summer Garden" (LXVIII):

> Blithe I leave my trellis'd bower
> But I dread to quit my Flower,
> Lest my next return should find
> Time has warp'd the youthful mind.
> Ah! could I then bear the sight
> Lily Garden, Garden bright,
> Garden in the summer?

Their passage constitutes the frame for all that is described, helps to explain the urgency of real or idealized love, and evokes the necessity for a response. That response is measured and becomes the dominant

undertone of all the poems to children and women and the major chord of the numerous elegies and tributes. A dialogue between Youths and Maidens in "Past and Present" (LXVII) inflects the seasonal change:

> Where are the friends that were ours in our childhood,
> Where are the hearts that we loved in our youth?

The response of the Maidens is drastic, like the "drear heart winter":

> Leave to the past what is past and faded:
> Lost is the lost: why deplore it in vain?

"Das Immergrün" (LXXIX) enforces the seasonal cycle of renewal:

> I weep for loss for ever fresh,
> A grief for ever young:
> A deafening cry of ceaseless woe
> An inner weight of utterance low
> For ever, ever, on the heart is hung,
> Tho' rarely on the tongue.
> All things are wither'd from their birth:
> Gone is the glory of the earth:—
> —Yet as of yore the fields are green,
> Th' eternal heavens blue:
> Moon, stars, and sun their courses run,
> And Life is born anew.

In a dialogue between two speakers in two poems (LXI), the first, "Lament," offers a similar cycle of renewal:

> —Lay by the hope, fond heart, and weep
> The hour that saw her birth;
> For know, for know thy little one
> Is now dissolving earth.

The response is in the last quatrain of the "Answer":

—Then why forbid the tearful hope,
Why bid me sit and weep?
For how can I the thought deny
That waking follows sleep?

In “Recollections of Childhood” (XLVIII) the refrain, repeated in the last two lines of the first nine stanzas—“the days of childhood / May ne’er return to me”—give way to another conclusion in the tenth:

—But O blithe little ones—that dance,
And bid me join your play:
How can I share your blessedness?
How can I turn away?—
—I catch the gleam of sunny locks:
The light of happy faces:—
The hurried breath of quick delight:
The proffer’d pure embraces:—
—I cannot aught but take the gift,
The love you lavish free:—
In you the days of childhood
May yet return to me.

The governing concept is not new, to be sure. It is the answer to the existential question Palgrave provides in his novel *Preciosa*: “It is only gradually, and, as it were, with unwilling steps, that [man] follows the changeful and labyrinthine dance of the universe. Everything *flows*, as men said of old. We should not say Circumstance, but Circumfluence” (p. 313).

3.

The excerpts quoted are of differing quality but are meant to illustrate Palgrave’s dominant theme, his enthusiasm for poetry in general, and his freedom in not confining himself to any one poetic form or structure. The other poems in the volume are thematically somewhat more diverse, but the overall independence from constraint is constant. Noteworthy complements to the translations of classical writers are Palgrave’s poems inspired by those of Continental writers. Goethe’s “An die Entfernte” (XXXVI), three quatrains of iambic tetrameters, becomes in Palgrave’s

"Song of Goethe" five sestets with the unusual rhyme-scheme ababcb, and a complex and at times irregular system of alternating lines of trochees and dactyls. Goethe's search—"So dringet ängstlich hin und wieder / Durch Feld und Busch und Wald mein Blick"—is elaborated to include, stanza by stanza, the wind, the cloud-rack, the spirit of the river, the summits of the mountains, the stealthy-pacing fountains, the blue skies, the gauzy shower, the stars, the circling sun. Goethe's intimate plea—"Dich rufen alle meine Lieder: / O komm, Geliebte, mir zurück!"—is transformed in its pastoral setting into a Palgravean paean to love:

> Love, my Love, I sat me sighing,
>   Seeking in vain for thee:
> From the breeze I heard thy voice replying:
>   'Ask not in Earth or Sea:
> Ask not beneath, above: ask but of answering Love:
>   He will guide thee to me.'

Palgrave's translation "From Heinrich Heine" (LIX), in two quatrains rhyming aabb ccdd like the original, is straightforward, in a more solemn key, but equally Palgravean in sentiment and in the substitution of trochees for Heine's iambs. And his last line, with its resettling of Heine's unexpected last word—"So muss ich weinen bitterlich."—to the beginning of the line, is transforming:

> As within thine eyes I look,
> All my pain the heart forsook:
> When my lips with thine are seal'd,
> All the wounds of life are heal'd.
>
> On thy heart when I recline
> Heaven's happiness is mine:
> When thou say'st, I love but thee:—
> Bitter tears fall fast and free.

For all his faithfulness to a text Palgrave most often and notably—and not only in translations—used a text or motto, which with cavalier

casualness he seldom identifies, as a kind of launching pad for a poem of his own. The motto of "The Judas Kiss" (XXVII)—"esser baciato da cotanto amante"—is a line from Dante's *Inferno* (V:134) which Palgrave expands from an initial "Thy lips and mine were tremblingly united" to an independent poem of four iambic quintains with a fairly uncommon abbab rhyme-scheme and a fitting Palgravean conclusion: "The death of Love prepares Love's resurrection: / —They share the triumph who embrace the pain." In another instance, "Dante to Beatrice II," Palgrave's motto "Quomodo sedet sola Civitas," which is the opening line of Dante's commentary XXVII in *La Nuova Vita* (itself from the lamentation of Jeremiah) is the inspiration for a eulogy of Florence after the loss of Beatrice, seven quatrains of dactyls and trochees, beginning—

> When the bright city
>   Lost thee, the fairest
> Gem from her crown was torn,
>   Brightest and rarest.—

and ending with a Palgravean celebration of hope and renewal:

> —Shine on, fair city:
>   Shine dome and steeple:
> Murmur, sweet lingering stream:
>   Sing, joyous people.
>
> O with thine image
>   Rises old sadness:
> Sweet thoughts of days gone by:
>   Echoes of gladness.

Similarly it was doubtless the St. Catherine window in Balliol that inspired Palgrave's "The Burial of St. Catherine, Carried by Angels to the Summit of Mount Sinai."

4.

Even from the relatively few poems discussed, it should be obvious that *Idyls and Songs* is an anthology not merely of poems but of the variety of

poetic forms which, in Palgrave's phrase, found "an echo to my own heart's language."[182] There is hardly a metrical pattern which does not find a place. Although Palgrave was fascinated by the "silver flow" of anapest and trochee he did not neglect the favored English foot, using it often in dramatic dialogues (such as "Riding to Cover") or monologues (such as "The Adopted Child" and "The Proposal"). Often the meter within a poem is adapted to suit the situation. In the "operetta" "Blanche and Ada" the dialogue is in iambic pentameter and the songs in various meters. Even the rhymes may be so adjusted. In "In Memoriam: C.W." after four octaves rhyming abcb dede—itself an indication of experimental freedom—Palgrave adds a "threnos" of two tercets with the emphatic tolling of triple rhymes:

> True—noble—generous—loving—brave—
> Not all that birthright-wealth could save
> The sleeper from a youthful grave.
>
> For God, to snatch him from the pain
> Of aspirations urged in vain,
> Hath to Himself His treasure ta'en.

Palgrave's poetry is overwhelmingly ear-oriented, a manifestation of the literary preference explicit in his assertion, "I listened to Shakespeare; but I read Pope."[183]

It has an autobiographical tinge as well. Names are named, books are quoted, places are identified. It is not difficult to reconstruct in outline Palgrave's youthful experiences, his reading, his travel, his friendships, his passion for nature: they are all fairly explicit, and testimony of a generous and expansive personality. His buoyancy is reflected in his penchant for songs and ballads, his sensitivity in the numerous tributes and eulogies, his romantic longings in his reveries of children and childhood. Although there is not much in the way of nature poems as such, there is enough of the pastoral or idyllic in the settings to suggest a deep attachment. And the breadth and depth of his learning is evident in his countless literary

[182] *The Passionate Pilgrim*, p. 18.
[183] Ibid., p. 21.

allusions, well as in his translations and transformations, which may well constitute his best work. That Oxford had a profound influence on him is clear. But, surprisingly perhaps, his few more or less public poems are not as convincing as his personal idyls and songs. Two poems to contemporary political figures—"To Louis Napoleon Bonaparte" (XXXVII), dated 10th December 1848, and "On the Death of Sir Robert Peel" in 1850—reflect Palgrave's personal experience: he had been in France in 1848 along with his Oxford companions Jowett, Dean Stanley, and Morier; he could hardly have escaped the political passions and political affiliations in Oxford.[184] Still, Palgrave's hopeful focus, underlined with demonstrative capital letters, as in the sixth and last stanza—

> No crown For citizens saved e'er shone more bright
> Than that great title France prepares for thee,
> When thou hast built her firm on Peace and Right;
> —The First among the Free.—

lacks the immediacy of fresh images, albeit the traditional pentameter quatrain is somewhat relieved by the iambic tetrameter of the last line. Whereas the literary collateral for the poem is the motto "Solus omnium ante se Principum in melius mutatus [est]," Tacitus's characterization of Vespasian,[185] that for the poem on Peel (XXXVIII) is from the *Times* of 3 July 1850: "Strange that on the bloodless field of Statesmanship death should come with the suddenness, the violence, and the anguish of War!"

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[184]Gwenllian, p. 33: "His Oxford journals ... show also a lively interest in English and foreign political affairs; the awakening of the Republic in France in 1848, the flight of Louis Philippe, Guizot's resignation, and Molé's attempt to form a Ministry, are all dwelt on, and entries of a similar nature mark his stay in Paris in April of the same year." The journals, however, are no longer extant, nor is his diary. But there is an account of his journey to Paris dated 8 April 1848 in his letter to his grandfather, Dawson Turner (Trinity College Cambridge, TURN2/U1/39), another, probably copied by his mother, Elizabeth (British Library Add.MS. 45738, fol. 48-69), and one in Bodleian Library Oxford, MS. Eng.misc.e.249, fol. 1-98, in the company of A. P. Stanley, Benjamin Jowett, and R. B. Morier, along with sketches of buildings and paintings, as well as corroborative evidence in letters and works of his companions. British Library Add.MS. 45738, fol. 1-47 contains letters to his mother and grandfather on trips to North Africa and France in 1847.

[185]*Historiae* 1.50.4.

Peel had been thrown from a horse, and Palgrave's response was prompted more by collective than by personal sympathy or partisan politics. "We" and "he" are the pronouns. The unfulfilled life is prominent but the underlying pulse is patriotic. Palgrave's path from lament in the first lines for one of "her favourite children" whom "War spares" is as predictable as his progress to the national encomium in the seventh and last of the regular quatrains:

> Not all that clad the Brave and Wise in glory
>   Is hid within the darkness where they lie.
> —Thou are incorporate with England's story,
>   Entreasured in a nation's memory.

Palgrave's "Milton. 1860" (XXXV) is a long, ambitious monologue, a review of the state of England as viewed by Milton in the year of the Restoration. It is Milton who is speaking, and the diction of the sixty-four lines of iambic pentameter is symphonically Miltonic, the poem a thundering lamentation in the manner of the prophets in the Bible. It is in effect a eulogy for England and Miltonic in its almost cosmic grief. From the desperate resignation of "So will I rest me here and die in freedom"(l. 11) the movement is ever-expanding, reaching a thundering conclusion:

>   But the light of stars,
> This white and palpitating maze of brightness,
> And that great orb that darts the central fire,
> Central, or circumambient: as a lamp
> Before his full-faced blaze hung up in view,
> Within th' o'erflooding glow of Heav'n revealed
> Shall sink and pale: till all the frame of things,
> Th' abysses of aethereal space, the worlds,
> Th' illimitable breathing universe,
> By God's immediate presence interfused
> Shall glow one white, entire, and perfect crystal:
> Clear ringing with the songs of cherubim
> And harping angel-choirs: God, All in All,
> Eternity's irrevoluble circle,
> Fulfil'd in overmeasure of dateless Love.

The fulfilment in love is ever-present in Palgrave. But the stance and tone are uncommon, reflecting, however, not only his serious reading and affirming his sympathies but also his ear for poetry and prose,[186] his versatility and adventurousness. It is not the path he was to follow.

Nor was it that of the impersonal, formal, and didactic "The Birth of Art" dedicated to his Oxford mentor, Benjamin Jowett. Consisting of a prologue in iambic pentameter, a main "song" of eight stanzas of sixteen lines (lines two, three, four, five, eleven, fourteen, and fifteen in pentameter and the others in octameter) rhyming abab, cdcd, efeg fghh, and an epilogue in iambic pentameter. In the form of a dialogue between Palgrave and Jowett, the prologue is a "recollection" of "happy days—long past" of discussions which led Palgrave to "set forth" his "song." That song is a celebration of the "bright morning" of the birth of art and a lamentation for its decline. And it is more than a literary statement, for it is a tale of the movement from a state of youthful freedom, "flush'd with a brimming sense of life," to one "circled by necessity"—for "Time knows no delaying: / Earth's freshness pales: the glory fades and dies." As in his other works Palgrave asks, "Where is the power, whose spell of yore / Read the riddle of our birth?" And his answer in stanza VIII is existential:

> Return—return—our vanish'd hopes restore;
> Man craves thine aid, from Faith too long exiled,
>   And would again be as a Child.

And equally Palgravean is the philosophy of hope emanating from the view that "There is a circle in all things, and life / In seasonable order, with the year / Turns and returns." As the epilogue concludes:

>   And as those
> Whose oft reverted gaze, while journeying on
> Feeds on the thoughtful distance, till a hope
> Springs unrepress'd, that in the goal they seek

[186]Palgrave, for example, employs the kind of Latinate diction which characterizes Milton, even employing in the passage quoted such words as "irrevoluble" and "overmeasure," which Milton used in *Of Reformation*.

Their starting-point is mirror'd: so unblamed
The wish may rise, that by no idle spells
Of servile imitation, life recall'd
Might reimbreathe the Past, and bring her down
With gifts to heal our failings, nor averse
From present aspirations, thence,—where now
Unmov'd in graceful lifelessness, she sits,
Pedestal'd high in sculptured majesty.

5.

Palgrave prefaced *Idyls and Songs* with a dedication to his idol, "A soul in friendship and in song," Tennyson. One of the weakest in the collection, almost servile in its overfond fawning, "To Alfred Tennyson" serves to emphasize the immense difference between them. Palgrave is surely not among the first rank of poets, who were many, and the competition intense. But if he was not Prince Hamlet nor meant to be, he was at least an attendant totally committed to poetry. If, as one reviewer has noted, "there is a carelessness in the versification, and a common-place character in the sentiments," he does admit that "there are a few which possess very considerable merit" and finds the translations "amongst the most pleasing pieces," nevertheless placing the volume among the "Poetry of the Million."[187] The contemporary critical consensus was that "Palgrave's strength does not lie in invention but in the feeling that he throws into what he writes. He is essentially a poet of the affections"[188]—"Not profound as some, nor brilliant as others, there are yet in his effusions much beauty, freedom, and force."[189] This is a respectable assessment for a first publication, given the understandably measurable calibration from the view "That Mr. Palgrave is a true poet is a point that, with all due diffidence, we think established."[190] And along the way as poet, which was to continue to the end of his life, Palgrave had other lives to lead as well in art and literature—all bound by common principles and aims.

[187] *Dublin Review* 37:74 (December 1854), 525.
[188] *Athenaeum* 1426 (24 February 1855), 229.
[189] *Eclectic Review* 9 (March 1855), 368.
[190] Ibid., pp. 367-8.

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ART CRITICISM

1. Beginnings to 1861

Palgrave's interest in art began at home and early, animated and passionately supported by a family devoted to letters. His father, Sir Francis Palgrave, travelled widely and, whether from at home in England or Europe, described to his children historic sites he had seen. Often attaching a note to his wife's letters, he informed his "very dear children" that he was to see the Roman Aqueduct built by Drusus and "other Roman remains of the Conquerors of the world"[191] or had witnessed "real dramatic" representations in the Roman amphitheatre in Verona.[192] Or he might take his children to visit Rochester and the cathedral[193] or St Albans and Hampton Court.[194] Even more emphatic was the influence of Palgrave's mother, Elizabeth, whose voluminous correspondence with her father, Dawson Turner, is preeminently a record of her intense preoccupation with architecture and painting. In a letter to her "dearest Papa" of 11 May 1836[195] she described what she had seen at the year's Exhibition, pausing to give details and opinions of paintings of Charles Lock Eastlake's ("Italian peasants in the *anno santo* coming first in sight of Rome ... In shape the picture is like *Guido's Aurora*")—of David Wilkie's ("but all are mannered"), Turner's ("but all are ruined by mannerism") and "even Augustus Wall Callcott's (which "look *painted* compared to Eastlake's, which is like seeing through a glass the real scene passing before you." Of life-size portraits of men she thought Thomas Phillip's

[191]Letterbook of Elizabeth Palgrave, Trinity College Cambridge, TURN3/A21/173 (13 August 1837).

[192]Ibid., III/A21/178 (31 August 1837).

[193]Letters from Palgrave to Dawson Turner, Trinity College Cambridge, TURN3/A22/4 (13 June 1839).

[194]Ibid., III/A22/6 (3 February 1840).

[195]Letterbook, TURN3/A21/155.

"the best, & the nearest to him ... [Henry Perronet] Briggs, who has a small beautiful picture of a Mr Gresley, & a clever portrait of Mr Turner, the Mayor of Norwich; but he must be an uncomfortable subject, small & awkward in appearance, which spoils the whole *as a picture*." After opinions on other portraits of men, as well as of ladies—among them, which she "liked so well as one of Lady King by Mrs.[Margaret Sarah] Carpenter, & a fancy portrait in an Italian costume by Eastlake"—she points out that "[Henry William] Pickersgill has a picture of a lady *as a pilgrim,* with a wide hat & scallop shells, a bold looking, disagreeable thing, & indeed almost all are either fine & affected or old & *dowdy*. It must be a most rare thing for a lady to look like herself when she is being painted, or else the real looks must be far from *nice* of those who are represented this year." After describing and commenting on other oil pictures she proceeds to the watercolour room, to "some good drawings by [George] Richmond," and then to the sculpture room, where "there is really nothing to notice as beyond commonplace." Perhaps even more influential are her detailed descriptions to her father of her travels and especially her habit of including her sketches of interesting structures—a penchant for narrative and visual representation, for drawing,[196] for pictures and architecture, "showing the affectionate early influences which fostered his [Palgrave's] naturally fine abilities."[197]

Of almost equal influence was that of his grandfather, Dawson Turner, in whose house in Yarmouth Palgrave was born and spent many happy days, and with whom he kept up a lively correspondence while at school and university. Turner was not simply a benevolent old grandfather. He was a scholarly bibliophile and art collector who took more than passing interest in Palgrave's education, urging him on in his study of Latin and Greek, sending him gifts of books and pictures, and

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[196]She and her sisters had at one time taken drawing lessons every Saturday morning from John Sell Cotman. See Gwenllian, p. 12.

[197]Francis's brother, R. H. Inglis Palgrave, in Gwenllian, p. 22, commenting to his niece Gwenllian on his mother's journal entry, "Since our return [from Italy] Frank's taste for drawing has been quickened, and he is engaged at every spare minute executing frescoes on the walls both in and outside the house": "These rough paintings—on any bit of plaster or whitewash that could be found or put up—soon faded and disappeared, but the interest in art and poetry thus fostered remained with your father through life."

exchanging news and views on art and poetry. It was not simply the man to whom Palgrave reported from Charterhouse and Balliol but the substance and atmosphere which his house in Yarmouth presented which affected the boy.[198] It was a house of many floors and many rooms. There was, to be sure, a playroom for the children, the former family laundry, "exactly the rough sort of room—with huge ironing-boards, on trestles, and general scantiness of furniture—for children to rejoice in." More affecting, perhaps, were the pictures which covered the landing and the staircase of the upper landing, the portraits of the Turner family and their relations in the rooms in the wing at the back of the house which "looked down on us children ... [which] we did not treat ... with the respect we should have done, but the association with earlier days which they gave us to remember there was a past to be considered as well as a future." Of supreme importance were Turner's library and collection of prints.[199] In addition to the books of prints, of the Louvre Collection, of the galleries at Florence and elsewhere, there were pictures on the stairs and in the rooms the children occupied giving, "as far as possible, examples of the leading schools of the 'Old Masters'," such as Titian, Bellini, Rubens, Greuze, Cuyp, as well as a portrait of Elizabeth and Mary Palgrave by Thomas Phillips, RA. The house in Hampstead, to which the family moved in 1832, did not have such luxuries but there were books a-plenty, parents who were ardent art and music lovers and, ever serious about the education of their children, who sought to transmit their perspective to them. It is not too much to say that Yarmouth, the house and family in Duke Street, Westminster, and Hampstead were cultural multiplicators in the education of the young Francis Turner Palgrave.

He was not at all resistant, a gifted child inclined to follow and even exceed his parents' lead. "At twelve," his mother recounts, "his favourite reading for amusement is anything on the subject of architecture, in which he takes great pleasure, and which he will, if he has practice, soon draw

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[198]As outlined by Inglis in Gwenllian, pp. 10-14. Some of the details, he points out, are found in Palgrave's poem "Recollections of Childhood" in Gwenllian, pp. 6-10.

[199]See David McKitterick, "Dawson Turner and Book Collecting," in *Dawson Turner: A Norfolk Antiquary and His Remarkable Family*, ed. Nigel Goodman (Chichester, 2007), pp. 67-110.

very nicely; he delights in making temples and altars, &c."[200] His letters to his grandfather between 1838 and 1848,[201] which are only a suggestion of what must have been contained in the journals, now lost, he kept from his earliest days, are a compendium of Palgrave's burgeoning interest in architecture and concurrent engagement in all the fine arts. His reports of visits to the Cathedral in Rochester, St Albans, Hampton Court, the Duomo in Pisa, Florence, Autun, Windham Abbey Church, Guilford Church or St Paul's in London are professionally phrased and often accompanied by his own sketches and at times with remarks on such topics as screens in churches or the dome of St Paul's. Convergent and invigorating is Palgrave's preoccupation with painting. Descriptions of visits to the British Institution, the print room of the British Museum, the Exhibition at the Royal Academy, the National Gallery, the Louvre, and the Vatican Museum, among others, are spiced with observations on works by such artists as Wilkie, Giulio Romano, Bellini, Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Raphael. By the time he was nineteen and a student at Oxford, he felt himself experienced enough to pronounce that the oil pictures in the Vatican "did not seem near so pleasing or incomprehensible as the frescoes did, especially the great Disputa, the School of Athens, and the Poetry"[202] and that Giulio Romano's *Stoning of St Stephen*, which he described in great detail, was "the second great (easel) picture in Italy."[203] A month later, he wrote to Turner that he had seen prints in the British Museum, in particular those from the Pitti, and had also been to the private rooms of the Royal Academy, where the Cartoon of Leonardo's *S. Anna and the Virgin* was exhibited. By this time—he was twenty—he was so confident that he could conclude, "I fear there is hardly the least perception of beauty of such things in England, in spite of all the talk about Art, and Art Unions, and so on. Even here you would be much vexed, I am sure, as I am, to see how very, very little admiration there is for such things."[204] By this time, too, he could call on the private

[200]In Gwenllian, p. 4. Palgrave mentions his building of palaces in stanza VI of "Recollections of Childhood."

[201]Trinity College Cambridge, TURN3/A22/1-15 and TURN2/U1/1-41.

[202]TURN2/U1/20 (3 October 1843).

[203]TURN2/U1/23 (10 December 1843).

[204]TURN2/U1/24 (3 January 1844).

collector Manuel Johnson, whose recently bought engravings, he wrote as well to his mother, were "more exquisite than anything I have yet seen," among them "R[aphael] Morghen's 'Guido's Aurora'; as different from the general impressions as the original from a copy; so light and airy and fresco-like, that it was wonderful to see ... a proof of Desnoyer's 'Belle Jardinière,' most lovely and forcible; an old and *very* fine engraving of A[gostino] Caracci's 'Pietà', and many other lesser ones."[205] He was himself, in fact, a collector of sorts. In the Calcografia Camerale in Rome he bought "some very beautiful engravings of the Madonna della Seggiola and my great favourite, the Madonna del Cardellino, prints which will I hope one day adorn my room at Balliol."[206] That hope was fulfilled and exceeded. His daughter notes that "his rooms in college were characteristically filled with his mother's copies of Turner's 'Liber Studiorum,' of Michel Angelo's figures in the Sistine Chapel, and of Correggio's frescoes at Parma; while at this time he bought what he afterwards considered one of his choicest treasures—a beautiful little mezzotint from another of Correggio's frescoes, representing the Madonna and Child. Other engravings of this his favourite subject covered his walls, and earned for him amongst his undergraduate friends the nickname of 'Madonna Palgrave'."[207]

His start at Oxford was somewhat hesitant. "Oxford at first seemed to me dull and rather unpleasant," Palgrave admitted to his grandfather, "but it grew continually more and more agreeable, until at last I was half sorry to leave it, even to come home."[208] He had a group of good friends, a tutor, Benjamin Jowett, whom he admired, and a challenging intellectual climate. It is certainly with strengthened self-confidence that he recognized the artistic talent of the then little-known William Blake. He did not shy away from decisions as far as art was concerned. And elements of a conceptual basis for them began to emerge. In a letter to his mother from Balliol he reported:

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[205]Quoted in Gwenllian, pp. 28-9. It was to Manuel John Johnson, Radcliffe Astronomical Observer, Oxford, that Palgrave, "his affectionate friend," dedicated his "Essay on the First Century of ltalian Engraving."

[206]TURN2/U1/20 (3 October 1843).

[207]Gwenllian, p. 25.

[208]TURN2/U1/23 (10 December 1843).

I went yesterday to Littlemore, and attended service there; I looked at the painted glass, and I was much struck with its utter inutility for all but antiquaries; and with its great rudeness, not to say ugliness in detail, although the general mosaic effect was rich and beautiful. But is this the first aim of painted glass? The distinction between pleasant and agreeable I meant to be this: that this one coincides necessarily with one's own mind, and the other need not. To look at the "Ariadne" of Titian is pleasant, at the "Francia" close by it, agreeable. Yet if I were to choose, I should be much inclined, with Aunt Mary, to prefer the Titian. Now do you understand? I ought to add that most agreeable things are also pleasant, as in this instance.[391]

Palgrave's art criticism was not restricted to his journals or letters or appreciative family and friends. Nor, considering his classical education, reading and travel, was his perspective, which was at once microscopic and panoramic. His focus could be on a single work or a detail therein and yet not without a connection to the larger framework in which it belonged or against which it must be judged. For all his avowed modesty as a young man—he always deferred to his younger brother, William Gifford, for example, or underestimated his chances of winning a scholarship—there is little doubt but that Palgrave, if not ambitious, was independent and unprovincial in his view of art. The title of what may be his first more or less public critical effort, an undergraduate essay entitled "Is There Any Reason for Expecting the Revival of the Fine Arts?"[392] and apparently written about 1847, smacks of Balliol and merrily mischievous college disputes. But its contents are serious and its critical confidence and sweep notable. Palgrave views the origin and development of art, by which he means sculpture and painting, "relatively" and "historically." Relatively, that is, according to its own nature and the causes which have produced it, involves

a course of self-development, when the first period of unconscious thought and belief passes into an age of self-consciousness, of reflection on the past, and examination of the present: when the principles on which men have worked and acted are discovered and examined: when philosophy, or conscious thought about thought, springs up. It is a period of transition, when the remembrance of the Past blends with the hope of the Future: when a nation compares itself with early days

[391]Quoted in Gwenllian, p. 28.
[392]British Library Add.MS. 45741, fol. 272-7.

and takes pride in its traditions and exploits. It is an age of activity, of the commencement of civilization. (fol. 272v-273r)

In such a period Palgrave places its two great developments, the art of Greece and of Modern Italy:

In both we observe the same characteristics: in both the first essays have been harsh and rude, but filled with restrained power: the artists seemed to have worked under the influence of an irresistible spirit, which compelled every line to assume its place: in both the earliest art has chiefly embodied the religious feelings of the race, and the traditions of its history ... in both as the subjects have been prescribed by the national mind, so equally even the arrangement and position of the figures followed instinctive laws, form has been sought before colour, and every year has viewed an increase of truth and beauty, of grace and power. In both, as instinct has given way to rules wrought out by reason and conscious thought, excellence has faded until a real opposition having been established between them. Nature yields to Art: Eclecticism arises, art is studied and displayed in treatises, and it is hoped that a study of ancient remains will restore an excellence which has for ever passed. (fol. 273)

In the historical perspective Palgrave outlines the developments and schools in Greece, Ancient Italy, Modern Europe, Germany, and Modern Italy (fol. 274-6), in what is essentially a parallel of the relative. This is especially apparent in the development of art in modern Italy and ancient Greece: "In both the lines of beauty have been traced: in both a gradual change has taken place from form to colour: in both the highest point has been reached, passed, and followed by a despairing Eclecticism" (fol. 276r). From the parallel sequences Palgrave detects a "regular law" of development: "If even this has been exemplified in certain races and in certain families of those races," he concludes, "for the revival of the Fine Arts at the present day we seem to require either the appearance of an untried people or at least such an intermixture as should give rise to a new nation, as was the case in mediaeval Italy" (fol. 276v). Further, in what is to be the leitmotiv of his art criticism:

But Arnold has observed that in this respect we seem to have reached the last stage in the world's history: that the old races have lost their first freshness and the power of their childhood; and that we know of no new nations to supply their place ... It is on Physical science, on the world as it is, on the Present, that the creative energy is

employed: even if we desired it we cannot return and live once more in the Past. (fol. 276^v-277^r)

In 1848 while still at Oxford Palgrave published his next piece of art criticism. Although "Michael Angelo's 'Raising of Lazarus,' in the National Gallery"[393] is ostensibly a description of the painting, Palgrave does not come to it until the last third of the article. Instead, he establishes a moral dimension: "the high thoughts arising ... in the beholder's mind have a place and a power for good." What may be called socio-political implications are also involved. Palgrave was only too aware, as he strolled through the National Gallery, of the indifference and ignorance of many of his fellow Englishmen—"some chance party of rough visitants—sailors or country people," but was unwilling to deny them "high thoughts," for "whenever human nature exhibits itself, whether in the representations of the past thoughts and beliefs of various ages—as in the walls of our National Gallery—or in the easily observed feelings of simple and truth-seeking visitors, there is there room for seriousness." And this was evident in their "especial attention" to paintings of Christian art, such as the "touching picture by Francia, in which the Holy Virgin and two attendant angels are supporting the body of our Saviour." Palgrave's alertness to the possibilities of public education—"In that gradual development of the mature age of our nation ... there is hardly a more pleasing feature than the recognition of the fact that the less educated Englishman can enter into the same tasteful pleasures and amusements as those whose lives are, or may be, an uninterrupted course of self-education and instruction"—has political ramifications as well, for, in what is a foretaste of a position he was to take and hold during his whole career, he regrets that the collection furnishes few specimens of high Christian art intelligible to the many. The statement, moreover, concerns not just attention to where paintings are hung or the policy which determines their purchase—both of which matter to Palgrave—but also enables him to exercise his own artistic taste and pedagogical inclination in "willingly draw[ing] attention of such as hitherto have passed it by unnoticed," like Michelangelo's *Raising of Lazarus*. The description itself is little more than a simple account embellished with adjectives of admiration and praise—at

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[393] *Sharpe's London Magazine* 6 (March 1848), 121-2.

any rate less important than its motivation and the evidence of the components of Palgrave's aesthetic synthesis of Italy, painting, and poetry, in his finding its greatness conveyed in "the simplest language [of] this *visible speech*—to use the expression of Dante."[394]

This attention to detail within a wider context entailing both a sense of historical evolution and its socio-political as well as artistic implications is evident in the essays which Palgrave began to publish in 1854 after he had left Oxford and found employment as teacher and then Deputy to the Principal, Frederick Temple, in Kneller Hall, Twickenham, a training college for teachers of pauper and criminal children run by the Education Department of the Privy Council. At thirty and probably known more to smaller circles than to the public at large, he took on one of the most eminent art historians of the day, Gustav Friedrich Waagen, director of the Königliche Gemäldegalerie and then the first professor of art history in Berlin, a frequent visitor to England, where he was highly esteemed and among other things catalogued the collection of Prince Albert and was a leading candidate for the post of director of the National Gallery. In what was the longest piece of art criticism he had hitherto written he reviewed Waagen's three-volume *Treasures of Art in Great Britain*.[395] With noticeable

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[394]Ibid., p. 122. That the editor sought fit to note that the composition of the work and the figure of Lazarus were the work of Michelangelo but that the rest of the work was executed by Sebastiano del Piombo in no way damages Palgrave's thesis.

[395]*Westminster Review* 62:121 (July 1854), 304-10. Although unsigned, like the other reviews in this journal, it has been attributed to Palgrave because it features pictures he had written about, such as Michelangelo's *Raising of Lazarus*, or was especially interested in, such as Italian engraving, his lengthy "Essay on the First Century of Italian Engraving" appearing shortly afterwards in 1855. It must be admitted, however, that the heavy-handed manner of the review does not seem completely typical of Palgrave at this time. Hardly likely for one who travelled so eagerly to Europe is so crass a reaction to Waagen's prefatory praise of England: "We wish that his complimentary references ... were not accompanied with indications that he regards his own fatherland as somewhat inferior in the balance ... a distrust in one's own country is of all forms of false humility—and they are many—the most fatal to advance and reformation" (p. 304). That Waagen's work was translated into English by Palgrave's cousin Elizabeth Eastlake, the wife of Charles Lock Eastlake, both close friends of Palgrave, adds to the dubiousness of the attribution, not to mention his reference to Waagen as the "learned explorer" in

crankiness if not resentfulness he grants this "most important" work conscientiousness and diligence "for which Englishmen are in a very high degree indebted." As a catalogue of several thousand pictures, contained in about two hundred collections, backed by Waagen's "vast knowledge of the historical facts of art," the book "stands alone." This and other phrases of respect which fill the opening page of the review turn out, and not unexpectedly given the tone, to be a prelude to a fall. Before the first page is ended and the contents of the book examined, the conclusion is drawn: "Something more is required:—and that *more*, to the creation of a master-work, essential. Art is the reflection of Nature, coloured in its passage through individual minds, and the circumstances of national existence:—elements in themselves, but another expression for Nature, exhibited in relations more complicated." Following this blunt dictum is another lesson: "To Nature, in this larger sense, every work of Art must be referred for true judgment:—and *this*, more especially, when the works described, as in England so frequently, profess to be imitations of the simple nature of common life and the features of terrestrial scenery."[396] In short, Waagen's "standard" of comparing art with art—"the school *rules* and *compasses* are always before us:—we are for ever in a conventional atmosphere, and continually reminded of that young lady's exclamation, to whom a beautiful night-scene suggested only the '*How like the moon in Norma!*'"[397] To this is added Waagen's "so little appreciation of Nature in her breadth and infinity"[398] and the "provokingly fallacious ... second conventional standard," the "historical development and the 'periods' that may be assigned to most artists, individually considered."[399] Having rejected Waagen's standards, the review consists mainly of challenging Waagen's interpretation of specific works. Even high praise is leavened: "To Raphael's cartoons in particular, the author has devoted an essay

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his article "Lost Treasures," in *Essays on Art* (London, 1866), p. 211. On the other hand, however, a good argument can be made for Palgrave's authorship of sharply phrased criticism. His tone in criticizing Waagen's "comparing art with art" is similar to that used in his referring in his *Catalogue* to the "imbecile criticism of pictures by other pictures."

[396]Ibid., pp. 304-5.

[397]Ibid., p. 305.

[398]Ibid.

[399]Ibid., p. 306.

written with skill and knowledge so great, that we can only emphasize our regret that he has not concentrated throughout on the highest works, the praise and the observation lavished on third-rate productions."[400] The review does recognize the "ultimate value" of the work as it hopes, with mischievous ingenuousness, its errors—the lack of "correctness in detail"—may be remedied in a second edition.[401] For the following and concluding thirty-one lines are a cascade of ever-increasing and impatient anger and resentfulness, worth quoting for themselves and perhaps for assessing whether Palgrave may or may not be their author:

These criticisms ... are of importance greater yet, as illustrating the general method and qualifications of the writer:—arising, as we think, in part, from some want of elevation in the point of view taken; in part, from pre-formed views; both perhaps of difficult avoidance where, within a brief period, so much had to be observed, compared, and commented on. Yet so prevailing are these defects, that, we confess, with regret proportionate to our gratitude, that they suffice to render a work, otherwise as we have said, invaluable, even to those interested in its subjects, as a whole almost beyond reading. We are fatigued with this endless catalogue of monotonous critiques—with this applied Bolognese eclecticism—with this perpetual good-nature, which compliments every housekeeper on her "humanity" and every possessor with "real gems." A *little more* a *little less* ... a penetrating appreciation of the great and the true, and silence on the vast numbers of the inferior, would have given us what we desire—a something more than the *catalogue raisonné* of our treasures: a work of Art itself. As it is, the impression Dr. Waagen's book yields, is rather to place us in some vast sale-room, where the auctioneer dispenses on every thing the flowers of rhetoric and the judicious commonplaces of criticism; the "magic pencil" and the "magic mirror:" blaming here and there for disinterestedness' sake, but in general ennobling even copies as genuine productions by some other hand hardly less distinguished: leaving us at last, as best we may, to form our own opinion on the inner merits of the works before us: of their value in reference to a larger standard than simple authenticity: of their truth to Nature. We hear much of "the colouring of Titian, the expression of Rubens, the grace of Raphael, the purity of Domenichino, the *corregiescity* of Correggio, the learning of Poussin, the airs of Guido, the taste of the Caraccis, and the grand contour of Angelo:" we cry at last for patience, and beg Apollo to "send Mercury, with the critic's *rules and compasses*, if he can be spared, with our compliments to—no matter."[402]

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[400]Ibid., p. 307.
[401]Ibid., p. 309.
[402]Ibid., pp. 309-10.

A year later a review of Alexander Gilchrist's *Life of William Etty,*[403] although signed only "F," reveals a reasonable, generous, and literate critic, traits more characteristic of Palgrave. That may be because Palgrave admired the painter William Etty, whose "peculiar glory [was] that he painted the human form with a power and a beauty unknown in art since the great days of Venice."[404] It may also be because of Palgrave's awareness and appreciation of the difficulty of writing such a biography since "Etty's pictures are essentially his life, and beyond the incidents of their production his biographer has little to tell us."[405] So much so that he is willing to overlook those "trivialities" that "amongst the author's favourite passages, reason suggests; good taste, their omission" and "grant[ing]" Gilchrist "the licence of style ... the book sets before us, with clearness, simplicity, and uncommon spirit, the picture of a life unfruitful of adventure, yet compensatingly rich in lessons, striking and worthy permanence, for students not of art only."[406] It is the lesson that Palgrave draws from the life of Etty that makes the review more than a eulogy of a person—as always, he could not but empathize with one whose reward for his tireless energy "was almost a lifetime of neglect"[407]—and an exhibition of Palgrave's complete knowledge of painting and his complete confidence in deciding what is talent and what is genius. The lesson is, in essence, a definition of art. Palgrave calls on Goethe's axiom, "'The first steps of ascent are easy, the absolute summit of last and most laborious conquest'; and Tintoret's confession, 'The study of painting is immeasurable, and that sea widening perpetually'." To Etty's "'Venetian secret' whose mystery is common sense and straightforward practice [which] was fixed early in his career, and so maintained to the last," Palgrave adds, Etty "was always a student, beginning afresh where others ceased their study—as he said, 'painting what he saw', recurring daily ... to delineation of the living model, and going direct to Nature for every slight and generalised background. Nor, while possessing a mastery over his art that few have surpassed, was he impatient of lingering for years over the

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[403]*Fraser's Magazine* 52:308 (August 1855), 232-5.
[404]Ibid., p. 232.
[405]Ibid.
[406]Ibid.
[407]Ibid., p. 233.

conception and the finishing touches of a picture."[408]

Palgrave's brief review, "Mr. Rogers' Pictures,"[409] may on the surface be only another sweeping display of his ability to distinguish the great from the not-so-great in the collection and his fluent knowledge of Italian painting. Its conclusion, however, extends its dimensions:

We do not attempt to suggest what purchases might be made from this collection with most advantage to the National Gallery, and shall content ourselves with the easier task of negative suggestions. We should not desire to see the Claude, Rembrandt, or Rubens' landscapes and sketches, or even the Reynolds's children, or the sweet early Raphael (No. 623), added to the National Gallery, simply because we have specimens of somewhat similar quality. Nor do we wish for the "Angelico," a comparatively feeble work, or the "Triumph of Julius" (No. 726), a copy from the design at Hampton Court; for, with all its mastery, it neither represents Mantegna nor Rubens in their distinctive characters.[410]

Similar, albeit of a more profound dimension, is the intent of Palgrave's "Mr. Holman Hunt's Picture, The Finding of Christ in the Temple."[411] What is noteworthy in what is mainly a description of the painting is his precise attention to details of Holman Hunt's craft not as ends in themselves but for the "distinguishing executive character of the picture that strikes the eye at first, [its] luminous depth and intensity of colour, the perfect truth of *chiaroscuro* that gives relief and roundness to every part ... the whole truthful effect being enhanced, when, upon examination, we discern the minute and elaborate finish that has been given to the most trifling details. The whole has the roundness and substantiality of nature."[412] Truth is the keyword, and not just in the immediate recognizability of the scene, or in Holman Hunt's praiseworthy journey to Jerusalem to study and absorb the environment and accoutrements of the scene he was to portray, nor even in the skillful execution for "which he

[408]Ibid.

[409]*Saturday Review* 1:26 (26 April 1856), 519-20. Interesting is the fact that Palgrave also contributed to the first number of several other periodicals: *The Fine Arts Quarterly* (1863), *The Fortnightly Review* (1865), *The Light Blue* (1866), *The Portfolio* (1870), and *The Grove* (1891).

[410]"Mr, Rogers' Pictures," p. 520.

[411]*Macmillan's Magazine* 2:7 (May 1860), 34-9.

[412]Ibid., p. 35.

had spared neither time, labour, study, nor expense."[413] Truth is not simply the camera-eye's rendition but the artist's transcendent grasp of the wholeness of nature.

Palgrave's panoramic view dominates "A Few Words on the Study of Architecture," an article in the house journal of Kneller Hall.[414] The study of architecture is not a static item of Palgrave's pedagogical curriculum. It is at once a criticism of general ignorance or indifference even in matters of practical interest to private citizens—"though every one wishes for a house, yet its shape and appearance are altogether left to the mercy of the architect and the contractor"[415]—and an appeal for at least a rudimentary education of the ordinary workman in the subject. But these are not enough. Palgrave regards architecture, his first and abiding love, as art, and "it will be of small use to enforce the laws of beauty on our young carpet-weavers, and the paper-stainers that are to be, if the chambers their improved taste will decorate are themselves constructed in ignorance of any architectural law, and in defiance of all beauty."[416] To these "practical reasons" Palgrave adds a surprising third for the study of architecture: "to supply the information sufficient to enable hidden genius for the art itself to discover its own existence." Surprising perhaps because of the potential for social mobility—"architects in former times ... have risen from among the poorest"—but not surprising for the association of architects with "the painters and the poets of all ages." And not merely for their place on the social ladder. For the work of artists of all ages is associated with history, and that conjunction of Palgrave's is admittedly an appeal to the patriotism of the English. And it is even more. In a charismatic conclusion Palgrave quotes Ruskin:

It is as the centralisation and protectress of the sacred influence of Memory, that Architecture is to be regarded by us with the most serious thought. We may live without her, and worship without her; but we cannot remember without her. How cold is all history—how lifeless all imagery—compared to that which the living nation writes, and the uncorrupted marble bears! how many pages of doubtful record might we not often spare, for a few stones left one upon another! The

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[413]Ibid., p. 34.

[414]*Educational Expositor* 2 (April 1854), 142-4.

[415]Ibid., p. 142.

[416]Ibid., p. 143.

ambition of the old Babel builders was well directed for this world: there are but two strong conquerors of the forgetfulness of man—Poetry and Architecture; and the latter in some sorts includes the former, and is mightier in its reality: it is well to have, not only what men have thought and felt, but what their hands have handled, and their strength wrought, and their eyes beheld, all the days of their life.[417]

Despite his youth Palgrave was well connected and fairly well known. Although he had published relatively little, he had strong ties with Balliol and Charterhouse friends, and doubtless profited from the reputations of his father and grandfather. He had worked briefly in the Colonial Office as private secretary to Gladstone, an intimate friend of his father-in-law-to-be from their Eton days, and his superior at Kneller Hall, Frederick Temple, was to become Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1849 he had met Tennyson and soon became one of his intimates. It is in this context that he must have come into contact with Charles Lock Eastlake, who was secretary of the Fine Arts Commission and then president of the Royal Academy from 1850, whose widow he helped with her memoir of her husband after his death in 1865.[418] Be all that as it may, Palgrave's knowledge of Italian painting, as well as his experience in Italy, an experience shared by Eastlake, must have been known to Eastlake, who saw to it that Palgrave was to add an "Essay on the First Century of Italian Engraving" to his edition of Mrs. Eastlake's translation into English of Franz Kugler's *Handbuch der Geschichte der Malerei*.[419] His longest piece of art criticism thus far and "repeatedly printed"[420] is a strong example of the Palgravean synthesis of independent analysis and historical perspective, of the microscopic and panoramic, tinged as always with pedagogical and moral intent and national implications. It is explicit in his prefatory statement: "I shall ... endeavour, avoiding a frequent appeal to

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[417]Ibid., p. 144.

[418]Palgrave praised it warmly in the *Quarterly Review* 128:256 (April 1870), 410-32.

[419]*Handbook of Painting. The Italian Schools* (3rd ed., London, 1855), pt. 2, pp. 517-56. In a letter to Palgrave of 22 March 1855 (quoted in Gwenllian, p. 50) Ruskin wrote that he had read it with "great interest and satisfaction," and further: "as far as regards the manner and method of it—you know, as well as I, that it is a most valuable contribution to the history of painting. I shall use it for reference when I come to the subject of engraving—(meaning shortly to have full tilt at Marc-Antonio)."

[420]*Athenaeum* 1434 (21 April 1855), 465.

specific plates, to characterise the general style of the principal engravers; and, making out the relations borne by their work to their own or to contemporaneous Painting, attempt to replace them within the sphere of that wider art, and the range of Kugler's philosophical method in criticism ... For by this separation of arts intimately allied, and at certain periods identified, we obscure that connection and unity which are the base of Art itself, and render the study of Engraving pedantic or trivial; distasteful to the multitude, and unavailing for the cause of refinement."[421] Palgrave's survey, covering a period from the mid-fifteenth to the mid-sixteenth century, is arranged geographically. Three "classes" are discussed: Early Florentine, 1460-1500; the Schools of Northern Italy and the Transition to Rome, 1400-1520; and the Roman School, 1500-1540. The geographical focus is not static, for the artists of a particular area are often not its natives, and the development of an art, whose invention Palgrave, agreeing with Vasari, attributes to Maso Finiguerra, a Florentine goldsmith, is regionally interactive and, as Palgrave demonstrates by pointing out the imitation of the hatchings of pen-drawings to the techniques of chiaroscuro and elaboration in ornament, is itself self-expanding. And by stressing its union with painting, "a value perhaps not fully recognized," and regarding these engravings as "free translations from designs by great contemporaries, or the actual handiwork of eminent painters"—among the great engravers were Botticelli and Montigny—Palgrave exalts them: "they stand absolutely alone as the productions of that one period when the highest development of Pictorial Art coincided with the practice of Engraving."[422] From that heady pinnacle—"they possess an interest and an excellence intrinsically unattainable by modern works; beyond value, and beyond repetition"[423]—however, Palgrave draws a further and melancholy conclusion, one which is to characterize his entire career as critic: that the art which has evolved, as in the *Martyrdom of S. Lawrence* by Marc Antonio (Marcantonio Raimondi, 1475-1534), "when employed for exhibition of technical excellence alone [is] no longer conducive to pleasure or influential for instruction, with her authentic purposes forfeits Truth, and

[421]"Essay," pp. 517-18.
[422]Ibid., pp. 520-1.
[423]Ibid., p. 521.

is forsaken by Beauty."[424] Beyond melancholy is his somber if not apocalyptic view of the course of all human enterprise which follows: "Here therefore I close this essay, reluctant to track the progress of national degradation, and emphasize the fallen fortunes of Italy, or, after the survey of success so brilliant, dwell on a decline that by some law, almost without exception, appears the spontaneous compensation and ransom for the rare interspaces nature assigns to the triumph of human Endeavour."[425]

That decline Palgrave regarded as endemic and in more than the arts of a nation. It affects its very being. In a brief book review Palgrave agreed that it "would be desirable to render Architecture a more general object of study, and ... to convey such knowledge to general readers in a popular and a pleasant manner—to interest them in an art which affects not merely our homes and the provision of structures for the fitting discharge of public duties, as well as the artistic progress, the aesthetic culture, and the refined enjoyments of a people, would be to do a good work."[426] And in a direct and forceful way he severely criticized in "Taste in France"[427] instances of bad taste in France, their profound implications, and, perhaps most important, outlined his aesthetic and moral view of life and art. "There is a want of healthy impulse, of genuine life, in the many cathedrals and churches they are building and restoring."[428] Its socio-political implications apply not merely to the "decree of Central authority" but as well to the mindless English who would import the worst features: "one feels everywhere that the work is not a work of love, but results from Government patronage, or the policy of ecclesiastical propaganda."[429] The element of love, essential to social harmony, derives from the identity and integrity of the individual self. Moving from a precise description of the failures of modern French Gothic structures,

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[424]Ibid., p. 556.

[425]Ibid.

[426]George Goodwin, *"History in Ruins," a popular Sketch of the History of Architecture,* in the *Westminster Review* 61:119 (January 1854), 309.

[427]*Fraser's Magazine* 55:329 (May 1857), 583-9. In a letter to Palgrave of 4 May 1857 (British Library Add.MS. 45741, fol. 189) Ruskin found it "delightfully written and [underlined twice] horribly true."

[428]Ibid., p. 583.

[429]Ibid.

Palgrave addresses the whole matter of restoration philosophically. In a further instance of his focus on the heart and the pure, he rejects efforts in church restoration to "unite with effect coloured windows and coloured walls. The more brilliant each is, the more it kills the other."[430] This gilding of the lily is not simply an aesthetic matter. It goes beyond Palgrave's "protest against a system which is rapidly rendering the master-pieces of Gothic architecture valueless as monuments of antiquity, as objects of beauty, as incitements to devotion."[431] From this standpoint it is not far to the maxim that "time is often the best painter"[432] and from that premise to conclude that new work can not repeat the old.[433] This insistence on the purity and integrity of an original finds support in the "warning" of "a great genius," John Ruskin: "Neither by the public ... nor by those who have the care of public monuments, is the true meaning of the word *restoration* understood. It means the most total destruction which a building can suffer: a destruction out of which no remnants can be gathered: a destruction accompanied with false description of the thing destroyed. Do not let us deceive ourselves in this important matter; it is *impossible* to restore anything that has ever been great or beautiful in architecture."[434] That destructiveness applies to all departures from the essential or original. In the last section of his article Palgrave points out "some of the fallacies in ornament and arrangement committed lately in the Louvre"[435]: Too many statues standing "in official monotony, like files of courtiers awaiting the transit of Caesar,"[436] too many pictures serving "only to fill space; they are so much other upholstery,"[437] too many pictures so inharmoniously juxtaposed that they "make war and kill each other."[438] Palgrave's condemnation of exaggeration, those "conspicuous failures," he deduces "from a very vulgar thing, a shopkeeper's

[430]Ibid., p. 585.
[431]Ibid., p. 586.
[432]Ibid., p. 585.
[433]Ibid., p. 586.
[434]Ibid., p. 587.
[435]Ibid.
[436]Ibid., p. 588.
[437]Ibid., p. 589.
[438]Ibid., p. 588.

vice—precipitate passion for display,"[439] another manifestation of his devotion to the purity and sanctity of original creativity and, with his warnings to the English government to avoid these blunders, an awareness of their implications for the health of the nation.

Strongly implied in Palgrave's condemnation of bad taste, be it in persons or bureaucracies, be it in human forgetfulness of historical heritage, is the failure to recognize the special role of the artist in society and its evolution. It has been said that Palgrave's criticism was strongly influenced by his personal relations. It might be held that his approval of William Holman Hunt was based largely on the fact that Holman Hunt was also one of the faithful of his idol, Tennyson. Personal sympathy may also have initially animated Palgrave's treatment of the historical painter John Cross,[440] who died in 1861 and whom Palgrave regarded as "our most gifted representative of one of the highest and least practised forms of art."[441] Cross was not of Palgrave's circle, as were Holman Hunt and the sculptor Thomas Woolner (whom he also actively supported). But Palgrave was doubtless moved by the "moral" of the short and unhappy life of Cross, who died at forty-two: "A long life of uninterrupted painting would not have exhausted the scenes of the past which Cross saw with the inner eye and longed to fix on canvas; but after his first success ... so little encouragement did he find, that this man, who might have done so much for us, had to paint his few great works in his scanty leisure between the lessons to children by which he alone could maintain himself. What a tragedy in brief is here! what waste of lofty gifts—what wreck of far-seeing intentions!"[442] The eulogy is not restricted to Cross but extends to the fate of the struggling genuine artist, for "the consolation is not absent with which high aims and the noble devotion to truth and duty bless the life-long service of the faithful."[443] And as the terms of Palgrave's praise indicate, Cross is to be understood within the context of the "highest and least practised forms of art" and, as the title is "Historical Art in England," Cross is the initial impulse of a widening gyre: a man, a man who is a painter, a painter practising one of the highest forms of art, an art

[439]Ibid.
[440]"Historical Art in England," *Fraser's Magazine* 63:378 (June 1861), 773-80.
[441]Ibid., p. 773.
[442]Ibid., p. 780.
[443]Ibid.

with a national heritage. The crowning consolation in Palgrave's eulogy is that the "place" of such as Cross "will be where the successful of the hour have no portion—amongst those who have done the State some service, and played their part as men."[444] Palgrave uses a detailed description of a number of Cross's works to illustrate the "three main essentials of historical art—mastery of drawing, harmony of composition, dramatic and vital presentment of the situation"[445]—and moves quickly and more fully to criticize the English for not caring to learn about, much less appreciate, historical art. His tone becomes sharper:

> In place of asking whether it be not a worthier aim to recall the great actions of their countrymen in the pages of an illuminated history, than to glorify the romance of the nursery, or emblazon the triumphs of the ballroom, they are satisfied (to give the vulgar reasons) with a vague idea that large pictures would disagreeably disturb their upholstery; that such art has never answered in England, and, therefore, will never succeed; that because some artists have notoriously failed in this branch, all must. Or perhaps the remark may be that art is only meant for pleasure and ornament; or we hear the base cry of complacent pettiness, "It does not interest me; we think it dull."[446]

Such ignorance or apathy infuriates Palgrave, who outlines three underlying fallacies: that few subjects of general history are lawful subjects for historical art; that only the remote past is its subject, and that "it necessarily involves pictures of what, in a true upholsterer's spirit, those who cover roods of wall with the monotony of the paper-stainer or the vanities of the mirror, call 'inconvenient' size."[447] Although Palgrave stresses that historical art nurtures the national spirit, he cautions, as always, against interference by government in art and literature and, not surprisingly, science. "For the products of fine art are of hardly more value than the temper which they indicate in the people which appreciates, and by appreciating calls them forth; and this temper, to exist at all, or to be of any real worth, must be spontaneous and self-developed."[448]

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[444]Ibid.
[445]Ibid., pp. 773-4.
[446]Ibid., p. 777.
[447]Ibid., p. 778.
[448]Ibid., p. 779.

2. 1862-1865

1.

In 1861 Palgrave published *The Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language*. It was an immediate and enduring success. If Palgrave was not already a widely known figure, he was now a celebrated one at the pinnacle of his literary career. The next three years—1862-1865—were to be the turbulent climax of Palgrave's parallel career as art critic. In the middle of his life span he produced the *Official Catalogue of the Fine Art Department* in connection with the International Exhibition of 1862, issued in the same year two companion handbooks thereto, contributed many articles as art critic from 1863 to 1865 of the *Saturday Review*, and in 1866 collected many of them as well new ones in his *Essays on Art*. Reactions were many and prompt—not the least of which was Henry Adams's not unadmiring view that Palgrave, "whose literary taste ... helped Adams to more literary education than he ever got from any taste of his own," "among many rivals ... may perhaps have had a right to claim the much-disputed rank of being the most unpopular man in London."[449] Adams found Palgrave's "temper" to be "humorus," attributing it to his being "unable to work off his restlessness in travel like [his brother] Gifford, and stifled in the atmosphere of the Board of Education."[450] He regarded Palgrave as one of the "literary and artistic sharpshooters"[451] and held that, "more contentious, contemptuous, and paradoxical than ever," he "was always extreme; his language was incautious—violent!"[452] On the other hand, however, Palgrave had a host of good and loyal friends and contacts. His marriage in 1862 was a happy and stabilizing force in his life. With an adoring wife and children to whom, "as their affectionate father," he dedicated his "Story Book for Children," *The Five Days Entertainments at Wentworth Grange* (1868) "written before they were born or thought of," his life was an epitome of moderation and contentment, as commemorated in his daughter Gwenllian's "short narrative" of her father, "both as a man of true poetical feeling, possessed of the purest taste in art and literature, and also as one who was loved by an almost infinite number of friends, and whose

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[449]*The Education of Henry Adams*, ed. Ernest Samuels (Boston, 1918), p. 214.

[450]Ibid.

[451]Ibid., p. 192.

[452]Ibid., pp. 285-6.

vast sympathy endeared him to them—old and new alike."[453] The story of the man and the art critic is complex, to say the least.

Palgrave's art criticism was not, of course, unknown to the Royal Society of Arts, Manufactures and Trade, a Royal Commission from 1861 under the presidency of Earl Granville, for whom as Lord Granville Palgrave had worked as secretary a few years earlier,[454] which contracted him to provide the introductions to the official catalogue of the Fine Art exhibits and granted him permission "under the sanction of Her Majesty's Commissioners" to sell within the building another work, his *Handbook to the Fine Art Collections in the International Exhibition of 1862,* priced at 1*s.* for paper and 2*s.* for cloth. The Chairman of the Council of the Society of Arts, Sir Thomas Phillips, had done a portrait of Elizabeth and Mary Palgrave, Palgrave's mother and aunt. Thomas Fairbairn, the friend of Holman Hunt and art patron of Palgrave's friend Thomas Woolner, whom he had commissioned to do the Fairbairn group *Constance and Arthur* (1857-61), was the member of the Royal Commission responsible for the Fine Art Department. Francis Richard Sandford, Secretary and General Manager of the Commission, was a classmate of Palgrave's at Balliol and a colleague in the Education Department of the Privy Council. In any event, Palgrave's outspokenness was as well known as his competence. And there could be little question of his devotion to public education, especially in matters of governmental and bureaucratic philistinism, and his high moral standards. It was no small matter in so short a time to view so vast a collection—according to one estimate, there were 3370 paintings, 1275 engravings, 901 pieces of sculpture, and 983 architectural designs[455]—work by work, room by room, as it were, to locate historically, to describe, to evaluate, and to educate a vast public.

[453]Gwenllian, p. viii.

[454]Ibid., p. 76.

[455]Of British works alone, there were some 790 oil paintings, 624 watercolors, 305 pieces of sculpture, 505 engravings, 295 art designs, and 650 architectural items. Palgrave was under pressure. As late as 18 March 1862 he informed Macmillan (Berg Collection) that the "contents of my book are at present so undecided, owing to the lateness of the Exhibitors in sending their works, that I must provide further space." In a letter dated only "Sunday" (Berg Collection) but certainly about the same time Palgrave announced that he was declining all invitations "until I can get this cursed handbook over."

Palgrave must have been highly motivated, regarding the challenge as the logical fulfillment of his work as art critic, educator, and moralist: after all, the Exhibition, which ran from May to November included more than 16,000 exhibitors[456] from at least thirty-six foreign countries and attracted an estimated 6,211,103 visitors. It is not clear what exactly the Commission expected, nor whether they wished to review the works before they appeared. Palgrave had kept the contents secret. He urged Macmillan (18 March 1862, Berg Collection) not to mention it or its author until it is out and explained: "Having made many judgments on living artists, I must keep absolutely clear of all possible cabals or canvassing:—as I shall write without fear or favour." And on 14 April 1862 (Berg Collection) Palgrave informed Macmillan that Fairbairn "emphatically approves the book" and that the authorization is settled with him. At any rate, what they got was not so much a public controversy as a controversy in public. The public had no voice in the press but the press had voices who often went public. The *Official Catalogue of the Fine Art Department*, as well as a slightly "corrected" edition in the same year, was all but forgotten; the *Handbook to the Fine Art Collections in the International Exhibition of 1862* reached a second edition as the *Descriptive Handbook*, "revised and completed," within a month or so, made headlines in the daily press—his friend Sir Alexander Grant wrote from Bombay on 11 July 1862, "You appear of late to have been the most famous man in England. In every newspaper I have seen something about you and your 'Catalogue.'"[457]—and was reviewed in professional journals.

The *Catalogue* differs from the *Handbook* in structure but not essentially in substance. Its orientation is historical, as announced in the opening sentences of the tightly packed lines of the six-and-a-half page introduction to "The British School of Oil Painting":

In one notable way English art differs from that of all other European schools. They have their root more or less in mediaeval times; ours in modern. They are influenced in style or subject by native earlier masters; we by foreigners only. Our eighteenth century painters had to create the belief that England was able to produce Art: Italy, France, Germany, and the Netherlands could point to former triumphs with pride, or study them with emulation. The key to the first period of

[456]Later estimates mention some 29,000.
[457]Quoted in Gwenllian, p. 73.

the English school is given by this peculiar position of circumstances. (p. 3)

Since each work of art and its exact location in the Exhibition are listed in the body of the *Catalogue*, the "intention" of the introduction—as well as those of the other introductions[458]—is not "to give a catalogue of names, or attempt to characterize every painter represented in the Exhibition, but to sketch the spirit each School in its main phases, with the causes that guided its development."[459]

For the eighteenth century Palgrave focusses on Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Richard Wilson,[460] in the belief that the greatest of any period "not only embrace the aims of inferior minds, presenting them in a fairer and clearer form, but add to what they could do all that lies within the prerogative of genius." Palgrave distinguishes as well as characterizes, albeit admitting "it would be idle to weigh these great men against each other in a partisan spirit; yet, whilst many high qualities are common to both [Reynolds and Gainsborough, for example], it may be noted that Gainsborough shows, on the whole, more ease in invention; Reynolds, more felicity in form: that he has more splendour in colour; Gainsborough more in purity. There is something of the morning in Gainsborough's tints; of the sunset in Sir Joshua's." And a few lines later: "Hogarth was the most original of these men; Wilson the least."[461] From these assessments Palgrave's conception of the artist, and by extension of painting and indeed of art itself, emerges. From Reynolds's dictum, "No man ... ever put more into a head than he had in his own," Palgrave deduces: "A lofty equanimity, a scorn of the world's trifles and gossip, a sweet humility towards all nature, generosity and gentleness towards fellow-workmen—such, and others like them, were the characteristics of this great painter. Patient industry,—that quality so inseparable from real genius, that no wonder he thought them identical—was his guiding

[458]Five pages to Architecture, three to Sculpture, two-and-a half to Engraving, and none at all to Art Designs. In the Foreign Division Palgrave devotes three-and-a-half pages to France, Germany, Holland, and Belgium.

[459]*Catalogue*, p. 3.

[460]In the Exhibition there were twenty-one oils by Hogarth, thirty-four by Reynolds, forty-two by Gainsborough (as well as three watercolors), and five by Wilson.

[461]*Catalogue*, p. 4.

principle through a long life of constant education and advance in his art."[462]

Palgrave criticizes the emerging "false idea of the historical style" influenced by the Italian and Flemish schools: "subjects from the past, to be clothed in unreal dresses, and painted on a large scale."[463] As in his essay on historical art, Palgrave is an advocate of historical art but only "when the themes chosen fulfilled true historical conditions,—belonged to modern times, and could be painted as they really might have been," as in Copley's "magnificent" *Major Pierson*. Although conceding that "there is a largeness and freedom of style about the half-fancy, half-historical groups," Palgrave is critical of this practice and of specific artists because "it can hardly be said they carried the art further." It was Bird, "a painter little known, and not of conspicuous power," and Wilkie, who with Mulready represent a "style, and landscape,—"regarded no longer as the scene of some recorded human story, but as the representation either of nature embodying man's fortunes in her own features, or of nature in her solitary splendour"—which "mark the art of this century not less distinctly than religious subjects mark that of the fourteenth."

It is not necessary to explore further details of Palgrave's survey of British painting, for the features of his critical orientation should be apparent. Artists are named and their place defined in the evolution of the English cultural scene. The knowledge he displays is considerable, and, whatever his taste, his tone is balanced. Even when he can praise Turner "without exaggeration"[464]—"He is the greatest of English painters; he is the greatest of all landscape painters"—he is even-handed enough to assert, "Others have rivalled him in quality of colour, others in fidelity of detail; he has failed at times from over-ambition of attempt, at trifles from obscurity of purpose; he trusted occasionally too much to facility in

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[462]Ibid.

[463]Ibid., p. 5.

[464]Ibid., p. 8. In the Exhibition there were nine oils and forty-six watercolors by Turner. Interestingly, Palgrave's opinion differs greatly from that of his beloved mother. In a letter of 11 May 1836 (Trinity College Cambridge, TURN3/A21/115) to her father, Dawson Turner, she wrote: "I cannot say how little I like any of Turner's pictures this year, without the fear of being very ignorant & conceited, dear Papa. They are, to my eyes, such *glares* & such *painted scenes*, that I had rather look away than at them."

execution, he was led away by caprice of fancy." And he is large-minded enough to conclude: "Yet he is still the Shakespeare of another and hardly less splendid poetical kingdom." Palgrave's praise of Turner is not simply an instance of his verbal fluency, it is a rendition of the features of artistic excellence:

No one has penetrated so deeply into the soul of nature; no one has so surprised her in her sympathy with man; no one has so nearly rendered her infinite mysteriousness, her multitudinous variety. Aspects, which to others almost singly engrossed their strength, are but modes and moments in the torrent of his prodigal creativeness; yet each of them is created with a vitality and a fullness which the best masters had not attained to. Compare him with Titian in the forest, Rubens in the meadow, Rembrandt in twilight, Cuyp at midday—with the storms of Salvator, or the repose of Claude; Stanfield's sea, Linnell's woodland, and the coast-scenes of Hook, the glens of Landseer—but this one has included and surpassed them all.

Expressed with symphonic coloring, his praise, in fact, becomes a paean to man and art:

Yet, if praise ended here, Turner's most peculiar merit would hardly be expressed. For whilst he has made the closest approach to painting the infinity of nature, he is almost alone in his rendering of her deepest poetry. That deeper poetry springs invariably from the presence of human feeling—either contrasted with or embodied in nature: nor without the touch of humanity, are our profoundest sympathies ever awakened. To impress on his work this sentiment, the painter does not necessarily require that man should form part of his representation. There are pictures by Turner more peopled in their waste wilderness, than the most elaborate figure-landscapes of Claude or Canaletti [*sic*]. But it is still the sense of the Human element which gives loneliness to the desert, and splendour to the city, which recalls the past in the ruins of Rome, and speaks of the future in the fields and coasts of England. There is a terrible seriousness about his work, a moral sadder and deeper than Hogarth's: "the riddle of the painful earth" flashes out through many of those scenes of more than earthly loveliness. Everywhere he contrasts the fate of man, his passions and his achievements, with the landscape around him, or makes the landscape itself a reflection of the drama of life on the more August theatre of nature. Birth and death, stories of man's strength and degradation, passion and despair, are written in the scarlet and azure of Turner's skies, or revealed by the seas, hill-sides and rocks he painted so lovingly. In his art there is a spirit stirring in the tree-tops, and a voice of more than what we rashly name Inanimate Nature in the torrent:—

The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream.

Palgrave's quotation from a poem of Wordsworth's "suggested by a picture of Peele Castle painted by Sir George Beaumont" (included in *The Golden Treasury* under the title "Nature and the Poet") impels him to apostrophize: "What a strange power and fascination we have here! What an art more magical than magic! What a mute and inexpressible poetry!"[465] But his ecstasy is not without method. It is a sensible plea for the spectator to look at the pictures, "each in strict proportion to his own reach, vivacity, and truth of mind ... [for] to sympathize with each great Master, and (what follows only on such sympathy) with each lesser Master, after his merits, fervently and impartially, without fear and without fancifulness, is no doubtful gain to the purer pleasure and higher education of the soul."[466]

This high point is not matched in Palgrave's introductions to the other arts, which in themselves are hardly rivals to British oil painting. His careful historical surveys of Art Designs, Engraving, and Architecture are nevertheless informative and pedagogically effective. It is mainly in his compact three-page treatment of sculpture, the "forlorn hope of modern art,"[467] that the seams of moderation and restraint give way to barely withheld impatience and despair. Palgrave does not delay the survey of decline. In the very first paragraph his conclusion is stated:

By 1750 the art had fallen to the lowest point, at once in technical skill, vitality of meaning, and general estimation; nor can it be said that the efforts of later years have as yet, in any real sense, restored it to its former glories. Sculpture awakens but a cold, feeble, artificial interest, the brief enthusiasm of personal patronage or pedantry. If it appeals at all to popular sympathies, they are the sympathies of ignorance for mechanical trick or mechanical grandeur, for mere mass or for mere minuteness: not for deep or tender feeling, truth to nature, freshness of invention, refinement in handling, loftiness in aim,—for those qualities, in a word, without which the block in the mountain side is far more living than the statue.[468]

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[465]Ibid.
[466]Ibid., p. 9.
[467]Ibid., p. 137.
[468]Ibid.

Consistent with Palgrave's ever-present socio-cultural perspective is his conception of the "double persecution" in the history of European sculpture—"the lust for luxury and ornamentalism"—and, beneath, "the mania for the copy of a copied mythology."[469] So consistent also as to require forceful repetition is his aesthetic premise:

> No art can afford a decline from the highest standard than the art which is summed up in this one quality—simple earnestness. Thus, when decoration or falsehood are sought instead, true sculpture, and with this delicacy and refinement, become impossible. Public taste, reacting on the artist, now fulfils the second law of degeneracy. No longer educated by models of excellence, what sculpture can do in her glory is soon forgotten, with hardly less completeness than if she were numbered amongst the arts confessedly lost from the fields of human achievements. Neither energy in the figure or meaning in the group, neither vitality in the surface or truth in the drapery, are longer looked for or missed: the dulled perception, and uneducated apathetic eye, would hardly recognize them if present. The sculptor follows the fashion by which his labour and his gains are so much facilitated, and soon a barbarous slovenliness, varied from time to time by some new phase of false elaboration or meretricious pedantry, sets in, and the Athéné of Phidias is succeeded by the icons of Byzantium.[470]

Under these circumstances it is notable that Palgrave's treatment of English sculpture of the past century is relatively benign in appraisal and moderate in tone. Given the "period of chaos" which marks modern days, it "is not wonderful, when men by nature so highly gifted as Canova and Flaxman have been able to carry the art so little onward, and have left no permanent effect except from the defective side,—Canova turning his followers to operatic sentimentalism; Flaxman, to antiquarian revival."[471] It is not the skill of the artists—Palgrave adds the names of Thorvaldsen, Gibson, and others—which is in question or elicits wonder but that the nineteenth century "should have fancied a living interest ... in a mythology dead for two thousand years."[472] Palgrave's exasperation turns him to a flash of sneering disdain hitherto below the surface:

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[469]Ibid., p. 138.
[470]Ibid.
[471]Ibid., pp. 138-9.
[472]Ibid., p. 139.

There is a little dialogue in Sterne's novel which dramatically sets forth the attitude of the connoisseur and the common-sense spectator towards "ideal sculpture:"—"There are two Loves:" said Mr. Shandy, "the first, without mother, where Venus had nothing to do; the second, begotten of Jupiter and Dione."—"*Pray, brother*," quoth my Uncle Toby, "*what has a man who believes in God to do with this?*"

The signal becomes a flame, stirred not merely by the dead mythology and the corruption of public taste, but fed as well by Palgrave's known dissatisfaction with monumental public statues and the senselessness of governmental policy. Artists are not named but their works identify them. "Conspicuously placed as they are, how few have any interest or influence over the thousands who would be 'moved as by a trumpet' by the real effigy of a Richard, a Wellington, a Newton, a Napier, a Peel,—even of the Sovereigns in their succession, or men of local mark and position! To foreigners who visit Trafalgar Square or St. Paul's—to Englishmen who know Berlin and Paris, the Louvre and the Santa Croce,—it will be needless to add more, or give the list of recognized too-familiar failures."[473] That Palgrave mentions Foley, Rauch, and Riechel "amongst the few honourable exceptions" serves only to intensify his criticism of portrait statues. And as if to contain himself, he concedes that there has been "a series of heads, occasionally figures, of "real excellence" during the last hundred years, "rarely, perhaps, rising to high and severe perfection in design, most rarely to vitality in execution, yet often proving that men whose ability was sacrificed in imaginative art, with better opportunity would have rivalled better times." His outburst subsided, Palgrave names those Englishmen who "rank thus," with brief characterizing labels: Nollekens, Banks, Chantrey, Flaxman, Watson, Foley, Canova, and Daneker. And he singles out Foley, Watson, and Woolner as "artists who have boldly and consistently renewed the earlier and severer style." Buoyed by the recognition of these artists, Palgrave can conclude with guarded and settled optimism:

Let us hope that spectators, comparing excellence in modern art with real life, and then again with what has been done by master-artists of old, will gradually learn to praise and encourage such work alone as agrees with the one and only

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[473]Ibid.

standard—Nature. Give us but this, and Sculpture will soon follow the brighter fortunes of Painting.

2.

Palgrave seems to have been writing the same book twice and simultaneously. The text in outline seems to have been the *Catalogue,* an orderly list of all the works, British and foreign, complete with floor plan, with brief introductions to each of the "arts" or divisions signed F.T.P. and without further identification or general preliminary information. The main text—or, as it turned out to be, the "suppressed" text—is the *Handbook*, a detailed 138-page appraisal of English art alone, a product of Macmillan and Co., sold at the same time "within the building under the Sanction of Her Majesty's Commissioners," and containing a dedication by F. T. P.,[474] identified on the title-page as Francis Turner Palgrave, to Lord Granville, "best" thanking him, Thomas Fairbairn, and Francis Richard Sandford briefly in the last sentence for "advice and encouragement ... in the general course of [his] work." The bulk of the dedication is a warning of things-to-come. It is cautious. "Whilst dedicating this little book ... I am anxious," it begins, "to state, at once, that although undertaken under the Commissioners' sanction, it contains no judgment for which the author is not solely responsible.[475] And also defensive: "It has been a serious task; unpleasant from the tone of assertion which, in so brief a criticism, is unavoidable without a wearisome repetition of diffidence and qualifying phrases;—in one sense indescribably unpleasant, from the necessity of uniting censure with praise." And likely proud: "But having accepted this ungracious judicial function, in the interests of Art I could not honestly do otherwise than express opinions, which I have done my best to form impartially and to write fearlessly." And almost brazen: "In this wide region of gain and

[474]Pp. iii-iv.

[475]This statement may well have spurred one reviewer's criticism—A. J. Beresford Hope, *Quarterly Review* 112:223 (July 1862), 196—of the Commission's "owning that their interest in it [the *Handbook*] was measured by 2*d.* for each copy sold." Palgrave himself had an interest in the financial success of the *Handbook,* even preferring a binding of the "cheapest kind," because, he wrote to Macmillan on 24 March 1862 (Berg Collection), "I must try & make a litttle money on this point, as I rather fear my text will run me hard."

glory a few counterfeit wares (how should it be otherwise?) have crept in, which in justice to the good men and true, I have felt bound to specify." But apparently not disingenuous: "But no word of dispraise has been admitted without repeated revision, and sincere regret."[476] And then, in a letter of 9 July 1862 (Cambridge University Library, Add. 5354.106) to an unidentified recipient, not a little regretful: "I always wished to be published without any official sanction or monopoly, & could not be surprized that the world in general thought so too: although it was disagreeable to be forced into a brief notoriety."

Palgrave reveals his critical and pedagogical premises immediately. He clears the decks for action, as it were, by dismissing as shibboleths the two "constantly heard" phrases "we know nothing about Painting" and "taste cannot be disputed"—the first because "very little is needed to understand really good Art" and the second because "good taste is merely sound knowledge." The elements underlying these assertions are simple: for the first what is required is a "true open heart," for the second a "clear intellect." What binds them is a "temper ready to love and quick to admire, patient in comparison, but firmly holding what is clearly true to Nature." Palgrave amplifies this egalitarian stance by outlining the "special method" of each art, in this instance painting, which contributes to the "Morality of Taste" and helps fulfill "final cause—the end of ends,—in all the Fine Arts ... to give noble pleasure." For painting the essentials are Colour,[477] a "good management of Light and Shade,"[478] and skill in Drawing.[479] These technical requirements, together Colour and Form, are in themselves not enough to achieve the aim of Art, noble pleasure. For they are only the means of representing those "sweet or lofty thoughts"

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[476]In a letter to Macmillan of 17 April 1862 (Berg Collection) Palgrave confessed: "I have had my share of the disagreeable of life, but I think the dispraise I have here and there had to give the most disagreeable of all my experiences.—I have taken counsel with no artist—not indeed as yet with anybody—& I am solely responsible. I make these remarks because some of the criticized may be acquaintances of yours, & make complaint. I have written every censuring bit over & over, especially in the Sculpture, which is necessarily the most d—g, in hopes to remove all fair grounds of offence."

[477]Ibid., pp. 2-3.

[478]Ibid., pp. 3-4.

[479]Ibid., p. 4.

which Art strives to present. "It is in the quality of *Thought* that what makes Art emphatically Art, lies"[480]: this is the keystone of Palgrave's artistic credo. And it distinguishes painting from photography, "which gives us an imitation," whereas although "Nature gives us herself,—a beauty which nothing can reproduce," art may "repeat Reality for us coloured by the soul of another human creature."[481] Idea, to Palgrave, becomes almost indivisible from spirit: "by that law of our nature which binds body and soul in unity, the *mechanical execution*, proportionately to its excellence, is penetrated by the spiritual element. The heart and intellect of the true Artist steal *mysteriously* into his lines and colours; they, too, are partakers in 'the Soul, or whatever it is, without which the material frame is inanimate and inexpressive.'"[482] Palgrave's synthesis of true art and true artist is strengthened in his belief that "in the best picture we find always most of the painter's own Soul; and such work bears with it another unfailing sign in its thoughtfulness and refinement of Execution."[483] Palgrave's listing of the "universal characteristic[s] of all great Art" is at the same time a listing of the characteristics of all great artists: tenderness, sincerity of purpose, the expression of the widest and truest thoughts.[484] He is emphatic: "We cannot say a painter is great because he paints boldly, or paints delicately; because he generalizes or particularizes; because he loves detail, or because he disdains it. He is great if, by any of these means, he has laid open noble truths, or aroused noble emotions ... And it does not matter whether he seeks for his subjects among peasants or nobles, among the heroic or the simple, in courts or in fields, so only that he behold all things with a thirst for beauty, and a hatred of meanness and vice."[485]

Having disposed of irrelevant prejudgments and critical cant, Palgrave takes the reader on a tour of the galleries, stopping at those works he feels worthy in themselves and in their contribution to the history of painting in England and indeed to the cultural history of the nation itself. The numbered titles in the *Catalogue* become specific pictures to be commented

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[480]Ibid.
[481]Ibid.
[482]Ibid., p. 5.
[483]Ibid.
[484]Ibid.
[485]Ibid., p. 6.

on by the cicerone. And, as if to fuel up his task and tone, Palgrave once again stresses that criticism must avoid "metaphors and fine philosophical language ... [which] in general, with the imbecile criticism of pictures by other pictures, in place of reference to Truth and Nature ... are the contrivances by aid of which ignorance tries to mask itself."[486] And as a kind of forewarning of an at times bumpy ride, he repeats his vow to "speak throughout, without fear and without favour."

Palgrave's compact history of English painting in oil is in essence not vastly different from the outline-summary he had presented in the *Catalogue*. About a third of the thirty-six pages are devoted to those artists he considers the giants of the first period—from 1750-1850—Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Wilson. Since an almost equal number of pages is devoted to Turner, with the remaining third covering some seventy other artists, it should be clear that Palgrave's is a critical survey shaped by personal taste and the unswerving application of the elements of his conception of true art. Stressing the "unmistakably English" variety and individuality, which should however never be so idiosyncratic as to not reflect the nation and attacking stale classifications of art as high and low, Palgrave highlights those features which best characterize the painters and their contribution to the development of art in England. Hogarth is praised for "his sturdy mind [which] rebelled against the eloquent nonsense of the day, and his obstinate self-reliance which qualified him well to lead the Reformation in English Art."[487] Hogarth's almost evangelical mission of Reformation was to introduce life into art (as Richardson and Fielding had done for the modern novel). "Hogarth took Painting, and from gods and goddesses, nymphs and shepherds, turned the canvas to reflect the real story of our common life,—its pathos, its meanness, its fashions, humours, tears, laughter, triumphs and depths of degradation."[488] In what is more of socio-cultural and politico-moral than aesthetic interest, Palgrave describes the subject matter of Hogarth's paintings but says little about his artistic technique. He tends to paraphrase or narrate the paintings—it must be remembered that, apparently for economic reasons, there were no illustrations in both the

[486]Ibid., p. 7.
[487]Ibid., p. 9.
[488]Ibid., p. 10.

Catalogue and the *Handbook*—as, for example, in his treatment of the *Captain Corum*: "a fine portrait of the kindhearted officer who 'ruined himself,' as the phrase goes, to establish the Foundling Hospital. What an air of rough, unreasoning goodness Hogarth has thrown into the face; what a weather-beaten virtue! This is true portraiture; we see the head of the good old sailor, and his heart also, and are glad to think that, amongst the sneers of the world at his benevolence, he must have had a friend of him in our brave and admirable Humourist."[489] Palgrave's treatment of Reynolds is similar and yet differentiated. Using a "little sketch" of Reynold's early life to illustrate "with force the position of English Art in its beginnings" in order to stress how Reynolds, the "young reformer," "fought his way to sympathy and success."[490] Choosing to examine Reynolds and Gainsborough together because, as Hogarth gave us the "first examples of force and life[,] to these qualities, in one word, they added Poetry." In another inflection of his socio-cultural orientation and personal inclination, he singles out Reynolds's "ingenuous grace [and] ... holy simplicity"[491] in his pictures of childhood and girlhood. And once again citing origin and inner constitution as well, Palgrave spotlights Gainsborough, "a clothier's son [who] grew up in Suffolk, and by the instincts of his own heart saw the truth and beauty which were hidden from the eyes of Amsterdam and Versailles": "He was he first painter in England who felt the loveliness of landscape; he was the first painter in Europe who felt the charms of innocent poverty." Palgrave's paraphrase of Gainsborough's *Lady E. Foster* is typical: "perhaps the most consummate piece of his art on these walls; a quiet square of gray and auburn, a calm countenance, looking out with full eyes and a half smile of thoughtfulness on her gentle lips:—nothing brilliant or striking, only a serene serious sweetness that haunts the memory like some one of those airs which Mozart seems to have stolen direct from Heaven."[492]

Palgrave's immense admiration does not hinder him from making choices and distinctions, however hesitating he may appear to be. "If a cautious comparison may be added, it may be noted that Gainsborough shows, on the whole, more care in invention; Reynolds, more felicity in

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[489]Ibid., p. 12.
[490]Ibid., p. 14.
[491]Ibid., p. 15.
[492]Ibid., p. 16.

form; that he has more force in colour, Gainsborough more purity." And with feeling: "There is something of the daybreak in Gainsborough's tints; of the sunset in Sir Joshua's."[493] After admitting that the "incomparable" *Blue Boy* is "in rich quality of Painting probably the finest thing within the walls," Palgrave nevertheless finds Reynolds "decidedly the greater artist." "Artist" is more than "painter." It is a designation reserved for creators, be they painters or poets, sculptors or composers. It is not learned, although it involves "patient industry—that quality so inseparable from real genius," a "long life of constant education." What distinguishes the master is a strong mind: Palgrave repeats the phrase "no man ever put more into a head than was in his own." And although he lists the visible characteristics of this "great painter"—"a lofty equanimity, a scorn of the world's trifles and gossip, a sweet humility towards all nature, generosity and gentleness towards fellow-workmen—such, and all others like them"—he regards the highest element as the unfathomable idea, which, quoting Reynolds again, "subsists in the mind. The sight never beheld it, nor has the hand expressed it; it is an idea residing in the breast of the artist, which he is always labouring to impart, and which he dies at last without imparting."[494]

Only one other artist of the first period ranks with the greatest, Richard Wilson, "whose pictures prove that if born in better days, he would have freed himself from the bonds of imitation, under which the admirers of the French-Italian school may be said to have bound him on pain of starving. Even so, he was in advance of his age"[495] To this customary if somewhat indirect support of the rebel, Palgrave stresses the "great elementary features of the landscape [which] were Wilson's portion. The tempest, the calm, the quiet irradiance of midday or twilight, vexed seas, or gorgeous ruins, mass and breadth, and stateliness,—in such scenes his truly poetical spirit found what he could render with force and beauty."[496] Again, Palgrave's high estimation is well-nigh *a postiori* since his descriptions—of *Landscape* as "charming," and "with its glory of golden flood and hazy hills ... an excellent specimen of his poetical manner" or of *View on the Dee* as representing "what was probably the natural impulse of

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[493]Ibid., p. 17.
[494]Ibid.
[495]Ibid., p. 19.
[496]Ibid.

the great artist. The picturesque point of sight chosen ... the perfect state of his colouring" are hardly arguments. Palgrave can use such broad appraisals as a means of damning with faint praise. Joseph Wright of Derby, "respectable as a portrait-painter, is not without a certain poetry in his landscapes. They are overwhelmingly heavy and monotonous; yet the surface and forms of the distant hills are carefully treated in the *Ulleswater*. Loutherbourg's vast views show a more practised hand than Wright's, but less evidence of an aim at simple truth."[497] Or as a prelude to outright damning. Of Morland, "once a great name, and a man of distinct capacity": "Gleams of happy effect in landscape appear in his works; the grouping is natural; there is an occasional air of the picturesque which connects him with more recent artists:—No. 103 is a fair specimen. The rest we can class only as furniture-pictures, the cast-off finery and outworn fashions of the past."[498] Underlying the insulting failure to mention the name of the fair specimen and the following harsh judgment is Palgrave's sensitivity to the moral integrity and responsibility of the artist. Morland "has suffered the penalty which at last overtakes those faithless to their gift ... [he] is one of the many who influence their day mainly by their worst qualities; one painter of his careless facility and coarse effectiveness, like one commonplace and easy versifier, dulls the taste and drains the purse of a hundred patrons, disheartening by unmerited success the true artist, and sacrificing his art to that mere ornamentalism which, in modern times, is its besetting danger."[499]

Palgrave's criticism is not of technical deficiencies but of artists who "were not strong men," like West, Fuseli, Northcote, Barry, Haydon, Hilton, whose reputation rested, "not on the goodness of their work, but on the prevalence of the theories alluded to [such as "grand style" or "historical style," "limited to subjects from the far past, resting their appeal, not on living interests, but on books"] or on the clamour they raised about them."[500] Although wishing to be saved from "the ungrateful task of criticizing the failures of men who,—though mistaken in their aim, and unequal to their object,—gave a lifetime to their uncomfortable pictures, and have each some gift which, better used, might have done us

[497]Ibid., p. 18.
[498]Ibid.
[499]Ibid., pp. 18-19.
[500]Ibid., p. 20.

service," Palgrave nevertheless peppers painters and paintings: Haydon's *Judgment of Solomon*—"much force, though little taste, in colour"; Hilton's *Innocents and Crucifixion*—"a lesson in how far apart are size and sublimity"; Northcote, Fuseli, and Barry: "we 'look, and pass on' before the cold barren correctness of the *Adam and Eve*, the theatrical insipidity of the *Argyll*, the frenzied fancy of the *Satan*."[501] Palgrave's disappointment with the "wholesome revolution" in historical art foreshadowed in Copley's *Death of Major Pierson* and Cross's *Coeur de Líon* is evident as well in his view of portrait painters, among whom Opie, Jackson, and Raeburn "show some force; Ramsey, Romney, and Copley some character," but "there is little by them that can rank as Art in the high sense."[502] Only Thomas Lawrence carried the art to "further development"; his "manner, concealing want of care and character under slovenly smartness, was exactly fitted to influence art for evil: and it did so."[503] Palgrave deems it a "true misfortune when a bad popular style corrupts the public taste, renders spectators ignorantly indifferent to thorough work, and turns what might have been a living art into the rival schools of slovenliness without effect, or hardness without power." His anger is so great that he decides "to pass rapidly over the uncomfortable duty of censure [but] must add that the work of Grant, Pickersgill, Buckner, Knight, Swinton, and others, appear to fall almost hopelessly within the style just characterized." But he does concede there is at least some "advance" in the "real value" of the sincerity in the "force" of Gordon, the "grace" of Boxell, the "thoughtful design" of Henry Wyndham Phillips, and Samuel Lawrence, the "sweet colour, and rare delicacy in touch" of George Watts, the "firm drawing and well-rendered character" of Lowes Dickinson."[504]

Despite his concentration on specific painters Palgrave never loses sight of the relationship of the arts to the present time and to the history of England. "Incidental painting," he holds, in a repetition of what he had written in the *Catalogue*, "runs parallel with the great outburst of novel writing from about 1790 onwards, with the social change which gave the patronage of art rather to the mercantile than to the educated classes, and with that fusion of ranks and interests which (in another sphere) found

[501]Ibid., p. 21.
[502]Ibid., p. 23.
[503]Ibid., p. 24.
[504]Ibid.

expression in Burns, Scott, Crabbe, and Wordsworth. In figure-subjects, we might broadly say that the region of our modern art is Home, whilst the ancient found its home in Heaven."[505] Similarly, Palgrave links the "deeper roots" of the Landscape School with England, its style furthermore "in strict sympathy with corresponding phases in literature and taste," appearing "simultaneously with the love of travelling and the love of natural description. These passions ... are due, no doubt, in part to simple increased opportunity; to recent wealth and peace, and multiplied facilities for journeying."[506] This particularly English love of landscape, a "glorious gain to modern English art," he links as well with "the written landscape of the glorious Poets of our own age: by what we have learned from Scott in the novels or the ballads, from the imaginative wildness of Shelley or the purple profusion of Keats; we are alternately swayed by the torrent force and breadth of Byron in the *Pilgrimage*—or Nature opens to us her 'heart of hearts' in Wordsworth, and we learn that the poetry of *Hartlsap Well* or *Tintern* has passed into the soul of Turner by a mysterious and spiritual transfiguration."[507] The introduction of Turner in this enthusiastic swell is not surprising, and the next four pages, 27-30, on the "misappreciated Englishman ... who, like Phidias and Giotto, did more than "only mirror the feelings and tendencies of the Present,"[508] are the centerpiece of the *Handbook*. Palgrave's celebration of Turner is much the same as that in the *Catalogue*. Beyond even his technical excellence—albeit admittedly not perfect—is his vision: "No landscape but his adequately renders what is the first and the last feature of all landscapes,—the sense of air, space, and light. Others' work looks like a copy on canvass; Turner's like a vision."[509] After briefly adoring a few pictures—"were they twenty times multiplied, [they] would give but a faint impression of the vast industry of Turner,—of his marvellous variety, of his ever-new creativeness"[510]—Palgrave can hardly do more than reiterate his earlier apostrophe: Turner is "the Shakespeare of another and a hardly less splendid poetical kingdom. No one has penetrated so deeply into the soul

[505]Ibid., pp. 25-6.
[506]Ibid., p. 26.
[507]Ibid., p. 27.
[508]Ibid., p. 25.
[509]Ibid., p. 27.
[510]Ibid., p. 28.

of nature; no one has so surprized her in her sympathy with man; no one so nearly rendered her multitudinous variety,—her ineffable and infinite mysteriousness."[511]

Having focussed so heavily and long on Turner, Palgrave seems to have run out of energy and space. Turner's death in 1851 reminds him that he must turn back to the landscape painters of Turner's youth and then move forward to the present. Accordingly the remaining pages of his book amount to a fairly brisk run through the rest of the Exhibition. No fewer than forty-two artists and their works are noted and commented on. Many are subject to capsule-like characterizations of their style and illustration in a picture or two: Bonington and Müller, for example, "died before reaching their full strength. They are alike in decided sense of colour, in the union of figures with landscape, in the variety of scenes which they attempted."[512] Westall, Smirke, and Howard "chose often the same subjects of fancy as Etty, but from lesser power rarely carried them beyond ornamentalism. We see in these men the affectation of the time when the art of Lawrence was fashionable."[513] To be sure, Palgrave does pause long enough to give due attention to such figures as Constable, Wilkie, Etty, and Mulready, but, as always, never fully satisfied with their work. Of Constable: "Powerful in rendering effect, but effect only, he is one of those whose influence on Art has been unfortunate."[514] Of Wilkie: "His clear and picturesque, though artificial, colour, his careful drawing, his minute finish—the thoughtful care with which he has filled every inch with incident, the vivid grasp of character by which the incident is supported,—these are powerful means to success. But he added another so powerful ... the strongly coloured and peculiar points which had hitherto distinguished Scottish manners and character [that] had been revealed to Englishmen by Burns."[515] Of Etty: "He was among the greatest, if not the greatest colourist of his time; drew carefully and studied much, had a deep sense of grace in line and feature, a profound feeling for landscape; and yet, through the subjects which he mainly treated, his magnificent painting fails in the truth of its appeal ... for *scenes* from

[511]Ibid., p. 29.
[512]Ibid., p. 33.
[513]Ibid., p. 39.
[514]Ibid., pp. 31-2.
[515]Ibid., pp. 36-7.

mythology, whether the genuine mythology of Greece, or that later artificial form which for three centuries had infested Europe,—can have for us no genuine and soul-stirring interest."[516] Of Mulready: "No English work for the first forty or fifty years of this century equals Mulready's drawing; the absolute perfection of line in the children of the *Hayfield*, the dog, and throughout the *Bathers*, makes us feel to the utmost the impassable though often almost imperceptible gulf between the designing of a real Master and that of minor draughtsmen. His power over character is less certain."[517]

Palgrave's assessments of English painters are admittedly personal and partisan. There is some concession made to evenhandedness, despite occasional penalizing judgments. One thing is certain, however. Palgrave was taking a stand against that academic jargon which obscured truth and that institutional petrification which stifled nature. Nature and truth, the moral keystones of art and life, were themselves not sterile or photographic. Palgrave's plea for modern art to reflect modern life was not a call for realistic painting as much as a call for the imaginative grasp and rendition of the deep truth of the all-pervading human condition. Self-confident and opinionated, to be sure, but essentially liberal and progressive, in his art criticism Palgrave was above all a dedicated moral judge and an English patriot.

He was living in the real world, confronted real forces, and suffered real setbacks. His criticism was not met kindly. It was not merely a question of whether the criticism was effective in the long run. Ruskin, the inspirer of Palgrave's position and vocabulary, found the *Handbook* "very nice," but admitted, "I have come to feel profoundly how right Turner was in always telling me that criticism was useless. If the public don't know music when they hear it—nor painting when they see it—nor sculpture when they feel it—no talk will teach them. It *seems* to do good—but in truth it does none—or more harm than good."[518] It was a question also of how much immediate harm it might evoke. As it turned out, for Palgrave the result was both harm and good.

[516]Ibid., p. 38.

[517]Ibid., p. 40.

[518]In a letter to Palgrave of 12 February 1863 (British Library Add.MS. 45741, fol. 190), also in Gwenllian, pp. 72-3.

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It was not so much Palgrave's irritating pronouncements on painters[519] but his remarks on sculptors that evoked a flurry of angry public responses, led to the withdrawal of the *Handbook* from sanctioned sale within the Exhibition, and forced Palgrave to issue a somewhat revised *Descriptive Handbook* shortly thereafter to be sold in bookshops. The treatment of artists in the *Handbook* was not always gentle but it did not seem to disturb the establishment or the artists unduly or to elicit a public response, for the reputations of, say, Marochetti and Munro were "all sufficiently established to bear Mr Palgrave's detractions."[520] True, some were disturbed not so much by what Palgrave had written as by the fact that he had used an official publication to express his personal views: in a letter to the *Times* of 17 May 1862 (published 19 May, p. 9), John Everett Millais and G. F. Watts, artists who had not been treated badly by Palgrave,[521] thought "it right—without reference to Mr. Palgrave's qualifications as an art critic—to protest against the introduction of any individual opinion whatever in an official catalogue." Others defended his right to speak out: "Too much there is deserving of blame, distasteful and presumptuous, sometimes insolent; but there is more of another character, written with a hearty zest for, and fine comprehension of, art that will be read with pleasure and instruction, and suggest the thought of mixed regret and approval, *si sic omnia!*"[522] Clearly, the book "had the misfortune of alike offending the criticised by its freedom and the critics

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[519]In a letter to the *Times* of 14 May 1862 (published 15 May), p. 9, J. O. or Jacob Omnium (one of the numerous pseudonyms of the columnist Matthew Higgins) was outraged by Palgrave's treatment of Edwin Landseer, which charge Palgrave answered in a letter to the *Times* of 16 May 1862 (published 17 May), p. 11, claiming he had been quoted out of context.

[520]*Examiner* 2834 (24 May 1862), 323. Palgrave himself had a similar view. Even as the last proofs were being worked on, he wrote to Macmillan in a letter dated only Monday (Berg Collection): "The Sculpture contains some horrid blowings-up which remind me of Johnson's remark after he had been criticized 'are we alive after all this'? I daresay Marochetti & Co. will be as living as ever, even after Thursday."

[521]In the *Handbook*, p. 24, Watts is praised for his "sweet colour, and rare delicacy in touch"; Millais is not mentioned, although two of his paintings were on exhibition.

[522]*Examiner* 2834 (24 May 1862), 323. In its presentation of the controversy, it must be said, the article criticizes both Palgrave and the Commission roundly.

by the crudeness of its composition."[523]

As was the case with painting, Palgrave's discussion of sculpture in the *Handbook* does not differ in substance from that in the *Catalogue*. Both have the same premise, sculpture is "the forlorn hope of modern art,"[524] and, as both works demonstrate in a survey of the state, if not the history, of sculpture, it "was first misdirected, then degraded, until the art fell to its present forlorn state, divided, for the most part, between mythology, sentimentalism, smoothness, and slovenliness."[525] Both are impatient with the jargon and labels of art criticism. But what was a three-page outline in the *Catalogue* in which Palgrave recognized the talent of a smallish number of sculptors with admiration and approval and had the discretion not to name those who created public monuments which "fail, often utterly, from the conventional classical style, bringing with it feebleness in modelling and tameness in outline,—from meretricious trick, or shallow artifice,—from vacuousness and slovenly execution!"[526] became in the twenty-seven-page tour of the actual pieces in the Exhibition an increasingly depressed lament-cum-outcry. The fairly hopeful conclusion of the *Catalogue* found its counterpart in a three-and-a-half-page (pp. 109-12) tirade against Baron Marochetti, the final two sentences of the tirade and the book smacking not so much of conclusion as of impatience with and disgust at the whole subject: "It is the old old story with Marochetti, as it is with other sculptors of similar pretensions, here and elsewhere—the Frog trying to blow himself out to Bull dimensions. He may puff and be puffed—but he will never do it."[527] The measure of Palgrave's wrath is inversely proportional to the fact that there were only two works by Marochetti in the Exhibition, a bronze group, *Love with a Dog*, and a plaster statue, *Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy*.

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[523]A. J. Beresford Hope, "The International Exhibition," *Quarterly Review* 112:223 (July 1862), 196.

[524]*Catalogue*, p. 137.

[525]*Handbook*, p. 85.

[526]*Catalogue*, p. 139. Palgrave laments the absence for "the thousands who would be 'moved as by a trumpet' by the real effigy of a Richard, a Wellington, a Newton, a Napier, a Peel" without naming the sculptors of the likes of Marochetti, Matthew Noble, Alexander Munro, and John Gibson, who created those which are currently "conspicuously placed."

[527]*Handbook*, p. 112.

In the body of the *Handbook* Palgrave illustrates his premise by commenting on the specific works and their creators. Whereas in the *Catalogue* the works were simply listed, in the *Handbook* they are named and together constitute a compact survey of English sculpture. In a short work Palgrave took on the immense task of dealing with 319 pieces of English sculpture,[528] measuring each by the skill of their creators and especially by their adherence to or divergence from the precepts he makes known immediately:

If sculpture appeals at all to popular sympathies, they are the sympathies of ignorance for mechanical trick or mechanical grandeur, for sensual polish or spasmodic distortion, for "picturesque" sculpture, or the facetious, or "sweetly pretty" style,—everything, in short, which the Art should shun,—not for deep or tender feeling, truth to nature, freshness of invention, refinement in handling, loftiness in aim,—for those qualities, in a word, without which the block in the mountain side is far more living than the statue.[529]

His "scornful disgust" of the "false antique," for example, is more powerful than his admiration of individual excellence, however agonizing the tension between the two:

Of those who will visit this Exhibition, could Flaxman, or Banks, expect that one in a thousand will be a scholar sufficiently trained to sympathize with the *Consolations of Thetis*, or comprehend the *Fury of Athanas*? Perhaps in all modern art there is not a more lovely design than the *Mercury and Pandora*: no angel by Michael Angelo,—no bird in the heavens, to take this better standard, could move with more absolute grace, or give the effect of more entire self-supportiveness. Over his *Shield of Achilles*, again, Flaxman has poured an affluence of invention worthy of Homer:—Watson has treated his *Sarpedon* bas-relief in a very fine style;—but are we to come with

[528]The total includes a few specimens of medals and intangled gems, as well as the Supplemental List. In a letter to the *Times* of 17 May, p. 11, the sculptor George G. Adams complained that the marble busts of Wellington and Burdett were "not yet placed, and have not been seen as yet by any one at the Exhibition ... clearly proving that Mr. Palgrave must have had undue prejudice and advice from some one." Palgrave's conscientious engagement is evident in his response in the *Athenaeum* (1808 [21 June 1862], p. 829), to the charge found also in the *Illustrated London News* of 7 June: "I examined the works in question on several occasions before the Exhibition opened within their place of temporary deposit."

[529]*Handbook*, p. 85.

Lexicon and Lampière to translate these wonders of poetical modelling into English?[530]

That tension is heightened when Palgrave evaluates other proponents of the false antique—Canova, "with his waxen work and frivolous sentiment,—his Parisian airs, and ballet-girl Graces"; Gibson's "masterpieces of—lifeless labour and careful coldness"; Thorvaldsen, whose "whole life one long indefatigable anachronism"[531]—and yet is able to admire the "conscientious elaboration and beautiful lines of Wyatt's groups and Foley's *Ino*; the exquisite grace of Behnes' *Cupid*, the severity of Kessels, the freedom of Lequesne."[532] And so it goes throughout the tour. Many artists and their works are lumped together and dismissed with a stinging phrase—"the total emptiness of Brodie's *Highland Mary and Dante*, Durham's *Child and Dog*, Gibson's *Nymph*, Lawler's *Titania* and *Allegra*, Thrupp's toppling and proportionless *Hamadryads* and *Nymph*"—or, as in the case of Munro's *Child's Play* and *Shell* and Bell's *Dorothea*, disdained as "poetical counterfeits" or, like Theed's *Bard*, "must, with regret, be exempted from silence by their positive and prominent failure."[533] Palgrave is constantly at pains to express his "regret," as he does in launching a broadside onslaught: "If it is unpleasant thus to criticise works that have no redeeming quality, I find it, perhaps, more so when we see traces of a little natural gift, which might have done us service if educated by study and directed by truth. But of what use is a feeling for prettiness, when wasted on such result as Munro's *Child's Play*, *Maternal Joy, Child Asleep,* and the like?—in which there is no limb physically possible, no surface rendered with any real modelling, the draperies obstinately untrue, the sentiment that of the Book of Beauty in marble?"[534]

Even more than by the false antique, "degraded poetry," sentimentalism, ornamentalism, and what-have-you, Palgrave is especially outraged by the absence of truth to nature in portraiture, "since mastery in it was first reached (hardly before the age of Alexander), has remained,

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[530]Ibid., pp. 88-9.
[531]Ibid., p. 90.
[532]Ibid., pp. 90-1.
[533]Ibid., p. 98.
[534]Ibid., p. 99.

and must always remain, the foundation of excellence in sculpture." The intensity of his discussion is evident in his yoking of the art of portraiture with the decay of public taste and the failure of government to understand the cultural and patriotic significance of publicly displayed works—a core topic of his entire career:

> How few public or monumental statues can be named which do not fail, often utterly, from the conventional classical style, bringing with it feebleness in modelling and tameness in outline,—from meretricious trick, or shallow artifice,—from vacuousness and slovenly execution! ... the course of our public statues is generally much alike; they are ordered by a committee, officially praised by a neat newspaper paragraph on the day after they are "unveiled," detected as counterfeit art by the week's end, and followed next year by a brazen brother of the same family.[535]

Palgrave does indeed name many directly in a continuous crescendo against work "executed with a shameful slovenliness, or a spasmodic affectation; truth and nature murdered in every line and surface ... Thus a great country pillories her heroes!—unless a too-patient public be roused to outcries of irrepressible disgust, till the black monster, chased and hooted from the square or the cathedral, perches at last on the top of an arch, or takes refuge in a patron's garden."[536] Such outbursts, often repetitive, against artists and establishment account for forty-five percent of the entire article. Grudgingly, Palgrave grants Nollekens "many admirable heads of lasting interest" and Chantrey "with a gifted fine eye for the picturesque in sculpture, and a particular power over the light and shade of masses," but only as a prelude to a condemnation of the latter's "sacrific[ing] all to manufacturing temptations, quick returns, and easy profits."[537] The "tyranny of fashion and the carelessness of spectators" are factors, "but truth does not appear to me to admit such excuses for the portrait and monumental sculpture of Noble, Theed, and Adams": "the human face,—that masterpiece of divine art,—has more in it than the careless lumps and heavy furrows of Noble's work, the cold apathetic vacuity of Theed's, the intense and unheroic vulgarity and ungainly shapelessness of Adams'." And without so much as a pause, Palgrave

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[535]Ibid., pp. 101-2.
[536]Ibid., p. 102.
[537]Ibid., p. 103.

ranks "on the same bad eminence" the *Cromwell* of Bell, the *H. Lawrence* of Lough, and Brodies's "frightful" *Architecture*.[538] As if this were not enough, Palgrave heaps curse upon curse: "such false images as Adams' *Wellington* and *Burdett*, Noble's *Barrow* and *Lyons*, Munro's *Armstrong,* Theed's *Hallam* and *Lawrence*, are a disgrace to English art now, and an outrage on remote generations."[539]

Palgrave has favorites, to be sure, but mainly one, Thomas Woolner, to whom he devotes three pages of unrestrained praise, whose excellence is attained through his rendition of "perfect truth and consummate tenderness," terms used by Palgrave to account for his idolization of Turner and derived from his idol Ruskin.[540] There is a brief and sincere praise for Foley's equestrian group of *Lord Hardynge*, whose surfaces have been "moulded" with "such truth, or infused vitality with such power."[541] But the passage from Nave to the Horticultural Gardens leads Palgrave to Marochetti's Turin group and provokes a four-page cascade of abuse reaching far beyond the two works in the Exhibition and concluding the entire section not with a whimper but a bang.[542] "It is simply impossible to

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[538]Ibid., p. 104.

[539]Ibid., p. 105. Palgrave names them and others, and describes individual public statues in some detail, in "Public Statues in London," *Broadway Annual* 17 (February 1868), 429-36, and (March 1868), 522-31. After brief descriptions of statues located at major squares and sites in London in the last century before sculpture was studied as an art in England and, "for the want of general public knowledge and taste," national Philistinism, and the unfitness of patrons and committees, was dominated by the "silly superstition" of the superiority of Italian taste, Palgrave once again illustrates the "present low state of the art" by surveying public statues in London by all the same and many other sculptors he has come to dislike, from Chantrey to Marochetti, pausing at some works, like the Nelson Memorial, to specify their poor quality, and hoping nevertheless that their replacement by "groups of real life and skill" might allow London to "take the place in public sculpture due to a nation which has produced a series of great artists but has lacked the taste and the sense to use them." Palgrave's sensitivity to harmony of object, place, and landscape is evident in his suggestion, in a letter to the *Times* of 22 January 1878, p. 8 (published on 23 January), of a site for Cleopatra's Needle "on the very verge of the enclosed portion of St. James's-park, exactly opposite to the centre of the mid-archway of the Horse Guards."

[540]Ibid., pp. 106-8.

[541]Ibid., pp. 108-9.

[542]Ibid., pp. 109-11.

use the same forms of speech in reference to sculpture such as that of the artists last criticized," he confesses, "and to such absolute, ineffable scorn or ignorance of all its requirements as the Baron here exalts before us, in a pyramid which may vie, for taste and beauty of composition, with best centre-pieces of the confectioner:—it is like passing from Davy or Faraday to the art of the mountebank, of the science of the spirit-rapper."[543] Palgrave does indeed find words to vilify Marochetti. His rage is so unlimited that it is difficult to explain. Palgrave was normally ever the gentleman; even Ruskin had found something to admire in Marochetti's work. It is little wonder that there was a protest.

4.

It came quickly. About two weeks after the 1 May opening, the *Times* published the letter from one J. O. taking exception to Palgrave's treatment of Landseer and his qualifications as critic, and two days later, on 17 May, Palgrave's response that he had been quoted out of context. As already mentioned, there were letters to the *Times* in the following days on the propriety of personal opinion in publications connected with public exhibitions, on the necessity of freedom of opinion, and on the influence of Palgrave's sharing a house with Thomas Woolner, the sculptor whom he praised above all others. What is striking about this flurry is that it seems to be ex post facto, perhaps a storm created for a purpose beyond discrediting Palgrave. The fact of the matter seems to be that Palgrave had been asked by the Commission on 13 May to "favour them with any observations which occur to him on the subject": i.e. "statements made by some eminent sculptors respecting certain passages in the *Handbook to the Fine Art Collections* which are of a character likely to be painful to the feelings of artists who have been invited to exhibit their works." Palgrave sent a copy of this letter to the *Times*, along with his response of 16 May, both published on 19 May (p. 9):

As I find that the policy of sanctioning a critical guide to the Fine Art Collections of the International Exhibition has been questioned, and that my little *Handbook* has given rise to an angry feeling among some of the exhibitors, I beg leave to return to you the licence of publication with which you honoured me.

I should much prefer that the book, such as it is, should be allowed to stand on

[543]Ibid., p. 109.

its own footing. From any trial of fair attack I do not shrink, although fully aware that the opinions of one person on this wide region of art, however honestly formed, must include much that is incorrect or questionable. But, on official grounds, it appears best that a work inevitably of this character should not receive even the limited sanction which you have conferred on it. Requesting you, therefore, to accept this as a notice of withdrawal, I remain, gentlemen, your obedient servant, F. T. Palgrave.

From the dates it is obvious that the controversy had already taken place and behind doors, as it were. Who the objecting sculptors were and if their motive was only that mentioned in the letter of the Commission are of course questions well-nigh impossible to answer. A clue to the motivation of the stormy J. O. is offered by Holman Hunt, a friend of Palgrave's and a fellow-Pre-Raphaelite of Woolner's, who was of the opinion that J. O.'s motive, "veiled under the show of defending the whole profession," for his attack on Palgrave was in reality an attempt to discredit Woolner: J. O.'s "desire was to turn the tide in favour of Marochetti for the commission of a statue of Macaulay to be put up at Cambridge, which was on the point of being decided by a Council largely composed of men in favour of Woolner ... [and that] Jacob Omnium's letters had been timed so as to appear a day or two before the award of the commission."[544] That the resentment was great is evident in Hunt's admission that, after having written a letter as mediator to the *Times* on 17 May (published on 19 May, p. 9), he was then "entirely cut off from Marochetti, whose talent [he] respected," that "Sir Edwin Landseer, who had lately shown a disposition to become friendly, now avoided [him]. And all the painters and sculptors condemned by Palgrave evidently thought [him] of his opinion, although, in fact, [he] often did not share it." And, ironically, "when Woolner's statue was completed, it was a disappointment to [him]."[545]

What is puzzling is why Palgrave withdrew his *Handbook* so quickly and quietly. His "little" *Handbook*, as he fondly referred to it, was in even

[544]W. Holman-Hunt, *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood* (2nd. ed., 2 vols., London, 1913), 2:181.

[545]Ibid., 2:182.

the smallest details very dear to him.[546] As he must have been putting the finishing touch to it, on 14 April 1862, two weeks before the opening of the Exhibition, he wrote to Lord Frederick Cavendish, a fellow-worker in the Education Department, for advice on the wording of the dedication, grateful for even the slightest of alterations.[547] On 6 May 1862, a few days after the opening, he wrote anxiously to his publisher that he had "not seen a soul in the building with it hitherto!"[548] He may well have been "depressed," as Holman Hunt described him. But that is not enough to explain fully the speedy and relatively smooth withdrawal, nor is the brief and tight-lipped defense of his views in his letter of withdrawal. There must have been great pressure exerted by friends and allies, greater than that from critics or enemies. Palgrave's opinions were known from earlier publications, although their tone was hardly so vehement. And Palgrave was not known to retract. It is not unlikely that Palgrave's friends among the Commissioners urged him to withdraw the *Handbook* for politico-cultural reasons—it was after all an international exhibition and, to be sure, Marochetti was a favorite of the royal family and especially of the recently deceased Prince Consort. It was obviously an embarrassment for them—one commentator called it a "humiliation"[549]—and it would be more so for Palgrave if he did not take the first step and go "willingly" and submit to the title of his little red book being quietly removed in the "corrected" *Catalogue* from the list of books sold within the building. There was really no other choice. That there were no hard feelings among the Commissioners is obvious in a comment made by Fairbairn in a letter of Woolner's to Palgrave dated 12 October 1862, stating that Fairbairn "has the most affectionate interest in everything relating to you and he said in returning it [Palgrave's "generous letter" in which Woolner "gratefully accept(s) your permission to say no more about the £500 till

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[546]With the engagement that characterized all his productions with Macmillan, in his letters of 18 March, 24 March, 14 April, and others undated but doubtless of this period (Berg Collection), Palgrave voiced what amounted to directives on the format of the book, the color of the wrappers, the quality of the paper, the size of the print run, the price, and the advertising.

[547]British Library Add.MS. 45741, fol. 30-1.

[548]British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 1.

[549]Beresford Hope, p. 196.

the time comes when I can repay you"]: 'This is a most noble fellow'."[550]

The flare-up itself disappeared almost as quickly as it had arisen, not quite forgotten and perhaps not forgiven. There is no mention of it in John Hollingshead's *Concise History of the International Exhibition of 1862*, but that may be because it was published "by authority" a bit earlier and still lists the *Handbook* among the works advertised as "sold in the building by authority of Her Majesty's Commissioners." Nor does it appear in the official *Report of the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1862, to the Right Hon. Sir George Grey*, one of Her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, in 1863. Besides, Palgrave did not abandon the work. It is not known exactly how many copies of the *Handbook* were printed or sold. In a letter to Macmillan of 18 March 1862 he wrote, "We must be ready to keep the whole in type till it is made up, & then be prepared to rattle off our 10 to 30,000 within the last 10 days of April"; on 24 March he asked what a cloth binding will be per *copy* on, say 5000"; on 14 April he felt that "if it sells quickly ... we can print 20,000 at a time"; and on 17 April he reported that Fairbairn "will not hear of a larger *first* impression than 4000." But he had discussed its potential with Macmillan (17 May 1862, Berg Collection) and proceeded vigorously. Since he was free to offer the book for sale outside the Exhibition building, he planned to "get the remaining copies back from the Exhibition, & to paste over the official headings" and, further, that his "plan is that this should be sold for a few days, whilst I complete the Foreign section. When that is ready, to issue a 2d edition (of modest numbers) with a little explanatory preface ... As soon as the 2d is ready, I shall suppress what may remain of the first. Meantime, you should send round to the trade & advertize merely as 'Descriptive Handbook &c. by F. T. Palgrave &c'. This should be done enough to show that we go on: but I don't want it done *blazingly*. When the book is finished, we may perhaps do so more conspicuously." A few days later, on 20 May 1862, aware that "in case of such a book, people want to get it easily," he asked Macmillan, "can you manage to get it sold in any shops near the Exhibition?" and suggested that "perhaps in a day or two we might start a man or two to carry it about on a hawker's board near the main entrances." In a letter dated only Tuesday he had "after consulting Fairbairn ... directed boys to sell the book at the doors, & have no doubt that we shall now go on

[550]Quoted in Amy Woolner, *Thomas Woolner, R.A.* (London, 1917), p. 228.

swimmingly." In another (undated) he announced to Macmillan that "the 2d edn may now be advertised—I wish it to be done once or twice in large type in Ath[enaeu]m & Saturday review. I am for a sensation heading The Suppressed Handbook", Descriptive HB, Revised & completed with a Preface." Not to be forgotten and of some consolation was that the Commission "promise to make good all *deficiencies* on the total expenses of the first Edition," Palgrave wrote to Macmillan in an undated letter, "as soon as we know what they are—not a very liberal offer, but I can't stand out for more." On 17 May Palgrave had more information: "The Commission offer me compensation, which I think of levying to the extent of the total *cost* of the 1st edition."

What did replace the *Handbook* was the *Descriptive Handbook to the Fine Art Collections in the International Exhibition of 1862* ... "Second edition, revised and completed," twenty-five pages longer than its predecessor and "completed" with sections on artists from France, Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, and Belgium. Revised it was, but its views, however much compressed, were not substantially different from those of the original *Handbook*, although he had mentioned to Macmillan (17 May 1862) that he "shall soften some asperities which give useless offence." Palgrave makes that clear in the preface, which takes the place of the earlier dedication. It is less an apology for the "notoriety" which his "little book" has elicited as an *apologia* for "what appears to him the just liberties of criticism on Art." Palgrave's approach is pragmatic: the judgment of art is not unlike that of the other branches of knowledge. "Taste," he holds, "is obtained by study and observation, and, as in those sciences [mathematics or language], leads to a practical power of decision." The approach is also moral in intent and effect: "Whether important to a country or not, there is a clear right and wrong, and an intermediate state also, in Art; and a critical guide which should ignore these distinctions, or endeavour to suppress censure and direct the reader by a negative system, could not fulfill its office" (p. v). It would be "dishonest silence" not to be able to criticize "Artists of Distinction" or any artist or any man, for that matter. All are sensitive. "Yet it is only in Art that we can hear this arrogant claim set up"—Palgrave's vocabulary is unembarrassedly moralistic—"that the critic is not to call evil, evil, on his own risk and responsibility" (p. vi). Still, while stressing that "when Art is not only demonstrably bad, but injurious from its bad qualities," that it may be even necessary to "give it that

disagreeable epithet," and "from such censure [he] has not shrunk," Palgrave does "willingly and openly allow" some, "a few phrases" in the *Handbook*, "which, when read in sequence, and brought into prominent view by the glare of controversy, took a character of harshness." Palgrave goes only half way, however: he has modified such phrases, and "criticisms which, when they appear correct, he regards as friendly, whatever the spirit in which they may have been uttered." And, as if to modify his modification, he continues with double-edged sententiousness: "He who criticizes others should be the readiest to listen to such suggestions." He goes even farther with an almost shameless parallel:

> No one can go into the temple and begin battering what he takes for false gods, without a cheerful and confident belief that the priest and his devotees will arm and show fight for their idols; and if they see Dagon going down without any kind of miraculous vengeance on the intruder, they will assuredly fling stones and dirt, or resort to cowardly foul play in the attempt to make up for want of honourable defences. (p. vii)

The conclusion of the preface, a self-portrayal of "the writer," viewing himself from the comfortable distance of the generalizing third person, is piety itself:

> How far right or wrong may be with his views, is not for the writer's discussion; all he may put forth is, that he has long studied the subjects here reviewed; that his single wish has been to do honour to the true artist, and, so far as he may, advance the cause of his Art; that his hope is, not to gain acceptance for opinions which, as those of a single man ... are inevitably incomplete or partial, but to rouse the spectator to think and judge for himself.

Palgrave deals with sculpture, the main source of the controversy, in an efficient rather than in an aggressive way. For one thing, he reduced the coverage of English sculpture in the *Handbook* from some twenty-eight pages to sixteen, allowing him to deal with foreign sculpture, which in the *Handbook* was limited more or less to integrated treatments of Lequesne and Marochetti. With Marochetti relegated to the Italian section, the atmosphere was freer or clearer, so to speak. For another, the opening general outline of the forlorn state of English sculpture in the *Descriptive Handbook* is essentially a paginary reprint of that in the *Handbook*. Both start at page 85 and continue along the same path until page 91, where the

Descriptive Handbook inserts some nineteen lines on the style of Gibson and Thorvaldsen and, in a passing reference to Marochetti's work, substitutes "careless extravagance" for the earlier "empty extravagance," and repeating the "dead dullness" of Noble's, finds that both are defended by "idle theories" (earlier, "ingenious theories") or, in the *Descriptive Handbook* only, by the "arrogant demand, that the distinction of the artist is to exempt their work from criticism" (p. 92). At page 93 Palgrave deletes almost all of pages 93-100 in the *Handbook*, thereby reducing the number of sculptors named from some forty-three to some twenty-six and, in a newly introduced section entitled "English Sculpture," devotes only five pages to them.[551] The reduction is made possible not merely by the elimination of sculptors but especially by the reduction of the often repetitive excursions on the aims of art or the bad state of sculpture to one which more or less serves as a bridge between the general survey and the specific treatment of English sculpture. Furthermore Palgrave groups the sculptors. Those works he had considered important and had on the whole approved of—by artists such as Banks, Watson, Flaxman, E. Wyatt, Westmacott—and, later, "good specimens" by Baily, Marshall, Macdowell, the Thorneycrofts, Papworth, Behnes, and Woolner—he continues to praise in much the same terms (pp. 94-5). Similarly those works he had earlier found fault with are almost word for word criticized anew: Hosmer's, Lough's, Durham's, Munro's, Bell's, Brodie's, Lawler's, Thrupp's, and Theed's (p. 96). Also recurring is the extended praise of Foley and Gatley (pp. 96-7) and criticism of Noble and especially Munro (pp. 99-100). Most striking of all and difficult to explain is the slight notice of Woolner, Palgrave's favorite, whom he continued to support for commissions and recognition. Woolner's name is mentioned only twice in the *Descriptive Handbook* and almost parenthetically: once along with others in a group of "good specimens" (p. 95) and a second time in a discussion of the inferiority of English art to Continental, when the not-to-be-equalled "truth and delicacy" of his *Arthur and Constance* is cited as an exception (p. 100).

In any event, the controversy seems to have faded quickly, although the hard feelings remained and Palgrave, although perhaps somewhat chastened, does not seem to have relented. Notices of the sculpture

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[551]The *Catalogue* lists ninety-five English sculptors.

exhibition in leading art periodicals, such as the *Art-Journal*[552] and the *Journal of the Society of Arts*,[553] made no mention at all of Palgrave or the controversy. But the former does follow much the same path although often without the same irritations. The latter, while mentioning no sculptors or pieces of sculpture, does agree with Palgrave in substance and direction, at times in fact taking over certain verbal expressions. Palgrave's view of modern antique finds expression in "though no one can desire to see obsolete classical subjects and figures constantly repeated by modern artists, sculpture cannot easily nor be safely adapted to ordinary every-day subjects, and to modern and peculiar national habits." Palgrave's resentment of the pandering to popular taste and its degrading of art is echoed in "the art has been lowered either to what is meretricious and sensual, or common-place and familiar, or to the trifling and, so to say, clap-trap." Palgrave is blatantly present in sense and vocabulary in

It was generally felt by thoughtful and competent critics that the appeal of some of the best works in sculpture was to the lower sensibilities—to the eye and the mere sense rather than to the heart and mind; that the nobler objects to which a severe and chaste art should be devoted, namely, to teach and to elevate by means of beautiful forms, were too often sacrificed either to mere school art, that is, to the academical display of the figure, male or female, or to clever but mechanical execution, or to such subjects and such technical treatments and accessories as should catch the lower class of popular applause. Thus many such productions, certain to please uncultivated persons, occupied attention while better works were neglected; and the unworthy and tricky artifices, which gave to performances the character of toys and fancy work rather than true sculpture, were run after, while the more chaste works that were capable of improving the public taste, were passed by unnoticed and unappreciated.[554]

Furthermore in a parallel series of reviews of the Exhibition in the *Athenaeum* running in weekly installments from 3 May to 21 June, the opinion of the reviewer of the sculpture is not far from Palgrave's:

We have seen in the above works where the sculptor is a slave of antique Art or of the romantic and the sentimental taste which is its antithesis. These are the leading

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[552]12 (December 1862), 229-31.
[553]11 (21 November 1862), 491-2.
[554]Ibid., p. 492.

causes of failure in British sculpture, one springing from a dull spirit of imitation, the other little else than trifling with the intellectual spirit of Art, travestying Apollo into Comus ... A third source of failure lies in the sheer want of ability on the part of the artist to feel, in any sense, what Art should be.[555]

And it is surely a sign of the respectability, if not acceptance, of Palgrave's views that in a long review the *Descriptive Handbook* is coupled with Tom Taylor's *Handbook to the Pictures in the International Exhibition*[556] and both, though "differ[ing] in almost everything," are worthy. Palgrave is considered the teacher, who "lays down certain laws of criticism according to which all works of art should be tried, and then proceeds to enquire whether the pictures in the galleries are found wanting when tried by his rules. His remarks have, therefore, a certain value, independent both of this collection and of the correctness of the individual application of his own laws."[557] Further in this direction and relevant to much of the body of Palgrave's criticism is W. M. Rossetti's review of the collection *Essays on Art*.[558] Aware of the perils of evaluating the work of a friend and brother critic—he begins, "*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*"—he grants that Palgrave "has, by faithful and diligent labours for some years past, established for himself a good—and indeed a leading—position as an art-critic,"[559] that he is "a cultivated as well as a neat writer,"[560] and that his observations on criticism in his preface are "few and simple, and especially free from all jargon and sophistication."[561] Although an "unprofessional critic—that is, one who is not "qualified to pronounce upon technicalities"[562]—Palgrave nevertheless, "because the art-country is already, as it were, in a state of war, and one must take sides ... keep[s] up the skirmishing [and] shows well."[563] For all of Palgrave's praiseworthy qualifications, however, Rossetti "conceive[s] that he has one tendency which impairs his openness to new impressions or conviction *ab extra*,—the tendency to find the

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[555]1808 (21 June 1862), 825.
[556]*London Quarterly Review* 19:38 (January 1863), 323-52.
[557]Ibid., p. 323.
[558]*Fine Arts Quarterly Review* n.s. 1 (October 1866), 302-11.
[559]Ibid., p. 302.
[560]Ibid., p. 303.
[561]Ibid., p. 305.
[562]Ibid., p. 304.
[563]Ibid., p. 307.

views which he has once adopted and propounded confirmed, rather than subjected to a chance of revision, at every relevant opportunity ... the tendency ... to use up new examples as fuel for the flame of some opinion already aglow,"[564] as, for example, in his predilection for the perfection, the finish, of Greek art.[565] Using the metaphor of photography, Rossetti classes Palgrave among those whose "critical or photographic methods arrange the materials neatly and agreeably, invite us to examine the details and their relations, endeavour to be in focus throughout, and are, in fact, out of focus only in one or two spots. Excellent work can be done in these methods also. Mr Palgrave's critical process, clear and quick, may be included among them ... On the whole, it would, we think, be unfair, even for his opponents in the artistic or the critical ranks, to deny that Mr. Palgrave is one of the very few British art-critics who, since the first appearance of Mr Ruskin, have either established or deserved a position of some solidity in letters."[566]

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[564]Ibid., pp. 307-8.

[565]Ibid., p. 309.

[566]Ibid., pp. 310-11. Palgrave had an opportunity to respond in kind. In the following year he reviewed Rossetti's *Fine Art, Chiefly Contemporary. Notices Reprinted, with Revisions* (1867), also published by Macmillan, in the *Pall Mall Gazette* 6 (28 October 1867), 9. The review is more than a compliment to one "who has matured a natural taste, which was at first perhaps somewhat rigid or dogmatic, into a sound and just appreciation of all that is best in contemporary art." It is also a fine complement, for Palgrave's reservations not only characterize Rossetti but at the same time confirm Rossetti's characterization of Palgrave. If Rossetti found Palgrave too conservative and predictable, so Palgrave finds that from Rossetti's "natural leanings he verges on a too great delight in the eccentric ... In a word, like many of our ablest men in art, he is rather too Gothic; ignoring that much of what is best in mediaeval art is only Greek thought or feeling transformed and angularized" and leaning "a little too much to the doctrine ... of 'art for art's sake'." Palgrave's focus is sharply defining and self defining. "Most heartily do we agree in his forcible argument that the first duty of the painter is—to be able to paint; but after this, it must be not less insisted upon, 'and to paint intelligibly and attractively'. The pleasure which art gives may be a high pleasure ... but art fails in its purpose if due pleasure be not finally given—we do not say to the careless or tasteless—but to the unprofessional spectator." It should be added that they were on good terms with each other. In his journal—see Gwenllian, p. 111—Palgrave mentions that Philip Gilbert Hamerton, his successor at the *Saturday Review*, will review Rossetti's book and also discusses the possibility of a collection of essays on art by artists. For

Another reviewer,[567] although "sorry that the volume ... contains so little that is complete and final," hails Palgrave, "who, during the last few years, has been increasingly listened to," as a writer who "is widely and minutely acquainted with the works of the great painters; he passes honest judgment on his contemporaries; he is sufficiently enthusiastic to praise very warmly, sufficiently courageous to blame very severely."[568] Noting the "liberal range of his criticism and approval"[569] and unwilling to join those whose accuse Palgrave of "partiality and intolerance in his papers on Sculpture in England ... that is, we perceive but a slight failing, where others see a fault of exceeding magnitude," he is "unwilling to charge with immoderate temper and perverted vision a mind at once so instructed and so decided as Mr. Palgrave's."[570]

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Hardly speculative is the fact that the controversy catapulted Palgrave to the forefront of art criticism, however much his criticism may have disaffected members of the establishment. One immediate result of the controversy was Palgrave's official status as art critic of the liberal periodical the *Saturday Review of Politics, Literature, Science and Art* for which he wrote numerous articles from 1863 to 1866. He had already written some unsigned articles earlier, a few of which he had sent to Lord Granville, who acknowledged receiving them on 19 March 1861.[571] It is estimated that most of the articles on painting and sculpture in the *Saturday Review* from May 1863 to the end of 1865 "can likely be attributed to Palgrave."[572] Whatever the exact number—it may approach at least

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an interesting review comparing Palgrave and Rossetti see the *London Quarterly Review* 31:61 (October 1868), 129-33.

[567]T. Frederick Wedmore, "Mr. F. T. Palgrave as an Art-Critic," *New Monthly Magazine* 137:545 (May 1866), 108-13.

[568]Ibid., p. 110.

[569]Ibid., p. 111.

[570]Ibid., p. 113.

[571]British Library Add.MS. 45741, fol. 77-8.

[572]Merle Mowbray Bevington, *The Saturday Review 1855-1868: Representative Educated Opinion in Victorian England* (New York, 1941), p. 366.

forty[573]—it is clear that Palgrave must have been well known as critic and the articles important enough to be reprinted, and in some cases revised and retitled, in one volume, *Essays on Art*, in 1866, which, as he wrote to Macmillan, "is my first serious prose work off my own bat, & I am curious to see whether it will answer."[574] What is perhaps more striking than the number of articles but not surprising for Palgrave is the variety of the subjects, especially as they are compacted within a single volume and not strung out, as it were, over a number of years. In the years that followed he wrote some twenty articles for eight leading journals, printed another privately and two as read at congresses, as well as thirteen reviews for nine journals, and edited two full-length art books. The volume and variety of his articles—and doubtless the snowballing engagement—are all the more impressive considering that he wrote to his friend Alexander Grant on 8 August 1863: "I don't mean to go on with periodicals long, but having been much pressed this year to write in the 'Saturday Review' &c., I thought it would *clarify* one's style and give facility—besides a chance of a word in season now and then."[575]

In all, his general focus is on painting and sculpture but his investigations range from the very specific to the all-embracing, from the private to the public, from the microscopic to the panoramic. Of fundamental significance is Palgrave's unconditional confirmation of the interconnection of all the fine arts. In "Sculpture and Painting,"[576] motivated by the proposed and controversial remodelling by the painter Edwin Landseer of the four lions at the base of the Nelson monument, Palgrave outlined the essential differences between sculpture and painting. Sculpture, he maintained, depends on "light and shadow alone; and limited by its materials to a narrow range of subjects, it not only drives the

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[573]Bevington, p. 366, lists thirty-four contributions (for three of which the authorship is based on internal evidence), all of which are reprinted, in one form or another, in Palgrave's collection *Essays on Art*. Three further pieces of 4 and 25 April and 2 May 1863 should now be added.

[574]In a letter of 27 February 1866 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 35-6), which continued: "I think it should be rather freely & 'conspicuously' advertised, that it may have the benefit of that name I have as an Editor."

[575]Quoted in Gwenllian, p. 83.

[576]*Essays*, pp. 264-72. Originally as "Landseer among the Lions," *Saturday Review* 18:456 (23 July 1864), 117-19.

sculptor to prefer the most difficult class of themes within that range, but requires at the same time the greatest skill and refinement in representing them. Painting ... finds more than half her motives in the human form. But, commanding colour, she is able to satisfy the eye with far less accuracy in the general delineation of form, and to give the expression sought with much less labour."[577] In fact, "the attitude of mind under which Form has been contemplated during a sculptor's whole life differs essentially from the painter's," who "has thought of figures, probably dressed, at any rate in every attitude and variety of motion, grouped in perspective, surrounded and brought out by foreground and distance and atmosphere, assisted and emphasized by colour."[578] But Palgrave adds the sculptor's technical and manual challenges not so much as to question Landseer's competence or attack the "sham art" of "Photo-Sculpture"[579] or to stress the "wrong bias" in Marochetti's "essentially vulgar and low-class" *Coeur de Lion*[580] or to complain that none of the bronzes of his favorites Foley and Woolner have been placed in London[581] or not even to lament the sad state of sculpture in England, as, and as always, to underline Ruskin's none "truer sentence," "There is but one way for a nation to obtain good art—to enjoy it," with his own and emphatic "And to such enjoyment there is no enemy so fatal as ignorance."[582] Educative in intent is also Palgrave's "Poetry and Prose in Art."[583] Elucidating "poetical" and "prosaic" as a distinction based on the "sentiment which inspired" a work of art,[584] Palgrave is so certain of the "doctrine" that "the quality of all art depends, finally, altogether on the quality of the artist's mind"[585] that he rejects in general criticism of the fine arts, a "fairy land peopled with High and Low, Historical and Naturalistic, Real and Ideal,

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[577]Ibid., p. 265.

[578]Ibid., p. 268.

[579]Ibid., p. 267.

[580]Ibid., pp. 269-70.

[581]Ibid., p. 270.

[582]Ibid.

[583]*Essays*, pp. 202-10. Although dated 1865, it was originally "Poetical and Prosaic in Art," *Saturday Review* 17:433 (13 February 1864), 189-91.

[584]Ibid., p. 202.

[585]Ibid., p. 203.

Generalization and Particularity, and other phantoms of the sort."[586] Palgrave turns to sculpture to illustrate that "there is no conceivable contrivance by which a poetical work can be obtained from any but a poetical mind" and, although "only sorry when Pegasus has to fly without wings," criticizes with customary concern for ignorantly commissioned and publicly displayed art the Napier in Trafalgar Square, the Wellington of Constitution Hill, and the *Coeur de Lion*, among others,[587] and, having analyzed it carefully, regrets of Woolner's *Mr. Godley*, like Foley's *Lord Hardinge*, that "it is not English patrons who have had the good sense to commission, or the good fortune to retain it."[588]

Palgrave continued his treatment of sculpture in much the same manner as in his excursions through the International Exhibition. As art critic of the *Saturday Review* he toured the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy from 1863 to 1865, writing fourteen notices, usually the fifth of each year devoted to sculpture,[589] in which he begins by resonating the sad state of sculpture—"We rarely hear sculpture mentioned without words of apathy or disparagement; and the emptiness of the room in the Academy shows how little hold the noblest of the fine arts has on the mass of spectators"[590]—and proceeds to measure the sculptors and their works

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[586]Ibid., p. 204.

[587]Ibid., p. 207.

[588]Ibid., pp. 208-10.

[589]15:394 (16 May 1863), 627-9; 15:395 (23 May 1863), 661-2; 15:396 (30 May 1863), 693-4; 15:397 (6 June 1863), 726-8; 15:398 (13 June 1863), 759-61. 17:446 (14 May 1864), 592-3; 17:447 (21 May 1864), 624-5; 17:448 (28 May 1864), 657-8; 17:449 (4 June 1864), 687-9; 17:450 (11 June 1864), 721-3. 19:499 (20 May 1865), 601-2; 19:500 (27 May 1865), 635-6; 19:501 (3 June 1865), 665-7; 19:502 (10 June 1865), 698-9. To these fourteen notices may be added "Poetical and Prosaic Art," 17:433 (13 February 1864), 189-91, revised as "Poetry and Prose in Art," and dated 1865 in his collection *Essays on Art*, pp. 202-10, and "Landseer among the Lions," 18:456 (23 July 1864), 117-19, revised as "Sculpture and Painting," in *Essays*, pp. 264-72. For the convenience of the reader all quotations are from the *Essays*.

[590]*Essays*, p. 35. Palgrave's reference to the "emptiness" of the room—that is, the small number of visitors—contrasts sharply with the dimensions of the exhibition, for, as the Royal Academy's library reports, the 1863 exhibition contained 195 sculptures, the 1864 200, and the 1865 186. The number of pictures (including paintings, engravings and architectural designs) is staggering: the 1863 exhibition contained 1010 pictures, the 1864 860, and the 1865 891. These statistics

viewed against his firm strictures of truthfulness resulting from a sculptor's "rigorous and accurate study of human form" and his ability and willingness "to finish marble with thorough care."[591] The pervading pessimism is furnished with derogatory remarks about leading trend-setting sculptors, such as Chantrey—"He gave a vogue to that practice of superficial manufacturing which has, since his time, almost become the rule in England"[592]—and Noble, whose "work, which has done so much to disfigure Manchester, is the ideal of this degraded Chantreyism."[593] Proceeding to an evaluation of the "scanty contributions to the ideal of poetical class," he subjects them to derisive descriptions: in style a figure "so little satisfactory as [Chantrey's] 'Ariel' reminds one of the old Annual illustrations to 'Lalla Rookh'"; Durham's models of *Africa* and *America* "are careful specimens in that commonplace manner which is to high art what Mr. Edmund Reade's verse is to high poetry—'most tolerable and not to be endured'."[594]

The situation with busts is even more discouraging in the lack of an "unmistakeable rendering of human character": "Glad to see that Mr. Gibson's paradoxical attempt to blend two distinct arts [i.e. polychromy] has hardly shown itself in this Exhibition,"[595] Palgrave crowns this en passant criticism of an old target with direct blows at such "commonplace" busts—"the least agreeable of all works of art"—by naming "very few of those before us [which] can be said to rise above this level": "'Mr. Hallam' (1054)—so awkwardly sawn, in a block, as it were, out of Mr. Theed's bad figure of that great man in St. Paul's, and here placed, with the same defective taste which the statue exhibits on a pile of quartos—the 'Lord Herbert' (1165), the 'Lord Elgin,' with the full-length

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indicate as well how immense Palgrave's task of selection and evaluation might have been.

[591]Ibid., p. 40.

[592]Ibid., p. 35. Palgrave was not alone in his distaste for "manufacturing." On 7 July 1873, for example, his friend Holman Hunt wrote to him that the Academy's "popularity ... is I think destined to colapse [*sic*] tragically if the passion for manufacturing Art is not restrained at once" (British Library Add.MS.45741, fol. 112-13).

[593]Ibid.

[594]Ibid., p. 39.

[595]Ibid.

'Lord Lonsdale' (1013)."[596] Alexander Munro is once again attacked for busts which lack "firmness in the frontal region, and the air of nobility in the flesh."[597] There is muffled praise, to be sure, of some "sound, unshowy work" by W. Davis, J. A. Miller, and Butler, and "promis[ing] fairly for the art," by Mrs. Thorneycraft, whose *Mrs. Wallace* is "sweet and truthful in air."[598] But it is only Behnes who receives unbridled praise for his "truly noble" bust of Mountstuart Elphinstone, "modelled with firmness, accuracy, and delicacy; the many planes and fine flexures of the human face are carefully followed; and hence some measure of that air of nobility and lightness—life, in one word—is imparted, which we all recognize, but are not often called on to recognize, in modern sculpture."[599] Its neighbor, Marshall Wood's bust of the Prince of Wales, sets off Palgrave's customary yoking of bad work and bad public sentiment and policy: "And if Mr. Marshall Wood's bust ... had not already been greeted with this cloud of deferential incense, we should have gladly passed it over in the silence which, when a conspicuously bad case is in question, may be often the most expressive comment on a failure."[600]

Palgrave's reviews of the sculpture at the Royal Academy exhibitions of 1864 and 1865 follow much the same pattern. Both are seen as under a dark and somber cloud: in 1864, "It is certainly no pleasant task to go through the Sculpture-room and note successive failures"[601]; in 1865, "The present time will probably be looked on in future years as the *nadir* of English sculpture."[602] In both are found the mournful litanies of "deviations from truth, feeling, and knowledge of form"[603] and of crass commercialism and ignorant sculpture-patronizing.[604] In both are found the naming of the names of those whose works "must be the result when the more arduous and most intellectual of the arts of design is approached without due training": Leifchild, Woodington, Boehm, and "in addition ...

[596]Ibid., p. 40.
[597]Ibid., p. 41.
[598]Ibid., p. 42.
[599]Ibid., p. 43.
[600]Ibid., p. 44.
[601]Ibid., p. 84.
[602]Ibid., p. 119.
[603]Ibid., p. 84.
[604]Ibid., p. 120.

we may name, and content ourselves with naming, Mr. Weekes, R.A., Mr. G. G. Adams, Mr. Marshall Wood, and the Messrs. Papworth, as prominent exhibitors of exactly what (if the art of better hands or times, and the name which never varies, be any standard for judgment), busts should *not* be,"[605] adding, with undisguised bitterness, "absolute silence would be an injustice to the cause of art and to our better sculpture."[606] And in both is found Palgrave's customary singling out of certain sculptors for detailed scourging, such as Henry Weekes for this full-length John Hunter, a reproduction of Reynolds's portrait which "has suffered a sad transmutation[:] a theatrical attitude and scowling expression replac[ing] the rapt concentration of the original,"[607] and J. Adams, who, in his head of Gladstone, "by a sort of inversion of Mr. Darwin's theory, appears to lie under the impression that the human species is rapidly returning to the gorilla type."[608] And in both there may be a flicker of hope, as in Butler's *Professor Narrien*, which "is careful and conscientious in every detail, and appears to convey a genuine likeness,"[609] but it is quickly smothered by Palgrave's immediate mention of the recent death of Behnes,[610] causing "a serious gap in our exhibitions, which is rendered

[605]Ibid., pp. 122-3.

[606]Ibid., p. 84.

[607]Ibid., p. 85.

[608]Ibid., p. 123.

[609]Ibid., p. 83.

[610]Behnes's sad death in 1864—he is reported to have been picked up from the street with threepence in his pocket and to have been brought to Middlesex Hospital, where he died—elicited Palgrave's sympathetic eulogy, "William Behnes;" *Essays,* pp. 217-25, a feelingful and fair appraisal of the work of "one of the best English working sculptors, if not the best ... during the first half of the century" (p. 217). As in his piece on John Cross, Palgrave regrets the unnoticed passing of the sculptor and notes his graceful and delicate feeling and influence on the English school—among those who worked in his studio were Palgrave favorites Thomas Woolner and John Foley—but not overlooking his lacking "that rarest and highest quality in the rarest and highest of the fine arts—poetical inventiveness as a sculptor" (p. 219) and of course using the opportunity to repeat his criticism of sculptors whose "manufactures" are everywhere in the foreground and, among final lines added in the *Essays*, of "slovenliness, bad modelling, voracious charlatanerie, 'shams' and 'windbags' of all kinds" (p. 225). Palgrave emphasized the criticism in what may be a counterpoise to his treatment of Behnes and Cross. In "Thorvaldsen's Life" (*Essays*, pp. 226-36), a review of an English translation of Just

more sensible by the scanty appearances of other sculptors of merit. Mr. Foley sends nothing; and the two works in plaster by Mr. Woolner have been so placed that we can hardly observe the refined and powerful modelling of the features in his bust of Mr. Combe."[611]

Palgrave's complaining of the selection of works to be exhibited, the placing of these works, and the lighting of others is directed against Henry Weekes, elected Royal Academician in 1863, and the Academy, whom he held responsible: "The fact that Mr. Weekes is one of the Academicians of England," Palgrave laments, "has imposed upon us the duty of analyzing work which, if passed over without protest, might be supposed by foreigners to be accepted as a legitimate expression of English art."[612] Further, "It is not ... by etiquette that the general mal-arrangement of the Sculpture-room can be excused; nor need we have recourse to this explanation to account for the favourable positions allotted to Mr. Weekes, the Academician sculptor on this year's Arranging Committee, or for the bad light to which a few good works have been consigned."[613] These charges are typical of the increasing intensity in the reviews of Palgrave's expanding assault on the establishment, be it of artists, of patrons, of public displays. Referring to "ignorance or personal acquaintanceship" of patrons of the last age "who would have complacently smiled or sneered at the critics who were not wanting to predict the collapse which a very few years would bring, and did bring," Palgrave is certain that "those who make a similar prophecy now with

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Matthias Thiele's biography, he finds in the portrayal of the "mean, money-loving, and licentious character ... nothing in him out of which a true artist could grow" (p. 227). Since "an artist's heart and head are reflected in his works" (p. 231), Palgrave links the moral depravity of the life of Thorvaldsen with the want of freshness, indeed the deadness, of his "pseudo-antique" sculpture, at best "Lemprière at second-hand" (p. 232), and closes with a hearty blast: "And Thorvaldsen ... is not the only instance in which plausible manners and adroitness in conciliating the goodnatured members of high society have made the fortune of a worthless man and an indifferent artist" (p. 236).

[611]*Essays*, p. 83.

[612]Ibid., p. 86.

[613]Ibid., p. 82. Palgrave's sensitivity to arrangements is evident also in his letter to the *Times* of 14 October 1878, p. 9 (published on 15 October) in which he suggests ways of grouping the works at the Winter Loan Exhibition at the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery.

regard to the leading favourites of the sculpture-patronizing class can afford to confront the same fate."[614] Listing a number of failures in public places, he can only conclude that "There is nothing in this to surprize those who know the after-dinner patronage of art which prevails in Corporations and 'commercial centres'."[615] Or exasperated, he can exclaim: "When will friends and corporations learn that to be unsuccessfully done on a large scale is no compliment to any man!"[616] The failures of the numerous sculptors he names are found in Trafalgar Square. Other public places mentioned are Manchester, much "disfigure[d]" by Noble's work[617]; Westminster Abbey, which has already been "deform[ed]" by more than enough "tasteless incongruities"[618]; Woodward's beautiful museum at Oxford, which has already been "disfigure[d]" by "too numerous bad statues"[619]; and even Shrewsbury, where "poor" Lord Clive was "put on his pedestal [by Marochetti], in the attitude of a gentleman performing an eternal *pas seul* before all the market-women of the city."[620]

These and many more troubled Palgrave, who, for reasons aesthetic,

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[614]Ibid., pp. 119-20.

[615]Ibid., pp. 120-2.

[616]Ibid., p. 86.

[617]Ibid., p. 35. In a letter to the *Times* of 9 April 1863, p. 10 (published on 13 April), Palgrave, instead of answering to a criticism of his treatment of Noble, extended it include "feeble, sentimental deathbed figures," a sort of "spurious mediaevalism," which, "if the process of the last two years be carried much further in St. Paul's the cathedral will become a necropolis in a double sense—a repository for heroes dead and for statues that never had any life in them." And if there must be recumbent figures his practical suggestion was that the difficulties of proper illumination be considered. In a similar manner, in a letter to the *Times* of 29 September 1864, p. 8 (published on 30 September), he uses his correction of the error in comparing the west front of Peterborough Cathedral with that at Amiens and Chartres to review a number of architectural ideas of the middle ages and suggest that "meanwhile to crown Westminister Abbey with a spire (and one of stone, not of wood) is called for both by effect and by what we now see of a central tower; and to add a Peterborough-like screen to the present west end would be a gift worthy of some of those wealthy men among us who have the means and are liberal, and desire that a pleasant memory of them should survive."

[618]Ibid., p. 85.

[619]Ibid.

[620]Ibid.

socio-cultural, and patriotic, was likewise concerned about the depiction of public figures and condemned, in wholesale manner in a single paragraph, heads by such leading sculptors as Theed, Philips, G. Adams, Napier, Munro, Lough, and Marochetti.[621] Of special concern to Palgrave was the treatment of the Royal family. "A Nemesis in art, to the infinite pain of loyal subjects, appears to have fallen upon our Royal Family"—so begins a somber pronouncement in the manner of an Old Testament prophet—and so it continues, "From an Albert Memorial to a statuette, they are sacrificed to want of power or want of skill, with their inevitable accompaniments, want of effect, or effect worse than none."[622] In Gibson's head of Princess Anne "the flesh is smooth and insipid; and the hair, by a common device, has been left unworked in order to make a contrast." It has "some reflection of the grace of the original, which will be looked for to little purpose in the head by Mr. Marshall Wood, which, although intended for the same, varies from it in almost every point—features, ears, and bust. The crude attempt to express the lateral recession of the forehead—that exquisite piece of natural form—is here very unpleasing in effect."[623] To illustrate that the "Prince has fared no better than his beautiful wife," Palgrave sneers at Marshall Wood's bust as "hardly above his last year's model," at "what ugliness, again, is there in that by Mr. M. Edwards, with its parallel lines of lace stretched over the tight uniform," and above all at the life-size *Prince Consort* by Theed:

Those who have visited Blenheim will remember what the housekeeper points out with pride as a "dressed statue" of Queen Anne. We had thought that sculpture of this kind was now a recognized barbarism; but Mr. Theed appears to have imitated it to the best of his ability in the figure before us, in which every item of dress and shooting apparel has been reproduced with stiff and elaborate minuteness. This might serve, like the "Queen Anne," as a valuable study of costume; but the human figure, and above all, the head (as one of the best-known laws of art would lead us to expect) have been sacrificed to the accoutrements. Indeed, in spite of excellent opportunities and repeated trials, Mr. Theed ... has never yet succeeded in doing tolerable justice to the intelligent features of the Prince.[624]

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[621]Ibid., pp. 40-1.
[622]Ibid., p. 80.
[623]Ibid., p. 81.
[624]Ibid., pp. 81-2.

Likewise, Palgrave is hopeful that Dunham's design for another Albert Memorial will not be accepted: "His model shows a heavy figure of the Prince all tags and tassels, as we see him over the conservatories of the Horticultural Society, placed on a circular plinth, to which four winged females are backing, as if in performance of some mystic dance."[625]

Palgrave was so troubled by such disfiguring and deforming of both person and place that he devoted a number of articles to sculpture in public places and indeed on the relationship between sculpture and society. In "The Albert Cross and English Monumental Sculpture,"[626] he resumed and modified a position he had taken two years earlier in a two-part article "The Prince Consort's Memorial."[627] In the latter he welcomed a time to reconsider the problems, artistic, financial, and national, which had arisen and was relieved that a monumental character rather than an institutional had come to be agreed upon, stressing that "we must have, not only a Memorial in dead stone, but a living reproduction and continuation of the Prince's life. He, being dead, should yet speak."[628] Of the various competing designs he favored that of the "great genius" George Gilbert Scott, congratulating the Committee of Advice "on having obtained a design from such a master. An 'Eleanor Cross' is, past all controversy, the only legitimate form of a first-class monument; and we trust that neither perversity nor official blundering will mar a prospect which for once has no drawback."[629] The follow-up article outlines, as a "matter of regret" but not "of wonder," the financial problems,[630] that, happily, a proposed Hall of Science is "sent to the limbo of projectors,"[631] and that a more reasonable height for the Eleanor Cross, 150 instead of 300 feet, has prevailed.[632] And, as a parting gesture: "Most happily the House of Commons has not had to resolve itself into a Committee of Taste. We are spared the artistic lectures of Mr. Liddell and Mr. Garnett.

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[625]Ibid., p. 86.

[626]Ibid., pp. 280-98.

[627]*Saturday Review* 15:388 (4 April 1863), 432-3, and 15:391 (25 April 1863), 526-8.

[628]Ibid., p. 432.

[629]Ibid., p. 433.

[630]Ibid., pp. 526-7.

[631]Ibid., p. 527.

[632]Ibid.

We trust that no *dilettante* enamoured with Brobdignagian proportions will interfere with Her Majesty's decision, who, we are quite certain, will permit Mr. Scott to know more about his own design, and its proper size, than his advisers in the *Times*."[633]

When he came to include these articles in the one dated July 1865[634] Palgrave sharply compressed them to a core minimum, although he says he has "left [them] as they originally stood."[635] In the first,[636] after pointing out the "close relation between art and the national feeling, without which the Fine Arts never flourish," and the "general satisfaction in the choice of an architectural cross,"[637] he concentrates on the plan of Scott—to whom "those who favour the cause of the Gothic style in England are grateful"[638]—which calls for "no common skill"[639] in harmonizing the requirements of the Gothic architecture with "excellence in the sculptural portions."[640] For "not only must the figure-work inevitably be the central point of interest in the Albert Cross, but it will also inevitably be the arbiter of the whole effect—for triumph or for defeat. For sculpture is too powerful an art to subside into mere ornament. It must either kill, or vivify."[641] In the second[642] he suppresses the discussion of the problems of funding and of the height of the Cross in order to challenge "an indefinite idea [now] afloat, that architectural sculpture differs in kind from what, in opposition to it, might be called domestic or ornamental sculpture"—more specifically, the "tendency, from which few of our architects have been able to free themselves, to treat the *details* in an imitative manner"[643] and thus, along with many causes involving Gothic

[633]Ibid., pp. 527-8.

[634]In the *Essays*, Palgrave dates the first April 1863 but, strangely, the second May 1863. The whole article itself does not seem to have appeared in the *Saturday Review* in July 1865, the date at the very end, or thereafter.

[635]*Essays*, p. 289.

[636]Ibid., pp. 280-4.

[637]Ibid., pp. 280-1.

[638]Ibid., p. 282.

[639]Ibid., p. 283.

[640]Ibid., p. 284.

[641]Ibid.

[642]Ibid., pp. 284-9.

[643]Ibid., p. 285.

architecture, “have combined to retain us in a false mediaeval bondage.”[644] His plea is for what is “simply and solely the *best* possible sculpture” rather than for what is “little better than mechanical parody.”[645] Anything else would be “false to the real requirements of Gothic architecture, as it would be to any other.”

The situation became critical in 1865, when plans for the Cross were known and being implemented. Palgrave does not hesitate to attack Scott sharply in the third section of the article[646] for a “style which wants originality and imagination,” accusing his monument of not being an Eleanor Cross at all but of having “the air of being a highly magnified form of the Italian canopy tomb,”[647] of being too large and very likely structurally unstable, of using colored decorations which the “foulness of the London atmosphere ... will soon disfigure,”[648] and of wanting “that first and last thing in architecture, appropriateness.” There is more than a hint of patriotism in the alarming conclusion of Palgrave the art critic: “The truth is, that the Cross is an Italian design, imported whole into Hyde Park ... It fails, not because much of it is copied from older sources—for in all architecture copying holds a great place—but because it is *unimaginative* copying, and hence neither fused into harmony with itself, nor appropriate to its situation.”[649] In the fourth section[650] Palgrave is so desperate about the selection of the sculptors for the monument as to rehearse his view of the forlorn state of English sculpture. He lists the

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[644]Ibid., p. 286.

[645]Ibid.

[646]Ibid., pp. 289-92.

[647]Ibid., p. 290.

[648]Ibid., p. 291. Palgrave was not against colored decoration per se. Responding, in a letter to the *Times* of 20 May 1867, p. 14 (published on 21 May), to the praise of Deck’s faiences at the French Exhibition, and thus of his own designs of tablets in memory of John Leech and Thackeray, “which were surrounded by a narrow band of glazed tiles,” made by Mr. Maw of Broseley, “which serve to relieve the white tablets from the wall, and to give an effect of colour to the whole design,” he goes on, as on other occasions, to offer a practical suggestion to “our great house builders”: “Except the fine polished marbles, granites, or serpentines, the expense of which is considerable, glazed earthenware is the single architectural substance which does not spoil in London.”

[649]Ibid., p. 292.

[650]Ibid., pp. 292-9.

shortcomings of practically all the current English sculptors, with the exception of Woolner, recapitulates what he considers the four elements of success in sculpture—imagination, power of characterization, knowledge of form, executive faculty[651]—and summarizes the branches of ineffective works—the corrupt school of Chantrey, the imitation of the antique, and the bad copying of the modern French or Italian "picturesque" style[652]—which have found support from fashionable or mercantile patronage. Palgrave's musings about the "melancholy" possibility of a failure do not blind him to "the rigid laws of fact [that] seem to render it not improbable." His conclusion is painful: "Better to leave the Memorial as it now is, a vast pyramid of clay, than to perpetuate commonplace in architecture, or enshrine poverty of art in marble."[653] The fear mentioned by Palgrave in a final footnote—that it "will seem simply disastrous" if Marochetti were chosen to do the colossal statue of the Prince[654]—became a shocking reality.

Real too and as shocking was the bust by Marochetti of Thackeray in Westminster Abbey; real too and virulent was Palgrave's two-pronged attack on the work of Marochetti and its role as a fit decoration for the Abbey.[655] Considering the Abbey a national concern—"The Abbey is our Pantheon"[656]—Palgrave follows his detailed and not surprising criticism of his longtime target—in this case: Marochetti's inability to capture the character of Thackeray, the "quiet power and pensive sweetness [that] were the two chief elements in the face ... the active, searching character of the eye, and ... a certain nervous quickness in the region of the lips ..."[657]—with an inflection of his view of appropriateness in a criticism of Scott, the Abbey Architect, for introducing crude pseudo-Gothic elements, such as the "singular combination" of "a dark serpentine base cut with a coarsely profiled moulding" and "a heavy bronze bracket, on

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[651]Ibid., p. 296.

[652]Ibid., p. 297.

[653]Ibid., p. 298.

[654]Ibid.

[655]"Thackeray in the Abbey," in *Essays*, pp. 299-307. This version differs somewhat from the one which was printed in the *Saturday Review* 20:529 (16 December 1865), 758-9.

[656]Ibid., p. 301.

[657]Ibid., p. 302.

which the name is inscribed in common Roman characters."[658] Once again, and in despair, Palgrave can only conclude: "In short, if we may alter the well-known words of Macaulay, the sculptor and the architect have so managed things between them, that they could have hardly produced a result less worthy of the occasion ... It is no honour to the illustrious dead to be thus commemorated."[659]

Palgrave was not content to criticize only unimaginative sculptors and architects in the national environment and interest. In "On the Position of Sculpture in England," he took on the system of patronage and the manner of committees.[660] The evil of patronage is obvious: "Not only is merit overlooked or humiliated, but the favour and popularity conferred on inferior or worthless men are of particular force in depressing the excellent ... They are so much subtracted from the limited fund available."[661] So it is with English sculpture, which remains mainly an affair, not of publicly recognized ability, but of "polite patronage,"[662] arising to a great extent from the general lack of knowledge of sculpture, a condition which prompts Palgrave to launch an attack on one of his favorite targets, the "fashionable" Chantrey.[663] As examples of the

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[658]Ibid., p. 306.

[659]Ibid., p. 307. Appropriateness is also the theme of Palgrave's "Baron Triqueti's 'Marmor Homericum'," *Essays*, pp. 273-9. Deeming it the "essential element of all good decorative art" (p. 275), he finds its employment of "green and brown cements, the pink lines for the flesh, blue and green for the draperies, bronzed imitation of metal" has "real value" in the "direction of "pleasing architectural decorations" (p. 279), but not enough for Triqueti's "invention"—whose "classical subject does not necessarily bring with it a classical style" (p. 278)—to compete with painting or "to stretch an ornamental or decorative art into an intellectual or representative art" (p. 279). It is also evident in his support, in a letter to the *Times* of 27 July 1867, p. 7 (published on 29 July), of a glass roof for the Ball-room Court at the India-house on the grounds that it will secure the decorations from the inclement London weather, that it will not form an "unsightly object from the Parks or from Whitehall," and that the iron framework will correspond in a style with that of the architecture.

[660]*Essays*, pp. 245-63. The first part, pp. 245-55, is a somewhat enlarged version of "Sculpture and Society," *Saturday Review* 17:440 (2 April 1864), 412-13.

[661]Ibid., p. 247.

[662]Ibid., p. 248.

[663]Ibid., pp. 248-9.

encouragement of bad art by private patronage, he lists a dozen or more "feeble, or ugly, or lifeless" statutes by the most prominent sculptors of the day, adding that "a walk through St. Paul's, or through our chief country towns, will supply many more of like quality."[664] And Palgrave does not hesitate to extend his criticism to include the press. Averring that sculpture "has barely come yet within the field of free-thinking and free-speaking criticism," he quotes some "specimens of praise" from the *Daily News* and the *Times* "which tempt one ... to describe them as virtually the *laudes viri laudati*," adding that "their managers cannot be aware of the mischief done to its [English art's] interests."[665] Guardedly optimistic, Palgrave resumes his economic terminology: "Free trade in sculpture, as in the other arts, will do away with these evils." "But," ever the conscientious campaigner, "meanwhile, it is the duty, though decidedly not the pleasure, of independent criticism to expose them."[666] That is not all. Palgrave turns his attention in section II[667] to a second form of patronage, the committee, which he holds is "not one chosen for its power of selection, but from connection with the person or deed to be commemorated."[668] As he describes it, the "fitness, truth, and beauty" of a monument are "not much mind[ed]" by the committee,[669] nor, having been constituted more or less haphazardly, does it have the knowledge to select the best artist, or is it able or willing to resist the "screw" of outside pressures.[670] Palgrave's call through such "negative criticism" for an increase in knowledge, and assistance from institutions like the Royal Academy or recognized tribunals, would doubtless help and be accelerated by advances in public taste. But there is perhaps little more than muted wishful thinking in his assertion that the "charlatan and the ignoramus would gradually drop out of sight."[671] In fact a month later he published "Children of this World,"[672] a wide-ranging and bitter attack on all—be

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[664]Ibid., pp. 250-1.
[665]Ibid., p. 254 footnote*.
[666]Ibid., p. 255.
[667]Ibid., pp. 256-63.
[668]Ibid., p. 257.
[669]Ibid., p. 258.
[670]Ibid., p. 261.
[671]Ibid., p. 263.
[672]*Fraser's Magazine* 69:413 (May 1864), 586-90.

they in politics, commerce, literature or art—who seek to achieve fame, which "means doing your duty with energy, pushing your way without philosophical scruples, and making fame and money on the road by all means consistent (of course) with the highest principles of honour,"[673] with the support of the press, influential friends, or the adoption of popular interests. He singles out Palmerston and the *Times* as active examples of such behavior,[674] and as counterpoint the fate of Dickens, whom the "polite world has long tabooed" for his devotion to social questions, and Ruskin, both of whom took unpopular stands.[675] Although Palgrave mentions no artists by name, the implication is clear from his views on Marochetti and Chantrey, among others.

Palgrave's sense of the spectrum of responsibilities of public institutions is further evidenced in two articles for the *Saturday Review*, "Academicians versus Artists"[676] and "The National Gallery and the Royal Academy,"[677] not included in the *Essays*. In the first he criticizes the Academy not merely for annual exhibitions of badly arranged pictures but also for "an amount of unfairness, jobbing, and favouritism on the one hand, and of discouragement, heartburnings, and animosity on the other, that must in the long run exercise the most fatal influence on the whole pictorial profession."[678] In order to gain public trust and fulfill its laudable function the Academy must "set its house in order," must elect with all transparency "no longer their relations and friends, the rich, the clamourous, or the influential, but those who are likely to be the real ornaments of the profession, and those whose works may at any rate compete, without the certainty of discomfiture, with the productions of young and consequently unknown performers."[679] And as a corollary to this general appeal for fairness Palgrave mentions the necessity for fairness in the hanging of the pictures in the exhibitions and the discriminatory exclusion of non-Academical artists from the privilege of a private view. Somewhat mischievously and without endorsing its

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[673]Ibid., p. 588.
[674]Ibid., p. 587.
[675]Ibid., p. 589.
[676]15:393 (9 May 1863), 592-3.
[677]17:450 (11 June 1864), 716-17.
[678]"Academicians," p. 592.
[679]Ibid., p. 593.

practicality, he goes so far as to "dare" the Academy to accept the suggestion that there be separate rooms for productions of its members and members of the profession at large.

In the second article Palgrave is concerned with the internal workings of public and governmental institutions as manifested in their external location and appearance. In this matter Palgrave's interest in the interrelationship of administrative bodies, public institutions, art, and architecture is apparent. Finding the reasons for the transference of the National Gallery to Brompton "irritating" and to Burlington House "ridiculous," and the decisions of Parliament contradictory and "only a choice between uncertainties," Palgrave proceeds to attack the attempt to relegate the National Gallery "to a dim religious grove, from which all profane persons should be rigidly excluded, and to which access should be given, even to the *cognoscenti*, only after pious lustrations and purifying rites."[680] And the Government's "hastily and indistinctly described" plan to erect a new National Gallery at Burlington Gardens or to refront the current one draws an attack on the architectural work of Francis Fowke. "The only thing to do" would be "a clean sweep of the present buildings—stick and stone, compo and scagliola—and a purchase of the whole site behind the present structure, and a really good National Gallery worthy of the 'finest site'."[681] But this is unlikely, Palgrave feels. "The fact is, we are in evil case. Between another Fowkeism at Burlington Gardens and another Fowkeism at Trafalgar Square there is not much to choose. To keep the Old Masters at Trafalgar Square is a great gain, but to make Trafalgar Square worse than it is would be a very decided loss."[682]

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[680]"National Gallery," p. 716.

[681]Ibid., p. 717.

[682]Ibid. Palgrave's concern was also for the safety of valuable collections in private homes and public buildings. In "Lost Treasures," *Essays*, pp. 211-16, he noted that treasures of art in wealthy homes were "practically under the guardianship of the housemaid" and that "England is crowded with wealthy or cultivated men who are heaping up treasures—to their destruction" through neglect and decay. "Urgency" was the word he applied to the danger of fire, especially in public buildings, whose dubious acquisitional policies also are noted. Some years later, reacting to the Fryston "catastrophe," a fire which threatened the collections of his friend Lord Houghton, Palgrave wrote to him on 23 November 1876 (Trinity College Cambridge, Houghton 230:15): "I have long read '*Igni deditum*' written, not

Palgrave's interest in architecture, begun in his youth, was by no means academic. Nor was it simply motivated by personal predilections, civic and patriotic feelings, or socio-political predispositions. All of these played an indispensable role, to be sure, but the keystone of Palgrave's thinking in all the arts was his attempt to discover and nurture the essential being—the taste, if you will—of a nation or civilization, with the ultimate aim of achieving the "chief object of all secular education ... to make a man a good citizen."[683] His focus was England, although what he had to say applied to other nations, just as their experience applied to England as well. In "New Paris"[684] what begins as a condemnation of the domestic ugliness and architectural commonplace, the monotony, of construction in London as compared to the skill and grace of the buildings in Paris—"Even our insular vanity, impervious as it is on so many points alike to ridicule and to reason, has been lately compelled at once to admire much of what has been done in Paris and to give up most of what has been done in London"[685]—and continues with descriptions of streets and structures in Paris (and the comparison with those in London) is in reality an illustration of the "fundamental principles of domestic architecture followed—elegant and varied decoration, individuality of design (few houses being absolutely like their neighbours), and, as far as strikes the eye, truthful and solid construction."[686] If "people in Paris would not put up with such shabby work" as found in London, Palgrave, ever the opponent of bureaucracy, rejects governmental intervention or dictation: "the least satisfactory things at Paris are precisely those which the Administration has undertaken."[687] Instead, blending his aesthetic, pedagogical, and patriotic dispositions, he stresses the "general taste of the

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invisibly, over the great houses of England. It is only a question of time with Chatsworth & Blenheim. I suppose the expense of introducing a safe construction would in such cases be too large. Yet things of the Irrecoverable order (how few!) might be placed out of risk. I hope he new Fryston will be so-built, & then you can really sleep."

[683]"The Study of the English Language," *Light Blue* 1 (April 1867), 82.

[684]*Essays*, pp. 308-15. Originally in the *Saturday Review* 16:422 (28 November 1863), 702-3.

[685]Ibid., p. 308.

[686]Ibid., p. 310.

[687]Ibid., p. 312.

people," certain that "when public opinion insists on a similar purgation [as of some of the carving in the Louvre] in Trafalgar Square, St. Paul's, the Palace of Westminster, and elsewhere, the day of taste will have dawned in England."[688] This, however, is not simply a call for action by the public or even for their education in matters of art. It is a call for the definition and careful nurturing of the character of a people and the appropriateness of its art to this character. This keystone enables Palgrave to remind the French that, however much their ingenuity and skill are worthy of praise, the "Gallic style is nevertheless so far limited by its laws, and restrained by its antecedents, that it cannot compete with the Gothic in force and accentuation."[689] Palgrave wisely does not enter into the battle of styles but does make it clear that his assessment of the taste of France allows him to "plead" for the "resumption" of Gothic, a Nineteenth-century Gothic, in France, and to feel that it would be "easy to see how not only France, but England, Italy, and Belgium, would afford motives of inestimable value; and something would of itself enter into it which would infallibly bring the style into full accordance with the wants and needs of our own age."[690]

Much the same interplay of national character and its art, as well as the sine qua non that taste in art "rests primarily and essentially upon sheer knowledge,"[691] is to some extent a common denominator in Palgrave's discussions of such widely scattered topics as "Japanese Art,"[692] "Sensational Art,"[693] "The Farnese Antiques in the British Museum,"[694] and in his review of G. E. Street's *Some Account of Gothic Architecture in Spain*[695]—all of which may reflect, *mutatis mutandis*, aspects of the conclusion of James Fergusson, outlined in Palgrave's "On the Theory of Design in Architecture,"[696] that "under the peculiar influences of the 15th

[688]Ibid., p. 313.

[689]Ibid., p. 314.

[690]Ibid., p. 315.

[691]Ibid., p. 238.

[692]*Essays*, pp. 185-92.

[693]Ibid., pp. 193-201.

[694]Ibid., pp. 237-244. Not in the *Saturday Review*, this essay is called "Farnese Marbles" in the Index [i.e. Contents] of the *Essays*.

[695]*Fortnightly Review* 1 (15 May 1865), 125-7.

[696]*Fine Arts Quarterly Review* 1 (May 1863), 114-24.

and 16th centuries, it [architecture] becomes an expression of professional learning, in place of national life[697] ... During the whole interval between the fall and revival of Gothic, [it] became an ornamental art for a few persons, not a national development suited for the wants of and delightful to the taste of all."[698] Although agreeing with Fergusson's rejection of the mere copying of the style of other cultures, Palgrave is unable to accept his ethnological-philosophical concepts fully, convinced "that this [formerly lacking] co-operation between designer, workman, and public, [which] has more or less reappeared in England since the Gothic revival, will be regarded as a sign of renascent health by those who believe that style perfectly capable of vital adaptation to the wants and wishes of the present day."[699] Palgrave confirms this statement of the interplay of art and national character by extending it to the fine arts, which included architecture, his first passion as young traveller and sketcher and later as critic of public buildings: "The wants which Building supplies are universal and comparatively alike everywhere. But the features which raise building to a fine art must be sought in the depths of the character of each nation."[700]

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For all his devotion to sculpture it was painting, the most prominent of the fine arts, that was at the heart of his profession as art critic. Palgrave's reviews of the exhibitions of the Royal Academy of 1863 to 1865 are focussed mainly on painting, accounting for four of the five notices of each year. They may not be as immediately passionate as those on sculpture, which is public, so to speak, and may have visible civic consequences. But they are nevertheless keen and muscular, affording the reader with a comprehensive view of the state of English painting and of the state of Palgrave's mind. If the controversy surrounding his *Handbook* is taken into consideration it is striking that the notices on painting starting on 16 May and continuing in weekly installments until 6 June 1863

[697]Ibid., p. 115.
[698]Ibid., p. 116.
[699]Ibid., p. 122.
[700]Ibid., p. 124.

are steady and composed.[701] In a brief preamble, for example, what would normally be an opening salvo against the Hanging Committee in the exercise of their "inevitable ungracious function" of accommodating and arranging several hundred pictures is converted by Palgrave, "having relieved ourselves of this growl," into admiration of the state of English painting: "So well situated is the country at present in regard to art, in certain directions—so imperative are the claims of several artists to a position in which their works can be not only paid for as part of a spectacle, but actually seen—that it will be found that the Ninety-fifth Exhibition of the Academy affords much which may please, and not a little which may delight, an intelligent spectator."[702] Even the absence of works by Mulready, Eastlake, Maclise, Dyce, Landseer,[703] and Foley does not detract from the richness of the exhibition, nor does the fact that some artists of previous "works of merit," like Phillip and Watt, are "by no means seen to the fullest advantage." Palgrave's composure is further evidenced in his generous tribute to the recently deceased Augustus Leopold Egg (1816-1863) for the "high and unaffected aim in all that he did" and for being "amongst the few, comparatively, who could best stand the test of French and German competition." Because the experience of foreign art gained at the International Exhibition and the core of Palgrave's honest perspective require the acknowledgement that "in some highly important matters, we are unequal to our Continental contemporaries. We do not draw so well; we do not hit the point so dexterously; we are not so skilful in telling tale without the aid of minor bits of humour or sentiment; we do not concentrate the interest of our landscapes with such frankness and facility; we are more given to manufacture in our portraits."[704]

Beyond its measured tone it is difficult to deal with Palgrave's strolls through the exhibitions of the Royal Academy. There are too many pictures, each requiring a specific focus, and no thematic or other unifying focus. A reviewer cannot possibly deal with all but cannot escape from

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[701]*Essays*, pp. 1-34.

[702]Ibid., p. 1.

[703]The mention of Landseer, whom Palgrave had been charged of mistreating in the *Handbook* is noteworthy.

[704]Ibid., p. 2.

dealing with many or from paying some attention to the well-known. Nevertheless certain clusters emerge, some by chance and some from Palgrave's grouping of pictures in each of the four weekly installments devoted to painting. And along the way some of his personal predilections, historical orientation, and critical tenets are stated or may be derived. Thus in the review of 16 May 1863[705] Palgrave highlights Leighton's *Ahab, Jezebel, and Elijah* as the "only serious Scripture subject in the exhibition," in which the artist "has endeavoured to unite the 'style' of the sixteenth-century men with that more individual rendering of character and more strictly chorological aspect of scene which familiarity with the real East has rendered, in a manner, obligatory on our modern Scripture painters." If Leighton has a "right ... to the place of first notice amongst those who devote themselves to figure subjects," of special interest to Palgrave both in painting and sculpture, then the "place of popularity must be reserved for Mr Millais," and in this case for the execution of his "'Child's first Sermon' [which] is carried to a high point of technical completeness."[706] Palgrave's perennial interest in children leads him to note and praise "the truth which Millais has apprehended the *inconsecutiveness* of young children—their inability to act a part completely, or for more than a few moments—their deferential, but imperfect, imitation of the eldest amongst them."[707] It leads him also to consider and praise the representation of the "noble little boy" in the brilliant *King of Hearts* of his friend Holman Hunt, and to take notice of numerous other depictions of children.

The historical context of Holman Hunt's picture—a noble little boy is enacting a young Henry VIII—may have played a role in the selection of the pictures discussed in the following review of 23 May 1863,[708] a series which draw their subjects from the past. Palgrave "rejoice[s] to see the enlarging and meritorious band of our historical incident painters" not only in themselves but also as that expansion of the artistic spectrum and a reinforcement of the national heritage he had outlined two years earlier in his "Historical Art in England." This focus enables him to rehearse the

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[705]Ibid., pp. 3-9.
[706]Ibid., p. 4.
[707]Ibid., p. 5.
[708]Ibid., pp. 9-18.

"national liking for pictures of children and lovers, household jests and drawing-room-comedies ... the English addiction to the commonplaces of home," and to deduce what "seems to be a law of life—at least in art—that no man does anything thoroughly well who cannot do whatever analogous work stands in the next stage of difficulty above it. The best figure-schools produce the best ornament." Palgrave admits that "no doubt it is much better to paint a baby well than to fail in a Saint," but is sly enough to counter with "yet he who has made earnest effort to represent the Saint will probably paint the baby better—witness Raphael and Velasquez, Rubens and Reynolds." The focus enables Palgrave as well to call attention to the need for a judicious selection of such works as are likely to be displayed in public places. His welcome of the band of historical incident painters is accompanied by his "regret ... that, for their sakes as well as the nation's, some of the fresco-spaces at Westminster were not saved for them from less able hands" and his "trust that there is still opportunity to introduce new blood in the series of Parliamentary commissions."[709] And, Palgrave being Palgrave, not to hesitate to name those least or best suited: "One or two works a-piece by Messrs. Cope, Ward, and Herbert, would have supplied ample verge and space enough for their powers, and have spared room for artists of more capacity for historical work—let us name Mr. Madox Brown, Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Millais, and Mr. Armitage, without exhausting the list,—who have not yet gained admission."[710]

Landscape-painting, "hitherto the most decidedly national thing in our art," is the theme of the third review of 30 May 1863.[711] Of perhaps more abiding interest than the descriptions of numerous individual paintings or what has influenced some (e.g. contemporary French art) or the origin of the scenes they portray (e.g. the East) is Palgrave's recurring dissatisfaction with the Hanging Committee, which contained no landscape-painter and seems "to have excluded from the Academy, or dismissed to floor and ceiling, the works of our younger and less known aspirants."[712] Palgrave cites, among others, Whistler's "effective rough sketch of Westminster

[709]Ibid., pp. 10-11.
[710]Ibid., p. 11.
[711]*Essays*, pp. 18-26.
[712]Ibid., p. 18.

Bridge, [which] only painted to be looked at from a fair distance, has been put where effectiveness is lost, and roughness alone visible."[713] Others, like Lee's "clay-cold landscape, with its flat skies, mechanical foliage, and colourless rocks, and the feeble mannerism of Witherington. meanwhile occupy places to which it is difficult to find any better title than the Academical position of the artists."[714] Despite the "bad spirit of monopoly," Palgrave finds "no need to grudge the space, or address indignant remonstrance to the Royal Commissioners," when such members as Hook, whose pictures Palgrave deals with admiringly in some detail,[715] or Stanfield "crowd the line."

In the fourth section of 6 June 1863[716] Palgrave goes beyond more or less administrative problems to outline both the basic requirements of portraiture and its socio-cultural implications. Addressing the complaint, "regular as May itself, that the Exhibition walls are crowded with huge figures of people whom we know nothing about by artists about whom we care nothing ... and the cause why the heads of our contemporaries do not strike or please us as much as the portraits of people long since dead or forgotten, by Titian, Velasquez, or Gainsborough," he explains that "it is to the palette, not to the dress or features, that we should look for the element of inferiority."[717] He counters that the immense demand for likenesses, a product of a prosperous society, "does not conform to the common laws of human production, and call forth an adequate supply to meet it. For genius is one of those elements which are classed, in political economy, as limited." True portraiture is not the catching of a recognizable likeness by a clever sketcher. Rather, "not only should we have severity of design and beauty of colour, but the likeness ... must be one that, in some mysterious way, not only the man as he may look in common life, when he comes into a room or stands by his hunter, but the whole substance of his character, the 'form and pressure' of his mind, so far as these inner features are stamped on the outward."[718] Palgrave is insistent about the socio-cultural implications: "when excellence in any

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[713]Ibid., p. 20.
[714]Ibid.
[715]Ibid., pp. 22-4.
[716]Ibid., pp. 26-34.
[717]Ibid., p. 26.
[718]Ibid., p. 27.

branch of human industry is not attainable, we should be content to do without it ... It is just the same with fine art. Nothing but a good portrait, which is necessarily a good painting, is worth having."[719] The "idle, insatiable wish to be painted oneself, or to put a likeness of a friend in a public place, is so predominant in modern England," leading to what Palgrave terms the "manufacturing aspect of the art," has disastrous societal consequences: "When everybody will be painted, public taste corrupts itself and the painter's. Commonplace and superficiality become the rule."[720] It is in this context that Palgrave's brief assessments of the portraits before him—and his high praise of those qualities of "intensity and severity in style" in Holman Hunt's *Dr. Lushington*, which, are in contrast to the "easier manner" of Lawrence's followers, but "which make an epoch in our school of portraiture"[721]—must be understood.

The reviews of the exhibitions of 1864[722] and 1865[723] follow much the same pattern of grouping and manner of comment. Most of the assessments of individual pictures are no longer of pressing interest, however, and the itemizing of so many trees may result in the losing of the forest. Still, Palgrave does touch on certain trends, offer some precepts, and highlight exciting artists—all of more than topical interest. For one thing there is his warm response to "those noteworthy younger artists whose figure-subjects form the most interesting, and perhaps the most advancing, section of English art," for "besides the increased regard for drawing, colour, and brilliancy which they show, they may be said to have introduced a new series of incident-subjects which cannot be classified under the true ancient heads of common life or history—being more poetical, and of wider scope than the first, whilst they rarely answer, either in style or in the choice of incident, to the old conventional idea of the grand or historical school." Here, Palgrave singles out Millais, whose "single invention—a pert Jacobite damsel perched on a mounting-block, in a green velvet riding-dress, with appropriate symbols of her political creed about her—is enough to convert one to Hanoverianism at once."[724]

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[719]Ibid., p. 29.
[720]Ibid.
[721]Ibid., p. 34.
[722]*Essays*, pp. 45-88.
[723]Ibid., pp. 89-124.
[724]Ibid., pp. 60-1.

Palgrave's admiration of the "tragic poetry" of Landseer's *Polar Scene*, especially for the "skill with which the idea of the actual human suffering has been effaced from the blanched bones and relics, obviously exposed to many Arctic winters," the moving "last scene in the life of Franklin and his gallant men," extends to more than Palgrave's human and humanistic acknowledgement of the rightful honoring of brave men whose "lives were sacrificed to the noble pursuit of knowledge." It elicits his dictum "Great art cannot be better employed than on great actions."[725]

In the review of 1865 Palgrave notes, with some regret and irony, that "the advance of the English School is so smooth and steady as to be almost imperceptible. Pre-Raphaelitism, whether in its genuine or its imitative form is now little to be seen; and all the painters whose work could not come near the 'Huguenot' in precision or delicacy, accompanied by a chorus of Academical critics, are congratulating Mr. Millais upon the change, much as the young lady in that masterpiece, with her good father confessor, would have blessed her lover had he reconciled himself to the Holy Mother Church."[726] His acute and pained observations on the state of art, running parallel to those on the Academy and the world, are aphoristic: "The lesser world of the Academy ... represents pretty accurately the course of the larger world around it; and advances, as Mr. John Stuart Mill has it, more by the general elevation of the mass than by the force of leading and powerful individualities, who are rather suppressed than otherwise in favour of those gifted with the facility for catching the common eye."[727] Similar is the mood of his characterization of the paintings in the exhibition in terms of the development of English painting: "Figure-subjects, as usual, hold so predominantly a place among the pictures that we begin to wonder whether there ever really was a time when success in landscape deserved to rank as the special characteristic of the English school."[728] He is relieved, however, to discover—and pontificate therefrom—in Whistler's view of the Old Battersee Bridge, which "has nothing equal to it here ... what every landscape should be, rather an inlet into nature through a frame than what we commonly mean

[725]Ibid., p. 78.
[726]Ibid., p. 89.
[727]Ibid., p. 90.
[728]Ibid., p. 92.

by a picture."[729] Palgrave's penchant for historically founded rather than ad hoc criticism is evident in his pronouncement-cum-axiom on Leighton: "”The older painters used to repeat a subject ten times till, we may presume, they had 'satisfied their ideal.' And we should like Mr. Leighton to take up this beautiful theme [his *David*] again, and not be contented to rest till he had done justice to its high capabilities. One picture so wrought out would surely be a better lesson in art than fifty subjects half-mastered; it would also to an enduring treasure."[730] Palgrave's ability to grasp and appraise larger entities or trends is apparent in his reaction to the scarcity of historical subjects: "Our history-pictures are accordingly represented now by works treated in what one may, without disrespect, speak of as the older manner, in which theatrical and melodramatic sentiment is apt to be predominant, while the dress has a tendency to be elaborate without strict or valuable accuracy, and even, in its effect, to overpower the wearer."[731] Magisterial too is his description of the course of portraiture in England:

Men here crystallize early, and, if they keep to this branch of the art, seldom exhibit any development except a too-often increasing want of care and variety. Something of this is due to the monotony of the work; the proper study of man may be man, but not man (we presume) as he looks when stereotyped in a studio chair. An even more powerful source of degeneracy must be also traceable to the want of training in the figure under which most of our painters labour, and which, when once the lucrative tide of portrait popularity has set in, leaves as little time for the Academician to make himself a thorough artist, as (it may be feared) to recognize that he has perhaps never yet been one. Add to these depressing causes, that in England the art of Reynolds and Gainsborough—imperfect in some respects, though exquisite in everything—pitched the key for our portraiture, which has gone through gradations of flimsiness, want of ease, want of drawing, and want of force, until some such determined protest as that which Mr. Holman Hunt has made in the able group exhibited in Hanover Street under the name of "The Children's Hour," becomes necessary to redeem the style from total decadence.[732]

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During his tenure as art critic for the *Saturday Review* Palgrave was able to

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[729]Ibid., p. 107.
[730]Ibid., p. 95.
[731]Ibid., p. 98.
[732]Ibid., pp. 116-17.

increase his impact with a number of pieces on individual painters and styles. He complemented the more or less telescopic view of the exhibitions of the Royal Academy with a more or less microscopic one. In 1863 he dealt with Cruickshank,[733] as well as "Japanese Art"[734] and "Sensational Art"[735]; in 1864 with Dyce and Hunt,[736] Mulready,[737] Holman Hunt,[738] and Herbert[739]; and in 1865 with Madox Brown[740] and Flandrin.[741] And for good measure he is most likely to have been the author in 1863 of "An R.A. Painted by Himself,"[742] a pointed exposure of the selection and disposition of pictures at Royal Academy exhibitions, one of his perennial hobby-horses. Palgrave's treatment of individual painters, all of whom he admired, gave him an opportunity to express the reasons for his admiration and in doing so to make clear what he considered true art. To put it another way, the essays tend to focus on his concept of the "genius" of a particular artist and even on the definition of genius itself. From a survey of the three main styles of George Cruickshank—"the element of caricature ... united with a fine rendering of the faces,"[743] the delicacy and humor of the ideas in his illustrations

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[733]"The Cruickshank Exhibition," in *Essays*, pp. 177-84. Originally in the *Saturday Review* 16:404 (25 July 1863), 121-2.

[734]*Essays*, pp. 185-92. Originally in the *Saturday Review* 16:407 (15 August 1863), 219-20.

[735]*Essays*, pp. 193-201. Originally in the *Saturday Review* 16:408 (22 August 1863), 252-4.

[736]*Essays*, pp. 135-43. Originally in the *Saturday Review* 17:435 (27 February 1864), 256-8.

[737]"Mulready at Kensington," in *Essays*, pp. 125-34. Originally in the *Saturday Review* 17:438 (19 March 1864), 350-1.

[738]"On Some Recent Pictures by Mr. Holman Hunt," in *Essays*, pp. 160-7. Originally as "Mr. Holman Hunt's New Pictures," in the *Saturday Review* 17:451 (18 June 1864), 750-1.

[739]"Mr. Herbert's 'Delivery of the Law,'" in *Essays*, pp. 151-9. Originally as "Mr. Herbert's and Other Frescoes," in the *Saturday Review* 18:455 (16 July 1864), 86-7.

[740]"The Pictures of Mr. Ford Madox Brown," in *Essays*, pp. 168-76. Originally as "Exhibition of Pictures by Mr. Madox Brown," in the *Saturday Review* 19:491 (25 March 1865), 345-6.

[741]*Essays*, pp. 144-50. Originally in the *Saturday Review* 19:496 (28 April 1865), 512-13.

[742]*Saturday Review* 16:423 (5 December 1863), 727-8.

[743]*Essays*, p. 179.

employed to "rouse our laughter" and "innocent mirth,"[744] and "his gift for rendering the fairy supernatural world"[745]—derived from the more than one thousand etchings in the exhibition, Palgrave also singles out "one of the most frequent and least doubtful signs of genuine genius," "old" Cruickshank's "ever-youthfulness."[746] Palgrave goes so far as to suggest reasons for the undervaluing of Cruickshank and by extension other geniuses, among them Cruickshank's telling "stern truths too plainly" and the fact that "satirical and humourus designing lies still, in some degree, under that Academical censure or depreciation which led Horace Walpole to deny the name Painter to Hogarth."[747]

Palgrave's artistic preferences are evident as well in his eulogies of the recently deceased William Dyce and William Hunt. Dyce's "success in art may be largely due to persevering industry."[748] For his historical and especially church paintings Palgrave afforded Dyce "the highest place amongst those who have attempted to add the charm of sacred art to our own churches," praising the "sobriety of this work" with its "grave and thoughtful quality" for "realiz[ing] the ideal of ecclesiastical art."[749] Similarly, Hunt's style "was marked by the simplicity and modesty which ... characteris[ed] his disposition. From first to last it was the same quiet, incessant, humble-hearted obedience to the nature which he wished to reproduce and to fix in art."[750] Once again, after conceding some of Hunt's weaknesses, Palgrave stresses the artistic disposition or genius he admires and propounds: "Hunt's healthy nature, sense of humour, and profound feeling for simple life ... If we attempt to characterize his genius in one phrase, we would say that William Hunt has been unsurpassed amongst our artists in one of the noblest functions of art—that of exalting lowliness, and giving greatness to little things."[751]

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[744]Ibid., p. 181.

[745]Ibid.

[746]*Essays*, p. 177. In a letter to Macmillan of 2 August 1863 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 2) Palgrave suggested that Cruickshank might do the title-page of one of the future volumes in the Golden Treasury Series.

[747]Ibid., p. 184.

[748]Ibid., p. 137.

[749]Ibid., p. 138.

[750]Ibid., p. 141.

[751]Ibid., p. 143.

The question of what constitutes true genius opens Palgrave's discussion of William Mulready, who "must be unhesitatingly placed amongst the few really eminent and thorough draughtsmen of the British School." His answer is immediate and unsurprisingly familiar: "If we might, for the sake of definition, call refinement with accuracy the artist's method or principle in art, the results of it were principally marked by grace combined with humour."[752] The qualities Palgrave admires overwhelm certain deficiencies. "It is true that Mulready wants a certain spontaneity and air of ease which eminently mark Gainsborough or Reynolds. His works are sometimes laboured, always profoundly studied; each one appears to be an experiment in advance; they evade no difficulties, and are hence liable to occasional fallings-short from the artist's idea of perfection ... But the artist's earnest aim at refined accuracy never fails."[753] From this it is but a short step to Palgrave's crowning conception. In the exhibition "every little group is like an Athenian bas-relief reproduced in colour. Mulready's dogs, as Mr. Ruskin said, might have been types for Hellenic coinage. His compositions dwell on the mind, amidst a thousand which we have admired, and dimly remember, like some of the airs of Mozart or Beethoven compared with other men's sonatas. To use an old scholastic phrase, they are 'essential forms' of grace." And it is this very quality, at the heart of Palgrave's aesthetic creed, which—his experience on the artistic battlefront causes him to admit—"may be one reason why, in the widest sense, Mulready has never been a popular artist."[754]

Palgrave's discussion of William Holman Hunt is first an evaluation of the Pre-Raphaelite school, when "four or five men of genius whose doings began to create such a curious stir fifteen years ago set out, as genius eternally must do, with an energetic protest against conventionality."[755] But the "fact of the reaction, the sincerity of the protest, is the great thing," and "in one word, (as may be true of other reformers also), the creed was of much less importance than the

[752]Ibid., p. 126.
[753]Ibid., p. 128.
[754]Ibid., p. 129.
[755]Ibid., p. 161.

protestation,"[756] for "the school itself (so far as the term ever had any true meaning) [took] different directions, according to the bias of the artists whose first apparent co-operation gave it a species of unity."[757] The gloss of novelty having worn off, it is "as individual artists of power that the world at present accepts them."[758] Typical of Palgrave in his treatment of Holman Hunt is his regarding "as altogether secondary" the labels attached to his art and "primary" the qualities of his genius, "intellectual force and artistic intensity:"[759] Once again Palgrave pronounces the essence of his artistic creed: "It is to the head—to what is in the man—that we must in all cases look for the result of his hands, whether they give us a statue or a sonata, picture or a poem, 'Maud' or the 'Light of the World.' In all the fine arts, instinctive as their operation may appear (as especially in music), we think that this law holds good; everything does not *spring* from the intellect, but everything is *bounded* by it."[760]

Palgrave uses a detailed narrative description of John Rogers Herbert's fresco of Moses to reiterate his creed. The variety and intensity of the emotions in the Biblical story are perhaps second to none, and Herbert's devotion and labor of many years are laudable, as are an "absence of mere Academical display on the one hand, and of vulgar effectism on the other."[761] Still, to Palgrave, the central idea of the story—the Supernatural revealing itself to man—appears "totally wanting."[762] "In a word"—Palgrave's favorite phrase for closure—"singular as it may seem, this 'Moses returning from the Mount' might almost have been the work of some disciple of Voltaire or of Renan, anxious to bring before us Arab life and the Sinaitic landscape, and at the same time to express not only the comparative unimportance of the event historically, but its freedom from supernatural intervention."[763] It is not that Herbert lacked sincerity or reverence. Rather, for all his lofty aims and technical merits, his "hand has not justly seconded his heart. It is as if he had, in Plato's phrase,

[756]Ibid., pp. 161-2.
[757]Ibid.
[758]Ibid., p. 162.
[759]Ibid.
[760]Ibid., p. 163.
[761]Ibid., p. 156.
[762]Ibid., p. 157.
[763]Ibid., p. 158.

'approached the Gate of the Muses without inspiration'."[764] For Palgrave there is only one axiomatic conclusion: "Nature strictly and severely defines the limits beyond which, say what we will, and be complimented as we may, we cannot go ... [Herbert] seems to us one example of that common and innocent miscalculation, which leads man to attempt what is beyond his natural faculty. There is no use in it however; *Non datur ultra*."[765]

That gap between heart and hand which caused Palgrave to react with coldness to Herbert's fresco he finds bridged in the work of Ford Madox Brown, whose "genial power" calls forth from the spectator an understanding and appreciation belonging to the "transfusion of intellect." Brown's "gallery startles one into the belief that we have in him an artist of singular truth, soundness, and originality: whilst so strong is the evidence which he gives of intellectual insight at once into the spirit of the past and of our own day, and of vividness in the dramatic exhibition of character, that we must henceforth assign him one of the leading places among our very small but honoured company of genuine historical painters."[766] To the recognizable adjectives and nouns of his delineation of an artist's genius, if not of genius itself, as well as his advocacy of

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[764]Ibid.

[765]Ibid., pp. 158-9. In what is in the main a review of Henri Delaborde's *Lettres et pensées d'Hippolyte Flandrin*, which he finds exemplary, Palgrave attributes the "weaker side" of what has been called Flandrin's "effort to give Greek art Christian baptism" not simply to a "native want of dramatic force and energy in the artist" (as he had Herbert's to the "want of vital power and imagination") but to "that spirit of the age [Rationalism] from which no one can escape by any process short of mental suicide" (*Essays*, pp. 146-7). And he uses a related discourse on Japanese art to stress that "decorative art in Japan is based on the same principle as pictorial art," an "idea" which "we cannot too highly commend, or too carefully study" (*Essays*, p. 187). And, to be sure, to declare that "the want of life and feeling in most decorative details in our new buildings ... prepares us for the failure in much of what is meant for simply ornamental work" (pp. 187-8), and, as a corollary to his adherence to the clear identity and heritage of both Western and Eastern art, to warn that "there is great and eminent danger lest the fine traditional craft of the East should be marred or ruined by imitation of the worst Occidental types ... In the region of art there could hardly be a greater evil than an importation, not from Japan to South Kensington but of South Kensington into Japan" (pp. 191-2).

[766]Ibid., p. 169.

historical and biblical subjects and close supporting analysis of specific paintings, Palgrave does not forget to add the "first duty" of a painter, "to be able to paint."[767] And, to be sure, Palgrave hopes that Brown, whose intense grasp of contemporary life has earned him a "share in the 'note' of all that was best in Grecian art ... should now ... add to this, Hellenic moderation."[768] That sense of balance or appropriateness is also at the core of Palgrave's essay "Sensational Art," in which he defines "sensationalism" as the "exaggeration of vigour" and deplores Sensational Art, be it in the fine arts or literature, as "pretend[ing) to the vigour which is beyond the ability of the artist."[769] When "bodily emotion takes the place of the intellectual" even the greatest are affected: "Great as Michel Angelo was in penetrative and vivifying imagination, profound in mastery over the form, and potent in dramatic characterization, his impetuous nature did not always, or often, allow him to maintain the balance of sobriety, that fine and golden moderation, which Sculpture has exacted from her most consummate followers."[770]

8.

Coincidental with the beginning of his duties as art critic of the *Saturday Review*, Palgrave attempted to provide a kind of conceptual umbrella to cover his views of specific artists, specific works, and specific structures in all the fine arts. In a sweeping and showy historical survey of literally dozens and dozens of poets, painters, sculptors, architects, musicians, and edifices, as well as quotations from poems in Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and English, from Ancient Greece and Rome (e.g. Homer, Pindar,

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[767]Ibid., p. 175.

[768]Ibid., p. 176.

[769]Ibid., p. 198.

[770]Ibid., p. 200. Not surprising is Palgrave's view of William Morris's 13,000 line poem *The Life and Death of Jason*. In a letter of 9 July 1867 to Lord Houghton (Trinity College Cambridge, Houghton 230:21), he hoped Houghton would look at it, noting that "it wants strength, & the story is in itself unmanageable—having been often tried in old times but never, so far as we know, with success. But there is a great narrative gift, & enough poetical power to make me look forward with much interest to the metrical stories which he advertises. I wish he & other men of a certain *geist* would have sense to see that eccentricity is only a refined sort of sensationalism, &, like it, produces its effect at the entire sacrifice of duration."

Catullus, Horace, Virgil) to Europe (e.g. Dante, Goethe, Voltaire, Beethoven) to contemporary England and America (e.g. Brontë, Trollope, Longfellow, Shelley), he compiled what amounts to a compact directory of whom and what he considered the best and the not-quite-so-best in western culture. Although in "The Pretty and the Beautiful,"[771] an apparent outgrowth of his youthful distinction between the agreeable and the pleasant,[772] he emphasized poetry, often comparing passages from, say, Catullus and Longfellow or Shelley and Moore, and made countless supporting assertions about artists and movements of the visual arts and music,[773] his conclusion applies to all art and all times, its flourish increased by a cunningly modest caveat:

without ... concurring in the *dictum* that good art has no place for the Pretty, it is well that we should bear in mind the dangers which haunt its pursuit. Compared with the Beautiful, the Pretty shows fancy for imagination, elegance for grace, complexity for simplicity, finish in parts rather than completion of the whole, points for curves, artifice for nature. It appeals more to the transient than the enduring, paints better body than soul, tends to pettiness in place of lifting us to the sublime. It excites the thirst of the soul rather than satisfies it: it is motion rather than repose; it holds slightly by truth, and is ever ready to sacrifice her to novelty and attractiveness. It has given us "plum box art" ... for the art of Titian, Canova for Phidias, Moore for Milton.[774]

Coincidental with the conclusion of his duties as art critic of the *Saturday Review*, Palgrave published in the newly established *Fortnightly*

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[771]*Fine Arts Quarterly Review* 2 (October 1863), 308-33.

[772]See above, p. 99.

[773]It is very surprising that Palgrave, of a family devoted to music—see Gwenllian, p. 42—and himself a lover and from his numerous citations a connoisseur of music, should have written only one piece directly on it. But his "Entr'Acte: A Few Words on Weber," *Libretto of "Monday Popular Concerts,"* 21 January 1862, pp. 29-30, is a confirmation, however brief, of his belief in the unity of all the arts and of the inexpressibility of true art. "Those who love Wordsworth and Shakespeare, Cowper and Tennyson, best, will be the fittest to deal with Weber. Nor will they fail, I think, to find that he has a circle of his own, in which even such men cannot move; that he renders its effects with a beauty beyond written words, and an exquisiteness above the reach of syllables. There is something in Weber more poetical [crossed out is "practical"] than Poetry itself."

[774]"The Pretty," pp. 332-3.

Review a more restricted and restrained résumé, not so much synchronic as diachronic, more informational than conceptual, of his views on the state of the fine arts, as well as two reviews on Italian art and two on what might be called applied art. "English Pictures in 1865"[775] does not add substantially to what he had already written in the *Saturday Review*. Of those artists named and his opinions of them little is changed. The "finished style" of Holman Hunt and Madox Ford, for example, is praised[776]; the reference to the former's exhibition in the Hanover Street Gallery is repeated.[777] Once again, in the context of the Royal Academy exhibition of 1865, Whistler's *View of Old Battersea Bridge* is judged "all the more remarkable for the singular amount of effect which the artist has attained from such unpromising materials."[778] Framing Palgrave's rapid notice of a flood of artists are his customary plea for the necessity of criticism,[779] his distrust of single labels for "artists worth criticising at all,"[780] his ordering of the discussion in terms of landscape painting[781] (prefaced by the observation that landscape painting has "during the last few years taken a decided direction towards water-colours"[782]) and figure-painting. And, from the outset[783] to the conclusion, there is to be found his customary bitter assessment of the "fallen state" of the arts: "With exceptions—(in the oil-colours: in the sculpture not one can be admitted)—so few that they can be reckoned up on the fingers, the portraits of 1865 appear to rank only with that vast series of manufactures for the use of the dining-room or the hall which portraiture annually produces, and for which the insatiate demand for the article (one that, if treated as art, requires the rarest powers) is in no small degree responsible."[784] Bitterness, in fact, leads to Palgrave's inevitable comprehensive desperation: "Should the time ever arrive when existing

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[775]*Fortnightly Review* 1 (1 August 1865), 661-74.
[776]Ibid., pp. 666-7.
[777]Ibid., p. 673.
[778]Ibid., pp. 665-6.
[779]Ibid., p. 661.
[780]Ibid., p. 663.
[781]Ibid., pp. 662-7.
[782]Ibid., p. 662.
[783]Ibid., pp. 661-2.
[784]Ibid., p. 674.

standards of excellence, truth to natural fact, and conformity to the laws of art, are once more regarded as tests, the public apathy or ignorance on portraiture and sculpture may give way to a healthier taste, and require a different order of work from that, for the sake of which Englishmen at present are content to throw away their money, and add ugliness to ugly London."[785]

Palgrave's brief notice of the new book *Facsimiles of Original Studies of Raffaelle and by Michel Angelo in the University Galleries, Oxford*[786] is little more than a puff, an approving announcement of a "gift-book which is not only a thing of beauty for the hour, but a 'joy for ever'." His review of W. Watkins Lloyd's *Christianity in the Cartoons*[787] is rightly grouped under critical notices, although it signals (perhaps with the benefit of hindsight) what may be a less energetic tone in Palgrave or perhaps a diminishing direct engagement in the arena of art criticism and controversy. Raphael's cartoons and Christianity were topics of great interest to Palgrave from his earliest days in Oxford, when he, nicknamed "Madonna Palgrave," began collecting pious pictures with passion and attending chapel with more than automatic regularity. And Palgrave does not hesitate, in the very first sentence, to indicate his objection: "It is not often that an author makes one wish him less original and independent than he is." But though he cannot agree with Lloyd's "mythical" view, which "united a description of Raphael's celebrated Cartoons with an analysis of the facts upon which he considers that those portions of the New Testament represented in the Cartoons rest," he appears so impressed by Lloyd's learning and sincerity that he is willing to more or less pass over what he considers to be "want of discrimination and method" and acknowledge that the English public is "largely indebted" to the book as a "critical description of Raphael's art, as exhibited in the cartoons."[788] Somewhat disappointingly, Palgrave does not go farther, untypically devoting two of his three pages to a long quotation of a "specimen" of Lloyd's analysis and concluding with, "Will Mr. Lloyd excuse the wish that he would reprint those portions of his

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[785]Ibid.

[786]*Fortnightly Review* 1:5 (15 July 1865), 640.

[787]*Fortnightly Review* 3:14 (1 December 1865), 248-50.

[788]Ibid., p. 248.

book which bear on the Cartoons as a guide to these treasures?"[789] What also appear to be only workmanlike after the crusader-like stance of the *Saturday Review* days are Palgrave's reviews of E. Meteyard's *The Life of J. Wedgwood*[790] and W. Burges's *Art Applied to Industry*.[791] Both touch on topics of high interest to Palgrave: the former with the connection between pottery and the study of Greek vases, as well as the taste for collecting; the latter with the practical progress of the country in art. Both are respectfully welcomed by Palgrave, the former concluding with the suggestion that the "value of the work as a guide will be much increased if the second volume contained one or two coloured plates,"[792] the second, drawing on the author's suggestions on external architectural decorations, with the "hope that some intelligent man, tired of having his house done for him by contract in the dingy square-hole style of modern London, will take courage; and when he builds or refaces, apply to Mr. Burges for a little coloured sketch, and make his house permanently bright, dry, and ornamented in this easy manner.—Save your painter's bills!"[793]. Both add little in the way of content or fervor to Palgrave's artistic perspective. In fact, for whatever reason, after the fertile early 1860s what remains of his work as art critic over the next thirty or so years until his death in 1897 is relatively insignificant, especially, as will be discussed, when compared to his burgeoning attention to the widest implications of letters, to his own concurrent and never-quiescent literary productions, and to the literature of others.

3. 1866-1897

From 1866 to 1897 Palgrave's publications on the visual arts consisted of only seven reviews of books and three of exhibitions, two introductions to collections of paintings, five articles, and an address to students. At first glance it is striking that, after one book review in 1866, two in 1867, and four in 1870, Palgrave ceased writing book reviews altogether. Notable too is the fact that each book review appeared in a different journal.

[789] Ibid., p. 250.
[790] *Fortnightly Review* 1:4 (1 July 1865), 510-11.
[791] *Fortnightly Review* 2:8 (1 September 1865), 254-5.
[792] *Wedgwood*, p. 511.
[793] *Art Applied*, p. 255.

Further, all but two deal with etchings or drawings, and only two with sculpture or painting. Other than to conclude comprehensively and indisputedly, as a discussion of Palgrave's activities in this period will show, that Palgrave had other lives to lead, a clear explanation for the nature and distribution of these book reviews is elusive. Speculation is possible. Seven reviews in seven different journals may indicate that there was competition among the journals for contributions by a widely known critic or, on the other hand, that Palgrave had to shop around, as it were, to place the reviews. Or it may be that the review of 1866 in the third volume of the *Fortnightly Review* was simply another link in the chain of reviews he had written in volumes one and two. Or it may be that Palgrave was thrifty in packaging four reviews on drawing and etching for four different publishers. Such speculation, however, is only speculation and therefore idle. Clear, in any case, is that the reviews are recognizably Palgravean in theme and directness but perhaps of another stage in his career, when he was somewhat distant from the bustle and controversy of the arena in which he had earned a reputation as art critic, when, in a word, book reviews were more frequent than reviews of exhibitions.

Palgrave's interest in drawing began with his own penchant for drawing in early boyhood and was from then, as great skill in or mastery of drawing considered essential for all artists, solidly embedded as a tenet of his art criticism. In his review of *Drawing from Nature: A Series of Progressive Instructions in Sketching* by George Barnard[794] Palgrave as educator and art critic is certain that school instruction at the rate of two hours per week for four or five years, as at Rugby, where Barnard is employed and his former superior, Frederick Temple, is headmaster, cannot achieve anything resembling real art. Although admitting that such study might give pleasure or, as in the author's quotation of Temple, "familiarise a boy's mind with noble thoughts, with beautiful images.[795] Art is too complex for school study. It may do for "preserving memoranda of journeys or home scenes," as it had for Palgrave himself and for his mother. In fact, and this is vintage Palgrave, art cannot be taught and certainly not in any restricted time. "What should be held up before their eyes at school is not a poor imitation of professional painting to make

[794]*Fortnightly Review* 3:18 (1 February 1866), 773-5.
[795]Ibid., p. 774.

their sisters stare, or an attempt to learn in a few hours what cost Turner or Stanfield their whole lives, but practical command over a much more modest form of art."[796] Palgrave's blunt assessment—"In itself, no amateur's work in colour will ever be worth the papers which it covers"[797]—is nevertheless consistent with his liberal view of the necessity of education and at the same time with his elitist vision of the true artist and of art itself: "Elementary drawing is within everybody's reach, but art, in the strict sense, is the business of a life."[798] So is his concluding with a repetition of his earlier quotation of Tintoretto's "always true" saying, "'The study of painting is immeasurable, and that sea widening perpetually.'"[799]

What distinguishes the remaining six reviews, however different their content, is not merely the sharp focus and broad knowledge of Palgrave's aesthetic position but also, removed somewhat as he was from the day-to-day controversies, a more relaxed tone and a readiness towards compliment. In his review of *The Holy Bible [of 1611] ... with Illustrations by Gustave Doré,*[800] after first rejoicing that "by some happy chance we have at last got to see that a little knowledge is not a dangerous thing but a great deal better than no knowledge at all ... and that education is the greatest possible blessing a nation can have," Palgrave praises private enterprise, the publishers Messrs. Cassell and their many competitors not for "disinterested love of their species in publishing good and cheap books" but, in doing so, for helping to provide a national system of educational instruction which "successive governments, quarrelling over paltry jealousies of creeds, have neglected."[801] From this opening statement of his civic and pedagogical orientation Palgrave proceeds immediately to the illustrations—for that "alone [is what] we have to do"—and so to outline, in the clear and confident language that comes of firm and settled experience, the art of his contemporary, Gustave Doré. Although Doré's "versatility and audacity"[802] make analysis difficult, Palgrave attempts to

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[796]Ibid., p. 775.
[797]Ibid.
[798]Ibid.
[799]Ibid.
[800]*Light Blue* 2 (March 1867), 177-82.
[801]Ibid., p. 177.
[802]Ibid., p. 178.

explain the "intense pleasure" he has received from Doré's Bible narrative by placing it within the tradition of representations of Scripture. Turning to early Italian painting, he classifies the renditions—apologizing, as was his wont "for want of better words"—as "realistic" or "idealistic,"[803] and, with examples from Andrea Orcagna and Benozzo Gozzoli, finds, as usual, that the "permanent truth" of the idealist is "far more valuable" than the "temporary fact" of the realist.[804] Within this conclusion is Palgrave's recognizable criticism of modern painters whose "folly ... it is to attempt the restitution of that which is for ever gone, when genius can present to us all that we need—its priceless lessons."[805] Palgrave regards Doré as an idealist and praises his "wonderful power of handling masses of darkness and lines of light."[806] Although not a painter but an illustrator, Doré exemplifies the "breadth of conception, the beauty of feeling, and the power of imagination that betoken the highest genius."[807] These criteria of Palgrave's are accompanied, as to be expected, by his cautionary hope that Doré's breathtaking versatility and speed, his "prolific mind ... may not be seduced to neglect quality for quantity."[808]

Palgrave's review of a portfolio of etchings by Francis Seymour Haden, *Etudes à l'eau-forte*,[809] is as much a statement of his artistic creed as an appraisal of the work of his contemporary, Haden. A long quote from Haden, beginning, "In my notion, the artistic faculty is innate and cannot be acquired. Art is a moral and intellectual emanation which study may develop but cannot create" and continuing with a distrust of schools, "which can never create an artist of originality" but "only hamper his development," and with a rejection of academies, of which he is an "avowed enemy," might well have come from Palgrave's own pen. What may be also appealing to Palgrave is Haden's assigning, "as to the practical part, only a second place ... to technical excellence, and all those qualities which are handed down by tradition ... The artist should master the

[803]Ibid., p. 179.
[804]Ibid., p. 180.
[805]Ibid.
[806]Ibid., p. 181.
[807]Ibid., p. 182.
[808]Ibid.
[809]"Mr Seymour Haden's Etchings," *Fine Arts Quarterly Review* 2 (January, 1867), 119-37.

process of his art sufficiently to enable him to clothe his idea in a form of beauty. If he goes further, the means become the end; sentiment and thought, in place of being predominant, will be dragged after executive facility."[810] These elements Palgrave finds in Haden's work—in "the choice of a form of art in which a gifted hand can express itself with the least need of long practice" and, in his subjects and efforts, "with equal moderation, confin[ing] himself within the bounds set by his own temperament, and the predominating wish to enjoy to the utmost the lessons of nature."[811] Enjoyment is a special factor. Albeit aware of the limits of biographical information in the assessment of an artist's work,[812] Palgrave in this instance, however, finds the fact that Haden's landscape-etching has been "the employment of a physician's holiday" is a "leading point of view from which we should look at his work; the main underlying idea."[813] "There are few forms of enjoyment purer, stronger, and more enviable than the gift of reproducing for oneself and for others those aspects of natural peace and loveliness which most closely touch the heart or awaken the poetic sympathy. What a charm against the baser influences, of the world, against the disenthusiastic experiences of life, against old age itself, the common enemy of all, may not such a gift as this present!"[814] Attractive also to Palgrave is the fact that Haden's talent, if not etching itself, "appeals specially to artists, or to men of natural and cultivated taste; it cannot be expected to penetrate the circle of undisciplined and prosaic observers, or compete with the facile popularities of the day."[815] His analysis of a number of etchings and assertion of his pleasure in connecting Haden, his countryman and contemporary, with such names as Rembrandt, Dürer, Marc Antonio, and Lucas Van Leyden are founded on Haden's "accurate adaptation of the means of the art to the ends of it ... [a] moderation [which] is precisely the temper of mind which marks the true artist"[816]—a conclusion which leads

[810]Ibid., pp. 123-5.
[811]Ibid., p. 127.
[812]Ibid., pp. 119-21.
[813]Ibid., p. 122.
[814]Ibid., p. 127.
[815]Ibid., p. 128.
[816]Ibid., p. 132-3.

Palgrave to his customary attack on the vulgar tendencies of the day, devices which "destroy the balance of the judgment," against which he sets Hellas. "From first to last, we find that the Greeks employed every material, every method, and every style simply in accordance with its natural laws. Everything with them looked ... as much like itself as possible: each art respected its own individuality, and the boundary of its neighbours."[817] Equally Palgravian in one of his most direct and passionate paeans to Greece is the insistence on the relationship between taste and art and a nation's mind. "'Nothing too much' is the ancient motto; 'Emphasis' is ours; they aim at harmonizing the temper of the nation, we at gratifying the likings of the individual; they are satisfied, as it were, with wine, where we call for spirits. The Athenian said, Harmony, moderation, rhythm, fitness, seemliness; we lean to the irregular as the corrective to our prevalent monotony, to effects gained anyhow, to the quaint, the impulsive, and the sensational."[818]

As he had of etchings Palgrave proceeds to explain the nature and attractions of drawings. In a review of *A Critical Account of the Drawings by Michel Angelo and Raffaello in the University Galleries, Oxford*, by J. C. Robinson, and *Burlington Fine Arts Catalogue, 1870: Raphael and Michel Angelo*[819] he adds to the characteristic "essays towards a work" which mark elder drawings the fact that they "belong to the very period when nobleness and propriety in style were most prevalent, and when artists' hands were, in consequence, trained to the greatest perfection in laying a line, and in putting in the effects of surface." Since they also reveal the "errors of the old master—his tentative efforts ... the schemes which he found beyond his execution, or those of which he found the age unworthy, "they admit us ... to the inner chamber of his mind and of his art ... we study these sketches only to understand more thoroughly, and enjoy more deeply, the completed production ... They hold us by the most intellectual side of art; their charm is, in the highest degree, independent of the more sensuous, and of the more temporary, elements of attraction."[820] And although Palgrave is aware of the "great insufficiency"

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[817]Ibid., p. 134.

[818]Ibid., pp. 135-6.

[819]"Drawings by the Old Masters," *Portfolio* 1 (January 1870), 127-8.

[820]Ibid., p. 127.

of photographic renditions of these drawings, as he is of photography in general, he is flexible enough to understand the value of autotypes. In a review of Bernard Woodward's *Specimens of the Drawings of Ten Masters, from the Royal Collection at Windsor,*[821] he reiterates his view that the autotype is not itself a facsimile of original work, since it "misses precisely the touch of the real thing—the surface of it—the *verve*, the indescribable THAT by which Reynolds, in a famous story, indicated the presence of the peculiar vital quality which, to the artist, is simply everything."[822] But he understands that they "afford an admirable opportunity of comparison, by which styles may be determined and genuineness ascertained ... By a careful collation, there is no doubt that the history of drawings, and with it the history of European art, might now be rewritten, with a facility and a security undreamt of before the days of Mr. Fox Talbot."[823]

If the review also gave Palgrave an opportunity to extol the labors of Woodward, Librarian to the Queen and Keeper of Prints and Drawings, who died in October 1869, six weeks after the date of the preface, his review of Lady Elizabeth Eastlake's *The Life of John Gibson, R.A.*[824] gave him the opportunity to praise the "skill" of his friend, the author, and to examine the opinions on art of the sculptor whom he had so often and sharply criticized during his lifetime and, as is his wont in reviews, reiterate his own aesthetic creed. Seizing on Gibson"s leading idea that there was "but one road" to sculpture, "and this was travelled by the Greeks" and that "this road could in the present day be only travelled by sculptors residing in Rome," Palgrave is quick to label Rome as a "hotbed for the forcing of showy manufactures" in which "anything further away from the surroundings under which Greek sculpture flourished, can hardly be imagined."[825] As to Gibson's "deference" to the Greeks Palgrave stresses their leading quality, propriety—that is, "no straining, either after effect or novelty; no affectation ... everything is found to be quietly and

[821]"Woodward's Autotypes from the Old Masters," *Saturday Review* 29:753 (2 April 1870), 459-60.

[822]Ibid., p. 460.

[823]Ibid.

[824]*Academy* 1:5 (12 February 1870), 117-8.

[825]*Life of Gibson*, p. 117.

unostentatiously right, as if by operation of natural law."[826] What follows is Palgrave's customary attack on modern tendencies directly in opposition to the Greek principles and spirit, as in artists "reproduc[ing] the Gods of an extinct mythology"—Palgrave's perennial bane, the false or pseudo antique—of not "speak[ing] to the average mind of [their] own age," of practicing art for art's sake alone or "art for a small circle of initiated and specially cultivated spectators," of, in short, "lov[ing] the Greeks wisely, not too well."[827]

Palgrave's last art book review in 1870 was to be his last ever. Whether by chance or the nature of the subject matter, it is doubtless an appropriate rounding off of his views on painting of the preceding twenty years. The long review of Charles Eastlake's *Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts ... with a Memoir Compiled by Lady Eastlake*[828] offers a history of the origin and development of painting, of English painting, and of the life and art of Eastlake. After applying to painting what he terms the "Janus-head of John Bull"—that is, the national character of "alternately present[ing] to the world a face of massive defiance and of penitential humiliation"[829]—he nevertheless offers as a hypothesis to be proved that "whatever shortcomings may be correctly charged against the English school, it may justly claim a very proud position." In fact, the hypothesis in no way resembles the face of penitential humiliation. "Our countrymen," he declares, "were the first to perceive the full extent of the province of painting, and to dare to enter upon it. They were the first to put into it the movement of contemporary life, to render it the direct vehicle of poetical sentiment, to make it the interpreter of Nature for her own sake. They are the founders of modern art."[830] To justify the "peculiarity" of this position Palgrave offers a brief sketch[831] of the development of the art of modern Europe from its origin in Greece, its migration to Italy and then Germany, and the parallel developments collectively spoken of as the Renaissance—"printing, city life, organized

[826]Ibid.
[827]Ibid., p. 118.
[828]*Quarterly Review* 128:256 (April 1870), 410-32.
[829]Ibid., p. 410.
[830]Ibid., p. 412.
[831]Ibid., pp. 412-16.

trade, national consciousness, Plato and Ovid, and how much else!"[832]—to the "great change" in the eighteenth century, when "European civilisation had reached the time for it. The necessity for religious art was over. The classical revival was over. The great political convulsions of the last century and a half were over also. The world was ready for new attempts in poetry and the other arts. Music was created in Germany. France developed architecture. To England was reserved the reinauguration of painting. Handel and Bach are not more decidedly the founders of modern music, than Hogarth, Reynolds, and Gainsborough are the 'heroic ancestors' of modern art."[833] Palgrave's sweep leads to what is an ecstatic definition of modern painting. To them and to their countrymen and contemporaries painting "owes the power to deal with the tragic and the comic sides of human life; to hold up the mirror to ourselves, teaching and moving us while it pleases. It owes the perception of the magic of landscape. It owes the restoration of the imaginative style of portraiture. It owes the discovery of childhood as one of the purest and most attractive sources of pleasurable representation. It owes the first fusion of the prosaic incidents painted by the Hollanders with the sentiment of modern poetry and romance."[834] Whatever its shortcomings, there can be no doubt that "our art is truly native and original; like the Athenians of old"—what better praise from Palgrave—"our painters may boast themselves *autochthonous*."[835]

The present age, however, Palgrave calls "tentative": "Our aims outrun our powers, our knowledge of the past distracts us from the present; we lay down larger schemes than life can accomplish; for this retains its ancient limits, whilst art grows daily more arduous and longer in its attainments."[836] And it is within this context that Palgrave outlines the life of Eastlake, who "was born with a 'tentative' mind [and] lived in a tentative age, as far as art was concerned." Fully half of the review is more biography—travels and events and offices—than analysis of his works, of which only one is mentioned. The tone is respectful, and the personal and

[832]Ibid., p. 413.
[833]Ibid., p. 416.
[834]Ibid., pp. 416-17.
[835]Ibid., p. 418.
[836]Ibid., p. 420.

professional qualities stressed, albeit Eastlake is regarded "as a tentative artist living in a tentative age, and deeply affected by its tendencies," are almost Hellenic as Palgrave would understand it: "He was not, however, studious only in the way of trying methods, but in the direct mode of reading; and hence, with the aid of his refined natural taste and eminently fair and judicial mind, he was early distinguished by a singular freedom and catholicity of judgment, with which no shadow of jealousy at another's success ever interfered. Already, as a mere boy, we have seen how truly he appreciated the art of Phidias." As if this were not enough to assure Palgrave's approval, he adds Eastlake's recognition a year or two later in 1811 of Turner as "the first landscape painter now in the world, and before he dies will, perhaps, be the greatest the world has ever produced."[837] And like the style of his life, his theories of art were "balanced evenly between the philosophical and the practical sides of the subject."[838] Putting aside technical criticism, Palgrave thinks of the works in connection with *distinction*: "They show throughout a singular refinement of idea and of feeling; they are also completed with the most conscientious care and accuracy; there is no trick, no fancifulness; he has done for his work all he could; it is finished not only lovingly, but caressingly."[839] And, superimposing the life upon the time, Palgrave extends *distinction* to include Eastlake's pictures, which "exhibit also a beauty of expression, a grace of line and arrangement, which were, indeed, among the distinguishing merits of English art a century ago, but are now very rare indeed in our school."[840] For Palgrave *distinction* —Matthew Arnold's defining term—is, "probably, the quality of which we are most in need ... *Peace!*—which poor Byron asked in vain might be his epitaph,—is the last word of Art."[841] And it applies as well to the controversies of

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[837]Ibid., p. 422.

[838]Ibid., p. 424.

[839]Ibid., p. 431.

[840]Ibid. Following Eastlake's death in 1865, Palgrave wrote a memorial tribute, in the form of a letter to the editor (*Fine Arts Quarterly Review* 1 [June 1866], 75-9), in which he stressed Eastlake's *sincerity* as man, administrator, and artist—"the man is reflected in his work; his hands tell the story of his heart and his intellect"—and imbued him with the Hellenic virtue of "an admirable balance of natural faculties" (p. 77).

[841]Ibid., p. 432.

those institutions, like the Royal Academy and the National Gallery, in which Eastlake was a leading figure.

The peace which Palgrave desired may also account, partially at least, for the fact that in the last thirty years of his life he was to write only one review of an art exhibition and two brief pieces on aspects of collections. Like his other contributions to art criticism in this period they were sporadic, widely scattered, and not of one standard. The review appeared in 1874, the others in 1870 and 1892. The review of the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1874[842] is vintage Palgrave. Like its predecessors in the *Saturday Review*, it is spread over five numbers, apparently to allow for a reasonable selection for discussion from the 1624 art works, of which 169 were sculptures, on display, so large a number that the critic is more or less forced to proceed according to the natural order of the rooms and only later by subject or style. Half of the first notice is devoted to Palgrave's customary pedagogical appeal to the viewer to exert his own sense and judgment, since even a "little immediate exertion is followed by an almost disproportionate enlargement of pleasure" and his inevitable apologia: "The invidious task of attempting to review the work of contemporary artists requires some such possibility of usefulness to render it endurable; and the writer faintly hopes that, in cases where he is reluctantly unable to *omnia bona dicere*, this aim may be accepted as some palliation of his criticism."[843] The short tour of the rooms—"passing much, here and indeed everywhere, for more careful review"—is little more than a listing of single items with an adjectival nod—"a child by Mr. Millais, rather lively than lovely" or a "clever incident-piece from Morocco by Mr. Burgess"—admittedly only an overview, but with the cheerful certainty that "whatever be the spectator's final judgment on the character and prospects of English art as here exhibited, there is much to reward his attentive study."[844]

The second notice is more focussed, offering opinions on specific paintings of figure-subjects in accordance with Palgrave's aesthetic principles. Worthy of note in passing is that Palgrave, for the first time

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[842]*Academy* 5:104 (2 May 1874), 499-500; 5:106 (16 May 1874), 554-5; 5:107 (23 May 1874), 584-5; 5:108 (30 May 1874), 614-16; 5:110 (13 June 1874), 670-2.

[843]Ibid., 5:104, 499.

[844]Ibid., p. 500.

perhaps, understands the problems of the Hanging Committee, and in this instance finds complaints "unfounded." More important, of course, and of special interest as illustration thereof is his attention to artists whom he had not discussed before in reviews, like Laurence Alma-Tadema, or had become more prominent, like Frederic Leighton. "In his large and highly-finished *Picture Gallery* (157) that very clever artist, M. Alma-Tadema, relies less upon his remarkable mastery of antiquarian detail than usual. His pictures, with all their display of manipulation (dexterous, if not altogether delightful), often intended rather as illustrations of a Dictionary of Antiquities than as illustrations of the Art of Painting." Although Palgrave does not treat the picture ungenerously, his ultimate opinion, based on his view of false-antique, would seem to be clearer in his statement that in Alma-Tadema's smaller exhibited work, *Joseph in Pharaoh's Granaries*, "Archaeology triumphs."[845] Palgrave devotes the largest portion of the notice to Leighton: "There is none to whom we can look so securely for that degree of pleasure which arises, not from art indeed of powerful grasp, or fresh with the freshness of nature, but from grace in design and daintiness of colour, from unfailing fertility of invention, from the presence, lastly, of the high spirit which never evades the difficulties of a subject, and often conquers them. These qualities" Palgrave, good Hellenist that he is, unsurprisingly respect[s] and admire[s] too much not to believe that—were he willing, perhaps, to restrain this inventive wealth—to obey, rather than to outrun the bias of Nature—his work might more uniformly attain, from all points of view, the level which it aims at reaching."[846] Nevertheless Palgrave is full of praise—"one uniform sense of pleasure"—for Leighton's Moorish and Oriental pieces, linking it to his forward-looking wish to awaken interest of the mass of spectators to the subject and the "unique merit" of the work of John Frederick Lewis, whose pictures "must be studied, not described."[847] Critical of cleverness but open-minded is Palgrave's attitude towards the younger painters, like William Orchardson and John Pettie, who take their subjects from literature: "Although [their] dexterity of this kind is apt soon to harden into incurable mannerism, these artists have youth on their side,

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[845]Ibid., 5:106, 554.
[846]Ibid.
[847]Ibid., p. 555.

and may reach other things."[848] But to be sure, he finds more pleasure in the grace and charm of works of Paul Falconer Poole and John Dobson of the somewhat older school.

Following Palgrave's pattern, the third notice is devoted to incident painters and begins with a Palgravian caveat. Reacting to the enthusiastic popular reception of Elizabeth Thompson's *Calling of the Role*—which was subsequently taken solo on a national tour—Palgrave warns that "there is something proverbially dangerous in such a brilliant success; there is a special danger in premature competency." For Palgrave art is the work of a lifetime: "Not to advance in lucidity and variety of colour, in absolute precision of drawing, in subtlety and charm of expression, will here be to recede."[849] Beyond the more or less general application to all artists, Palgrave had a special interest in women and the fine arts, to which topic he devoted a number of articles. Because there are so many interesting works whose general level Palgrave deems "so fair" he cannot but "apologize for the mere mention of many figure-subjects worth study." He does, however, pause to pronounce on certain painters. Although acknowledging the "constant and admiring recognition" of Millais' "rare and precious gifts," Palgrave finds that "these are not only prominent in his work, but their prominence often remains the leading and permanent impression. What is forced upon us is the painter's power, not the grace, nor sentiment, nor poetry, nor power of his picture in itself:—we are rather summoned to survey a feat, than to enjoy a masterpiece."[850] Luke Fildes's *Applications for Admission to a Casual Ward* is striking in its "union of wretchedness and beauty, moral and physical together, combined with the eminently unaffected and truthful rendering of details." That is its "singular power," its "singular attractiveness." Still, Palgrave can "only ask with hesitation"—which means for him with the certainty of an aesthetic creed calling for constant study and improvement—"whether greater completeness and refinement of finish might not have placed the whole upon an even higher level." Palgrave puts the larger moral question of whether the presentation of a scene "painful and moving in so high a degree" is in accord with the "standard of propriety to the final end of all

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[848]Ibid.

[849]Ibid., 5:107, 584.

[850]Ibid., p. 585.

art, high and lasting pleasure." His apparently evasive response, let the reader study the picture sufficiently to frame his own verdict, is somewhat disingenuous in the light of a judgment consistent with his principles, his readiness to accept younger painters (Fildes was thirty-one), and his openness towards "less comfortable" subjects: "To me, the merits of the work as a pure piece of art, with the light and delight of tender feeling so abundantly thrown over it, completely justify the painter's choice."[851]

In the fourth notice[852] Palgrave's lack of provincialism is evident in his discussion of the Flemish painter Jozef Isräels, of whose picture of a cottage interior at twilight "nothing can be less studied in appearance, more simply natural, than the arrangement; yet every line adds to the main purpose."[853] And his duty to recognize works not likely to gain the praise which they deserve is apparent in his treatment of religious paintings by Edward Armitage and John Rogers Herbert. These together with a work by John Callcott Horsley lead Palgrave to the interesting question of the standard by which religious art is tested. "We judge religious art habitually by a standard very severe, and, I think, not really just to our contemporaries. Our eyes filled with the exquisite creations of grace and dignity into which the efforts of many centuries blossomed during one century in Italy, we make these the standard which every religious picture is bound to reach; whilst we forget the infinitely greater mass of religious work produced during the middle ages in Italy and all over Europe which (if the delightful illusion of antiquity be set aside) has, in fact, neither grace nor dignity, nor inspiration."[854] Teasingly, Palgrave regards this "remark" as a "suggestion" requiring an essay to be proved, although, from his previous work and the assuredness with which he pronounces it, it is obvious that he considers it undeniable. Another "suggestion"—Palgrave's way of announcing an artistic maxim—is that Walter Ouless's "popularity will not induce him to lay aside that simultaneous practice in other regions of the art without which it is difficult to believe that the monotonous practice of portraiture will not stereotype a painter's manner, and retain him below the highest level of

[851]Ibid.

[852]Ibid., 5:108, 614-16.

[853]Ibid., p. 614.

[854]Ibid.

his special province ... [For] portraiture as a fine art, not as the medium for supplying a social want, requires more—very much more—even when the essential element of character has been secured."[855] Also in the manner of a sententia—its force stressed by Palgrave's "many readers will, perhaps, dissent from these remarks"—is Palgrave's response to a characterization of a portrait by Millais as "in Gainsborough's manner": "Each painter, indeed, has his own powers, and genius is so infinite in its varieties that, whilst we may amuse ourselves by trying to compare the total weight, as it were, of those who possess it, we can seldom with safety carry such a comparison into the elements of which it is composed. One man is rarely the parallel of another: how much more rarely one poet or painter! Such a phrase as 'the Hogarth of our century,' or the like, is a very easy, but also a very deceptive and unsound, formula of criticism."[856]

The very opening of the fifth notice[857] carries on Palgrave's expression of concepts underlying art and is a welcome and salubrious relief from the listing of countless works. Not content with pursuing the axiomatic "Verbal description of the real landscape, even in the hands of the very greatest writers, is a proverbially tedious thing; even more must be the attempt to paint in words what the artist has painted on canvas," Palgrave turns to the "great and much-debated question, how far the artist should endeavour to imitate Nature: what is his function in regard to her?" Palgrave's answer is typical of his thought and as simple as a truism. Since it is "wholly impossible strictly and really to imitate Nature," so his premise, landscape painting may be defined as "*Nature seen through the painter's mind*," and what he produces is "always a vision hung somewhere between himself and reality. The relative distance at which the vision hangs ... together with the mental and manual power of the painter, assign to the work its character and value."[858] As examples of the "nearest approach" to the "most impressive" landscape—that is, one which "has the nearest resemblance to natural truth (not, necessarily, to one actual scene), united with the most imaginative sentiment"—Palgrave singles out

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[855]Ibid., p. 615.
[856]Ibid.
[857]Ibid., 5:110, 670-2.
[858]Ibid., p. 670.

works by James Clarke Hook and Andrew Hunt.[859] And following the same reasoning he finds a landscape by Millais, despite its masterful craft, "wholly heartless and uninteresting" because it is "as nearly a simple transcript from nature as art can supply; and being thus necessarily compelled to omit much of what was in nature, whilst the artist meanwhile has given us no compensation from his own mind, it is inevitably prosaic: and, in such work, to be prosaic is to fail in art."[860]

Sculpture, however, does not allow for the many small successes that landscape admits, leading Palgrave to rehearse his litany-like lament that sculpture is the "severest of the arts, admitting little between success and failure,[861] no art in fact "upon which (and as much abroad as in England) public judgment is so uninformed and irrelevant; none in which personal considerations and pernicious clique influences are so potent."[862] At this stage of his career, however, Palgrave does not explode into an attack on persons and institutions. Instead, the pedagogue in him offers elementary advice to the visitor to the exhibition: "Let him simply ask himself whether the busts which form the majority of the sculptures have the true look of the human countenance. Are they full—not of smooth vapid roundings, nor of sharp dots and seams and angles—but of delicate curves, which look soft in the lips, tense and firm over the forehead? Do they present a blank uniform pallor when the features are in marble, or a liny, caricaturist look when in clay—or a surface of fine half-tints, full of delicate modulation and changeful chiaroscuro?" The finer elements of sculpture—such as questions of style and mode of grouping—will come after the visitor, now called student, has learned to recognize one of sculpture's "first and most constant object, living and truthful rendering of flesh-surface."[863] This simplistic formula may disguise Palgrave's impatience with ignorance, but he does use it to evaluate briefly a number of specimens, and to praise especially a female head by his longtime favorite, Thomas Woolner.

If Palgrave's praise of Woolner is unsurprising, the conclusion of his

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[859]Ibid.

[860]Ibid., p. 671.

[861]Ibid.

[862]Ibid., p. 672.

[863]Ibid.

"invidious and reluctantly-undertaken task of attempting to estimate the vast treasure-house of contemporary art" may be surprising. Ten years after the contentious reviews of Royal Academy exhibitions Palgrave, more settled and, as it were, on the periphery of the art arena, discovers "a very satisfactory impression of the state of painting among us"—enough so, in fact, that he does not hesitate to declare that "five or six pictures, such as those by Mr. Lewis for perfect technical quality, Mr. Maclaren's for grace of line, Mr. Fildes for force of sentiment, with those of MM. Israels and Legros, among us, if not of us—I may perhaps add Miss Thompson's for felicity of idea,—would alone stamp a year's collection, whether here or abroad." Their shine is all the more brightened by the dullness of Palgrave's conventional apology: "If anywhere I have seemed too severe, I would beg to submit in extenuation, that my attempt has been throughout to estimate the work exhibited, not by the popular favour of the moment, but by that higher standard which the English school, for a century or more, has established among us."[864]

A similar stance, that of a concerned and kindly elder statesman, is evident in Palgrave's two remaining pieces on exhibitions—the first, in 1870, "Some Notes on the Louvre Collections,"[865] the second, in 1892, "Old Masters in Burlington House."[866] Visiting the Louvre after an interval of five or six years, Palgrave is struck by the "general lowness and dinginess of tint" in the great *Salon carré* ... Even to the passing eye [the pictures] look dirty with surface dirt; clouded by breath and vapours; defiled by flies and dust."[867] Palgrave's focus in this essay is on the care of pictures, suggesting for some "a daily but delicate purification with the lightest and most fairy-like of feather-brushes" and, though only too aware that the general effect of the gallery may be somewhat impaired, for others that they be put behind glass.[868] Perhaps more important, considering Palgrave's architectural interests—especially the recently widened borders of the National Gallery fresh in mind and with the disaster of the building for the International Exhibition of 1862 and the

[864]Ibid.

[865]*Portfolio* 1 (January 1870), 28-32.

[866]*Academy* 41:1029 (23 January 1892), 94.

[867]"Some Notes," p. 29.

[868]Ibid., p. 30.

controversy over plans to move the National Gallery not forgotten—is not merely the poor lighting in the Louvre but the fact that, "after all the ingenuity and expense bestowed upon it, the character of a building erected for one purpose and diverted to another—that other, unfortunately, being one which can hardly be satisfactorily fulfilled except in a structure carefully planned for paintings and sculpture from the beginning."[869] Palgrave, in fact, assesses a number of the rooms and concludes that "the picture and sculpture galleries should be entirely reconstructed internally" and for good measure that the departments of Greek pottery and bronzes "require strengthening," that "really good Italian pictures, earlier than the middle of the fifteenth century ... are also desirable," and that the first age of Teutonic or of French art be better represented.[870] And, as always aware of the interaction of art and national identity, and with a hint of his sense of general decline, Palgrave notes that Paris "is ... growing so comparatively deficient in those interests which appeal directly to the mind, that the importance of adding to the value of the Louvre is much increased."[871] That Palgrave's last piece of art criticism took the form of a letter to the editor thirty years after his heyday as reviewer for the *Saturday Review* and during his tenure as Professor of Poetry at Oxford is statement enough of his engagement in matters of art and public policy. Learned in his exposition of the circumstances of the origin and environment of Fra Angelico's *The Holy Family with Attendant Angels* and energetic in his support of its purchase by the National Gallery, it is very much Palgrave but, in 1892, although still with authority, an extensive knowledge of Italian painting, and a target in the review by Claude Phillips, only a whisper of himself as sharp-toothed art critic.

The remaining five contributions to the study of art, especially painting, have the air of occasional writing—that is, they are not merely spread sporadically over twenty years nor connected with a special event but are presentations of a more general or popular nature drawn from long experience and reflection. Only one seems to have the "smack" of the old fellow and to have provoked a smack from another. His reputation as anthologist of poetry established, he applied this talent to

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[869]"Some Notes," p. 31.
[870]Ibid., p. 32.
[871]Ibid.

art. In 1869 there appeared *Gems of English Art of this Century: Twenty-four Pictures from National Collections ... with Illustrative Texts by Francis Turner Palgrave*.[872] It has the features of what might today be called a typical coffee table item—the review in the *Examiner*, listed under Christmas Illustrated Works, found its very binding "a work of art"[873]—with handsome full-page illustrations of more widely known pictures from national collections, "printed in oil from wood-blocks" in order to "preserve ... the colouring of the original[874] and a text popular in its aim of adding to the "intensity and durability of that pleasure which is the end and purpose of all art." But it also presents the interlocking approaches, be it of an artist's career, of the history of a branch of painting, and, "above all," of the "connection between the art of each period and the larger influences which moved the nation at the same epoch, and, in a certain sense, created three successive schools of painting,—the religious, the transitional renaissance and realistic, and the modern,"[875] which Palgrave calls historical criticism. The collection is both an anthology of the gems of the best painters and of Palgrave's taste and critical technique. Palgrave's choice of pictures from the first half of the nineteenth century may, like all such choices, be open to criticism, despite his admission that limitation of space "may explain why a few painters of distinction are not included."[876] Still, the absence of Millais appears suspicious, although it may be argued that his main work took place in the second half of the century. In fact, that absence along with that of favorites like Holman Hunt may likely be due to Palgrave's avoidance of living artists—only seven of the twenty-four were alive in 1869, all but six were born in the eighteenth century—and any possible professional and personal repercussions, a practice he had adopted in assembling the *Golden Treasury* and doubtless an outcome of the storm of protest he had provoked with his *Descriptive Handbook of the Fine Art Collections in the International Exhibition of 1862*.

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[872](London, 1869).

[873]3177 (19 December 1868), 807.

[874]*Gems*, pp. vii-viii. *Examiner*, op, cit., however, found some of the illustrations of unsatisfactory quality, especially since a few are "thoroughly deserving of the beautiful casket in which they are enshrined."

[875]Ibid., p. viii.

[876]Ibid., p. vii.

Palgrave had, of course, dealt with them all in one way or another in the course of his career and, in the main, approvingly, so there could be no sudden upsets, as in the *Descriptive Handbook,* nor would such accord with the avowed pedagogical aims of a respectable volume.

But if there was a certain challenge in selecting the painters, it must have been mild compared with that of selecting the pictures, not to mention the fact that Palgrave had written more than a sentence or two, and at times only indirectly, on only Landseer, Mulready, Turner, Etty, and Eastlake. To this binary dimension of selection must be added what Palgrave called historical criticism, which turns out to be practically all the elements of the origin and evolution of painting in England. The extent of Palgrave's horizon, his critical spectrum, is evident in the summaries of approach following each named painter and picture in the Contents: e.g. "Edwin Landseer, *A Jack in Office*, Description. Landseer's style. Art reflects the Artist's whole nature. Sanity of Genius." "Augustus Wall Callcott, *Returning from Market.* Callcott's style. History of Landscape Art. continued: Mediaeval. Beginnings of the Renaissance School. Essential Difference between Mediaeval and Modern Art. Notes on Revivals of the Greek Mythology." "Augustus Leopold Egg, *Patricio and His Friends.* French Art compared with ours. Difficulty of transferring foreign modes of thought or practice. Egg's style of Incident-Painting." "Thomas Webster, *Contrary Winds.* History of Child-Painting: its recent origin. Reynolds and Gainsborough." James Ward, *Great Cattle.* Animal Painting in Classical and Mediaeval Times. Place and merits of the Dutch School." Charles Lock Eastlake, *Christ Lamenting over Jerusalem.* Description. Character of the Painter's Art.—Position of the Royal Academy. Suggestions for its practical improvement." The topics are echoes of many of the discussions of the painters and painting already mentioned, and a certain amount of self-quotation is unavoidable. But that is not to say they lack independent value. Each of the essays, normally five to seven pages long, is complete in itself, its focus not merely on the one picture but on its defining circumstances. Although, for example, Palgrave announces that his discussion of William Mulready's *Choosing the Wedding Gown* will consist of the "Life and Works of the Artist," he notes the differences between Mulready and Leslie as illustrators—"Mulready is much rather

inventor than illustrator"[877]—quotes the remarks of Richard and Samuel Redgrave (*A Century of Painters of the English School*, 2 vols. 1865) on his technical excellence,[878] attempts to explain why Mulready has never been a popular painter—"accuracy and refinement are matters not obvious to spectators generally, especially in a country where there is so little trained taste as our own"[879]—and does not fail to note that the "feeble side of Mulready, as with most men, is closely allied to his strength ... His aim at elaborate completion sometimes interferes with the look of spontaneity and freshness in his work."[880] These are less echoes of what he may already have said of Mulready than crystallized statements of Palgrave's critical method and outlook. And the whole volume is not just an amplification of this statement but also a compact contribution to a popular history of English painting in the first half of the nineteenth century.

The Life of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ Illustrated from the Italian Painters of the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth Centuries. With a Sketch of the Growth, Aims and Development of Religious *Art in Italy, with Explanatory Notes*[881] is quite another matter. Despite its ponderous title, it is a volume of only sixty-three pages consisting of twenty-four plates, from Fra Angelico's *Annunciation* to Perugino's *Ascension*, each with a one-page description and commentary. In a work published by the National Society, founded for the education of children of the poor in the principles of the Established Church, Palgrave admits in the preface that he is not responsible for the final choice of the plates but only for "brief explanatory prefaces with notes to accompany [them]."[882] Italian painting was Palgrave's forte, of

[877]Ibid, p. 21.

[878]Ibid., p. 22.

[879]Ibid., p. 23.

[880]Ibid., p. 25.

[881](London, 1885).

[882]Ibid., p. 3. In a letter dated 21 December 1895 to the editor of the *Academy* 28:712 (26 December 1895), 428-9, Palgrave distances himself from the criticism that "while the 'professed object' of the book is to impress religious ideas upon the minds of school children, by means of art, the preface would be quite unintelligible to a child, that the notes attempt criticism rather than edification, and that I thus 'scarcely speak' ... to my 'text'." He counters that the "edifying or instructive element lay in the illustrations, and in the four small volumes, simultaneously issued,

course, but in this instance he used it primarily to reiterate the fundamentals of art and its course. The "first object" is "the spiritual signification of the scenes represented;—in which, to put it in the word that was before the minds of men like Angelico in Italy and Blake in England, not drawing nor colour, nor picturesqueness nor power for their own sake,—but *Vision* is paramount."[883] Although vision is essential and personal, it is never separate from an environment which nourishes it. The spectre of decline which had shadowed Palgrave ever since his Oxford days becomes the inescapable reality of decay:

The ultimate underlying causes of decay, if I may mention here my own rather gloomy conclusions, may be found by looking at the career of Art, as a whole, from its first Hellenic origin to our own time ... in quality and quantity of *Invention* one long two thousand years' declension appears to me unmistakable ... the signs are everywhere legible, that we are consuming the last fragments of our inheritance. ltalian art itself, from this point of view, although in point of idea and sentiment, when true to itself, it unquestionably touched far higher heights than Hellenic;—the Gothic architecture of Northern France and England, that other equally splendid outburst of Art;—each was but a brief, a limited, an inevitably doomed reaction against broad general decadence.[884]

If some of his art criticism in this period seems of an occasional character, pragmatic reactions to a specific exhibition or work, Palgrave never lost sight of the perils of general decadence of taste and of the need for education. At the outset of this period, in 1867 and 1868, he produced two articles which echoed and intensified his fundamental position: "A Plain View of Ritualism"[885] and "How to Form a Good Taste in Art."[886] Although his subject is ostensibly ritualism and mainly its ecclesiastical

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in which the prints are accompanied by a simple explanatory narrative." Further illustrations—at least six of which had never been reproduced before—"were inserted in a suitable form, and a preface and notes added at the publisher's wish, with the aim of rendering the little gallery more interesting to a different class of buyers." To the charge that he had attempted "'to unite the *rôles* of evangelist and art-critic,' I must plead entire innocence."

[883]Ibid.

[884]Ibid., pp. 13-14.

[885]*Macmillan's Magazine* 17:98 (December 1867), 114-22.

[886]*Cornhill Magazine* 18:104 (August 1868), 170-80.

consequences, Palgrave is interested in stressing the connection between events and taste, in this case the parallel of the state of the art of church architecture and decoration with the controversial ritualism. Taking no side but appealing to "calmness and sobriety of judgment" and the testimony of history, Palgrave holds that public taste is the main criterion, and that "changes of taste follow like the seasons by a regular process of action and reaction ... to turn [them] back is impossible."[887] The love of display in England is attributable to its immense wealth, the age of plainness of the previous century having given way to the current fashion of elaborate church architecture and decoration. This too will change, for prosperity is not eternal. The relationship of this historical awareness to Palgrave's view of art is clear, if somewhat indirect. Palgrave's conclusion about the progress of Christianity—"which these [European] nations will carry with them will, doubtless, have a colour of its own, and one different from that which we are familiar with; but it is certain that what they now mean to carry with them is Christianity"[888]—may be applied to the nature of art. Art is a product of a national mind or taste. It is the product of a certain place and time. It must be judged with the knowledge of, and thus appropriateness to, that time and place. To do otherwise would be unreasonable or, in fact, as "ridiculous ... [as] to leave his [a Protestant preacher's] tongue free, and devote ourselves to simplifying his dress, or fettering his gestures."[889]

A few months later in a lecture to the Royal Institution Palgrave addressed the matter of taste in art and the nation's mind directly. The subject was not new to him, of course, and he made use of dicta that were part of his stock, as it were: the dismissal of the "doctrine" that taste cannot be disputed or that "there is a correct or an incorrect in taste" or that "some appeal to tangible or intelligible facts" might result in a "monotonous uniformity."[890] Against these shibboleths, as he had called them earlier, Palgrave presents a "*reasone*d taste," which would recognize and respect "individual bias" or "inborn preferences."[891] Seen thus, taste

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[887]"Plain View," p. 116.
[888]Ibid., p. 122.
[889]Ibid., p. 118.
[890]"How to Form," p. 171.
[891]Ibid., p. 172.

is "an educated instinct" for which Palgrave outlines three kinds of knowledge: knowledge of natural fact, since "all art represents something that we have seen, or might see, have heard or might hear"[892]; knowledge of the natural conditions of each art, since art is not a simple recording of an actual event or scene but "derives its main value from the sentiment with which the artist stamps it"[893]; "acquaintance with the history and mental conditions of the age or country to which a work belongs."[894] A work of art can be judged as "good" only if these three criteria are employed with discipline, into which Palgrave injects his customary moral element: "It is with the formation of good taste as it is with the formation of goodness in character; if one motto for our study be patience, the other must be self-renunciation."[895] This application of this knowledge and attitude is to the refinement of the taste of individuals and of the nation; moreover, as Palgrave concludes, "knowledge carries its own blessings with it on all sides; enlarges the mind, while it strengthens it: intensifies the sight, whilst purifying it. Thus, the more we learn to value wisely, the more liberally we learn to value."[896]

Palgrave's last but two piece of art criticism most resembles his first. "The Decline of Art"[897] is an expanded and embellished version of "Is There Any Reason for Expecting the Revival of the Fine Arts?" written some forty years earlier in 1847 while he was a student at Balliol. Once again there is the historical perspective—historical criticism, as he referred to it—a survey of the three periods or stages of the development of art, the Greek, the Mediaeval and Renaissance, and the Modern, which in fact has always structured his criticism. To inflections of decline or decay already discussed may be added "A Short Sketch of European Painting," of which a hundred copies were privately printed for distribution in connection with a visit to the Working Men's College on 2 April 1870, and in "Religion and Art—Their Influence on Each Other," an address

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[892]Ibid., p. 173.
[893]Ibid., pp. 173-4.
[894]Ibid., p. 178.
[895]Ibid., p. 179.
[896]Ibid., p. 180.
[897]*Nineteenth Century and After* 23:131 (January 1888), 71-92.

delivered at an unidentified congress on 7 October 1885.[898] Once again, the true artist is held to be "born not made"[899]; once again, the state of art is indivisible from the cultural environment—"Hellas! that word calls up at once the race most gifted among men, if not in depth of feeling, in seriousness of morality, yet certainly the most gifted with intellectual life and penetrative versatility; the most gifted in art"[900]; once again, the decline is evident when, quoting Dante Rossetti, "*Hand* no longer painted *Soul*,"[901] "Inventive art was becoming Decorative: its function was to address the eye, rather than to penetrate the soul"[902]; when "the intellectual or imaginative lapse[d] into the decorative or ornamental."[903] Once again, the decline is related to disappearance of a spirit which binds and confirms communal unity. Once again, the decline is evident in the "ugliness of modern life," in the competition from the "advancing forces" of modern life, among which printing is named, in its "too many" distractions, and especially in the absence of peace, the "essential atmosphere" which "civilization cannot any longer supply.[904] Palgrave

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[898]The background information is from Palgrave's manuscript comments on the texts in volumes 3 and 4 of the valuable four volumes of miscellaneous publications from 1847 to 1897 (British Library, shelfmark 012274.ee.1).

[899]"Decline," p. 74.

[900]Ibid., p. 76.

[901]See *The Life of our Lord*, p. 5.

[902]"Decline," p. 85.

[903]Ibid., p. 89.

[904]Ibid., pp. 91-2. These features, if not trademarks, of Palgrave's, so often phrased in the manner of commonplaces or truisms, were seized on by Wyke Bayliss, who in his pamphlet *The Professor of Poetry at Oxford and the Witness of Art* (London, 1888) charged Palgrave with plagiarizing some seventy passages from his work. Palgrave does not seem to have replied. One reviewer of Bayliss's collection of essays, *The Enchanted Island* (1888), whose chapter "Decline or Progress" deals with the same matter, remarks, in the *Academy* 34:868 (22 December 1888), 408, that of the suspicious passages given, "Might we go so far as to suggest to Mr. Bayliss that there is no copyright in commonplace?" Another, in the *Magazine of Art* (February 1889), 18, while "by no means endors[ing] Professor Palgrave's views ... must protest against Mr. Bayliss's methods of criticism ... The parallel passages are entirely unconvincing ... There are certain assertions [like "definitions of art" or quotations "marking epochs in art history"] to which no one has a prescriptive right."

does not quote Wordsworth's "The world is too much with us." But in 1847 he cited Matthew Arnold's observation that "we seem to have reached the last stage in the world's history, that the old races have lost their first freshness and the power of their childhood; and that we know of no new nations to supply their place ... It is on Physical science, on the world as it is, on the Present, that the creative energy is employed: even if we desired it we cannot return and live once more in the Past." In 1888 the question put in 1847 is answered: "No force of genius ... can put back the centuries, or undo the process of the suns. At any rate, in regard to art, it is the old age of the world. The movement of life is against it: The railway, and the steamship, and the thoughts that shake mankind."[905] Palgrave does not name Tennyson, from whose "Locksley Hall" he quotes. But once again he turns to Matthew Arnold, "himself also too deeply saturated and enfeebled by the *malaise* of the day," this time not simply on the malaise of the day or the decline of art but for the "vivid picture he has given of the world's history":

> [And] we say that repose has fled
> For ever the course of the river of Time:
> That cities will crowd to its edge
> In a blacker incessanter line;
> That the din will be more on its banks,
> Denser the trade on its stream,
> Flatter the flame where it flows,
> Fiercer the sun overhead:—
> That never will those on its breast
> See an ennobling sight,
> Drink of the feeling of quiet again.
>
> But what was before us we know not,
> And we know not what shall succeed.[906]

That bleakness, however, does not diminish the purpose of art. On the contrary, Palgrave's apparently last but one piece of art criticism, *Address*

[905]Ibid., p. 91.
[906]Ibid., p. 92. The quotation is from the poem "The Future."

to the Students, delivered on the Prize-Day of the Salisbury School of Science & Art on 25 January 1889, emphatically confirms the purpose or principle of art in a world in which repose has fled: "to give pleasure of a high, pure, and enduring kind; not to teach moral or religious lessons as their direct object; to be useful, it may be, in a high and noble degree, but always through and by pleasing; not to be mere amusement or pastime, but to delight us in a peculiar and admirable way of their own, by addressing our intellects and our feelings through the instinctive sense of beauty which God has planted in the human mind."[907] Palgrave's admission that these are "commonplaces all!" is but a prelude to another anthology of his commonplaces. Once again, among the countless others: "the artist, like the poet, must be born, not made"[908]; "Art pure" "exists ... for its own sake only; although, at the same time, like poetry or music, by the special and singular pleasure it gives when at its best, it is indeed in a peculiar sense useful; and sadly poor would the nation be that is without it"[909]; "it is ... only that 'hand can paint soul'," and "all great art, whatever and wherever, is refined art."[910] Just as obvious is the refrain of Palgrave's criticism of cleverness[911] and the striving for originality.[912] Familiar too is Palgrave's frank admission before his school audience of the limitations of schools of art—they can at best teach sight leading to the "highest quality of *insight*"[913]—and of amateur artists. Predictable as well is his rejection of photography—"landscape is not a coloured photograph, however minutely truthful,"[914] "the soul, the inner man—the one and only object of portraiture—no lens, however cunningly devised, can ever render."[915] And, among further Palgravian commonplaces: the "decay of taste, this bluntness in feeling, inevitably followed our devotion to machinery."[916]

Still, the words may be the same but the melody is fresh. With a firm

[907]*Address*, pp. 4-5.
[908]Ibid., p. 9.
[909]Ibid., p. 13.
[910]Ibid., p. 21.
[911]Ibid., p. 5.
[912]Ibid., p. 20.
[913]Ibid., p. 6.
[914]Ibid., p. 7.
[915]Ibid., p. 8.
[916]Ibid., p. 11.

conviction of the excellence and usefulness of art and the recognition of beauty Palgrave meets the challenges of the dismal times with a realistic appraisal of the excellence and usefulness of decorative or ornamental art. To its students, to youth, he declares that "decorative art ... imperatively demands the same diligence, sincerity, conscientiousness, love of the work for the sake of the work—the same high moral qualities in the artist-workman and ever-present sense of duty to God; and without these your labours will indeed be in vain."[917] And, strikingly, he proposes, as he had for pure art, the principle of appropriateness or propriety, the condition imposed by nature, be it in "material appropriateness"—that is, the "law [which] clearly forbid[s] the imitation of one substance by another"[918]—or "constructive propriety"—that is, "the ornament must ... adapt itself to the exigencies of the article decorated, from a palace wall to a cottage salt cellar; placing itself always, as it were, in a subordinate position, and taking especial care never to efface the proper object of what it decorates."[919] This, of course, leads Palgrave to condemn breaches of the law of propriety, such as the "costly china of Sèvres or Dresden or Chelsea"[920] or "carpets covered with flowers or foliage" or "figures of landscape stamped on the cover of a book" or "elaborate bindings ... however skilful and lovely"—all such instances of a disregard for the "essence of the great law of propriety, 'Let ornament be simply ornament'"[921] or, if excessive, of

[917]Ibid., p. 14.

[918]Ibid.

[919]Ibid., p. 15. Once again Palgrave mentions in a footnote on p. 15 that "some sentences are taken from a lecture upon Decorative Art given at Cambridge in Dec. 1869." See "The Practical Laws of Decorative Art," *Fortnightly Review* 7:40 (April 1870), 433-54. A footnote indicates that the lecture was delivered at the School of Design on 6 December 1869. Somewhat more detailed, it has the same aim of offering "hints and suggestions, than as attempting to dictate a code, or to draw up a philosophy of the practicable" (p. 437). It concedes that decorative art "has been sometimes used to mean all art which forms an integral portion of some larger whole, and cannot be separated from it" and defines the "great purpose" of art as "giv[ing] pleasure of a high and enduring kind ... by addressing our intellect and emotions" (p. 438). It also outlines the laws of propriety, adding to the illustrations others from architecture and Gothic sculpture (pp. 446-8).

[920]Ibid., p. 16.

[921]Ibid., pp. 16-17.

the law of climax, "All ornament is no ornament."[922] In applying propriety, the principle of Greek art, to practical decorative art, Palgrave is not retreating from the world but affirming its potential as a legitimate and "not less needful" component of the "healthy progress of the nation" as "the great mechanical inventions of the last hundred years or more"[923]—an echo, without irony, of "The railway, and the steamship, and the thoughts that shake mankind."

Another echo from Palgrave's own past and constant love is his last piece of art criticism, a letter to the editor of the *Academy* dated 9 January 1897, in the year of his death. "Children in Art"[924] offers a compact little history of this kind of portraiture from the early Italian of Angelico da Fiesole to Hogarth, concluding that "childhood in itself and for itself had not been grasped as a recognised source of delight by the painter. This great discovery is mainly due to Sir J. Reynolds. We may say that he created the child of art, painted by itself or as part of a group, in some fifty canvases, with an almost unfailing penetration into the very soul and ways of that age."

Although focussed on "pure art" Palgrave's art criticism did not—could not—exist in vacuo. Concerned with the "healthy progress of the nation," it was a philosophy with tangible and practical suggestions and applications. Socio-political implications, direct and indirect, were not only unavoidable, they were sought after. Palgrave did not hesitate to name names of persons or institutions, to evaluate past and present styles of expression and behavior, to touch on taste and education, to be interested in sculpture in cities and carpets in homes—to engage in the world around him. His historical perspective led him to look back, around, and forward, to measure and to propose. And, from a personal point of view, if he longed for Hellas it was perhaps because he was very much an Englishman of his time and very much in the England of his day. To those issues which emanated from his art criticism already discussed or implied, a final one by way of coda may be added. In 1865, at what was the height of his career as art critic, he addressed a pressing concern in a

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[922]Ibid., pp. 18-19.
[923]Ibid., p. 11.
[924]1289 (16 January 1897), 85-6.

two-part article "Women and the Fine Arts."[925] Disturbed by the "instinctive contempt for female judgment or genius under a cloud of flattery,"[926] Palgrave attempts to account for the "non-success" of women in the fine arts by examining the possible external circumstances: for one, the lack of education and specifically that "the period of a girl's education is three or four years too short"[927]; for another, the "social mode," the limitations of experience arising from women's place in society, that "women have another work in life ... home duties."[928] Although acknowledging the presence of these "external difficulties," Palgrave rejects them with well-meaning emphasis and repetition "as unworthy of serious discussion."[929] But deny them as he will, he cannot reason them away. In fact, his initial premise is also his conclusion, "All we contend is, that, considering the external conditions, and the number of women who have made the attempt, the success, compared with male achievement, is conspicuously below the average."[930] In the continuation Palgrave moves from the "tedious" external conditions to the "inner or personal qualifications," the criteria of his concept of the true artist: "Imagination and Fancy on the side of the Intellect, with Predominance of Emotional Instinct on the side of the Heart ... [along] with a certain instinct or devotion to beauty of form and the physical aptitude for rendering or realizing it, as what might be called the sensuous qualifications."[931] The application of this inflated definition, however, does not produce any more enlightening or compelling a conclusion than that women "should have equal facilities when they pursue the same object."[932] The reason is that Palgrave devotes much of the piece to comparisons of poems by men, such as Scott and Tennyson, for example, and by women, mainly Felicia Dorothea Hemans, to demonstrate, on the basis of what are little more than his personal and subjective interpretations of the poems, that

[925]*Macmillan's Magazine* 12:69 (June 1865), 118-27, and 12:69 (July 1865), 209-21.
[926]Ibid., p. 118.
[927]Ibid., p. 121.
[928]Ibid., p. 126.
[929]Ibid., p. 127.
[930]Ibid.
[931]Ibid., p. 209.
[932]Ibid., p. 221.

the work of Hemans lacks "simplicity" or "form"[933] and "due balance" since "the Affections and the Emotions ... hold a much larger part in female poetry ... and the part thus held disproportioned to good effect."[934] And since Palgrave finds in their tendency to introduce a "definite, frequently indeed ... a religious, moral" one "chief reason why they have not carried their work to greater excellence,"[935] in disregard of the "true end of art," to "leave a sense of high and lofty pleasure,"[936] for art has "no morality."[937] Palgrave's effort is sincere but not entirely convincing. Still, what does emerge is the constancy of his aesthetic creed and, in the citation not merely of many poems but of references to the visual arts,

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[933]Ibid., p. 211.

[934]Ibid., p. 214. Palgrave makes much the same point in "A Few Words on 'E. V. B.' and Female Artists," *Macmillan's Magazine* 15:88 (February 1867), 327-30, a review of Eleanor Vere Boyle's *In the Wood.* In women's art "too great a stress is apt to be laid upon the fancies of the individual. Female art, like all else that is human, has *les défauts de ses qualités.* The after-impression which the world without leaves upon the artist, rather than the picture of the world as it is, is too prominent: 'airy nothing' is too liberally endowed with its 'local habitation'" (pp. 328-9). Although much taken with Boyle's children's stories, Palgrave nevertheless caps his description of her qualities with "the first word" of an artist: "Nature has given this artist a fine feeling and a delicate sense of poetry. A true instinct has invited her to the delineation of children. And, in return for her gifts, what Nature asks now is that she should be studied as she is; not idealized, nor spiritualized, however strong the temptation; but taken boldly in her own lights and shades, her mirth and tears, her strength and her weakness. Even before 'Originality,' 'Self-renunciation' must be the first word of her artist. 'Self-renunciation' must precede 'selection.' It is on no terms but these that she will consent to surrender her beauty" (p. 330).

[935]Ibid., p. 215.

[936]Ibid., p. 214.

[937]Ibid., p. 215. In an amusing counterpart Palgrave (in an unsigned piece attributed to him by the *Wellesley Index to Victorian Periodicals* called "Solus cum Sola: A Dialogue," *Cornhill Magazine* 24:144 [December 1871], 730-7) touches on much the same matter. In a charming Noel-Coward-like sword-crossing Susan contends that "so many things in our life and way of education prevent us from showing ourselves as we are," to which Henry, looking at the sketch she is doing, replies, "I daresay you have a moral everywhere in it, Susan; you know all young ladies' novelettes have a moral" (p. 734). They agree to disagree. In the Finale, however, they must and do join hands.

painting and sculpture, and music, is his declaration, *mutatis mutandis*, of the identity of the true artist and his mission in true art.

Three years after his address to the students of the Salisbury School, the last of more than forty years of art criticism, he published in 1892 *Amenophis and Other Poems, Sacred and Secular*, in 1897, the year of his death, *Landscape in Poetry from Homer to Tennyson* and *The Golden Treasury: Second Series*, crowns of a long and continuous dedication to the written word. He was, after all, first a lover of literature and perhaps foremost a poet.

•3•

LITERARY CRITICISM

1.

At what may well have been the pinnacle of his reputation as art critic Palgrave was engaged in a flourishing career as literary historian, critic, editor, poet, and anthologist. Between 1865 and 1897 he produced at least thirty-two articles and reviews, a considerable number of related letters, eight editions of poets, anthologies of poetry for children and of sacred song, and, in the year of his death, 1897, *Landscape in Poetry from Homer to Tennyson* and the climactic *Second Series* after years of revisions and expansions of the *Golden Treasury*—not to mention five collections of his own poems and numerous separately printed ones, a volume of stories for children, and some short plays, among other creative pieces.

In June 1866 with "Descriptive Poetry in England from Anne to Victoria"[938] Palgrave, having just given up his position as art critic of the *Saturday Review*, completed the frame for the history of English poetry which he had begun with "The Growth of English Poetry" (1861) and continued with "English Poetry from Dryden to Cowper" (1862). As the title indicates, the study is once again chronological and an instance of historical criticism. Of the two principal ways of studying poetry—asking who the poet is or how he came to be so—Palgrave is to stress the latter, for "the poet is indeed the child of his century ... His art not only gives 'form and pressure' to the body of the time, but is itself the impersonation of its most advanced thought, the efflorescence of its finest spirit."[939] For him "the Restoration of 1660 marks ... the beginning of a new era in English life ... the country tak[ing] a new or modern aspect in regard to politics, religion, speculative or scientific thought, and social existence." The change was reflected in literature—for Palgrave always the "mirror of the national mind"—whose "main or vital current" was, in Henry Thomas

[938] *Fortnightly Review* 5:27 (15 June 1866), 298-320.

[939] Ibid., p. 299.

Buckle's epithet, the "assertion of the 'critical spirit',"[940] which "did its work in remodelling the style and forming the mind of our writers":

> Besides the politics which appear in Swift, and the moral speculations of Pope and Parnell, we find the commercial advance of the country under Sir R. Walpole represented in the didactic verse of men like Dyer, Somerville, and Thomson; the spirit of religious "revival" in Watts and Cowper; of foreign travelling in Goldsmith; whilst the pictures of life which, under Dryden and Pope, were taken mainly from the higher or richer classes, are now devoted to the "annals of the poor" by Crabbe in the "Tales" and Goldsmith in the "Deserted Village."[941]

From this socio-cultural perspective "two principal streams emerge: the poetry of human incidence and romance, and the poetry of nature"; which, as it "turned out, were to be the leading impulses in the poetry of the nineteenth century."[942] And it is certainly not surprising that incident and nature were focal points of Palgrave's discussions of English painting, nor that in poetry, as in painting, one "natural impulse of the 'critical spirit' was towards the past, and as "history was taken up and rewritten, or rather, written for the first time in England ... men of taste soon perceived the beauty of the neglected ballad-literature." The great influence of the collection by Percy led to many reproductions and imitations, despite the fact that "men of the old school, like Dr. Johnson, contended against the new impulse."[943] The poetry of nature made a "parallel advance," as in the work of Thomson, "a genuine poet no doubt, yet one whose style is so mannered and so monotonous that he has not been able to retain his fame or even his vitality in the presence of the more powerful writers of this century." But, in his "Seasons," for all its conventionality and coldness of its southern landscape, "we find there, nature though in an artificial dress; and whilst we can hardly rank it as a treasure for all times, see easily how great and useful its effect must have been in its own."[944] Another supporting specimen is Dyer's "Grongar Hill," descriptive of an English landscape. Although Dyer, like Thomson, "cannot trust himself frankly to

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[940] Ibid.
[941] Ibid., p. 300.
[942] Ibid.
[943] Ibid., p. 301.
[944] Ibid., p. 302.

describe nature for her own sake"—Palgrave cannot resist the comparison among the painters of Claude to Turner—the fashion of such poetry lasted long, producing the "so-called 'pastoral' poetry of Hammond and Shenstone."[945]

A second external influence was the revival of the study of the Greek language and literature initiated by Bentley and illustrated in the simplicity, refinement, concentration, and moderation of the poetry of Gray and Collins, and especially in Goldsmith's famous two poems, in which "we find the painting of the scene for its own sake—the peculiarity of the modern manner—more advanced; the poems impress us rather as *pictures* than as *moralisations*."[946] Still, they "all decidedly belong to a past style; they are like the fourteenth-century painters of Italy compared with Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci."[947] There was relatively little of the "spirit of musing and reflection upon personal feeling": Gray and Thomson "do not draw out the moral of the landscape; they rather find in it an illustration of the ordinary life of man; they are more impressed by the adaptation of nature to be the theatre for human life, or to reflect human sentiments, than by her own force, majesty, and glory."[948] Drawing partly on an imitation of the "spirit" in earlier literature, especially Elizabethan, another form of descriptive poetry "in part assumed [a] peculiar *meditative* character."[949] From the urban London of Pope a new school shifts to a "love of the wild and the romantic, a deference to fancy, an enthusiasm for solitude and country scenes,"[950] as reflected in the work of the Wartons, father and son, Chatterton's imitations of the old English Lays, the Ossianic poems published by Macpherson, and strikingly in Burns and Beattie—from which Palgrave measures "the vast change in English sentiment which had occurred during the half century that ended in 1771."[951]

As preface to and stimulus of the great writers of the first half of the nineteenth century Palgrave outlines the political, economic, and

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[945]Ibid.

[946]Ibid., p. 303.

[947]Ibid.

[948]Ibid.

[949]Ibid., p. 304.

[950]Ibid.

[951]Ibid., p. 306.

intellectual influences in Europe and England: the French Revolution, the rise of Political Economy, the openness towards European intellectual and literary activity. In a greater part of the poetry there appeared a "mood of mind," most forcibly in Rousseau,

which looks to nature as something greater than man: to man as great rather by virtue of is primary gifts than of his later cultivation; to the wild landscape as the most genuine or unalloyed exhibition of the spirit of nature. It allies itself with the feeling that everything of spontaneous impulse or vital power is in some way a manifestation of the Deity. It is apt to contrast the pettiness of the present with the imagined greatness of the past; to seek in nature for contrasts or lessons or consolations in regard to what is unsatisfying in human life; it is meditative and retrospective; it takes pleasure in sadness, while it turns sadness into pleasure.[952]

Since it is difficult for him to trace a continuous development of this "mood of mind" in the descriptive poetry of his century, Palgrave decides to review its "impersonation" in Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Wordsworth, all of whom were represented bountifully in the *Golden Treasury* and all but Byron and Shelley[953] he had or was to edit separately. What was a historical survey of poetry with illustrations by representative poets becomes a study of the poetic genius of specific and not necessarily related or comparable talents, which, like stars, as Palgrave calls them, "shine each with a colour and a light of their own."[954] Palgrave comments on specific selections from their poems and names numerous others for their representation of nature—such as Scott's description of the voyage

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[952]Ibid., p. 308.

[953]There can be little doubt that he had the knowledge and expertise to do so. In addition to the numerous appraisals of them as poets as discussed below, he also published notes on technical textual details. In a letter to the *Times*, 14 January 1873, p. 6, he attempted to clarify the "unsatisfactory text" in stanza 182 of Canto 4 of Byron's *Childe Harold* by referring to a letter of Byron's and the manuscript and, as was his wont in editorial matters, to warn against conjectural alterations. And in a letter to the *Academy*, 25:609 (5 January 1884), 10-11, he questioned Edmund Gosse's view of the debt of Keats to Shelley, holding it "curious and instructive ... to remember that Keats apparently cared for Shelley's poetry even less than Shelley cared for that of Keats."

[954]Ibid., p. 316.

of Bruce from Skye to Carrick,[955] Byron's "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,"[956] Shelley's "Alastor" and "Clouds,"[957] Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale" and "St. Agnes' Eve"[958] and Wordsworth's sonnets beginning "Yes, there is a holy pleasure in thine eye!" and "Most sweet it is with uplifted eyes"[959]—and by extension the spirit of the times:

> The landscape of Scott forms the background to the human interest of his tales, and is drawn with a singularly bold, unaffected, and unselfconscious touch. That of Byron is everywhere coloured by the tints of his own mind and character. Shelley's is penetrated with a strange sense of the life of nature: it is not so much the world we see, as the world created again in the light of his aerial imagination. Keats describes nature more frankly and more richly than the rest—nature alone and as she is: "he loves earth only for her earthily sake." Each of these poets stands in close relation to the thoughts and passions of the age to which they all belong, and represents the different aspects of modern England or Europe at the beginning of this century.[960]

Palgrave was hesitant to rank these poets, preferring only to define their "mission": "that Scott's place was to initiate the modern school—he is the leader or pioneer; that Byron's was the greatest or the most vivid natural force; that Shelley has the most intense originality; that Keats was the most promising, if not the widest and richest in regard to gifts in poetry pure."[961] Still, he did so in crowning Wordsworth and, in doing so, outlining the ideal in poet and poetry. Since "poetry, in a word, is the reflection of the poet," Palgrave outlines the stages of Wordsworth's life: his boyhood in "one of the wildest and most beautiful regions of England," then Cambridge and France, then a "more English, a more moderate or conservative tendency," a lifetime in England, an interest in its welfare, and, unlike the others, whose "own lives were more or less

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[955]Ibid., pp. 309-11.
[956]Ibid., p. 311-12.
[957]Ibid., pp. 313-14.
[958]Ibid., p. 315.
[959]Ibid., pp. 319-20.
[960]Ibid., p. 316.
[961]Ibid.

distracted," a long life, "a quiet unresting completion."[962] In short, Wordsworth's long life is of interest because it reflects the important impulses of his time. And in his ability to balance them and to combine them in "just unity," Palgrave attributes a notable transmutation to Wordsworth: he is "more essentially Greek" than the others, and his is the "influence that lasts."[963] Crowning Wordsworth with his highest epithet, "more essentially Greek," means for Palgrave that as Wordsworth's mind matured the "sense of a true life in nature ... led him to go, as it were, out of himself and the range of immediate human interests, and to view the landscape as something which, as itself informed everywhere with soul, by itself alone deserved faithful and loving painting. In this sense he perhaps stands alone as a describer of nature for her own sake. On the other [hand], the same sense urged him to identify nature with the human heart; to study man—man especially leading a simple and unsophisticated life—as the highest effort, work, or manifestation of nature."[964] His pictures of nature can only be compared with those of his contemporary poet in painting, Palgrave's idol, Turner. Moreover, the crowning of Wordsworth makes explicit the relation of the true artist to nature: it is "rather the mind which makes the beauty of the landscape, than the landscape which teaches us beauty." And in an apotheosis, "there is a subtle charm and beauty in the landscape, when thus described, which even the actual scene will be found to want."[965]

Landscape, be it in poetry or painting, poet or painter, remained a focal point of Palgrave's criticism, climaxing in the year of his death, 1897, with the publication of *Landscape in Poetry from Homer to Tennyson, with Many Illustrative Examples*. Apparently enlarged from the last series of lectures he delivered in 1895 as the Professor of Poetry of the University of Oxford, it is not so much a volume of literary criticism—his first and only, incidentally—as an amalgam of literary subgenre criticism (landscape in poetry), literary history (from Homer to Tennyson), and anthology of

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[962]Ibid., pp. 316-17. In a footnote Palgrave mentions a biographical sketch in his edition of Wordsworth in which he has viewed the poet's life "in strict relation to his writings."

[963]Ibid., pp. 317-18.

[964]Ibid., pp. 318-19. See also above, p. 6 for Palgrave's praise of F. W. Robertson's *Two Lectures on the Influence of Poetry on the Working Classes*.

[965]Ibid., p. 320.

poetry (with many illustrative examples). Although consisting of eighteen chapters, each published or publishable separately, as were a number of the other Oxford lectures,[966] there is a thematic comprehensiveness and cohesion which make the volume, Palgrave's last on the subject, perhaps the first of its kind. It is as well a demonstration of the extensive range of his reading and, in the translations, of his linguistic talent, both attuned, as was his pedagogical wont ten years after he had left the Department of Education, to readers of some intelligence and willingness to learn and, in this case with the Honour School of English Language and Literature and especially the students of the University Extension in mind. However ambitious the undertaking, it must be understood that it is the nature of that target audience which may have determined the level of the discourse as a whole and not just the need for translations. That and Palgrave's health and age, which may account for the difference between the intellectual muscle and concentration of the Oxford lectures of 1885 and the spacious outpourings of these of 1895. Be all that as it may, the collection is in its own way a summary of the Palgravian method, manner, and message.

Amplifying the telling title, *Landscape in Poetry*, which combines the parallel course of painting (landscape in color) and poetry (landscape in words), is "Prefatory," the title of the opening chapter, which opens with a statement of the Palgravian trademarks: "In common, both [painting and poetry], it is almost a truism to say, are bound to exhibit Nature as seen through, coloured, penetrated by the poet's or the painter's soul; whilst they, in turn, if genuinely gifted for art, frame their ideal landscape on the great lines, and after the laws and inner intention of Nature herself: reverting thus to realism in its real essence through the union of observation and individual genius."[967] Deeper than this view, albeit not surprising after Palgrave's celebration of Wordsworth, is the underlying theologico-philosophical premise: "'the recognition of mind by mind'[968]; of the unity between the wonders of the world without with the wonders

[966]The lectures were never collected and published together. In fact, there seems to be no record, much less text, of all of them.

[967]*Landscape*, p. 2.

[968]In a footnote on p. 9 Palgrave credits the phrase to the Duke of Argyll, *The Unity of Nature* (1888).

of the world within; the perception of Divine purpose; the organic 'pre-established harmony' (to take the old formula) between our sensations of charm and the scene before us; the beauty of the world, which in itself ... Nature, as it were, does not need for use, or to gain her own aims, coming forward, almost as a living personality—the *Alma Venus* of Lucretius—to meet and vitalise the sense of beauty implanted in man."[969] Sensibly modifying such an imposing perspective, Palgrave admits his limitations "both in extent and in the varied command of language requisite ... to cover the whole field of Western poetry," and refers to such a work as an "anthology."[970] And thereby hangs the tale, as it were, of the conception and reception of a work which prompted Henry James to compliment Palgrave on having "truly a genius for illustration and a pair of fingertips for plums. The volume is a priceless pudding of the latter; really a gallery of many rooms in which one can walk and sit."[971]

James is James, always diplomatic and astute. The idea of a gallery of many rooms which one can enter, view poems, sit a while, and then move on to the next room is brilliant. Having determined its theme, Palgrave arranges his exhibition of landscape poems more of less chronologically, along the path of the evolution of the Western cultural heritage. Following a "prefatory" chapter are chapters two to five, which deal with landscape in Greek and Roman poetry, chapter six with Hebrew poetry, chapter seven with early Italian poetry, and chapters eight to eighteen with the palette of "English" poetry from the Celtic and Gaelic through the centuries to Tennyson. This overview makes it clear that the emphasis is on English poetry and more pronouncedly on English landscape poetry of the present century (chapters thirteen to eighteen)—like the main focus of Palgrave's art criticism. And if the poetry of France or Germany, Spain or Portugal is omitted, it is not so much due to Palgrave's admitted lack of space or knowledge as to his belief that "any influence—if any—these literatures held over English Nature poetry is singularly slight."[972] James's gustatory metaphor is sly and revealing. It pays little attention to the theologico-philosophical and cultural perspective and, acknowledging

[969]Ibid., p. 9.
[970]Ibid., p. 3.
[971]Quoted in Gwenllian, p. 258.
[972]*Landscape*, p. 94.

Palgrave's genius for illustration, prefers the peerlessly plucked plums which make up the priceless pudding.

In some ways, Palgrave's index might be an overview of poems on exhibition. Although not truly complete—the index omits dozens of poets merely named and dated by a dutiful literary historian, such as the Sicilian Ciullo d'Alcamo, Donne, and Dryden—it consists of 118 poets (including a few anonymous poems such as "The Cuckoo and the Nightingale" and groups like "Children's Songs") "analysed, with examples," seventeen "explanatory passages" (such as "Characteristics of Greek and Roman Literature"), and thirty-four "incidental notices" (such as "Wyatt ... adds nothing to our own subject. His was not a mind attuned to Nature, her sweet sights and roundelays"). If applied to a visit to an exhibition, the first group might resemble the hung pictures with full captions, the second might be the introductory caption at the entrance to each of the exhibition rooms, and the third group some of the incidental information in all the captions. This sense of moving from one room to the next, as to were, is enhanced not merely by the chronological organization but also by Palgrave's tendency to use such phrases of transition as "Passing now to Vergil's later, longer, more important poems,"[973] "We now quit, for English poetry, transmarine Europe,"[974] and "We now reach that well-known period."[975] And, to be sure, it is well-nigh impossible in dealing with descriptive poetry to avoid referring to quoted poems as pictures, as in "I know not if a picture like this be found in any verse hitherto composed in Europe"[976] or "This is indeed a charming picture,"[977] or in fact employing the vocabulary of visual art, as in "it is a night scene which he paints"[978] or "Shelley's landscape is inevitably limited and dyed by the colours of his mind"[979] or numerous references to images, scenes, vignettes. Palgrave as cicerone is of course well versed in the subject, the center of career, and has devoted a lifetime to the study of its agents. Not surprising is his attention to, and making good use of, those he has already

[973]Ibid., p. 48.
[974]Ibid., p. 94.
[975]Ibid., p. 166.
[976]Ibid., p. 102.
[977]Ibid., p. 120.
[978]Ibid., p. 201.
[979]Ibid., p. 219.

written of in his survey of English poetry, in his editions of certain English poets, in his separate articles on and reviews of specific poets, English as well as Greek, Roman and Italian, and of course his *Golden Treasury.* Not surprising as well is Palgrave's accommodating his vast knowledge to the theme of the exhibition not simply by repeating comments and judgments but by a willingness to adopt and modify what has already been said and to add and amplify what is new and needs to be said. Thus along with siphoning off only what is appropriate to landscape from his analysis and anthology of English poetry, as well as from his pieces on classical literature and translation,[980] Palgrave adds a considerable number of poets he had not dealt with in detail or only passingly before—major ones like Coleridge, somewhat lesser ones like John Clare and Gavin Douglas, a host of barely recognizable ones like Dffydd ap Gwilym, John Langhorne, and Lady Winchelsea, and "forgotten" ones like Charles Whitehead and Ebenezer Elliott of the nineteenth century, not to mention Leonardas of Tarentum, Habakkuk, and Moero of Byzantium of ages far gone. Of the British poets mentioned, only Coleridge had a place in the *Golden Treasury.*

Given its vast chronological and cultural range, the large number of poets, and the even larger number of quotations packed into a volume of three hundred pages, there is very limited space for comment and less for

[980]Among which, and not to be neglected, are lengthy reviews of W. Y. Sellar's *The Roman Poets of the Republic* (*Fraser's Magazine* 68:404 [August 1863], 246-52). in which, among other things, he praises its inflection of the need for sound classical knowledge and its stimulation of even the "'natural boy'," all unaesthetic as he may seem [for he] has in him often a keen eye for beauty, a quick perception, and an intense delight in the 'diviner mind' of poetry"; and, in two parts, of John Conington's translation of Virgil's *Aeneid* (*Macmillan's Magazine* 15:87 [January 1867], 196-206, and 15:89 [March 1867], 401-12), in which, ever the sensitive poet—"struck" by the translation, he wrote to Macmillan that he wanted to review it "mainly to go in for the question of poetry & spirit" (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 37-8)—he favors Conington's use of ballad meter over hexameter for its appropriateness to English, while, ever the classicist and educationalist, regarding translation not as an end in itself but as a stimulant for the reading of the original. In turning down a review of Hershel's *Homer* because "Homer is a subject beyond my knowledge or power," Palgrave admitted in a letter to Macmillan of 10 November 1866 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 39-40), "I also have such a dislike for the English hexameter that I know I should never read a line of the book."

the development of ideas. Palgrave was aware of the problem: "The task before us is sufficiently large, and it will be best to sketch its limitations at once. My scheme does not aim to cover the whole field even of Western poetry."[981] And as he wrote "to clear up a little ambiguity which the writer of the very kindly notice of [his] *Landscape*[982] ... seem[s] to feel as to the limitation of the non-English (or, rather non-British) poems included. The scheme of the book, both for the sake of unity in subject and to avoid undue length, was to deal only with those foreign literatures, ancient and modern, which have directly and notably influenced our own poets."[983] Nevertheless there is a certain disproportion, however unavoidable, in the overall structure and, to be sure, in the more or less personal selection of the "illustrations" or poems. From the editor of the *Golden Treasury of The Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language*, it is little wonder that one notice of the *Landscape* refers to the collection as "of all the best poetry descriptive of landscape."[984] And yet, another correctly notes that Palgrave "has taken the opportunity ... to distinguish one or more minor modern poets by citation, where there was not room enough for passages from the greater poems of the greatest poets."[985] The historian, like the anthologist, must make choices, and as this critic continues, Palgrave "was perfectly free to do this. It may, perhaps, be even the most interesting partial manner of doing what there was not space to do completely."[986] Whether it is the historian or the anthologist who has the ruling fingertips, the plums have been picked and the pudding exists: it is once again, as in Palgrave's art criticism, a "more distinctly modern ... attempt to penetrate the inner soul of the landscape itself; drawing from it moral lessons or parables for encouragement, or, indeed, for warning, when before the poet's mind is the unsympathetic aspect of Nature, her merciless indifference to human life. Under another conception the landscape becomes a symbol of underlying spiritual truths. Or, again, it is, as it were, clothed in the hues of human passion, idealised by strong emotion."[987]

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[981] *Landscape*, p. 3.
[982] *Academy* 51:1300 (3 April 1897), 370-1.
[983] *Academy* 51:1301 (10 April 1897), 409.
[984] *National Review* 29:170 (April 1897), 277.
[985] *Academy* 51:1300 (3 April 1897), 370.
[986] Ibid.
[987] *Landscape*, pp. 8-9.

Once again, the dominant conception is the "recognition of 'mind by mind'." Be that as it may, it is the attendant commentary or captions which supply the spice and the flavor.

They are many and diverse, as to be expected of the literary historian. They are calibrated according to the weight of the subject. In the earlier and briefer chapters Palgrave provides an orientating overview, as in the four "aspects" of the developing consciousness of Nature from ancient Greece to the Middle Ages,[988] which will be specified and amplified in succeeding chapters by various captions. They may be fairly commonplace: "Epic poetry properly deals with the acts and passions of man. Hence in the verse of that still greatest of all poets, Homer, or whoever left us *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, natural description as such is always purely incidental to the narrative."[989] They may be sharply discriminative: "Hesiod's rude prosaic style and matter are not congenial to the poetic landscape."[990] They may be far-reaching: "In Roman literature ... as in the Roman mind and character, we feel ourselves at once in the atmosphere of a sterner morality, of more practical aims, of the Roman *gravitas*, of the Imperial majesty; yet, at the same time, of a greater homeliness, a profounder passion for country life. The beautiful, however, as such, in their poetry is largely derived, not from unknown sources, but from the Grecian fountains, happily still flowing for those who have the good sense and good taste to frequent them."[991] They may be suddenly illuminating: "Greek poetry was at times hampered and conventionalised by its mythology; the clear view of Nature as she is restricted; a monotony thrown over the landscape"[992]; Herrick "might be called an Elizabethan born out of his day, if we look at the grace, the lightness of touch, the gay festive spirit, the (as it were) inevitable melody of his verse: with him, 'the rose lingers latest'."[993] "The cleverness displayed in this poem [Browning's "Englishman in Italy"] is amazing, but incessant: the effects are isolated: the sense of effort, the want of relief, of reserve, at last makes itself felt. Hence, perhaps, despite Browning's fluent copiousness, he rarely succeeds

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[988]Ibid., pp. 7-8.
[989]Ibid., p. 11.
[990]Ibid., p. 16.
[991]Ibid., p. 35.
[992]Ibid., p. 31.
[993]Ibid., p. 156.

in giving the delightful sense of genuine spontaneity."[994]

When he gets to chapter 14, "Landscape in Recent Poetry—Scott and Byron," and with it the longest and most important section of the book, Palgrave "briefly recall[s]"—that is, repeats—the orientating overview of the four "gradual steps"—earlier, "aspects"—in the poetry of landscape as if to start anew the process of specification and amplification.[995] These are preceded, as any literary history would have it, by a swift notice of the influence of Rousseau's "eloquent sophistries—life according to Nature, primitive, simplicity, subjective, sentiment, and passion in place of reason, with the like"—on the French Revolution and the "Romantic spirit," with its "vivid sense of the essential union between man and the visible universe,—a mood opposite to that externalism of nature so marked in the poetry of Greece."[996] He does not overlook modern developments, such as the "marvellous advances" in the facilities for travel: "There was nothing of charm, no romance, in the painfulness with which mountain regions were traversed two hundred years since and later; nor could the discomforts of the road attune a traveller's mind to the contemplation of the Sublime. Hence Alpine scenery, peaks and passes, left Addison with no feeling but of horror and repugnance, and only wakened even Gray himself to a dawning sense of their latent poetry. Thus, strange though it may seem, among external incitements to landscape study railways may be placed first." And, not so strange, he accords "not far behind" a place to the influence of physical science, "though perhaps rather by immensely aiding accuracy of thought and word in the description of Nature, than by

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[994]Ibid., p. 263. Still, in a letter of 17 March 1869 to a friend (quoted in Gwenllian, p. 103) Palgrave found of "The Ring and the Book" that "within a rather narrow range it has amazing power and subtlety ... the whole poem certainly adds some marvellously living figures to our gallery of English poetry, and is excellent *sui generis*." Palgrave had a cordial relationship with Browning, whose charming response, signed "Yours unirritatedly," to Palgrave's "remonstrance ... on the quantity which Browning somewhere assigned to the word 'metamorphosis,' the penultimate syllable of which is long in Greek," he sent for publication to the *Athenaeum*, 3559 (11 January 1896), 52. Browning, along with Matthew Arnold, was among those who signed the register at the marriage of Palgrave's "dear eldest girl," Cecil Ursula, in 1887. In 1889 Palgrave joined twenty-six prominent figures in petitioning that Browning be buried in the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey.

[995]Ibid., pp. 181-2.

[996]Ibid., p. 179.

direct botanical, geological, or stellar teaching."[997] Palgrave regards this overview as a "little preface" which allows him to change gears, as it were, and to complete "the most difficult part of [his] essay by actual quotation from the verse of our century ... [for] the study and love of Nature has during this century made so decisive and so splendid an advance as ... to stand in line with the parallel progress in physical science."[998] Thus, although his "wish throughout this book has been to leave the poets to speak for themselves, with only such commentary as due explanation might demand"—often with word glosses, translations, and the like—"quotations so long as some that follow *could* not have been made from earlier poetry."[999]

It is not only the shift to long quotes, and as it turns out from perhaps fewer poets, but also the admittedly perilous choice of poets, for whom the "verdict of Time has not yet fixed their place" and about whom Palgrave, "however reluctant, cannot escape treading on the 'shifting and deceitful ashes, under which lie the fires' of antagonistic valuations."[1000] In any event, what was mainly a level survey becomes in the remainder of the book, as the very appearance of the pages reveals, more prominently an exhibition of the best pictures or, if you wish, choice plums by Palgrave's choicest poets, to whom he devotes single chapters and admiringly guiding glances: Scott and Byron; Coleridge, Keats, and Shelley; Wordsworth; Browning, Arnold, Barnes, and Charles Tennyson; and Tennyson. It would be hard ro deny but incorrect to say that he chose them because he had recently dealt with them in articles. For the straightforward manner and warm tone with which their works are treated are true indications not merely of Palgrave's personal taste but mainly of his conviction that they portray the most representative and the very best of landscape poetry—this although he gives due attention to others, like the "unjustly neglected" Crabbe and "that gifted, unhappy youth," Arthur O'Shaughnessy. And if the nature of the book changes, it is not just because of the change from a diachronic historical survey to a synchronic descriptive illustration. Faced with the problem of the uncertainty of the

[997]Ibid., p. 180.
[998]Ibid., p. 182.
[999]Ibid.
[1000]Ibid.

proper evaluation of contemporary landscape poetry and its true and lasting impact, Palgrave does not attempt to chart precisely a "definite and systematic progress" since "among the 'Gods of the great Family' each has a song of his own—each treats the orchestra after his individual fashion"—but only that, "on the whole, from Scott to Tennyson, a general harmony exists."[1001] Palgrave had already characterized the poets and said as much of the "harmony" some thirty years earlier, in the last part of his history of English poetry. And so it is not the fulfilled theme which occupies the foreground in the latter half of the work but the gallery, the illustrations, the plums. The prose shrinks, the poetry increases. In a word, the quotation is the message. Despite the impressive display of secondary references from across the spectrum of literary and extra-literary activity—Herder, Shairp, Mackail, Sellar, Conington, Mommsen, Nannucci, Skene, Taine, ten Brink, Newman, among others—the dates, the footnotes, the glosses, the translations, and such tools of literary history, it is the treasury of the best landscape poems which dominates, a personal anthology lovingly selected and presented by one whose increasing use of the first-person pronoun reaches a climax at the very end in his treatment of his idol Alfred Tennyson. "Here, perhaps, this book should close." And then Palgrave steps out of his role as literary observer and recorder to pay tribute to one whose life and work best exemplify the aims of poetry and to poetry itself:

But I cannot thus quit one, for forty years and more a friend ever kind and true; and one whose company, with that of his honoured wife, was an invaluable lesson for the conduct of life, for graciousness, for unselfishness. It would be a rash folly were I to attempt prejudging the verdict of Time, or dare try to assign to Tennyson his final place in the great army of the poets. Yet I hope for excuse if, as a mere individual opinion, I express the belief that great now as may be his fame—should our civilisation be maintained—a prospect sadly dubious—that fame a century hence ought to be found far greater. My ground for this expectation lies in his vast world of subject, in his high moral range, in his perfect art. Few, if any, are the poets who have more consistently kept in view and truly poised those two great essentials—pleasure as the true final aim of poetry; wealth and nobleness of thought to confer on pleasure those few hundred years of life which man pleases himself with naming immortality— ... *dream of a shadow*.[1002]

[1001]Ibid., p. 182.
[1002]Ibid., pp. 296-7.

The critical reception of Palgrave's work was extensive. At least a dozen reviews appeared within the year of its appearance or not too long thereafter. That all acknowledge Palgrave's excellence as anthologist may well have played a role in regarding the *Landscape* as having "the appearance of an anthology,"[1003] of being "a pleasing anthology,"[1004] "a beautiful anthology."[1005] From this characterization as anthology arises almost automatic criticism: its "inevitable arbitrariness,"[1006] its specific selections—"And why is Clough entirely omitted? Charles Tennyson's sonnets are good, but one of the seven quoted might surely have been spared to make room for the bathing-pool in the 'Bothie'"[1007] and "It is very surprising that nothing should have been said about Shenstone and the Wartons, about Scott of Anwell, Crowe and Bowles, all of whom are in various ways remarkable as descriptive poets"[1008]; its questionable judgment—"It is only fair to Hesiod to say that his poetry is not without vivid touches of natural description"[1009]; "Great injustice is done to Thomson ... scant justice to Cowper."[1010] Almost equally inevitable is the arbitrariness or self-interest of reviewers, one of whom finds the first part of Palgrave's book "the best. And his best is, needless to say, most excellent,"[1011] while another, although granting that Palgrave's "treatise has no pretension to adequacy," nevertheless finds that "even within these bounds there is much which is irrelevant and much which is surprisingly defective."[1012] To go down a peg, the Professor of English, John Churton Collins, detects errors in Palgrave's translations from the Greek,[1013] while the Professor of Latin and later Regius Professor of Greek, R. Y. Tyrrell, finds that the translations from Greek and Latin poetry "show scholarship and taste," but is critical of some of Palgrave's English—for example: "In

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[1003] *Academy* 51:1300 (3 April 1897), 370.
[1004] *Athenaeum* 3629 (15 May 1897), 643.
[1005] *Macmillan's Magazine* 76:451 (May 1897), 153.
[1006] *Academy*, p. 370.
[1007] *Athenaeum*, p. 643.
[1008] *Saturday Review* 83:2173 (19 June 1897), 696.
[1009] Ibid., p. 695.
[1010] Ibid, pp. 695-6.
[1011] *Academy*, p. 370.
[1012] *Saturday Review*, p. 694.
[1013] Ibid., p. 695.

a writer who is usually so tenacious of a pure English diction we do not like to read that 'the part omitted is of some length' when the meaning is that it is of *considerable length*."[1014] In short, all contemporary reviews are respectful and agree that the work is "important"[1015] and "valuable,"[1016] but most locate its shortcomings as an anthology. "It is only against an anthology," says one reviewer, "challenging the judgment of readers whether all the gathered poems are not conspicuously the best of their kind, that a complaint will lie." "It is, perhaps," he continues, "because of the *Golden Treasury* that we expected from Mr. T. Palgrave an unwinking responsibility."[1017] "Lovers of poetry," concludes another, "will thank Mr. Palgrave for his book; but the 'Golden Treasury' will remain his highest title to their gratitude."[1018]

Only Tyrrell sees the matter otherwise. "Not, indeed, ungrateful; on the contrary, we feel we owe him hearty thanks for a beautiful anthology," but Tyrrell

think[s] that a different method should have been adopted, if his aim had been rather to show how landscape has acted on poetry than to illustrate how poets have dealt with landscape ... It would have to be treated not inductively but deductively, and by analysis rather than synthesis. It would be requisite to discard the historic method, and to devise certain categories or principles, to serve as a framework for a discussion which would tend to be vague and hard to keep within compass. Perhaps among them might stand the questions,—How far is Nature *felt*, not merely described? How far is she appealed to in love and sympathy, and not merely in the interests of clearness or of ornament? How far is she analysed with a poet's minute keenness of observation, as contrasted with the obvious reflections of an ordinary observer, however beautified by style and diction?" ... We fancy that the answers to these and further questions "would go far to show that until quite modern times the influence of the external world on the mind of the poet was insignificant, or did not exist at all.[1019]

A similar psycho-philosophical approach is offered a few years later by a

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[1014]*Macmillan's Magazine*, p. 160.
[1015]*Saturday Review*, p. 696.
[1016]*Academy*, p. 370.
[1017]Ibid.
[1018]*Athenaeum*, p. 643.
[1019]*Macmillan's Magazine*, pp. 153-4.

reviewer who holds that "in poetry, even more than in painting, there is in truth a conspiracy of imagination with imagination. The impressionist painter combining the utmost realism in sight with the utmost climax of illusion in method, compels—on the plane of physical laws—the spectator to take his share in the creation of that optical vision the blots and streaks of colour on the canvas are intended to produce ... landscape in literature is pre-eminently man as the glass of nature, or by inversion, nature as the glass of man."[1020] Tyrrell is gracious enough to admit that the adoption of a different method "might have given more scope to his [Palgrave's] faculties as a critic, though it might not have produced a more attractive book."[1021] And it might be questioned not only whether Palgrave's poor health and advanced age—he died after long illness in the year the book was published—but also his critical compass were adequate enough for him to produce that less attractive book. Given his background and training, and his fixation on Hellas and national consciousness, he could not be other than a historian as critic. Given his refinement of character and pedagogical disposition, he succeeded best as introducer and cicerone, as intimate of poets and manager of their vast treasure, as anthologist. A review of *Poetic Interpretation of Nature* by Palgrave's predecessor as Professor of Poetry at Oxford, J. C. Shairp, described it as "not a big book, but ... a bold one."[1022] That adjective, bold, could not be applied to Palgrave or his work. Nor did he ever strive for it. Besides, there was a certain fatalism in Palgrave's awareness that the times were changing. In a letter of 6 January 1896 to Hallam Tennyson he wrote that he found the subject "most interesting, but which I fear, a public devoted to Trilbyism, Meredithism &c &c is little likely to care for."[1023]

He could, to be sure, write sharply focussed and detailed historical criticism, as he had done over forty years earlier in his first essay of considerable length, the forty-page "Essay on the First Century of Italian Engraving." In the second series of his lectures as Professor of Poetry, "The Renaissance Movement in English Poetry," his topics were

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[1020] *Edinburgh Review* 193:395 (January 1901), 53-4.
[1021] *Macmillan's Magazine*, p. 160.
[1022] *Athenaeum* 2594 (14 July 1877), 41.
[1023] Tennyson Research Centre, Palgrave 6093.

"Chaucer and the Italian Renaissance,"[1024] delivered on 11 May 1888, and "The Oxford Movement of the Fifteenth Century,"[1025] date not known but likely in the same year, both published separately. Since the topics are essentially synchronic in scope—that is, are within a limited chronological or ideological range—the possibility for concentration is increased while that for extensive illustration is decreased. In other words, text, which is subject to illustration in anthologies, dominates. Put another way: there is more narrative than recitation, more prose than poetry. This, however, is not necessarily a reflection of Palgrave's intellectuality as of the manner in which he displays and orders his knowledge. In the "Chaucer" Palgrave attempts to outline the cultural influences on Chaucer as derived not so much from his contact with his sources—say, his reading of or personal acquaintance with Italian or French poets—as from his absorption of elements and trends in his works which Palgrave recognizes in earlier Italian or French works. It is the kind of osmosis in which a literary historian specializes and, in this case, structures in three periods or stages. From an introductory reflection on the three stages of literary life or reputation—the vivid power in the age of its birth, later antiquated, but "an immortal out of fashion, a god relegated to a Lucretian Olympus," and finally "again recognised, and all the stores and research of commentary and criticism are lavished in the noble effort to give genius its due and lasting place,"[1026] Palgrave suggests three terms, Renaissance, Evolution, or, best, Culture, which might best describe the process.[1027] He then proceeds to a defining of the three framing historical periods:[1028] first, the fall of the Western Empire roughly to the year 1100 ("that of chaos, conservation, and reconstruction, in which the great early monastic foundations were the sole agents"); second, from 1100 to about 1350 ("the medieval movement throughout Europe, in which universities and the romances of chivalry play the leading part"); and finally the Italian Renaissance ("the first example [given by Italy] of specially national culture; of which the Classical Revival was the distinctive note"). This

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[1024]*Nineteenth Century* 24:139 (September 1888), 340-59.

[1025]*Nineteenth Century* 28:165 (November 1890), 812-30.

[1026]"Chaucer," p. 340.

[1027]Ibid., pp. 341-2.

[1028]Ibid., p. 342.

framework—including a brief political description of the three stages—leads him to agree with Ward that "'Chaucer stands half in and half out of the Middle Ages'," that Chaucer's work "corresponds ... to the years during which the second or mediaeval movement in Italy reached its final flowering in Dante, and the revival of letters began under Petrarch and Boccaccio." With the naming of three most influential figures Palgrave can conclude that "Chaucer reflects the Italian genius of the *whole* fourteenth century" and therewith establish the thesis he is to illustrate—a "task," he admits, to "be aided by the copious and well-known Renaissance literature of the present century, from the works of [William] Roscoe and [Jean-Charles-Léonard- Simonde de] Sismondi [of the early nineteenth century] to those of [John Addington] Symonds and [Mandell] Creighton [of the later]"[1029] and, strikingly for the anthologist, assuming that his readers "have familiarity with Chaucer sufficient [for him] to dispense with the illustrative quotations for which space is inadequate,"[1030] but not for the historian, who offers a "short glimpse" at the England of Edward the Third's time and runs breathlessly through the major political upheavals up to the "stormy and disastrous epoch of the Lancastrian and Yorkist wars."[1031]

"It is remarkable how very little the signs of the time impressed him" is Palgrave's appraisal of Chaucer.[1032] Although ranking him with Dante and Petrarch in the triumvirate of the mediaeval poets, Palgrave finds his work "show[ing] no sign whatever of their patriotic passion, none of their interest in statesmanship and politics: to take a phrase from the

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[1029]He also mentions A. W. Ward, G. L. Craik, F. J. Furnivall, Bernard ten Brink, E. H. Plumptre, W. M. Rossetti, F. G. Fleay, Stopford Brooke, and Matthew Arnold, among others. Palgrave's admiration of Plumptre's "great work" did not deter him, in a letter to the *Academy* 33:821 (28 January 1888), 62, from questioning the conjectures that Dante is referred to by Spenser as the "sad Florentine," that Shakespeare might have heard of Dante through Sidney or Spenser, among other points. Nor did it deter him, in a longer letter to the *Academy* 35:887 (4 May 1889), 305-6, from disagreeing with Ten Brink's theory on the genesis of Chaucer's *House of Fame* and in a follow-up of a string of letters, in the *Academy* 35:891 (1 June 1889), 379-80, with C. H. Hereford's views on traces of Dante in Chaucer.

[1030]"Chaucer," p. 341.

[1031]Ibid., p. 343.

[1032]Ibid., p. 344.

Commedia, he cannot discern even the tower of the heavenly City." He takes Chaucer to be modern in "his brilliant criticisms of the humours of his day, in his freshness and lucidity of style, in the movement of his narrative," but "in choice of subjects, in the general manner of his tale, in the feelings with which he seems to look upon life he scarcely rises above the showy court-atmosphere of Edward's reign. It is less the dawn of modern ways in thought and literature which we see in him, than the gorgeous sunset of chivalry:—his poetry reflects the earliest rays of the Italian Renaissance, but its massive substance is essentially mediaeval." At first he was influenced by French models, as in his translation of the mediaeval allegory, the *Romance of the Rose*, a type "wholly alien from [his] realistic, unspeculative genius."[1033] In Chaucer's "Second Period" "it was the three greatest writers whom Italy had yet produced—Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio—by whom the Englishman was moved and penetrated." Although the influence of his Italian Journeys "was not altogether healthy, yet to his *Italianisation* Chaucer (to put it briefly) owes the variety of range, that heightening of style, that improvement in poetical form, which liberated and gave full play to his splendid natural gifts."[1034] The culmination of the Italian influence is found in *Troylus and Cryseyde*, much longer than its source, Boccaccio's *Filostrato*, and "although the plot is managed with great skill and variety, and the poet's vigour and vivacity are rarely at fault, it is impossible to escape the sense of what I may perhaps call primitive diffuseness in this immense narrative, built also as it is upon such unsatisfactory material."[1035] Palgrave does manage to notice "touches" in the poem from Petrarch and Dante, inserting for the first time in the lecture quotations that illustrate their use by Chaucer,[1036] and, if only with a "certain regret," to admit that it is with Boccaccio, "in fact with the lower spirit of the advancing Renaissance, that Chaucer has the nearest affinity" and to note that Chaucer has "nothing of the high patriotism of Dante or Petrarch ... [and] "also is wanting in their spiritual elevation of tone, their depth and purity of passion, their finer insight into

[1033]Ibid., p. 345.
[1034]Ibid., p. 346.
[1035]Ibid., p. 348.
[1036]Ibid., pp. 348-50.

the soul."[1037] Still, "among his poems it is also perhaps the most modern in style; we see in it a strenuous attempt to delineate and analyse passion, and the hateful figure of Pandarus is drawn with a truth to nature and a force of humour which has been rarely equalled."[1038] Palgrave regards Chaucer as "our first eminent poet of Love,"[1039] albeit not of that "ideal passion which immortalises the names of Beatrice and Laura ... [but nevertheless having] no small share in Shakespeare's exquisite naturalism—something of his pathos, though little of his intensity." Palgrave finds Chaucer's "own motto, 'Je serve Joyesse' in his *Goodly Ballad*" and concludes, surprisingly perhaps, that "what he paints by preference is love successful, love as happiness, love in its comic, perhaps in its sensual aspect." And, more assuredly, that "here, once more, it is the spirit of the literature of France, the spirit of the later Italian Renaissance, which reveals itself." Palgrave assigns to this spirit—and perhaps to an unhappy married life or a reaction against the exaggerated tone of chivalrous romance—Chaucer's "too frequent unchivalrous attitude towards women," thus disagreeing with Stopford Brooke, whose "spirited criticism" led him to believe in Chaucer's having "'a true and chivalrous regard to women,' whether 'of his own class' or any other" and providing a bridge to Chaucer's "Third Period."

Using the *Canterbury Tales,* the great achievement of his later life, to "try to put together what the effect of the Italian Renaissance was upon Chaucer, and in what points he especially shows our English genius," Palgrave deduces numerous resemblances to Boccaccio: "his political indifferentism," "his anti-monastic animus," "his animal spirits, in his satires, in his fun, and in his evident enjoyment of it," in a "love of coarseness," in his "intense passion for study."[1040] Chaucer is English, Palgrave continues, "in the breadth and depth of his insight into human nature," differing from the Italians of his time, who "rarely indicated" the inward nature of human character.[1041] Chaucer is for Palgrave "our first great character painter," with "a genuine dramatic power in which the

[1037]Ibid., p. 350.
[1038]Ibid., p. 347.
[1039]Ibid., p. 351.
[1040]Ibid., p. 352.
[1041]Ibid., p. 353.

Italians, with all their gifts, were on the whole signally deficient"—in this instance disagreeing with John Addington Symonds, who "seems ... to have been led, through affection for the literature which he has studied so fully, into considerable overestimate of the dramatic faculty shown by the writers of the Italian Renaissance." Chaucer is English "especially" in the "conservative spirit which, if not our dominant temper, yet at any rate is the temper underlying our progressive development[,] the common-sense." Nevertheless, Palgrave contends, Chaucer "never really breaks with medievalism. From Dante he may have caught the higher time, the more marked union of the ideal with the real which we occasionally feel in his later writings. The other elements which he learned from the Renaissance seem to lie in his secular tone, in the contrast and variety of his subjects, in his power of going from grave to gay without losing unity of effect; perhaps also in certain metrical advances, especially his adoption of ... *Rhyme-Royal*."[1042] Palgrave is relentless in listing Chaucer's characteristics without regarding them to be particularly English but definitely mediaeval:

> The distinctive note of Humanism ... he probably never felt nor undersold. He could not share the Italian sense of a continuity of culture with ancient Rome and its paganism: he has not the belief or the profession of belief which the Humanists affected in the old mythology. It is certainly no Christian spirit which pervades the *Troilus and Cressida*, yet ... the moral with which it concludes ... [is an] abjuration that] would have seemed utterly strange, barbarous, and inartistic to Boccaccio. [Further:] He is wanting in form. The art of concealing art has not dawned upon him. There is little *perspective* in his work; we might say that it always consists of lively foreground. His great skill in narrative saves him from rambling on like the old Romance writers, yet his sense of poetical unity is in some degree immature. Hence he does not succeed in short pieces; he has no command over the pure lyric: despite his knowledge of Petrarch, he does not attempt sonnet or canzone.[1043]

It is little wonder that Palgrave concludes that "Chaucer stands thus between the old world and the new; but on the whole, to use again a phrase of the day, he is reactionary in temperament; he is singularly wanting in enthusiasm ... but we might perhaps define him as a man who, with all his wonderful acuteness of vision, yet does not care to look before

[1042]Ibid., pp. 353-4.
[1043]Ibid., p. 354.

or after; one to whom the present was all-sufficient." And it is even less wonder than casuistry that Palgrave finds in this that Chaucer is "eminently English, and with this he has the 'defects of his quality;' he has the weak side of our national character." In support of his opinion and "in curious and instructive contrast which some recent indiscriminate admiration has given us," Palgrave quotes a similar opinion of Chaucer by the revered historian Henry Hallam, which appraisal heartens him to conclude: "he is among our greatest poets; but no other among them keeps so steadily to the mere average level—one might almost hint, the *bourgeois* level, of his time, as Chaucer; he is of his age, not above it."[1044]

It also enables him to hint at but not enter into, by way of tracing Chaucer's influence on later poets, the similarities but essential differences between Chaucer and Shakespeare, the "widely different—indeed, in some ways antagonistic" differences between Chaucer and Shakespeare, despite Spenser's "famous references to his great predecessor," the possible "affinity ... with Dryden and Pope, who also rarely go beyond the world of society and letters," and a "close analogy between his world and that which, in prose of similar brilliancy and lucid grace, was painted for us in our own days by Thackeray." And so that Chaucer's work "will receive more justice, his novelty in tone of thought and in form will be made clearer,"[1045] Palgrave follows his penchant for triads and devotes a paragraph to each of Chaucer's contemporary poets, the unknown writer of *Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight* and William Langland: "The thought and the plot, the sentiment and the manner of th[e] fine allegorical tale are in a higher mood, and perhaps show more force and skill of original invention than any of Chaucer's and whilst it belongs wholly to the early, the mediaeval Renaissance, on the other hand, it is equally an anticipation of Spenser; Langland's contemporary *Vision of Piers the Plowman* is again in a widely different key, at once from the *Canterbury Tales* and from the *Gawayne*; although Langland's also is an allegory, and, like it, untouched by the Italian movement ... the *Vision* shows forth always with unflagging earnestness the battle of the soul, the crusade of life. Thus we might say that the *Pilgrim's Progress* is foreshadowed by Langland, whilst Chaucer, once more, is resplendent in the last rays of declining and enfeebled

[1044]Ibid., p. 355.
[1045]Ibid., p. 356.

chivalry."[1046] Having thus established another triad, with Chaucer still at the pinnacle, Palgrave "set[s] forth the contrasted attitude" of the two with quotations from his own poems in order to illustrate their "contrasted mission" and in the "curious contrast" of the fate of their poems, the one, "an allegory ... in reality more true for us, more true for all time," has been a "mere curiosity of literature"; the other, in part, because of Chaucer's richer gifts, his genial humour, the 'infinite graciousness of his tongue' ... survives, whilst Langland is obliterated."[1047] And as a coda Palgrave offers as explanation the keystone of his aesthetic thought: the aim of poetry "must always and in the long run be pleasure; its first and last word, Beauty." Langland's poem is "too deeply saturated with the evils of life ... we may learn, but we do not enjoy whilst learning. And it therefore pays the penalty which, as the ages go by, never has failed, and never can fail, to overtake the artist who, even for the highest motives, forgets the natural and necessary laws of his vocation. For Art, like Nature, has her revenges."[1048] When, however, Palgrave's obvious regret at the fate of a work "more true for all time" is measured against the limited perspective of the richly gifted Chaucer, it may at least be doubted that his conclusion is a happy one for him.

Any doubts as to whether Palgrave was no more than an anthologist are dispelled by his next lecture, "The Oxford Movement of the Fifteenth Century," which is a pure piece of literary and intellectual history with only a bare mention of a poet or two. Picking up the thread of the Italian Renaissance in England after the death of Chaucer in 1400, Palgrave points to the Revival of Letters in England and doubtless to the delight of his audience considers it "an essentially Oxford movement,"[1049] although indebted to Italy "for that vast awakening and extension of human intelligence ... and ... for two hundred years—1300 to 1500 we may roughly say—the life of the advance was all but wholly hers. This advance was most powerful, lived and energised most, upon four great lines: Greek

[1046]Ibid., pp. 357-8.

[1047]Ibid., pp. 358-9.

[1048]Ibid., p. 359.

[1049]"Oxford Movement," p. 813. Palgrave acknowledges his debt for his materials to Maxwell Lyte's "admirable and deeply interesting" *History of the University of Oxford.* Elsewhere he cites such historians as M. Creighton, J. R. Green, J. B. Mullinger, H. Hallam, C. W. Boase, G. C. Brodrick, and R. W. Dixon.

and Roman literature; the vernacular literature created under classical influence; the fine arts; and the first steps towards modern physical science in all its branches."[1050] Palgrave's subject is the first of these, the "Classical Revival, as transported to England ... [a] story which divides itself into two periods." In the briefly sketched first, "Greek and Roman authors, as studied in Italy, were the dominating elements which by slow infiltration coloured and changed our whole University education, and began thus to break down the barrier of ignorance by which the ancient world had been hitherto all but hidden from the modern.[1051] But by 1500, in the second, with the concentration on biblical scholarship and the "unconscious beginning of our religious changes," England "diverge[d] wholly from Italy."[1052]

Vital to the "unconsciously prepared" ground for the "new culture" were the reforms of various Oxford colleges allowing the training of scholars for the secular in opposition to the regular or monastic clergy.[1053] The "first direct influx" of the "Italian flood" Palgrave traces to Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, who was "specially attracted" by the Classical Revival in Italy and founded the Bodleian Library, which along with other donations of classical and Italian literature, became a "genuine library of culture."[1054] A turning-point in the progress was the travel between 1460 and 1470 of five Oxford men to Ferrara to study under Guarini and Vittorini, the eminent Humanist scholars—"no men ... better fitted ... to create for us, in Mr. Symonds' words, 'the system of our universities and public schools'."[1055] Since they "deserve our thoughtful recognition," Palgrave gives a biographical account of each: Robert Fleming, William Grey, John Free, John Gunthorpe, and John Tiptoft.[1056] Palgrave then proceeds from these "pioneers" to the "next answer to the Italian Humanist teachers, the pre-Reformation scholars Grocyn, Linacre, and Colet and summarizes their travels in Italy, their careers in England, and contributions to the formation of a learned class in England, one

[1050]Ibid., pp. 813-14.
[1051]Ibid., p. 814.
[1052]Ibid., p. 815.
[1053]Ibid., pp. 815-16.
[1054]Ibid., pp. 816-17.
[1055]Ibid., p. 818.
[1056]Ibid., pp. 818-20.

"glory" of which was Colet's creating the first public school of the Renaissance in the country.[1057] As evidence of the penetration of the Oxford movement Palgrave cites the example of St. Paul's, where Latin and Greek were taught, noting that "their grammar was composed by Lilly with the aid of Erasmus, and published in 1513 with a preface by Wolsey, then Dean of York" and celebrating Grocyn, that "patriarch of English learning," and Colet with two stanzas beginning "New learning all! Yet fresh from fountains old" from his poem "Grocyn at Oxford, The English Renaissance, 1491."[1058] Among further advances were the influence of Humanists travellers, their books, manuscripts and lectures, and notably the Statutes framed by Bishop Fox for Corpus College in 1517, which, among other things, stated that all candidates for scholarships were required to have "some acquaintance of Latin literature no less than with logic and philosophy ... [that] scholars were not to be paid who could not readily write Latin verse and prose ... [that] provision was made for a three years' maintenance of a Fellow or promising student in Italy or elsewhere abroad ... [that] Greek, lastly, is offered as an alterative for Latin in the ordinary language of conversation throughout the time spent within the college walls."[1059] The "magnificent scheme" of Wolsey's "for his 'Cardinal College,' 1527, carried instruction further, and into greater details than the rules of Corpus. Homer and Plato now appear"—only to be "crushed and maimed" by the "greed of Henry, that savage varnished with culture." Still, Wolsey's "foundation of the Greek professorship in 1520 was, thus far, the most conspicuous and lasting monument of the triumph of the Classical Revival." Cambridge. meanwhile, was "quite untouched by thawed Renaissance at the close of the fifteenth century; she was some fifty years in arrear of Oxford."[1060] But there were "noble exertions" by Bishop Fisher, and the presence of Erasmus there between 1511 and 1515 and the naming in 1519 of Richard Croke Greek reader were further signs of the advance of the New Learning. "Yet [there was] little evidence of the advancement beyond the

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[1057]Ibid., pp. 820-2.

[1058]Ibid., p. 823-4. The poem appears in his *Visions of England: Lyrics of Leading Men and Events in English History.* (1881, revised and corrected, 1889).

[1059]Ibid., pp. 824-5.

[1060]Ibid., pp. 825-6.

universities."[1061] And the "bright dawning of our early Revival ... was soon overcast."[1062] The Reformation advanced. Henry VIII, a "servile and degraded" parliament, and the religious dilemma seriously wounded the universities, more so the "disastrous and reactionary" reign of his son, Edward VI, which marked the "nadir of English liberal culture; Puritanism—for the thing existed before the name—displaying already its natural antagonism to intellectual freedom and culture."[1063] Palgrave's bitter indignation is hardly relieved by a brief acknowledgment that "it was not before half of Elizabeth's reign was over that either literature or the universities recovered their lost ground."[1064] And there is only some solace and considerable regret in his concluding sentence: "The Revival of Letters was now too firmly established in the country to be repressed, although it took an English, an insular character, and henceforth, except in our poetry and drama, is almost dissevered from that Southern Renaissance whence it drew its first origin and inspiration."[1065]

2.

But for reviews and editions of poets and four articles dealing with the nature of poetry to be discussed below, Palgrave's other ventures into literary history or criticism are few and hardly convincing as such. Less ambitious in scope and, judging from their titles, apparently more precise in focus, they are nevertheless diffuse in effect. They are little more than anthologies of "little flowers." It has been suggested that "On the Songs from the Music-Books of the Elizabethan Age"[1066] may have been one of the Oxford lectures in. the series on The Renaissance Movement in English Poetry since it follows the other two into the Elizabethan period. But it differs from them so markedly in almost all respects, and its date of publication so crowds upon them, as well upon that of a work to which it is so indebted, A. H. Bullen's *Lyrics from the Song-Books of the Elizabethan Age* (also 1887), that it is hardly likely that the Professor of Poetry read it to an Oxford audience, even if it were a public lecture. Reciting thirty-six

[1061]Ibid., p. 826.
[1062]Ibid., p. 827.
[1063]Ibid., pp. 827-9.
[1064]Ibid., p. 829.
[1065]Ibid., p. 830.
[1066]*Leisure Hour* (Part I) 35 (May 1887), 305-9, (Part II) 35 (June 1887), 388-93.

“flowers from the gardens of our forefathers” might well have exceeded the talent of the poetry-loving Palgrave or the attention-span of his listeners, especially when his ”little Anthology” was accompanied by glosses of single words or mention of sources. Be that as it may, the paper is little more than a brief obligatory “few words ... on the characteristics and the tone of the age which produced them, in regard to its achievements in poetry and music,”[1067] which turns out to be little more than a statement that the“great creative period” lay between roughly 1570 and 1620, that the “‘spacious times’ of the English Renaissance found room to embrace the smallest part-songs and madrigals within their poetical inspiration,” and that the music-books of the time ... are crowded with lyrics of singular beauty and expressiveness; sweet with the characteristic sweetness of Elizabethan song.” More informative are Palgrave’s assertion that “most of these lyrics seem to have been written directly for music, whether by known or anonymous poets” and his view that they have been neglected because the “books themselves have suffered the penalty of the popularity which they enjoyed when published;—destroyed doubtless by frequent use in those brilliant days of home-music”[1068] and also, and less commonplace, because “with the exception of the Greeks—who in truth in all matters of fine art are always exceptional—no European nation’s great creative period in poetry has been accompanied by a parallel advance in audible song.” Palgrave’s signature is also apparent in his celebration of the aim of music, which “of all the fine arts most immediately keeps in view the true end of all, that of giving to us a certain pure and lofty pleasure peculiar to themselves.” To the platitudinous “it is natural and right that the songs before us should turn in a large measure upon the great subject of human love, viewed in its many incidents and complexities of joy and despair, in its livelier and its more serious aspects,” Palgrave adds the ameliorative “solo-songs ... [which] form little part of the Elizabethan repertory. The lyric of personal passion, with all its too common dreary accompaniment of sentimentalism and triviality is hence hardly represented.” Palgrave finds the “general character of the Elizabethan work” in what the Duke in *Twelfth Night* says

[1067]Ibid., p. 305.
[1068]Ibid., p. 306.

of "Come away, come away, death": "It is old and plain" (II.iv.43-48).[1069]

The remaining prose of the two parts consists of the "few further comments [which are] best added ... as we take each flower in turn"[1070]: in all thirty-six songs. The comments are meager, ranging from the gloss of a single word to an italicization of lines of telling significance to a remark on authorship to an assessment in the likes of "This vision has a beauty almost beyond praise."[1071] They are what might be expected in an edition for a general public. In fact that is what Palgrave himself recommends. For his little anthology draws its specimens admittedly and heavily from larger works, those of Bullen and Thomas Oliphant's *Musa Madrigalesca* (1837), and concludes with a suggestion of a few changes which might be make his "charming" anthology "more perfect."[1072] Instead of intending to enlarge his edition, Bullen should "strike out a good many of the more trivial and iterative poems ... —replacing them by the choicest pieces discoverable, and keeping in mind always the great gulf which divides a *selection* from a *collection*." For "the true diffusion and enjoyment of such a Treasury smallness of size is essential." After noting how the notes might be accordingly improved, Palgrave advises "sacrificing the attractions of thick paper and large margins, or reserving them for special issue," in favor of a book "brought out in a cheap and handy form." Palgrave should know, for he describes himself as " a man who has tried his hand at work of the kind."[1073]

Palgrave had produced a similar selection with supporting commentary—or, perhaps, an enlarged anthology or an edition *in nuce*—almost twenty years earlier in "A Glance at English Hymns since the Reformation."[1074] A lecture given at the Working Man's College, Great

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[1069]Ibid., pp. 306-7.

[1070]Ibid., p. 307.

[1071]Ibid., p. 389.

[1072]Ibid., p. 393.

[1073]Ibid., p. 392. Palgrave's advice is understandable since his most recent anthology *The Children's Treasury of English Song* (1875) was published in two volumes and in 1876 as a one-volume 18mo *The Children's Treasury of Lyrical Poetry,* both reprinted numerous times His next anthology, *The Treasury of Sacred Song* (1889), appeared in a small pocket crown octavo format as well as in a large-paper quarto limited edition.

[1074]*Good Words* (Supplement) 10 (1 March 1869), 44-51.

Ormond Street, it too deals with "a small portion in the great field of poetry"; it too is introductory in nature and addressed to a popular, though not necessarily uneducated, audience. It too has an attachment to work Palgrave had tried his hand at: his history of English poetry, his *Golden Treasury*, and his own volume of *Hymns* (1867, reprinted with additions in 1868 and 1870). Again the arrangement is chronological, divided into three periods: "that of the early Reformation, before the distinct formation of non-conforming Protestant congregations; that of the eighteenth century, from Addison to Watts to Cowper, which, as an intelligible name, [he] call[s] the Evangelical period; [and finally] the hymns of the last fifty years."[1075] Again the prefatory remarks are concerned with the general nature of poetry—"All poetry ... reflects faithfully the feelings, especially the highest and deepest feelings, of the time which produces it"—and the specific "form" of the poetry at hand: its language is "conventional," drawn from the "words and thoughts which have become symbols of the Christian faith," and "apt to be cold," but "beneath lie hid ... all those singular fluctuations in the mode of regarding religion which have marked every century of Christianity."[1076] And once again with an understanding of the craft, as it were, he views it from the perspective of the poet within a cultural context: "the practical necessity under which the hymn lies of conforming to the general code of Christian expression, and, further, of restraining itself within the obvious limits of a vocal act of prayer or praise, or, at most, of a brief series of reflections and descriptions, has undoubtedly been a serious impediment to success in hymn writing, and one which it has required real poetic genius, or the strongest religious impulse, to conquer."[1077]

There follow not only representative hymns of each period but, as always according to Palgrave's taste, the best, each preceded by a few lines of historical orientation and poetical characterization. From the early first period during the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, hymns "marked by a solemn tone—by a prevalence of stern, didactic feeling,"[1078] Palgrave

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[1075]Ibid., p. 44.
[1076]Ibid.
[1077]Ibid., pp. 44-5.
[1078]Ibid., p. 45.

chooses "Hymn for Whitsunday" from the Paradise of Dainty Devices[1079]; from the reign of Elizabeth, a specimen with a "grave but manly character" ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh, beginning "Rise, O, my soul, with thy desires to heaven"; and from the seventeenth century, from those "deeply meditative ... weighty with thought and feeling ... but often over-subtle in thought or language ... run[ning] into obscurity and fantasticality ... tend[ing] to forget ... the congregational character proper to the hymn, and fall[ing] into the class of the religious meditation," George Herbert's "Teach me, my God and King" and from Henry Vaughan, "who, if he has not all the strange, passionate intensity of his master [Herbert], shows a greater fluency and sweetness," "They are all gone into the world of light!"[1081]

From the second, the Evangelical, period, to which "belong probably the majority of the hymns sung, or sung till lately, in our churches and chapels," and "most of [which] were either written by, or in spirit connect themselves with, the great ministers of God, who, in the eighteenth century, carried on the torch of English religion, sometimes, perhaps, with too irregular and ecstatic a hand, kindling it sometimes, perhaps, ... into too lurid and earthly a flame; yet, on the whole running their race with no small portion of the 'divine breath and inspiration',"[1082] Palgrave quotes Thomas Ken's "How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!" and the "Cradle Hymn," the "most characteristic of [Isaac] Watts' [hymns], whether in its directness of dramatic expression, its straightforward introduction of dogmatic opinions in which we, perhaps, shall not share, or its admirable delicacy and elevation of sentiment."[1083] As a further example of hymns "animated by a brighter spirit ... more truly songs of the pious heart ... lean[ing] rather towards rendering a reverential faith than a penitential fear" than those of the first period, Palgrave cites Charles Wesley's "The harvest of my joys is past."[1084] Above all it is William Cowper—Palgrave,

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[1079]That Palgrave's acquaintance with this work was substantial is evidenced in a letter to the *Academy* 35:881 (23 March 1889), 205, in which he comments on a rearrangement of eight long lines of the original first stanza of a poem therein by Richard Edwardes and offers an explanation of a dialectal expression.

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[1082]Ibid., pp. 46-7.

[1083]Ibid., p. 47.

[1084]Ibid.

as always in such cases, notes "the pathetic story of his life"[1085]—whose hymns are "the work of a real poet; there is a simplicity about them, an etherealness of touch, which other writers, who *felt* their subject not less strongly, are unable to reach ... they vindicate the secret supremacy of the poet's art, even in that form of it where art is bound more sedulously to conceal itself." Quoted in full are Cowper's "Sometimes a light surprises," "Hark, my soul! it is the Lord," and "Far from the world, O Lord, I flee."[1086]

From the third period and its great range of hymns Palgrave chooses only the original and the best, preferring to ignore recent translations from ancient sources which appear to him "heavy and awkward as poetry, often trivial in thought, and rarely in true or natural unison with modern faith or feeling,"[1087] also those translated from German sources and "those from the much overrated hymns of the Latin Church ... [as well as those] in celebration of individual saints, which occur in some recent collections—uncouth Latin versified in more uncouth English—however earnest and well-intended from the translator's point of view." As one of a set of hymns written in "a finished style of much elegance, and valuable from the manly and intelligible character, which is not a universal attribute of the modern hymn," Palgrave quotes Reginald Heber's "I praised the earth, in beauty seen" and compares Heber's "too often slightly artificial, and not free from the jingling cadences and tinsel commonplace which are the weak side of the school of [John] Byron" with the "charming artlessness" of William Blake's "Can I see another's woe."[1088] Likening John Keble to "a Wordsworth in twilight," a "definition ... borne out, not only by the general tone of sentiment and of reasoning, but by the details of the 'Christian Year,'—the graceful landscape sketches, the selection and structure of the verse, the cadences of the rhythm," Palgrave quotes, to show "how high a point of success Keble could reach when he employed the simple style which a hymn demands," 'Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear'."[1089] And avoiding and not naming hymns of "more emphatic

[1085]Ibid., p. 48.
[1086]Ibid., pp. 48-9.
[1087]Ibid., p. 49.
[1088]Ibid., pp. 49-50.
[1089]Ibid., p. 50.

expression" or "extravagance from manner of recent hymnals," Palgrave, true to his object, "to set before you the best things of every age; those in which the style is seen at the most advantage," quotes John Henry Newman's "Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom" for its "severe purity of taste and pathetic sympathy"[1090]; an unknown writer's "Christ will gather in His own" for its "simplicity and pathos"; and that he "may close this long, but I hope not uninteresting series," Henry Francis Lyte's "singularly elevated and truly felt stanzas," "Abide with me: fast falls the eventide."[1091]

Palgrave closed with a hymn and not a closure. But, as it turned out, his lecture was indeed a larger work *in nuce*. For he took over its chronological structure, its division of works into three periods, the authors he had quoted and the many he had just named—in the first period, William Habington, Jeremy Taylor, Richard Baxter, John Mason; in the second, Joseph Addison, Phillip Doddridge, John Byron, Augustus Toplady; in the third, Henry Milman, Robert Grant, James Montgomery—and added many more to produce twenty years later, in 1889, *The Treasury of Sacred Songs, Selected from the English Lyrical Poetry of Four Centuries, with Notes Explanatory and Biographical*, to be discussed below, with a telling motto "Et Ipso, et per Ipsum et in Ipso."

In what is ostensibly a review of Arthur Helps's edition, *Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands*, Palgrave uses Queen Victoria's "little work" to reflect on another subgenre, diaries and letters. "On Royal and Other Diaries and Letters: A Letter to a Friend in Bombay"[1092] is less an answer to his friend's [Sir Arthur Grant's] request for "some account of what is being said ... in England about the remarkable volume ... [for] what is to be said of the royal journal"[1093] than a "sermon" (as Palgrave calls it) on what it is that distinguishes one form of written expression from the body of all written expressions which constitute literature, just as what distinguishes one form of poetry from the body of everything that is metrical. First he rejects, as an "unduly and arbitrar[y] narrow[ing] of the field of literature," such criticism of private letters or journals as "this does

[1090]Ibid., pp. 50-1.
[1091]Ibid., p. 51.
[1092]*Macmillan's Magazine* 17:101 (March 1868), 379-87.
[1093]Ibid., p. 379.

not appeal to us as literature; it would be unfair to treat it as literature; It is an artless and charming picture of family life; as such it has a high value; but we have no right to look for more."[1094] Then, by noting "the immense difficulty of exceeding the average level in the style of this kind of literature as evidenced in the rarity of substantial works of this kind,"[1095] he disposes of the alternative view that "There is nothing brilliant about the author's journal; his remarks are of the commonplace order; his narrative of home events might have been written by anybody; the descriptive passages are tame and ordinary."[1096] Palgrave continues by asserting that even writers of "great genius and great literary practice" have failed to exceed the "average level," mentioning Swift's correspondence, which, "except the passages of personal satire ... adds nothing to his fame" and Pope's [which], [which] in general, exhibits only the artificial and elaborate side of his genius," and further: "it is hardly in their letters that we find the Addison or Steele of the 'Spectator',—the Burke, Pitt, or Canning of history. The correspondence of Gibbon or Arnold, valuable and celebrated as they are, owe their popularity to the treatment of subjects quite beyond the familiar circle." Palgrave goes so far to include the "great name" of one of his idols, Walter Scott, whose journal of his visit to the Northern Islands "shows a certain easy mastery of language, and is altogether a neat piece of literary workmanship; but in regard to the higher qualities, it is just on the average level—just what, in the loose sense, 'anybody else might have written'."[1097]

Against these Palgrave lists the substantive works of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, Walpole, Gray, Johnson, Goldsmith, Cowper, Lamb, Byron and Dudley, Shelley and Keats[1098] and, "looking beyond our little islands," he continues, "what a cloud of great names we see; Sévigné and the endless array of French writers of *esprit* to Eugénie de Guérin; Schiller and Goethe with their vast *Brief-wechseln*; Weber and Mendelssohn, and fifty more."[1099] It is not just the names which define the art but the special requirements of this subgenre. "To write from the heart; to put down

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[1094]Ibid., p. 380.
[1095]Ibid.
[1096]Ibid., p. 379.
[1097]Ibid., p. 381.
[1098]Ibid., pp. 380-1.
[1099]Ibid., p. 382.

what comes uppermost without an idea of literature or of the public; to describe simply what one feels vividly—these would seem natural preconditions of an easy success." But they are not. "Natural description in words ... although apparently the easiest of all writing, is in reality the most difficult ... Except when given us by a very few most gifted hands, descriptions are exactly and notoriously just what we skip; and some of our greatest writers (as Fielding, Miss Austen, and Thackeray), have hardly ventured to attempt them." Palgrave's conclusion, with few exemptions but including "our scientific men," is that "Our poverty in this region, is singular."[1100] And so he defines the solution. "For what is really required is no less than that most rare and perfect art which utterly conceals itself; that selection of thoughts and incidents which shall seem most casual, and, yet in fact, be the most diligently weeded of triviality or common-place; that choice of words which shall strike as novel, but never strike as intentional ... Beneath *naiveté* must lie a 'natural selection;' much more must be rejected than allowed; simplicity must repose on an art which has identified itself with nature. But, when one has to set forth this side of the matter, it must be equally remembered that the least touch of self-consciousness will be fatal."[1101] To complement what is both a definition of the requirements of the "higher qualities" of the art of diaries and letters and, to be sure, of all art, Palgrave produces a small anthology of good examples, long selections from Gray, Shelley, Lamb, and Keats[1102] to conclude that "with letters and journals it is as with slight sketches in painting; however precious as records and remembrances, however charming for simplicity or sincerity, they have never any value or place as art, unless they are by the hands of a finished artist."[1103] Palgrave did not produce the anthology he so liberally prefigures, but there can be little doubt that he could. His reading was voluminous, his focus could be precise. And as to "the work of the Lady whose journals have afforded the text for this sermon," Palgrave is fair enough to find in a book which makes no pretensions to literary excellence "that, within the class of familiar writing to which it belongs, it takes a good place, and is in every

[1100]Ibid.
[1101]Ibid., p. 383.
[1102]Ibid., pp. 383-5.
[1103]Ibid., p. 385.

way creditable to the natural gifts, training, and good taste of the writer."[1104] And he is gallant enough to recognize the "main result which the royal journal has given to many thousand readers.—*Sancta simplicitas!* It is a quality known and prized by all unspoiled natures and unsophisticated hearts; but it is one, also, which, pre-eminently, does not bear to be much talked or written of."[1105]

3.

Palgrave's commitment to poetry, and its promotion and dissemination, was continuous and absolute. It is evident in the constant flow of his own poetry, his all-embracing anthologies, and his crowning lectures as Professor of Poetry at Oxford on the nature of poetry. It is prominent in his filling-in, as it were, of the literary historical frame he had constructed in his outline of the evolution and growth of English poetry: His ventures in thematic matters or genre-related forms—landscape, songs, hymns—were one way of doing so. His main effort, however, was his concentration on individual poets, in editions and reviews of their works and in profiles of the works and lives. After his edition of Clough in 1862 Palgrave produced over the next twenty-five years editions of the songs and sonnets of Shakespeare and selected poetical works of Wordsworth, Scott, Herrick, Keats, Tennyson, and Shairp. From 1863 to 1892 he published eighteen articles and reviews on poets and poetry, not counting his Oxford lectures.

If not from what has already been observed of Palgrave's work pattern, then from the number alone, the nature of the editions is predictable. They all consist of selections, are prefaced with biographical details and general literary historical remarks, and accompanied by glossarial notes and occasionally variant readings. That they are meant to be popular rather than scholarly is further evidenced by their appearance in such relatively inexpensive popular series as Macmillan's Gem and Golden Treasury and Moxon's Miniature Poets Series. In many cases they were reprinted often and in various versions and formats. Looking back at his recently published *Golden Treasury* and forward to a career of popular publishing with Macmillan, Palgrave articulated his editorial principles in

[1104]Ibid., p. 386.
[1105]Ibid., p. 387.

"On Printing and Reprinting,"[1106] which appeared in 1863, midway between his anthology and his editions of poems by Wordsworth and Shakespeare in 1865. Although convinced that there can be no doubt that adherence to the original text should be the "one plain principle" of all republication,[1107] that the new book must be made as close to the old as can be, Palgrave nevertheless feels it necessary to recognize certain difficulties and complexities. First to be considered is the aim of the book to be republished. If it is to be a critical reprint of the poems of an author no longer living, the editor "must be held bound to reproduce the original text *literatim*, or to point out all deviations from it." But there are "many practical perplexities ... the spelling, the punctuation ... even the set, of the type, the aspect of the page." Hallam was in favor of modernization of spellings to overcome the "lawless and confusing" practice of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.[1108] "Other weighty opinions," however, "hold that the author's individuality suffers by the change," as in the case of Spenser, whose vocabulary is so closely connected with his spelling "by the bond of a common archaism." In other words, "when both the writer and the difficulty of ascertaining what he wrote are so great the peculiarity of the case requires exceptional treatment." A further problem is ascertaining whether the author sanctioned what was printed in his lifetime or what version represents his final intention. Palgrave rejects taking the last published *adhuc vivo* as "a coarse and imperfect expedient." He even questions the absolute authority of an author's manuscript, given that an author may alter many times himself and "perplex us, like Wordsworth, with endless discrepant emendations."

Palgrave then moves from the illustration of the impossibility of a simple formula for all editions to more precise considerations.[1109] An underlying factor is his belief that "a living literature must follow the advancing life of the nation. No reader can altogether undo for himself the 'process of the suns.' This has so familiarized the eye (and with the eye

[1106]*Fraser's Magazine* 67:402 (June 1863), 777-82. In a handwritten comment on this article, [Miscellaneous Essays], vol. 1, dated February 1888, Palgrave notes: "how dazzled & *befuddled* by contemporary brilliancy & fame must the writers have been in 1863!"

[1107]Ibid., p. 777.

[1108]Ibid., p. 778.

[1109]Ibid., p. 779.

the mind) to contemporary modes of orthography, that (unwilling as we theoretically should be to change an iota) it may reasonably be doubted whether the effort to replace ourselves in the past, when the primitive text is before us, does not more unsettle the soul, and remove it from that tremulously sensitive state, that nimbleness of apprehension, with which it should go out to meet a great poet's inspiration, than is compensated by any gain in archaeological accuracy." Although some exceptional modifications may be admissible in works addressed to literary readers, they do not apply "with equal rigour" to republications undertaken for "the pleasure and profit of the common or uncritical readers." Here again Palgrave asserts an essential premise: "That great poetry should be read much, and by many, is the chief aim of those who have at heart the interests of a living literature. it is no small part in the national healthfulness of the commonwealth that Shakespeare and Milton, Scott and Wordsworth, should be so clearly interwoven, as on the whole they are, in our minds and language ... It would be a work of high culture if educated Englishmen and women were equally conversant with the best English writers [as the Athenians with theirs]."[1110] Consequently the purpose of the publication is of primary importance, and it follows that "any course which tends to render the 'living dead' of literature more our friends than the 'dead living,' is a benefit to society ... Common sense dictates that the worship of the spirit shall not be enslaved to the superstition of the letter."[1111] It is, of course, the duty of the editor to announce "clearly and fully" the "degree and manner in which the text is not a literal reproduction." But the original text cannot be held sacred, and some changes may be allowed—in which case, "the editor must also consider that he is acting *suo periculo*, and submitting himself to the reader's taste."

In referring not only to anthologies but to also selections in an edition of a particular author, Palgrave is introducing an editor-reader relationship ahead of his time: "The first object of the book is, that it should be popularly read; the next, that the reading should arouse the reader's own judgment. His mind, in turn, is put on its mettle: he receives the anthology, not in a spirit of indolent or servile acquiescence, but with

[1110]Ibid., pp. 779-80.
[1111]Ibid., p. 780.

lively co-operation. It is a lesson in taste on both sides."[1112] Or, as the narrator in *The Passionate Pilgrim* had put it, "Every noble book, in a word [Palgrave's phrase for introducing a truism], for better or for worse, is half-written by the reader" (p. 80). To bolster his emphasis on the aim of a republication Palgrave turns to his belief that art must please, and in works designed for children, for example, "omissions and emendations will be admitted in degrees proportioned to each case. Our first object is now, not to help students to see Shakespeare or Scott as they were, but to teach the young, or the ignorant, to love poetry."[1113] In other words, in popular editions the interests of poetry come before the individuality of the author. Although in "favour of a moderate liberty," Palgrave does not rule out the necessity in popular editions for omissions: lines may be obscure, fashions may have changed, "there have been writers of whom it is no presumption to assert, that their many gifts did not include the knowledge when to stop. The poets of the seventeenth century supply frequent examples."[1114] He accepts certain additions, even whole poems,

> which have been as it were evolved by spontaneous generation, growing up in some mysterious fashion from the heart of a people, taking new forms to express better the national life of which they are themselves a part, and only crystallized into canonical texts when the glorious inspirations of more truly poetical ages had 'died into the light of common day' ... During the course of years, readers of taste have often added happy touches to works which they could not have produced. Even men of no conspicuous genius have succeeded in supplying emendations which we would not willingly part with:—as Theobald's 'a' babbled of green fields' in the death of Falstaff.[1115]

Ultimately it is taste, sound and unbiassed knowledge, Palgrave's touchstone for his work and for art itself, which must in every case decide how the interests of poetry and an author are best served.

Palgrave's practice as editor of the works of eight poets illustrates both the general application of the principles of selection which govern his anthologies—the editions are selections from their works—and also some

[1112]Ibid.
[1113]Ibid., p. 781.
[1114]Ibid., p. 782.
[1115]Ibid., pp. 781-2.

of the "peculiarities" he conceded in connection with republications. Of the eight, only four appeared in Macmillan's Golden Treasury Series: Shakespeare, Herrick, Keats, and Tennyson. They had to conform to a handy octavo format of under three hundred pages. All were well represented in the first edition of 1861 of the *Golden Treasury*, with the exception of the one to whom it was dedicated, Tennyson, since living authors were excluded: Shakespeare with thirty-two poems, Herrick with seven (second only to Milton for the period 1616-1700, one added in the second edition of 1884), and Keats with eleven (two added in the third edition of 1890, putting him behind only Wordsworth and Shelley). All were favorites of Palgrave. Shakespeare and Tennyson were, of course, indisputably supreme, a judgment Palgrave never hesitated to mention. Herrick and Keats were of another class, to be sure, but in his opinion outstanding and in need of full recognition, a judgment Palgrave sought to remedy by bringing them before a wide public, as he had done with Clough. These are only superficial resemblances, however, of four poets published in similar formats. And hardly more compelling is the fact that the selections from their works were to be determined by Palgrave's passion for the "best," an adjective well-nigh impossible to define, and arranged according to his almost equally undefinable taste, whose indisputability Palgrave dismissed as a shibboleth.

Despite the uniform format and aim of the Golden Treasury Series the first editions of the four poets were spread over twenty years: *Songs and Sonnets by William Shakespeare* (1865),[1116] *Chrysomela: A Selection from the Lyrical Poems of Robert Herrick, Arranged with Notes by Francis Turner Palgrave* (1877), *The Poetical Works of John Keats, Reprinted from the Original Editions, with Notes, by F. T. Palgrave* (1884), and *Lyrical Poems by Alfred Tennyson, Selected and Annotated by F. T. Palgrave* (1885)—two decades of considerable consequence in Palgrave's life. And despite the prominence in all the titles of such unifying factors as lyrical poems and songs, selection, and annotation, the almost two centuries which separate Shakespeare and

[1116]Interestingly, in a letter of 5 December 1864 (British Library Add.MS. 55381 (2), 689) Macmillan informs Palgrave that "Matthew Arnold has been in and urging me to get you to do the sonnets & songs in a pretty little volume—as once proposed. The book that threatened to stop us was nothing like our idea. The field is still open. I think we might make something very choice."

Herrick from Keats and Tennyson make imperative an appropriate inflection of that flexible relationship between editor and reader which Palgrave had formulated. Consequently, in dealing with Shakespeare and Herrick, Palgrave suited his editorial practice to what were his own capabilities and intentions and what he considered the needs of a modern audience. He makes no attempt to be a textual editor, using the text of the Globe edition of 1865 for his *Shakespeare* and A. B. Grosart's "excellent reprint" of 1876—the proximity of the dates of his texts with those from which they are taken may be signs of Palgrave's speedy enterprise or his smallish concern with textual matters. He makes little attempt to provide anything more than basic notes: in the *Shakespeare* most of the notes are "simply glossarial," and some of the "exegetical" are owed to W. G. Clarke, editor of the Globe edition[1117]; in the *Herrick* the notes are mainly one-word glosses and "many ["occasional" is more accurate than "many"] valuable exegetical" ones from Grosart.[1118] Palgrave's primary intervention is the selection, the selection of what he considers lyrical, and their arrangement. And with the reader in mind, to use modern spelling and regularized punctuation and, as in his *Golden Treasury*, to arrange where possible the selections thematically and to supply appropriate titles to each, try[ing] to make his titles explanatory for lovers of poetry, either by way of hint or of more direct statement" and "submit[ting] this intrusion upon Shakespeare [for example] to their goodnature."[1119]

The *Shakespeare* consists of forty-six songs from the plays, numbered and titled, as in no. 4, "O Mistress mine, where are you roaming," titled "Youth and Love"; no. 5, "It was a lover and is lass," titled "Et Ver et Venus"; and no. 44, "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," titled "Nature and Man." There follow the Sonnets. The traditional order is retained but not numbered; each sonnets receives a title, as in (the originally numbered) no.18, "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day," titled "The Unfading Picture"; no. 29, "When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes," titled

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[1117]*Shakespeare*, pp. 236-7.

[1118]In a letter to Macmillian of 10 July 1876 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 108-9) Palgrave wrote that he "cannot publish until Grosart's promised complete edition is out: to which I contributed some notes, & from which I have his leave to take some for mine. I must also see his preface before deciding what sort of one to prefix to mine."

[1119]Ibid., p. 237.

“Amor omnia Vincit”; and no. 130, “My mistress’ eyes are nothing like the sun,” titled “Truth without Disguise.” Sonnets 20, 151, 153, and 154 are omitted, Palgrave not naming them nor giving any explicit reason beyond the euphemistic they are “closely connected in subject with the *Venus* [with *Lucrece* not included but, “it is hoped, to form a companion volume, in which the narrative element will predominate[[1120]], and marked, like it, by a warmth of colouring unsuited for the world at large.”[1121] Directly following the last sonnet entitled “Vanitas Vanitatum” (no. 152, “In loving thee thou know’st I am forsworn”), but without a heading, are seven poems from *The Passionate Pilgrim*, all titled by Palgrave, as in “Youth and Age” (“Crabbéd age and youth cannot live together”) and “Farewell” (“Good night, good rest, ah, neither be my share”). *The Phoenix and Turtle* and *A Lover’s Complaint*, both full text, complete the anthology. Surprisingly there is neither a preface nor an introduction. Instead, Palgrave follows the texts with Notes, which is a general statement or preface about his editorial practice and an affirmation of his belief that the object of poetry is pleasure,[1122] and is followed by fourteen brief and mainly glossarial notes on “Songs from the Plays.”[1123] A concise introduction to the sonnets avoids controversy and conjecture. Of details

[1120]Ibid., p. 236. Megan Jane Nelson, “Francis Turner Palgrave and *The Golden Treasury*” (diss. University of British Columbia, 1985), p. 219, holds that they are omitted because, “as he [Palgrave] said privately to his publishers ... ‘[t]hey are too highly coloured for mammas and parsons’” (British Library, Macmillan Papers, 30 Mar. 1864). This charge would seem to overlook such matters as the defintion of songs and sonnets—that is, of genre—not to mention length in a volume of this series.

[1121]Ibid., p. 237. Nelson, p. 219, attributes the lack of a heading to Palgrave’s “dubious editorial practice”: “he bowdlerized the sonnet sequence, silently omitting sonnets 20, 150 [not so], 151, 153, 154, and substituting seven inferior poems from the *Passionate Pilgrim* to replace the original four [three] final sonnets. By renumbering the sequence [the sequnce is not numbered] he disguised the loss of sonnet 20, and none of the poems he added from the *Pilgrim* ... are by Shakespeare [although they are accepted as part of the canon].” Nelson’s indignant recognition that “two of the poems are not even sonnets” would seem to contradict her charge that Palgrave was passing them off as such, especially since none of them look like or rhyme like sonnets.

[1122]Ibid., pp. 236-7.

[1123]Ibid., p. 238.

of Shakespeare's life, of Shakespeare the man, Hallam's comfortable "we know nothing" suffices[1124]; the "revelations of the poet's innermost nature appear to teach us less of the man than the tone of the mind we trace, or seem to trace, in *Measure for Measure*, *Hamlet*, and *The Tempest*" ... the great artist, like Nature herself, is still latent in his works; diffused through his own creation."[1125] Standard notice of the time is taken of the circumstances of Thorpe's edition of 1609,[1126] of the possibility than Mr. W. H. might be William Herbert ("No other known, or plausible name but Herbert's has been suggested"),[1127] and the complex problematic of the sonnets is adroitly met with Hallam's by then axiomatic "It is impossible not to wish that Shakespeare had never written them,"[1128] but nevertheless granting Shakespeare, in Plato's words, a "kind of divine madness." Palgrave's brief remarks on the style, which is "condensed and metaphorical,"[1129] can be a bit more illuminating: the legal terms are "here profusely scattered, and often with an unsatisfactory effect"; their "artificial language ... was not (what one naturally inclines to think it, from the freshness of those early flowers) a young language, and that its literary cultivation was effected, not, like the Hellenistic, by a spontaneous movement of the nation at large, but by writers under diverse and often exotic influences. Shakespeare is, in this sense, everywhere the child of his age; but nowhere, it must be confessed, more so than in the Sonnets." And interestingly Palgrave attributes at least partial responsibility for Shakespeare's often impenetrable "obscurity" to the "freer but less perfect system of quatrains with a closing couplet, that ingenious and subtle artificiality of idea which the Provençal or Italian poets strove to realize within the compass of these fourteen-line-lyrics."[1130]

The *Shakespeare* was popular. It was incorporated into the Golden Treasury Series in 1879 and reprinted in 1887, 1891, 1893, and 1902. But it was not necessarily the ultimate model for the other editions, not even for Palgrave's. His next edition, the *Herrick*, observes some of what were

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[1124]Ibid., p. 239.
[1125]Ibid.
[1126]Ibid., pp. 239-40.
[1127]Ibid., p. 240.
[1128]Ibid., p. 242.
[1129]Ibid., p. 243.
[1130]Ibid., pp. 243-4.

standard features of the series: similar size and length, introductory remarks, modern spelling and punctuation, some glossarial and a few exegetical notes. But there is a notable difference which is not simply that between the contents, between Shakespeare and Herrick, but in the manner in which the poems are presented and in Palgrave's involvement with his subject. Shakespeare needed no introduction, and if there was complexity in the interpretation of the details of his life and the publication of his works, it was best to leave them to others, those members of societies who had the time and the experience and the space to expatiate on them before an audience of peers. Besides, the selection of songs and sonnets was relatively straightforward: the sonnets were a closed unit, the *Phoenix and Turtle* and the *Lover's Complaint* were given in their entirety, there was little to choose from in the *Passionate Pilgrim*, songs from the plays were fairly easy to identify, thirty-seven poems had already appeared in the *Golden Treasury*. Herrick was not Shakespeare, to be sure. But for Palgrave he seems to have had a special and personal attraction as poet and man.

That attraction is immediately evident in the title *Chrysomela*, golden apple, with its play on the title of Herrick's works, *Hesperides,* referring to the garden in which was found Hera's orchard with the trees bearing the immortality-giving golden apples. It is the only one of its kind in Palgrave's editions and anthologies, matched only by *Amenophis*, which, although the title of one poem among a collection of his others, has a subtitle *Sacred and Secular* that would seem to echo Herrick's *Human and Divine*. The attraction is further evident in the intimacy of the dedication, in its addressee, and in the timelessness and actuality of its content. It is addressed, in the manner of a personal letter to "My dear Maud," to Beatrix Maud Cecil, the eighteen-year-old daughter of the sister of Palgrave's longtime friend Charles Anderson, who married Sir Robert Cecil and is held to have rejected Palgrave and to have become the Preciosa of his novel. It makes immediate and clear his "hope of rendering a poet, hitherto little known in proportion to his charm and his deserts, accessible to readers in general"[1131]—another instance of his affinity with and sympathy for neglected artists. That affinity leads him to identify Herrick's aim and accomplishment with those of great artists:

[1131] *Herrick*, p. v.

"England is painted by him as she was left by Elizabeth; Nature and the human heart, spring and autumn, joy and sorrow, he paints as they are now and always have been." And they illustrate the personal relationship between a reader and art: "He may be read again and again: his book is of that peculiarly delightful and attractive kind which we think of, rather, as a companion or a friend."[1132] Finally in his constant awareness of the interaction of the turbulent time and the situation of art, Palgrave finds the "moment specially propitious for poetry!—The gate of Europe, like that other seen in vision by Milton is now 'With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms': men's minds are not in tune with the music of Helicon."[1133] Palgrave reference to the actuality of war—three months after the date of the dedication, on 24 April 1877, and coincidental with the publication of the book, Russia declared war on Turkey—enables him to offer comfort to a young woman and to stress again his conception of the aim of art: "the sweet Muses before everything, 'dulces ante omnia Musae,' carry us with them to another and a better, if a more shadowy, world ... there, at least, whatever the loud world may be pursuing, are grace and harmony; there are peace and permanence. Permanence, indeed, so far as man's work can attain it, is to be found only in such record of noble deeds or lovely thoughts and images, as sculptor and painter, 'music and sweet poetry,' can provide."[1134] And with it his underlying despair at the fading of Hellas.

In the preface Palgrave feels obliged to address the question of selection. To justify selection, and not necessarily his practice alone, he argues that the aim of the fine arts is the greatest pleasure of the greatest number, that poetry must be adapted to meet the capacities of contemporary readers, for poetry "in common with everything which aims at human benefit ... must work not only for the 'faithful': she also has the

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[1132]Ibid., p. vi.

[1133]Ibid., p. vii.

[1134]Ibid., pp. vii-viii. Still, as Palgrave admitted to Macmillan in a letter of 10 July 1876 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 108-9), "A *complete* Herrick, as I daresay you know, contains so many coarse things that it could not even be left on a drawing room table, much less to ingenious youth." And on 16 February 1877 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 112-13), since the dedication was to a "young girl" he was "forced ... to change the last two or three pieces in which the Muse unloosed her zone a little too freely for maiden grace."

duty of ‘conversion.’ Like a messenger from heaven, it is hers to inspire, to console, to elevate: to convert the world, in a word, to herself.”[1135] On a more immediate level, Palgrave recognizes that Herrick’s fourteen hundred pieces “repeatedly take such form that the book cannot be offered to a very large number of those readers who would most enjoy it. The spelling is at once arbitrary and obsolete.”[1136] (Spelling and punctuation are, as usual, modernized, but Palgrave retains Herrick’s titles of the individual pieces.) Besides, for those “allured by this little book to master one of our most attractive poets in his integrity,” there is Grosart’s complete edition, which Palgrave “mainly followed.”[1137] The arrangement, “little” in Herrick, Palgrave supplies, cautiously regarding it “rather as progressive aspects of a landscape than as territorial demarcations. Pieces bearing on the poet as such are placed first [called Prefatory and numbered 1-15]; then, those vaguely definable as of idyllic character, ‘his girls,’ epigrams, poems on natural objects, on character and life [called Idyllica and numbered 16-77]; lastly, a few in his religious vein [called Amores and numbered 78-261].”[1138]

That the details of Herrick’s life, like Shakespeare’s, are little known enables Palgrave to mention passingly a few persons and events that may be found in Herrick’s “own book,” *Hesperides*, albeit of “little” biographical pertinence.[1139] Instead, since Herrick is the best commentator upon Herrick,” Palgrave attempts first to characterize him by placing him in the sequence of English poets, which is essentially a rehearsal of the progress of poetry from Italy to Chaucer to the Elizabethans.[1140] Having placed him in the period, Palgrave proceeds first to mention characteristics, such as the “sweet and gracious fluency” of Herrick’s verse, a “real note of the ‘Elizabethan’ poets,” which lead many to regard him as the last of the Elizabethans, and then to show how much he differs from them: in the “directness of [his] speech,” the absence of the

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[1135]Ibid., p. x.

[1136]Ibid., p. xi.

[1137]Ibid., p. xi-xii. In his preface (p. xv) Grosart thanks Palgrave for “enriching [his] Notes considerably.”

[1138]Ibid., p. xii. Palgrave’s preface, pp. xii-xxviii, dated December 1876, also appeared as his “Robert Herrick,” *Macmillan’s Magazine* 35:210 (April 1877), 475-81.

[1139]Ibid., p. xiii.

[1140]Ibid., pp. xiv-xvi.

allegorical or mystical, the "free[dom] from Italianizing tendencies," the "schoolboy" classicism.[1141] This characterization by negatives. the "general and radical unlikeness," is continued in comparisons of Herrick's "book," with those of his fellow poets, such as Marlowe and Greene, and his "even more remote[ness] from the passionate intensity of Sidney and Shakespeare, the Italian graces of Spenser, the pensive beauty of *Parthenophil*," and others.[1142] Palgrave continues this method by contrasting Herrick with some with whom he has often been grouped: "he has little in common with the courtly elegance, the learned polish, which too rarely redeem commonplace and conceits in Carew, Habington, Lovelace, Cowley, or Waller."[1143] He finds "no mark" of Donne and Marvell, "stronger men," nor of Herbert or Vaughan, on Herrick.[1144] Only in Jonson are his "obligations much more perceptible,"[1145] and in some echoes from contemporary dramatists, although the "greatest, in truth, is wholly absent."[1146]

Having isolated Herrick from the others, as it were, Palgrave proceeds to characterize the "singularly original" Herrick first, and again, by rejecting charges that Herrick is a "reckless singer ... a mere light-hearted writer of pastorals, a gay and frivolous Renaissance amourist"[1147] and then by describing what he is rather than by what he is not. Herrick has inherited the "true bequest of classicism," the "power to describe men and things as the poet sees them with simple sincerity, insight, and grace: to paint scenes and imaginations as perfect organic wholes:—carrying with it the gift to clothe each picture, as if by unerring instinct, in fit metrical form, giving to each its own music; beginning without affectation, and rounding off without effort;—the power, in a word, to leave simplicity, sanity, and beauty as the lasting impressions on our minds."[1148] England, moreover, is his territory, and if he had no further horizons he conveys a "sweet insularity ... a narrowness, perhaps, yet carrying with it a healthful

[1141]Ibid., p. xvi.
[1142]Ibid., p. xvii.
[1143]Ibid.
[1144]Ibid., p. xviii.
[1145]Ibid., pp. xix-xx.
[1146]Ibid., p. xviii.
[1147]Ibid., p. xx.
[1148]Ibid., p. xxi.

reality absent from the vapid and artificial 'cosmopolitanism' that did such wrong on Goethe's genius."[1149] From such showering praise it is little wonder that Palgrave, although quoting only two brief passages from Herrick's verse, should assign him the "first place as lyrical poet, in the strict and pure sense of the phrase, among all who flourished between Henry V and a hundred years since"—putting aside the "greater gods" of song, Shakespeare and Milton, along with Spenser and Sidney.[1150] "No one else among lyrists within the period defined, has such unfailing freshness: so much variety within the sphere prescribed to himself: such closeness to nature, whether in description or in feeling: such easy fitness in language: melody so unforced and delightful."[1151] In positioning him in the sequence of English poets, Palgrave stresses the "singular neglect"—always of special interest to him—Herrick had suffered in his own time and the century thereafter and is only too aware of the sad fact that in the present time, when "some justice has at length been conceded to him, Herrick has to meet the great rivalry of poets who, from Burns and Cowper to Tennyson, have widened and deepened the lyrical sphere."[1152] Still, he is celebrated by Palgrave, as expected, for the "sanity, sincerity, lucidity," which show the "only genuine note of Hellenic descent."[1153] Palgrave admitted "privately" in a letter to Macmillan 16 February 1877 that the preface "may serve to help me in my candidature for the Oxford poetry professorship which is vacant this year."[1154] So too may have been the separate publication of the preface for "selling purposes," he admitted, because Herrick was not widely known.[1155] But he had done as much with Clough, his dear friend, and, considering the exuberance of his praise and the Hellenic connection, there is little reason

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[1149]Ibid., p. xxii.

[1150]Ibid., p. xxiv.

[1151]Ibid., p. xxv.

[1152]Ibid., p. xxvi.

[1153]Ibid., p. xxvii.

[1154]*Letters of Alexander Macmillan*, ed. George A. Macmillan ([Glasgow], 1908), p. 108. In a letter to Macmillan of 7 March 1877 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol., 114-15) Palgrave also hoped for an early publication since his "canvassing friends want it to display as a brick from my critical house."

[1155]In a letter to Macmillan of 1 February 1877 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 110-11).

to question his deepest motive in choosing Herrick and including him among the more illustrious of the poets he edited, especially since in a most gracious and public manner he withdrew his candidacy in favor of J. C. Shairp, whose qualifications, "both personal and literary, [were] so high."[1156] A measure of his success is the reprinting of the edition during his lifetime in 1884, 1888, 1891, and 1892.

The other editions Palgrave edited for the Golden Treasury Series a few years later, the *Keats* in 1884 and the *Tennyson* in 1885, are of a different nature and quality. For one thing, Palgrave was relieved of the necessity of having to deal with archaic words, spellings, and punctuation. For another, there could be little questioning of his motives. Tennyson was his idol, regarded as the leading poet of his day and, though having to exclude him from a *Golden Treasury* restricted to poets no longer living, Palgrave was keen to pay him tribute. Both poets, each in his own way, had a further attraction for Palgrave: Keats for his plain background and relative neglect; Tennyson for his company and renown. The edition of Keats was the first to reprint Keats's texts since his death; that of Tennyson the first Palgrave was able to edit and publish. But as they were different in circumstances, so they received differentiated editions.

A measure of the seriousness with which Palgrave took the Keats edition[1157] is evident in the information he requested of Lord Houghton, Keats's biographer. "I want to be sure of the dates when his poems were published," he wrote on 5 December 1867 (Houghton 230:19). "If you have the original editions, I should also be glad if you would let me refer to them. I also want to know where he was born (which your biography does not state): if not, how should I ascertain it? Also whether the lady he was to have married, or any of his brothers, are alive. I think her names, maiden & married, if she married, should now be given.. Also the name of the Quarterly & Blackwood reviewers, if they can be given with certainty." That sobriety is evident as well in the most immediately striking feature of the Keats edition, the absence of the extensive glowing and flowery praise normally found in the preface of an edition-cum-anthology. After a brief celebration of Keats as the "most spontaneous or our Poets" and yet

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[1156]In a letter to the *Times* of 21 May 1877, p. 11.

[1157]*The Poetical Works of John Keats, Reprinted from the Original Editions, with Notes, by F. T. Palgrave* (London, 1884).

"eminent" for the "great care" of his revisions, "following certain rules of his own ... in order to express and aid his rhythm by his punctuation and arrangement,"[1158] Palgrave spends the rest of the introduction outlining his editorial procedures: a reproduction "exactly" of the "rare original texts," a collation of every line "thrice," a retaining of variations in spelling, a "few simply exegetical" notes to "elucidate the rapid, yet gradual, development of his powers," and by frequent reference to his letters, "to make the Poet his own interpreter." Significant is Palgrave's admission that the text is "not absolutely what Keats, had he lived, might have finally left us," and his confidence that it is "incomparably nearer to his [Keats's] Autotype than that which, in the ordinary editions, has hitherto been accepted."[1159] This is Palgrave's only attempt to produce an edition *ab ovo*, as it were, to examine original materials, evaluate them, and formulate them into a edition instead of just adopting an already existing one, one, as he had done with Shakespeare and Herrick. It is an edition and not simply an anthology preceded by a celebratory preface. And it is not just the preface which is different, nor footnotes which are not merely glossarial but also textual, but the nature and extent of the notes which include a bibliographical description of the three early editions of 1817 (*Poems*), 1818 (*Endymion*), and 1820 (*Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of Saint Agnes and Other Poems*)—he had asked Macmillan for a loan of copies[1160]—from which Palgrave selected and arranged the poems (adding *Hyperion* and some posthuma) and, most striking, a commentary which contains literary, historical, biographical, textual, and other complementary information to illustrate verses and interpretations, often in the form of small essays on topics of special interest for Palgrave himself. Even a few samples will be sufficient to show the nature and quality of what is Palgrave's most ambitious edition, as well as his literary knowledge and critical acumen.

[1158]Ibid., pp. iii-iv.

[1159]Ibid., pp. iv-v.

[1160]In a letter of 2 January 1884 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 151-2). Palgrave also consulted other editions too, pointing out in a letter of 5 October 1884 to Keats's biographer, Lord Houghton, "the *textus recesstus* of the Aldine Edition is extremely incorrect. I printed from this, & corrected from the 3 original volumes, & hence discovered the fact" (Trinity College Cambridge, Houghton 230:14). Incidentally, Palgrave's contract called for him to receive half the profits as honorarium (22 April 1884, British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 159).

They begin immediately with a long note on the dedicatory sonnet to Leigh Hunt[1161] in which Palgrave outlines the relationship between Keats and Hunt begun in 1816. Deeming it a "familiarity" rather than a "real friendship," he quotes a letter from Keats to his brother George describing Hunt as "a pleasant enough fellow in the main, when you are with him; but in reality he is vain, egoistic ... Hunt does more harm by making fine things pretty, and beautiful things hateful; through him I am indifferent to Mozart." On the other hand, Palgrave continues, "Hunt's affection for Keats was real; he had genuine tenderness of nature, and strong, though narrow, literary enthusiasm." From this description of the personalities, Palgrave proceeds to the literary consequences. "The style of Keats, in his earlier work especially, was in some degree influenced by the elder poet. He seems to owe him a rather frequent and unpleasing mannerism in the use of the work *luxury:* and the *Rimini* and *Hero and Leander* exhibit sudden lapses into prosaicism, words used with an abrupt or even coarse directness, strange momentary failures in good taste, from which, Keats, also, is not always free. Beyond this, there is little in common between the two writers: the similarity, in case of the poems just named, is only a superficial likeness of manner. Where Keats is penetrative, Hunt is decorative: his work is formed on Dryden, but Dryden ornamentalized and without his vigour. It was to very different results that Keats studied the great Fabulist for *Lamia*." And for good measure Palgrave adds a bit of book history. "In regard to the volume of 1817, it may be noted here, in Lord Houghton's words, that 'this little book, the beloved first-born of so great a genius, scarcely touched the public attention'."

The same expansiveness of comment and appraisal follows in Palgrave's remarks on the first poem "I stood tip-toe upon a little hill":

This nameless Poem, to judge by its style and matter, my be safely placed amongst the latest-written pieces in the volume of 1817, and was, doubtless, chosen by Keats as a kind of "Induction," (to use the fine Elizabethan word with which he entitled the piece next following), to his little venture. But we may take it also as a fit preface to the work which his short life enabled him to give us:—presenting, as it does, two of the leading colours or motives that appear throughout his poetry,—the passion for pure nature-painting, and the love for Hellenic myths, treated, not as the Greeks

[1161] *Keats*, pp. 260-1.

themselves treated them, but with a lavish descriptiveness which belongs to the English Renaissance movement, as represented in the *Faerie Queene*, and with a strong tinge of the still more modern movement, which is intelligibly summed up under the name Romantic. Upon both of these dominant features in Keats I propose to add a few words later on. Meanwhile, we may remark that already the tale of *Endymion* had seized on the Poet's imagination, and that his later treatment of it is shadowed forth, in essentials, in the six final paragraphs of this lovely poem. Two other notable characteristics of Keats should be also observed: His chivalrous devotion to Woman, which is in close analogy with the tone of Milton in the *Comus* and the *Paradise*, and his singular gift in closeness and accuracy of descriptive characterization. Here he far surpasses Spenser, whose landscape, like that of the painters of his age, is seen always through a generalizing medium of literature and human interest, and wants, as a rule, those touches, so frequent in Keats that it would be idle to quote them, which testify to immediate contact with and inspiration from Nature. If, however, the young Poet has here a point of superiority (due, in part, to the influence of his age), his landscape falls short of the landscape of Shelley in its comparative absence of the larger features of sky and earth: it is foreground work in which he excels; whilst again, in comparison with Wordsworth, Keats rests satisfied with exquisitely true delineation, and has little thought (thus far) of allying Nature with human sympathy; still less, of penetrating and rendering her deeper eternal significance.[1162]

Typical too is Palgrave's comment on l. 163, *What first inspired*: "It was fortunate for Keats and for us that, when devising the pretty fancy which he here gives as the possible origin of the *Narcissus* legend, he was not hampered by the often trivial and prosaic elements, etymological or ethnological, with which the (thus far, at least) inchoate and hypothetical Science of Comparative Mythology has of late years dulled the beautiful legends of Hellas."[1163] Impressive among the many which are too long to quote *in extenso* is the note on *Endymion* with its discussion of the Greek element so dear to Palgrave:

The gift of absolutely direct and, as it were, spontaneous expression of the thought, whether of description or of emotion, before the poet. Or rather, Nature herself appears to speak for him: the words come by inner law; they do not, as such, strike one either as prose or as poetry:—they seem as if they could not have been otherwise. This freedom from conventional colour or phrase, this Simplicity, in one

[1162]Ibid., pp. 261-2.
[1163]Ibid., p. 262.

word,—and Lucidity and Sanity with Simplicity,—is what marks all the great Hellenic poets ... The early education of Keats had not given him the advantage of this experience, which, with longer life, he would doubtless have attained. Hence one may say that he has done his best, by overrichness of ornament, and by a vocabulary surcharged with Elizabethan verbal experiments and modern mannerism,—'luxury,' to take a favourite word of his youth,—to conceal that native Hellenism which was recognized by Shelley."[1164]

This is followed by a discourse on Beauty, which begins, "This word,—the one which arises first upon the mind, like sunshine, at the very name of Vergil, Mozart, or Flaxman,—is also our first, our truest, thought in the case of that child of genius, upon whom, with reverent diffidence, these notes are offered. Beauty. with him, as with the Greeks above all the world,—is the first word and the last of Art; the one quality without which it is not," and continues with an appraisal of Keats's abilities and deficiencies, including comments by Aubrey de Vere and Edward Dowden, and concludes "this over-lengthy attempt" by quoting Keats's biographer Lord Houghton, "Let us never forget that, wonderful as are the poems of Keats, yet, after all, they are rather the records of a poetical education, than the accomplished work of the maturer artist"—only to add himself: "Even thus, however, what poet, in the whole range of literature at twenty-four, has rivalled them?"[1165]

Complementing Palgrave's literary proclivities are the notes to certain lines in *Endymion*, Book I, ample testimony of Palgrave's skills as editor, which include such typical ones as:

l. 39-57 *Endymion* was begun, (it seems at Carisbrooke), April 1817: by September following, (at Oxford), he had reached B.iii: B.iv was finished on 28 November: B.i was given to the publisher January 1818. "I am anxious to get *Endymion* printed that I may forget it, and proceed," Keats says with his usual utter and delightful modesty, in a letter of 27 February. The lovely Preface is dated 10 April.
l. 334 *the raft Branch:* Apparently, the branch torn off. Keats, who may have taken the word from Spenser, appears either not to have noticed the want of a syllable in l. 335, or to have satisfied his ear with the words as they stand.
l. 411 The last word of this line, with eight others in *Endymion*, is,—I do not doubt, intentionally,—left without a rhyme.

[1164]Ibid.
[1165]Ibid.

l. 472-3 One of the rare touches of exquisite human feeling which Keats has allowed himself,—perhaps, which his chosen subject and treatment allowed him,—in *Endymion*:—a poem, under this aspect, curiously contrasted with the *Isabella* and the *St. Agnes*.
l. 493-5 "A substantive," says Professor Earle, "may suddenly by a vigorous stroke of art be transformed into an adverb, as *forest* in the following passage: more forest wild." (*Philology of the English Tongue:* 1873).
l. 555 *ditamy*, dittany: In Old French, *dictame*; whence, probably, the spelling used by Keats.
l. 748-757 This analysis of Sleep and Dream is worthy of Shakespeare, in Shakespeare's best manner.

Palgrave's edition of Keats had stiff competition. A year earlier, in 1883, H. Buxton Forman's four-volume *Poetical Works and Other Writings of John Keats* was published, a year later his one-volume *Poetical Works of John Keats*, as well as that edited by William T. Arnold. It was nevertheless well received and reprinted in 1885, 1886, and 1889.

Palgrave's edition of Tennyson[1166] is at once less and more complicated than that of Keats. It is not so much an edition as a selection. It required no editorial mechanism and practice. The poems existed in a final state and needed only to be reproduced. The complication rested in the choice of the poems. In the *Keats* the process was fairly straightforward. Palgrave went through the various "rare original texts" in the order of their publication, collated every line thrice, and, as was his wont, chose those he thought to be the "best" representatives of the genius of Keats and for the cultivation of a general and willing reading public. Capturing, as it were, his friend and idol Tennyson was more challenging, perhaps more so because he was doing so "at the wish of Tennyson."[1167] For one thing Tennyson was still alive, his output was large and not complete. For another, the strain on Palgrave was great. Tennyson had not been represented in the *Golden Treasury* because living poets were excluded, albeit he was aware of the scheme and doubtless of help. Palgrave dedicated it to him, but was doubtless anxious, as he indicated in the dedication of the present work to Emily, Lady

[1166] *Lyrical Poems by Alfred Tennyson, Selected and Annotated by F. T. Palgrave* (London, 1885).

[1167] In a letter of 5 May 1884 to J. F. Maurice (Cambridge University Library, Add. 7792/III/39).

Tennyson[1168]—and relieved that the Tennyson's were "much pleased" with it[1169]—to make up for that "deficiency" not simply with a selection of 114[1170] lyrics from the "best work of the world's greatest living poet," but with a novel manner of arranging the selection, one which would enable the "fit" audience of poetry lovers to capture the quintessential Tennyson. Early on, as he wrote in a "private" letter to Macmillan on 18 January 1884 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 153-4) the selection was dependent on the agreement of Tennyson[1171] and Hallam Tennyson and whether he appeared as "responsible editor" and "on all points" he submitted himself to them and Macmillan. A year or so later, however, in a letter to Macmillan of 19 February 1885 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 170-1) he had taken over full command: "I pray you to remember that my 'attitude' is that I have tried to utilize my long knowledge of Tennyson & the hints which he has from me at different times during the last 30 years & more, but that I am the sole person *responsible*."[1172]

First he drew poems from almost fifty years of Tennyson's career. Although there is a somewhat heavier numerical concentration on the first twenty years—due mainly to the emphasis on *In Memoriam*, the keystone of the collection and an indication, of course, of a qualitative

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[1168]Ibid., pp. v-vii.

[1169]In a letter to Macmillan of 17 March 1885 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 172-3).

[1170]The Roman numbering of the individual poems totals 112, excluding "To the Queen," which is not numbered. But No. XVIII on page 103, an untitled lyric from *The Princess*, is omitted from the Contents, albeit listed in the Index of First Lines: "The splendour falls on castle walls."

[1171]"Let me add, that the selections from his own Lyrical poetry (1885), with the formation of which I was honoured by him, were submitted for his approval, and that those from 'In Memoriam' (particularly difficult to frame ...) follow a list which he gave me." In "Personal Recollections by F. T. Palgrave (Including Some Criticisms of Tennyson") in Hallam Tennyson's *Alfred Lord Tennyson: A Memoir* (2 vols., London, 1897), II:503.

[1172]As always, he was engaged in all the details of the production, not the least of which was his view that a Raphael would not be "suit[able]" but that a "youthful medallion portrait is decidedly the right vignette" (Letter to Macmillan of 24 March 1884, British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 155-6). The copyright and the notes, however, are Tennyson's, he mentioned on receiving an honorarium of £50 (Letter to Macmillian of 19 March 1885, British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 174).

dimension—the distribution may be regarded as fair: three lyrics from *Juvenalia* (1830), fourteen from *The Lady of Shalott* (1833), eighteen from *English Idylls* (1842), four from *The Princess* (1847), forty-two from *In Memoriam* (1850), one, "The Queen" (1851), twelve from *Maud* (1855), four from *Idylls of the King* (1859), eight from *Enoch Arden* (1864), two from *Queen Mary* (1875), and six from *Ballads* (1880). Second he abandoned a chronological order altogether. The opening poem of 1851, "To the Queen," is set off ceremoniously by itself. The following group of twenty-one poems[1173] consists of five lyrics from *The Lady of Shalott* (1833). four from *English Idylls* (1842), four from *Ballads* (1880), two from *Juvenalia,* three from *Maud* (1855), and three from *Enoch Arden* (1864). But the poems are ordered as follows: Shalott, Shalott, Idyls, Shalott, Ballads, Enoch, Ballads, Idyls, Shalott, Enoch, Enoch, Idyls, Idyls, Juvenalia, Shalott, Ballads, Juvenalia, Maud, Maud, Maud. A similar dispersed chronology marks the next eight groupings. The last and largest block, consisting of forty-two sections from *In Memoriam* (1850), is likewise notable for its rearrangement of Tennyson's order thus: LXXXV, X, XI, XIII, XIV, XVIII, XIX, XXXVIII, LVII, LVIII, LXXIV, XC, XCI, CXV, CXVI, CXIX, CXXIII, II, VI, XX, XXVII, XXVIII, XXXI, XXXII, XXXIII, XXXVI, XL, L, LI, LIV, LX, LXIV, LXIX, LXXXVI, XCIV, XCVII, XCIX, C, CI, LXXVIII, CVI, CXXXI.[1174]

A satisfactory explanation of the selection and order of the poems, however, is not a matter of statistics. That was never Palgrave's perspective. The "formation," as he called it, of the volume must "be worthy of the title Golden"[1175]—that is, in presenting poems which "can most efficiently perform her [lyrical poetry's] natural 'happy-making' function:—can, as the Laureate's great Predecessor said, 'add sunshine to daylight,' lift us out of ourselves, and even give a foreglimpse of that other world, without faith in which, this fair earth itself is but a 'land of the shadow of death, and where the light is as darkness'."[1176] This platform is

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[1173]Although not otherwise identified, a group seems to be set off in the Contents by an extra line space before and after.

[1174]See Marion Shaw, "Palgrave's *In Memoriam,*" *Victorian Poetry* 18:2 (Summer 1980), 199-201.

[1175]*Lyrical Poems*, p. vi. This volume was another of the Golden Treasury Series Palgrave was instrumental in establishing.

[1176]Ibid., pp. vi-vii.

programmatic but of relatively little stability, nor for that matter is his apology to Lady Tennyson—"you will necessarily miss here some choice flowers from that Vergilian Garden which your own Poet has added to the realm ... of England's Helicon"[1177]—or his equally conventional humility in concluding, "with me, not with my material, is the fault, if a selection from the best works of the world's greatest living Poet does not, amply and delightfully, fulfil its proper function."[1178] That Palgrave consulted Tennyson about the selection and arrangement, as he had for the *Golden Treasury*, and had his approval is very likely but nevertheless inconclusive. Other factors may be more determinant. In his preface Palgrave's refers to the "strict limits of space imposed,"[1179] an argument repeated in his note on lyrics XXXIX-XLV in which he "regret[s] ... that the scheme of this little book did not allow *Maud*,—of all the Author's poems the most powerful, the most intensely lyrical,—to be integrally included. The whole possesses such unity that some loss must be felt when portions are extracted,"[1180] and again with much the same reservations in his note on *In Memoriam*.[1181] Limitation of space was unavoidable—the octavo volumes of the Golden Treasury Series usually between 250 and 300 pages long—and desirable. They were also relatively inexpensive and aimed at a large and popular readership, an attitude fully in accord with Palgrave's educational objectives as well as his financial aspirations. These facts seem at odds with Palgrave's prefatory "It is not in the crowd, nor in the study, that Poetry ... can most efficiently perform her natural 'happy-making' function."[1182] On the other hand, Palgrave was sensitive to the requirements of a popular readership and would not recognize a paradox. Surely, it would be cynical to say that instead of printing all the poems that are fit he printed all the poems that fit. Still, size is a factor, and there can be little doubt that it played a role in the selection. Although it does not appear so in his characterization of "lyrical"—in his *Keats*, for example, he included *Endymion*—it is true in the *Tennyson*, the poems being relatively short or, another important feature,

[1177]Ibid., p. vi.
[1178]Ibid., p. vii.
[1179]Ibid., p. vi.
[1180]Ibid., p. 258.
[1181]Ibid., p. 262.
[1182]Ibid., p. vi.

poems being narrative or reciteable. These more or less external criteria, however, are alone not satisfactory. They cannot satisfactorily account for the fact, say, that Palgrave accepts the full thirty stanzas of Tennyson's LXXXV, with which he begins, and yet only the first three of Tennyson's thirty-nine, with which he, like Tennyson, concludes. Excision in Palgrave is not so much a matter of cutting as a way of compacting. His objective is not light but tight.

Nor does Palgrave's plan for *In Memoriam*: "to select first the songs most directly setting forth the personal love and sorrow which inspired this great lyrical elegy, and then those, or some of those, in which the same motive-theme is developed in figures, or connected with the aspects of nature and of religious thought."[1183] It may account for the order—there is an undeniable sense of a choric frame in opening with "This truth came borne with bier and pall" and concluding "O living will that shall endure"—as does Palgrave's modification of Tennyson's chronology, but hardly for the selection. Granted, as Ricks has said, "there is much in *In Memoriam* that does not carry conviction"[1184] and thus not merit a place in Palgrave. But how can Palgrave's omission of "Dark house, by which once more I stand" (VII) or "'So careful of the type' but no" (LVI) or "Tonight the winds begin to rise" (XV) be explained? Nor can the selection be firmly based on Palgrave's notes on the individual sections of the original *In Memoriam*: of the fourteen lyrics he designated "Perfect," "Most Perfect," or "Most happy": five do not appear in his edition.[1185] Palgrave's report that his selections "from *In Memoriam* (particularly difficult to frame, from the reasons I have noted in regard to Shakespeare's Sonnets) follow a list which he [Tennyson] gave me"[1186] is hardly more than an oracle referring to an oracle. Nor are such explanations applicable *en gros* to the rest of the lyrics, nor to the constitution of the groups, which may consist of only a single poem, such as "To J. S." [James Spedding]. They require individual examination as well as of the frame outlined in the discussion below of Palgrave as

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[1183]Ibid., p. 262.

[1184]Christopher Ricks, *Tennyson* (New York, 1972), p. 224.

[1185]See John O. Waller, "Francis Turner Palgrave's Criticisms of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*," *Victorian Newsletter* 52 (Fall 1977), 13-17.

[1186]Quoted in Ricks, p. 214.

anthologist. One thing is certain. Palgrave was not foolhardy in omitting sections containing lines like "Nature red in tooth and claw." Obviously, the proof must be in the pudding, but the temptation to attribute it to *de gustibus* was firmly and persistently rejected by Palgrave the art critic, the literary critic and historian, the editor, and the anthologist.

Palgrave's remaining three editions, of Wordsworth, Scott, and Shairp,[1187] are less important as demonstrations of his editorial talent as for the implications and critical directions of their prefaces. All are of personal as well as poetical interest to him. In the *Golden Treasury* he had included forty-two of Wordsworth's poems, more than by any other English poet, had crowned him in his survey of English poetry, and was distraught that fifteen years after his death the reputation of the poet laureate had sharply declined. Scott was a friend of his father's, a favorite since childhood, whose Waverley novels he read aloud to his children,[1188] and about whom he had discussions with Gladstone[1189] and Newman.[1190] Shairp he had met at Balliol, shared his interest in the revival of Wordsworth, was a fellow admirer of Scott, had praised his qualifications, "both personal and literary," for the post of Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and at the bequest of Shairp's wife took on the task of editing a selection of his poetry a year after his death, doubtless motivated not only by his identification with those mentioned in Shairp's poem "Balliol Scholars, 1840-1843" or his affection for Scotland—it is his honorary LL.D. from Edinburgh that follows his name as editor on the title-page—but surely a desire to perpetuate Shairp's reputation as poet. Whatever the exact motivation for the editions—it may range anywhere from the propagatory to the pecuniary—it is the prefaces which signal Palgrave's critical disposition. In these editions the text is merely taken over and not reconstructed. The editorial mechanics are hardly visible. There are notes to be sure, numerous in the *Scott* but not Palgrave's, fewer and somewhat apologetically in the *Shairp*, none at all in the *Wordsworth*. The prefaces tend to concentrate on biographical details—that of the

[1187]In a letter to Macmillan of 17 December 1881 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 145-6) Palgrave wrote that he had plans for a Golden Treasury on Sidney.

[1188]Gwenllian, p. 127.

[1189]Ibid., p. 165.

[1190]Ibid., p. 204.

Wordsworth is entitled a "Biographical Preface," the subtitle of the *Scott* is "*with a Biographical and a Critical Memoir*"—and in the selection and interpretations to render not only the man but also to deduce the mind of the poet and, as he says in the preface to his *Shairp*, "to do justice to one of the most sincere and high-minded poets of our century" in what he calls in the first sentence a "labour of love."[1191] Such prefaces are both recollections and acknowledgements. As memoirs they become memorials, of the type Palgrave initiated in his memoir of Arthur Hugh Clough and his life of Robert Herrick, both of which could and did stand alone as publications separate from their editions. It is further a recognizable type of literary critical practice, of which Palgrave made full use, as shall be discussed, in biographico-critical portraits of poets in separate articles, in reviews of works on them, and in entries in encyclopaedic reference works.

A Selection from the Works of William Wordsworth, Selected and Arranged by Francis Turner Palgrave[1192] is the only one of his editions not published by Macmillan. Belonging to the series Moxon's Miniature Poets, it resembles the Golden Treasury Series in its attempt to reach a fairly wide public. Like Palgrave's *Songs and Sonnets of Shakespeare*, which also appeared in 1865, it is handy-sized, under three hundred pages, and at 4s. relatively inexpensive. Unlike the *Shakespeare*, which has no preface but only notes at the end on the poems, the *Wordsworth* has no notes but only a substantial "Biographical Preface" of twenty-nine pages. The shift is notable, and not simply because Wordsworth's language, punctuation, and spelling are not "archaic" or do not require elucidation. (Interestingly, *A Selection from the Works of Alfred Tennyson*, which was also of the Moxon series and published in 1865, has neither preface nor notes nor editor.) It appears to be that Palgrave's main interest, as selector and arranger, was to present *his* Wordsworth, as it were, in a biographical profile illustrating the external circumstances of the selected poems. "We may read the man in his work," Palgrave explains, "but, were it possible to reverse the process, the poem might also be predicted from the poet. There would be little value or interest in a biography so written: and, although it could not be

[1191] *Glen Desseray and Other Poems, Lyrical and Elegaic, Edited by Francis T. Palgrave (London*, 1888), p. vii.

[1192] (London, 1865).

attempted within the limits of a few pages, yet, having been entrusted by Wordsworth's family with the task of framing the following selection, the editor thinks that the most suitable preface towards a fit comprehension of the poems contained in it will be, not so much a criticism on the poet's style and place in literature, as a short account of his life, viewed in relation to his writings."[1193] The biography is spare and unexceptional. The outlines of the life are sketched but *qua* biography not developed. Dates are given: birth (1770)—but then hardly any further details of his childhood other than the mention of the loss of his parents and separation from his sister; St. John's College, Cambridge (1787)—but mainly that he enjoyed sports and that "except in the 'Prelude,' the University is almost absent from the verse of one whose own experiences ... almost exclusively form the groundwork of his poetry."[1194] Travel to the Swiss mountains (1790)is mentioned—but only "much, and much on foot."[1195] Places of residence and visit are given, as are friends' names—Coleridge, George Beaumont, Lamb, Southey, and Scott—but no more. Of his sister Dorothy, mentioned by name only once, little of consequence is said: she "was now grown up; they settled together at Racetown in Dorsetshire (1796), and next year at Alfoxden in Somerset; removing, after a short residence in Germany, to Grasmere in 1799."[1196]

The chronology of Wordsworth's poems is given but the circumstances barely commented on. Landscape and nature receive attention. The countryside of Wordsworth's birthplace, Cockermouth in Cumberland, is not precisely described, however, Palgrave preferring to concentrate on the "mood of mind" of the poet, which leads him to such observations as ""the soul, which as a child, Wordsworth had vaguely transferred from himself to Nature, now appeared to lie also in Nature herself."[1197] It is the inner life that is Palgrave's real focus. Even Palgrave's relatively extensive treatment of Wordsworth's response to the French Revolution and its drastic disappointments is so phrased as to apply as well to a response of all "who had shared keenly in the noble enthusiasms

[1193] Ibid., p. ii.
[1194] Ibid., p. vii.
[1195] Ibid., pp. iii-iv.
[1196] Ibid., pp. ix-x.
[1197] Ibid., p. v.

of 1790, had mourned briefly over the excesses of 1792, and had hailed the fall of the extreme revolutionary section as the pledge of a return to the ways of rational liberty."[1198] Even the direct mention of Wordsworth is as much archetypal as personal: "There was much of the old Greek nature in the poet; what he sympathized with was rather national individuality and advance, than the cosmopolitan interests which so much governed his great contemporary, Goethe; rather the moral elevation, simple grandeur and personal purity of aim, which he read of in his favourite Plutarch."[1199] If the impact of the experience is considered, it is surprising that Palgrave does not name even a title or two of the poems that emerged. Only six lines beginning "Ah! not for emerald fields alone" (from "To the Reverend Dr. Wordsworth" in "The River Duddon: A Series of Sonnets") are quoted to show his "reverence and love for England."[1200] But Palgrave does point out an even deeper connection between Wordsworth's disillusionment with Napoleon and hostility to France and his creativity: "about this time he resumed that study of the ancient literature which reproduced itself in his noble 'Laodamia,' 'Dion,' 'Lycoris,' and other poems."[1201] And he continues with the outright literary consequences: "something of (perhaps unconscious) republicanism was blended with the homeliness in choice of subject and simplicity in matter of words which Wordsworth professed, with rather indiscreet openness, in the Preface to his earlier lyrics; qualities which were naturally, though, perhaps, not altogether well, exchanged for the greater floridity and the more directly moralizing and dogmatic colour of the poems that followed the 'Excursion'."[1202]

For the last half of Wordsworth's life—some forty years—Palgrave has little to say beyond, "A singular and almost unbroken felicity, seldom so well deserved, attended the last half of Wordsworth's life, which was prolonged with vigour of mind and health of body to the age of eighty," followed by an idealized picture from Wordsworth's letters which might be "fitly applied to himself," followed by De Quincey's eulogy beginning,

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[1198]Ibid., p. xiii.
[1199]Ibid., pp. xiii-xiv.
[1200]Ibid., p. xiv.
[1201]Ibid.
[1202]Ibid., p. xv.

"Profusion and extravagance had no hold over Wordsworth ... by any one passion or taste" and enforced by another witness's, "What he gave to others, and what he most desired for himself ... was love," followed by a litany of virtues and praise and a series of quotations from Wordsworth defining poetry ("the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge"), the "destiny" of his poems ("To console the afflicted, to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think and feel and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous"), for "there is scarcely one which does not aim to direct the attention to some moral sentiment, or to some general principle, or law of thought or of our intellectual constitution."[1203] The quotation of the lines "The light that never was on sea or land / The consecration, and the poet's dream" leads to a recognizable Palgravean climax: "But Wordsworth, like his fellows in immortal verse, may not be compressed within the bounds of a definition. It can only be through the aid of such suggestive expressions as have here been quoted, or such circumstances of his life as have here been traced; but, most of all, by the faithful study of his poetry, that a true image of what he was, by a happy natural growth, will form itself within the heart of his reader."[1204] It is hard to say how well the poems Palgrave has selected fulfill that image. The arrangement of the 122 poems is not chronological or rigidly thematic. Instead, there are clusters: flowers and birds, persons and places, politics and philosophy, epitaphs and odes. But the clusters are not predictable or fixed in one place. Be that as it may, there is little doubt that the selection is a good one, following Palgrave's standard of attempting always to choose the best. When Matthew Arnold came to edit a selection of Wordsworth's poetry for the Golden Treasury Series in 1879, he included numerous poems from Palgrave's edition, although more than a third of his selection was devoted to sonnets, a restriction not found in Palgrave.

In editing the *Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Baronet, with a Biographical and Critical Memoir*,[1205] Palgrave did not have to edit or annotate. The text and the extensive notes were Scott's from an earlier edition. Nor did he

[1203]Ibid., pp. xxvi-xviii.

[1204]Ibid., pp. xviii-xix.

[1205](London, 1866). References are to the more readily accessible Globe Edition of 1873, one of the numerous reprints of the 1866 edtion.

have to select the most representative if not the best works, however much, as a seasoned selector and arranger, he might have liked to. His task was to write an introduction. That it was conceived as biographical accords with his aim: "to present a biography, complete in its main points."[1206] *Critical*, not so obvious, must be understood as careful analysis and judgment, and "including some remarks on Scott's position as a writer, which the accompanying narrative will, it is hoped, render easily intelligible."[1207] And if *critical* is neutral*, memoir,* as always in Palgrave*,* is honorific, indivisible from *memorial*, and thus coloring the entire introduction. If he does not call it a "labour of love," as he did for the *Shairp*, there can be no doubt that, as always, Palgrave edited only those he esteemed as poets and as men. Palgrave was an admirer of Scott from childhood onwards. His novels were a household favorite: they were read to him as a boy, he read them as a schoolboy and at Oxford, and he read them to his children. In his surveys of the development of English poetry he is accustomed to couple Scott with Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth and assigned him the "the place ... to initiate the modern school." Still, if the biography were to be critical and memorial, it would have to strike a balance between the two. And that balance is reflected in the central and dominant feature of Scott's character which Palgrave sets out to illustrate in the circumstances of Scott's life.

With a kind of all-embracing motif Palgrave styles Scott as the "*eponymous hero*" of Scotland: "He sums up, or seems to sum up, in the most conspicuous manner, those leading qualities in which his countrymen, at least his countrymen of old, differ from their fellow Britons."[1208] To make this image more precise Palgrave quotes Carlyle: "No Scotchman of his time was more entirely Scotch than Walter Scott; the good and the not so good, which all Scotched inherit, ran through every fibre of him." A certain polarity is evident and it is a polarity which is at the center of Palgrave's presentation of the character of Scott. Even more precisely, Palgrave describes a heritage emanating from the barbarous time of the "mutual jealousy of the two neighbour kingdoms," the clans of the border families and the clans of the Highlands, which

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[1206]Ibid., p. ix.
[1207]Ibid., pp. ix-x.
[1208]*Scott*, p. ix.

"exhibit the law of hand against the law of head; or, from a more poetical point of view, they may be regarded as bold protests in favour of individuality, against the monotonizing character of civilized and peaceful existence. Like much that we shall have to note in Scott's own career"—Palgrave here unfolds still another polarity—"the border clans were, in a certain sense, practical anachronisms, whose very likeness to the wild Highlanders of the north placed them in striking contrast to the love of law and peaceful thrift which lies deep in the Scottish nature."[1209] Such family details "bear upon that quality which is peculiar to Scott's genius, and makes at once its strength and its weakness. It would be difficult to name another instance of a mind so habitually balanced between the real and the unreal."[1210] To illustrate Scott's character Palgrave divides the life, as is his wont, into three periods. "that of the child and the youth who had not yet found where his strength lay (1771-1799): that of his poetry, whether edited and translated by him, or original (1799-1814); that of his novels, his wealth and his poverty (1814-1831)."[1211] To support his views and to make evident his seriousness, Palgrave makes constant use of such sources as Lockhart's *Life* (in ten volumes of 1856), Carlyle's "remarkable Essay," and Scott's autobiography, journal, diary, and letters.

From the first period Palgrave selects those details which may be applied to a governing polarity: Scott's lameness, his modesty—"a charming quality, often. though not so essentially an attribute of intellectual excellence ... Hence throughout his life he undervalued himself, and thought little of his own energy"[1212]—and his want of a severe classical training at school, his indefatigable reading, his "determined indolence," which Palgrave regarded "as absorbed into the meditative atmosphere ... of the poetical nature: as the undersoil whence so many masterpieces of imaginative writing were destined to grow."[1213] For his "strong capacity for work" found "its main exercise at first in a love for inventing and relating marvellous tales which amounted to real passion."[1214] Believing Scott's character was essentially formed and

[1209]Ibid., pp. x-xi.
[1210]Ibid., p. xi.
[1211]Ibid., p. x.
[1212]Ibid., p. xiv.
[1213]Ibid., pp. xiv-xv.
[1214]Ibid., p. xv.

finished in early youth, Palgrave posits "worldly wisdom, love of social rank, passion for lands and goods" against so "'antithetically mixed [a] nature,' that at the same time he was in the spirit hidden away with poetry and the past, and moving among romantic worlds of his own creation."[1215] Interestingly, Palgrave detects a "strict" parallel between the "mode in which Scott observed Nature and his representation of human life."[1216] He connects Scott's failure to master even the rudiments of landscape drawing with his exhibiting character through action rather than entering into its depths and "painting rather the great general features of an age than dwelling on the details for their own sake." Furthermore, Scott's "almost total want of ear for music was a calamity ... the strong sense of the melody in words and the harmonies of rhythm appearing to leave no space in the organization for inarticulate music."[1217] The polarities find other expressions: in Scott's profession as advocate, his respectability, and the "true nursing ground of his genius," the Scottish Marshes, which lay within the view of his future home. And also in his response to the French Revolution, a movement "which was inspiration to Wordsworth [but] was reaction to Scott. It converted the poetical Jabobitism which was part of his imaginative inheritance from older days into a fervent Toryism."[1218]

Palgrave pursues the concept of polarity in the second "step" of Scott's life: his activity as publisher in the real world and, with the publication of the "Border Minstrelsy," his "real work [being] literature." Questioning the view of Lockhart, who describes him as "the finished man of the world," and that of Carlyle, who "speaks of him as, in the main, a manufacturer of hasty books for the purpose of making money and a landed estate to rival neighbouring country-gentlemen,"[1219] Palgrave holds that "the peculiarity of Scott is that something dreamlike and imaginative, together with something practical and prosaic, unites in all the more important phases of his life; past and present, romance and reality, meet in him at once; he is in the world and not in it, at the same time; he

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[1215]Ibid.

[1216]Ibid., p. xvii.

[1217]Ibid.

[1218]Ibid., pp. xviii-xix.

[1219]Ibid., p. xxii.

is almost too unselfconscious. The favourable side of this strangely balanced nature ... gave us in his Poems and Novels together the most brilliant and the most diversified 'spectacle of human life' which we have had since Shalespeare ... On the other hand, we have the failure, after long-endured struggles, of his material prosperity, and (closely connected with this) the narrow and even unjust view which he always took, or rather, took always in public, of literature and his own share in it."[1220] Even Scott's great skills as novelist, "unique in literature," are such as "could hardly find a place in verse."[1221] Although not denying Scott's "incompleteness of style" and "careless glance and reckless rhyme," Palgrave finds that poetry is a "house of many mansions" in which "high and enduring pleasure ... the end of poetry," is found in the "'Lay' by its brilliant delineation of ancient life and manners."[1222] Moreover, "after the fashion of Homer and the writers of the ages before criticism, he presents a scene, and leaves it to work its own effect on the reader ... If they [Byron and Wordsworth] give us the inner spirit of modern life, or of nature, enter into our perplexities, or probe our deeper passions, Scott has a dramatic faculty not less delightful or precious. He hence attained eminent success in one of the rarest and most difficult aims of Poetry,—sustained vigour, clearness, and interest in narration." Seen within his own time Scott, "coming at the close of an age of criticism ... inaugurated an age of revival and of creation ... Beyond anyone he is the discoverer or creator of the 'modern style'."[1223]

Palgrave inflects the concept of polarity in the third period of Scott's life. After celebrating Scott's creation in the Waverley novels of the Celtic Highlands in the eyes of the whole civilized world,[1224] he balances his weaknesses—"he is often inaccurate, for example, "in historical painting, and puts modern feeling into the past"—and his strengths—"the variety and richness of his gallery ... his command over pathos and terror, the laughter and the tears ... the way in which he paints the whole life of men ... his unfailing wholeness and freshness, like the sea and air and great

[1220]Ibid., pp. xxiii-xxiv.
[1221]Ibid., p. xxvii.
[1222]Ibid., p. xxviii.
[1223]Ibid., p. xxix.
[1224]Ibid., p. xxxiii.

elementary forces of Nature." All of this is an expression of the "leading idea" of Scott's character ... that, under the disguise of worldly sense and shrewdness, the poetical nature predominated in his life."[1225] Not surprisingly Scott's idea of poetic style is of much the same nature: "it errs upon the side of spontaneous impulse; he would rather be unfinished than overfinished, preferred vigour to refinement, and aimed at the qualities he admired in Dryden, 'perpetual animation and elasticity of thought;' did not make the most of his admirable materials; atoned for the random and the reckless by picturesqueness and movement."[1226] Palgrave does not leave it at that. "But there is nothing to be atoned for in perfect work; 'incompleteness cannot enter into it;' the rival forces, as in Nature, balance each other. In a word"—Palgrave's wonted expression for a last and lasting word—"Scott's was the Gothic mind throughout, not the Greek; he wants that indefinable air of distinction which even the lesser ancient authors have; no writer of such power has furnished fewer quotations; 'he used the first sufficient words which came uppermost;' he does not bring his idea to a consummate expression."[1227] And yet for his strengths Palgrave places Scott "second in our creative or imaginative literature to Shakespeare."[1228] In a final inflection of polarity Palgrave again parallels Scott's life and work: "The intensity of love in him had throughout equalled the intensity of imagination. the most unselfconscious of our poets, he was perhaps also ... the most unselfish. Scott, with his marked manliness of temperament, possessed in equal measure the best of the qualities which are often called feminine. 'For the least chill on the affection of any one dear to him, he had the sensitiveness of a maiden.' Warmth of heart and frankness of love were the very centre of his nature."[1229]

Shairp was impressed. But for "one or two minor faults," he found that the essay "brings out a truer view of him than either Lockhart or Carlyle gives. I never believed that such poetry as his—coming from a living enthusiasm in his subjects—ever could have been written by one at

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[1225]Ibid., p. xxxiv.
[1226]Ibid., pp. xxxiv-xxxv.
[1227]Ibid., p. xxxv.
[1228]Ibid., p. xxxiii.
[1229]Ibid., p. xlii.

the core a worldling as a mere by-play—nor that the love of money could be the soul which grew such a harvest."[1230] All in all, it is not too much to say that, alone for its comprehensive review of and insight into the life and work of Scott, the edition fulfills, indeed exceeds, the estimate of the *Spectator*: "Altogether, it is a very perfect and convenient edition of Scott's poems."[1231]

While not strictly an edition since Palgrave had no hand in the text, his ninety-eight page "Essays on the Minor Poems of Spenser," the introduction to the first volume of A. B. Grosart's ten-volume edition of the *Complete Works of Edmund Spenser* for the Spenser Society,[1232] nears such a classification. Its ninety-eight pages made it not only Palgrave's longest essay but also the most extensive discussion of these poems that had ever been undertaken in an essay, surpassing by far the treatments of Geo[rge] L. Craik and R. W. Church.[1233] One obituarist thought it the best of his essays but also the least known.[1234] If it received little attention in Palgrave's day, it all but disappeared from the critical horizon thereafter—a fate, however, which does not necessarily diminish its value in the development of Spenser criticism and indeed English literary history. It is also an impressive example of Palgrave's literary perspective. And it serves to confirm that whatever position Spenser may have been accorded by Palgrave in the Olympian hierarchy, there can be little doubt that he was highly regarded. That he included only one poem of Spenser's in the *Golden Treasury* is not necessarily a compelling criterion for preference; his much-praised Thomas Watson, for example, is not represented at all.

As always, Palgrave's orientation is historical and chronological. The aim of the first and lengthy section of his introduction, "Spenser in Relation to His Immediate Predecessors," is to show "how far he was a Maker (to use the fine Elizabeth phrase,) in the literature of the day, by

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[1230]In a letter to Palgrave of 29 January 1867 (British Library Add.MS. 45741, fol. 201-6.

[1231]40:2014 (2 February 1867), 133.

[1232](London, 1882-4). In I:vii Grosart thanked Palgrave and others for their essays. Interestingly the work was dedicated to Tennyson.

[1233]*Spenser and His Poetry* (new ed. rev. and corr., 2 vols. London, 1871) and *Spenser* (London, 1879).

[1234]*Saturday Review* 84:2192 (30 October 1897), 457.

comparison with those who wrote during the preceding half-century."[1235] This is of course familiar territory for Palgrave, who had outlined the period directly in his article "The Growth of English Poetry" and indirectly in the *Golden Treasury*, both appearing in 1861. Although suppressing the discourse on the nature of poetry and the socio-political aspects of the time, the introduction does retain the frame of a southern European heritage, the freshness of the national temperament as evidenced in the first Elizabethan creations—with Palgrave's inevitable reservation: "There was more material ... than the poets could thoroughly fuse: our great early national outburst of poetry wants the perfect spontaneity by which the parallel lyrical movement in Hellas is distinguished."[1236] It was therefore the "peculiar task" of Spenser "to provide a language equal to the occasion, to blend in one English national sentiment, mediaeval feeling and tradition, and that Italian classicalism under which the Renaissance impulse first reached us."[1237] Such a survey, Palgrave admits, would be to write European history, preferring instead to deal briefly with writers "whose language was practically identical with his [Spenser's] own, and who were the earliest pupils in the 'new learning' of Italy."

There follows what may not be a history but is certainly a survey of English poetry beginning with "'the two chieftains' in that 'new company of courtly makers'" recorded in Puttenham's *Arte of English Poetry* (1589), Surrey and Wyatt. Important as a guide for the early school, and much to Palgrave's own taste, were the general characteristics of Surrey's poetry: "elegant simplicity, terseness and selection of phrase, unaffected naturalness, and yet the sense of art and form never absent. There is no aim at picturesqueness or colour; a sober and manly sincerity, often (as has been always characteristic of English writers, and never more so than in those troubled days,), expresses itself in serious moralization."[1238] Wyatt, Palgrave finds, "is in every way more 'realistic' than his friend [Surrey]; his passion has not the disinterested character of Sidney's chivalrous temperament. His satirical epistles, on the other hand, have

[1235]"Spenser," p. ix.
[1236]Ibid., p xi.
[1237]Ibid.
[1238]Ibid., pp. xii-xiii.

more irony, knowledge of mankind, and point: the language is remarkably clear and direct, and the verse in general free from archaic rudeness."[1239] Wyatt's sonnets, however, "have greatly the air of early imitations from Petrarch, though"—Palgrave is always true to his standards—"in reading them it is best not to remember the originals."[1240] It is in his odes that Wyatt "reaches his highest quality as a poet," and "their simplicity and clearness" resemble Surrey's, although "less influenced by Renaissance elegance [Wyatt] pushes absence of ornament to baldness; the one writes as an able man of the world, the other as the forerunner of Sidney."[1241]

After a brief mention for lack of space of the "invaluable *Canzonieri*," such leading anthologies as Tottel, the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, *The Phoenix Nest*, *England's Helicon*, and *A Poetical Rhapsody*, and the perhaps unexpected comment that they "would form a body of early poetry no way beneath their Italian predecessors, if our collectors had not, as a rule, excluded two or three of our greatest poets from their pages"[1242] and the appraisal that Tottel's volume, "if it contains more rude work, has better writing, even if the work of its lesser poets, than the *Paradise*,"[1243] Palgrave offers a perceptive insight as a "very curious point": "the almost entire absence of the poetry of common life, whether of the ballad or of the tale, from the whole of this early literature,"[1244] the nearest exception being found in Humphrey Gifford's *Posie of Gilloflowers*. Pocket-sized characterizations of those who were representative of the art during Spenser's youth—Turberville, Tusser, Gascoigne, and Sackville—serve, even granting in them the "true Renaissance impulse in its best sense in Surrey," but as the "twilight," for "the range of poetry attempted is narrow: the chief value of the work done lies in its grace, its elegance of form, its simple and incisive language."[1245] Henry Hallam, whom Palgrave quotes often, regarded Sackville's Induction to *The Mirrour for Magistrates* "in the first days of Elizabeth's reign, [as] the herald of the splendour in

[1239]Ibid., p. xvi.
[1240]Ibid., p. xv.
[1241]Ibid., p. xvi.
[1242]Ibid., p. xvii.
[1243]Ibid., p. xix.
[1244]Ibid.
[1245]Ibid., p. xxiii.

which it was to close."[1246] Palgrave's "twilight" is no less promising, for he follows it with "the hour is here for the auroral splendour of Spenser and his contemporaries."[1247]

A somewhat longer "General Introduction to 'The Shepheardes Calender'" is more informative and, considering the state of Spenser scholarship, not unimpressive. The works of his friends Henry Hallam and R. W. Church are mentioned and lend support. But, on the whole, the treatment of the *Calender* is learned and independent. Palgrave's aim is to illustrate that "that side of Spenser's work for the advance of our literature which lay rather in the form than the matter, rather in showing his contemporaries how to deal with language and metre, how to give symmetry and unity, how to use foreign models, new or old,—than in creating poems of intense and enduring interest on their own account, is most fully exhibited in the *Calender*."[1248] The work is not directly discussed, however. Instead, Palgrave outlines the stress in E. K.'s preface on "the style and command of language shown by the 'new Poete'; thus showing a true if unconscious estimate of Spenser's peculiar literary mission; although at the same time betraying a sense that the artificial archaism prevalent in his diction requires apology."[1249] And, conceding that the "story of our Renaissance can only now be reached by critical inference from its remaining productions,"[1250] Palgrave cautions against accepting that the prefaces and notes originally published with the poem, however interesting, were written by Spenser. True to form, he finds them a "fair specimen of the immature scholarship, and of the unreal, factitious elements which play too large a part in the Renaissance movement, especially that of Western Europe, at the date before us."[1251] His own scholarship, however, leads him, *pace* E. K.'s and Gabriel Harvey's assertions, to reject foreign influences in the *Calender*: "I find no certain trace of Theocritus, and hardly more of Vergil than Spenser might have learned without reference to the original. He has neither the power and variety of the Greek idyllist, nor the exquisitiveness of phrase, the

[1246]Ibid., p. xxii.
[1247]Ibid., p. xxiii.
[1248]Ibid., p. xxiv.
[1249]Ibid., p. xxv.
[1250]Ibid., p. xxvii.
[1251]Ibid., p. xxviii.

underlying passion, the magical charm of the Roman."[1252] Nor are signs of Petrarch and Sanazzaro to be found anywhere but in the sonnets. Without striking independence Palgrave concludes that the *Calender* is "in the main a thoroughly original work, imbued much more with an English than with a Renaissance spirit, and in its tone and its details derived in due course from our own poetry, not from those foreign sources, ancient and modern, to which E. K., in the fashion of the day, thought it seemly to trace his friend's inspiration."[1253] Palgrave grants that Chaucer's "general influence, doubtless, was the most powerful element (so far as such influences are traceable) in forming the disciple," but adds that Chaucer's "inspiration is influential rather over the general manner of Spenser than his style, choice of subject, or quality of thought."[1254] The influence of other contemporaries, such as Sackville, is likewise rejected. And in a less out-of-hand manner the influence of Sidney, whose verse has a "simple power of appeal to human feeling, which is, perhaps, the one quality notably lacking in his great contemporary,"[1255] is questioned. It is obvious that Palgrave is not so much interested in finding influences as in recreating the contemporary scene, the group around Spenser in his youth, as it were. And considering his own hobbyhorses it may not be surprising that he concludes with a special treatment, once again, of another of those artists "to whom Fame has been singularly unjust," Thomas Watson, in whom he finds no traces of Spenser or Sidney but "in force of passionate feeling and in earnest sincerity of style [whose] singular sonnets form a true link between Surrey, Sidney, and Shakespeare."[1256]

The next section of the Introduction consists of compact observations, each usually about one or two pages long, on each of the months of the *Calender*. They are, in essence, Palgrave's personal rendition of what E. K.'s glosses might well have been, for, as Palgrave makes immediately clear in his comments on "Januarie":

On E. K's glosses we may remark here, once for all, that although we must be grateful to them for a few hints and explanations of value, and here and there for

[1252]Ibid., p. xxx.
[1253]Ibid., p. xxxi.
[1254]Ibid., p. xxxii.
[1255]Ibid., p. xxxv.
[1256]Ibid., p. xli.

curious illustrations of contemporary thought, yet their pedantry and conceit, their heavy style and affectation of mystery, render it singular that the poet should have (as one must suppose) sanctioned the appearance of his first book with so unpoetical an accompaniment.[1257]

Furthermore, Palgrave hardly ever mentions E. K.'s classification of the eclogues as Plaintive, Recreative, and Moral; nor does he even attempt a comprehensive interpretation. His observations are personal, casual, and scattered. In the "Januarie,"[1258] for example, he begins with the identification of "a true pastoral, wherein Colin (identified with Spenser in E. K's *Epistle*), complains of the scorn and cruelty of his mistress Rosalind, and expresses indifference to the love-suit of his fellow-shepherd Hobbinal," proceeds with a reminder of the Greek or Roman bucolic, goes on to remark that E. K.'s gloss on September which identifies Hobbinal with Spenser's friend Harvey shows "at once how little reliance can be placed on the relation between fact and fancy in Spenser's personal allusions"; notes Spenser's "attractive fluency, his equable quality of poetic style, his harmony of diction," and the traditional elements of the pastoral love-complaint, but complains that the "notice of *Daffadillies* as the ornament of summer in its prime ... would not have fallen from a poet who had his eye closely on natural fact" and that the *embleme* or motto is inappropriate to the poem, "which nowhere suggests any ground for hope" and "seems only a poetical ornament added in obedience to a reigning literary custom"; and then concludes with the critical estimation of E. K.'s—the Scholiast's—glosses. This kind of compact shorthand commentary—remarks on the content of each month, on the continuing narrative, on poetic technique, on possible sources or echoes, on the reception by contemporaries, on the progress of English poetry,[1259] on the fulsomeness of the flattery of Elizabeth,[1260] on the conflict between "Protestant and Catholique pastures,"[1261] on Spenser's "peculiar vein of theological satire,"[1262] on the "curiously twofold aspect in

[1257]Ibid., p. xliii.
[1258]Ibid., pp. lxii-lxiii.
[1259]Ibid., p. xlv.
[1260]Ibid., p. xlvi.
[1261]Ibid., p. xlvii.
[1262]Ibid., pp. l-li.

which Spenser throughout his life presents himself;—at once as a man anxious for notice and reward, and as a poet with a passion for his art more ideal, more enthusiastic, than his fellows"[1263]—is difficult to summarize. Suffice it to say that it is Palgrave at the top of his powers, comfortable and confident—informed to the point of being opinionated, secure to the point of domination.

And it is in this lovingly critical manner, *mutatis mutandis*, that Palgrave captures the entire lyrical poetry of Spenser. In the remaining forty pages Palgrave discusses the *Complaints* (lx-lxxvi), *Daphnaida* (lxxvi-lxxviii), *Colin Clout* (lxxix-lxxxvii), *Amoretti* (lxxxvii-xcii), *Poems* (xciii-xcvi), *Fowre Hymnes* (cxvii-c), *Prothalamion* (ci), and *Astrophel* (ci-cvi). Despite the limitation of space he is able to display further his commanding literary historical orientation, his independent judgment, and his unwavering sensibility. Among numerous illustrations is the opening of the treatment of the *Teares of the Muses*:

We have here one of those pieces in which Spenser's fluent melody and golden wreath of words, his endless variety of literary resource, his style which never slackens the movement or falls below itself, are far more noticeable and important than the long-drawn-out substance of the poem; which, if these Complaints be taken as literally true, would paint rather an age of barbarism and decay than the great years of Elizabeth's supremacy. However strongly we may suspect that the glory and genius of those years have, in popular estimate, been allowed to atone for or to conceal inward rottenness,—however defective ... our evidence for the inner history of the Elizabethan age,—it is yet impossible to accept this sunless and lightless picture,—even if, as has been conjectured, its composition should be held some years anterior to its publication,—as genuine portraiture. Rather, despite Spenser's own authentication of the poem in his letter to Lady Strange, would we wish to regard it as a fancy piece, a musical iteration of conventional complaint on the degeneracy of the present time. If taken otherwise, how little insight, how much unreasonable querulosity, must we not assign to Spenser?[1264]

Or his estimate of the Rosalind allusions in *Colin Clout*:

Spenser's allegories and allusions are like the famous mythes of Greece and Rome. One sees dimly certain underlying realities; but there is no test by which to dissever

[1263]Ibid., p. lv.
[1264]Ibid., pp. lxiii-lxiv.

them from the poetical mist in which they are embodied and transfigured. Hence it is with much diffidence that I suggest a meaning to the Rosalind allusions in this and in his later poems. But we may reasonably infer that the name had long since become a conventional figure for the lady-love almost inevitable to a poet, and that he here—probably in the brink of marriage with his Elizabeth,—in this graceful manner either dismisses Rosalind from the sphere of his own poetry, or (as Dean Church argues) speaks of he lady of the Sonnets under the name of the lady of the *Calendar*.[1265]

Or the confidence with which he assesses *Astrophel*:

None of Spenser's poems, I apprehend, so completely and so unexpectedly disappoints a reader as this. None, if we except a few trifles, is so devoid of his lovely touches, of his prevalent beauty and picturesqueness. It is not indeed the only one ... which, in is judgment of character and expression of personal feeling, falls below its subject: but no other falls below so deeply. And after we have made all reasonable conjectural excuses for this failure, (which is certainly not chargeable to any decline of poetical power in the author of the same yer's *Epithalamion*,) a suspicion remains that the friendship between Sidney and Spenser either never overpassed the bounds of patronage given and received or that intimacy was broken off at an early date in Spenser's career.[1266]

The recurrence of "reasonable" in these excerpts is not exceptional, for Palgrave considered it an indispensable element of this critical vocabulary.

Palgrave's last edition of an author was *Glen Desseray and Other Poems, Lyrical and Elegiac*,[1267] the works of John Campbell Shairp. Although also published by Macmillan, it was not one of the Golden Treasury Series. But it is immediately clear from the opening sentence of the Preface that its motivation and mechanics, personal and professional, are characteristic of those memoirs *qua* memorials which govern all such Palgrave editions: "In carrying out the labour of love entrusted to me by those most nearly connected with this much honoured and regretted Friend, my wish has been to present such a selection from his published and manuscript verse as shall do justice to one of the most sincere and high-minded poets of our century."[1268] Like Clough, Shairp was also a Balliol acquaintance. Like

[1265]Ibid., p. lxxxvi.
[1266]Ibid., pp. cii-ciii.
[1267](London, 1888).
[1268]Ibid., p. vii.

Scott's, Shairp's Scots environment and thematic had an attraction for Palgrave, who is identified on the title-page as LL.D. Edinburgh and not Professor of Poetry in Oxford, which title is reserved for Shairp, his predecessor, who had died in 1885. Personal affection and professional admiration are also evident in Palgrave's honorific adjectives "sincere" and "high-minded" and his adoption of Matthew Arnold's *distinction* to describe the quality of Shairp's poetry, for Palgrave high praise, "the note of a pure, refined, modest originality." And as was the case of Clough, Wordsworth, Scott, Herrick, and even Keats, Palgrave's attempt is to preserve Shairp's reputation, for "nothing, as the verdict of Time constantly but vainly proves, is more insecure than contemporary judgments upon contemporary work in art and literature." The editorial procedures of this affectionately labelled "garland" are also recognizable. A selection "from the silent treasury of the dead ... of which pieces might have seemed to the writer worthy preservation" is, as always, "difficult," leading Palgrave "to follow the only safe rule—admit such poems alone as fairly seem on the level with the poet's best work."[1269] The choice, as always, is left to Palgrave's judgment, as is the "sweeping-in the rejected fragments of the artist's studio, and irreverently alloying with inferior ore the pure gold of genius." Typical too is Palgrave's ready acceptance of a fixed text—"selected either from the papers in the hands of his family, or from pieces which have hitherto had only a magazine publication. These ... regarded as bearing, on the whole, the seal of Shairp's approval"[1270]—and his omission, without identification, of "a very few lines" from manuscript sources. Unclear too is Palgrave's exact role in the matter of the glossarial and illustrative notes, for he admits that he is "mainly indebted" to the Rev. T. Simon, Minister of Glengarry, and to Mr. Bayne of Helensburgh. Since most of the notes explain Gaelic expressions and place names, and since "the narrative of Principal Shairp's life is in other and more competent hands,"[1271] it is likely that Palgrave's principal contribution, as in his anthologies, was the selection, the arrangement—Lyrics of Highland Life and Landscape, Lowland Lyrics, Character Pieces, and Varia—and the prefatory remarks in which "it

[1269]Ibid., p. viii.
[1270]Ibid., p. ix.
[1271]Ibid., p. x.

remains for [him] now only to offer some brief words on the aim, and character of these poems, on their sentiment and style."

Since Palgrave does this without quoting a line of Shairp's poetry it is inevitable that there will be outlines of plots, such as that of "Glen Desseray," dotted with brief approving remarks, such as the Highland scenes being "put before us with such vividness, such charm, such inner truth"[1272] or "throughout is felt one intense fervour of interest in the land of the Gael and its romantic natives; one pure and lofty passion of patriotism." Palgrave's treatment of the "description of nature [that] forms a large portion of Shairp's work" is mainly an application of his standard view, "that eternal aesthetic canon of *appropriateness*, which demands that each of the Fine Arts shall render its subject solely through the method peculiar to itself"—in short, that Shairp's "landscape is indicated by brief characteristic features, calling up in successive clear images before the mind; but there is little realistic detail, no attempt at 'word-painting' for its own sake."[1273] To amplify this position Palgrave compares landscape in Shairp and Wordsworth—the "wildness, the vast *loca pastorum deserta* ... the glory touched with gloom of the Highland world" and the "finished beauty" of the English Lake District.[1274] In the one, Palgrave quotes from an essay by Shairp on Keble: "their [deserts, mountains] strength and permanence so contrast with man—of few years and full of trouble; they are so indifferent to his feelings or his destiny."[1275] The other receives more extensive treatment: the "sympathy between the outer world and the inner world of man, the echo and the lessons with which the landscape almost consciously responds to the human heart ... are the central ideas and convictions of his soul."[1276] As for Shairp's "own feeling for nature, his own deep and large-hearted religious faith,"[1277] Palgrave names only poems in which it is found. And, although praising Shairp's songs for "their true individuality," Palgrave nevertheless "regrets" that they do not have "that flash and movement of life wherein

[1272]Ibid., p. xii.
[1273]Ibid., p. xiii.
[1274]Ibid., pp. xiii-xvi.
[1275]Ibid., p. xiv.
[1276]Ibid., pp. xiv-xv.
[1277]Ibid., p. xvi.

Scott is well-nigh alone amongst our nineteenth-century poets."[1278] And, although "rank[ing]" Shairp "in the great army—the greater army (I should venture to call it),—of 'objective poets',"[1279] he finds Shairp's ballad-verses "display a measure of Scott's Homeric simplicity and downright current of narration; a truly Greek abstinence from decoration for decoration's sake."[1280] This tendency to compare Shairp with others who apparently are superior may not be Palgrave's intention, nor does his remark that in the "higher mood" of the poems at the close of the book Shairp "had often before his mind the words or writings of our highly loved and admired Arthur Clough,"[1281] nor, of Shairp's *Highland Students*, that Wordsworth's "magnificent *Michael* must, indeed, have been in his mind when he framed these clear-cut and tender memorials."[1282] Palgrave's "but the disciple was worthy of the master" is honest and realistic. And the feeling is that he is running out of steam. There follow another long quotation from one of Shairp's Oxford lectures on the more or less standard "qualities which ... were central to Poetry,"[1283] an almost *de rigueur* mention of Shairp's "little lapses,"[1284] and the traditional Palgravian concluding orchestration, quotations from Shakespeare, Dante, and Petrarch.[1285]

4.

Palgrave's interest in poetry was of course inseparable from his interest in poets. His attempt to select the best poems in his anthologies and editions, the best or most representative for his surveys, is mirrored in his focus on the lives and aims of leading poets. But his interest in poets was not restricted to the indisputably great ones. His devotion to the Fine Arts, in visual arts and literature, was so intense and his desire to support artists so great that he took it upon himself to help restore the reputations of poets which had declined, to rescue from oblivion poets who had been

[1278]Ibid., pp. xvi-xviii.
[1279]Ibid., p. xvii.
[1280]Ibid., p. xviii
[1281]Ibid.
[1282]Ibid., p. xix.
[1283]Ibid., p. xx.
[1284]Ibid., p. xxi.
[1285]Ibid., pp. xxi-xxii.

neglected or mistreated, and to make known new and promising ones. That the third series of his lectures as Professor of Poetry was entitled "Upon Certain Recent English Poets, Deceased, Who Have Failed to Obtain Due Honour," to be delivered on 23 November 1894, just three years before his death, is a culmination of his personal disposition and lifetime efforts that range from prefaces in his editions to his support of inexpensive reprints. They find expression as well in articles on specific poets in journals and reference works, and reviews of lives of poets.

In the first sentence of a long review of Edward Arber's 1870 reprint of the poems of Thomas Watson,[1286] Palgrave states a premise immediately: "Generally just as the world's verdict is upon an artist, when time enough for maturing its judgment had gone by, there are cases where, through accidents of various nature, this verdict may require revisal. One of these accidents is the simple material limitation or scarcity of a man's work"[1287]—a gap affecting the fame of painters like Duccio and Angelico, the ancient poet Archilochus, not to mention the fate of some Elizabethan dramatists. In this respect Palgrave has words of praise for Arber, one of a "small and honourable band," whose "zeal ... rewarded only by the gratitude of those who love poetry, reprinted some unique copy for the benefit of the present generation."[1288] But the reprint of Thomas Watson's poetry is the occasion for Palgrave not merely to rescue Watson's work from the "accident" of scarcity but to resurrect Watson and "claim for him a place in the first rank of the Elizabethan 'Amourists'," Shakespeare, always and in every circumstances exceptional, being here excepted."[1289] More specifically, he will set out "to place Watson's sonnets above Spenser's," disagreeing with Arber, who would rank him "next to Spenser." Following the practice of his editions, Palgrave relies on Arber for the particulars of Watson's life and career,[1290] stressing his classical education and the fact that Watson, "though several times placed with the best poets of his time during his life or shortly after, soon was forgotten."[1291] And following his wonted tendency to place a

[1286]*North American Review* 114:1 (January 1872), 87-110.
[1287]Ibid., p. 87.
[1288]Ibid., p. 88.
[1289]Ibid., p. 89.
[1290]Ibid., pp. 89-91.
[1291]Ibid., p., 90.

poet or a work within a certain tradition, Palgrave prefaces his analysis of the "Hecatompathia" with an outline of the three stages in the development of the lyric—from the "great movement of Aeolian and Ionic minstrelsy" to the "outburst ... [in] the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, in Provence, in Sicily, in Italy, in Swabia," to the third "lyrical outburst which ... began in Germany a hundred years ago, under the ill-chosen name 'Romantic,' warmed the academic muse of France to a fervor and a spontaneity hitherto hardly displayed, but reached ... its highest and most exquisite development in our own poets, from Scott to Tennyson"[1292]—and, given its historical position, the last period of the Renaissance, the influence of "three great powers ... the spirit of Greece and Rome, the spirit of theological reformation, the spirit of physical science."[1293]

After this resounding prologue Palgrave's treatment of the hundred "passions," the "Hecompathia," consists mainly of surface details, such as the fact that each poem is preceded by a little preface, one of which is quotes in full as a specimen of Watson's "simple style"; that with a few exceptions, each piece consists of three six-line stanzas[1294]; that this "metrical system ... escapes the hard constructions or forced rhymes almost inseparable from the (English) sonnet proper"[1295]; that in one piece Watson "handled his Venus invocation ... with much grace and tenderness"[1296]; that in another "we have here the qualities which mark Spenser's long series of sonnets,—facile fluency, with a certain thinness of feeling and thought; we are sensible of the 'feigned fire'"[1297]; and, after another full quotation, that "the 'saints' and 'sir' here, with the simple plain-spoken phrases about the feast of the gods, belong to the first stage of the English Renaissance; they have a tinge of medievalism, like the Gothic details which one sees in the Anglo-Italian architecture of the time."[1298] Palgrave's view of the posthumous "Tears of Fancy" admits of a difference in tone and, though sensing a relationship to the personal

[1292]Ibid., pp. 91-2.
[1293]Ibid., p. 93.
[1294]Ibid., p. 95.
[1295]Ibid., p. 96.
[1296]Ibid., p. 97.
[1297]Ibid., p. 98.
[1298]Ibid., p. 99.

details of Watson's life but unable to identify them, nevertheless concludes that "we know no complete series (unless Shakespeare's be the exception) of a more uniform sadness ... the strange, unmistakable, irresistible note of true passion."[1299] Noting in the only preface, quoted in full, the "graceful dignity of march, the increased simplicity of style, even the use of double rhymes," leads Palgrave to sense the influence of Watson's friend Sidney and, to support his view, quote a sonnet and song of Sidney's.[1300] After quoting in full some eight sonnets[1301] to illustrate Watson's style and then to account for the "*dissimilarity*" [of the "Tears of Fancy" and the "Hecompathia"] "which is precisely what would occur in the natural development of a genius and a temperament like Watson's, as he passed from boyhood to manhood; from the sweet fancies of youth, melancholy for fashion's sake, to the sadder yet sweeter passion of real life."[1302] Finally, after a brief discourse on the "enlarg[ing] of the lyrical style by English poets,[1303] Palgrave simply ranks Watson "below Sidney, but above Spenser," with the hope "that the specimens here given may carry the reader with us in this conclusion."[1304]

Palgrave interpolated into the first series of his Oxford lectures on "Poetry Compared with the Other Fine Arts" a lecture entitled "William Barnes and His Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect,"[1305] held in the Theatre of the Museum in Oxford on 11 November 1886. It was prompted by the death of Barnes on 7 October. Although there had been an occasional correspondence Palgrave had met Barnes only once, but described "this most interesting half-hour" in his journal entry for 2 October 1885 as one "I shall remember all my life,"[1306] two years later attended the funeral of Barnes, "that true poet and admirable man ... a loss to us both as a man and a friend," at which "no public notice had been given, and there were but a hundred and fifty present, including

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[1299]Ibid., p. 101.
[1300]Ibid., pp. 102-3.
[1301]Ibid., pp. 103-7.
[1302]Ibid., pp. 107-8.
[1303]Ibid., pp. 108-9.
[1304]Ibid., p. 109.
[1305]*National Review* 8:48 (February 1887), 818-39.
[1306]In Gwenllian, pp. 185-6.

school-children,"[1307] and in the *Second Series* of the *Golden Treasury* (1897) included poems by Barnes, although, as his daughter reported, "he was himself fully aware that these predilections would bring much adverse criticism, but the poetry of O'Shaughnessy and Barnes occupied so high a place in his admiration that he could not with satisfaction and truth to himself omit any of the specimens given."[1308] Palgrave's motivation should be clear enough from these observations: his personal and professional admiration of man and poet, his willingness to defend his views against predictably hostile criticism, and, in his notice of the "but a hundred and fifty present" at the funeral, his desire that Barnes be recognized and his lasting reputation be assured. Not immediately apparent, but perhaps the major element of his memorial, is Palgrave's reiteration of the kind of poetry he most passionately advocates. And his reciting of so many long passages of Barnes's poems, making the occasion as much a reading as a lecture, is a sure sign of affection, engagement, and celebration.

Palgrave regards Barnes as the "true idyllist," who "paints rural life with a width of range, with a variety of human interests, unsurpassed by any Pastoralist known to me; yet, at the same time, he retains himself within it limits with unerring accuracy ... No pastoral poetry is more uniformly and delightfully sincere, fresher from homely life, more untouched by literary or imitative infusion."[1309] In his customary fashion, Palgrave sets off Barnes by negatives: "In all his work there is no allegory of his own life, as in Vergil; no intrusive 'scrannel' note of theological bigotry, as in Lycidas; no bucolic disguise, as in the *Aminta* and the *Shepherd's Calendar* .... he had but one ultimate aim ... to give, pure, high, and lasting pleasure; to enlarge his own country folks' stock of healthy happiness ... simplicity, beauty, humility, are his unfailing notes."[1310] To give some idea of Barnes's "wealth," Palgrave recites in full "Blackmwore Maidens,"[1311] describes "Gwain to Brookwell," and, among others, such other scenes as the village Sparrow feast with the "Gainsborough-like picture of an old-fashioned squire" and, in another, of Tom, "a 'leaguer,'

[1307] Ibid., p. 202.
[1308] Ibid., pp. 258-9.
[1309] "Barnes," p. 819.
[1310] Ibid., p. 820.
[1311] Ibid., pp. 821-2.

a socialist of some sort ... his theories ... overwhelm[ed] at last with a racy fable."[1312] To the broad features of "sincerity, simplicity, unity" he has derived from the descriptions, Palgrave stresses the "peculiar attitude of the poet," which he terms "an attitude of reserve; of disinterestedness; an entire absence of egotism. He himself is hardly seen in the long gallery of his creations; like Shakespeare, he is felt only as the combining and creating human spirit. As in Homer, everything is shown to us by external, sensible images, by putting the scene in immediate simplicity before us. Poetry of this kind calls forth our thoughts in place of directly suggesting thoughts to us ... To put it in one word, this is objective poetry, in a singularly pure and perfect form."[1313] To those who know Palgrave this is an expression of his favored Hellenism, and he is only too aware of its opponents—"in a word," his customary signal of finality, "those who are simply led captive and enslaved by the dominant fashions of the age; to all such, Barnes will seem an anachronism, an Elizabethan, like Herrick or Keats, born out of his proper century."[1314]

That objectivity is found in Barnes's conception of nature "as a sort of unconscious reflex of human life," and an "echo so close and dear to the rural poet's mind, that the landscape is always intertwined in his verse with its dominant human interests." Palgrave's use of Barnes's own expressive phrase is but a mirror of his own: "he sees and paints the landscape not only with eye-sight, but with mind-sight."[1315] To illustrate this "constant interfusion of the human life" Palgrave cites "Jeäne" and "Zummer"[1316]; to illustrate Barnes's "sympathetic reverence for the past," the pictures of the cottage home, he quotes a song of village love-making, "My Love is Good."[1317] After numerous further descriptions, citations, and quotations to illustrate all the features of rural life, Palgrave concentrates on the gift in which Barnes excels, pathetic delineation, by which the poet, "in the simpler style prevalent of old—the best examples of which are found in Homer—relies wholly upon his clear setting forth of the situation, on the

[1312]Ibid., p. 822.
[1313]Ibid., p. 824.
[1314]Ibid., p. 825.
[1315]Ibid.
[1316]Ibid., pp. 828-9.
[1317]Ibid., pp. 827-8.

unadorned translucency with which he renders the scene."[1318] Instead of quoting "two or three specimens, the beauty of which will need little comment from [him]," he quotes in full four: "The Wife A-Lost," "Readen ov a Headstone," "The Turnstile," and "Woak Hill."[1319] Palgrave interrupts his recitations briefly to mention Barnes's technical characteristics: "pitching all his poems in the key appropriate to his own country-folk, he writes for the most part in a familiar, short, iambic metre, well known from the time of its Hellenic invertors, as the nearest to common speech. This he saves from monotony by his singularly perfect and singularly unaffected system of rhymes ... His refrain commonly echoes the metre, in a softer, more delicate tone, with an effect like what is termed in music the 'perfect cadence'."[1320] After naming poems which illustrate these elements, Palgrave returns to reciting poems with such topics as friendship ("Don't Ceäre") and the battle of right and wrong ("Withstanders"), and such as display humor ("The Shy Man") and "Shakespearean charm" ("Zummer an' Winter").[1321]

Palgrave grants that Barnes's "plain, ancient, objective manner" is not popular in a modern culture, "widening more than deepening."[1322] Yet for him this very objective stance "has in itself certain sure signs of duration. The special thoughts, likings, struggles, problems of every age, in their very essence, are transitory. The fashion of the world changes. The decorations and colours of the day please no longer. *Qui nunc amavit, cras non amat*."[1323] Palgrave's position is what it has always been: "But, if his gift be true, permanency will always be with the poet whose song is of the elementary thoughts and passions of man, the things that have been, and will be again; it will be, above all, with him who writes with his eye on the object, not on himself." This is vintage Palgrave, and applicable to all the fine arts, as evident in his likening the general difference of the two styles, objective and subjective, to the difference between a work of sculpture and a work of painting—"between marble in its colourless eternity, and the too-fleeting rainbow of the canvas." Palgrave's celebration of Barnes

[1318]Ibid., p. 830.
[1319]Ibid., pp. 830-3.
[1320]Ibid., p. 833.
[1321]Ibid., pp. 834-7.
[1322]Ibid., p. 837.
[1323]Ibid., p. 838.

is a reiteration and confirmation of the view of art he had advocated from the very beginning of his career.

Palgrave found another ally—a platform, as it were—in the Welsh poet Henry Vaughan, who some feel may have been one of the poets "who have failed to gain due honour" in the third series of the Oxford lectures.[1324] An "occasional" lecture, "Henry Vaughan (1622-1695) of Brecon. Some Notes on His Life and Characteristics as a Poet of Welsh Descent" was announced in the *Oxford Gazette* to be delivered on 29 May 1891. It was delivered as well before the Welsh Cymmodorion Society on 27 May 1891 and published in the following year.[1325] Vaughan had been represented in the *Golden Treasury* of 1861 by one poem ("The Retreat"), by another ("I saw eternity") in the second edition of 1884, and a third ("They are all gone") in the fourth edition of 1891. Very early on, Palgrave found special praise for "The Retreat": in a note in the *Treasury* he remarked, "These beautiful verses should be compared with Wordsworth's great Ode [on Intimations of Immortality].—In imaginative intensity, Vaughan stands beside his contemporary Marvell." In his *Treasury of Sacred Song* (1889), his daughter reports, "much prominence is given to the verse of Henry Vaughan—a poet whom my father held in high estimation, and whose work he deemed unfamiliar to too many."[1326] Although it is difficult to understand "much prominence" since only two poems—"The Retreat" and "They are all gone"—are included in the volume, Palgrave's "high estimation" of Vaughan is indisputable. Some of the reasons may already be apparent: the attractiveness of rural or dialect poetry with its close contact to nature, its honest unaffectedness, its simplicity and sincerity—features Palgrave had highlighted in his discussions of such poets as Wordsworth, Scott, Burns, and Barnes. As he had recited and annotated some instances of Dorset dialect in his lecture on Barnes, so did he do so for the Welsh of Vaughan. That Vaughan was "deemed unfamiliar to too many" is surely reason enough for him to join Palgrave's ranks of neglected artists. That Palgrave himself a writer of

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[1324]This view is fairly unlikely since the full title of the lecture to be delivered on 23 November 1894 was, according to the *Oxford Gazette* of 16 October 1894, "Upon Certain Recent English Poets, Deceased, Who Have Failed to Obtain Due Honour."

[1325]*Y Cymmodor* 11 (May 1892), 190-223.

[1326]Gwenllian, p. 212.

hymns found a kindred spirit in Vaughan is still another reason for his interest in Vaughan. And of course from early boyhood on he visited Wales frequently. In fact, as his daughter notes:

> My father was an exceptional instance of an Englishman who both read and spoke the Welsh language with considerable fluency. He was greatly interested in the ancient history of the country, and he was an enthusiastic member of the Honourable Society of Cymmodorion. The love of Wales and care for her welfare led him to take an active interest in the Welsh colony in London, and he liberally contributed to their Church and institutions maintained for the benefit of the Welsh poor.[1327]

In his journal entry for September 1883 Palgrave wrote from Nevin in north Wales, "the wildest and most primitive place we have ever stayed in," that he "took the children [among them his appropriately named daughter Gwenllian] to the Welsh service on Sunday evening, as they, with Cis [his wife Cecil], have fairly mastered the language."[1328]

Like his memorial to Barnes, Palgrave's lecture is as much a reading as an academic exercise. Given the occasion, the audience, and his own increasing propensity as Professor of Poetry to recitation, it is hardly surprising that the many poems read in English and Welsh, accompanied by brief remarks on their distinctiveness or beauty, should be dominant, a fair complement to his opening references to the integrity of the Welsh heritage and tradition and his framing discussion of the nature of the Welsh or Cymric genius. Taking up Matthew Arnold's definition of *sentiment* as the "best single term to mark the Celtic nature"—"An organization quick to find impressions, and feeling them very strongly; a lively personality, therefore keenly sensitive to joy and to sorrow"[1329]—but wise enough to distinguish it from an apparent similarity with the Greeks, whose sensibility was "accompanied by the stronger, the most pervading,

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[1327]Ibid., p. 172. An instance of his interest is his letter to the *Academy* 26:644 (6 September 1884), 152-3, in which he dissents from Archibald Sayce's "vein of speculation" about King Arthur and calls for convincing ground to "aid in solving the amazing difference between the historical Arthur of the sixth century and the romantic Arthur of the twelfth."

[1328]Ibid., p. 178.

[1329]"Vaughan," p. 192. Palgrave quotes from Arnold's lectures *On the Study of Celtic Literature* (1867), p. 100.

sense of form and measure in poetry and the other fine arts,"[1330] and to take into account the "different historical careers of Greece and Wales," Palgrave nevertheless accepts "this predominant emotion" as distinguishing Donne, Herbert, and Vaughan: "Their writing has passion, a full tide of sentiment, which contrasts most curiously with the general tone of purely English literature during the seventeenth century." As was his wont, Palgrave briefly outlines a literary historical frame by which to assess Welsh and English poetry:

> Intellect, reasoned rendering of human nature, rather than emotion, is indeed the quality which throughout English poetry, from and before Chaucer onward, is apt to hold the place we have assigned to sentiment in Celtic; whence a predominant fault in English writers is a too frequent readiness to become simply didactic, to sacrifice poetical art to practical purpose. In the seventeenth century this intellectual English bias ... was cultivated to excess; even Milton is not free from it ... it took the form of subtle ingenuity in words, and in thoughts even more than in words; what are called conceits or fancies became so engrossing as to have practically ruined the work of many men of true genius.[1331]

Although admitting that the poetry of Donne and Herbert is "itself thoroughly pervaded by these forced, over-ingenious turns of thought and language," Palgrave is nevertheless convinced that "their fancies, unlike the mere intellectual conceits of their English contemporaries, are throughout inspired by depth of sentiment."[1332] Thus "despite their language," Palgrave detects the "strong working of the Welsh blood within them" and places them "amongst the glories of Cymric poetry."[1333] All this in order frame his treatment of Henry Vaughan, "the poet to whom not only sensibility but other equally remarkable qualities are conspicuous."

After the obligatory details of the family and life of Vaughan, Palgrave cites poems to illustrate Vaughan's sensibility. Representative of his method of not so much defining as assessing is his assertion that, in such lyrics as "To Etesia" and "Etesia Absent," "If he has not the finish, the

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[1330]Ibid., p. 193.
[1331]Ibid.
[1332]Ibid., pp. 193-4.
[1333]Ibid., p. 194.

airy touch of Herrick or Carew, he has a deeper sentiment, a more imaginative faculty: fancies doubtless, but heart-fancies."[1334] Equally representative of his certain proneness to unproved or inconclusive conclusions, such as the "obvious fact that Vaughan was decidedly more richly gifted with true imagination—always the essential and governing gift of the poet—than Herbert,"[1335] followed by a string of what is rather opinion than evidence: "And with this deeper insight and faculty follows his inheritance in that other noble quality which Matthew Arnold finds especially in the Celtic race, and which he defines as a peculiarly quick perception of the charm of Nature, of the more delicate beauty, the inner meaning of the wild free landscape, especially in its relations to man and the human soul,—the correspondence and harmony of the visible world with the invisible." Thus by bounds and leaps, as it were, Palgrave arrives at his favorite theme and is quick to conclude or, as he says, "indeed safe to affirm, that of all our poets until we reach Wordsworth, including here Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton, Vaughan affords decidedly the most varied and the most delicate pictures from Nature" ... that "he looked upon the landscape both in its fine details and in its larger, and, as they might be called, its cosmic aspects, with an insight, an imaginative penetration, not rivalled until our century." And, in an inflection of his wont to admit weaknesses and to be concerned about neglect, Palgrave hopes to show "lastly, that [Vaughan] has carried out the idea of a certain correspondence between the outer world and the human soul with a subtle skill;—which, perhaps, often betrays him into a certain obscurity, whence in some degree the little study of his work has received may be derived."[1336] The proof lies in the poems, of which Palgrave quotes with approving comment and such conclusions as "It is upon Vaughan's special gifts that he is by far or most noteworthy poet of Nature in the centuries before Wordsworth"[1337] and, quoting "I saw Eternity the other night," "I hardly know where, in literature, to look for its equal."[1338] Not unexpected is his climax, his reciting of "They are all gone into the world of light."[1339]

[1334]Ibid., p. 206.
[1335]Ibid., p. 209.
[1336]Ibid.
[1337]Ibid., p. 218.
[1338]Ibid., pp. 218-19.
[1339]Ibid., pp. 220-1.

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Palgrave continued his interest in the lives and works of poets in other ways. For *Chambers's Cyclopaedia of English Literature* he wrote workmanlike entries on Keats, Sidney, Tennyson, Charles Tennyson Turner, and Wordsworth,[1340] which, however, are of some interest not so much for the story, so to speak, as for the sentiment. He also produced lengthy reviews of lives of poets and artists. And over the years he was a lively correspondent on current literary topics in various journals.

Palgrave's sketch of Keats (dated by him May 1890), which he admits as having been "much ... derived from the Lives of Keats, each excellent in its own way, by Lord Houghton and Mr Sidney Colvin,"[1341] is a fitting complement to his edition in the Golden Treasury Series. For one thing it supplies the factual details of Keats's life—dates, places, works—required in a cyclopaedia. For another, it amplifies and attempts to correct misinterpretations of the character of Keats: to the fairly well-established portrait: "Manliness, magnanimity, unselfishness, force of human affection, chivalry to woman—are the dominant notes of his nature"[1342] Palgrave adds, "Keats was no sensualist, as has been erroneously reported; no vague idealist; for the first too unselfish,—too clear-headed for the latter: and from perversity, instability, and self-conceit singularly free." For still another, it adds to the questionable influence he had already mentioned of such early friends as Hunt, Haydon, and Hazlitt, the relationship to Shelley, "whose names have been united through *Adonais*"[1343]: "The two men were in fact, (generally speaking), antagonistic in nature, principles, conduct, and ruling ideas upon that art in which both

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[1340]The texts in the form of proof sheets are found in the fourth volume of [Miscellaneous Essays] British Library, shelfmark 012274.ee.1. References are to the pasted columns in their order of appearance.

[1341]"Keats," [col. 4].

[1342]Ibid., [col. 2].

[1343]Ibid., [col. 1]. In a reply to the "good-natured reviewer" in the *Athenaeum* of 24 January 1891, Palgrave (*Athenaeum*, 3301 [31 January 1891], 152), rejected the assertion that he was "going out of [his] way to sneer at Hazlitt and Haydon" by asserting that "neither fulfilled their early promises in art and in literature, and that certain patent defects alloyed the finer elements of their character and conduct," albeit conceding that they "played an active part among the society around Keats throughout his short life."

were so richly gifted: and hence familiarity, on the part of Keats, now and later, was impossible." And he supplies the stronger influences: "Others of less note, Reynolds, Dilke, Armitage, Brown, were more to Keats: but above all his intense unwavering affectionateness, (one of several points in which he resembles Catullus), placed his two brothers and sister by far highest in value." Furthermore it affords Palgrave the opportunity of stressing Keats's, and his own, "grasp[ing] the true idea of poetry under its main heads, the interpretation of nature and of humanity,—both always subordinate to beauty in sound, words, and form" and thus that "it was in such wise that Keats, like Sophocles and Pindar, Vergil and Milton, consciously or not, regarded poetry."[1344] Not only was Keats thus placed among those in the pantheon of Palgrave's cherished Hellas but also in the company of those artists whose personal problems elicited his deepest sympathy."Poverty, bodily decline, and above all his own intensely loving heart, morbidly anxious, gradually changed what should have been support to agony. Yet Keats struggled bravely."[1345]

Dated January 1892, Palgrave's sketch of Philip Sidney is also a platform for some of his favorite themes. Albeit half is devoted mainly to the events of what Palgrave considers Sidney's "wasted" political life, he manages to insert his approval of Sidney's character by noting some of those features he has found in such different personalities as Keats and Scott: "His unselfish chivalrous nature ... bold at once and tender."[1346] In dealing with Sidney's prose, Palgrave is able to inject principles which he deems common to all the forms of the fine arts. Thus he finds the "main value" of the *Arcadia* may "perhaps lay in this, that here Englishmen found their earliest model for sweet, continuous, rhythmical prose—for the prose of art."[1347] And in the *Apology for Poetry* he detects in Sidney's definition of poetry, "after Aristotle," a mirror of his own: "Ideal Imitation, and for her claims her ancient place as the highest mode of literature, teaching mankind the most important truths through the medium of that pleasure which is the formal end of all fine art." But it was love—Palgrave's immediate humanizing ingredient—that moved him to

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[1344]Ibid., [col. 2].
[1345]Ibid., [col. 3].
[1346]"Sidney," [col. 1].
[1347]Ibid., [col. 3].

create the 108 sonnets and eleven songs of the *Astrophel and Stella*, whose "straightforward truth of expression which unveil the poet's own character beyond Shakespeare's: they truly speak everywhere heart to heart."[1348] Interestingly, Palgrave does not attempt to elaborate on that "truth of expression." Instead, he focusses on another of his favored themes. If he rejects "those elaborate futile attempts to give it [Sidney's *Canzoniere*] an impersonal or symbolical character which have wearied mankind in the case of Shakespeare," he is nevertheless unwilling to join those who doubt Astrophel's love for Stella, as they have doubted Dante's love for Beatrice and Petrarch's for Laura: "But readers who do not bring only brains to reading Sidney's little *Liber Amoris* will assuredly set aside every such ingenious sophist and sceptic at once and for ever: He has not loved." And as a fitting climax Palgrave turns to his wonted expression of concern for artists like Sidney, whose "fame falls far below his deserts." Although attributing it "in part" to "inequality of workmanship"—Palgrave, as always, does not avoid mentioning weaknesses—he nevertheless finds that it is a weakness which Sidney "shares with other supreme writers of sonnet-sequences; with Petrarch, Shakespeare, and Wordsworth." And to crown this finding of strength in weakness, Palgrave formulates another of his favored themes and goes beyond its customary or academic limits. "Nor did life allow him to acquire their finished art. 'His end was not writing, even while he wrote.' Fanciful conceits, obscurity from the depth and wealth of thought, are not unfrequent; at times the style is prosaic, bare, unmelodious. But overfancifulness was not the defect of the age: obscurity is common to his great rivals, when moving in the sonnet's narrow bounds. It is the defect of high thinking and intensity of passion."

In a handwritten note dated Ap-May 1892 appended to the proofsheets of his article on Tennyson, Palgrave writes, "Written for Chambers' Cyclopaedia, at request of the Editor & the strong wish of the Tennysons: who revised the dates & gave some particulars of the life,—with general approval of the whole."[1349] Tennyson was still alive and Palgrave's friend since their first meeting in 1849. Publishing works by or on Tennyson was complicated, as were elements of Palgrave's long

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[1348]Ibid., [col. 4].

[1349]"Tennyson," [col. 7].

relationship with him. There can be no doubt that Palgrave idolized Tennyson. And yet, in contrast to his other articles for the *Cyclopedia*, in which Palgrave appears free to express personal appraisals in all directions, the sketch of Tennyson's life and work is restrained: all the details are given with close attention,[1350] and the praise, albeit pervasive, is without the full-throated orchestration that was to mark his "Personal Recollections by F. T. Palgrave (Including Some Criticisms of Tennyson") in Hallam Tennyson's *Alfred Lord Tennyson: A Memoir*.[1351] This may be because Tennyson was still alive, though not far from his death a few months later on 6 October 1892, and respect for Tennyson caused him, in seeking permission from Hallam Tennyson to write the article, to restrict it to "a survey of *facts* not of attempts at critical judgment, which [he] could not think of offering."[1352] In any event the article is informative, although a complete bibliography of Tennyson's poetry or of translations and of "the endless pages which have been published in the way of criticism or narration of the facts of personal history" is left to others.[1353] Although admitting that detailed criticism of Tennyson's work, "even if adequate power for a task so large were present, would be out of place," Palgrave "hopes" he "may obtain pardon" for "some such glances of its quality as one may catch of the beauty of the landscape when passing a window—seen *per transennam*, as the picturesque old phrase has it." Those glances pass quickly indeed. One perhaps is his reference to *In Memoriam* as "that elegiac treasury in which the poet has stored the grief and the meditation of many years after his friend's death; a series of lyrics which in pathos, melody, range of thought and depth of feeling may stand with the *Canzoniere* of Petrarch and the *Sonnets* of Shakespeare."[1354] Another with the pulsation of a roll call: "Lyrical poetry pure—free from divergence down those 'two byways' (as Schiller named them), the didactic and the

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[1350]In a handwritten marginal note [col. 3], for example, Palgrave comments on the date 1853 of a trip to the Western Highlands, Staffa and Iona: "This is the only date about which there is a little uncertainty: although I was A. T.'s companion."

[1351](2 vols., London, 1897), 2:484-512.

[1352]From a letter of 3 December [1891], Tennyson Research Centre, Palgrave 6085, quoted in Nelson, p. 245.

[1353]In "Tennyson" [col. 1], Palgrave mentions his debt to the volumes of W. B. Wace (1881) and H. Van Dyke (2d ed. 1891).

[1354]Ibid., [col. 2].

rhetorical—in perhaps every one of its forms, had been now set forth by the poet: the lyric of melody, of passion, of description, of travel, of incident, of reflection; the ballad, the personal song, the elegy, the national ode. And the idyll—'that little picture' which has a natural but not exclusive affinity with country life and narrative gently suffused with passion—was also included. It remained for the poet to carry further these modes of song, and to add in particular the drama proper, with the humorous monodramatic presentation of character in rustic forms of speech."[1355] A glance—measurable in quantity—too is found in the extensive treatment of the *Idylls of the King*, which Palgrave considers the poet's "most important, probably his greatest work."[1356] Measurable too in quality and in the incorporation of Palgrave's concept of appropriateness and of the importance of the mind in both creation and reception: "But we narrow and harden by such definitions the rich flexible vitality of Tennyson's Titanic picture, with its endless touches of light and shadow, its breadth and liberality of varied palpitating colour; the modulations (to take another figure) through every key of passion and character, the ever-present yet ever-appropriate melody of the metre. But, more fortunate than the musician, the score of the poet's symphonies is not only in the reader's hands, but, according to his faculty, he may reproduce the music for himself: Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard / Are sweeter."[1357] And should these glances be insufficient, Palgrave, answering the "natural" question of "what, when a century or more has gone by, will be Tennyson's rank in the hierarchy of Parnassus," concludes, after granting the prominence of "his five great British predecessors of the first half of this century—Scott, Byron, Keats, Shelley, and Wordsworth": "It is beyond question that during many years he has written with more constant, more equal *cura et diligentia*; that his mastery of the sublime art has been more perfect; that in range and command of varied subject he has been unequalled."[1358]

Palgrave's tendency to admire friends is evident in his short profile of Tennyson's brother, Charles Tennyson Turner, who had married Lady

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[1355]Ibid., [col. 3].
[1356]Ibid., [col. 3-5].
[1357]Ibid., [col. 5].
[1358]Ibid., [col. 6].

Tennyson's sister Louisa. One paragraph only (undated but, coming between the alphabetical sketches of Tennyson and Wordsworth, like them written in 1892), it stresses those qualities which Palgrave found striking in the poets he cherished and the kind of poetry he best loved: "His was a nature singularly and nobly simple, pure, and tender with a woman's tenderness: 'at once,' his nephew Hallam ... justly observes, 'childlike and heroic'." Appealing also to Palgrave was that "he was a well-read scholar, gifted also with very fine and sympathetic observation of nature and of village-life." The adjectives Palgrave applies to the idyllic sonnets—"sincere, pathetic, subtle, sometimes verging on quaintness"—are those found in his admiration of another painter of English country-ways, William Barnes, whose name summons up another feature of the Palgravian world-view. Optimistic: "By him and by his admirable contemporary poet, W. Barnes of Dorset, a hundred wild flowers, we might say, effaced or disappearing under the remorseless ploughshare of modern progress, have been preserved for us. Such work in an age like ours should have a wide appeal to Englishmen." Yet realistic: "But fit audience and few will almost uniformly be the fate of the writer who confines himself so the form of the sonnet-sequence."

The longest of Palgrave's articles for Chambers, that on Wordsworth, is also his most critically engaged and acute. Although prefacing his outline of the life of Wordsworth with a compact psychological profile—"stiff, moody, and violent in temper, as he describes himself; the tough, stern dalesman's nature which, softened and elevate, passed into the strong, truthful self-dependence, the high invincible moral courage, the plainness of phrase which often rendered him misunderstood in later life"[1359]—Palgrave offers relatively little on the details. A sentence or two on school and university, a paragraph on the enchantment and disillusionment of the French Revolution, several paragraphs listing works and events until his death in 1850, the latter enabling Palgrave to inflect his unceasing concern for artists who have been neglected or misunderstood—"He had outlived the chilling want of sympathy which original genius never fails to arouse among commonplace minds; he had outlived the mis-estimation of some nobler spirits, and the overpartiality

[1359]"Wordsworth," [col. 1].

of undiscriminating worshippers"[1360]—and to confirm his faith in the eventual recognition of true genius: "his work for his countrymen, wherever scattered over the world, was at length fairly judged, and found to rank in quality with the best to which England has given birth." As if to enliven the relative flatness of the details of the life and at the same time to secure Wordsworth a place among noteworthy literary figures, Palgrave injects a longish list of Wordsworth's "recorded remarks upon some of his brethren in art"[1361]—opinions which, it is important to note, are strikingly similar to his own: On Chaucer: his "profound reverence for him as an instrument in the hands of Providence for spreading the light of literature through his native land"; on Dryden: "I admire Dryden's talents and genius highly, but his is not a poetical genius"; on Milton: "an aristocrat in the truest sense of the word ... His blank verse, like Tennyson, he held was framed from the Vergilian hexameter"; on Spenser: "Ariosto is not always sincere, Spenser always so"; on Goethe: "He had not sufficiently clear moral perceptions to make him anything but an artificial writer"; on Coleridge: "if Coleridge had not, in Germany, received the bent to metaphysical theology, he would have been the greatest, the most abiding poet of his age"; on Scott: "as a poet, Scott *cannot* live, for he has never written in verse anything addressed to the immortal part of man"; on Shelley: "one of the best *artists* of us all: I mean in workmanship of style"; on Horace: "Horace is my great favourite, I love him dearly ... First read the ancient classical authors, *then* come to *us*; and you will be able to judge for yourself which of us is worth reading"; and on Tennyson: "He is decidedly the first of our living poets, and I hope will live to give the world still better things."

The heart of Palgrave's sketch, however, is not so much the man as the poet. In the longest and central section Palgrave discusses Wordsworth's theory of poetry as expressed in the preface to his *Lyrical Ballads* (1800). In a manner unusual in a reference work of this nature, he defends those views against the "storm and shout of derision from critics of the day,"[1362] relying "greatly" on Coleridge's supportive *Biographia Literaria* (1817), in which Wordsworth's "too dogmatic insistence upon

[1360]Ibid., [col. 3].
[1361]Ibid.
[1362]Ibid., [col. 4].

'incidents and situations from common life, tracing in them ... the primary laws of nature,' to be related or described 'throughout as far as possible,' in a selection of language really used by men'," is explained as a perhaps overstated but nevertheless genuine "'predilection for a style the most remote possible from the false and showy splendour which he wished to explode'."[1363] Regarding this as relevant only to a small portion of Wordsworth's poems, Palgrave turns to what he considers the center of Wordsworth's poetical theory of poetical art, which happens to be his own as well: "Pleasure, immediate, pure, durable, exquisite, but not exclusive of painful scenes ... whilst the worthiest objects of the art are 'the external universe, the moral and religious sentiments of Man, his natural affections and his acquired passions'."[1364] Even defects, which Palgrave is wont to mention in all the poets he discusses, are, so Palgrave's magical conjuration, "near akin to great merits." Thus such defects are "much that is simply didactic ... a "certain heaviness often alloys his longer poems ... "his style [is] curiously unequal ... at times diffuse and overminute in details ... he has images too lofty for the subject." Yet "specially ... note[d]" by Palgrave is "his austere, logical, accurate purity and noble plainness in diction, 'impassioned, lofty, and sustained:' with the corresponding 'weight and sanity of the sentiments,' won not from books but fresh from the soul; frequent ingenious happiness of phrase, the *curiosa felicitas* of his favourite Horace: perfect truth, perfect modesty of painting, in his descriptions and images from nature." Then "rising to the inner spirit of the work," Palgrave continues his lacing of his own opinions with those of Coleridge. "Wordsworth eminently was a merciful judge of his fellow-creatures, with the deepest inborn feeling for the poor, always tender as to the ignorant and the erring, grieving 'for the overthrow of the soul's beauty.' Hence he abounds in 'a meditative pathos, a union of deep and subtle thought with sensibility; a sympathy with man as man ... [in his] gift of Imagination ... he stands nearest of all modern writers to Shakespeare and Milton, and yet in a kind perfectly unborrowed and his own'."[1365] What is more, Palgrave, with another instance of magical conversion, finds that although "in the great partition between Objective

[1363]Ibid.
[1364]Ibid., [col. 5].
[1365]Ibid., [col. 5-6].

and Subjective, [Wordsworth] counts among the latter ... yet ... his subjectivity is itself objective. Speaking for himself, Wordsworth will be found to speak for all of us: it is the common human mind which he perpetually interprets. As if they had never been thought before, he gives back our own thoughts with an exquisitiveness and a distinctiveness all his own."[1366] As if unable to outdo this rhapsody, Palgrave is content to point out the "palpably incorrect" view that Wordsworth is "preeminently the poet of Nature" by comparing him with Turner—whose "wealth of ... landscape ... is indeed inexhaustible; the delicate accuracy; the 'eye always upon the object,' never absent"—and "yet men, 'as they are within themselves,' are his true theme: heroes and sufferers in lowly life; great characters of all ages; actors in the stormy scenes of war and politics during his youth." And another error, that "Wordsworth's later poetry falls greatly below the earlier," he simply dismisses by referring to "the larger aim, the deeper sentiment, the sweeter truth, perhaps less complete in art, less decorated, whilst essentially loftier." After his apotheosizing "The Sublime, in a word, can never gain the popularity of the Beautiful," the "rapid" listing of four "main aspects" of the poetry itself,[1367] however useful, is for Palgrave a surprising and unaccountable anti-climax, hardly relieved by his using as "the final motto" of Wordsworth's life and work the words of the author of the *Christian Year*, John Keble: "*Ad sanctiora exigit.*"

6.

Palgrave's interest in biography, which he considered "next after poetry of the highest class, [to] be that form of literature which gives mankind the most intense and enduring pleasure,"[1368] was inseparable from his interest in the nature of art and the mentality of artists. Between 1865 and 1874 he wrote for the *Quarterly Review* long reviews of the lives of three diverse personalities, William Blake, John Milton, and John Stuart Mill, and, in a related way, of the poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed and Richard Monckton Milnes, in which he sought to define and assess their genius in

[1366]Ibid., [col. 7].

[1367]Ibid., [col. 7-8].

[1368]In his review of David Masson, *The Life of John Milton*, *Quarterly Review* 132:264 (April 1872), 393.

terms of his own conception of the nature and aims of art, as he had done in his reviews of the lives of the artists William Etty and Bertel Thorvaldsen.

Palgrave's review of William Gilchrist's *Life of William Blake, illustrated from his Works*[1369] is especially interesting, for it blends the characteristics of Blake as both visual artist and poet. As is his wont, Palgrave outlines the details of the life, standing back at times to reflect on them. After a paragraph on the early circumstances of Blake,[1370] for example, he proceeds to "try to mark out the influences which, during Blake's youth, contributed to form his style," returning to Blake's youth four pages later. This excursion is not only typical of Palgrave's method but also of his stressing certain basic features and, as it turns out, the same ones, albeit as they may be derived from differing circumstances. In other words, Blake may age, times may change, but the essence of the man remains and is Palgrave's main focus. As he remarks at the beginning of his marking of the early influences, "the main direction of it, indeed, as with all creative minds, must be sought within. On the singular structure of Blake's own soul, we shall afterwards speak more fully, endeavouring to bring out, by degrees, its many and perplexing aspects." And that essence, which he is to examine throughout, is already apparent to him, for, as he continues in the next sentence, "here it will be enough to say that from the first he appears to have had that vivid imagination which painted as literal objects of sight, the images called up by the mind, combined with an equally marked deficiency in that regulative intellect and cultivated experience which would have enabled him to separate the 'within' from the 'without,' and to guide, rather than follow, his own visionary conceptions."[1371] In

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[1369]*Quarterly Review*, 117:223 (January 1865), 1-27. This supersedes Palgrave's earlier and much shorter review of the same work in the *Saturday Review* 16:420 (14 November 1863), 650-1. On 21 November 1863 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 3-4) he notified Macmillan that was willing to do a review, "as Blake was an old love of mine in art," and in a letter dated only Monday (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 264-5) he wrote he needed illustrations for it. In the *Academy* 21:517 (1 April 1882), 233, Palgrave returned to Gilchrist's book years later with a letter on three pages missing from Gilchrist's copy or copies of the *Marriage of Heaven and Hell.*

[1370]Ibid., p. 3.

[1371]Ibid., pp. 3-4.

fact, a few sentences later Palgrave has already concluded: "To the close of his life we find Blake more or less unable to distinguish between fact and fancy; between what he had learnt from other artists, or from the books which he was illustrating, and the immediate inspirations of his own fertile genius. Add to this his total inexperience as a writer; that though he read much, he read ... without judgment ... that he was apt to speak, as self-trained men are wont, without reserve or qualification ... lastly, that he was of a peculiarly vivid, untiring, and courageous mind, restrained by no fears, and modified by no counter-arguments, and we have (we think) the key to Blake's psychological peculiarities."

Palgrave's portrait of Blake presented challenges to him and his understanding of art, for there is little doubt that he considered Blake an exceptional artist and was doubtless moved by such biographical details as Blake's "comparative neglect and noble poverty."[1372] But he the Hellenist was captivated by Blake's extraordinary talent. Comparing Blake with other artists, Palgrave finds surface similarities but no sign of real resemblance. In the case of Flaxman, the two artists "are wide apart as Greek and Gothic."[1373] In summing up the differences between Blake and his friend Fuseli—"Fuseli, in spite of his dreamy tendencies, was saved, by his better education, from the aimless wildness (ill-named extravagance or madness) of Blake; whilst Blake, in his turn, possessed of a force and tenderness of imagination to which Fuseli had no claim, saw and drew Visions, where the other composed and painted Nightmares"—Palgrave recognizes the force and tenderness of imagination as well as its wildness. He has to come to terms with the fact that Blake is not like Phidias and Plato, Thucydides and Sophocles, and Flaxman after them, whose "creations, like those of all the very highest men, tremble with suppressed emotion," yet who "never abandon their majestic calm; they never outstep the tenderest lines of grace; they unite the strength of man to the reserve of maidenhood—in a word, they are *sane*."[1374] It is, however, the gift of "imaginative intensity"[1375] that leaves Palgrave with no choice but to accept Blake's genius. He has reservations, to be sure—"in his art he fell

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[1372]Ibid., p. 16.
[1373]Ibid., p. 5.
[1374]Ibid., p. 6.
[1375]Ibid., p. 7.

short of completeness, often of moderation"—but they "do not impair his claim to the extraordinary gift in which he probably has had no superior." Rejecting the "false" judgments of Blake's early poetry as the "utterances of insanity," Palgrave explains, "They are simply the singular forms taken by total inexperience in literature, combined with the wish to express in words what can only be expressed in drawings; the writer being also a man of fervent genius and entire disregard to everything but the expression of what he thinks the truth."[1376] Palgrave names poems that justify "his genuine claims to rank among our poets, such as "The Lamb," "The Little Black Boy," "The Blossom," "The Chimney-sweeper," the first "Nurse's Song" (which he quotes in full), among others, written before "the evil spirit of mysticism and the chimera of regenerating England by a new Christianity of Art took possession of his [Blake's] mind."[1377] And although he regrets that "obstinate element ... rarely absent from genius" that "led Blake into that unsafe prophetic region" in his later work, and "whilst we sympathise throughout with the noble nature and unworldly loftiness of the man, and are amazed at the imaginative power of his work, we have to lament that so much grandeur and so much skill should be wasted on the unintelligible."[1378] Still, Palgrave manages to see beyond Blake's limitations. Artfully, he overcomes those limits by regarding Blake "as a man who was not, as most men must be, tied down to the century in which he lived. His mind dealt with the great elementary problems of all ages. His art ranged in a primary world, where the first forms of all created things were dimly seen emerging from a creative chaos. Blake himself may be said to have lived apart from chronology."[1379] Blake was, in a word, the true and ageless artist. Palgrave employs notable comparisons: "In turn [Blake] was a philosopher of the Hellenic world, with Heraclitus, when he uttered his dark sayings; or of the Roman time, in his practical life, with Epictetus; or, again, he seemed one fo the Freemasons of the Middle Ages, in his passion for Gothic art and mysticism; or an anchorite in some mountain-cell, in his realistic belief in the world of dream and vision; or a poet of the Elizabethan age in his own

[1376]Ibid., p. 10.
[1377]Ibid., pp. 11-12.
[1378]Ibid., p. 13.
[1379]Ibid., p. 17.

exquisite lyrics." Not merely notable but truly remarkable is his concluding that "whilst, in one sense, a markedly individual man, there is another in which we might say that he wanted individuality"[1380]—that, in other words, he was the embodiment of negative capability, not to say, he was not of an age but for all times. Reason makes it impossible for Palgrave to overlook Blake's wanting, in Rossetti's phrase, the "lovely impression of natural truth,"[1381] but he can celebrate Blake's "absolute reliance on the inner eye of imagination," his touchstone of the true artist. And if Blake was not perfect, if the impression he leaves is of incompleteness, then it is a "unique and glorious Incompleteness." Palgrave's magnanimity is in accord with his continuous emphasis on the suggestiveness of "imaginative intensity." As he wrote in the earlier and shorter review, "The poet reacted on the painter, and the painter on the poet, till the result was these singular works, unique in art, but rather deeply suggestive to the spectator's imagination than imaginative themselves in the highest sense."[1382]

Like his habit of characterizing a figure by pointing out what he is not, Palgrave's review of Masson's *Life of John Milton* is more concerned with what a biography should not be. In this instance, for all his acknowledgement of Masson's impressive research, he is convinced that too much attention is paid to the history and politics of the period in which Milton lived to convey the true life of the poet. He does not reject this attention and devotes the greater part of the review to the assessment of the historical dimension. In fact he even questions the essential biographical impact of Milton's own eloquent words on public strife and public service: "it can hardly be doubtful, from the tenor of his whole life, that ... Milton would have spoken of himself as a theologian or statesman not less than poet; and also that ... he threw his whole poet's imagination and fire into what he did for the national service ... Yet it is, after all, not in this region that we can find *our* Milton; not here, the second star of English poetry."[1383] As support, Palgrave quotes Milton's confession when describing his "Reason of Church Government": "This manner of

[1380]Ibid.
[1381]Ibid., p. 23.
[1382]*Saturday Review*, p. 651.
[1383]*Life of Milton*, pp. 413-14.

writing, wherein knowing myself inferior to myself, led by the genial power of nature to another task, *I have the use*, as I may account it, *but of my left hand*."[1384] Palgrave's main theme may be "less politics more poetry," but it is not absolute. For "whether contending for the Emperor against the Pope, or for Independency against prelate and Puritan, or, as we love him best, with his 'singing-robes about him,' in Paradise by the side of Eve and Beatrice"—" in all this we see him strictly obeying the nature of the poet—which, when it exists, must imperiously command the whole man."[1385] Rather, it is a question of choosing and emphasizing those circumstances which best serve to fulfill what he regards as the aim of biography, "to enable us to *live* with a man for a few days,"[1386] but always keeping in mind that in the case of the poet or the painter it is a mistake to believe that "we must penetrate into the secret chamber of his soul, unlock the innermost enchanted chamber of his genius, and know, in short, what he never knew himself—why he thought of that phrase, or laid on that colour." Thus Palgrave can compliment Masson's chapters on Milton's life at Horton, "the period to which three-fourths of his best early poetry belong,"[1387] and on the Italian journey, "during which his scheme of some poem of larger scope seems to have made a great advance" and "willingly pardon much that elsewhere might have been spared," for "here we have a genuine glimpse of the poet's life hitherto not attainable." Thus it is that Palgrave can reject the "arrogance of those judges of the self-styled 'practical' order, who are disposed to call the poet back with scorn from politics to the Muse, and debar him from something too 'light,' in Plato's over-critical phrase, from taking his part like a man in contemporary action ... The greatest of poets ... have been precisely those who were most completely and emphatically men of their day ... though with the mission to 'strengthen and purify it'."[1388] And thus it is that Palgrave, with this statement of what constitutes poetry, can passionately urge Masson, among numerous other suggestions, in the continuation of his work to "have the courage—perhaps the most painful and arduous act

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[1384]Ibid., p. 414.
[1385]Ibid., p. 406.
[1386]Ibid., p. 394.
[1387]Ibid., p. 407.
[1388]Ibid., pp. 415-16.

of courage that can be required from a true student—frankly to set aside his copious store of facts illustrating Milton's career as defender of the Commonwealth and Secretary of the Protector, and restrict himself to little more than such terse comment as may make the poet's own personal convictions and attitude towards the politics of the day intelligible."[1389] In a word, one of Palgrave's summing-up phrases, it is a matter of appropriateness, in art so too in biography. And biography is for Palgrave only a way of approaching an artist's life, for it is his fixed belief that "the poet, as such, expresses himself in the finished work; he has said in it all that he could say, or desired to say, in relation to poetry."[1390] Or yet does the "real lesson" appear to be, as Palgrave concludes, that "the details of his personal existence, of his loves and enmities, his likings and studies, must remain in the same tantalizing twilight under which we view the similar elements in the career of his great Florentine predecessor.—Is this accident, or is there always something about the Poet which eludes the insight of his contemporaries, and is, perhaps, unknown or irrecoverable even to himself?"[1391]

Palgrave's review of John Stuart Mill's *Autobiography,*[1392] albeit not of a literary personality, is nevertheless a reflection of his concept of art, especially poetry, and its relation to human behavior. Concentrating on the circumstances which moulded Mill's life, his early education by a rigid ex-Calvinist father, "a man suffering perpetual eclipse,"[1393] for whom (quoting Mill) "passionate emotions of all sorts, and for everything which has been said or written in exaltation of them, he professed the greatest contempt"[1394]; on his coterie existence, which considered the English mode of existence as one "in which everybody acts as if everybody else (with few or no exceptions) was either an enemy or a bore"[1395]; and on his youthful experience as journalist, whose ideals Palgrave, as is his wont, emphasizes in terms of introductory negatives: "Not, to see the good in all

[1389]Ibid., pp. 416-17.
[1390]Ibid., p. 394.
[1391]Ibid., p. 423.
[1392]*Quarterly Review* 136:271 (January 1874), 150-79.
[1393]Ibid., p. 161.
[1394]Ibid., p. 155.
[1395]Ibid., p. 165.

sides, but to see all good on one: not, to convince the mistaken ... not, to give reason and emotion their due ... not to produce lasting belief by exhaustive marshalling of facts,"[1396] Palgrave finds a common denominator in Mill's relation to art. He quotes Mill: "From this neglect both in theory and practice of the cultivation of feeling, naturally resulted an underrating of poetry, and of imagination generally, as an element of human nature."[1397] Palgrave's following comment, "He did not dislike poetry," is based on Mill's admission of being "'theoretically indifferent to it. And [he] was wholly blind to its place in human culture, as a means of educating the feelings'." Palgrave's criticism of Mill is not simply a question of Mill's misunderstanding of Wordsworth in writing that his poetry "is almost always the mere setting of a thought ... He never seems *possessed* by any feeling," whereas Palgrave believes just the reverse, that "a sentiment is the true theme: what the poet has done is, rarely to give the sentiment without giving also the thought to which it is most nearly allied."[1398] It is not merely that he disagrees with Mill's regarding Shelley as "of the born 'poetic temperament'," as lacking culture, while Palgrave considered Shelley "a poet inferior to none in diligence of culture ... What Shelley wanted, or had not reached, was central power to control and concentrate the 'extravagant and erring spirit' of his marvellous imagination." Nor is it just Palgrave's defense of another of his favorites against a Mill who "cannot praise without an idle sneer at Scott, the creator of the 'historical school' in romance, who had 'no object but to please,'" by remarking "and therefore, we may add, wrote master-pieces," whereas Mill's favorite de Vigny and other able Frenchmen "wrote only meritorious attempts at romance."[1399] It is above all that Palgrave, as humanist and educator, believes that "the element of poetry, deficient in Mill's education, although supplied later to the best of his ability, yet never became truly homogeneous with his nature, so it seems that the over-stress laid, when young, upon logic and 'analysis,' and felt by his natural sensitiveness to require supplement, was also imperfectly supplied by the journalistic habit of thought and writing ... there is a strong declamatory

[1396]Ibid., p. 168.
[1397]Ibid., p. 156.
[1398]Ibid., p. 158.
[1399]Ibid., p. 167.

vein thoroughwort his work; and the declamation and the sentiment are often not fused with his logic, but, as it were, suspended in it mechanically."[1400] For Palgrave the "true key to his life" was his inability to achieve the just balance between heart and head, a balance incidentally found in the best poetry. And, to be sure, in Mill Palgrave never mentions imagination because he does not find it. "External influences ... may bring opposite and mutually-supplementary tendencies into mechanical juxtaposition within the soul; they can never supply that vital fusion, that chemical interpenetration which comes only from the spontaneous work of the soul itself."[1401] Palgrave's choric-like summary is passionate:

> What a singular picture is this! What contrasts in a life externally so uniform! How "antithetically mix'd" is the nature before us! The passionate lover of Freedom and Individuality,—yet, more than any man we know of similar power, the creature of external circumstance:—vibrating simultaneously, like a sensitive flame, to the impulses of scepticism and credulity, of liberality and intolerance:—from the first day to the last, labouring for, sympathizing with, yet rancorously despising and alienating himself from, his fellow-countrymen:—a something dishuman in the very heart of humanity, and a something anarchic in the sternness of his morality:—truly loveable, yet almost without the charm of love:—at the same time an iconoclast and an idolater:—modest beneath the tones of dogmatic arrogance, rigid in form and pliable in material:—at once a warning to his friends and an example to his antagonists!"[1402]

In essence Palgrave is confirming the indivisibility of life and art.

In quite another key are his reviews of *The Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed* and *Selections from the Poetical Works of Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton*.[1403] But only so. For, although written in the heyday of his stormy days as art critic of the *Saturday Review*, they demonstrate his ability to discuss what is dearest to his heart, poetry, in a flexible and diplomatic way without sacrificing the cutting edge of his viewpoint. The first collection of Praed's poems, edited by Coleridge's second son Derwent, affords Palgrave with the opportunity to discuss *vers de société*, often called

[1400]Ibid., pp. 169-70.
[1401]Ibid., p. 178.
[1402]Ibid., pp. 178-9.
[1403]*Quarterly Review* 118:236 (October 1865), 403-30.

occasional poetry, its nature and its place in the hierarchy of written works. Considering Praed's political eminence,"one feels" he is not a "born poet": Praed's "gifts ... as is shown by his own preference for politics, were, on the whole, of what is commonly called the 'practical' order. Even his verses bear this character strongly marked; consisting largely of charades, poems written for prizes or on sportively-suggested themes, political banter, and the like."[1404] But although agreeing that the "world is right in assigning no place whatever in poetry to such compositions"[1405]—Praed's two prize poems and some fifty pages of charades in verse, for example—and harshly convinced that "few men are so immortal that the world cannot afford to lose, not one, but many drops of them,"[1406] Palgrave nevertheless proceeds from a characterization of the somewhat more acceptable verses—one instance being a selection from the "Legend of the Drachenfels" ("with all its cleverness and ease, writing of this kind has a tinsel ring about it:—an air of artificial diablerie, and what one might almost call pasteboard picturesqueness"[1407]) to a more sympathetic response to Praed's "very graceful child's portrait," "Sketch of a young Lady, five months old," quoted in full, which,"if not equal to Reynolds in his tender intensity, or Gainsborough in his exquisite naturalness ... is worthy to rank with the best of those charmingly coquettish infants whom Lawrence painted during the writer's lifetime."[1408] And finally to naming pieces in which Praed's "individuality expresses itself most truly and pleasantly; those by which he is likely to be remembered, and to which we accordingly wish that the volume had been confined," describing them thus: "They are not to be worn every day, like the jewels of a Burns or a Wordsworth; they are for the hours of festive vivacity; they have a *boudoir* elegance and propriety; the light under which they shine most exquisitely is not sunlight. These peculiarities, if they limit them, give them also their special place in our literature. There is nothing exactly like them in the union of so much grace and spirit with subjects never touching upon the deeper, hardly even upon the universal aspects of

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[1404]Ibid., pp. 404-5.
[1405]Ibid., p. 405.
[1406]Ibid., p. 406.
[1407]Ibid., pp. 407-8.
[1408]Ibid., pp. 408-9.

life; their field being confined (we might say), with rare exceptions, to those feelings and interests which affect young persons in the upper classes about to marry,"[1409] and quoting in full "Goodnight to the Season."[1410] Palgrave's acceptance of such pieces is evident in his comparing them with works by Prior and Swift,[1411] a comparison which leads him not so much to a ranking as to the necessity of extending the definition of *vers de société* to include "poetry in which creative imagination, passions lying deep in human nature, scenes of universal interest, with whatever tends to break through *boudoir*-decorum, and requires a stronger attention than can be given during the intervals of fireside talk, will be generally out of place; poetry, not of that absorbing character which calls for solitude and study for its enjoyment, and as Charles Lamb said of Milton, should 'have a grace said before it;'—poetry, in short, intermediate between the poetry of Shakespeare or Shelley, and prose."[1412]

The comparison leads Palgrave not to a reduction of this kind of poetry but to "gradations of literature," at the head of which "as the organ of the highest and most enduring pleasure,—will be poetry,—poetry in the sense of Homer, Dante, or Shakespeare." Although admitting that "high poetry cannot give that minuteness of narrative detail which is so delightful in Miss Austen or Walter Scott,"[1413] being "too elevated ... not indeed for the smallest feelings or ways of real life, but for those which belong essentially to the life of civilised man,—especially the most conventionalised portion of it which is expressed by 'society',"[1414] yet "there is much that the world may plead in its own favour ... our own life, with its own ways, feelings, and incidents, will assert its claim, and even call sometimes on the Muse to quit those more distant, if more lofty, regions, interpret the present to itself, and give civilised society its share

[1409]Ibid., p. 410.

[1410]Ibid., pp. 410-12.

[1411]Ibid., pp. 412-15.

[1412]Ibid., p. 416.

[1413]In his two-part "Miss Austen and Lyme," *The Grove* 1 (June 1891), 58-63, and (July 1891), 141-6, Palgrave outlines parts of *Persuasion* which occur in Lyme Regis, praises Austen but regards Scott as the "greatest of all novelists."

[1414]Ibid., p. 417.

also in poetry."[1415] Next to prose, then, Palgrave assigns to the species which have been called *vers de société*, *occasional* or *minor*, and which treat "all those aspects of contemporary life which are too immediate, or too temporary, or too nearly allied to the artificial and the conventional, for the exercise of the higher imagination, the severer forms of poetry proper," the name Verse.[1416] The whole cycle of literature will then consist of Poetry, Verse, Prose, Science. Lacking space to pursue a history of Verse in his sense, Palgrave acknowledges the contributions of collections and lists some of those past authors who have written the finest examples of Verse that English literature presents.[1417] Still, he is cautious enough to admit that if the reader "should allow any verisimilitude to the classification, he should remember also that it is but relative and general."[1418]

That caution is evident in his discussion of the poetry of his friend Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton).[1419] Obliged to include him among the writers of Verse, which "addresses itself ... to a circle of sympathetic friends, or to hearers harmonised in tone by the moderation and reserve which are a note of refined society,"[1420] he nevertheless attempts to mollify what might be considered a kind of degradation with long admiring quotations from Milnes's best work[1421] and complimentary references to his verse as "being singularly free,—whether in subject or in diction,—from the merely artificial colours of society, from painting fashion or frivolity"[1422] and to his "characteristic quality," a "graceful thoughtfulness."[1423] To free Milnes and his like from an embarrassing political exclusiveness, Palgrave finds "much here of that sympathy with the oppressed and the despised which gives such a peculiar and pathetic colour to Charles Lamb's 'Essays;' the relation of the poor to the rich are

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[1415]Ibid., p. 418.

[1416]Ibid., p. 419.

[1417]Ibid., p. 420.

[1418]Ibid., p. 430.

[1419]Trinity College Cambridge, Houghton 230, has a sizable collection of letters of the 1860s from Palgrave to Lord Houghton.

[1420]Ibid., p. 422.

[1421]Ibid., pp. 422-7.

[1422]Ibid., p. 422.

[1423]Ibid., p. 424.

touched in the high spirit which, exhibited as it has been of late years by conspicuous men on both sides in our politics, we decline to identify with any party-name."[1424] Moreover, he links Milnes's quoted lines[1425] with "one of the leading functions of poetry: the mission of peace and reconciliation."[1426] In fact he goes so far as to conclude that "It is of immense value to us that our immediate feelings and aspirations,—that our common social life and the little things which fill the day of almost all,—nay, perhaps, could we look closely into the days of philosophers, saints, and heroes, of all,—should be reflected for us, by these 'representative men,' in a mode of literature which can embody many of the literal details of prose in the far more brilliant, impressive, and rememberable forms of poetry."[1427] All-embracing, however, and framing the entire discussion is Palgrave's conviction that "granting, of course, the existence of an original or instinctive genius, nine-tenths of success in all the Fine Arts are demonstrably due to education,—education in the Oxford and Cambridge sense, old-fashioned, conventional, literary, classical, limited, if you will:—Lay on and spare not ... but it is always this which has given us England's poetry! Shakespeare, always exceptional, is the one just possible exception."[1428] This apparent contradiction of the social liberalism he has just evoked is perhaps better understood as reiteration of the bedrock of Palgrave's aesthetic creed, the exaltation of the Hellenic spirit: "Considering education as a direct process for forming the soul, literature and the fine arts, while humanity remains human, will necessarily form a large proportion of what is valuable in it. And in literature the ancient writers, by whom we here mean those of Greece, with the few Roman who were penetrated by the Hellenic spirit, will have the most bracing, the most elevating, and the most refining influence."[1429]

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Although poetry was the center of his life and appears in one way or

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[1424]Ibid., p. 426.
[1425]Ibid., pp. 426-7.
[1426]Ibid., p. 427.
[1427]Ibid., p. 429.
[1428]Ibid., p. 421.
[1429]Ibid., p. 428.

another in everything Palgrave wrote, it was not until 1869 that he made it the main subject of an essay. "On the Scientific Study of Poetry,"[1430] originally a lecture delivered at the South London Working Men's College in January 1869, is not merely a defence of poetry as such, "one of the few, the very few, sources of delight which life affords us, and of which, the more dusty, dry, and commonplace life tends to become, the more we have need,"[1431] and the scientific means of achieving pleasure of "a high, enduring, and, as it were, ethereal" kind,[1432] but also, if not mainly, a humanistic appeal for the cultivation of the mind into an understanding of larger laws of nature. Applying the proverb in natural science "nature in her wholeness is contained in an atom" to human nature, Palgrave concludes that "The mind which is willing to play like a baby with the highest sources of intellectual pleasure, to enjoy them like a baby, and like a baby throw them away, is rarely or never a mind worthy of climbing to the loftier regions of the soul, or capable of that noble and strenuous labour without which excellence cannot be reached, nor manhood in its true sense developed."[1433] Poetry, like all the fine arts, is that atom. And its "scientific study" means exercise, training, and knowledge. With this spirit of study, as in Palgrave's example from one genuine piece of architecture, more may be learned of "the history of the human mind, more of which is of value to [man] as a thinking creature, than from all the treatises on physical knowledge which exist, or the professed histories which have been written."[1434] Interestingly enough, Palgrave does not examine particular poems or even name some. Instead, he reiterates his rejection of the *de gustibus* shibboleth he had pronounced often and most recently in his article "How to Form Good Taste in Art," and refers only somewhat abstractly to what he labels the "first or most formal elements" of poetry—unity, variety, beauty[1435]—and a "second class ... the structural form in which poetry presents itself."[1436] From these "formal" or

[1430]*Fortnightly Review* 6:32 (August 1869), 163-78.
[1431]Ibid., p. 165.
[1432]Ibid., p. 164.
[1433]Ibid., p. 175.
[1434]Ibid., p. 170.
[1435]Ibid., p. 171.
[1436]Ibid., p. 172.

"technical" laws, Palgrave proceeds to the interplay of the study of masterpieces in themselves and for their contribution to the development of judgment and the expansion and edge of the mind,[1437] stressing, as always and foremost Greek literature but not neglecting the worthies of English poetry.

Palgrave's introductory lecture as Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, "The Province and Study of Poetry,"[1438] delivered on 25 February 1886, may well have been an introduction for his hearers to the topics which are to follow, but for those acquainted with Palgrave it is the *summa summarum* of his thoughts on poetry, all his main thoughts in a nutshell: the recognition of poetry "as a high and holy Art"[1439]; the necessity of the "thorough study" of English literature, "hopeless, unless based on equally thorough study of the literatures of Greece and Rome"[1440]; the reiteration of the elements of good taste (or the elements which poetry presents for study): "(1) Natural bias and sympathy with the art in question; (2) Familiarity with its masterpieces, Acquaintance with works of lesser degree; (3) Knowledge of the conditions of the art as Art, of its own historical course, and of the parallel history of the country which produces it"[1441]; the role of poetry as "a mediator between man's heart and mind, and the world in which he moves and exists,"[1442] the *vis Medicatrix*, a role which Palgrave expands to *vis Imperatrix*—i.e. "poets as they have given aid and guidance to the men about them, enabling them to live again in the Past, or to anticipate the future; Poets, in a word, as leaders of thought, through the channels of emotion, and beauty, and pleasure"[1443]; the "Power of Poetry" in its "interpretation of each country to itself; in making the nations alive, in the first instance, to their own

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[1437]Ibid., pp. 173-4.

[1438]*Macmillan's Magazine* 53:317 (March 1886), 332-47. The *University Gazette* of 9 February 1886 announced the first of two introductory lectures, but no title given, for delivery on 25 February. On 30 April 1886 it announced a second introductory lecture to be given on 23 June 1886 with the title "Poetry as an Art and a Study." The published article must therefore have been a somewhat condensed version.

[1439]Ibid., p. 333.

[1440]Ibid., p. 334.

[1441]Ibid., p. 335.

[1442]Ibid., p. 338.

[1443]Ibid.

unity; afterwards, to their place in the whole comity of mankind,"[1444] a role which Palgrave illustrates in discussions of Virgil and Dante[1445]; poets as "the true Representative Men of their century" since the "pictures which they have left us, in exact proportion to their proper power in their Art, are more lively, more informed with soul, nearer the heart than any others ... Even the most picturesque or brilliant of historians does not paint so tersely and truly, with such living tints, as we find in the historical pictures of the poets"[1446]; the "descriptive definition" of lyric as "eminently the voice of passion and of impulse, uttering in verse, generally fervent and rapid, some single thought, feeling, or situation ... fall[ing] into the two main heads of Objective and Subjective,"[1447] Palgrave preferring, as always, the objective, the "most healthy in its nature, the least distorted by caprice or fantasticality, above all, the more free from Egotism;—that suicidal, hidden canker-worm of Art and of life"[1448]—examples of the objective or impersonal found in the ode or in the "calmer current of Narrative lyric"—rather than the subjective, as in many fanciful lyrics, which "rarely ... touch our feelings; for the ingenious is a foe to the pathetic"[1449]—a view which Palgrave extends to the destiny of civilization itself: "All eras in a state of decline and dissolution are subjective; on the other hand, all progressive eras have an objective tendency."[1450]

"Poetry Compared with the Other Fine Arts,"[1451] Palgrave's second introductory lecture, is, like the first, less an introduction to than a reiteration of the views he had already pronounced in his earlier work as art critic, views which find a unity of the aim in all the arts and, despite obvious differences in materials, in their form. As his "starting-point,"

[1444]Ibid., p. 339.
[1445]Ibid., pp. 339-42.
[1446]Ibid., p. 343.
[1447]Ibid., p. 345.
[1448]Ibid., p. 344.
[1449]Ibid., p. 345.
[1450]Ibid., p. 344.
[1451]*National Review* 7:41 (July 1886), 634-48. On 1 June 1886 the *Gazette* announced this second introductory lecture to be delivered on 23 June 1886, although and doubtless erroneously it had announced on 30 April a second introductory lecture entitled "Poetry as an Art and a Study" to be delivered on 23 June.

Palgrave states two broad, "not likely to be contested" principles: "First, that the essential aim of all true art is to clothe human thought and feeling, experience and aspiration, in such permanent forms of beauty as may touch and elevate the beholder's soul with responsive emotion and pleasure; secondly, that the excellence of each art lies in its individuality, in its truth to is own conditions, in its strict obedience to its natural limits, its perfect freedom within them."[1452] Since building becomes art as soon as the builder's mind endeavours to move our minds by something beyond utility, architecture, he finds is governed by the same laws as poetry: "true proportion in a building answers to the general scheme or plot of a poem ... and, further, to the sense of unity which all good art conveys; whilst the ornamental details in each should always be felt by eye and mind to bud and flower out, as if by necessity, from the main object of the design." It follows that ornament or decoration, and the materials thereof, should be subordinate to the ideational design of a building, observing another law common to all the fine arts, the law of Climax,[1453] an inflection of Palgrave's often-used expression appropriateness. And, as he had said of poetry as atom, "one cathedral shall thus bring before us that long evolution of human intelligence and invention which passes successively thorough Renaissance, Gothic, Romanesque, Roman, Greek ... Thus, from any single work of art avenues ... go forth to the Infinite."[1454] Similarly, sculpture offers "the great elementary passions common to mankind through all the ages ... [Its] proper appeal is to those thoughts and feelings which are highest or deepest in us; to those which seem by nature to have most of immortality in them."[1455] Here again the sculptor must observe the strict laws of appropriateness and climax, as well of materials, for "ingenuities of carving which attempt an illusion of the sight ... are but caricatures of true art." Painting, which has a wider range of character than sculpture, is nearest among the arts to poetry "in the range, variety, and definiteness of its subjects,"[1456] Color "in particular ... answers in some respects to metre, allow[ing] the painter to give his work at the

[1452]Ibid., p. 635.
[1453]Ibid., p. 636.
[1454]Ibid., p. 639.
[1455]Ibid., p. 640.
[1456]Ibid., p. 643.

first glance a general tone of feeling, putting us in the right mood to understand and enjoy the scene which he offers for our study."[1457] To these more or less well-known views, Palgrave's adds some on music, which, though brief, are perhaps his first. Unfortunately, they admit only the difficulty of definition of the "evanescent and impalpable spirit of music."[1458] Still, Palgrave has a way of turning a mystery into a secret. For "the true reason why music has this magical and enthralling power, why it seems to steep us in the essence of poetry, lies deep," is that if offers to the "sensitive nature"[1459] the "inner soul, this inspiration, [which in poetry] always remains indefinable": "It is the triumph of a poem to offer us definite images, distinct pictures; of music to dispense with them, and pass beyond to the inmost animating spirit which renders picture and imagery poetical." Without attempting "too hazardous" a definition, Palgrave might define music as "poetry without words."[1460]

And this leads Palgrave to suggest that the very material of poetry, unlike the tangible or audible material of the other arts, is words, and they are immaterial. And "the mind only—head and heart, but heart through head—is addressed in poetry. The single strictly sensuous element which she has in common with her sisters is found in so far as something remotely like music is felt or heard in rhythm or rhyme—and through these the poet's material mainly takes its form."[1461] It is the metrical form which "constrains the poet, in proportion to the force of his genius, to think, feel, and express himself as he does ... This presence of necessity ... is felt in all really fine art. It is implied in Wordsworth's profound criticism on Goethe; 'that his poetry was not sufficiently *inevitable*'."[1462] From this recognition of the bonds rhythm and rhyme impose upon the poet, like those limits of material conditions and technical rules of the other arts—"through the conformity to these conditions, fine art gives pleasure: it rules, because it obeys"[1463]—is derived that "silent sense of difficulty

[1457]Ibid., p. 642.
[1458]Ibid., p. 643.
[1459]Ibid., pp. 643-4.
[1460]Ibid., p. 644.
[1461]Ibid., p. 646.
[1462]Ibid., pp. 646-7.
[1463]Ibid., p. 645.

vanquished, of perfect freedom within the strictest bounds, which is one great source of poetical effectiveness and pleasure."[1464] Nor, Palgrave continues, "is this law confined to the poet. The artist's triumph always is when he can thus identify liberty with necessity, when his work strikes us as inevitable and spontaneous." It is the measure of balance which governs the fineness, the pleasurableness, and the durability of all the arts. This is a truism in Palgrave, as is his celebration of the true balance of style and matter, as it was achieved by the Greeks, and thus of beauty as the first and last word in art. And as the night follows the day in Palgrave's thinking, "the restless and fever-weakened modern world, which in its heart prefers doubt and debate to truth, the novel to the beautiful, will not have it so."[1465]

In "On the Direct Influence over Style in Poetry, Exercised by the Other Fine Arts, Sculpture and Painting Especially; with Illustrations Ancient and Modern"[1466] Palgrave's aim is to "show by example ancient and modern, that poetry has a certain, though limited power, to reproduce in words something of their [the sister arts] method, spirit, and effect."[1467] Although poetry has a voice of its own, covering "regions of thought and feeling [and] set[ting] before us situations and motives, which lie altogether beyond the range of the other Fine Arts of Design,"[1468] and has "trenchant limitations" in its reliance on words, "these airy symbols of thought and feeling, these unseen mental images of man and nature, for the actualities of stone, colour, and music,"[1469] it can nevertheless render something of the character of the sister arts. The poet can "deal with words, for example, in a manner parallel to that which a sculptor manages his material, severely and reticently."[1470] In addition to technical or

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[1464]Ibid., p. 647.

[1465]Ibid., p. 648.

[1466]*National Review* 9:51 (May 1887), 352-69 and 10:56 (October 1887), 202-18. The "introductory lectures continued and 'illustrated by examples of the Sculpturesque and the Pictorial Styles in Ancient and Modern Poetry'," as the *Gazette* put it, consisted of two lectures, the first delivered on 25 February 1887, the second on 27 May 1887.

[1467]Ibid., p. 352.

[1468]Ibid., p. 353.

[1469]Ibid., p. 356.

[1470]Ibid., p. 357.

material imitation, he "may choose to present the *kind of subject* proper to sculpture or painting ... He may think *through* light and colour ... rather than *in* light and colour," achieving what Palgrave calls "inner or spiritual reproduction."[1471] After rehearsing the technical and spiritual aspects of sculpture—from marble to message[1472]—and painting,[1473] Palgrave compares the two:

> Painting, compared with Sculpture, in the broad sense is a subjective art. It appeals more overtly to our feelings. Sculpture tends to address the understanding; painting the heart. They are sisters; but one is Classical, the other Romantic; they differ, as Antigone and Imogen differ, though with a family likeness ... Sculpture favours definiteness, repose, "all passion spent"; painting mystery, regret, aspiration. Sculpture is at once more restrained, and yet more sensuously real; painting has more freedom, more spirituality, precisely because the representation of any subject upon a plane surface is more abstract, more symbolical than the figure we can touch and walk around.[1474]

Preceding examples illustrating his theory is a discourse on the qualities of the Greek and Latin languages—an inflected vocabulary and quantitative meter, "the word-material is more plastic; more free, in a certain sense; and yet, more self-restrained"—qualities which "look towards Sculpture."[1475] There follow examples from Homer—the scenes where Helen and Priam stand together on Troy walls, surveying the besieging Achaean chieftains, of the visit of Priam to beg Hector's body of Achilles, and the death of Patrocles by the hand of Hector—with Palgrave's analysis of their rendition of sculpture[1476] and as "proof of Homer's place among sculptors ... The straightforwardness of his language, the reserve in epithets, the preference of simile to metaphor, the absence of personal utterance, the poet latent and lost in his work—these are his constant sculptural qualities."[1477] Not to mention "that peculiar

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[1471]Ibid., pp. 357-8.
[1472]Ibid., pp. 359-60.
[1473]Ibid., pp. 361-2.
[1474]Ibid., pp. 362-3.
[1475]Ibid., p. 364.
[1476]Ibid., pp. 365-8.
[1477]Ibid., p. 369.

power over pathos ... one of the most distinctive notes of Homer's own individual genius ... as a proof of his true personality."

The second lecture offers a panoramic view of the "special forms of style" from Aleman to Tennyson. The quotations, the first of the introductory lectures to use so many, amount to a pocket anthology of specimens of the pictorial or sculptural in poetry. Having already treated Homer, Palgrave turns first to the Dorian school, personal lyrics in which the pictorial shows itself. Quoting his own translation of an early specimen from Aleman, beginning "Sleep mountain-tops and ravines," he finds that the landscape-picture "retains a primitive severity of outline, a sculptural calm"[1478] and compares it with Dante's scene in the *Purgatorio* when he is just ascending into Elysium where he is to meet Beatrice. Although "as direct and severe as Aleman," it has "greater subtility of landscape detail [which] carries us farther away from any possible painted picture of the scene, whilst rendering far more fully its natural features."[1479] He then proceeds to Milton to demonstrate, by quoting twelve lines from "L'Allegro" beginning "Straight eye hath caught new pleasures," how he has "really most in common with the classical style: dealing with description in the same straightforward impersonal way: setting external images simply before us, whilst the mind is left to combine them as a whole, and feel their inward suggestiveness."[1480] He then compares lines from Spenser's "May" and Keats's "Autumn," finding the first less classical "by reason of its charming ornateness, its directly pictorial epithets ... antiquity seen ... through the glass of the Italian Renaissance," and the second "never falling into the false art of the word-painter ... seeming only to transmit the images, which, meantime, we know his imagination was really choosing, creating, combining."[1481] Turning to the Aeolian school, Palgrave quotes his translations of lines from Sappho, including the marriage song beginning "High lift the beams in the chamber," finding her "truly pictorial in the ancient sense; the image always simply presented; the sentiment left to our sensibility."[1482] The

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[1478]Ibid., p. 203.
[1479]Ibid., pp. 203-4.
[1480]Ibid., p. 204.
[1481]Ibid., p. 205.
[1482]Ibid., p. 206.

sculpturesque element, "this clear-cut impersonal severity, this self-restraint," is also found in the lines of Simonides beginning 'There is a song'."[1483] Pindar's style, however, although often regarded as a "conspicuous type of sculpturesque severity," Palgrave compares to the "Music by which it was ... accompanied" and "takes something from those effects which belong to the essential nature of architecture and music," and yet has the sculptural element when he narrates a scene—Palgrave quotes part of the story of Bellerphon and Pegasos—"leaving it without comment or ornamental epithet to penetrate us by its own plain sheer force."[1484] Greek drama is also touched on, Palgrave finding that in the plays of Aeschylus, despite the sculpturesque nature of the Greek language, the absence of personal analysis of feeling in the speeches, and the simplicity of the plot, "the essential qualities of sculpture have ... but little place."[1485] Euripides, on the other hand, is "unmistakeably pictorial ... the leading note of his characters is versatility of movement:—as in a picture, we seem to see the play of expression on their features."[1486] Among the surviving Greek dramatists Sophocles seems "distinctly and essentially statuesque. His chief figures detach themselves from the background of the story ... by the mere grace and purity of their outline ... by the way he 'holds passion in a leash.' This is characteristic of sculpture; and carries with it, also, a certain risk of coldness, as extravagance and sentimentalism are the dangers of painting."[1487] Notable is his objectivity. In contrast Palgrave finds in Latin poetry "but few analogies in style with other Fine Arts," according it only one quotation, a "passage of singularly lofty and severe pictorial skill from Horace, whose introspectiveness "like much else in Latin literature ... in truth prepares us for modern sentiment."[1488]

After a short paragraph on Petrarch, "the herald of the Italian Renaissance, [who] far more than Dante connects the two worlds," from whom he quotes lines on the vision of Laura after her death (Canzoni No.

[1483]Ibid., p. 207.
[1484]Ibid., pp. 208-9.
[1485]Ibid., p. 209.
[1486]Ibid., pp. 209-10.
[1487]Ibid., p. 210.
[1488]Ibid., pp. 211-12.

47) which "joins the pure clear-cut severity of ancient pictorial style, with the tender and gracious sentiment of the best mediaeval days,"[1489] Palgrave devotes the second half of his lecture to a brisk search of English poetry for instances of the sculpturesque and pictorial: a passage from Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* quoted, another from Webster, two from Milton and other of his poems simply named, Marvell granted "a few pieces admirably pictorial."[1490] The eighteenth century is represented by the naming of the "famous" odes by Collins and Gray, "instances of the severe, antique pictorial style more than of the sculptural," and Cowper's "Loss of the Royal George," "a poem which stands beside the noblest Grecian works in its high simplicity of objective pathos:—the pathos, not of *epithet*, but of *situation*."[1491] For the first half of the nineteenth century Palgrave's offers a parade of passages illustrating the sculpturesque and pictorial. From Wordsworth he quotes the sonnet describing the course of the river Duddon and lines from the "Romance of the Water Lily"[1492]; from Coleridge a less familiar fragment beginning "Encinctured with a twine of leaves"[1493]; from Arthur O'Shaughnessy lines in which he is "singing of the flight of the soul apart from the body"[1494]; from Shelley a sunrise and a dawning from the "Prometheus," as well as the naming of the song of Asia to Panthea.[1495] From Keats, whom Palgrave compares with Homer, Dante, or Shakespeare in the sense that "his eye was on his subject as firmly as theirs, his words translate the impression with that faithful delicacy which is reached only by the greatest masters. Yet although thus intensely pictorial, no painter could reproduce his pictures,"[1496] Palgrave quotes the description of the young Lycius led by Lamia to her magic palace and the "exquisite picture" of Madeline in her bower at night.[1497] The lesson Palgrave imparts is that these are "pieces of

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[1489]Ibid., p. 212.
[1490]Ibid., pp. 212-14.
[1491]Ibid., p. 214.
[1492]Ibid., p. 215.
[1493]Ibid., p. 216.
[1494]Ibid.
[1495]Ibid., pp. 216-17.
[1496]Ibid., p. 215.
[1497]Ibid., p. 217.

true pictorial art, not because they describe vividly, but because the characteristic touches of the poet's description are precisely those human, those invisible, touches which the painter cannot render. He, in his turn ... has his revenge; his special field. Or, to sum up in a general phrase, Every Art succeeds, in proportion, as it adheres strictly to its own powers and province."[1498] With considerable emotion, Palgrave concludes by naming one picture from "In Memoriam" of "such sweet and solemn beauty, that ... we may regard it as a perfect specimen of pictorial style;—Great art in miniature.

When rosy plumelets tuft the larch . . ."[1499]

[1498]Ibid., pp. 217-18.
[1499]Ibid., p. 218.

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POETRY

I. *Hymns*

1.

In 1867, at age forty-three and his work as art critic pretty much behind him, Palgrave published his second volume of poems, a small collection of only twelve poems called *Hymns.* It was followed in 1868 by a second enlarged edition at 1s.6d. which added six poems and in 1870 by a third enlarged edition which added two more. Although the final number is only twenty the poems are essential to an understanding not only of Palgrave's poetical practice but of the substance of his intellectual and spiritual development. That they are called hymns would seem to restrict them to religious observance. But when Palgrave sandwiched between the editions "A Glance at English Hymns since the Reformation,"[1500] a lecture given at the Working Man's College, Great Ormond Street, he made it clear that he was concerned with the general nature of poetry—"All poetry ... reflects faithfully the feelings, especially the highest and deepest feelings, of the time which produces it"—as well as the specific "form" of the poetry at hand: its language is "conventional," drawn from the words and symbols of the Christian faith, and "apt to be cold," but "beneath lie hid ... all those singular fluctuations in the mode of regarding religion which have marked every century of Christianity."[1501] And with an understanding of the craft, he viewed it from the perspective of the poet within a cultural context: "the practical necessity under which the hymn lies of conforming to the general code of Christian expression, and, further, of restraining itself within the obvious limits of a vocal act of prayer or praise, or, at most, of a brief series of reflections and descriptions, has undoubtedly been a serious impediment to success in

[1500]*Good Words* (Supplement), 10 (1 March 1869), 44-51.
[1501]Ibid., p. 44.

hymn writing, and one which it has required real poetic genius, or the strongest religious impulse, to conquer."[1502] When he came to edit *A Treasury of Sacred Song* in 1889—essentially an anthology of works by the poets mentioned in his lecture—he subtitled it *Selected from English Lyrical Poetry of Four Centuries* and declared in the very opening of his preface that his "first aim and leading principle" was "to offer poetry for poetry's sake," and, while not denying the "special place" of hymns in the "hearts of men," not for "direct usefulness, spiritual aid and comfort, or (to put it in one word) edification." As a sure measure of the importance to him of the hymns in *Hymns* as poems he wrote to Macmillan on 26 February 1877 that he "wish[ed] much to reprint the Hymns, adding a few written since & omitting the 'Reign of Law' which is not a hymn and has been printed in [his] other book [*Lyrical Poems*] ... [albeit] fear[ing] it will be long before even the expenses of the present edition are covered"[1503] and went on to include all of them in the last collection of his own poems, *Amenophis and Other Poems, Sacred and Secular*, in 1892. He assigned eighteen of them to the more ample heading "Hymns and Meditations" and two to "Epitaphs," and added thirty-six more poems to these two categories, thus far outnumbering the remaining thirty-three classed under "Varia."

Although the volume is called *Hymns*, the twelve poems of the first edition, which constitute the main body of the other editions as well, are not of one piece. They are devotional, but not necessarily intended for use in church services. His daughter Gwenllian considered them "generally sacred poems rather than hymns,"[1504] and he himself used the term for them in his collection *Amenophis and Other Poems, Sacred and Secular* (1892).[1505] Some, to be sure, have been set to music: a note at the end of the volume indicates that six have been set to music by James Tilleard. But it is likely that they were intended for private use or perhaps for concert performance, as in the case of "A Little Child's Hymn," which was set to

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[1502]Ibid., pp. 44-5.

[1503]British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 112-13.

[1504]Gwenllian, p. 117.

[1505]In a letter of 14 September 1893 to George Lillie Craik (the nephew of the author George Lillie Craik) of Macmillan's Palgrave admitted, "Both these two adjectives are not quite satisfactory: but I know of no simple alternative" (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 246-7).

music for a "Solo Voice, with an Accompaniment for the Pianoforte."[1506] In any case, *hymn* must be understood as a kind of generic term for a range of poems which are personal and religious. They may be prayers to Christ as a source of comfort (as in "Christus Consolator") and salvation (as in "The Daystar"). They may be traditional morning and evening prayers (of which there are two each) in the Ambrosian manner, as well as "A Child's Hymn for Night and Morning." There is a Kyrie Eleison, which Palgrave calls "A Litany." Another, "The City of God," is not so much a prayer as an invocation to daily Christian life: "Where'er the gentle heart / Finds courage from above." In "The Garden of God" Christ stands at the gate and in direct address "calls to souls upon the world's highway; / Wearied with trifles, maim'd and sick with sin" and "invites them in." With a Pervigilium Veneris motto—"Cras amet qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet"—""The Love of God" adapts the core concept of the secular love poem: "Let him love thee to-day / Who ne'er loved before; / And he who loves thee, / To-day love thee more." And in "Faith and Sight in the Latter Days" Palgrave employs the four-line stanza rhyming abcb of the simple hymns to argue "Ah, sense-bound heart and blind! / Is nought but what we see?"

The six new poems in the enlarged second edition of 1868 deepen the religious experience. The need for the permanence of God is more personal and profound in a transitory world:

> —So long since thou wast here, that to our seeming
> Thou art like some fair vision seen in dreaming:
> With glare and glow and turmoil, sigh and shout,
> The world rolls on, and seems to bar thee out.

And, as "Ad Altare" continues and stresses:

> Behind the midday sky the stars are shining;
> O shine out on us in our sun's declining:
> With loved ones lost, and loved ones yet to quit,
> Were this life all, we could not bear with it!

[1506] *Hymns*, p. 35.

And it is not simply the world of “glare and glow, sign and shout” which is flawed but the individual. The need for God is intensified not simply by the nearness of death but also by the sense of sin and guilt. The general call for repentance, Kyrie Eleison, of “A Litany” finds specific expression in “Through and Through.” Hypocrisy is exposed:

> And we can sing thy law,
> And we can sing thy songs,
> While the sad inner soul
> To sin and shame belongs.

And only the fire of God’s love and not of Hell can purify:

> Then spare us not thy fires,
> The searching light and pain;
> Burn out our sin; and, last,
> With thy love heal again.

“Lost and Found” reiterates the human situation and solution:

> Oft from thee we veil our faces
> Children-like to cheat thine eyes;
> Sin, and hope to hide the traces;
> From ourselves disguise:
> ‘Neath the veils we’ve woven round us
> Thy soul-piercing glance has found us.

Palgrave dramatizes the situation in the ominous figure,“The King’s Messenger.”

> He goes in silence through the crowd;
> A veil is o’er his face;
> Yet where but once his eyes are turn’d
> There is no empty space.
> The whispering throngs divide and stir:—
> ‘Tis he! ‘tis the King’s Messenger!

Death is relentless and judgment terrifying:

> When Science folds her hands and sighs,
>   And cannot bridge the abyss;
> And That, which once seem'd lite, seems nought
>   Before the enormous This;
> All days, all deeds, all passions past
> Shrunk to a pin's point in the vast:—
>
> Then face to face to meet the King
>   Behind his messenger!

That only the pure are redeemed and need have no fear is the message of Palgrave's touching "Epitaph on a Little Child":

> Pure, sweet, and fair, ere thou could'st taste of ill,
> God will'd it, and thy baby breath was still.
> Now 'mong the lambs thou liv'st thy Saviour's care,
> For ever as thou wast, pure, sweet, and fair.

To the third edition of 1870 Palgrave added two new poems and further aspects of his religiosity. To the experience of death he complemented the "Epitaph on a Little Child" with one "On a Mother." As a child finds comfort and peace in its mother's arms, so a mother

> Author of many hearts and joy of all
> Too soon for us she heard the Master's call:—
> Ah! for us all too soon; but not for her;
> Our comfort, she; but He, her comforter.
> For when to death her spirit gently bow'd,
> And the heart's sunshine went beneath the cloud,
> And in her smile the light of love grew dim,
> She fell asleep in God; and is with him.

The tranquillity of this poem, the last in the volume, is in striking contrast to the bursting first. "Sursum" is a stirring battle hymn, its confidence of victory underlined by the buoyancy elicited from its daring motto from

Catullus's "Hymn to Hymen," "Vesper adest; juvenes, consurgite," and trumpeted in the two-line refrain which closes each of the six stanzas, as in the first:

> Onward and upward, whatever the way;
> Gloomy or glad, through darkness and day:
> Vow'd to the end, be it distant or soon,
> Under the banner of Christ to march on;
> Strong in his armour to war against ill,
>   With a will, with a will,
>   Onward and upward.

And the last:

> High o'er the host floats his banner along,
> Red with the love that redeems us from wrong;
> He has made ready a home for his own;
> He will return to the rescue alone,—
> Leader and Lord, as we war against ill,
>   With a will, with a will,
>   Onward and upward!

2.

Palgrave evidently cherished these hymns, for when he included all of them in his last collection, *Amenophis and Other Poems, Sacred and Secular*, he revised a number, some more or less cosmetically—e.g. using one title, "Morning and Evening Hymns," and substituting numbers for the individual titles or deleting the Greek motto of "The Garden of God"; and others considerably—e.g. adding two stanzas to the five of "The City of God" or deleting one of the ten stanzas of "Faith and Sight" or substantially altering the evening hymn numbered II. More significantly perhaps, he added thirty-three new ones, the expanded heading "Hymn and Meditations" constituting the largest group in the volume and accounting for half the total of pages. More important than cosmetic touch-ups and the numerical increase was the expansion in range and variety in technique.

For one thing, he intensified some of the existing thematic groups. To

those, like "Faith and Sight," which argued against agnosticism, he added "Things Visible and Invisible" and "The Hidden Life." The "onward and upward" pride in the Church of "Sursum" was echoed in the surging "The Church of Christ in England" and "A Processional Hymn." Sacramental hymns, like "Ad Altare," which deals with the Eucharist, were complemented by "Four Hymns for Public Use." Sin and repentance found further expression in "A Hymn of Repentance," ""Quia Delexit Multum" (earlier in *Lyrical Poems*), and "A Hymn of Penitence." Children's texts, a staple in Palgrave, are again represented in "On the Love of Children," "A Child's Morning Hymn," "A Child's Evening Hymn," "That Children Should Be Gentle," and "An Incident at Mendrisio." Poems on death, like "The King's Messenger," are amplified in "Death and the Fear of It," "R.I.P.", "Desideratissimae," and logically in the last of the sacred poems. "I Am the Resurrection and the Life."

This is not to say that the poems in these groups are of a piece. On the contrary, they present notably varied inflections of theme. The pride in the Church exclaimed in the battle cry of "Sursum"—"With a will, with a will, / Onward and upward!"—is modulated with biblical imagery in "The Church of Christ in England":

> —O Boat on Gennesareth heaving,
> As the winds 'gainst her oarsman prevail!
> Christ's Ark, which the forces of darkness
> In all lands, through all ages, assail!
> —The Holy One moves in the tempest;
> The storm-cries of fury are stay'd:
> And lo! the still Voice of assurance—
> "It is I, Sons! be not afraid."

The battle and the storm metaphors are embedded and further modulated in the refrain of each of the four stanzas of the stately "Processional Hymn":

> Then follow, follow, Him whose blood
> From death and doom hath freed us:—
> The crimson'd footsteps of His love
> To eternal life lead us!

And the alliance to the Church is precise and explicit in Palgrave's supplementing simple morning and evening prayers with renditions of sacramental rites in hymns for infant baptism, holy communion, marriage, and Christian burial.

The mention of

> A stricter rule we own,
> A loftier law, than they who live
> By Nature's law alone

makes clear the difficulty in defining groups thematically. The conflict between the two is the subject of those poems which argue their merits, such as "The Reign of Law " and "Faith and Sight." But the imagery and tone add a new element, as in the summoning of the mythical past in "Things Visible and Invisible":

> Science so free of hand,
> Yet vaunting more than she can give or know;
> The dazzling Present with his glory-show;
> —And that scarce-visible life in Syrian land,
> Lost and time-buried by the Dead Sea strand!
>
> —Strange warfare, which the seen,
> The present, war against the unseen, the past!
> As that enchantress, whose sweet guile held fast
> With her palace-walls and forest green
> The gray-world wanderer; though the faithful Queen
>
> Sate in his island hall,
> And the hearth blazed in winter, and the sun
> Shone summer-high above the mountains dun,
> As erst before the fatal Spartan call,
> And the long siege, and holy Ilion's fall:—
>
> But he remembers nought
> Of what as been or will be:—till the spell
> Fade, and his eyes behold the invisible

Long hid:—she faithful wife, the fields he fought
The signs Athena for his safety wrought.

—We too, amid the glare
Of present life, misdeem the world we view,
Our small horizon, for the boundless blue,
Holding all things must be now as they are,
And our experience valid everywhere.

Unmistakably diversified too are the thoughtful resolution in "gracious Faith of Reason" and its jubilant acclamation of "The Hidden Life":

Thrice-happy they, who see
The hidden heavenly home!
Who know He walk'd on earth, and hence
Know He will come again!
O gracious Faith of Reason, sane and sure!
O joy beyond all human speech!
O secret life of peace and love!
Treasure no robber-arm can reach!
—And all in humble hope are mine,
While Thou art ours, and we are Thine.

The poems dealing with sin and repentance are complemented by some of a more immediate point of view. Along with the first person plural pronoun of the earlier "Lost and Found"—"We were lost,—but Thou hast found us"—or the refrain of "A Litany"—"Have mercy upon us, / Have mercy, O Lord!"—are poems using the first person singular. In "A Hymn of Repentance" the refrain is "I will not leave thee or forsake thee"; in "A Hymn of Penitence" the concluding quatrain of the last stanza, a variation of the preceding two, is:

—I know Thy presence nigh!
The wings of love caress me;
Now, now Thou wilt not go
Before Thou bless me.

The impression of intimacy is unmistakable and striking—all the more so since this pronoun is rare in Palgrave's poetry. And the debt to the poetry of secular and literary love—Herbert was a favorite, Donne less so—is obvious.

Palgrave was not content, however, to expand and embellish existing hymns and themes. How exactly the new title, "Meditations," is to be understood is not easily defined. Judging from the poems, it seems to be a catch-all for thoughtful poems which are not directly connected with religious institutions or observances but are nevertheless to be understood as expressions of spirituality. One of the newer groups concerns what may be termed the synthesizing of human life with the processes in nature. Palgrave had made use of the commonplace parallel of the change of seasons or the duration of the day with that of the ages of man. But in "On Lyme Beach," he goes farther. He invokes Urania, as had Milton, as the "voice of Heaven within the heart" and, aware of the sounding of the sea and the "faint cry / Dropp'd dewlike from the twilight-wheeling bird," he

> Listening:—E'en so o'er us, in this fair bay,
> Their spell the sea-sounds lay,
> Recalling how the fresh Ionian breeze
> To that great sightless seer
> Who sang the shadowy hills and sounding seas,
>
> Bore the same voice, and spoke of other powers
> And other worlds than ours;
> As if some oracle in that rhythmic wave
> Told how, through all the noise
> Of those who cry, and boast, and laugh, and rave,
>
> The Eternal Order makes His music clear
> To hearts that choose to hear;
> And though in His high pleasure He withdraw
> Himself behind Himself,
> Yet through all worlds is love, and life, and law.

And it is only at this point that he addresses his Eugenia, "singly dearest,"

to accept that life may lose its luster, like "The dusking hills, and skies that darker grow," but

> Only within the heart Urania's voice
> Wakens a chord at times,
> And thy hand meets in mine, and we rejoice
>
> Sedately: and as we know the faith we hold
> Was, before Time, enroll'd
> In God's own archives: and the dawn's soft breeze
> Smites cool upon the brow,
> And Heaven's first day-smile trembles o'er the seas.

The spirituality of nature is beyond the comprehension of man, although there for him to wonder. In "A Psalm of Creation," the six eight-line stanzas end with the refrain "O God, who is like unto Thee!" The celebration is of the "handiwork" of God—the sun, the stars, the waters, the earth,

> The lily-bells dance in their mirth,
> And the rose in red radiance burns:—
> The birds in the forest ring out,
> And a thousand wild voices agree,
> To praise their Creator and God:
> O God, who is like unto Thee!

But it is man, "higher and fairer than all," bearing the image of God, who has been given command of "All that wanders on earth or in sea." Palgrave then extends this traditional conception to address man in the last stanza and present the greatest creation of God—salvation:

> —O Man, from thy bower and home,
> The Tree and the garden of Heaven,
> By lust and the Serpent o'ercome,
> By the sword-glare of Cherubim driven!
> Yet, who turn to the Son and believe,
> From death by His death to set free

He hath promised; and He will fulfil:—
O God, who is like unto Thee!

Indeed, death and salvation is the main theme of many of the poems. The fear of death in the dramatic "The King's Messenger" is amplified in "Death and the Fear of It": "Like a sword above my head / Death is hanging by a thread." It is muted, however, by the hope of salvation:

—Nearer than the nearest by,
Be beside me when I die!
With Thy strength my weakness nerve
Ne'er through fear from faith to swerve;
So, Death's storm-vex'd portal past,
Safe in Thee to sleep at last.

Or by the plea for forgiveness, as in the conclusion of "Desideratissimae":

—Lord, who in Thy wounded side
Bid's the heavy-laden hide,
Though the sun of life be set,
Through the darkness aid me yet;
Patient down the way of woe
Grant me in Thy steps to go;
My fond tears forgive, accept;
Thou art Man; and Thou hast wept.

Fittingly, the last of the hymns is the triumphant "I Am the Resurrection and the Life," which begins:

Dark World, rejoice! The day-spring
Has broke, more bright than when
The star-crown'd Angel chorus
Sang God's good news to men,—
The Lord of Life e'en now
From Death's dim prison
This third day risen,

With victory on His brow
Risen!

and movingly concludes:

But most who mourn their dearest
Through desolate silent years,
Loved with what utter longing,
And wept for with what tears—
For them the Love that died
Unbars life's prison:—
They see Christ risen
The loved ones at His side—
Risen!

In his mournful poem, "R.I.P.", on the death of his brother Gifford, Palgrave offers a vision of paradise, of the "loved ones at His side":

If 'tis Thy will that, 'neath the Throne,
The souls who truly loved on earth,
Transfigured through death's second birth,
Shall meet and gaze and own their own,

Rosed o'er with Love's ethereal fire—
Star-like that face on me shall shine,
O loved and lost, O Brother mine,—
Fulfilling so the heart's desire.

The starkness of these poems is more than balanced by the considerable number of songs of praise, be they of the Christian community, as in "The City of God":

Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden-wall'd afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In His name gather'd are,

Be in the midst of them
God's own Jerusalem!

Or of the Virgin Mary, as in "Virgini Deiparae":

Now through rest translated
To the realm assign'd,
Crown'd with grace we greet thee,
Crown of human-kind!
—Yet, through all the ages,
Throned upon thy knee
Mother-maid, th' Almighty
Child and Lord we see!

Or of Christmas, as in the repetition of the refrain in "A Christmas Hymn":

Holy, Holy, Holy,
All Thine Angels cry:
Jesus pure and lowly;
Jesus throned on high!
Born for us in Bethlehem,
Grant us grace to sing with them
Holy, Holy, Holy!

Or of "Guardian Angels":

Invisible guardians at our side,—
When Satan's smiles allure,
Man's ear and eye, sin's treacherous gates,
'Gainst sin they hold secure.

As always in Palgrave, children receive special attention, and not without a certain maudlin tinge. Although the intent is noble, "God's kingdom is of such as these," the result in "On the Love of Children," for example," is a sugary vignette:

Or when the child at mother's knee,
His altar, lisps a prayer,
And perfect faith, and utter love,
And Christ Himself, is there;

Or when the little hands are clasp'd
To beg some baby grace,
And all the beauty of the dawn
Comes rose-red o'er the face;

Or when some elder one from sport
Her smaller sister wiles,
And two bright heads o'ershade the book;
Half study, and half smiles.

Children in Palgrave could be children as well as lambs. In "That Children Should Be Gentle," intended "For School Use," their conduct should emulate Christ's mildness and meekness:

But we have other duties too;
Not only must we speak, but do:
And gentle hands and quiet feet
For little children's ways are meet.
   We should practise what we know;
   Softly step, and gently go.

"Softly step, and gently go" is the refrain. But Palgrave's focus is deeper and sadder. In his earlier "A Little Child's Hymn for Night and Morning," the child prayed to the "child" Jesus:

Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wast a little child like me.

In "A Child's Morning Hymn" and "A Child"s Evening Hymn," the emphasis is not so much on simple innocence as on frail mortality. In the first:

Each blesséd morning Thou dost give,
I have one morning less to live:
O help me this day to spend,
To make me fitter for the end!

And in the latter:

One little heap of days for me
Is measured out by God's decree;
And one day from that little heap
Is gone as I lie down to sleep.

And I know not how soon the tale
Of my few days and short may fail:—
O God, whene'er!—for Thy dear Son,
Me, even me, have mercy on!

3.

Palgrave was fairly well aware of the difficulties of writing these hymns and meditations, prefacing them with a quotation from Henry Vaughan: "To write true, unfeignéd verse, / Is very hard." Their subject matter was more or less fixed and predictable: "conventional" he called "the "long series of words and thoughts which have become symbols of the Christian faith to most men."[1507] And he was not one to question the traditional models. Although a prolific poet he was realistic enough know his place in the hierarchy. He was admittedly no match for Vaughan or Herbert, nor even for his much admired Cowper or Keble; nor could any one of his poems equal Newman's "Lead, kindly Light" or Lyte's "Abide with Me." There is no question of the sincerity of his efforts or the depth of his belief. Nor of the criteria for hymns he advocated: a "genuine frame of mind," "simplicity of style," "purity of taste," and such-like phrases. Judging the success of his efforts is complicated by the social disposition of the reader, for, as he himself somewhat hesitantly confessed in assessing the reception of this "small portion in the great field of poetry": "We all, I suppose, either care for them more or less ourselves, or know

[1507]"Glance at English Hymns," p. 44.

those who do."[1508] "More or less" may have little to do with the poems as poems. And of course there are too many for a single judgment of what is undeniably the mixture of qualities collections are doomed to present. Interestingly, of three anthologies which include hymns by Palgrave there is no agreement on the ones chosen.[1509] What is indisputable, if not striking, is Palgrave's notable and irrepressible technical variety. In the hymns the simple requirements of easy comprehension and musicality of the basic hymn are met. In general the stanzas are normally short, mainly the ballad stanza of four lines rhyming aabb or abab, with an occasional added couplet cc forming a sestet; the longer stanzas of some hymns are often made up of the two shorter ones. Within this restricted structure, not to mention the unavoidable conventional vocabulary, Palgrave uses repetitions at varying places. In "R.I.P." he begins every other stanza "If 'tis thy will"; in "A Psalm of Creation" each stanza ends "O God, who is like unto Thee!"; in "Sursum" the initial line, "Onward and upward, whatever the way," resounds in the final two lines of each of the six stanzas: ""With a will, with a will, / Onward and upward!" In "A Litany of the Name of Jesus" each of the three stanzas ends with a rhyming couplet: "While at the blesséd Name we bow, / Lord Jesus, be among us now!" In fact such two-line refrains occur often, and with slightly altered wording, to carry forth the developing thought, as in "A Christmas Litany of Confession" and "A Hymn of Repentance." Or, as in "The Reign of Law," the final couplet of each stanza rhymes "hither and "whither." Or, as in "Faith and Sight," the fourth line of each of the nine stanzas is a variation on the idea of following, its last word, rhyming with that of the second line, is always "Thee": "Yet we would follow Thee," "That we might follow Thee!", "How can I follow Thee?", and so forth, until the final and resolving, "Lead, and we follow Thee."

The principal foot in these poems is the iamb, which occurs in dimeter (most often the Ambrosian dimeter of four iambs), trimeter, tetrameter, pentameter, and hexameter, but often with alternating length within a stanza, as in the opening of "A Marriage Hymn":

[1508]Ibid.

[1509]*The Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century*, ed. A. H. Miles (11 vol., London, 1905-7); *A Victorian Anthology: 1837-1895*, ed. Edmund Clarence Stedman (Boston, 1895); *Palgrave: Selected Poems*, comp. Brian Louis Pierce (London, 1985).

O Thou, by Whom the life on earth
   Is unforgot on high,
This morn with special blessing sweet,
   O Son of Man, be nigh!

There are considerably other meters, not occasional but deliberate, which the classicist Palgrave employs, often in imitation of known models. An obvious instance is the line of anapests, "With a will, with a will," followed by a line consisting of a dactyl and a trochee, "Onward and upward." Another is the line of trochees, perhaps Palgrave's favorite foot: as in "Mother-Maid, all holy" (which follows the pattern of the Ave Mare Stella), "Holy Hymen whom of yore," "Hope of those that have none other," and "Thou that once on mother's knee, / Wast a little one like me." Dactyls are also frequent, as in "Sons of the Church of Christ" and "Lord God Almighty on high." More interesting is the combining of various meters within a stanza, as in the dactyls surrounding the anapests in "A Christmas Litany of Confession":

Lord God Almighty on high:
   We have sinn'd in the thought of the heart,
   We have sinn'd in the deeds of the hand;
   'Gainst ourselves, against others, our sins
   Outnumber the numberless sand:—
      To Thee for pardon we cry,
      Lord God Almighty on high.

To be sure, technical efforts alone do not guarantee success. But they do illustrate Palgrave's powerful engagement, his thought and faith, in both subject and craft. E. K. Chambers's opinion that Palgrave "has little care for technique" is puzzling. It may be conceded that "his rhymes are hackneyed," but to reduce Palgrave's craft to his use of "loose stanza-forms, in which the first and third lines are unrhymed" is questionable, as is his emphasis on thought as the "region" of Palgrave's "strength." That may well be his strength, but, although it is hard to deny that Palgrave "is at home with the problems that lie on the borderline of religion and philosophy, the problem of doubt and faith and hope, of world-weariness

and world-despair,"[1510] it is difficult to overlook Palgrave's concerted effort not to offer lessons but pleasure, just as it is well-nigh impossible to agree with Chambers's view that "the higher religious emotions ... do not easily find metrical expression: the essential indefiniteness of them must be rendered rather by the parallel indefiniteness of music."[1511] Whatever the final judgment, Chambers, "surpris[ed] to note how the High Church revival, so fruitful in the sphere of character and conduct, has been persistently infertile in that of literary inspiration," nevertheless finds, "in this dearth" Palgrave's "voice ... welcome." And his poems too, it must be added, not because they are great, on the one hand, or just "far beyond compare with the doggerel that mostly fills our hymn books," on the other.

II. *Lyrical Poems*

1.

In 1871, seventeen years after the appearance of *Idyls ands Songs,* Palgrave published his third volume of poems, *Lyrical Poems.* He was now forty-seven and was well known as an art and literary critic. And, of course, the success of his *Golden Treasury* of 1861 enhanced his literary presence and public reputation enough for him to consider entering the competition in 1867 for the Oxford Professorship of Poetry. Although he withdrew his candidacy, his prominence was increased by the publication and fair success in that year of his little volume of *Hymns*, which was followed by a second edition in 1868 and a third in 1870. It is not surprising, in fact, that in discussing the advertisement of *Lyrical Poems* with Craik of Macmillan's he confessed, "I should like to be so far trumpeted as to get a chance of being judged on its merits, whatever they may be: as I publish with a view of trying for the Poetry Professorship at Oxford when [Francis] Doyle retires."[1512] Nevertheless, for all his efforts and aims as critic Palgrave never relinquished his activities as poet. Whereas *Idyls and Songs* consisted of poems never before published, *Lyrical Poems* contained

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[1510] *The Academy*, 43:1080 (14 January 1893), 29.

[1511] Ibid., p. 30.

[1512] In a letter of 3 April 1871 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 86-7). Doyle held the position from 1867-77. In the Creweian Oration in Latin commemorating Matthew Arnold, who had died on 15 April 1888, which Palgrave as Professor of Poetry delivered on 20 June 1888, Doyle, who had died on 8 June, is also lauded.

some ten poems which had already been published separately: "Reine d'Amour" and "Brecon Bridge" in the *Cornhill Magazine*[1513]; "Mentana," "Pro Mortuis," and "At Lyme *Regis*" in the *Spectator*[1514]; "Margaret Wilson" (originally titled "The Child-Martyr") in *Good Words*[1515]; and "The Reign of Law," "The Voices of Nature," and "Elegy in Memory of Percy, Eighth Viscount Strangford" in *Macmillan's Magazine*[1516]; and "To a Painter" in the *Portfolio*.[1517] In the manner of a settled poet projecting a form of his collected works, he noted that "almost all the poems" in Book Fourth "were written before 1855." And, ever the active poet, he included only six poems of the eighty-two in the *Idyls* among the sixty-nine titles (not including the ten individually titled verses of "Ibycus and Cleora").

It is of course impossible to explain exactly why he retained these six poems. Whatever the reason, they seem to represent those areas which affected and reflected him most and which were among the leading motifs of his work. The first, "Hic Jacet," an elegy on the death of his mother in 1852, is doubtless the most poignant of those memorial verses which occupy so prominent a place in his work. Although it is autobiographical and heavily personal, it is concerned, like the others, with universal implications. The mother is not named, nor is her role. The "she" who "lies low," as the refrain goes, is seen within a sympathizing nature—

> Where she lies low—where she lies low
> The great world and its clamours sleep:
> The low soft winds above her creep,

[1513]19:110 (February 1869), 243 and 22:117 (July 1870), 98.

[1514]40:2057 (30 November 1867), 42:2145 (7 August 1869), 930, and 43:2203 (17 September 1870), 1121.

[1515]9 (1 July 1868), 430.

[1516]7 (January 1867), 34-7, 19 (December 1868), 120-5, and 19 (February 1869), 355-6. Offering a poem for one of the magazines, Palgrave wrote to Macmillan on 23 April 1868 that he had done a "sort of comparison piece to the 'Reign of Law.' It is a kind of mixture of landscape & metaphysics, with a theistic conclusion, named *The Voices of Nature*. It is in 6-line rhymed stanzas, & 100 lines in toto ... It has much more description & poetizing" (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 60-2). On 3 November 1868 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 63-4) he wrote that he would "add a new stanza or two to make the end clearer" and remarked, "If you put it off again, it will grow big enough to fill a whole number!"

[1517]2 (January 1871), 41.

With sighing whispers through the grass,
And shake the tearful flowers that blow
Where she lies low.—

and its grieving creatures:

But ever, ever higher yet,
Blithe reveller on pinion strong,
The lark pours out himself in song;
Then wearied on her turf he drops,
And folds his speckled wings in woe
Where she lies low.

To the interplay of individual and nature Palgrave links the course of the day and the course of life:

—The earth transfigures her in light:
The living sun is whirl'd on high:—
O golden day! O happy sky!
O bright satiety in bliss!
Ye mock the settled shades of woe
Where she lies low.

Dawn brings light and reveals childhood:

And childhood seats her on the turf,
And shares the noontide meal with joy:
Girl smiles to girl: boy laughs to boy:
—They go:—the robin quits the bush,
And treads the careless flowers that grow
Where she lies low.

Evening follows and then "There is but one deep night of woe / Where she lies low." And, as was the answer in his fruitless pursuit of Preciosa, there is no answer, "No hint from Heaven that will'd it so." There is only, "It is the utter heart of woe."

A similar generalizing title is found in *Lyrical Poems*. "Pro Mortuis,"

Palgrave explains, "is a lament for "almost all modern English poets [who] have suffered more or less injury from neglect of that decent reverence for the dead which forbids the sacrilege of publishing imperfect works and tentative phrases:—the 'secrets of the study' which a great artist is always most anxious to keep from public view."[1518] Despite this apparently limited focus, however, Palgrave's distinctive intertwined elements of time, time past, children, and nature found in the final stanza are far more embracing and significant:

> Ah, 'tis but little that the best,
> Frail children of a fleeting hour,
> Can leave of perfect fruit or flower:
> Ah, let all else be graciously supprest
> When man lies down to rest!

Palgrave's elegies were complemented by his memorial verses celebrating persons he knew or admired. In *Idyls and Songs* there were such as "To E.V.B.," "To W.W.," "To M.M.," "To G.C.A.," "To Henry Hallam," "To Burnet Moirer." In *Lyrical Ballads* poems to intimate friends, such as the "Elegy in Memory of Percy, Eighth Viscount Strangford," with its interlinking cycles—

> One statesman the less,—one friend the poorer,—
> While the year from its cradle comes lusty and gay;
> In its strength and in its youth we seem'd younger
> and surer;
> Death said 'Ye are mine!—lo, I call one:—obey!—

are less frequent than those devoted to prominent literary idols. A tale of Thackeray's and a page of Hallam's are only mentioned en passant in "Pro Mortuis." But full tribute is given to Shelley and Keats in "Two Graves in Rome," not so much for themselves as for the vitality of art:

[1518] *Lyrical Poems*, pp. 263-4. Palgrave had discussed the matter in his essay "On Printing and Reprintng." See above, pp. 256-7.

A transient name on the stone,
A transient love in the heart:
We have our day, and are gone:—
—But it is not so with these!
Thee is life and love in the stone;—
Names of beauty and light
Over all lands and seas
They have gone forth in their might:
Warmer and higher beats
The general heart at the words
Shelley and Keats:—
There is life and love in the stone!

Palgrave is more precise in his description in "William Wordsworth" of the art of Wordsworth since it is for him the epitome of what art should be:

The fever of our fretful life,
The autumn poison of the air,
The soul with its own self at strife,
He saw and felt, but could not share:
With eye made clear by pureness, pierc'd
The life of Man and Nature through;
And read the heart of common things,
Till new seem'd old, and old was new.

Likewise, Palgrave's "Memorial Verses on Charles Dickens" is a celebration of art—

Wonders of exquisite art;
  Beauty that earth cannot give;
The spell that lays bare the dim, gray
Caves of the soul to the day;
  —In their magic awhile we may live.—

as well as of its constituents:

And the work must not only be true,
  But intense with the passion of truth,
The hatred of coldness and lie;
To the nobler nature must cry,
  That shall merit eternal youth.

And the verse that shall never grow old
  With a life-blood current must roll,
In the music of heaven have part,—
The cry of the heart to the heart
  And the song of the soul to the soul.

The nature and function of art are inflected once again in "To a Painter":

Nature and Man, two streams from one,
  Feed us with knowledge; and her powers
Pass into us, and brace the mind:
Yet must we owe to what our kind
  Has done or thought in earlier hours;

For heart to heart speaks closest, best.
  Nor has man higher task than he
Who from old treasures flung away
Creates new beauty for to-day,
  And heirlooms for the far to-be.

2.

It may not be surprising that these dedicatory poems, in a sense reflective of earlier and brighter times, of youth and "old treasures," should be applied to childhood. Palgrave thought to reprint "Recollections of Childhood," and continued its autobiographical reverie and reverence with poems celebrating the innocence and purity he sought in life and art. "To a Child" is exemplary:

If by any device or knowledge
The rosebud its beauty could know,

It would stay a rosebud for ever,
Nor into its fulness grow.

And if thou could'st know thy own sweetness,
O little one, perfect and sweet:
Thou would'st be child for ever;
Completer whilst incomplete.

The scene of innocence, containing the secret of nature and of art, is the garden of children, Palgrave names "Eutopia":

There is a garden where lilies
  And roses are side by side;
And all day between them in silence
  The silken butterflies glide.

I may not enter the garden,
  Though I know the road thereto;
And morn by morn to the gateway
  I see the children go.

They bring back light on their faces;
  But they cannot bring back to me
What the lilies say to the roses,
  Or the songs of the butterflies be.

That innocence is the key to love. "Their little language the children / Have" is the subject of "Love's Language":

The words thereof and the grammar
  Perplex the logician's art;
But the heart goes straight with the meaning,
  And the meaning is clear to the heart.

That childhood is past explains Palgrave's constant attention to the passage of time, the change of seasons, past and present—the dominant theme of Book Second of the volume's four sections. And since

childhood is inseparable from love, Palgrave applies the image to the course of his own life. It is notable that many of the poems are songs, the instrument of love. “A Song of Spring and Autumn” begins:

> In the season of white wild roses
> We two went hand in hand:
> But now in the ruddy autumn
> Together already we stand.

But childhood and pure love are, so the title of one poem, “The Irrecoverable”:

> As music sleeping in the strings
> Till by a touch awaken’d, lay
> The blessedness of life with thee;
> And day died after day
> In hopeless chase of vain imaginings.

In “A Song of Life” the refrain is “For life will bring no second spring / When summer once is faded.” Others variations in this key are found in “Now and Ever,” “A Song of the Years,” “The Hereafter,” “Spring,” “The Three Ages,” “The Old Year,” “The Days Long Past,” and “A Song of Age.” Palgrave was so captivated with this theme that he used the same title, “Past and Present,” for two different poems to illustrate the situational range of the same theme. The first, in *Idyls and Songs*, a four-stanza dialogue between Youths and Maidens, begins with the Youths asking, in the first of a number of *ubi sunt* pleas, “Where are the friends that were ours in our childhood?” and ends with the Maidens replying:

> Leave to the Past what is past and faded:
> Lost is the lost: why deplore it in vain?
> Love is undying: then trust his disposing:
> Clothed in new charms comes the dear one again.
> Leave to the Past then to the past and the faded:
> Lost is the lost: why deplore it in vain?

In *Lyrical Poems* the scene changes, the mood darkens:

I see the lost Love in beauty
  Go gliding over the main:
I feel the ancient sweetness,
  The worm and the wormwood again.

Earth all one tomb lies round me,
  Domed with an iron sky:
And *God himself in his power*,
  God cannot save me! I cry.

There is consolation, however, in the recurring comfort of the mother to the child:

With the cry I wake;—and around me
  The mother and child at her feet
Breathe peace in even whispers;
  And the night falls heavy and sweet.

In "Reine d'Amour" there is even veneration:

Now all day long and every day
  Her beauty on me grows,
And holds with stronger sweeter sway
  Than lily or than rose;
And this one star outshines by far
  All in the meadow green;—
And so I wear her in my heart
  And take her for my Queen
      Of Love,—
  And take her for my Queen.

3.

Among the poems carried over from *Idyls and Songs* were Palgrave's translations of fragments from Sappho, Alkman, Simonides, as well as "An Athenian Song." The spirit and manner of Hellas were at the core of his being as poet, critic, and man. His allegiance was unshakeable and all-pervasive. The "Athenian Song," written "in Honour of Harmodius and

Aristogeiton," the symbols of democracy in ancient Athens for having killed the tyrant Hipparchus—

> Aye on earth your names shall shine,
> Brothers brave, beloved, divine;
> Since the tyrant sank, and ye
> Gave fair Athens liberty—

is, however, not solely a political statement but a celebration of Hellenism as the unsurpassed model for all art, if not for the moral conduct of life. Its complement, no longer stridently militaristic but generously humanistic, is the dedicatory poem of *Lyrical Songs*, "To the Immortal Memory of Free Athens," whose opening stanzas are a poetic rendition of Palgrave's artistic and moral creed:

> Where are the flawless form,
> The sweet propriety of measured phrase,
> The words that clothe the idea, not disguise,
> Horizons pure from haze,
> And calm clear vision of Hellenic eyes?
>
> Strength ever veil'd by grace;
> The mind's anatomy implied, not shown;
> No gaspings for the vague, no fruitless fires;—
> Yet, heard 'neath all, the tone
> Of those fair realms to which the soul aspires.
>
> Upon life's field they look'd
> With fearless gaze, trusting their sight,—the while
> Conscious the God's whole scheme they could not see;
> But smiled a manly smile,
> And the same song spoke the heart's sanity.

Whereas in *Idyls and Songs* the young Palgrave concentrated his interest in classical literature in transmissions of often obscure fragments, the mature Palgrave expressed himself in critical articles on classical authors

and modern translations[1519] and original poems using classical figures and actions to render his own views. Thus the dedicatory poem is an address to his contemporaries, an appeal to honor the past by enacting its precepts, not by fruitless imitation but by adapting them to modern circumstances. In his "Alcestis," a poem of fifty-seven stanzas in iambic pentameters rhyming abccb, Palgrave retells the heroic sacrifice of Alcestis in order to illustrate the essence and rewards of love, a recurrent theme in his own work and lodestar of his life. Henry Adams is not completely convincing in including this poem among those by poets,"great and small, who have imitated the Greeks," and finding that "as studies, their work is no doubt not only valuable, but necessary to high excellence; [but] as poems, one might almost say that the greater the success the greater is the failure; the closer the copy the more obvious the *tour de force*."[1520] For it is at least debatable whether his "impression" of what the poem conveys, "an impression of subdued tone and careful finish; a subordination of passion to form; a self-restraint which is not timidity, but a result of the effort to realize a Greek ideal," is the result of simple imitation or the expression of Palgrave's poetical skills as much as of his aesthetic orientation. The narrative, in short, suited his temperament, talent, and mission. And considering Palgrave's dactylic tendencies, his use of iambic pentameter is tantamount to modern dress.

Adams's criticism might be more applicable to "Ibycus and Cleora," a long narrative poem included in Book Fourth among the poems written before 1855, in which the ten individually titled sections offer a veritable manual of classical metrical alternatives. And it is difficult to deny the imposing influence of the young Palgrave's classical education and artistic disposition. In constructing this narrative, he had no clear model or even source. Ibycus of Rhegium had left only bare fragments, and Palgrave had to more or less invent a narrative that resembled or seemed to suggest an older version. The story of unfulfilled and unending love is the story of Palgrave's early life, of his *Preciosa*. And for all its classical metrical devices, its constituents—the early acquaintance, the garden, the little sister, the restless nights, the sleepless pain, the awful parting—and its personal lament—its vocabulary and tone—are immediate and recognizable as

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[1519]See above, p. 179 n. 981, for example.

[1520]*North American Review*, 120:2 (April 1875), 440.

Palgrave's own. The concluding lines are typical:

A hand in my hand; an eye
  Too tender in sadness:
The silence of Love that could not die
  Yet knows thou wilt ne'er be mine:—
      Yet ever thine
      For ever, Cleora!

Whilst even crimsons the west
  And homeward birds clamour:
Whilst I lie in that long unrest
  And dream in the grave of thee
    —So must it be,
    Ever, Cleora.

And West is one ruby red,
  And homeward birds clamour:
And the dying sun enhaloes thy head:
  And O could the thought of thee
    Having been, not be,
    For ever, Cleora!

—We met in silence: and o'er
  Our parting was silence.
Call her no more, no more:—
  I have no words can say
    For aye, for aye
    Farewell, Cleora.

It is a narrative no Greek would or could have written. As in his art and literary criticism Palgrave's admonishing the artist not to be a "slave of antique Art or the romantic and the sentimental taste which is its antithesis" did not exclude models or even experimentation with forms and figures which were not at odds with nature and best expressed his own mind. It is much the theme of the opening stanzas of "The Ancient and Modern Muses," the first poem in Book Third:

The monument outlasting bronze
  Was promised well by bards of old;
The lucid outline of their lay
Its sweet precision keeps for aye,
  Fix'd in the ductile language-gold.

But we who work with smaller skill,
  And less refined material mould,
—This close conglomerate English speech,
Bequest of many tribes, that each
  Brought here and wrought at from of old,

Residuum rough, eked out by rhyme
  Barbarian ornament uncouth,—
Our hope is less to last through Art
Than deeper searching of the heart,
  Than broader range of utter'd truth.

4.

Lyrical Poems is divided into four books, it is difficult to ascertain why. Palgrave's note that "almost all the poems contained [in Book Fourth] were written before 1855" seems to suggest a chronological arrangement, but why is it placed last in the volume? And thematically it is hardly coherent. The translations and "Ibycus and Cleora" may be a unit but are certainly not of the same character as "Hic Jacet," "Recollections of Childhood," "The Desire," or the ballad-like "Castelrovinato," which make up the rest of Book Fourth. They seem to be reflections in differing registers of aspects of Palgrave early experience. There is little of the world outside the self, no places but the rooms and garden of his house. Even "Castelrovinato" is not so much a place seen as one conceived. And the "Greek" influence is certainly the product of his education at home, school, and university translated by his imagination. What there may be in the way of unity is the sense of loss, be it of the freshness of childhood or the originality of Hellas. The past is irrecoverable; the castle, if there is one, is "rovinato."

This kind of subliminal thematic connection of the various poems in Book Fourth is evident as well in Book First, which consists of four

poems: "Melusine," a narrative in thirty stanzas of various lengths and meters of the fate of the figure well known in European legends and folklore whose tale had been told by Palgrave's much admired Walter Scott in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*; "Alcestis"; "A Maiden's Prayer"—two short supplications, each of three six-line stanzas of varying rhymes and meters, the first to Artemis, in her role as goddess of all young things ("She is but a child! ... Guard and grace thy flower") and the second to Aphrodité, "With thy hand of power / Staunch the bleeding heart"—and last, "A Story of Naples: Ancien Régime," a tale in sixty-seven four-line stanzas rhyming abcb told by a mother grieving the death of her sons in a senseless war. What they have in common is the centrality of a woman in distress at the loss of a child and the supportive power of love.

The leitmotif of the female as child, girl, sweetheart, bride, or mother is associated, in another recognizable cluster, with the cycle of the seasons, albeit not as a manifestation of renewal but rather as an expression of the natural and inevitable course of life. In "A Song of Life" the final lines are "For life will bring no second spring / When summer once is faded." In "Spring" they are "Touch me with life, sweet Spring, / Me, me only." The final stanza of "The Golden Land" is an apostrophe to the symbiotic character of September:

> Bright and beguiling, as She who glances
>   Along the shore and the meadows along,
> And sings for heart's delight, and dances
>   Crown'd with apples, and ruddy, and strong:—
> Can we see thee, and not remember
>   Thy sun-brown cheek and hair sun-golden,
>   O sweet September?

A symbiosis of person and place is evident as well in Palgrave's nature poems, often the record of his travels. The natural scene may be a foil, as in the conclusion of "In the Valley of the Grande Chartreuse":

> —Ah, another vision calls me, calls me to the
>   northern isle,

Voices from beyond the mountain: smiles that dim
        the sun's own smile:

And I set my soul against thee, water of the
        southern sea:
—Thine art not the currents toward the haven
        where my heart would be.

In "Midnight at Geneva" a tour of the countryside is equated with a personal search. Finding a sign of hope in his "Fair Polestar,"

  I follow thee alone
Beyond the shadowy Jura range,
  The Jura, and the Rhone;

Beyond the purpling vineyards trim
  Of sunny Clos Vougeot;
Beyond where Seine's brown waves beneath
  The Norman orchards go;

Till, where the silvery waters wash
  The white-wall'd northern isle,
My heart outruns these laggart limbs
  To the long-sigh'd-for smile.

In "Brecon Bridge" the eternity of nature sets off man's transitory life:

Low to himself beneath the sun
While soft his dusky waters run,
With ripple calm as infant's breath,
An ancient song Usk murmureth
        by the bridge of Aberbonddu.

'Tis not of deeds of old, the song,
Llewellyn's fate, Gwalia's wrong:
But how, while we have each our day
And then are not, he runs for aye.

And in “To a Spring-head in South Wales” nature and man are inseparable:

> —E’en thus with pure unswerving force
> Thine unremittent waters go;
> And all around thy cradle-source
> The ferns their green embroidery throw,
> And the lush grasses net themselves below:—
>
> And from the homestead in the glen
> A girl her hollow pitcher brings,
> And loads with liquid crystal:—then
> Above her head the weight she swings,
> And down the vale her even carol sings.

But although inseparable they have separate and not always reconcilable identities. In “In High Savoy”:

> Nature’s fair, fruitless, aimless world
> Men take and mould at will:
> Scoop havens from the wasteful sea;
> Tame heaths to green fertility,
> And grind their roadway through the hill.
> . . . .
> Yet still some relics she reserves
> Of what was all her own:—
> Keeps the wild surface of the moor,
> Or, where the glacier-torrents roar,
> Reigns o’er gray piles of wrinkled stone.

Another noticeable and related cluster in *Lyrical Poems* consists of his reactions to the problems of the world—that is, to specific events and situations beyond his personal life. New in his poetry, although not surprising, is his indignation at the eviction of a family in “The Cottage Home”:

Clothed in a cloud of green woodbine,
Its feet with the red rose bound,
It stands like a fairy creature
On its own dear fairy ground:
'Neath eave-brow'd casements the martin
With a cry dips into his nest:
The turf breathes white from the gable,
And all breathes sweetness and rest:—
But they clear the cottages off on this estate;
And for picturesqueness without, within there is
gloom;
For it is not sweet when four boys and three girls
and the parents
Must herd in a single room.

Urban life, in "The Town," is also not spared: "'Smoke, wealth and noise,' the Roman's list, / Exhaust not all the city yields":

And one is on the chase of gold,
And one for bread he cannot find;
For love, for lust, for foe, for friend:
And each is blind,
Save where his impulse leads, and inner end.

So death and life, and wealth and want,
O'er the long pavements of the town
Fling light with darkness: whilst on high
The sun casts down
The calm observance of his golden eye.

Likewise Palgrave was not blind to the catastrophic events of his time. "At Lyme Regis," his country home,

Peace is on all I view;
Sunshine and peace; earth clear as heaven one hour;
Save where the sailing cloud its dusky line

Ruffles along the blue,
Brush'd by the soft wing of the silent shower.

But his focus is on disastrous and senseless war in the Crimea:

Unswerving files! ye went
Right on the gaping mouths of hail and fire,
For God and Fatherland,—as they, whose lives,
Through glorious error spent,
At Balaklava made the world admire!

Or a beleaguer'd town
The floods of war out all around surveys,
And holds on with stout heart, though the dread bomb
In her mid streets rains down,
And wolf-gaunt famine prowls through all her ways.

In "Mentana," his response to the battle at Mentana on 3 November 1867 between Garibaldi and the French and Papal troops, Palgrave would seem to support a just war and praise the "Lion-hearts of young Italy!" But "Where death and triumph were one," it is not hard to recognize that the taste of war is bitter and no real peace is achieved:

Brief day of November,
Long to the remnant that fought;
Boys too young for the battle,
Naked and hunger-distraught:—
No, not too young to die,
Falling where each one fought,
Lion-hearts of young Italy!

Still, ever the patriot, in "The Noble Revenge: Ode to the United States of America," dated 1869, Palgrave appeals for an alliance with England against an impending enemy:

O men who won!
O other larger England, saved, and free

Forget the error past, past jealousy!
With your true blood our true blood beats across
the sea.
Let what is done, be done;
The two great hearts in one unite;
Revenge not blindness by your clearer sight.
Victors in freedom's fight,
Another conflict see,
An upward-flashing path
To win a new renown,—
Crown'd with the greater crown
Of magnanimity!

A further cluster, also primary in Palgrave's *Hymns*, is concerned with the ramifications of Darwin's controversial *Origin of Species* and the role of science in society. In "The Reign of Law," taken over from the *Hymns*, Palgrave outlines the basic position:

To matter or to force
The All is not confined;
Beside the law of things
Is set the law of mind;
One speaks in rock and star,
And one within the brain,
In unison at times,
And then apart again;
And both in one have brought us hither
That we may know our whence and whither.

The coexistence of the law of things and the law of mind (or soul) is accepted, but, however, "He who has framed and brought us hither / Holds in his hands the whence and wither":

He in his science plans
What no known laws foretell;
The wandering fires and fix'd
Alike are miracle:

The common death of all,
  The life renew'd above,
Are both within the scheme
  Of that all-circling love;
The seeming chance that cast us hither
Accomplishes his whence and wither.

Not unlike his view of nature as inscrutable and eternal, expressed in this cluster in the poem "Nature and Man"—

  Nature, we know thee
Alone as thou art to the soul;
  While we know that we only
Are as atoms that float in the Whole—

Palgrave offers an all-encompassing conclusion:

Then, though the sun go up
  His beaten azure way,
God may fulfil his thought
  And bless his world to-day;
Beside the law of things
  The law of mind enthrone,
And, for the hope of all,
  Reveal Himself in One;
Himself the way that leads us hither,
The All-in-all, the Whence and Wither.

This balance is not without tension and peril. "Care not," he advises in "To Fidele":

Care not, if in her lucid course
Unveiling intermediate laws,
And ever-flowing streams of force,
And analysing all to one,
Science or seeks or shuns the Cause.

And offers comfort:

> On all we know with gracious smiles
> The great Omniscience looks: nor cares
> If ill or well we sum the miles
> 'Twixt earth and sun; nor how the strife
> Of real and ideal fares.

"Care not" is followed by "fear not":

> Then fear not, if the jangling sects
> Announce each other fool or knave:
> Nor let thy central peace be vext
> When the pulpit-fulminations blaze,
> Or fervid Nature-prophets rave.
>
> But pray thy prayer, and keep thy creed
> In modest majesty of soul:—
> 'Tis the pure hand and heart They heed
> Who mark the fallen sparrow's cry,
> And are the Infinite they control.

This position, if not solution, is reiterated, enforced, and amplified in the poems that conclude Book Third. "The Voices of Nature," "To the Unknown God" [translation of the Greek title], "Vox Dei," and "Veni Creator." As the very titles indicate, they move from the mere presence of things to nature and to the Creator, who alone is the only certain wisdom:

> As fears of change, and fears of doubt,
>   Unnerve the o'erwrought mind,
> Enfeebled 'mid its added strength,
>   'Mid all its seeing, blind:—
>
> The wider wisdom thou hast giv'n
>   Yet is not wholly gain;
> The truer vision scathes our sight;
>   We cannot see thee plain.

Enlarge our hearts and purge our eyes
  To bear thy nearer light!
The world's young ignorance is o'er;
  Make us to know thee right.

III. *A Lyme Garland*

A Lyme Garland, a small volume of fourteen poems, "being," as the title explains, "verses, mainly written at Lyme Regis, or upon the Scenery of the Neighbourhood," was published in 1874. One hundred and fifty copies were printed for the School Fund in the town on the east Devon coast in which Palgrave had a house called Little Park. Written between 1871 and 1874, the poems continue Palgrave's preoccupation with nature and mortality and introduce his increasing interest in poetic renditions of scenes of English history which came to fruition a few years later, in 1881, in *The Visions of England*. The four nature poems are not necessarily landscapes found in or around Lyme Regis, however. As their titles—"In Spring," "Naturae Reparatrici," "A Summer Sunset," and "Autumn"—may indicate, the seasons are described, but despite Palgrave's lovingly sumptuous detail they are not in themselves the subject matter, as agriculture or landscape alone was not the sole subject of Virgil's *Georgics*, lines of which (II:485-7) Palgrave uses as his motto. Rather, the descriptions of the seasons are the vehicle to comment on transience and permanence. "In Spring," the "sweet primrose time," the focus is on the "golden-headed children go[ing] / Among the golden blossoms," but only to inspire a personal reflection and philosophical consolation:

Ah! play your play, sweet little ones,
  While life is gladness only:
Nor ask an equal mirth from hearts
  Which, e'en with you, are lonely.

God to his flowers his flowers gives,
  Pure happiness uncloying:
Whilst they, whose primrose time is past,
  Enjoy in your enjoying.

"A Summer Sunset: Wooton from Westover" is a precise landscape painting: "pale stubble plots, the sheaves / Like walls of gold," the "green slope sward," rooks oar[ing] themselves homeward," the "vale beneath, / To Castle Lambert's purple frowning height," "gray-wall'd cottages," a "shepherd's call" to his "white specks [who] gather to the crowding fold," "chambers of the sun" over which "float flimsy fleeces of empurpled rose." "It is an utter calm!" is the theme. Its conclusion, however, is personal and philosophical: "And, tranced in Nature's holy hour, / My heart finds something of its ancient peace." In "Autumn," the longest of the nature poems, seven octaves with the fairly unusual rhyme ababccdd, the succession of the seasons is presented as an almost competitive process. "Oft a look of long regret / Her [Autumn's] eyes to Summer's glory throw":

> And for her searing hours of night
>   And narrow'd spaces of her day,
> By sudden smiles of mellow light
>   And azure gleams she strives to pay;
> With cluster'd coral tempts the bird
> To livelier song than Summer heard,
> Till the loud flutings of his strain
> Cheat him almost to Spring again.

The tension between the seasons increases. And the last four stanzas are devoted to winter and reflections about the succession of the seasons.

> Ah! whilst her [Autumn's] stealthy hands unbare
>   The naked trellis of the groves,
> Bleak Winter laughs within his lair,
>   And revels in the wreck he loves;
> And knows his hour will soon be here
> To cast his shroud upon the year,
> And o'er the white hill-side and vale
> To ride and ravage on the gale.

To be sure, Spring will come again, although in winter "No hue of life, no hint of hope / Lights the dead earth and spectral sky." But the approach

of Spring, the “green delight of May,” Palgrave counters with the uncertainty of the future:

> No! The dear hopes that grow more dear
>   With sterner self-restraint we quell;
> And what lies hid within the year
>   We would not, if we could, foretell.

Uncertainty and apprehensiveness yield to painful loss in Palgrave’s surprising and emphatic concluding lines:

> No!—And if once again we see
> The green leaf glorify the tree,
> The gray sky glisten into blue,
> It will not be the Spring we knew.

All this would seem to contradict the idea of renewal presented in “Naturae Reparatrici,” in which the “gray cloud, gray veil, ‘twixt me and youth” which may “blot the golden days” is countered:

> Yet nature holds a gracious hand,
>   Her ancient way pursuing;
> And spreads the charms we loved of old,
>   To aid the heart’s renewing.

Six consecutive sentences follow, each beginning with “Here,” stressing the unceasing activities of swallows, doves, pewits, wild-bees; each within the fecundity of “long crests of fringed crag,” “leafy hollows,” “heaving slopes of clover,” the “furzy cover,” the glow of “royal heather.” No wonder, then, that “youth comes back upon the breeze, / And youth’s unclouded weather.” “Contradict” may be too crass, for there can be little doubt of Palgrave’s belief in the wonders of God-created nature. The last poem in the volume is “A Psalm of Creation,” an ecstatic celebration of the “hand-work” of God, five octaves rhyming in Palgrave’s peculiar manner ababcded, each concluding “O God, who is like unto thee!” And the four children’s morning and evening hymns and one to “Our Saviour,” which were later integrated into *Amenophis and Other Poems, Sacred*

and Secular, are *mutatis mutandis* emphatic confirmations of his belief.

Still, life is life. And as the children's hymns regard life as a preparation for death—

> O help me this day to spend,
> To make me fitter for the end!—

so the very thought of death, like the passing and irretrievability of youth, hurts. In the children's morning and evening hymns the pain is salved by the naive sweetness of the rhymes and the innocence that derives from the absence of the memory of death. But Palgrave's own grief is transmitted through that of his children in "Children's Lament for Baby." Ostensibly the lament of his three young children, Cecil Ursula (aged seven), Francis Milnes Temple (aged five), and Gwenllian Florence (aged three), for their baby brother, Arthur Frederick (14-31 July 1870), it is very much the parent's profound grief that is pronounced in the starkly simple vocabulary and, unusual for Palgrave, the striking absence of adjectives and color, but for an early momentary "And brighter daily round its head / The golden hair like sunrise spread." Five stanzas, each with an elementary rhyme scheme, aabbcc, trace the fleeting living and dying moments:

> And when its eyes were sunk and dim,
> And wasting seized each tiny limb,
> We nursed it on our knees all day,
> And begg'd it not to go away:
> It moved its head and faintly cried,
> And then lay still and sigh'd and sigh'd.

Victorian sentiment, to be sure, but not maudlin. The restraint is notable, the grief all the more noticeable, the resolution bitter-sweet:

> And now we cry and look in vain,
> And cannot see it here again:—
> The cot is white and still and bare,
> But baby smiles and sings elsewhere;

Among God's Angels bright and dear:
Yet not more Angel there than here.

Palgrave deals with his grief in quite another key in "To My Mother's Memory," written some twenty years after her death in 1852. It is the most ambitious poem in the volume, eight thirteen-line stanzas of iambic pentameters and trimeters rhyming abbccadeedfgf, and a six-line envoy ("Go, Song!") rhyming abcbec. That the poem is *to*, not *on* or *of*, the memory of his mother indicates that the subject is not so much the immediate grief which the children feel in their lament for their baby brother, but rather a reflection on what is to be learned from grief. "Not in the night, or sadness," but in the fullness of day and nature, his "memory wakes":

I remember me of what thou wast,
And see thee once again.

"I remember me"—the form is similar to the archaic "methinks," often used to express feelings or emotions—is here a recollection or vision of his mother as she was before he had even seen her—

The hair—but O! no more what it had been,
Silver'd with pain, not age,—but fair as once
In youth by me unseen—

in the manner of a vision not of the past but of the future, not on earth but in heaven. A child again, as it were, he seeks from his mother—"'Mong all the bright ones there is none such other!"—childlike comfort and peace:

Hold me once more upon thy faithful breast:
Kiss my life-wearied eyelids, say, *My Child!*
And then I shall find rest.

The breast she offers are "whisper'd words" which to him "were as the words of God." What was a dramatically conceived scene and dialogue becomes a mournful reflection on the myopia of the living—

> Poor human souls, each in its earthly prison,
>   The separate fleshly cell,
>   That meet, but cannot touch, whilst there they dwell!—

and a philosophical resolution, the liberating "great releasing" with "eyes never dimm'd by tears, and stainless vision":

> Love, by the central Throne,
> Before time was, for this took up his seat,
> That heart is heart, and soul in soul, should beat,
> That One should be in All, and All in One.

It is memory, now and not of then, now and yet looking forward, which vitalizes, memorializes, and commemorates, much like Palgrave would have art do.

It may be accidental but it is difficult not to sense at least a subliminal connection with the remaining three poems in the volume. All deal with memory; all memorialize and commemorate. One, "The Sea Gods," subtitled "A scene from Lyme in the last century," is a ballad-like evocation of "two smugglers stout on a silvery sea." No simple sailors they, however, for they have a heritage:

> Nereus and Triton are faded and gone,
>   Puff'd cheek, and gleaming limb:
> But these are the sons of the silvery sea,
> As salt and stalwart in lawless glee;
>   As bronzed, and matted, and grim.

And a mission in the "gunwale-laden boat": "They are but two against King and laws." They are historically heroized as sea gods and romanticized in this seven-stanza ballad (rhyming abccb), to be sure, but commemorated as the ballad form encourages a certain immediacy and admiration that cause the narrator to cry, "Hold on, my Tritons, awhile!" The past is recreated, actualized, and honored in the present. However undefined the exact identity of the characters and the location, this adventurous scene renders, enlivens, and commemorates a historical event, as does historical painting. It is a painting of history in words,

according with Palgrave's definition of poetry as landscape in words and his inclination towards commemorative poetry. The two remaining poems in *A Lyme Garland*, "The Danish Barrow" and "Sandringham: Winter, 1871," render two scenes from the earliest and most recent English history. So challenging and compelling was the idea of what Palgrave called "History for Poetry's sake,"[1521] that he incorporated these poems into a vast undertaking: "not a continuous narrative; not poems on every critical moment or conspicuous man in our long annals,—but single lyrical pictures of such leading or typical characters and scenes in English history, and only such, as have seemed amenable to strictly poetical treatment." He called it *The Visions of England*.

IV. *The Visions of England*

1.

Palgrave was well aware of the complexities of his undertaking. Discussing the details of its production with Macmillan—color, title-page, presentation copies, and the like—he admitted that the "title is so little explanatory ... that I think all future advertisements should be as enclosed. I have done my best, by a careful preface, to help reviewers & readers to understand my scheme."[1522] Before publication, conscious of the riskiness of his venture and somewhat self-defensive, he agreed with the criticism of Macaulay and Carlyle by John Robert Seeley. It "strikes me," he wrote to Macmillan, "as remarkably true & able. But I conceive that the unhistorical, or anti-historical, element in their writings (with which my own work has now rendered me sadly familiar) is due, by no means to what he calls their 'literary' character but wholly to the cursed wish to

[1521] *The Visions of England* (London, 1881), p. ix. What Palgrave described as a "carefully revised and corrected" edition of 1889, edited by Henry Morley for Cassell's National Literature series (rpt. 2007), omits nineteen poems of the original edition, has a heavily abridged preface and appendix, and other changes of arrangement and format. Woolner had suggested it as "suitable" for Cassell's, Palgrave wrote to Macmillan on 16 April 1889, "The sale, alas, seems to me all but dead: but I certainly should like to diffuse my views on our History—justified by the warm approval ... from the great [William] Stubbs" (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 202-3). Stubbs had written to Palgrave on 27 March 1880 that he was reading the *Visions* with the "greatest pleasure" (British Library Add.MS. 45741, fol. 216-17).

[1522] In a letter of 24 April 1881 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 130-1).

teach the present by falsifying the past. Who can be more 'literary' than Gibbon or Hume? Yet the faults in their great works are no way referable to their literary skill. Nor do I think that a school of specialists would do much to remedy the defects of our Carlyles & Froudes: however desirable such an 'encouragement of research' my be on these grounds."[1523] Moreover, he confessed that his motto, slightly modified from Virgil's letter to Augustus—"[Sed] tanta [inchaota] res est, ut paene vitio mentis tantum opus ingressus mihi videar"—"feebly and imperfectly expressed" his own sense of the "presumptuousness"[1524] of an effort for which he has not had "the advantage of any direct precedent in any literature."[1525] Responding to the variety and wealth of English history and the "earlier and more natural conditions of poetry,"[1526] he has avoided a continuous narrative but to choose "men and things that we think of first, when thinking of our 'island story,'—or upon such as represent and symbolize the main current of it."[1527] And although "Poetry, not History" has been his "first and last aim," he has "striven to keep throughout as closely to absolute historical truth in the design and colouring of the pieces as the exigencies of poetry permit"[1528]—"to write ... with a straightforward eye to the object alone; not studious of ornament for ornament's sake; allowing the least possible overt intrusion of the writer's personality; 'preferring,' in the old phrase, 'the Muses to the Sirens'."[1529] For, in accordance with Palgrave's fundamental aesthetic creed, "it is in the truth of history that the romance of history is to be discovered." Nevertheless Palgrave is frank enough to admit that although "bound to do my best to reach" "Truth ... History exorcised from the demon of party-spirit," he must "beg a certain forbearance, if anywhere these Visions do not correspond with the results of a reader's own historical research," especially "where the Seventeenth Century is concerned."[1530] Dissenting from opinions of the last fifty years

[1523]In a letter to Macmillan of 24 November 1880 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 127-9).

[1524]*Visions*, p. xv. Palgrave comments on his motto here as well.

[1525]Ibid., p. vii.

[1526]Ibid., p. ix.

[1527]Ibid., p. x.

[1528]Ibid., p. ix.

[1529]Ibid., p. x.

[1530]Ibid., p. xiv.

and agreeing with the opinions of his father and graciously treating Henry Hallam, "singly and eminently, *justissimus unus*," albeit "traditional feeling may have, here and there, led him astray,"[1531] he is able to find a common bond: his dedication to Henry Hallam and his father Francis Palgrave, "friends and fellow-labourers in English history," embraces differences in unity of mission: "who, differing often in judgment, were at one throughout life in devoted love of justice, truth, and England." And in a final and characteristic gesture of partisanship that has marked his career as critic and poet, he is "faithful to the noblest function of Poetry, when she does justice to long-slighted merit, or humbles undeserved pride; shames the oppressor and his eulogists, and gives the crown to the forgotten victim."[1532]

The *Visions* is a cavalcade of English history from its pre-historical beginnings to almost the end of the nineteenth century. The edition of 1881 consists of seventy poems, from a prelude "Caesar to Egbert," a sweeping apostrophe to the earliest settlement and development of "England fair England! / Empress isle of isles," to a eulogy of Prince Albert, "A Home in the Palace," at his death in 1861.[1533] The revised edition of 1889 contains only fifty-two poems, deleting nineteen of the first edition and adding one, "Ode for the Twenty-First of June 1887," which had been published separately in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the ascension of Victoria to the throne.[1534] It is difficult to account for the omission of nineteen poems. A possible explanation might be the lack of a pertinent historical context, as in the case of "A Summer Sunset," a personal landscape poem written at Lyme already

[1531]Ibid., p. xv.

[1532]Ibid., pp. xv-xvi. And not uncharacteristically Palgrave takes as his "device the words of that great predecessor who did for the legends of Hellas what it has been my desire to do for the history of my own country" and quotes a similar sentiment in the Greek of Pindar's Nemean Ode 8:37-9.

[1533]A number of the poems had been published separately, among them "Trafalgar," "The Captive Child," and "A Crusader's Tomb." "Elizabeth at Tilbury" was included in *Lyrical Poems* and "A Pause before Battle" later in *Amenophis.*

[1534]In a letter to Macmillan of 8 June 1887 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 187-8) Palgrave admitted that he had "shamefully deserted your banner, always so liberally spread over my unsaleabilities, by publishing a little poem at the Clarendon Press ... I had ... no choice in the matter."

published in *A Lyme Garland*. But then again Palgrave retained "A Dorset Idyl," a landscape painting of much the same nature. Or perhaps the omission might be due to a philosophical orientation rather than a precise historical basis, as in the case of "Things Visible and Invisible," which deals with Palgrave's reaction to science and Darwinism and which he included in 1892 among "Hymns and Meditations" in *Amenophis and Other Poems, Sacred and Secular*. Might their more or less artistic orientation be an explanation for the deletion of "The Mourning of the Muses," "Johnson and Those about Him: The Club," "Simplicity: Reynolds to His Little Model Theophila," and "Art and Nature: In Memory of J. M. W. Turner"? Possibly, but why then are "The Pilgrim and the Ploughman," about Langland, and "At Bemerton," about George Herbert, retained? Although it is well-nigh impossible to find an explanation for the omissions—it may just be a matter of personal taste or publisher's economy—it is quite clear that the almost equal distribution of poems according to certain recognizable periods of the first edition was retained in the second: from the origins to 1100 eight poems were deleted; from 1199 to 1461 nine; from 1491 to 1595 eight, from 1623 to 1652 eight, from 1660 to 1785 nine, and from 1789 to 1887 nine. And although it is difficult to pinpoint the character of the poems as a whole, it is nevertheless clear from the frequency of descriptions of battles, and often of those which were disasters, military or personal, that Palgrave was stressing the heroism of England and the English and the drama of its individuals amid its national destiny, climaxing the first edition with the death of Prince Albert—

—Thou, as the rose
Lies buried in her fragrance, when on earth
The summer-loosen'd blossom flows,
Art sepulchred and embalm'd in native worth:
While to thy grave, in England's anxious years,
We bring our useless tears—

followed by the jubilant enthusiasm of "England Once More," six stanzas, each concluding "Once more we cry for England, / England once more!"—and in the second edition, "intended as an humbling offering of loyalty and hearty good-wishes on the part of the University" of Oxford, which had sanctioned the separate publication, with the exulting prayer—

Keep Thou this sea-girt citadel of the free
Safe 'neath her ancient throne,
Love-link'd in loyal unity;
Let eve's calm after-glow
Arch all the heavens with Hope's wide roseate bow:
Till in Time's fulness Thou, Almighty Lord unseen,
With glory and life immortal crown the Queen—

followed again by the heartily patriotic coda "England Once More."

Poems of battle make up the largest group, beginning with the invasion by the Romans in "Caesar to Egbert," continuing with such as "Hastings" (1066), "A Ballad of Evesham" (1265), "Crecy" (1346), "Towton Field" (1461),"Marston Moor" (1644), "The Ballad of King Monmouth" (1685), "Blenheim" (1704), "Charles Edward at Rome" (1785), "Trafalgar" (1805), "Torres Vedras" (1810), "The Valley of Death" (1842), "The Soldier's Battle" (1854), and "After Cawnpore" (1857).[1535] Only a few—such as "Dunnottar Castle" (1652), "Wolfe at Quebec" (1759), "The Death of Sir John Moore" (1809), "The Valley of Death" (1842)—of some twenty did not appear in the 1889 edition. Closely associated with the battle poems are numerous elegiac memorials to fallen known or unknown warriors, such as "A Danish Barrow," "Death in the Forest," "A Crusader's Tomb," "The Dirge of Llywelyn," "Sidney at Zutphen," "After Chalgrove Fight," "A Churchyard in Oxfordshire," "The Wreck of the Admiral," "At Hursley in Marden," and "The Tower of Doom," and even to buildings, such as "Garianonum" and "Le Chateau Gaillard," both of which appeared only in the 1881 edition, and "At Fountains." And of historical interest too are the poems of the sad personal fates off the battlefield, as it were, but within the national arena, such as "Edith of England," "Jeanne D'Arc," "London Bridge," "Crossing Solway," "Princess Anne," "The Fugitive King," "The Captive Child," "Wilhemus Van Nassau," "The Childless Mother," and "A Home in the Palace," as well as "A Ballad of Queen Catharine" and "Lady Catherine's Lament," which appeared only in 1881. Natural

[1535]Palgrave was amused or exasperated that "some ingenious emendator has christened ["Trafalgar"] on the cover 'A *Palinode*'!" In a letter of 8 January 1879 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 122).to George Craik of Macmillan's.

disasters are commemorated too, as in "The Black Death." National sorrow at the mistreatment of Ireland, the theme of "A Dirge of Repentance," omitted from the 1889 edition, is more than compensated by the profound sorrow at the death of Prince Albert in "A Home in the Palace." Little is left for more or less direct national rejoicing. "The First and Last Land" memorializes Belerium, the name given to Land's End in Cornwall by Diodorus; "The Rejoicing of the Land" celebrates the reconciliation of Normans and Englishmen under Edward I; "Margaret Tudor" is a prothalamion for the wedding of Margaret, daughter of Henry VI to James IV[1536]; "Sir Hugh Willoughby" commemorates the great age of British adventure and exploration, as does "El Dorado" (not in the 1889 edition); "Elizabeth at Tilbury" invokes Elizabeth's speech to the troops preparing for the expected invasion by the Spanish Armada; "The Return of Law" and "Whitehall Gallery" rejoice at the Restoration; "Mount Vernon" praises the reconciliation of America and England on the visit of the Prince of Wales in 1860 to the tomb of George Washington; "Sandringham" offers gratitude for the recovery from illness of the Prince of Wales in 1871. The epitome of enthusiastic national pride is, of course, Palgrave's "Ode for the Twenty-First of June 1887," the climax of the 1889 edition,[1537] a weighty pendant in a way to the earlier and somewhat less loudly orchestrated tribute "Alfred the Great." And, as is doubtless evident from the very titles of many of these poems, the geographical cavalcade matches the historical. The title notwithstanding, England does not mean from London to Oxford or Tilbury to Land's End. England stretches from Jerusalem to Athens to Rome to Paris to Zutphen to Scotland to Dublin to Mount Vernon, across the Atlantic, and to countless towns and villages, churches and castles, at home and abroad. England means matters of Empire from Torres Vedras in Portugal to Cawnpore in India to the Khyber Pass in Afghanistan to Sebastopol in the Crimea. And not to be neglected is the small band of figures in the landscape most likely regarded as marginal to the dominant historico-

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[1536]In 1893 Palgrave also published in an edition of thirty copies *Prothalamion, 6th July, 1893,* on the marriage of George, Duke of York, and Princess Mary of Teck.

[1537]In the year of his death, Palgrave celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of Victoria's reign with the separately published poem *Long loved, long honour'd Queen*, dated 30 January 1897 and set to music by Battison Haynes.

political destiny of England: the missionary Paulinus, the scholar Grocyn, the poets Langland, Herbert, and Milton, and the mourned-for Muses, Dr. Johnson, Joshua Reynolds's model, and J. M. W. Turner.

The numerous battle scenes differ obviously in their circumstances. Although they all relate victories, they are distinguished according to their particular context and significance, features which must have influenced Palgrave's selection and accentuation. In a cavalcade of English history certain battles would have to appear: it would be unthinkable for Hastings and Trafalgar to be omitted. But the inclusion of the battles of Blenheim in Germany or Inkerman in the Crimea might not be automatic; nor, for that matter, the absence of a direct rendering of the battle against the Spanish Armada or Waterloo; nor necessarily the deletion from the edition of 1889 of, say, "Wolfe at Quebec" or "The Valley of Death." What appears to be a common denominator is not merely a victory against an apparently superior foe in a mission blessed by God but personal bravery defined by sacrifice and death and reflecting the heroism of the nation itself, as in the concluding stanza of "Hastings":

> Heroes unburied, unwept!—But a wan gray thing in the
> night
> Like a marsh-wisp flies to and fro through the blood-lake,
> the stream of the fight;
> Turning the bodies, exploring the features with delicate
> touch;
> Stumbling as one that finds nothing: but now!—as one
> finding too much:
> Love through mid-midnight will see:
> Edith the fair!
> It is he!
> Clasp him once more, the heroic, the dear!
> Harold was England: and Harold lies here.

Heroes are named and victories celebrated but not without the presence of death, as in the concluding stanza of "Blenheim":

> —Morning is fresh on the field
> Where the war-sick champions lie,

By the wreckage of the stiffening dead,
The anguish which yearns but to die.
Ah note of human agony heard
The paean of victory over and through!
Ah voice of duty and justice stern
That, at e'en this price, commands them to do!
And a vison of Glory goes by,
Veil'd head and remorseful eye,
A triumph of Death!—And they cried
'Only less dark than defeat is the morning of conquest';—and sigh'd.

So much is England in the foreground, as in the opening lines—

Oft hast thou acted thy part,
My country, worthily thee!
Lifted up often thy load
Atlantean, enormous, with glee:—
For on thee the burden is laid to uphold
World-justice; to keep the balance of states;
On thee the long cry of the tyrant-oppress'd,
The oppress'd in the name of liberty, waits—

that the hero, Marlborough, is but for one reference to the "great Chief" not named in the vivid and detailed relation of the battle. Instead, the apotheosis is, "O names that enhearten the soul! / Blenheim and Waterloo!" Similarly, in the lengthy description of the battle in "Trafalgar" there is one reference to the Admiral but no naming of Nelson. Nor is Wellington named in "Torres Vedras." Instead, they are exalted to the realm of archetypal figures. Wellington is introduced

As who, while erst the Achaians wall'd the shore,
Stood Atlas-like before,
A granite face against the Trojan sea
Of foes who seethed and foam'd,
From that stem rock refused incessantly;

So He, in his colossal lines, astride
    From sea to river-side,
Alhandra past Aruda to the Towers,
    Our one true man of men
Frown'd back bold France and all the Imperial powers,

For when that Eagle, towering in his might
    Beyond the bounds of Right,
O'ercanopied Europe with his rushing wings,
    And all the world was prone
Before him as a God, a King of Kings.

In the midst of the battle as Nelson is memorialized, not for his name but for his humanness—

O then for that unselfish hero-chief
    Tender and true, and lost
At Trafalgar,—or him, whose patriotic grief

Died with the prayer for England, as he died—

so is Wellington apostrophized as

Not iron, he, but adamant!
    Diamond-strong,
    And diamond-clear of wrong:
For truth he struck right out, whate'er befall!
    Above the fear of fear:
Duty for duty's sake his all-in-all.

Not all heroes, be they individuals or the masses of unknown warriors in battles past or present, are named. They are honored in elegies, like the old Dane, of "sturdy back and sturdy limb," in "A Danish Barrow"—

So lie: and let the children play
    And sit like flowers upon thy grave,
    And crown with flowers,—that hardly have

A briefer blossoming-tide than they;—
By hurrying years borne on to rest,
As thou, within the Mother's breast.—

or the fourteen who attempted to escape from the slaughter of the English garrison in "After Cawnpore":

—O stout Fourteen, who bled
O'erwhelm'd. not vanquishéd!
In those dark days of blood
How many dared, and died,
And others at their side
Fresh heroes, sprang,—a race that cannot be subdued!
—Like them who pass'd Death's vale, and lived;—the Four
Saved from Cawnpore!

And, most notably, Prince Albert at his death in "A Home in the Palace." Or they are honored—not named but known—for enduring hardship, like Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I in "The Captive Child"; Milton, "High-heartedness to long repulse resign'd, / Yet bating not one jot of hope," in "The Poet's Euthanasia"; Queen Anne in "The Childless Mother"; Richard Cromwell in "At Hursley in Marden"; and the Prince of Wales for recovery from severe illness in "Sandringham" (originally in *Lyme Garden*). Those named are likewise remembered in death, like Earl Simon in "A Ballad of Evesham," "Jeanne D'Arc," "Sidney at Zutphen," John Hampden in "After Chalgrove Fight," and Lucius Cary, second Viscount Falkland, in "A Churchyard in Oxfordshire," among others, and in such vehicles as dirges ("The Dirge of Llywelyn") or laments ("Lady Catherine's Lament") or for resoluteness, like "Edith of England" and Mary Tudor in "Crossing Solway."

As to be expected, royalty is treated royally and with sensitivity. From the "fair-hair'd boy at his mother's knee" emerges Alfred

The Great by right divine thou only art!
Fair star, that crowns the front of England's morn,
Royal with Nature's royalty inborn,

And English to the very heart of heart!

Edith of England's marriage to King Henry I signals reconciliation and peace:

> The Love smiled true on Henry' face,
> And Anselm join'd the hands
> That in one race two races bound
> By everlasting bands.
> So Love is Lord, and Alfred's blood
> Returns the land to sway.

Reconciliation of Normans and Englishmen and peace in the land are celebrated in the person and reign of Edward I: "And the land rejoices below, and the heart-song of England is Peace." The "Prothalamion" for Margaret Tudor, daughter of Henry VII, who married James IV, is "treated as at once representing and uniting England, Scotland, and Wales," Palgrave noted, and not her "unhappy and unsatisfactory career." Elizabeth, admired with reservations by Palgrave, appears only at Tilbury but each of the four stanzas concludes with the enthusiastic refrain:

> By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—
> Her's ever and her's still, come life, come death!
> God save Elizabeth!

And, of course, the lengthy and climactic ode on the jubilee of Queen Victoria is matchless.

Palgrave was sensitive to the fate of less successful royalty, true to his lifelong effort to be "faithful to the noblest function of Poetry, when she does justice to long-slighted merit, or humbles undeserved pride; shames the oppressor and his eulogists, and gives the crown to the forgotten victim." In contrast to the declamatory praises, "The Fugitive King" is a simple and sad reflection:

> And the purple-robes braes of Alban,
> The glory of stream and of plain,
> The Holyrood halls of his birthright

Charles will ne'er look on again:—
And the land he loved well, not wisely,
Will almost grudge him a grave:
Then weep, too late, in her folly,
The dark Dictator's slave!

The fate of Elizabeth, second daughter of Charles I, evokes in "The Captive Child" Palgrave's inherent sympathy for the innocence of children:

Child in girlhood's early grace,
Pale white rose of royal race,
Flower of France, and England's flower,
What dost here at twilight's hour
Captive bird in castle-hold,
Picture-fair and calm and cold,
Cold and still as marble stone
In gray Carisbrook alone?
—Fold thy limbs and take thy rest,
Nestling of the silent nest!

Palgrave is understanding of the power of his native land on "Willemus Van Nassau":

—But the crowning hour of fame,
The zenith of a name
Is ours once only: and he, too just, too stern,
Too little Englishman,
A nation's gratitude did not care to earn,

On wider aims, not worthier, set:—A soul
Immur'd in self-control;
Saving the thankless in their own despite:—
Then turning with a gasp
Of joy to his own land by native right;

Changing the Hall of Rufus and the Keep
  Of Windsor's terraced steep
For Guelderland horizons, silvery-blue;
  The green deer-twinkling glades,
And long, long, avenues of the stately Loo.

The death of Queen Anne's eighteen children in infancy or stillborn is represented in "The Childless Mother" as a domestic tragedy and not a political disaster:

O the little footsteps
  On the nursery floor!
Lispings light and laughter
  I shall hear no more!
Eyes that gleam'd at waking
  Through their silken bars;
Starlike eyes of children,
  Now beyond the stars!
. . . . .
Spring eternal round Him,
  Roses ever fair:---
Will His mercy set them
  All beside me there?
Will their angels guide me
  Through the golden gate?
—Wait a little, children!
  Mother, too, must wait!

In "Charles Edward at Rome" Palgrave pictures the sad Pretender in Rome in 1785 amid a recounting of his defeat at "Drommossie drear" forty years earlier. Again, the emphasis is not on the political consequences but on the personal tragedy:

  O sunset, of the rise
Unworthy!—that, so brave, so clear, so gay;
This, prison'd in low-hanging earth-mists gray,
  And ever-darken'd skies:—

Sad sunset of a royal race in gloom,
Accomplishing to the end the dolorous Stuart doom!

Ghost of a king, he sate
In Rome, the city of ghosts and thrones outworn,
Drowsing his thoughts in wine:—a life forlorn;
Pageant of faded state;
Aged before old age, and all that Past,
Like a forgotten thing of shame, behind him cast.

2.

Palgrave documented his poems with extensive commentary and footnotes, supplementing his formidable knowledge of classical and modern history and literature with references from leading contemporary historical accounts, such as J. R. Green's *History of the English People* (4 vols., 1877-80), E. A. Freeman's *History of the Norman Conquest* (1876), W. E. H. Lecky's *History of England in the Eighteenth Century* (8 vols., 1878-90), as well as such more specialized works as M. A. E. Green's *Lives of the Princesses of England* (1857), Dean Stanley's *Historical Memorials of Westminister Abbey* (1868), and J. W. Kaye's *History of the Sepoy War in India 1857-8* (1864-76). And he was, of course, at home with the works of his father (volumes three and four of whose *History of Normandy and England* Palgrave had edited), Henry Hallam, Leopold von Ranke, and Thomas Babington Macaulay, whom he cites throughout. Considering the extent of the cavalcade of historical figures and events, and the various pressures and consequences attendant to patriotic literature, it is remarkable that Palgrave is, on the whole, politically impartial. His vow to subject history to poetry is kept. If there is partisanship it is, inescapably, for England, "England once More!", its crown and its institutions. If there is admiration it is, compellingly, of heroism in the cause of England. If there is sympathy it is, inevitably, for those who disappoint the cause of England. To be sure, as his notes make clear, Palgrave was aware of the political intrigue underlying and political ramifications following the historical events he recounts. He was discreet enough to devote only one poem to Queen Elizabeth, for whom he had only passing regard, but show enthusiasm for its explorers and scholars. In only one major instance may it be said that Palgrave took a major political stance. For all

the upheavals in English history, for all the changes of dynasties, for all the victories and defeats, only one may be said to have been abhorrent to Palgrave. For him the villain of the piece is Oliver Cromwell.[1538] The reasons, many and unambiguous, are set forth in a block of seven poems beginning, as a kind of atmospheric prelude, with the pathetic attempt of Charles I, in "The Fugitive King," to join forces with Montrose in Scotland, continuing with the tearful suffering of his daughter in "The Captive Child" and extended from personal to national suffering in "Whitehall Gallery":

> —O royal heir, restored
> Not by the bitter sword,
> But when the heart of these great realms in free,
> Full, triple, unison beat
> The Martyr's son to greet,
> Her ancient law and faith and flag with thee
> Rethroned,—not thus—in this inglorious hall
> Of harem-festival,
>
> Not thus!—For even now,
> The blaze is on thy brow
> Scored by the shadowy hand of him whose wing
> Knows neither haste nor rest;
> Who from the board each guest
> In season calling,—knight and kerne and king,—
> Where Arthur lies, and Alfred, signs the way;—
> —We know him, and obey.

If this were not clear enough, Palgrave adds a footnote to "when the heart": "The weariness of England under the triple yoke of Puritanism, the Independents, and the Protector." The suffering of the nation evokes a dirge, "Dunnottar Castle," the last place which resisted Cromwell's

[1538]In a letter of 24 November 1880 to Macmillan Palgrave could not disguise his being "pleased that [John Robert] Seeley's view of Cromwell agrees with that which I had completed, after a years work, before I saw his article:—as part of my unreadable 'Visions'" (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 127-9).

forces when he invaded Scotland. What is at stake is the soul of the nation:

> O holy Freedom! Virtue fair
> May only put forth all her flowers
> If nurs'd within thy liberal air!
>
> The land so made herself; a race
> Of stubborn energy and glow:—
> Ah priceless birthright of the years!
> Ah Liberty at length laid low!

The enemy is defined:

> For Scotland's law and kirk and king,
> 'Gainst iron power, fanatic, coarse,
> The unheavenly kingdom of the saints,
> The peace imposed by despot force.

Only mourning is left:

> O mourning sea, O bitter storm,
> Around Dunnotar rise and rave!
> Fit requiem for a nation's fall,
> Fit dirge for the forgotten brave!

And that mourning for the destruction of liberty extends to thought and art. Adapting a well-known poetic device,[1539] Palgrave in ""The Mourning Muses" laments the fate of the arts in the period from 1650 to 1660:

[1539]For example, Shakespeare's reference to "the thrice three Muses mourning for the death of learning" (MND 5.1.52-3), "The Mourning Muse of Thestylis," attributed by some to Spenser on the death of Sidney, and Congreve's "The Mourning Muse of Alexis." This poem and "Dunnotar Castle" do not appear in the edition of 1889.

But I Mnenosyné wander, and still as I go
The departed treasures I see, the love feasts of the eye;
The *Pearl* and the *Peace*, Titianic glory and glow;
The tints that burn, the beauty that can never die:—
Beauty of tower'd height and cloister and spire,
Now roofless and bare to the moon, or hot with barbarian fire.
A cry of Freedom I hear,—not freedom for Light,
For the sullen saints over merry England to lour;
Reaction duty disguised, a step backward to night,
A realm of the sword, millennium of ignorant power!
And I sigh for the day-star of Peace, the joy freedom! How long
Shall this darkness of Egypt endure, O my children! this silence of song?[1540]

And as a painful coda to the Restoration Palgrave laments the consequences of the fateful political career of his poetic idol John Milton in "The Poet's Euthanasia" almost two decades after the death of Cromwell:

Clothed in gray threadbare poverty, and blind,
Age-weak, and desolate, and beloved of God;
High-heartedness to long repulse resign'd,
Yet bating not one jot of hope, he trod
the sunless skyless streets he could not see;
By those faint feet made sacrosanct to me.

[1540]In the Appendix Palgrave lists some of the paintings in the collection of the Duke of Mantua which, according to Waagen, formed the main strength of Charles' collection and were sold in 1653: among them the large Holy Family by Raphael, named the *Pearl*, the *Peace* by Rubens, Correggio's *Education of Cupid* and *Antiope*, Giorgione's Holy Family with Saints, Titian's *Entombment* and *Emmaus*, and Raphael's *Saint George.* He also mentions Cromwell's destruction of Basing House, "which appears to have been a museum of costly works of art, and Fairfax's of the Library of Raglan House (1645)."

Yet on that laureate brow the sign he wore
Of Phoebus' wrath; who—for his favourite child,
When war and faction raised their rancorous roar,
Leagued with fanatic frenzy, blood-defiled,
To the sweet Muses and himself untrue,—
Around the head he loved thick darkness threw.

These poems are essentially narratives of decisive moments and paintings of cameo portraits. The centerpiece of Palgrave's partisanship, placed at the center of the entire volume, is "The Return of Law." In what may be the longest and certainly most ambitious poem of all, Palgrave conjures up a macrocosmic vision, allegorical and yet tangible in the manner of an epic, of the Restoration, dated 1660. Between an opening allegorical word-picture inspired by Rospigliosi's [collection, the artist being Guido Reni] *Aurora*—

Peace in her car goes up; a rainbow curves for her road;
Law and fair Order before her, the reinless coursers of God;—
Round her the glorious maids in circling majesty shine;
They are rich in blossoms and blessings, the Hours, the
 white, the divine!
Hands in sisterly hands they unite, eye calling on eye,
Smiles more speaking than words, as the pageant sweeps
 o'er the sky.—

and a relieved new dawning—

And Mercy dawns fast o'er the dead, from the bier as we turn
 and depart.
England for England's sake clasp'd firm as child to his heart.
He rests:—And the storm-clouds have fled, and the sunshine
 of Nature repress'd
Breaks o'er the realm in smiles, and the land again has her rest.
He rests: the great spirit is hid where from heaven the veil is
 unroll'd,
And justice merges in love, and the dross is purged from the
 gold.—

Palgrave phantasmagorizes the nature and rule of Cromwell:

> —Ah strange drama of Fate! where motley pageantries rise
> On the stage of this make-shift world! what irony silenced in
> sighs!
> In the strait beneath Etna for as the waves ebb, and Scylla
> betrays
> The monster below, foul scales of the serpent and slime,—
> could we gaze
> On Tyranny stript of her tinsel, what vision of dool
> and dismay!
> Terror in confidence clothed, and anarchy biding her day:
> Selfishness hero-mask'd, stage-tricks of the shabby-sublime;
> Impotent gaspings at good; and the deluge after her time.

Despite his citing support from historians for his estimate of Cromwell, and the accuracy of many of the details, Palgrave's depiction is undeniably extravagant, an extravagance enhanced by an array of rhetorical impressions drawn from classical devices and strikingly so by sweepingly long lines of thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, and even sixteen syllables of rhyming couplets. Length of line, stanza, and meter are often unpredictable, adding to the almost uncontrolled swell of the indignation. In his preface[1541] Palgrave discusses the difficulty of using the fixed syllabic quantity of classical poetry in English poetry, which is "dependent for its rhythm ... on accent," and accepts a "*general impression* that our metre is iambic." But, although pleading "Liberty identified with Necessity," he does concede that "where the subject seemed of itself imperatively to require some peculiar, perhaps novel, arrangement in metre and rhyme, or even the (symmetrical) use of more than one system I have ventured upon essays which are commended to the reader's kindly judgment." An emphatic opening stress of many lines, suggesting a dactyl, may be one further sign of a restless and impulsive tirade. Even the rhyming couplets do not seem to relieve or restrain the rage.

But this is a collection of single poems bound together by little more than their chronological sequence in English history and the disposition

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[1541] *Visions*, pp. xi-xiii.

and judgment of the author. Pageants are never uniform or complete. And patriotism may not necessarily be a last refuge or the stance of a scoundrel. One can argue about the quality of the poems—there are good poems here and poor ones, to be sure—and question their historical pertinence. But there can be little doubt that, as Palgrave poet and critic hoped, "whatever the defects of execution, the intrinsic worth and weight of the subject may, in its measure, commend these songs ... to some, perhaps, among those who, despite the inevitably more engrossing attractions of the Present, and the emphatic bias of modern culture towards the immediate and the tangible, maintain that high and soul-inspiring interest which identifies us with our magnificent Past" (p. xv).[1542] Palgrave held high hopes for what may well be his most ambitious effort. Anxious for a wider public, he found Macmillan's estimated price 7/6 a "bit much" and suggested "perhaps 6/."[1543] And "if the book happens to take," he wrote to Macmillan, "I think of a shilling selection of 15 or 20 of the shorter pieces, of the descriptive or narrative sort, for Elementary or other schools."[1544] It did not get that far, however. And although Palgrave was "well satisfied with what I have seen of my reviewers," his disappointment is evident in one response: "But they, a letter from [William Edward Hartpole] Lecky, W[illiam Young]. Sellar, [Samuel Rawson] Gardiner, & others differ so profoundly as to what the book is most successful in, that I cannot at present see my face in this mirror, even darkly."[1545] And in another he was "grateful" for a notice in the

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[1542]In a letter to the *London Review* 16:408 (25 April 1868), 410-11, Palgrave, after explaining that his poems, "the sins of [his] youth," included in James Tilleard's *Patriotic Songs* should not be "ascribed to a later, if not better, portion of [his] existence," offers one reason for the apparent lack of success of such songs: "the fact that national songs are generally written to already existing airs. No one who has not attempted to write words for an existing (and unmodifiable) air, can be aware of the extreme difficulty of the task."

[1543]In a letter of 26 October 1881(British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 137-8).

[1544]In a letter of 20 April 1881 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 130-1).

[1545]In a letter of 6 December 1881 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 139-42). Palgrave was understandably interested in the opinions of historians. In a letter to Macmillan of 17 December 1881 he proposed Adolphus William Ward as a reviewer: "I think he can write with knowledge on the historical side of the book. And this has been so wholly passed over, & naturally enough, in the reviews" (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 145-6).

Times: "whoever, for his kind & handsome phrases: but I was left uncertain whether he thought the book unsuccessful in my 'objective' pictures, or did not care for such himself, or thought them impossible except to a contemporary."[1546] Although buoyed somewhat by the favorable reception by Henry Taylor, whom he regarded as the "'doyen' in *re poetica*," but not pleased by others not too favorable,[1547] Palgrave confided morosely to Macmillan, "I hope the book may sell just enough not to be born dead."[1548]

V. *Amenophis and Other Poems, Sacred and Secular*

1.

In his second term as Oxford Professor of Poetry, Palgrave was well known enough for his poems to have been published separately in journals and newspapers. Of the fifty-one "Hymns and Meditations" in his last collection, *Amenophis and Other Poems*, *Sacred and Secular*, of 1892, twenty-eight had already appeared separately or in his earlier collections; of the five "Epitaphs," three; and of the thirty-three "Varia," seventeen. Collections are after all collections. Still, there are forty new poems which together with the poems written after the *Lyrical Poems* of 1871—excluding the distinctive *Visions of England* of 1881 and the title poem, "Amenophis," which appeared for the first time but with a preface dated 1861—for a

[1546]In a letter to Macmillan of 8 December 1881 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 143-4). I have been unable to locate the *Times* notice. But Palgrave's reservation would seem to apply to the view of William Minto, *The Academy* 20:499 (26 November 1881), 393: "In the greater number of visions he gives expression not to the sentiment of the historical moment, but to the sentiment of a spectator from the most highly enlightened point of view of the nineteenth century."

[1547]Possibly referring to opinions like that of William Minto (*Academy* 20:499 [26 November 1881], 394): "One cannot help feeling that his powers of expression are far from being adequate to his fertility of imagination and fineness of taste." Or that of the reviewer in the *Saturday Review* 52:1366 (31 December 1881), 828: "We cannot but hold that, if he had been more of a partisan, he would have been more successful as a poet ... Mr. Palgrave looks at things much more closely, with, we fear, the inevitable result that his verse loses as poetry what it gains as criticism."

[1548]In a letter of 19 January 1882 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 147-8). Later, however, he may have been cheered by the response of Longfellow, who found the work "admirable" in a letter of 3 January 1884 (British Library Add.MS. 45741, fol. 135-6).

faithful picture of twenty years of Palgrave's career as poet.

Little can be added to the discussion of the "Hymns and Meditations" above. In number alone they remain a constant and distinguishing feature of Palgrave's life and work. And not solely in number, for their interaction with, if not influence on, his other poems is noteworthy. Most apparent is his concern with death. In memoriam is a leitmotif. In his final period Palgrave added three epitaphs—"On an Infant," "In Memoriam Fred. Parry Hodges," and "In Memoriam W. F. Hook"—and no fewer than a dozen memorial verses, laments, dirges, and elegies. Those mourned for are children, neighbors, friends, idols. Some are unnamed, like his son Arthur Frederick (14 July-1 August 1870) in "On an Infant":

> Our little lamb He lent awhile,
>   Pure as Himself from stain;
> Then said, 'My kingdom is of such,'
>   And call'd it home again.

Some are for friends, such as the clergymen Fred. Harry Hodges—

> Nigh fifty years he served the allotted flock,
> And from earth's pastures led them to the Rock—

and W. F. Hook, Dean of Chichester, who had married him and whom he honored in a sonnet beginning:

> To some, the conqueror's crown, the patriot's fame,
> The one achievement which creates a name;
> And, had he cared to shine in human eyes,
> He who lies here had but to claim his prize.

Some are for fellow poets, as "In Memory of Robert Browning"—

> For he, Star-crested, Hope-armour'd,
>   Struck straight at a swelling tide;
> In the valley of doubt, with clarion shout,
>   Chased coward and doubter aside.—

and the poet Charles Wells and the painter Joseph Severn, "Friends of young Keats! Names ne'er to be forgot," as well as statesmen, such as F. C. C., Frederick Charles Cavendish, chief secretary for Ireland, murdered in Dublin by members of a secret political society, to whom he devoted a sonnet in the Miltonic form, whose sestet is:

> —For thou hast ta'en thine innocence on high,
> The child-simplicity of thy stainless years;
> And on thy brows we see the diadem
>
> Of those who walk with Christ in purity,
> Fair souls, and wept, like thee, with lifelong tears,
> Sword-slain in Ephrataean Bethlehem.

Palgrave mourns for those he never knew: for San Carlo Borromeo, for Argathella, for the young officer on the frigate "Eurydice," for those buried in "Père la Chaise," and for Napoleon III in "Chislehurst":

> Marcellus of thy race, untimely fled!
> Loyal to France and God;—too young—too brave!
> Whilst we—vain gift—with violets crown the grave
> Of the loved, honour'd dead.

Lugubrious perhaps but inevitable is Palgrave's "In Memoriam," a kind of preemptive memorial to his own life, published in 1892 but dated 1868, thirty years before his death:

> As I wander o'er hillside and meadow
> I think of the children three;
> I hear the pure blithe voices,
> The fair faces I see.
>
> Frank, blue-eyed, sturdy, and smiling;
> Gwenllian rounded and fine;
> And the lips of the little eldest
> Than coral more coralline.

And the glory of youth and gladness
  Is in all that they do and say,
And they walk without past or future
  In the light of an endless to-day.

But I from the past look onward
  To a future hidden from you;
And I trace the image of childhood
  For the eyes of hereafter to view:

That when mine are fallen to darkness,
  They may rest on the picture awhile,
With a smile, my darlings no longer!
  That is not altogether a smile.

All these memorial verses are memorials for the passage of life, as in the opening of "A Vision of Life":

Days come and days go by,
Gliding so fast that one
Into another almost seems to run,
And Thursday dawns ere Wednesday is nigh:
One precious leaf each plucking from the tree
Of life allotted me.

To the beauty of youth and innocence, as in the opening and closing stanzas of a "Portrait of a Child at Seven":

Fair Temple! by some Architect above
With all-foreknowing power in secret plann'd,
While Grace and Graciousness on either hand,
  And Innocence with Love

Stood by . . .

Till now one perfect whole of heavenly art,
Inward and outward, in the child I trace;

Harmonious as some type of Raphael grace,
   Or strain of sweet Mozart.

To the passing of the seasons, as in the sixth stanza of "Autumn":

And though beneath the snow-mass'd slope
   The harvest of the future lie,
No hue of life, no hint of hope
   Lights the dead earth and spectral sky:
And the promise of the Spring
Is like a hidden far-off thing;
A dream too tender, faint, and sweet,
For mortal eyes again to meet.

Or as in "An Autumn Song to Eugenia":

—Shall we see the spring-time,
   Hear the birds again?
Ask no more, when autumn
   Brings the harvest wain!

Swaying down the hillside,
   On the hedge it weaves
Lines of golden wheat-straw
   That outlast the leaves:
—Shall we see the spring-time
   Bud and burst again?—
Ask no more, Eugenia!
   Ask no more in vain!

And yet memory binds and offers hope. "A Vision of Life" is a counter to such laments as "She will not come again":

Yet, though the leaves may fall,
The life-sap is not shrunk,
But gathers strength deep in the knotted trunk,
And, losing part, has more than having all;

Condensed within itself to meet the stress
Of age, with cheerfulness.

And for the dreams of youth
Come larger aims, that bear
Elsewhere their fruit, their crown expect elsewhere,
In amaranth meadows of immortal truth,
Where the sun sets not all our night below
O'er flowers of golden glow:

Unfading leaves, and eyes
Wiped from all human tears;
Soft gliding of the years that are not years,
Eternal spaces:—not like those our sighs
Note as they pass, while, fast as bubbles fly,
Days come and days go by.

It would not be unjust to conclude that in these twenty years Palgrave had not changed very much. He writes good poems and poor ones, all unquestionably sincere. Technically he remains uneven, at times unpredictable. There is variety in his use of long lines in narratives and short ones in songs, but uncertainty in his sudden mixtures within stanzas and his transitions from stanza to stanza. Rhymes are often weak, and despite his acceptance of the iamb he cannot suppress an initial trochee or dactyl. Thematically too, there is not much that is new. But though his subjects are much the same, they reflect his personal life more sharply. Persons and places are named. Loss is more intensely felt. Nature is ever present and "holds a gracious hand." There is less preaching and philosophizing. Doubt is overcome. Heaven is realized and accessible. In the last poem of the Varia, "Elegy on the Departed," perhaps the last written before publication of the volume, Palgrave solemnizes his own departure and the acceptance of his fate:

O Mother, Mother mine, my soul
Mounts with the mounting dove:
Almost I seem thy steps to trace
To Heavens the heaven above!

—Thou first blest sign of peace to man,
Love's own sweet messenger!
Where my Saint sits, God grant me wings
To rise and follow her.

There is a sense of finality not felt or pronounced so willingly before.

2.

In a life devoted to poetry it is not surprising that Palgrave was influenced by the poets he read, knew, or admired. They go beyond names most often mentioned, far beyond Tennyson and Arnold, Virgil and Dante. Palgrave was a voracious reader and a ready proponent of those who moved him. Responding to *The Visions of England*, Henry James found that it "strikes one as begotten very much by the love of poetry and the knowledge and study of it, and of being full of echoes of poetic literature. I don't accuse you of 'lifting,' but you write from such a lettered mind that your strain is a kind of coil of memories."[1549] It would be idle not to recognize the models and echoes. But it is unnecessary to assess the "coil of memories" as "a merit," as did James. Palgrave is distinctly Palgrave, take him for all in all, and not an anthology or pastiche of others. If that is not immediately recognized in his lyrical poems it may well be so in the title poem "Amenophis or The Search after God," the longest poem of his career, its prefatory note dated July 1868. Palgrave was publishing hymns. Contemporaries like Matthew Arnold had sought answers to existence using Classical and Oriental material, in, say, *Empedocles on Etna* and *Sobrah and Rustum*. Palgrave, profoundly Hellenic, deeply Christian, and not unostentatiously learned, turned almost archaeologically for the framework of his story to an Egyptian version of the *Exodus* quoted by Josephus in his essay "Against Apion" from the native historian Manetho's *Aegyptiaca* (3rd c. BC), and "for other materials Herodotus, the earlier Greek poets, and the narrative of 'Exodus' have been chiefly used: and the beautiful Ode 'To Ligurinus,' paraphrased in the third Book, has not been thought inappropriate, as it is clearly one of those which Horace took from his Hellenic originals."[1550] The subject matter may have been

[1549]Quoted in Gwenllian, pp. 163-4.
[1550]P. 210.

exotic but Palgrave's intention was not. In a typically straightforward manner he makes clear that the "main aim of the whole is ... to set forth briefly, with as much accuracy to fact as the writer (unversed in Egyptology) could reach, the ideas upon the existence of God, and His relation to man and the world, held by the Egyptian, Greek, and Jewish races during the period when those ideas had not been consciously analysed and clothed in philosophical form." And equally typical is his "wish"—typical too his parenthetical "however imperfect its accomplishment"—"to show, in the guise of a little tale, the inner essence of those early beliefs ... historically, and without any attempt to compare or to moralize on them: for which purpose the narrative form of Poetry is better suited than the didactic."

The poem is remarkable for its setting. The atmospheric solemnity is immediate:

> Gorgeous in pride, and satiate full with bliss,
> Within his halls sate King Amenophis,
> The sacrifice just over: for the steam
> Yet curl'd round each gay-chequer'd cedar-beam
> And roof-recess, from Amolin's altar high.
> Meanwhile the ram was slain, and cautiously
> The red-skinn'd priests o'er Amolin's golden face
> The bearded muzzle of the creature place,
> And cautiously the form of Horus bring
> And set it fronting the ram-facéd thing,
> Beating themselves for Horus' sake, that he
> So mask'd alone the holy face must see,
> And then go down his journey to the west,
> And up the skies again, and find no rest.

And it is augmented with pictorial splendor when the king commands "Life's lordly pageant, all her pleasures bring; / That he may view them all, and judge, and try":

> Then thirty Ethiopians, ebon-dyed,
> In golden vessels bore red gold heap'd up.
> The gleamy harvest overran the cup,

> Waste unregarded: Next, an equal train
> Brought other stores of parti-colour'd grain
> In Ethiopia glean'd and Arya far:—
> Carbuncles redder than the warrior star,
> Sapphirus, Amethystus, and the light
> Of Adamas, that rivals in his might
> The sun, when o'er Syéné zenith high:—
> Then Emeralds, to take the wearied eye
> And bathe it in a bath of greener green
> Than sun-smit tarns from Eira's summit seen.
> Save 'mong the treasures of earth's garner-floor,
> Where, age on age, the gnomes their jewels store,
> None e'er were known, or dreamt in poet's dream,
> Like those that now on Egypt's master gleam.

Faust-like, Amenophis—though his name means "Amin is satisfied"—is unsatisfied with earthly treasures and even with his wife Anaïs's comforting that the "nearer nearness" of God [is] in the "aether far, / His eyes and glory in the twilight star."

> These things are not the thing I crave.
> For I would see him plain before I die:
> Let all the world, and all in it, go by.

The setting may be exotic but the wish of Amenophis is not so in the work of Palgrave. In the *Hymns* and the *Lyrical Poems*, written about the same time, Palgrave had sought a way to counteract the challenges of Darwinism, science, materialism, and declining values. Hellenism was hardly applicable, he grudgingly learned. He found a wife, he found poetry, he found nature, and he found God. Not the God described by Anaïs: "Harsh in their aspect are the Gods of the Nile, / That call men off from love and joy and smile!" Nor in the advice of Paapis, priest of On, calling for the purging of the land:

> First will I sweep and cleanse the holy soil
> Of these profane, the scum of Hyksôs' brood,
> Fit leaders of the leprous multitude.

Then, having purified the land from ill,
Thou shalt entreat for me Osiris' will,
That I may know what sacrifices best
Will bend the God to grant me my behest,
That I my see his glory, even I.

Nor can Amenophis accept the view of Osarsiph, seeking to have his people set free:

Alone by his own will he made all things,
El-Shaddai, Lord of Lords, and King of Kings.
The sun and stars, the sea and the dry land
Are dust within the hollow of his hand;
The nations and their Gods being nought before
This only one who is for evermore.
His house is not in temples made by hands
Or where the altar and the offering stands;
For earth and skies and all that is in them
Are but the waving of his garment-hem.
How should ye climb up to his presence thus?
We may not see him, as he sees through us.

Banished to the desert, Osarsiph and his followers are purified:

But whilst in the red furnace thus they lay,—
The drowsihood of Egypt, the soul's rust,
The life according to the flesh, and lust,
Soft selfishness of city luxuries,
And hardening want, that has no hope to rise;—
The baser nature in the slave begot,
Who, treated beast-like, beast-like learns to rot;—
The boastings of vain science, that could give
Blessings to life, whilst she untaught to live;
The boastings of vain priesthoods, who deny
All ways to God, but what themselves supply,
The seasoned impulse of the gorgeous rite,

> The myriad Gods, that hid the One from sight:
> —All this, the fire of Heaven burn'd out from them;
> And a new heart within the people came,
> Raising to higher things than yet they dream'd.

Still, although the land is purified, in Amenophis "the thirst / To see the God, was hot in him as erst." A message from the dead son of Paapis, who falsely counselled him to banish the holy priest, calls for him to repent. It is the Lydian song sung by Anaïs which rescues Amenophis from despair. Ever the scholar, Palgrave cannot resist a note: "To lovers of music this passage may faintly recall the marvellous Quartet in A Minor (Op. 132),—Beethoven's hymn upon recovery from severe illness. In the central portion of this Poem without words, the solemn *Canzone Lidico* of thanksgiving is soon followed by the brilliant outburst, marked *Sentendosi nuova forza*." Anaïs's plea, "Let the people go," is rejected, and all Egypt's might chased

> Those whom, at Heaven's command, the waves embraced
> As friends and yielded passage; but the host
> Of Egypt and her King were sunk and lost.

There the story seems to end. But not Palgrave's view.

> For other stories tell, how the King's heart
> Was changed and soften'd for the better part
> By Anaïs and her sweet womanliness.

Palgrave ends his operatic retelling of the Exodus as he ends many of his poems, with lovers hand in hand accepting a loving God, who "hath also gentler ways to deal / With his own creature, and with him can feel, / Pitying his pride of heart, not smiting him," in a royal and sumptuous liebestod:

> But when the time was now fulfill'd, that he
> Should go, where man at length the God may see,
> Then Anaïs, being younger, was afraid
> Lest she alone should linger, life-delay'd.

So, going to the shrine, the God besought,
That if her faithfulness had merit aught,
He would vouchsafe them what for man was best.

Then having pray'd, she took the maiden vest
Wherein she cross'd the seas, and crown'd her head.
Likewise the King came robed and garlanded;
And sacrifice was held, and feasting high.
Then, where close-veil'd from touch of human eye
The image of great Isis darkly gleams,
Within the furthest shrine, a place of dreams,
Silent, before the smouldering altar-brand,
With the last kisses, and the hand on hand,
They fell on sleep together where they lay;
Awaking to the long, long, better Day.

It is hard to say why Palgrave came to write "Amenophis"—could it have been the influence of the adventures of his brother Gifford in the Middle East?—or why he chose to let it lie unpublished for so many years when in 1874 he found "one uniform sense of pleasure" in the Moorish and Oriental work of Frederic Leighton. Whatever the reason, and although the overriding theme is recognizably Palgravian, as are the blending of sources drawn from all the corners of culture, the irregular stanzas, the unexpected unrhymed line at the end of some, and other characteristic eccentricities of rhyme and meter, Palgrave's "Amenophis" is undeniably one of a kind. Thirty-four pages of heroic couplets are unusual for Palgrave but also a testimony to his maturity as poet: his strong focus, his grasp of character, his feel for drama—the three books of the poem like three acts—his sense of scene and eye for decoration. It was not to everybody's liking. Three contemporary reviews agree in their respect for Palgrave. The brief review in the *Times* recognized in the reappearance of many of the poems "the growing popularity of Mr. Palgrave's graceful and scholarly verse" but made no mention of "Amenophis."[1551] In his review G. A. Simcox found it "a dwarf epic, picturesque, spirited, and sympathetic enough," with Amenophis

[1551] 25 November 1892, p. 3.

"remind[ing] us a little of Matthew Arnold's Mycerinus; the whole effect of the poems is like that of the late Lord Lytton's poem on the Fourth Crusade in *Chronicles and Characters,*" and suggesting that "both may be recommended to students who think Keats' attempted reform of the heroic couplet may have a future." But his conclusion is that "most readers will find Mr. Palgrave's lyrics more interesting."[1552] In a longer review[1553] the twenty-six-year-old Edmund K. Chambers was certain that "'Amenophis' will not make or mar a reputation," and was quick to say why: "Your rhymed narrative poem is hardly modish now: at its best it requires the vigour and delicacy of a Morris to please. And the philosophical motive which Mr. Palgrave has in mind ... well, it is too weighty for so slight a fabric to bear." He does grant that "there are isolated passages, both of description and of feeling, not without beauty," and quotes one, but then moves on to a criticism of Palgrave's "little care for technique" in his secular poems and to an appreciation of those in the "region of thought ... with the problems that lie on the borderland of religion and philosophy, the problems of doubt and faith and hope, of world-weariness and world-despair." He does not include "Amenophis" among them, evidently not convinced by or taking seriously its subtitle, "The Search after God."

Palgrave wrote other poems which, in his words, "appeared dispersedly," some indeed published posthumously. Apart from the three royal tributes, the most notable is "In Pace," his eulogy of Tennyson, one among seven "Tributes of His Friends."[1554] Written at Lyme Regis and dated 5-9 October 1892, just a few days before Tennyson's interment in Westminster Abbey on 12 October, and turned down by the *Times* for reasons doubtless beyond its quality, it consists of sixteen quatrains of iambic pentameters rhyming abba, the last line, however, a trimeter, and not without traces of the characteristic tendency to initial dactyls (as in "Alfred to Alfred!—Who ...") and run-over stanzas (as in "Changed to the realm unknown / In peace"). Formal and stately, it is a public and ceremonious lament for a "great soul," "Last of a lordly line," "High teacher of mankind," "great Voice," national hero. Of lesser interest are

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[1552]*Bookman* 3:16 (January 1893), 122.
[1553]*Academy* 43:1080 (14 January 1893), 29-30.
[1554]*Nineteenth Century* 32:189 (November 1892), 837-9.

such as "The Parting Toast" with music by James Tilleard,[1555] "Ballad" (otherwise untitled)[1556] "Poem" (doubtless a snatch from another poem),[1557] "Farewell to Italy" ("written after the death of his wife" in 1890),[1558] and doubtless others not yet identified or in print.[1559] Palgrave may have had other occupations but there can be no doubt that he was a committed and respected poet. In the last decade of his life his poems found a place in six different anthologies: in *The Poets and the Poetry of the Century*, volume 5 contained nine poems from *Lyrical Poems* and four from *The Visions of England* and volume 10 nine from *Amenophis*.[1560] In 1985 there appeared *Palgrave: Selected Poems*, an appreciative attempt to "show that his work—like that of many neglected writers—often possesses its own intrinsic merit and/or an associative interest by reason of its connections with places or people, including other poets."[1561]

[1555]*Bow Bells* 11:262 (18 August 1869), 296.
[1556]*Cornhill Magazine* 30:175 (July 1874), 65.
[1557]*Sunday at Home* (1 January 1899), 593.
[1558]*Living Age* 223 (4 November 1899), 356..
[1559]See, for example, British Library Add.MS. 45741, fol. 245-71.
[1560]Ed. Alfred H. Miles (10 vols. London, 1891-7).
[1561]Comp. Brian Louis Pearce (London, 1985), p. 5.

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ANTHOLOGIES

1.

The immediate success of the *Golden Treasury* may be one of the many great mysteries of popular culture. The fairly unprepossessing little volume of 332 pages purporting to contain "the best songs and lyrical poems in the English language, selected and arranged with notes" by a relatively unknown Fellow of Exeter College Oxford, and published by a relatively young publishing house, Macmillan and Co. of Cambridge and recently of London, is said to have sold some 9,000 in the first six months after its appearance in July 1861. A bestseller, to be sure. But how and why? The reasons given for its popularity are many: the tasteful dark green cloth packaging and an enticing title, the keen selection and the novel arrangement, which "exactly met the taste and expectations of his poetry-reading contemporaries."[1562] The first reason cannot in itself have been decisive, considering the similar efforts of competing anthologies, which offered engravings and woodcuts. A refreshing change from such tired designations as "Gems," "Pearls", and "Flowers," the title, apparently suggested by Palgrave's friend Thomas Woolner, who also provided the vignette which was to distinguish the ensuing Golden Treasury Series, was doubtless an attractive evocation of the legacy of the Golden Age but not a demonstrably compelling commercial feature. The selection is always an unpredictable and perilous factor, as apparent in the inherent incompatibility of "best" and "selection," and therefore seldom a decisive determinant. The arrangement, deemed by modern critics, following the initial reviews, anywhere from "brilliant originality"[1563] to "quaintly

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[1562]Sabine Haass, "Victorian Poetry Anthologies: Their Role and Success in the Nineteenth-Century Book Market," *Publishing History* 17 (1985), 55.

[1563]Anne Ferry, "Palgrave's 'Symphony'," *Victorian Poetry* 37:2 (Summer 1999), 148.

chuckleheaded,"[1564] cannot have had a strong influence on the purchase, especially since readers do not normally read anthologies consecutively from page one onwards or, as the first reviewer remarked, "systematically."[1565]

Such explanations are worthy of discussion and have been among the themes of subsequent scholarly discourse. But, being in the main retrospective, they do not, cannot, locate or define the spark, as it were, that set off the flame of immediate popularity. The cordial reception of the volume in the press contributed to that initial stimulation. Almost immediately after its appearance it was heralded by the *Spectator*: "There is no book in the English language which will make a more delightful companion than this. It has been selected with the greatest taste and discrimination, with the assistance, too, Mr. Palgrave tells us, of the Poet Laureate himself, and has been printed with a care and beauty which render its external. form worthy of its contents."[1566] Although Palgrave's strenuous attempts to have it reviewed in the *Times* failed,[1567] he was persistent: "hav[ing] spoken to a friend who is a sub Ed. in the Daily News: so that between him & [Samuel] Lucas ... we may get a review without delay."[1568] The review in the *Daily News* of 16 August 1861 found it an "attempt worthy of all commendation." Despite its dislike of "these ultroneous anthologies" the *Scotsman* praised it as a "beautiful and

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[1564]J. T. Barbarese, "The Sixth Palgrave's: Who Needs It?" *Victorian Poetry* 37:2 (Summer 1999), 238.

[1565]*Daily News*, 4763 (16 August 1861).

[1566]34:1726 (27 July 1861), 813.

[1567]In his letters to Macmillan of 22 July, [October-December 1861] and [4 November 1861], Palgrave urged various ways, such as sending a copy directly to G. W. Dasent, the assistant editor of the *Times*, or through Robert Lowe, who had been its leader-writer and was in 1861 vice-president of the Council on Education. Except for those from the British Library, all the other letters cited in this section are from the Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations, 49 A.L.S. to Macmillan and Co., 29 April 1859 [Jan. / March 1863]. They have no individual shelfmarks, only dates. Some have pencilled dates, possibly by a later hand, but are informed and reasonable. These are placed in square brackets herein.

[1568]Letter to Macmillan of 25 July 1861. Lucas was editor of the *Morning Star*, which does not appear, at least between 29 July and 30 September, to have reviewed the work.

delightful little volume of 'compacted sweets," and was "quite surprised with the amount of keen, delicate and true criticism, modestly, but largely indicated in the preface, and in the notes."[1569] There were, moreover, further reviews in five journals which agreed, *mutatis mutandis*, on the distinctiveness if not excellence of the anthology. *The Saturday Review* singled out its "arrangement and carefully considered juxtaposition of the different extracts" to be "certainly superior to any book of the class we have yet seen."[1570] In the first number of the *Working Men's College Magazine*, A. J. M[unby]. went beyond asserting that it is the "best anthology of and in our language" by applying to it an extract from Palgrave's own notes: "something neither modern nor ancient, but true to all ages, and, like the works of Creation, perfect as on the first day."[1571] A third, by Palgrave's Oxford friend and editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, J. A. Froude, although tacked on to the cumulative review "Some Poets of the Year," did assert in the first sentence that the *Golden Treasury* is "the most precious casket that ever accompanied traveller in his roamings, or laid beside his pillow, or on the table at home [and that] Mr. Palgrave's "labour has not been that of an ordinary complier, and the *Golden Treasury* deserves notice as something beyond a common volume of 'Beauties' or 'Elegant Extracts'."[1572] A fourth, in the *Westminster Review*, although "accustomed to turn away from similar collections with disgust, because they usually consist of a heap of good, bad, and abominable poems, selected without taste and arranged without care," was "delighted to be able to acknowledge that this 'Golden Treasury' is a model of what such works should be."[1573] To its general agreement with the other reviews and its undisturbed acknowledgment of the difficulties of selection *Chambers's Journal of Popular Literature, Science and Arts* invoked the prodigious influence of the name of Tennyson, whose "whispered" assistance caused the critics to "prick up their ears," since "the advantage of Mr. Palgrave's

[1569]12 September 1861, p. 3. Although unsigned, the review was identified by Palgrave as by Dr. J[ohn] Brown in a letter to Macmillan of 15 September 1861.

[1570]12:303 (17 August 1861), 176.

[1571]1 (September 1861), 172.

[1572]64:382 (October 1861), 465-6.

[1573]20:2 (October 1861), 606.

name on the title page ... did not arouse any great expectations."[1574] Whether "a charming little gift book for readers of all ages between ten and a hundred"[1575] or "just the little volume to accompany the traveller in his autumn excursion, or to beguile an afternoon by the sea-shore or in some pleasant English garden,"[1576] all reviewers seemed to agree that "the little book, daintily printed, and in every respect daintily appointed, while its price is within the means even of cottage readers, has within two or three months passed through four or five editions, will rank high this year among the Christmas gift books, and will never be suffered by the public to pass out of print."[1577]

Spread over five months these reviews kept the matter alive, as it were, and its momentum was no doubt increased by the efforts of the circle of friends of Macmillan, referred to as a kind of Tobacco Parliament: "'Science, art and letters,' Alexander [Macmillan] wrote in the summer of 1860, 'are fairly represented in the course of the year. Holman Hunt comes occasionally, Woolner and Alexander Munro, sculptors, often. Tennyson and Kingsley have both been when in Town. Henry Kingsley is often there. [T. H.] Huxley, [William] Sharpey and others of the scientific world come'."[1578] These, as well as the voices of such young friends of the house and up-and-coming literary figures and journalists as Edward Dicey, Alfred Ainger, David Masson, Coventry Patmore, and Richard Garnett, doubtless helped spread the news. The steady flow of reviews and opinions, complemented by a cascade of advertisements citing critical praise and, at Palgrave's suggestion,[1579] trumpeting the print run—"twelfth thousand" in the *Saturday Review* of 16 August 1862, "fourteenth

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[1574]415 (December 1861), 375. As a matter of fact Macmillan capitalized on a Tennyson connection. An advertisement in the *Times* of 28 November 1861, p. 12, made a point of mentioning that the "third edition" was "dedicated by permission to the Poet Laureate."

[1575]*Examiner*, 2807 (16 November 1861), 728.

[1576]*Daily News*, 4763 (16 August 1861).

[1577]*Examiner*, 2807(16 November 1861), 728.

[1578]Charles Morgan, *The House of Macmillan (1843-1943)* (London, 1943), pp. 50-1.

[1579]In a letter to Macmillan of [4 November 1861] Palgrave wrote: "Don't you think that if you were to advertise the new issue as 'Seventh thousand' or the like, in big letters & in a 'sensation' style it might pay?"

thousand" in 6 December 1862—was matched by a steady increase in sales. Macmillan may have been optimistic but since his success with literary texts had been limited mainly to works of fiction like *Westward Ho!* (1855), *Tom Brown's School Days* (1857), and *Geoffrey Hamlyn* (1859), he was also cautious. The initial printing of 2,000 in July was followed by 1,250 in October, another 3,750 in November, and 3,000 each in December—in all, 10,000 copies in four printings in six months.[1580] There was competition, to be sure, and it could be formidable. *The Poets of the Nineteenth Century*, selected and edited by Robert Aris Willmott, went to editions of 5,000 and 3,000 copies in 1856 and an additional 3,000 in 1857.[1581] Heavily illustrated with one hundred engravings and costly, it was not of the same class as the *Golden Treasury,* but its sales indicate that there was a lively and promising market. In 1860 alone there were two direct competitors: H. W. Dulcken's *Pearls from the Poets* and *Nightingale Valley* by one Giraldus, the pseudonym of William Allingham. The former, a quarto, was expensive at 12s.; the latter, a duodecimo, sold at 5s. It was *Nightingale Valley* that Palgrave sought to outdo,[1582] a particularly piquant challenge since Allingham was also among Macmillan's friends and, like Palgrave, a friend of Tennyson's, and was to edit *The Ballad Book* for the Golden Treasury Series in 1864. The rivalry will be discussed below. For the nonce its appearance is but another indication of the nature of the market, and, interestingly, its success—a reprint was published in 1862 amid a blaze of literally dozens of advertisements in the *Athenaeum* alone with Allingham's name brazenly on the title-page—somewhat dims the *Golden Treasury'*s halo. The point may be that the great success of the *Golden Treasury* was gradual—its heady sale of 61,000 copies by 1884 is relativized by the sale, for example, of *Enoch Arden*, "which sold 40,000 copies of its first edition

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[1580]Macmillan Editions Book, fol. 218. The figures are confirmed in a letter of 19 November 1861 to Palgrave from Macmillan (British Library Add. MS. 55841, fol. 88): 'We have sold about 5000 and have 2000 left. I have ordered another 3000 to be got on with in case of a rush about Christmas.' The statistics differ from those in Nelson, pp. 153-4.

[1581]The statistics are from Haass, p. 55.

[1582]In a letter of 8 October 1860, quoted in Amy Woolner, *Thomas Woolner, R.A.* (London, 1917), p. 199, Woolner informed Emily Tennyson that Palgrave "is busy reading all the Poets for the purpose of making a collection to publish which he intends to beat that of Allingham."

of 60,000 within a few weeks" in 1864.[1583] Nurtured by frequent and spaced advertisements, it soared over the years and not alone but as part of a wave of volumes in the Golden Treasury Series edited by great literary names, the burgeoning reputation of Macmillan as a publisher of literature, the introduction in 1871 of English literature as a subject of study in schools (which required the memorizing of passages of poetry[1584]) and later in universities, and, of course, the increasing literacy of the English public. It was most cherished, we must remember, by those at the end of the Victorian period and later who had had it at school, a milieu which Palgrave might have appreciated but had not envisioned. At its first appearance, the *Golden Treasury* was one among a number of bestsellers. Its constantly revised impressions and four editions in various packagings over the next thirty years were a resolute effort to maintain and enhance its place in an open market in which it had, unforeseen and by a happy concurrence of circumstances, found a niche and then expanded to an almost unchallengeable institution. Within a month of the publication of the *Golden Treasury* Palgrave, responding to the suggestion that "Schoolmasters wd be little likely to take the *present* Edn but wd probably take the cheaper for school use,"[1585] was providing—in addition to the existing extra cloth version at 4s.6d, a morocco plain at 7s.6d., and a morocco extra at 10s.6d.—details of a "regular railway *paper*" edition at 1s.6d. or printed cloth at 2s. ("for presents").[1586] And not long thereafter in a letter of 12 November 1861 he was proposing an illustrated edition and on 10 March 1862 a large paper and larger type edition.

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The success of the *Golden Treasury* was not due simply to its being at the

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[1583]Haass, p. 53.

[1584]See Richard D. Altick, *The English Common Reader* (Chicago, 1957), p, 161.

[1585]The letter to "Dear Sir," probably to the printer Richard Clay, is undated but most likely shortly after the publication of the *Golden Treasury* since Palgrave asks that the Queen's copy be sent to him so that he may pass it on to Lord Granville, who "has promised to give it to her."

[1586]In a letter of 14 August 1861, as well as in three undated letters, but doubtless of that time, on the color of the cover, the use and style of a prospectus, the shortening of the preface,and the omission of the Woolner vilgnette from the title.

right place at the right time, however, or to the auspicious coincidence of literary desire and commercial enterprise. It was not hastily put together to meet popular demand. As its first reviewer noted in his opening sentence. "Mr. Palgrave's volume is no ordinary book of extracts for school-room consumption, jumbled together without rhyme or reason."[1587] He was referring to its conception, selection, and arrangement. But they did not spring up full blown in the volume. They had a history which goes deeper than the counsel offered by Woolner and Tennyson, among others. Palgrave may have introduced his project to Tennyson on a walking tour in Wales in 1860 and discussed it with Woolner, with whom he was to share a house. They and George Miller may have offered advice and opinions. But the conception and the work were Palgrave's—not solely because Lady Tennyson mentions that Tennyson on 22 December 1860 "reads the poems to us chosen by Mr. Palgrave for his 'Golden Treasury'"[1588] or suchlike utterances but because they were evident in his modus operandi, the way he conceived, coddled, and applied the finish to his works, as well as in the content of works he had already written or was writing during the evolution of the anthology.[1589] These taken into consideration, the *Golden Treasury* was their natural and perhaps inevitable outcome.

What must be mentioned first because it is foremost in the inspiration of all his works is Palgrave's unwavering and absolute dedication to poetry. However obvious that may be, it cannot be overestimated. Palgrave believed in poetry, regarded it as the highest expression of man's civilized being. All his works on poetry and poets, as well as his own poems, attest to that uncompromising devotion. An archetypal paean is evident in the conclusion of the preface to the *Golden Treasury*: "Like the fabled fountain of the Azores. but with a more various power, the magic of this Art can confer on each period of life its appropriate blessing: on early years Experience, on maturity Calm, on age, Youthfulness. Poetry gives treasures 'more golden than gold,' leading us in higher and healthier

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[1587] *Saturday Review*, 12:303 (August 1861), 175.

[1588] *Lady Tennyson's Journal*, ed. James O. Hoge (Charlottesville, 1981), p. 152.

[1589] A brief and sound appraisal is given by Kathleen Tillotson, "Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* and Tennyson: Another Source," *Tennyson Research Bulletin* 5:2 (November 1988), 49-54.

ways than those of the world, and interpreting to us the lessons of Nature."

Like the creation of poetry itself, hard, meticulous, and patient work was essential to the realization of such an anthology. Palgrave's correspondence with Macmillan on the subject is a model of how such an undertaking comes about, is shaped and modified, and published. Interesting in itself, that process is also revealing not only for behind-the-scenes information but also for personal traits. In the first of the letters to Macmillan in the Berg Collection in the New York Public Library, dated 4 January 1860, Palgrave demonstrates his role as curator and administrator (and later, in a letter of 24 January 1861, to make it contractual that "no subtraction or addition to the text, and no illustrations be added without the Editor's consent"). Since his manuscript is nearing "perfect readiness," he outlines the requirements for and problems of publication. Having taken Murray's eight-volume edition of Byron, "a small octavo of a very pretty shape & size & type," as a model, he is able to "reckon" that his book "will come within 300 pages. In that Byron *9* 4-line stanzas fill a page—& the page when not broken into stanzas holds about 42 lines." Although thinking it best to wait for a personal meeting "for settling the style of publication and the financial question," Palgrave defines his role further by bringing up the matter of copyright applications. Although "hardly above 6 poems fall within probable copyright, as we exclude all living writers, for excellent reasons," Palgrave "suppose[s] it will be best & most civil to ask *Longman* leave for the 5 we have from Moore, & 2 from Southey: *Murray*, for 6 or 8 from Byron; *Moxon*, for selections from S. Coleridge, Keats, Hood, Shelley, Wordsworth, C. Lamb & Hartley Coleridge. Scott I suppose is common property." At this point Palgrave's manuscript is obviously not yet in "perfect readiness"; the selection is not yet final, although "A. Tennyson went over the whole lot with me—a ten days job, & accepts the dedication of the book to himself." In fact in a letter of 21 November 1860 Palgrave admits that "by the aid of friends & by working hard I have made great advance in forming the Lyrical Collection about which I spoke to you some time since. Until transcriptions are complete & the amount of contents ascertainable I suppose it wd. be premature to determine anything more definitely as to publication." If the title of the work is not fixed, so too are the contents, for Palgrave asks Macmillan for the loan, not purchase, of "2d hand

copies, the commonest possible" of Wordsworth, Campbell, Milton, Burns, Gray, Collins, Hartley Coleridge, Motherwell, Moore, Baillie, as well as suggestions of good collections of Scotch songs, of American poets, "wish[ing] that no one whom I can overhaul shall go by default: however unlikely. Amongst such, I wd. look at [David Macbeth] Moir, James Montgomery, Mrs [Caroline] Norton, Miss [Adelaide Ann] Procter." And once again he will review the whole with Tennyson at Christmas. And, as ever, he will require proofs of every part of the work, especially of the texts, for, as he was to write to Macmillan on 4 April [1861], "I have made it a rule in every case to compare the proof line by line with the original print."

Two months later the project is evidently so far advanced that Palgrave can concentrate on the details of the product. In letters of 24 January, 4 February, and [16 February 1861] he expresses concern about the paper, suggesting in the first that Macmillan try "some good French or German paper ... because they are thin & unsized, qualities which make a book portable & clear in impression; & because I fear an English paper, at once thin & firm, is not to be had." In the second letter he thinks "that the paper should be in tone about *halfway* between the piece sent, & pure white. It is now a decided buff—all one wants is a no-colour—a white subdued." Ever meticulous, in his letter of 16 February Palgrave asks for a specimen of the paper before printing begins, for "that on which the 1st proof is, is both much too yellow & highly glazed—& the effect of the glazing is to make it curiously inferior to the specimen done on unglazed." With the look of the paper "very satisfactory," Palgrave comments in a letter of 23 April on the three cloth samples, finding the green to be the "prettiest." Palgrave was concerned as well with the layout of the page. For one thing, he was "not sure whether the *names* should not be in a very slightly smaller type—unless the neat size would be out of keeping with the ordinary type"; for another, Woolner agrees with him "that the pages will bear, & look all the better, for *2* lines more on each: & this will save at least 10 on the whole" (4 February [1861]).

Of more interest because of their pertinence to the contents of the volume are Palgrave's thoughts in these letters about the title, the selection, and the arrangement. He first refers to his work as his "Lyrical Collection" (21 November 1860). It is only a few months later, in a letter of [16 February 1861], when advertising is imminent, that he names it

"The Golden Treasury"[1590] and recommends that in the subtitle (hitherto not mentioned) "a collection of" be "perhaps omit[ted]" so that it reads "the best Songs & Lyrical Poems in the English Language." Further, as it turned out, "Selected and arranged" is later expanded to "with Notes." These modifications, along with recurrent suggestions for the improvement of the title-page and repeated requests for proofs, came as late as June 1861, just a few weeks before publication. In a letter of 3 July, "suppos[ing]" that Macmillan "will begin to have the book out by Saturday," Palgrave seemed relieved that the title-page finally "looks admirable," adding with characteristic fastidiousness, "the only thing to report is that time enough could not be spend [*sic*] to [Charles Henry] Jeens [the engraver] to carry the surface of the figure rather further." Palgrave's relentless attention to the look and contents, to alteration and improvement, is a signal of his devotion to "finish" achieved through flexibility and hard work. However much his very personal accomplishment, the work is a co-production, as it were, conceived and directed by him but unlikely without the interaction of advising friends, a willing and imaginative publisher, and a team of competent publishing house workers whom Palgrave seems to have known and addressed by name.

Palgrave was always alert to the problems of selection, committed to the "best" but ever conscious of the representative. The division of the work into four books is chronological, an unavoidable imperative. The composition of each, however, is personal and professional. And Palgrave took occasion to justify it in a letter to Macmillan of [July 1861, no day is given]. It is worth quoting in full for itself and its fundamental importance in Palgrave's disposition as anthologist:

My preface states the grounds on which all the Shakespeare songs he [J. M. Ludlow in a note to Macmillan] mentioned were excluded—they seemed to A.T. & to me either parts of the plays or fragments. Milton's Cromwell & Vane sonnets to his wife—not up to the height of the theme: the final Kindness Sonnet *is* in—op 61 omitted as strictly *occasional* or "O fairest flower" with admirable lines & many full of conceits—Jonson's *See the chariot* by AT after long consideration for the same

[1590]Some suggest the title may have been derived from Palgrave's criticism of readers in 1860 for whom "a book is no more a treasure to be kept and studied and known by heart."

reason—Dibdin's because they are much more *spirited* than poetical—two quite different things—Moore's "Island" ditto—his "Young hero sleeps" as tinselly. White's sonnet is the only one about which I don't remember the reasons—for the admission of Gray & Collins is of course a case of *general* taste & judgment & cannot be argued, except by an expression of surprize that any poetical judge does not recognize them as fine poetry in a peculiar style. Probably if Mr. L. talked this over with AT he would find that it was possible to admire the 18th century whilst continuing to admire the 16th.
Being an ignorant man and hence or not knowing Mr L. by person or fame I send these hasty notes to show you that we acted deliberately—in fact I believe nothing by any *tolerable* writer even was excluded without a long debate & frequent adjournments for reconsideration in another mood of mind.

However random, these jottings underscore not merely the sincerity and seriousness of the selection and the attempt through continued deliberation and "long debate" with others to overcome a temporal "mood of mind" but also to distinguish kinds of poetic expression of authors and their time. Even the regard for "*general* taste & judgment," which Palgrave would normally reject since his critical tenet is that taste is disputable, is here used to stress that consensus is the ultimate determinant. Apparent, however, is the fact that decisions are slippery, requiring in addition to a fine sensibility and a flexibility of judgment an agile pragmatism and stern decisiveness. Palgrave's treasury, as his omissions and additions in the following editions demonstrate, may be golden but, like "best," not without a molten quality. Much the same may be said of the arrangement. As set forth in his preface Palgrave's intention of presenting "the most poetically-effective order" may well apply to the chronological order and, as a vehicle of instruction, "reflect the natural growth and evolution of our Poetry," but his attempt to arrange the poems, as an instrument of pleasure, according to "gradations of feeling or subject," is as difficult to grasp or plot as his conception of "best"—*pace* Matthew Arnold, who found "the plan of arrangement which he devised for that work, the mode in which he followed his plan out, nay, one might even say, merely the juxtaposition, in pursuance of it, of two such pieces as those of Wordsworth and Shelley which form the 285th and 286th in his collection, show a delicacy of feeling in these

matters which is quite indisputable and very rare."[1591] Palgrave's assertions that his model has been "the development of the symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven, and nothing has been placed without careful consideration" in an attempt to "present a certain unity, as episodes" are doubtless sincere but more questionable than convincing. The questionable relationship to music aside, the arrangement, however meticulously achieved, may form an "episode" but the poems themselves are too unlike in texture, admittedly "exhibit[ing] a wide range of style," to illuminate gradations or development of feeling—even in the unlikely event that they were read consecutively. The changes in "mood of mind" which Palgrave and his fellow readers considered in the selection[1592] apply to the arrangement as well. How could the gradations of feeling or the desired unity of the first edition be said to be discernible or stable when there were changes in the various impressions and consequently in the second, third, and fourth editions? And, it must be remembered, Palgrave's sensibility was inseparable from his response to discussion and acceptance of consensus. In a telling and not untypical response of 4 February [1861] to Macmillan he changed the order of the opening poems: "You will see," he wrote, "that I have tried to follow your hint about the first poem—'Phoebus' is decidedly too learned a first word." This meant that the first poem, William Drummond of Hawthornden's "Summons to Love," which begins "Phoebus, arise!" gave way to Thomas Nashe's "Spring"—these two and other titles supplied by Palgrave, as was his practice. Changes in the selection and arrangement, as well as textual changes and title variants, in subsequent impressions and editions cannot but affect the gradations of feeling.[1593] It is tempting to conclude that what has been characterized as Palgrave's "symphony" is not so much his score as the interpretation of his various readers. But then again the readers cannot have the overview of a conductor, a situation fostered by the fact that Palgrave, but for a sincere and yet commercially effective dedication

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[1591]"The Literary Influence of Academies," in *Matthew Arnold's Essays in Criticism: First Series*, ed. Sister Thomas Marion Hoctor (Chicago, 1968), pp. 47-8.

[1592]For their notes see British Library Add.MS.42126 and "Palgrave's Notes" in the Penguin Classics edition of the *Golden Treasury*, ed. Christopher Ricks (Harmondsworth, 1991), pp. 470-512

[1593]For "significant textual changes," see Nelson, pp. 184-202. Palgrave himself admits "after-gleanings" in his prefaces to the later editions.

to Tennyson and a deliberately uninstructive brief prefatory apologia,[1594] thrusts the reader directly into the music, as it were, omitting even a table of contents and placing his summary of each of the books at the end of the volume.[1595]

3.

The selection of the poems cannot be said to have been arbitrary. Palgrave listened to the advice of his friends. In a brief note to manuscript copy (British Library Add. MS.42126, fol. 2) he is quite explicit in describing the process:

> In putting the book together, all poems which appear at all available or likely were gone through, after my selection, by George Miller & Thos. Woolner, sometimes alone, perhaps oftener in courts of poetry held here or elsewhere. The mass thus diminished, but retaining all that near admission, were gone through by Alfr. Tennyson during two days at Xmas 60 at Farringford. He read almost everything thrice over generally aloud to me. The book as it stands fairly reflects his taste, as his opinion was the final verdict: but so severe & strict was his judgment, that if the scheme of the book had been his, it wd probably have been less.

Still, there can be little doubt that the primary and ultimate selection was basically Palgrave's. In the same note he confides diplomatically: "Some few poems were added after Tennyson's recension: but about most I knew that he wd have approved." Furthermore it can be traced to his critical writings. Practically simultaneously with the evolution of the *Golden*

[1594]In a letter to Macmillan of "Tuesday" [August 1861] Palgrave somewhat diminished the preface, "written in too elaborate a manner" for an envisioned cheaper edition, by announcing that he has "struck out the passages which appear to be ornamental" and thereby having "one page to spare." The day "Tuesday" seems to have has been supplied by a later hand, perhaps of a dealer or a librarian.

[1595]In a letter of [30 April 1861] Palgrave made it known that he had told [Richard] Clay [the printer] that the two final indexes "would be enough & that we might dispense with a table of contents at the beginning." Even the small print for the names of the authors, thought by some commentators to clear the way for the reader, so to speak, was for Palgrave mainly a matter of design. "I am not sure whether the names should not be in a very slightly smaller type," he wrote to Macmillan on 4 February [1861], "unless the neat size would be out of keeping with the ordinary type."

Treasury Palgrave was at work on a two-part review-article of *Bell's Annotated Series of British Poets*, a sweeping outline of English poetry from Chaucer to the present day, the seeds of which were already evident in his earlier critical writings. What it makes clear in connection with the *Golden Treasury* is Palgrave's comfortable knowledge of a large body of poems, his critical evaluation of their intrinsic nature and relative worth, and the "true method" of organizing literature. For one thing, Palgrave's concentration on songs and lyrical poems is not simply a matter of economics, of fitting as many poems as possible into his little volume: he did include longish poems, such as Milton's "Il Penseroso" and Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality." Nor can their selection be firmly based on their adherence to so vaguely formulated a definition as Palgrave's "Lyrical has been here held essentially to imply that each Poem shall turn on some single thought, feeling, or situation," nor on his following negative consequence: the exclusion of narrative, descriptive, and didactic poems, with rare exceptions humourous poetry, and even blank verse and the ten-syllable couplet, with all pieces markedly dramatic. Rather, it derives from his almost equally oracular belief, formulated for his students at Kneller Hall almost a decade earlier in his house journal, the two-part "Method of Lectures on English Literature"[1596]: that "it is not the poet who creates the landscape—nor yet the landscape that gives birth to the Poet:—it is the union and *synthesis* ... between that which is without us and that which is within us:—between the natural mind and the mind of nature—that the Poet's creation is evolved."[1597] Rather than accepting the absolute dominance of a historico-chronological orientation, Palgrave envisioned and evaluated poems, as he had demonstrated in his comparison of poems on Spring by Surrey and Wordsworth, in terms of the way "individual passion disappears, and the mind of the poet ... draws a picture in which the simplest and closest delineation of the scene is connected with a moral embracing all humankind." It followed that in "essential characteristics" Palgrave found it "clear that a wider interval separates Wordsworth and Keats, Shelley and Byron, from Spenser and his contemporaries, than lies between them and the so-called artificial poets of the eighteenth century." From this viewpoint and from the aim of giving pleasure rather than

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[1596]*Educational Expositor* 1 (May 1853), 119-22 and (June 1853), 176-80.
[1597]Ibid., p. 121.

instruction from, as it were, emotionally and intellectually graspable entities, the kinds of poems Palgrave excluded are not surprising, nor is the inclusion of those which are perceived to be natural or unself-conscious, like songs and ballads, and the priority given to poems of the nineteenth century and those which approximate, each in its own way, the simplicity and purity of Greek verse, which Palgrave exalts. Still, it is hard to deny that Palgrave's selection, so varied in subject and texture, and so very personal in appraisal, cannot be easily derived from his stated definition and intention. Yet despite its dubious circularity it is hard to question the validity of his assertion that "the golden rule [is] that the first duty of a selection is to be *select*."[1598]

Not to be overlooked, however, is the relationship between the selection and the prevailing heritage of Palgrave's own time. Although he believed it differed from others in its attempt to include "none but the best" lyrical poems and songs "in our language," his choice was nevertheless restricted. No collection of English poetry could be without such pillars as Shakespeare and Milton, Dryden and Pope, Shelley and Wordsworth. And hardly any collection, whatever its declared theme, could ever be without a historico-chronological framework. That was the premise of Palgrave's critical survey of English poetry and indeed of the cultural perspective of his time. Striking is an apparent consensus in the selection between Palgrave and his main competitor Allingham. Their collections have fifty-one titles in common, in percentage magnified by the fact that *Nightingale Valley* contains only 211 titles of which sixty are by the living poets excluded from the *Golden Treasury*. Palgrave was, of course, aware of Allingham's anthology, and admitted to having made use of it in one instance. But it is more likely that the overlapping was the natural consequence of cultural consensus rather than commercial competition. What anthology of representative English lyrics and songs, be it of the "best" or the "choicest," could do without the works and the historical framework they inherited? Allingham trumped Palgrave, as it were, by adding "from the Time of Shakespeare to the Present Day" to the title of his edition of 1862, very likely in answer to Palgrave's literary-historical

[1598]In a letter Lord Houghton of 31 January 1867 (Trinity College Cambridge, Houghton 230:22) Palgrave criticized Frederick Locker for having "constantly lost sight of the golden rule" in his collection *Lyra Elegantiarum*.

summaries of each of the centuries from which his poems were chosen. Furthermore, both works mirrored the taste of the times in the weighted distribution of the poems within this framework. The contours of the *Golden Treasury* are well defined: Shakespeare is represented by thirty-three poems, followed by Drummond by seven, and seventeen poets by one each; in Book II Milton by eleven, Herrick by seven, Dryden by two, and ten poets by one each; in Book III Burns by eleven, Gray by eight, and sixteen poets (including Pope) by one each; and in Book IV Wordsworth by forty-one, Shelley by twenty-two, and only three poets by one each.[1599] More interesting perhaps is the weighting of the selection in both anthologies in favor of the nineteenth century: The fourth book of the first edition of the *Golden Treasury*, consisting of poems "with few exceptions composed during the first thirty years of the nineteenth century" (p. 310), accounts for 122 of 288 poems and 242 pages of the volume's 307. In *Nightingale Valley*, sixty of the 211 titles are by living poets; eighteen of the remaining poets died in the nineteenth century. Telling too is the absence in both anthologies of the metaphysical poets, notably John Donne, and the relatively slight representation of Elizabethan poetry. Even the similarity of intention—in *Nightingale Valley* "simply to delight the lover of poetry," in the *Golden Treasury* "to offer those who love Poetry so well nothing not already known and valued"—may be regarded as a shared inflection of contemporary values. Both Palgrave and Allingham were poets, and yet as editors conscious of the fact that pleasure required some assistance: both supplied commentary, glossarial, and biographical notes, comme il faut.

There were differences, to be sure. Both poet-editors had personal favorites, and both were conscious of the pressures of competition and the need for novelty. Allingham included living authors, himself among them, a few American poets, and numerous women. Restricted by the unavailability of Tennyson's works and concerned about other copyright matters, Palgrave had asked Macmillan in the early stages for "any good & tolerably extensive selections from *American* poets if such exists," having "gone through Poe, Longfellow, Bryant, & Lowell: But I see Mrs Brooke [Maria Gowen Brooks], [Richard Henry] Dana [Sr.], [John] Pierpoint &

[1599] For the distribution according to all the poets in each of the four editions, see Nelson, pp. 198-202.

others mentioned with some degree of praise" and from women and lesser known poets as well.[1600] Both, of course, differed in their weighting of poets. Palgrave's favorite was Wordsworth with forty-one poems; Allingham allotted him eighteen. Allingham included four poems by Blake, who was accorded the longest biographical note (pp. 273-6) of the collection; Blake was not included by Palgrave, who admired his art work but only in the second edition of 1884 added one of his poems and in the third (1890) three more. Such differences are to be expected, of course, and a further comparison of the selections would contribute to a profile of both.

But what defines them perhaps more clearly is the arrangement of the selections, the aspect which was most prominent in the reviews of the *Golden Treasury*. Both attempt to represent four centuries of the best or choicest English poetry. Both limit the size of their specimens as well as their nature: short and lyrical are elements of focus and variety, which in turn are concessions to the intelligence and imagination of even Palgrave's target audience, the "fittest," and certainly to commercial potential, as do the existence of commentary notes and the absence of a textual apparatus or for that matter much concern about textual veracity. And yet they differ drastically. Allingham makes no attempt at a historico-chronological arrangement. Nor does there seem to be any perceptible logic in the arrangement. The poems just flow. Allingham's is a free and uncomplicated anthology, very much in tune with his gushing idolization of poetry and his conviction that "*How* Poetry manages to evince itself in material form would be hard or impossible to explain; even if possible, still doubtless the secrets ought to be kept, like those of love" (p. vii). Palgrave. surprisingly or not, is at once more conservative and more adventurous. He insists on a historico-chronological four-part outer structure, but denies it within each part, relying instead on gradations of an emotional thought or expression. He does little to explain, particularize, or generalize, as he does so avidly in his literary and art criticism. Perhaps because he cannot, and justifies his silent arrangement

[1600]In a letter of 21 November 1860. It is a measure of Palgrave's flexible taste that he included four women poets despite the doubts about women's capacity for poetry he expressed in a two-part article "Women and the Fine Arts," as well as of his firmness in excluding, say, so popular a poetess as Felicia Hemans.

by hoping that the "fittest" will catch the melody and so go on to comprehend the symphony, like Mozart, who having learned that the score of one of his pieces had gone astray, remembered the opening melody and then simply and quickly again wrote what followed naturally, the whole symphony. There is of course an attraction in the deep elusive promise of Palgrave's intent. Its allure is irresistible. Art is like that.

4.

It did not take long for Palgrave's "little Collection" to move from bestseller to model. In the preface of his popular *Household Book of English Poetry* (1868) Richard Chenevix Trench felt obliged to justify his collection, "long laid aside ... on the ground that there was no place for one who should come after" the *Palgrave*, not by challenging it but by offering "so different a scheme and plan from his" (p. v).[1601] Ten years after the publication of the *Golden Treasury* the *Times*, in a review of Alexander Mackay's *A Thousand and One Gems of English Poetry*,[1602] finding fault with the selection and pointing out the need for "a mind of catholic taste and of critical faculty true and keen, a mind not less a master of prose expression than acute and subtle in poetic perception," mentions the *Golden Treasury* as coming "near to our ideal of a collection of this sort." Some thirty-five years later, by which time the *Golden Treasury* had gone through editions of 1861, 1884, 1890, and 1891, it had become something resembling an institution. "A book of this kind, did it contain no single word of criticism, is throughout, in the highest sense, critical, and would in itself serve as a trustworthy guide to the poetical judgments of the period ... it may safely be said that this is the first English book in which the standards set up, I do not say are secure, but have at least good prospect of enduring respect."[1603] Still, "the history of criticism, we have been told, is a 'chronicle of reversed judgments,' nor is the charge

[1601]Interestingly, Palgrave restrained from responding to Trench, the Archbishop of Dublin, "because," as he wrote to Macmillan on 6 June 1868 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 54-5), "despite his pains & knowledge, he seems to me to have made it a terribly weighty & didactic selection, & to have given new things without showing cause: Nor can I find any *principle* or *method* in the book."

[1602]20 December 1871, p. 4.

[1603]W. Macneile Dixon, "Finality in Literary Judgment," *Westminster Review* 143:4 (January 1895), 401.

altogether without foundation." What follows and is to mark the criticism of anthologies to this day is a noting of the many inclusions and omissions of poets and poems (and of the judgments in the notes) and thus a questioning of the selection, indeed of selection itself. The reviewer himself has consensual favorites. "It was ... to many readers of poetry, a source of wonder why Blake should have been deemed unworthy to rank with the immortals."[1604] He also has personal preferences: "two great names are absent; we miss Massinger and Ford."[1605] And his assessment is not restricted to individual poems and poets, but to the imbalance of representation in the fourth book: "That Shakespeare, Milton, and Coleridge taken together should occupy less space than Wordsworth is at first startling, and consideration, though it may lessen, does not remove the sense of extreme disproportion."[1606] What may be startling too in the face of the emphasis on change and instability is the conclusion. "Mr. Palgrave must be regarded as a national benefactor, for he has supplied us with the best guide books to the characteristics of classic art ... Upon the impracticable material of every age, changing with every age, upon the crude metal to be reduced to form, the classic artists impress the seal of individual minds under the guidance of the imperious idea of beauty that is not individual but universal; and the coinage is the enduring literature of the world."[1607] In other words, the unfinished symphony is unfinishable and thus immortal.

The question of finality is taken up again in 1896 in an unsigned article "An Authority on Poetical Criticism."[1608] Once again the focus is on the selection, on the changes of "considerable importance" over the past thirty-five years which demonstrate how the "little volume" "influenced taste, and how taste has contrived to influence it."[1609] Despite the enumeration of additions and omissions—in the last edition there were "more than fifty poems which did not appear in 1861, and several which

[1604]Ibid., p. 406.
[1605]Ibid., p. 408.
[1606]Ibid., p. 410.
[1607]Ibid., p. 411.
[1608]*Saturday Review* 82:2134 (September 1896), 311-13.
[1609]Ibid., p. 312.

were printed then are now omitted"[1610]—there is no doubt in the author's mind that "the authority exercised by the book has been greater than that of any single commentary or critical disquisition" because of Palgrave's "extreme" skill and taste in the original selection and the subsequent polishing in later ones: "almost everything on which he can lay his hand touches upon the verge of perfection."[1611] And, in an apparently converse but in reality complementary way, Palgrave's "acute" response to the events and taste of his day—like his inclusion of Thomas Campion after the "rediscovery of exquisite things lost among obscure Elizabethans" (by A. H. Bullen, in this instance) or his enhanced recognition of Blake (after the work of Alexander Gilchrist and Rossetti)—is a sign of his devotion to artistic "finish," if not perfection. Despite some reservations about the selection, the *Saturday Review's* admiration for Palgrave's ever-evolving accomplishment is so profound—"Who shall dare to estimate how valuable have been the splendour and purity of its contents in holding up the tradition of a grand style in English poetry?"[1612]—that he proposes a monument. A year before the ailing Palgrave's death, he concludes: "We

[1610]Ibid. The actual number is greater. For an exact listing of all the additions and omissions in all the editions, including textual variants and titles, see Nelson, pp. 184-202. Palgrave was conscientious but also fairly casual about changes, as some of his comments illustrate. In connection with his incorporating additional poems at the end of Book II, Palgrave wrote to George Craik of Macmillan's on 20 October 1890 (British Library, Add.MS. 54977, fol. 214-15), "It was Tennyson who rather suggested that insertion in chronological order would break up the present work of the book & numeration. But I am sure the *numbers* are of no practical use except for the Index, & hence lean to insertion. There are also 3 or 4 poems which I think might be silently added." He also suggested large type "for the benefit of eyes no longer young." In a letter of 10 December 1890 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 220-1) he wrote to Craik that he "reckon[ed] to have added 31 pieces, quite brief, to the edition of 1883-4, which added 14 to the original book. But I have silently omitted 6." And on 14 May 1891 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 227-8) he concluded: "You will, I suppose, advertise it as *second & enlarged*: which it now truly is, to my best ability, & I believe, to its considerable improvement." Earlier, in the letter of 10 December 1890, he thought that in advertising it would be "best not to advertise it as second & slightly enlarged ... lest this should impede the present small edition."

[1611]*Saturday Review* 82:2134 (September 1896), p. 312.

[1612]Ibid.

hope that neither Mr. Palgrave nor his publishers *will be* persuaded to make many further changes in their little classic. The effect of such alteration can but be to weaken a most useful, although unobtrusive, authority in poetical criticism."[1613]

The monument's immortality and authority were, however, frozen in time. Reprints of the *Golden Treasury* are mainly commemorative and of the first edition. The main limitation was not of the selection of individual poems or even of Palgrave's taste and judgment. He always asserted the selection was personal.[1614] And he did respond over the years to change that never denied certain resulting imbalances. It was that anthologies, the flower gatherings themselves, must be continuously weeded, reseeded, and nurtured. Only poetry is in essence stable. And so in the development of the treasury it was not so much a matter of selection and arrangement as of addition. With addition, the net and even the gross shrinking of the past was inevitable. The core of Palgrave's treasury remained. What followed was a series of cloned titles with the replicated original Palgrave of 1861 plus a fifth book by another editor and then a sixth book by still another until such time as the integrity and relevance of the original were severely diminished. The increase in the number of modern or contemporary poems dwarfed the original, resulting in a protuberance which creates a different critical perspective and authority. What has emerged over the years, and is still perpetuated today, is a kind of mongrel Palgrave—how else to describe the 650,000 copies that have been printed by the mid-twentieth century?—a prototype he himself may have unintentionally initiated. In September 1897, a month before his death, he published the *Golden Treasury: Second Series*, an addition of 190 poems. It was perhaps a last attempt to realize his unfulfilled "wish," as he wrote to George Craik of Macmillan's on 26 October 1890 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 216-17) "to add a 5th book, which would be as long as the 4th, & to allot *two* to the 19th century: meant to contain Arnold, Browning & Tennyson if I overlive him. But this book I should probably

[1613]Ibid., p. 313.

[1614]One seldom noticed result was his innovative openness to anonymous lyrics, the number of which grew from twelve in 1861 to twenty-one in 1891; yet it is noticeable that he was making some concessions to popular taste when dealing with works by some poets of the nineteenth century, such as Campbell, Moore, or Hood.

only have ready for publication after my death." Like its predecessors, it maintained the chronological outer structure, starting where the first edition of 1861 had left off, in 1850, and continuing with poems written by poets who had died since then and even including five who were still alive—the Duke of Argyll (1835-1900), Gerald Massey (1828-1907), Lewis Morris (1833-1907), Frederick Tennyson (1807-1898), and Aubrey de Vere (1814-1902)—while making a special point in his preface of "deeply regret[ting]" not being "able to adorn [his] pages with examples of Mr. A. C. Swinburne's brilliant lyrical gift" (p. xii).[1615] He was thus able to include those he admired greatly, among them William Barnes, Robert Browning, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, A. H. Clough, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, Coventry Patmore, Christina Rossetti, D. G. Rossetti, and, at last and voluminously, Tennyson. Once again, the dedication is to Tennyson, albeit "sadly and affectionately," to the memory of one "by whom the first series of the golden treasury was kindly supervised." Even its vignette, "The Muse and Her Genius," designed by Raphael, was the one he would have used for the *Golden Treasury* if, as he wrote to Macmillan on 23 April 1861, it "were brought out at my expense." And there is a certain reminiscence of the *Golden Treasury* in the framing arrangement: from a joyous opening poem, O'Shaughnessy's "Ode" celebrating poets—

> We are the music makers,
> And we are the dreamers of dreams—

to a mournful last, Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break"—

[1615]In a letter to Macmillan of 4 July 1896 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 253-4) Palgrave is puzzled that Swinburne has not answered a request for permission to include his poems, especially since he has "never written or published a word about him, & whenever we met—years ago now—he was always *perfectly* friendly to me." One possible reason may be derived from a letter of Swinburne's to Theodore Watts on 10 August 1891: "I have added and added points on points (mostly satirical, though some of them 'quite other') to my paper on *Social Verse*, till it is now a perfect porcupine of an article. It has been my Christian wish and aim to give as much pain and offence as possible to fools and quacks of divers colours—especially in Oxonicular or (as D. G. Rossetti might have said) Cohenian quarters." In *The Swinburne Letters*, ed. Cecil Lang (New Haven, 1962), 6:1890-1909, p. 16.

But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

And in its bundling of what Palgrave called poems of cognate character, as, for example, in the cluster of poems (clxxxvi-cxc) by O'Shaughnessy, Barnes, and Tennyson: "Love after Death," "Readen ov a Head-Stowne," "Plorata Veris Lachrymis," "In the Valley of Cauteretz," and "Break, Break, Break."

Yet the new collection stands by itself, isolated from its parent, a complement rather than an organic part of the *Treasury*. As Palgrave admitted in his preface his "first wish [was] to include in the same volume the later risen of our stars," but "this plan proved impossible." That impossibility emanated from his sensibility. How could he assimilate the poetry of the second half of the nineteenth century into the more subtle internal arrangement of the *Treasury* when he sensed that from the "decided preference for Lyrical poetry ... an impulse traceable in large measure to the increasingly *subjective* temper of the age ... [there] followed a vast extension in length of our lyrics: their work is apt to be less concentrated than that of their best predecessors ... whilst, concurrently, they have at the same time often taken a dramatic character, rarely to be found before." Therefore Palgrave abandoned the principle of gathering the best lyrics in favor of a selection from the "finest work of our greater Victorian poets," hoping to "make the specimens characteristic of each writer's genius," while admitting that a "certain monotony of character" is inevitable in "representing only the spirit of less than a single century." Palgrave's greatest problem was his awareness of the difficulty of selecting poems which had not been subject to the "verdict of Time"—a problem which he attempted to solve by "spreading the choice over three or four years during which the poets have been searched and read over, and the results noted at many months' interval." Yet he cannot deny a "personal element" and attempts to preempt criticism by agreeing with it: "Varieties in taste, often deeply rooted and strenuously held, will lead every reader to condemn me for omissions and inclusions: inevitably, and rightly."

He was right. The critical response was immediate and devastating. Two reviews, both dated 23 October 1897,[1616] joined in attacking

[1616]*Academy* 52:1329, 317-18, and the *Athenaeum* 3652, 555.

Palgrave's work on the same grounds: "Its sins of omission and of commission alike are mortal and past blotting out."[1617] As if written by the same pen, both listed virtually the same grave commissions and omissions. Most important they turned Palgrave's own admission of the difficulty of selection against him. "It were," wrote Palgrave in his preface, "presumption if we attempted with the microscope of criticism to classify these growths, or to decide whether they belong to the children's 'Adonis Garden' of cut flowers, or the true 'immortal amaranth'." Against this apologia both critics cried out in unison: the first, "But this is precisely the 'presumption' on which the very existence of the anthologist depends. He is there to make the choice"[1618]; the second, the collection is "incomplete, ill balanced, and wanting in critical authority."[1619] Both, however, do not consider the fact that in limiting his selection in the original *Golden Treasury* to poets already dead Palgrave benefited from the consensual approval that the passage of time and the temper of the time confer. Palgrave's missteps, his somewhat fawning favoritism of friends accepted, the anthologist may be a judge but can hardly expected to be a prophet.

The reviews had an impact which was not markedly diminished by the death of Palgrave a day after their appearance.[1620] Although it was reprinted twice in November 1897 and again in 1898, the *Second Series* was ignored in further reprints of the *Golden Treasury*, be they of the original or the revised and enlarged editions. When the World's Classics version of the *Golden Treasury* "with additional poems" appeared in 1907 and after numerous reprints followed with a new edition in 1914, it reprinted the four books containing the 288 poems of the first edition of 1861 and, ignoring the fifty-two Palgrave had added by the time of the fourth edition of 1891, tacked on 109 poems representing the latter half of the nineteenth century, dating from Walter Savage Landor, who died in 1864, to William Ernest Henley, who died in 1903, and including such American

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[1617]*Academy*, 317.

[1618]Ibid.

[1619]*Athenaeum*, 555.

[1620]Since there is no mention at all of the *Second Series*, there may be some irony, albeit unintended, in the eulogy of Palgrave and the celebration of the original *Golden Treasury* (which "will come to be regarded as something permanent, as having a place in our literature") in the *Spectator* a few days later (79:3618 [30 October 1897], 591-2).

poets as William Cullen Bryant, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and Walt Whitman. This would seem to be a response to the criticism of Palgrave's sin of omission. And its deletion of eighteen poets—among them those singled out by the *Academy* and the *Athenaeum*: the Duke of Argyll, Gerald Massey, Lewis Morris, Frederick Tennyson, Aubrey de Vere, and Richard Wilton—was doubtless a response to his sin of commission. Of the thirty-eight poets represented in the *Second Series* twenty find a place, but in all but two poets the selection and number of poems for each differs. And its addition of poems by such as William Aytour, George Eliot, Thomas Babington Macaulay, Charles Mackay, Francis Sylvester Mahony, and James Clarence Mangan, a further sign of the essential and desirable "presumption" of an anthologist, does not absolve Palgrave, of course. But it does cast a cloud over the single-minded and in the long run pointless emphasis on selection as the dominant if not the sole criterion of evaluation, as well as overlooking such essentials as Palgrave's conception of lyric and his particular mode of shaping his "symphony."

Very soon the promise of Palgrave's title was modified and its authority challenged. Also in the same year, 1914, while the *Golden Treasury* was very much alive and thriving, Everyman's Library published *The New Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics* described as "a companion book to the old *Golden Treasury*, ranging farther back in time and farther forward, and adding many poets who have enriched the lyric tongue, omitted in those pages." "New" yes, "Best" no longer prescriptive, and using Palgrave's chronological frame and adding, audaciously aping Palgrave's pattern, books fifth and sixth, but not bound by his contents. In 1922 Macmillan published in the Golden Treasury Series *The Golden Treasury ... With a Supplementary Fifth Book, Selected, Arranged, and Annotated by Laurence Binyon*, like Palgrave a poet and art expert. Its subtitle not unambiguously announcing "Golden" or "best," it reprinted Palgrave's fourth edition of 1891 and added 110 to his 338 poems, all from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries and including fifteen poets who had died in the twentieth century and five—Robert Bridges, Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, John Masefield, and Henry Newbolt—who were still living, but

omitting American and Overseas Dominions poets for lack of space.[1621] In the manner of Palgrave it adds a "Summary of Book Fifth," explaining that "this division embraces the whole of the Victorian era and a little more," as well as following notes. And as it must be in the fluid career of anthologies it restores from the *Second Series* two poets, John Clare and Herbert Trench, who were deleted in the World's Classics version, while at the same time retaining only three poets, Edward Fitzgerald, James Clarence Mangan, and William Morris, of the thirteen introduced in the World's Classics version. As to be expected, it does not necessarily use the same poems by the restored poets. Nor does it attempt to make explicit the principles which governed the arrangement. In 1954 Collins published in its School Classics *The Golden Treasury* ... *with an Introduction and Additional Poems Selected and Arranged by C. Day Lewis*, like Palgrave a poet (later to be poet laureate) and Professor of Poetry at Oxford, again a reprint of Palgrave's first edition of 1861 to which it through-numbered 229 additional poems for a grand total of 449. It retained Palgrave's original four summaries, omitting a summary but adding notes to the additional poems. True to the practice of anthologies, it restores Aubrey de Vere from the *Second Series*, while retaining only Clare, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Fitzgerald, and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow from the World's Classics, but not necessarily using the same poems. And while accepting that "the *Golden Treasury* commends itself, not only by the formal perfection, and therefore the durability, of the work it presents, but also by its arrangement," and admiring Palgrave's "rare," "special," "creative" talent of "dispos[ing] poems of many different writers in such a way that each poem gains from its context and throws light upon those around it,"[1622] C. Day Lewis offers no description of his arrangement, choosing instead to single out those poets he has included who were eligible for the first edition—William Blake, Thomas Lowell Beddoes, Emily Brontë, George Darley, and Edgar Allen Poe—to assert that his selection is based on "two principles only—that the poems should be lyrical, and that they should be good"[1623]—and in a gallant confession with regard to the "best"

[1621]The supplement was apparently popular enough to be published by itself in 1928 with notes by J. H. Fowler.

[1622]Lewis, p. 15.

[1623]Ibid., p. 17.

in the original title which is applicable to his forerunners and successors, that "few present-day anthologists, certainly not the compiler of the supplement in this new edition, would dare to make such a claim."[1624] In a further instance, after adding its own fifth book in 1964, the Oxford University Press went on to publish a sixth in 1994 with the original Palgrave title in full, adding "Updated by John Press," like Palgrave a minor poet and literary critic, well-nigh submerging Palgrave's originally chosen seventy-five poets among 231, and arranging the updated selection according to the date of birth of the poets. Nothing is said of the principles of selection other than a back-cover puff, "faithful to the spirit of the original."

And so it went and so it goes today, 150 years after its first appearance. As time passes and the number of new, added, supplemented or updated versions increases, so the impact of Palgrave's own contribution decreases. His particular and existential principles of selection and arrangement no longer apply. Carried along by the tide of time, its selection remains benevolently unchallenged; "best" becomes simply an element of the adopted title. Its "poetically-effective" arrangement, mercifully considered inimitable or helplessly just ignored, gives way to more neutral or undefinable systems. Never conceived of as fixed or final, Palgrave's own *Golden Treasury* has become a kind of sunken treasure, a frozen relic of literary history, a historical curiosity whose death knell, reverberating in countless commemorative and supplemented reprints, rings true and loud in the announcement in 2011 of the publication of a facsimile among a series of Historical Print Editions, an infinitesimal drop in a veritable tsunami of 60,000 digitized files of nineteenth-century British Library books mounted on Amazon and other book-selling websites who have a non-exclusive opportunity to sell print-on-demand copies. That the third edition of 1890 of the four was chosen is perhaps due to condition and shelfmark is as ironical as the observation of the Wikipedia that "there is no definitive version of this popular classic." Why should there be? The scholarly apparatus and information exist. Nelson provides bibliographical descriptions of the four editions, significant textual changes, title variants of the poems, contents, additions

[1624]Ibid., p. 15.

and omissions, editorial errors, errors in chronology, and sources.[1625] But an edition so derived would not rescue the time-bound work, revive its impact or stimulate its influence. Nor would Christopher Ricks's meshing of all four editions into a single conflated text, interesting as it may be, for it is a rendition of what never was intended and never existed. It reflects change and evolution but hardly the stability that has come to be called the *Palgrave*. For the true animus, the perpetual influence, of Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* is not in the selection and arrangement but in the uncompromising recognition of the importance of poetry. It took poetry seriously, understood its cultural implications, and became a rallying point for poets, publishers, and teachers in its dissemination. It was not the first anthology but it may have been the first of such self-confidence as to not only address and satisfy the "fittest" but, on the tide of surging national identity and burgeoning world power, also to attract and persuade those to be made fit for poetry. One jewel in the crown of Victorian enterprise and expanse, It became a myth in an age of myth, its influence more profound than the thing itself.

The universal popular acclaim of the *Golden Treasury* had its somewhat less enthusiastic counterpart in the 150 years since its publication. As to be expected of anthologies, the main response has been to the matter of additions and omissions, a continuing litany of personal preferences and inflections of the kind found in the early "mild quarrel" of the reviewer in the *Scotsman*: "too much of the 'Il Penseroso,' and too little of the 'L'Allegro'" or, as in the case of the *Treasury of Sacred Poetry,* "too much Newman or too much Keble."[1626] Less public, so to speak, and relatively late have been scholarly investigations of its evolution from earlier types of collections, such as "Golden Treasuries: Lyrics and Anthologies,"[1627] or with its role in the development of anthologies of poetry in the Victorian period.[1628] Still others have dealt with its "story" or "making," notably

[1625]See Appendices A-F.

[1626]Gwenllian, p. 212.

[1627]Chapter 3 of an otherwise unidentified Internet PDF.

[1628]Sabine Haass, Gedichtsanthologien der viktorianischen Zeit: Eine *buchgeschichtliche Untersuchung zum Wandel ds literarischen Geschmacks* (Nürnberg, 1986).

Nelson[1629] and Ricks,[1630] and with its make-up, such as Colin J. Horne[1631] and, more expansively, Christopher Clausen.[1632] Others have focussed on its biographical elements, on the role of Tennyson, on the nature of the selections, and on their arrangement; these and other peripheral ones, such as women in anthologies and Thomas Hardy's copy, conveniently available in Volume 37:2 (Summer 1999) of *Victorian Poetry* devoted entirely to Palgrave. None of its contributors, however, seem to have made use of the only full-length study of the *Golden Treasury*, the dissertation of Nelson cited above. Varyingly explicit or simply implicit in all are the cultural features and implications of so "typical" a Victorian work. An explicit and representative example of this increasingly practiced approach is Klaus Peter Müller's "Victorian Values and Cultural Contexts in Francis Turner Palgrave's *The Golden Treasury*."[1633]

Whatever the discussion or opinion, there seems to be an overall respect for Palgrave's work. The original edition of 1861 has been reprinted commemoratively: in 2000 to mark the launch of the Palgrave imprint and in 2011 to celebrate its 150th birthday, each with a foreword by a poet laureate; it has been accorded a website. [1634]Nevertheless it has been accompanied by certain and pointed reservations which go beyond the limitations of his anthology and the view of contemporary poetry he made explicit in a letter to Gladstone of 1 October 1875:

My list of poems by our contemporaries is sadly short ... This paucity ... is due to what, in one word, I should call the *morbid* character of recent poetry. Health and motion, animated and simple narrative; thoughts at once plain and high: these qualities it almost wants ... Even in M. Arnold and Clough ... the "subjective" vein prevails everywhere. Shelley, in contrast with Scott and Byron, has this character;

[1629]Pp. 103-70.

[1630]Pp. 436-50.

[1631]"Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*," *English Studies* n.s. 11 (1949), 54-63.

[1632] *"The Palgrave Version*," *Georgia Review* 34:2 (Summer 1980), 273-89.

[1633]*Anthologies of British Poetry: Critical Perspectives from Literary and Cultural Studies*, ed. Barbara Korte, Ralf Schneider and Stefanie Lethbridge (Amsterdam, 2000), 125-46. In this connection it may be well to mention the online "Index Britischer Lyrikantholgien 1557-2007," which makes available and searchable the contents of ninety-one anthologies.

[1634]<www.palgrave.com/goldentreasury>.

but, compared with our poets since Tennyson, he belongs to a healthier world. But what a chasm between all of these and Homer![1635]

Crediting Palgrave with mirroring Victorian taste is not without a pinch of sneering toleration. Although granting that "*The Golden Treasury* still seems a window left open on the Victorian mind," it is described by the same critic as "a great stuffed heirloom chair nobody's life has room for anymore."[1636] What is meant, of course, is not simply that modernist poetry and thought have made it "time to replace that doddard Palgrave"[1637] with a new anthology but rather, and ironically, that Palgrave, held to be an elitist, has to be replaced by a still more elitist view of poetry. Palgrave's initial omission of John Donne is the commission of poetic sin, unpardonable. What is even more grave is not the sin of the man but the sin of the form. It is anthology per se, the posies for the public and snacks for students, which is inimical to poets and poetry. That cultural conflict is, however, still another story.

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The Golden Treasury was only one of the collections Palgrave was engaged in. His was a major voice in the emergence and development of the Golden Treasury Series, offering opinions and advice in letters to Macmillan on such anthologies of the early 1860s as Roundell Palmer's *Book of Praise* and Coventry Patmore's *Children's Garland*. He was also preparing an edition of the works of A. H. Clough, the first of a number of editions of poets ranging from Shakespeare and Herrick to Wordsworth, Scott, Keats, Tennyson, and Shairp, which he produced during the twenty-six years after the *Golden Treasury*. For the nonce it may be well to point out that they too are in essence selections and, *mutatis mutandis*, reflect much the same mentality and method which governed the *Golden Treasury*. The selection and the arrangement were personal, the most striking instance being his selection and rearrangement of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. The editorial practice was to an extent more professional but still in the main casual and often careless. Palgrave was

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[1635]Quoted in Gwenllian, p. 143.

[1636]Barbarese, p. 241.

[1637]Ezra Pound as quoted in Adam Kirsch, "Palgrave's Revenge," *Slate,* www.slate.com.

not producing scholarly editions. He was introducing and supporting poets he admired and thought important, those whom he treated benevolently in his literary criticism. It may not be too much to say that these editions were at least as much anthologies as editions, if not more so. For anthologies were a way of life for Palgrave.[1638] Midway in the twenty years of the production of these editions Palgrave published two anthologies of poems for children, the two-volume *Children's Treasury of English Song* in 1875 for Macmillan's Juvenile Library and in 1876 the *Children's Treasury of Lyrical Poetry* in one volume for Macmillan's Copy-Books Literature Primers Series.[1639] These titles seem to suggest only a similarity but in reality they are the same work: the preface of May 1875 appears in both, the contents are identical, as are the chronological outer structure and inner arrangement. Even the running headlines of the *Lyrical Poetry* are those of the *English Song*. This commercial double duty was conventional, as were his negotiations about his royalties.[1640] But there can

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[1638]Some of his projects did not materialize. In 1870 after some years in which he "cogitated," he informed Macmillan in a letter of 8 November (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 78-81) marked "private" that he had "evolved a scheme for a new poetical collection on a plan hitherto unattempted." It would arrange "all our *good*, or now *readable* lyrical poems from Surrey to Milton,—or from 1550 to 1650—with short notes & general prefaces ... [It] would omit the often reprinted lyrics,—as Shakespeare, Milton, & perhaps Spenser. Also all directly religious poems or over-amatory: although here [he] might perhaps go a peg beyond [his] 'Golden Treasury' prudery ... [Its] speciality: existing books are limited to either very small selections of the choicest bits ... or to specimen selections with a biographical element, as Ellis', Campbell's, Percy's."

[1639]In a parenthetical remark to Macmillan (British Libray Add.MS. 54977, fol. 97-100), Palgrave thought "Poetry" "might be a better name" than "Song."

[1640]In a letter to Macmillan of 30 January 1874 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 95-6), Palgrave explained: "I ought to have come to see you, but changes in my work have lessened my leisure: & that I have been devoted to raising a little coin by examining for the Civil Service: which is drudgery, but pays better than the public. Meanwhile, I go slowly on with reading for a school book: but the difficulties of doing one at once good & likely to be popular are immense." He discussed a royalty of £1 for 100 sold of each of the series and £2 for each 100 of the two together (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 97-100), and on 5 July 1875 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 102-3) there was talk of a contract calling for a royalty of 2p per copy after a sale of 10,000 and £50 for the copyright, and on 23 October 1875 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 104-5) of a contract for the second part calling

be no doubt of Palgrave's seriously personal engagement in the project: children were a motif in his poetry and fiction, the focus of his work in the Education Office, and, with five children of his own by this time, the delight of his life. After the *Five Days Entertainments at Wentworth Grange*, stories, dedicated to his children by "their affectionate father," which "were written before they were born or thought of," this anthology (it is best to speak of them as one) was different in target audience and objective from all of Palgrave's other works. For children and for their instruction, it required adjustments in Palgrave's "system" of selecting and arranging. It may be a treasury of poems, but it is no longer described as of the "best" of such poems in the language.

Palgrave does not hesitate to identify his audience and intention: "children between nine and ten, and fifteen and sixteen years of age; the pleasure and advantage of the older students in Elementary, and the younger in Grammar and Public Schools, being especially kept in view."[1641] More precisely, and vastly different from the casual atmosphere and higher educational level of the socially privileged children in *Five Days Entertainments*, Palgrave provides notes "to render the volume by itself fairly comprehensible to children of average intelligence"[1642] and, as further didactic devices, adds stars [asterisks] in the index to mark "poems suitable for readers in the latter half of these years"[1643] and excises certain passages mildly "to render a poem more suitable for childhood, or to escape encroachment on the field of distinctly devotional verse" or "more copiously, when the poem could be thus strengthened in a vivid effectiveness."[1644] Since the work is regarded both as a personal possession and a class-book,[1645] and the "scenes and sentiments" of the

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for £50 for the first 10,100 and 20 per cent of the selling price thereafter. Palgrave, as always, was concerned about sales. Almost two years later, on 1 February 1877 British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 110-11) he wrote to Macmillan: "I hope the Children's Treasury is moving a little. I get private compliments: but what are these? Cannot you set it forth to some leading London School Board member?"

[1641]*Children's Treasury*, p. v.

[1642]Ibid.

[1643]Ibid., p. vii.

[1644]Ibid.

[1645]Ibid., p. v. In a letter to Macmillan of 2 October 1874 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 97-100) Palgrave suggested a price of 1/ for each of the two

poems are not to be "alien from the "temper of average healthy childhood,"[1646] the selection is crucial. Palgrave goes beyond proclaiming that the "scheme of choice followed has produced a selection different from any known to [him]."[1647] Aware that his target audience and didactic intention affect his customary preference for the "best" poems, Palgrave nevertheless clings to a "wish" to collect "all songs, narratives, descriptions, or reflective pieces of a lyrical quality, fit to give pleasure,—high, pure, manly, (and therefore lasting) to children in the stage between early childhood and early youth; and no pieces which are not of this character."[1648] "Best" may be modified by "suitable"—"Suitability to childhood is, of course, the common principle of all"[1649]—but is by no means supplanted by it. For one thing he regards the "two books" as "not *progression*, but *equal* in difficulty, amount of new & old, authors, &c."[1650] And as a measure of the quality of the selection, of the eighty-four poems in the first part thirty-three are also found in the *Golden Treasury,* among them Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," as are twenty-one of those marked with stars in the index, such as Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" and Shelley's "Arethusa."

Another parameter of inclusion, Palgrave's desire to "illustrate the history of our literature, to furnish specimens of leading or of less known poets,"[1651] finds expression in the chronological outer structure. Three periods—the sixteenth and seventeenth, eighteenth, and the nineteenth

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books and 2/6 for the one-volume version, adding that "this plan would offer Series I & Series II ... to primary schools, and the whole book to the more advanced—who, as a rule, do not take 1/ books issued *prima facie* for the 'primaries'." Responding to a request in behalf of Italian students, Palgrave "dislike[d] disagreeing" but found altering "Children's" to "Students" "questionable" (4 November 1888, British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 196-7).

[1646]*Children's Treasury*, p. vi.

[1647]Ibid., p. v.

[1648]Ibid.

[1649]Ibid.

[1650]Letter to Macmillan of 2 October 1874 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 97-100). But later, in a letter to Macmillan of 3 October 1889 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 206-7) Palgrave noted the "very great disproportion in sales" between Parts 1 and 2, suggesting that the reason may be that Part 2 is "more difficult."

[1651]Ibid., p. vi.

centuries—are given almost equal quantitative representation. In the first period of the first part by ten poets and eighteen "unknowns"; in the second by thirteen poets; and in the third by fifteen poets and three unknowns. In the periods of the second part by respectively fifteen and seven unknowns, fifteen and one unknown, and eighteen and one unknown.[1652] Qualitatively a certain weighting is given to poets best exemplifying Palgrave's intentions and taste. In the first period of the first part the leading poets are Shakespeare (three poems) and Milton (two poems); in the second part Herrick (four poems) and Shakespeare (two poems). The first part of the second period is led by Blake and Cowper (each with five poems), who also lead the second with five and three poems respectively. Two poets also dominate both parts of the third period: Wordsworth (nine and five poems) and Scott (eight and seven poems). Embedded too but "here only [with] an indirect and subsidiary recognition" are "those which give useful lessons for this or the other life" or "encourage a patriotic temper."[1653] Despite these more or less mild constraints on the selection, Palgrave maintains his customary practice of arrangement within the period. The poems are arranged according to modulated feelings or thoughts. Some strike a mood, like the opening poem, "A Laughing Song," or the last, "A Happy Old Age," and constitute a frame. Some are bundled together, like those dealing with patriotic adventures or seasons or animals, but, as in the *Golden Treasury*, not always together in one clearly defined section. Likewise, in other instances the sequence of the poems illustrates only dimly any steady modulation of thought or feeling, as in the poems "Willy Drowned in Yarrow" (No. 44) to "Blind Belisarius" (No. 51), sandwiched between "Auld Robin Gray" and "The Fairy Life." Unmistakable and dominant is

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[1652]Palgrave included six living poets, William Allingham, William Barnes, William Cullen Bryant, Francis Doyle, and John Henry Newman, in the first part and added Henry Wadsworth Longfellow in the second. After thanking the "liberality" of copyright owners, he took the occasion to express openly his regret that the refusal of Tennyson's publisher "has deprived this book of a few brilliant pages, and its readers of an introduction to the writings of our greatest living poet" (p. vii). As with the *Golden Treasury* Palgrave modified the contents in later editions. In one of 1887, in which the number of poems in each part was increased to ninety, he was at last able to include six poems by Tennyson, among other changes.

[1653]Ibid., p. vi.

the high-spiritedness of the volume: its total devotion to rhyme and recitation, its emphasis on narrative and dialogue (spiced with exclamations), its range from battles to braes, dreams to dirges, maids to mariners, Corunna to China, its direct appeal to uncomplicated emotions, and, in its diversity of selection and unrestricting arrangement, its notable acknowledgment of respect for the pleasure and gain of "average healthy childhood."

Excursus: Works for Children

There can be no doubt of Palgrave's intellectual and spiritual commitment to the child of Wordsworth's imagination, if not to the child of the portraits of Madonnas he collected from boyhood on, admired in his poetry, and worshipped in his prayers. Still, that veneration was complemented by a simpler domestic delight and enchantment in children even before he became the father of four daughters and a son (another dying shortly after birth). Palgrave wrote not merely of children but for children, whom he loved directly and personally for their beauty, innocence, and fantasy—much as he had himself been loved and nurtured in his own family. It is no wonder that the early death of his mother in 1852 was a crisis from which he struggled to recover, as his poetry records. And his marriage ten years later, in his professionally climactic year 1862, may be regarded as a kind of rebirth, the prospect of the domestic joy of a new family, one that he must have dreamed of. For when in 1868 he published his collection of stories for children, *The Five Days Entertainments at Wentworth Grange*, and, defining himself as "their affectionate father" and dedicating it to his children Cecil (born 1863), Frank (born 1865), and Gwenllian (born 1867), he explained, "these stories were written before they were born or thought of." To this it must be remembered, of course, that he was for some thirty years employed in the Education Department of the Privy Council, whose task was the reform of elementary education, one climax of which, in the very center of his tenure, was the Elementary Education Act of 1870, and consequently had a professional interest in the education of children. Thus seen, his works for children are expressions of both his personal and professional self. They are meant to be at once entertaining and educative: they are not so much the internal revelations of the poet as the manifest pleasures of the fond parent and the practical applications of the committed

pedagogue. And much in the manner of such works, there may be something in them for grownups, to whom some are addressed, as well.

The first, a brief narrative called "Stella. A Fairy Tale," was published at the outset of Palgrave's career in 1853 in one of his favorite outlets, *The Monthly Packet of Evening Readings for Members of the English Church*.[1654] It offers a happy respite between his novels, the highly overcharged *Preciosa* (1852) and the reflective *Passionate Pilgrim* (1858). It bears little resemblance to those passionate outcries of an enamoured and then rejected young man. Its perspective is not personal, its orientation is not existential. Narrated is a slight and straightforward story of a seven- or eight-year-old child who has been stolen by fairies. But hearing the bells of a distant church, "she could not help thinking that all was not as it should be, and that something better than a life among bees, and flowers, and light music, and moonlight dances on the dewy turf was her natural portion." In a competition with fairies she is able to untie a knot that fastens a bird in a golden cage, which they could not because they were selfish and ambitious. Wishing to prevent Stella from returning to the world from whence she had been stolen, an old fairy leaves her in a room of wonders, which he explains as "the fruit and the leaves of the tree of knowledge, long hidden from sight, and by them you can discern the future, and know the good and the evil which will befall you." But first she must read through a book he gives her. Left alone, Stella prefers the beautiful things about her to the old and worm-eaten book. Opening one of the beautiful cabinets, she feels a sharp pain in her finger and intuitively opens the book to the words "touch not: taste not." Turning away from the glittering things, she falls into a deep sleep and dreams of her father's cottage, of her mother as she bore her in her arms to be christened, and of the church bells that rang cheerfully as she was taken from the font. Awaking, as if stepping out of a dream she had dreamed, she sees the old tower of the church, joins the villagers entering the church, and knows she has found her home.

The simple tale is typical of Palgrave's method. For one thing, he draws on an age-old situation, a child stolen by fairies, imbuing it with the conventional fairy and topographical features. He then injects the likewise traditional trial element, the prize, a marriage to a prince and the prospect

[1654]1:6 (December 1853), 448-54.

of a crown, won by Stella not by wit but by character: the others could not untie the knot because they were "selfish and ambitious." The test of character, which emerges as the focus of the tale, is extended to biblical dimensions in the attraction of the "gay and beautiful" things, the temptation of the "fruit and leaves of the tree of knowledge" and the forbidding "touch not: taste not." In recognizing that these words "were meant for her," Stella overcomes temptation, is redeemed, as it were, and ready to awaken from her dream, accept reality and find her home in the comfort in the company of others within the gray walls of the church. For Palgrave the moral and pedagogical keystone is realized, that clear-sighted discipline which accepts imagination but accords it a proper place in real life.

Fifteen years later, in 1868, happily married and father of three children, Palgrave published the book-length *Five Days Entertainments at Wentworth Grange*. Unlike "Stella," whose appearance in the *Monthly Packet* assumed an adult audience, its subtitle, "A Story Book For Children," made its intention clear, as did the elaborate attention to its appearance. On a separate page Palgrave acknowledged the designs throughout by Arthur Hughes, the line-engraving on the title-page by Charles Henry Jeans, the woodcuts by James Cooper, and the printing by R. Clay, Son, and Taylor. And as with his other publications by Macmillan and Co., his lifelong publisher, it emerged only after Palgrave had engaged in a detailed correspondence with Alexander Macmillan about its nature and outlook. In a letter to Macmillan of 29 April 1867 he suggested that in advertising the *Hymns* mention be made not only of his published works but "in preparation for Xmas the five days, a story book for children with illustrations by A. Hughes."[1655] In another of 6 April 1868 he urged that the work "should now be put forward & printed off, or we shall not have the *full ink* effect."[1656] On 23 April 1868 he wrote that his copy was "very handsome but rather large, may stand in its way [which] in a book for children, [suggesting] perhaps a smaller size for a later edition."[1657] He also noted that the title was wrongly set on the page and that he had "written"

[1655]British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 45. References are to the folios of the complete letter.

[1656]Ibid., fol. 49-51.

[1657]Ibid., fol. 60-2.

and not "written & selected" the stories, reiterating what he had written on 26 August 1868: "Certainly all the stores are retold by me,—indeed in all but two cases retranslated—& the large majority are original. I have also indicated in the little conversations those which are old tales retold. It will therefore be best to advertise simply 'written' and I have just written to Clay to make the dedication conform."[1658] And after the publication of the work simply "by Francis Turner Palgrave," he was, as always, concerned about its reception and future. In a letter to Macmillan of 25 November 1868 he hoped the work "is beginning to move," albeit aware that "people have something more exciting to think of just now," most likely a reference to the political scene since, he continues, "What a mesh we liberals have been going. I doubt if Gladstone will have more than 70 reliable majority."[1659] A few weeks later, on 17 December 1868, after thanking Macmillian for the "Tom Brown," which he felt "ought to be a success" and adding, "so long as muscular sentimentalism (which to me is in even worse taste than maudlin sentimentalism) is popular," he reflects on the reception of his work: "Except [Richard Holt] Hutton, from whom (knowing his taste as to novels & children's books) I did not expect favour,[1660] the reviews of the 'Five Days' seem complimentary, although I don't think I shall be at all likely to come in Dodson's [*sic*] way."[1661] And "if it go on to another edition, I am for smaller paper, rather closer

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[1658]Ibid., fol. 58-9.

[1659]Ibid., fol. 65.

[1660]The remark is somewhat puzzling since the review by Hutton (as H. R. H.) in the *Contemporary Review* 10 (March 1869), 476-7, is very complimentary, concluding, gracefully, "But it is difficult for grown-up people to criticise chiidren's books; and if we are glad with so brief a notice to take our leave of the 'Five Days' Entertainments,' it is only because we cannot any longer withhold them from their lawful owners, 'the Children of England'."

[1661]British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 67-8. In a letter to Lord Houghton of 31 January 1867 (Trinity College Cambridge, Houghton 230:22) Palgrave hoped his friends "are not admiers of 'Alice's adventures'—a goodish specimen of (to me) a most detestable genre—the book is written *at* not *for* children, who are set up in it as dolls from whom weak drawing-room satire is to rebound upon grown-up readers. But as I am going to print a volume of children's stories next Xmas, perhaps I am not a disinterested critic."

printing, and a 5/ or 6/ price."[1662] Appearing in the peak decade of his career, which included the *Golden Treasury*, the *Catalogue* and the *Handbook* of the International Exhibition, the *Essays on Art*, and the *Hymns*, the *Five Days Entertainment* was doubtless of great importance to Palgrave personally as "affectionate" father and family man and professionally as author under the influence of Wordsworth and as civil servant in the Education Department of the Privy Council.

Although Palgrave held that he had written the stories, he was well aware that they were not, perhaps could not be, entirely original. It is not difficult to detect elements of well-known or traditional tales, be they in the "retold" story of Orpheus and Eurydice or in the feature of a lion with a thorn in its paw helped and tamed by a kind action in "The Uncaged Lion," the latter all the more pointed because of Palgrave's attribution of it to Goethe.[1663] Emily, one of the children, confesses to having used [E. W.] Lane's *Arabian* [*Tales and*] *Anecdotes* and Grimm's "admirable German collection."[1664] Palgrave, in fact, discusses the matter directly in the response to the tale "The Poor Noble":

> We must not be too severe on the whence and the wherefore of our story-tellers ... How little has any man—even the most productive genius—that he can truly call his own! What he gives—even a Shakespeare—is hardly more than a better re-arrangement of existing materials. And this is especially the case in regard to tales, the plots of which seem to be, like the sun and air, the common property of mankind.[1665]

As if protesting too much, Palgrave reiterates the question of originality as if it were a theme. Responding later to Emily's fifth tale, Arthur doesn't "find all in [her] original," after "turning over the leaves of a certain small volume, printed in what looked like old English letters on what looked like dirty blotting-paper." Emily replies: "Ah, fie! ... exposing me so! But if you look to Grimm's third volume you will find the Italian version of the story, from which I have taken an incident or two to interweave with

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[1662]British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 67-8. The advertised price for the quarto was 9s. and for the red 6s.

[1663]The work, which is not named, is Goethe's *Novelle*.

[1664]*Five Days*, p. 224.

[1665]Ibid., p. 161.

the German"[1666] And in the preface to her tale Mrs. Wentworth, speaking with the authority of a raisonneur and doubtless of Palgrave himself, recapitulates the theme: "You know, children, how in your story-book one tale is very often like another, so that what looks like a new book has often very little really new in it. And I daresay you have often been disappointed so to meet old friend in a new dress."[1667]

Palgrave's commitment to the common heritage is underlined by his use of the frame tale structure in the manner of his admired Boccaccio and Chaucer. "Attend!" says Mrs. Wentworth, the hostess, "As long as the rainy weather lasts, we have fixed on a set of stories to tell you every day; and you must listen attentively, and try to make our what there is alike in the different stores. Random and Chance away!" she said, smiling, and tracing a circle in the air with her right finger, "Everything is fixed, arranged, and ordered."[1668] Five children, awaiting the arrival of their parents and forced indoors because of rain, tell five tales each over a period of five days. To this conventional narrative structure Palgrave adds a second plane: the theme of each tale of the five days is each of the five senses. To achieve a certain prismatic variety Palgrave alters the daily sequence of the story-tellers. And for transition each tale is followed by comments, often led or guided by the hostess, Mrs. Wentworth, by the other children which also serve to reveal aspects of their personal character, as in the case, for example, of Charles, who explains that he has not versified "the many beauties of Goethe's story" because "the fact is, double rhymes in English are too tiresome"[1669] or the fact that he "never spoke without notes."[1670] To relieve the more or less conventionality of the stories themselves, their focus on a given theme, and the regularity of their length—each about ten to fifteen pages long—Palgrave employs a generous mixture of traditional devices: there are, to be sure, princes and princesses, palaces and huts, fairies and sorcerers, kings and beggars, magical birds and flowers; riddles and tests, representatives of the various social classes and their equivalents in the animal kingdom, instances of

[1666]Ibid., pp. 282-3.
[1667]Ibid., p. 299.
[1668]Ibid., p. 11.
[1669]Ibid., p. 268.
[1670]Ibid., p. 252.

human and animal kindness and cruelty, illustrations of geographic and cultural diversity, and the interaction of dream and wake, of being and transformation, of the real and the fantastic, not to mention a host of references to mythical and historical figures ranging from Darius and Virgil to Agathamoira and Mahomet, to Shakespeare and Tennyson, to Mozart and Strauss, and to such works as the Koran, *Henry IV, part one*, *Robinson Crusoe,* and "Hail to thee, blithe spirt." True to the genre, the scene may be in Albania or Hyrcania, Persia or Prague, Florence or even Yorkshire; the characters may be named Florizel and Selim, Fiammetta and Margaret, Abdallah and Lisa; the atmosphere, the dress, and the food may be exotic or plain; the actions themselves as extreme as rustic life and wondrous resurrection, humble and heroic, human and supernatural.

What they have in common, also true to the genre, is the apparently inevitable happy end—a feature which is in fact discussed by the children in the response to Emily's third tale, "Cerisa":

> 'How I like those fairy stories!' cried one of the little children, 'I like them so much: they always end so pleasantly.'
>
> 'Bread and butter at first, and plum-cake to finish, I suppose,' said Arthur, stroking the child's hair. 'Don't you wish everything would end so, Margaret?'
>
> 'Oh, but why does it not?' said she.
>
> 'That's more than I can tell,' answered Arthur.
>
> 'Then it ought,' cried she.
>
> 'If it did,' said Mrs. Wentworth, 'for one thing, you would not care to hear fairy stories.'[1671]

Palgrave carries the matter forward in the beginning of the next tale,"The Poor Noble." Describing Gabriella's cold-heartedness towards Count Leonardo—"How cruel she was! Love for love seemed of no use with her!"—the narrator comments: "But, you see this is not a fairy story, but something that really went on in the world as it is."[1672] What really goes on in these stories, despite their packaging, are of acts of cruelty and kindness, deception and loyalty, sad and deserved deaths, culminating in the prospect of personal and social harmony. For what is overcome is a common anti-social motivation, be it called haughtiness, pride, vanity,

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[1671]Ibid., p. 151.

[1672]Ibid., p. 153.

presumption, selfishness, jealousy, envy, carelessness, disobedience, or whatever. The pedagogical and didactic ingredients are built-in, as it were. But they are elements of the larger view Palgrave has propounded in his reaction to the growing positivism of science of his time. As they prepare for their story-telling, Mrs. Wentworth, looking for young Arthur, is told he has "gone off to his room to study his favourite new-old books, [David] Brewster's 'Natural Magic' and the 'Demonology and Witchcraft'," leading her to reply:

> I am glad such books are not shut out of your library ... There is something flat and prosy in putting away fairy tales and adventures from the children, and preaching to them about physical science, which after all is never one quarter so interesting or useful for most of us as anything which has to with other human creatures.[1673]

"Interesting or useful" are the terms Palgrave has applied to art, especially poetry, in his discussion of the importance of imagination. If he is always careful to distinguish it from fantasy, so is he prompt not to overlook the limitations of fairy tales. Thus Mrs Wentworth continues:

> Yet, at the same time, in case of fairy tales, it is right to set before them distinctly the true nature and character of such fictions. Without this, it is as easy to raise up foolish fears in their imaginations now, as in the days of King James.

Palgrave goes farther and penetratingly. In the discussion following Anna's fifth tale, "The Modern Midas," Arthur remarks:

> I fancy we must not ask for explanations of the circumstances of the story, any more than the meaning of the riddle ... I thought as I heard you, I caught hints and touches of something beyond: of something that is or might be, [quotes stanzas 120-126 of Tennyson's "The Two Voices," beginning "That touches me with mystic gleams"].

Anna's reply, 'It was not perhaps exactly of this world, the downright geographical earth, that I was thinking,' elicits Mrs. Wentworth's—and Palgrave's—intrinsic elucidation:

[1673]Ibid., p. 5.

You must not put her upon interpretation ... A true allegory, such as I take it Anna means hers to be, is not something which you can, so to speak, translate into a direct prose meaning, and find for every particular an exact and literal equivalent. It must not be a tale which requires a mere change of names to transfer it from fiction to fact. Rather it is something which is at once the reality and the semblance; and which leaves on the mind an impression all the more strong because it is an indirect and enigmatic teaching.[1674]

Added to this fundamental Palgravian position is the deeper explanation of Palgrave's elemental view of the cyclical revolution of culture. Again it is his surrogate, Mrs. Wentworth, who, "smiling, but speaking seriously, makes the pronouncement:

There is, I often think ... little need to tell people to "walk in old paths"—so naturally does the mind revert to former beliefs, and reclothe itself in temporarily cast-off superstitions. There is a circle in all things. People think they have made a positive advance: but look, and we shall often see whole nations winding their way clumsily back to a second childhood. And what an odd thing in human nature it is, that we always think we are advancing, and better than those who lived before us.[1675]

It is not surprising that these stories for children should reflect so many features of the world view of Palgrave himself, and that they should include such specific elements as are beyond the immediate experience of the young children, the tale bearers and the tale hearers, as they are called: his love of music and its power, evident not only in the actions of some of the stories—e.g. "Orpheus and Eurydice" and "The Uncaged Lion"—but also in the naming of composers, Handel, Mozart, Weber, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Strauss; his extensive reading of choice authors—Virgil, Shakespeare, Goethe, Coleridge—and his learned citing of historical and literary figures such as King Darius and Falstaff, Mahomet and Hamlet,

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[1674]Ibid., p. 239.

[1675]Ibid., pp. 5-6. Circularity is also inflected by Mrs. Wentworth in her likening such tales to "old friends in a new dress": "But the fact is, and it is a curious thing, that all the world over we find that much the same stories have been told from the beginning. Perhaps it is because children, and grown-up children whom people call men and women, are alike all over the earth. However this may be, there seems to be something like a circle of tales, which come over and over again, and repeat themselves in all times and places" (pp. 299-300).

Othello and the Lord of Burleigh, as well as his entitling Eleanor's second tale "The New Danaides" and prefacing it thus:

> 'You might at least tell us its name!' cried Charles. 'Let me see. Oh, what a girl you are to go in for our work, and give your story a long Greek name. You are as bad as Emily.'
>
> 'It's a pretty name though,' said she; 'and pray how do you pronounce it?'
> 'The new Danaïdes—Da-na-i-dese,' replied Charles: that's right, I know.'[1676]

And it is certainly beyond the ken of the children. That is true as well for Clémentine's amusing sketches of the kind of nose the man without a nose might have:

> Just think ... that when Nature has provided so many, in her pomp and prodigality, that he should have----neither the true Grecian (1) (such as Venus had); nor the genuine Pug (2); nor the Roman (3); nor the W-ll-ngt-n (4); nor the Hebrew (5); nor the Cockney (6); nor the Withered (7) (even that would be better than none); nor the R-y-l (8) that we see on an old half-pence; nor my Lord B----m (9); nor the Michelangelo-esque (10) (though that was produced by accident); nor even the Witch's (11).'[1677]

What emerges too from such Palgravian ingredients is a socio-cultural picture of the class of children he addresses and would cultivate. The school which the children attend has a library; Wentworth Manor, if it is to accommodate five children, is doubtless large and commodious, with extensive grounds. The children are so incredibly polite and obedient, their manners and language so impeccable, that the governing behavioral themes and didactic intentions of the stories seem almost superfluous. It is certainly very distant from the elementary school reform which the Foster Act was to outline two years later, although beyond Palgrave's general moral didacticism attention is paid to his constant interest in the education of women. Prefacing her tale "The Modern Midas," Anna, who "often wish[es] that I was not a girl," explains why: "When I look at the great works of the ancient writers, and read what is said about them in English books, I often wish I had received, or was fitted to receive, such instruction as might have made it possible for me to know them

[1676] Ibid., p. 81.
[1677] Ibid., p. 167.

better."[1678] Her motivation is a child's inflection of Palgrave's view of literature: having read "tale after tale of wonder in the Mythological Dictionary ... I could not but wish to place myself face to face, as it were, with those great men and heroes, and all the inhabitants of the fabled Olympus—casting aside all the cloudy air of a feeble translation."[1679] Such views are consistent with Palgrave's own upbringing and Hellenistic disposition, not mention his constant establishment religious orientation, evident in the countless illustrations of the unquestioned presence of God and the unavoidable punishment of sin, as, for example, in the explanation of the blindness of the mole in the response, one of the rare interesting ones, to Charles' first tale, "Adela's Dream":

> 'Adam also, and Eve, are ever in My Sight, and I saw them kneeling before the cradle of their firstborn child, the son whom I have given them; and their words were the words of prayer and of thanksgiving. Know, therefore, thy pride and thy presumption, for God seeth the ways of man, his righteousness and his sin, and concealeth it; the neighbour seeth it not, and proclaimeth it aloud.'
>
> 'And for this it was, say they, that God punished the pride of the mole, and set it to work evermore below the earth, dark, and in blindness.
>
> 'Such a tale,' Mrs. Wentworth added, 'is, no doubt, in our ears. strange and foreign in its language, but it will not, I think, appear irrelevant or idle to those who know Whose eyes are on them.'[1680]

Another is even more animated because it interrupts Charles's fourth tale, "The Three Ravens," with a response so sophisticated as to be Palgrave's own:

> 'I am sure that naughty thief should have been well punished,' cried one of the little boys, bursting in on Charles' story. 'I would never have let him off!'
>
> 'But is that all?' said Lucy, imploringly.
>
> 'Not quite,' replied Charles. 'But for my part I think the master did what was both kind and right in giving his servant a chance to regain his character. For, "Use every man after his deserts, and who shall 'scape whipping?' And there is nothing that so hardens a man in sin, as the belief that he has sinned past forgiveness. Many poor young things have been turned to bad for life, because they were not kindly and Christianly forgiven for one first wrong thing. And even if the sinner should not

[1678] Ibid., p. 227.
[1679] Ibid., p. 228.
[1680] Ibid., p. 44.

after all give proof that he is sorry, I do not think that any one would find cause to repent himself, if, like Richard's master, he has forgiven where he might have gone further in punishment, and allowed charity to have the last word.'[1681]

Decidedly and personally Palgravian is the tale which concludes the work. A kind of coda to the twenty-five tales which the children have told, and the longest of all, it is given by Mrs. Wentworth. The subject of "The New Griselda" is not one of the five senses but one which encompasses them all, patience, a pillar of Palgrave's belief. Responding, all the children thank her, to which she replies:

> 'Children's thanks, and their love with their thanks,' answered the lady with a smile. 'But what more would we have, after all?' said she, more gravely, looking round upon the little party (May 19, 1852):—'What more? Is not this enough?'[1682]

The date, May 19, 1852, is unexpected and curious. Most likely it refers to such parties Palgrave himself knew or a little party which he witnessed and thereupon wrote the stories dedicated to his children and "written before they were born or thought of." A short time later, in August 1852, his mother died. And her death, perhaps the most poignant and traumatic event of his life, he had to bear with patience. In a kind of apotheosis of the mother-child complex which is central to his life and lifework, Palgrave concludes the *Five Days Entertainments* with little Lucy's recitation of his newly written hymn "A Little Child's Hymn for Night and Morning," which begins:

> Thou that once, on mother's knee,
> Wert a little one like me,
> When I wake or go to bed
> Lay thy hands about my head;
> Let me feel thee very near,
> Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.[1683]

A brief review in the *Examiner* conceded that Palgrave is a "charming

[1681]Ibid., pp. 180-1.
[1682]Ibid., p. 325.
[1683]Ibid., pp. 326-7.

writer," but "hardly the one ... to be popular with children," for "it is not easy to strike the sympathetic chord which vibrates at once in the hearts of the young."[1684] It is hard to deny that the stories are uneven in narrative quality and technique. There are some clever devices, however, such as Arthur's third tale, "The Thief in the Family," a kind of tale-within-the-tale in which seven children vie for a prize for an essay on the subject "Honesty is the best Policy," only to discover that Lucy's essay, destined to win, has been stolen and, once found and read aloud, turns out to have been "stolen" mainly from Falstaff's famous disquisition "But what is Honesty?" Although not overly laden with didactic and moral baggage, they tend to lack vigor, dramatic impulse, and suspense. Except perhaps for an occasional tiff between Arthur and Lucy or Arthur and Emily or Charles and Eleanor, the bits of dialogue meant to connect the tales, on the whole flat, fail to give color and character to the interlocutors. There are occasional traces of fun—most often linguistic tricks, as in a certain fondness of puns and wordplay, as in the play on Eye and No Eye and I and No I in Anna's first tale, "Eyes and No Eyes,"[1685] the play on No in Eleanor's fourth tale, "The Man without a Nose,"[1686] and such passing gibes as Anna's regarding the children's noise after the tale, "The Greedy Bear," as "unbearable"[1687] or the greedy bear's malapropism "The Eternal Veracities"—(I daresay he meant Voracities, but you see what happens when bears or men use long words without meaning much by them)."[1688]

There can be little doubt that Palgrave enjoyed this outlet for his affectionate and concerned regard for the entertainment and well-being of children. His engagement in their play is evident not only in the tales themselves but also in his participation as kindly commentator and interpreter. That the work, as he seems to have anticipated in his correspondence with Macmillan, did not have the success he wished for did in no way diminished his pleasure, for he went on to produce other entertainments for children and grown-up children, charades in which his own children joined him as actors.

[1684]3178 (26 December 1868), 824.
[1685]*Five Days*, pp. 58-9.
[1686]Ibid., pp. 170-1.
[1687]Ibid., p. 123.
[1688]Ibid., p. 116.

Dated in Palgrave's hand Spring 1879, "Princess Snowdrop; A Magic-Play for Children at Home" was published in his favorite domestic journal *The Monthly Packet of Evening Readings for Members of the English Church*,[1689] and, like other such works of this period, written in Lyme Regis for the private entertainment of his family and friends. Although it does not contain his handwritten identification of the names of the players, it is fairly safe to assume that it was a first and foremost a family effort.[1690] In 1879 there were enough Palgrave children—Cecil was sixteen, Francis fourteen, Gwenllian ten, Annora seven, and Margaret five—to fill all but two of the roles, Cecil a likely Snowdrop, Francis as Florio, who describes himself as "brother and husband," and the three youngest daughters of an ideal age to play the three dwarfs. The roles of the wicked Queen and her henchman Rinaldo could easily have been played by Palgrave himself or friends, as was definitely the case in the charades which were written later. Whatever the permutation of the assignment of the roles, the extensive description of dress, requisites, scenery, as well as explicit instructions for the movement and gestures of the actors, indicates that the play was also designed for production by other such family groups too. And, to be sure, the subject itself, the well-known tale of Snow White, along with elements of the story of the Three Bears, leaves little doubt as to its audience and intent.

This being the case, there is little to say about the play itself. It varies only slightly from its model: the three attempts by the disguised Queen to kill Snowdrop are reduced to two (the incident with the stay laces is omitted), the seven dwarfs are reduced to three (who, as in the story of the Three Bears, find that someone has been eating their food and rumpling their beds), Florio, the wicked Queen's son, replaces the prince, who in Grimm, comes late into the story. These more or less thrifty steps do not affect the substance, however. The one major alteration is the newly crowned Snowdrop's forgiving of her stepmother, the wicked Queen, at the end, an act fully in accord with more than just Palgrave's literature for children. What enhances the play further is Palgrave's use of

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[1689]28 (July 1879), 1-18.

[1690]In his journal entry for 7 January 1880 (in Gwenllian, p. 155) Palgrave explains: "The children performed the little fairy play of 'Snowdrop,' which I had written for them, aided by their cousins ... About two hundred looked on."

heroic couplets and brief situational rhymes, and especially his insertion of two plaintive, if not passionate, songs.[1691] And since the two songs are addressed to an absent and missed mother—the play having opened with Snowdrop's kneeling appeal—

> O mother dear! why have you gone away?
> Your child has been so wretched since that day!
> O look and smile once more upon me, do;
> I am so sad and lonely without you!—

to a mother who never appears at all—it is difficult to repress a subliminal resonance of the early death of Palgrave's mother and the continual references in his poetry to her absence. Another Palgravian echo may be the childlike joy and play of Florio and Snowdrop as brother and sister, the subject matter of the early novels, and later, as husband and wife, the wished-for but unfulfilled conclusion.

There can be no doubt about the circumstances of the staging of Palgrave's next play, a "Chararette en Action" called "A Royal Visit to Hog's Norton." Although published in the *Monthly Packet* in 1889,[1692] it was hand-dated by Palgrave as played in Lyme in September 1882,[1693] and there is a handwritten note following one of the character's name that it was replayed in January 1883 by a different actor. It was a production involving the Palgrave family and friends, to be sure, for Palgrave has written in the names of the actors: He himself, F.T.P., plays Mr. Lemon Peel, a widower, principal Grocer in the town; Evelyn Palgrave, his daughter Rose; Nelly Smith, Richard Sugar Candy, foreman, in love with Rose; Gwenny [Gwenllian], Dr. Doublepill Brown; Sybil Palgrave, Mrs. Brown; Frank (as of Jan 1883), Mr. Green; Annora, Miss Green; Margaret, Jack , son to Mr. L. Peel; Cecy (Cecil Ursula), H.R.H. Prince of Wales ([in Gothic letters] who is humbly requested to excuse the Liberty!); Frank, Colonel Winchester (his Equerry); and the Spectators (ad lib.). And from the extensive production details it is clear that the playlet, like its predecessor, was intended to be read and played by other such groups. Its

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[1691]Ibid., pp. 9 and 13.

[1692]18 (December 1889), 501-9.

[1693][Miscellaneous Essays] British Library, shelfmark 012274.ee.1.

aim is also to entertain but its focus, as evident in the names of the characters and its setting of acts one and two in the market place and in act three in Mr. L. Peel's house, is obviously different. It is a play acted by and for the amusement of children and grownups but its target audience is the grownups. Given the names of its characters and the incessant wordplays on them—among the most feeble, Lemon Peel is addressed by the Prince of Wales as Citrus Peel, there is a question of whether he is related to Sir Robert, it is said he will be yellow at the news of his daughter's elopement, Hog's Norton is called Hogs-snortin'—the farce is broad enough to appeal to children, as is the friendly strain between a father who would have his daughter marry above her station and a daughter who prefers the foreman Sugar Candy. Still, the word which dominates the brief play is pride: Mr. Lemon Peel, who becomes Sir Lemon Peel and Mayor of the village, cannot hide the pride he continually insists he does not have. And in the end, he is shaken by a nightmare—described as a prop: "The Nightmare may be a horse's head and neck, cut out of stout pasteboard; the room should be darkened, and a strong lamp put on one side, or behind, so as throw the *shadow* of the head on a muslin curtain by the couch"[1694]—and, since he is not proud, welcomes his daughter's marriage to Dick. This playlet is doubtless one of Palgrave's weakest efforts, lacking charm and inventiveness. Its comedy is forced, its political quips are feeble. But it may have a local pertinence now lost: the residents of Lyme may have recognized the civic buffoonery of Lemon. Still, Palgrave's journal entry for 31 August 1882 reports that his charade was performed before eighty people, "who were delighted."[1695]

Palgrave's last dramatic effort is of a quite different caliber. Published in 1889, a performance of "A Latter Day Young Lady," a Charade in Action; in Three Acts,[1696] was hand-dated by Palgrave January 1885 together with the names of the actors. Once again in a largely family affair, Cecy played John, Earl Heavystone of Old Court; Evelyn Palgrave, Susan, Countess Heavystone; Annora, Lady Dulcina Gosling, their daughter; Evelyn Platt, Betsy Pippin, her Maid; Margaret, Hon. Robert Gosling, Son; and Gwenny, Sir Thorley Hogg, M.D. In the second act the Ghost

[1694]"Royal Visit," p. 501.

[1695]Quoted in Gwenllian, p. 168.

[1696]*Atalanta* 3:27 (December 1889), 192-9.

was assigned to Gwenny; in the third act Palgrave himself played Hamlet and Gwenny Ophelia.[1697] In 1885 Cecy was twenty-two, Gwenllian eighteen, Annora thirteen, and Margaret eleven. They had gone to the theater with their father often: he was a fan of Ellen Terry's and took his children, especially the two eldest, to the Lyceum in the years 1879 to 1887 to see her in *Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *Much Ado about Nothing*, as well as Tennyson's *The Cup*, among others.[1698] And, of course, they had theatrical experience in acting in his plays. As young ladies they were faced with the problems of young adulthood and their bewildered parents, and their father fashioned a play which dealt lovingly with them as latter day young ladies in a cultivated drawing room in Belgravia and Mrs. Bentley Porson's Lodgings in Sugar-candy Street, Cambridge.

In an amusing drawing room comedy Palgrave smiles at topics which occupied him during his whole life. The young Dulcina goes through all the fashions of the time. At first she is Italianate: loving "sweet southern diminutives," calling her maid Betsy Bettina and Bettinella, is thin, pale, wearing green, and going constantly to the New Gallery. To the dismay of her father, who finds her "a little wild goose ... lounging about with a lily from the south of France, and sloping her head like this—[*imitates*]—and boring us all the day with High Art" and, regarding her "absurd dress," moans, "Why isn't she bunched out, or whatever you call it, like other girls? In that straight-down bedgown and girdle she looks like a green caterpillar with a white head."[1699] To her concerned mother, Dulcina's "High Art and Liberty fashions" have led her to give up meat as "coarse and inartistic," leading Dr. Hogg to prescribe "animal food at breakfast; animal food at eleven; animal food at luncheon ... plenty of meat for supper; a slice or two always by her bedside would not be a bad thing"—and true to his name, he favors ham. For experience has led him

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[1697]British Library, shelfmark 012274.ee.1. In its format and type face this version seems to be from the *Monthly Packet*, albeit Palgrave writes in "Atalanta: 1 Dec. 1899 (Cut down to fill a given space in the Mag)." It does not appear in a search of the *Monthly Packet* in the decade before and after 1889, having perhaps being withdrawn for what reason ever.

[1698]According to his journal entries in Gwenllian, pp. 155, 165, 177, and 202.

[1699]"Latter Day Young Lady," p. 193.

to conclude that "High Art always goes with Low Feeling."[1700]

In Act Two Palgrave takes inflects two of his perennial themes: science and women's education. "Having quite used up Art," Dulcina joins the "march of mind," inspired by Evolution—"Why, we are all going on by leaps and bounds now"—and matriculates at the new Ladies' College, Honeysuckle Hall, to study Hydroquadratics under Professor Guessaway, enabling her to explain scientific lawn-tennis to her brother Robert, who attends Harrow and is off to Lords: "Courts separated by mathematics; balls all fly in perfect ellipses; and the whole game is a Binomial Equation!"[1701] It is little wonder that Dulcina's taking lodging in Sugar-candy Street at the behest of the Lady Principaless leads Lord Heavystone to take the hand of his wife and lament: "You and I, my dear, are quite out of date now. Papas and mammas are abolished. The best thing we can do is to go back to Old Court, pay the servants, and lock ourselves into the great china closet, with the other—old curiosities!"[1702] In Sugar-candy Street German now replaces Italian, Betsy is now called Lieschen, for as Dulcina explains, "the Germans, you know, now take the lead in science, theology, technical education, novels—no, not novels,—and everything else. Betsy—Betsy—is only fit for the stupid dull country."[1703] Frightened out of her wits by a ghost—a trick of Robert's, as was his earlier effort in dressing Betsy like a monkey to frighten Dulcina—in the haunted house in which she has been living, Dulcina follows Dr. Hogg's prescription, "send her to the country for a few days," following his analysis that "All comes of these Atalantas and competitions and lady colleges and female high schools—pampering the mind instead of feeding up the body ... It is the regular girls' course nowadays that she has gone though. Over study [*stamps with cane after each phrase*]—want of exercise—mathematics overdone and mutton underdone—competitions and voting and splendid prizes; then nervous exhaustion—excitement of cerebral ganglia!"[1704]

As to be expected, in Act Three Dulsy fulfills her mother's prediction:

[1700]Ibid., p. 194.
[1701]Ibid., pp. 195.
[1702]Ibid., p. 196.
[1703]Ibid.
[1704]Ibid., pp. 197-8.

"The girl will hear nothing of now but taking a cottage and living all the rest of her life in the country! That's the last thing out! First it was High Art; then High Mathematics; now it's the High Country!"[1705] Appearing in the garb of a shepherdess humming "Come live with me and be my love," she proclaims her decision: "I have thought it well over, and I find that a life in the country is my last chance of happiness. The dreams of my youth are over. science and art have had their day. 'I am now going to climb up myself,' as Tennyson says, 'to higher things.' But to live in the country—to kiss a cow and make a real friend of her—to pat one's own butter—and have one's own chicks about one!" Lady Heavystone will let her have her way, knowing that she will tire of it soon. Wearily indulgent, Lord Heavystone ["*tries to sing*"]:

> Always in nonsense is Dulsy my daughter,
> Like a fish in the air, a bird in the water;
> Art, Botticelli, Hydroquadratics,
> Girtonville, hay-cocks, rural ecstatics;
> Oh, what a plague is a Latter-day daughter![1706]

Ever the trickster, Robert suggests a visit to the Lyceum, for "'the play's thing,' as lrving says, to cure a young lady of her nonsense." Palgrave improvises a stage within the stage, as it were, in which Hamlet and Ophelia playing Act II, sc. ii are viewed by the others, "as if in stalls." After this interlude, applause calls for Miss Terry to appear and bow. That stage curtain then lowered, Dulsy, jumping up, proclaims "That I should like a box of my own, and come here every night of my life. It is too awfully delicious! Yes, yes; you may laugh—I don't mind. A latter-day young lady like me must have her experiences! I dare say I shall learn to be wise in time!" To which her mother, in the last-but-one speech of the play, replies with choric conclusiveness, "And you look as if you had plenty of time too, darling, to learn in!"[1707]

This is the most engaging of Palgrave's minor entertainments, not solely because it reflects his endearing family life but also because it is a

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[1705]Ibid., p. 198.
[1706]Ibid., p. 199.
[1707]Ibid.

mellow review of the stages of his career as art critic, literary enthusiast and devoted educator. His family was intact, his belief was firm. He had found refuge and refreshment in the country. The battles were pretty much behind him. In his children lay his satisfaction and his future.

6.

In 1889, fourteen years after the publication of the *Children's Treasury*, Palgrave produced the *Treasury of Sacred Song*, *Selected from the English Lyrical Poetry of Four Centuries*, this time not for Macmillan but "in the best style" of the Clarendon Press in a small pocket format as well as in a large-paper limited edition "in foolscap quarto ... embellished with a glorious title-page [making it] not difficult to understand why the delegates carried off the highest honours at the Paris Exhibition as papermakers, printers and bookbinders."[1708] Palgrave had come a long way. His *Golden Treasury* had sold some sixty thousand copies, he was almost midway through his tenure as Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and so lavish and prestigious a production was doubtless pleasing to an old Balliol man and his Oxford friends, among them his influential mentor Benjamin Jowett. Its success was well-nigh inevitable. The large-paper copies were sold out four days after publication, his daughter reported[1709]; a reprint of 1890 announced a printing of "seventh thousand," one of 1892 of "sixteenth thousand." There was a considerable and competitive market for such works: only a year earlier Samuel Waddington selected and arranged with notes *Sacred Song. A Volume of Religious Verse* for the Cambridge Poets Series. But, however important, the prestige of the Clarendon Press and the reputation of Palgrave, whom one reviewer called the "acutest lyrical critic of this generation,"[1710] were in themselves no substitute for the intense personal engagement of Palgrave at this late moment in his career, as signalled in the motto heading the preface: "extremum hunc, Arethusa, mihi concedere laborem."

For the experienced anthologist and poetry proponent, "Sacred,"

[1708]*Academy* 36:913 (2 November 1889), 285. The price of the quarto was 21s., of the crown octavo 10s.6d.

[1709]Gwenllian, p. 211. Palgrave himself in a letter to George Craik of Macmillan's (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 214-15) says 600 were sold out in three days.

[1710]*London Quarterly Review* 14:147 (Apil 1890), 187.

however dynamic an adjective, is subordinate to "Song." Palgrave makes that insistently clear in the first sentence of the preface: "To offer poetry for poetry's sake has been my first aim and leading principle in fulfilling the task with which the authorities of the Clarendon Press have honoured me."[1711] That declaration is apparently at odds with what is anticipated by those for whom "sacred" implies poems of "direct usefulness, spiritual aid and comfort, or (to put it in one word) edification." Palgrave's selection, he readily admits, is not of those hymns "which hold a special place in the hearts of men; so closely intertwined with the predilections of childhood, with the memories of the home or the church of our youth, with the voices no longer heard on this side the grave, that they have a charm for us beyond criticism—a spell which is none the less irresistible because it is not cast over us by their own proper magic." Rather, as always, he rejects "the aim of direct usefulness to the individual or to the Church [which] has unquestionably led to the neglect of Poetry in religious verse"[1712] and goes so far as to question hymns as being "subject to the common penalty, the inferiority in art, inherent in all didactic verse."[1713] As always, and as always more rhapsodic than precise, he stresses poetry, the queen of the fine arts, which brings edification in the highest sense—"permanent pleasure, elevation and enlightenment of the soul"[1714]—resolving the difficult matter, as well as the absence of a clear definition of "song," with the comforting maxim, beauty is truth, truth beauty. As if anticipating skepticism regarding such a selection,[1715] Palgrave avoids "best" which he had used for the *Golden Treasury* and "suitability" for the *Children's Treasury*. He confines himself to what is a kind of subgenre and seeks therein what

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[1711]Preface, p. v. In a letter to George Craik of Macmillan's of 6 January 1886 (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 179-80) Palgrave announced it as a selection of English poetry for Clarendon, which he could not refuse after the honor which the University "has done me." It was to "contain blank verse as well as lyrical poems, with a few hymns" and would not compete with the Golden Treasury Series.

[1712]Ibid., p. vi.

[1713]Ibid., p. vii.

[1714]Ibid., p. v.

[1715]Indeed the absence and presence of certain poets and poems was the main concern of contemporary reviews. See the *Academy*, 285, the *Saturday Review* 68:1777 (16 November 1889), 563-4, the *London Quarterly Review*, 186-7, and *Sunday at Home* 1923 (7 March 1891), 292-6.

is devotional and poetry, conceding that "sacred verse can hardly go beyond one province: to expect masterpieces in our field approximately numerous as those in the secular lyric is unreasonable,"[1716] but convinced of its quality. "If indeed the limitations of its sphere be considered," he asserts, "it seems to the Editor that English lyrical religious poetry fairly—perhaps fully—holds its own: that Urania has ever legitimate throne beside her sister Muses of song,"[1717] noting that the "justification" of his "partiality" is based on his having "turned over many thousand pages in [his] search." In short, and as ever, Palgrave's taste is the absolute determinant, and he is heartened that "in reference to the different aspects of religion here presented, my task has been aided signally by the wide-embracing charity, the Catholic spirit (to use an often abused word), natural to Poetry as part of her very essence."[1718]

It cannot be said, however, that it was oblivious to certain restraints or lacked regard for the readers. As with his previous anthologies he imposed a chronological structure upon his "partiality" in order to provide a historical perspective of the development of the 423 sacred songs chosen. One, the outer, placed the poems of four centuries into three books or periods: the first from 1500-1680, the second from 1680-1820, and the third from 1820 to the present. Attentive to equitable representation, Palgrave included fifty poets (including thirteen anonymous ones) in the first, twenty-four (one anonymous) in the second, and thirty-five (one anonymous and fifteen living) in the third. Further, each period and most poets were briefly characterized in the notes "explanatory and biographical" at the end of the volume. Within the periods there was a weighting of the poets, as it were. In each there emerged two leaders: in the first George Herbert (thirty-four poems) and Henry Vaughan (thirty-eight), in the more tightly packed second Thomas Ken (ten) and Isaac Watts (nine), and in the third John Keble (forty-two) and John Henry Newman (thirty-two). It is not as if Palgrave simply syphoned off better-known poets. Twenty-four of the poets in the *Golden Treasury* are included, albeit not always with the same poems. It was rather a sign of his discipline that there are eight poems by Wordsworth, five by Milton and

[1716]Ibid., p. vii.
[1717]Ibid.
[1718]Ibid., p. ix.

Tennyson. And it took some courage for him to omit the likes of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Matthew Arnold and to allot only one poem each to Shakespeare, Sidney, Spenser, Burns, Clough, and Patmore. Moreover, Palgrave was prepared for the task of selection. Twenty years earlier his lecture at the Working Men's College, "A Glance at English Hymns Since the Reformation," quoted in full representative poems of each period, all of which reappear in the *Treasury of Sacred Song*, along with works by eleven other poets mentioned in the lecture, but, not to be overlooked, omitted five he had quoted in full, including two by his favorites John Keble ("Sun of my soul") and Charles Wesley ("The harvest of my joy"). And as a measure of his personal development it is noteworthy that he included four poems by Blake and Donne. It is also perhaps natural but regretful that he gave small and yet perhaps undue attention to friends, like Lord Houghton, who is represented by six poems, and notably members of the Tennyson family, despite his admitted "honest endeavour to shut out all mere individual predilections."[1719]

To the outer chronological structure which played a part in the selection Palgrave was faced with the problem of the arrangement within the periods. His choice of an arrangement according to the dates of composition was unusual for him but inevitable. For although religious lyrical poetry had many voices, as it were, it was nevertheless "one province" and therefore relatively compressed. Still, the old urge existed. The chronology may have been "generally kept in view but poems of cognate character, whether in style or thought, have been often grouped together."[1720] Why and where this grouping has occurred is left to the reader; it is always a sticking point in Palgrave's practice as anthologist. Another in this instance is his admission that he has "freely allowed such omissions as might appear to bring a poem to a closer unity in idea, or a more equally sustained excellence in poetry." Excision is serious and less easily acceptable than Palgrave's modernizing "unfamiliar modes of spelling" or even his customary casualness in textual accuracy, where "judging every reference in every case to original editions [is] not essential to the purpose of the volume." Much of this attitude may be attributed to

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[1719]Ibid., p. ix.

[1720]Ibid., p. viii.

Palgrave's estimate of his audience, more perhaps to the eminence of his status as Professor of Poetry, his long experience as critic, his increasing activity as poet himself, and perhaps most of all to his irrepressible anxiety about the poetry emanating from the "increasingly *subjective* temper of the age." Still, it has been agreed that the *Treasury of Sacred Song* is a worthy selection of the known and lesser known works, superior in range and dignityIpsum et in Ipso—may be an inflection of the "elevation and enlightenment" of the sacred but also, Palgrave believed, of what only poetry can achieve.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SNAPSHOTS

One day after the *Second Series* of his *Golden Treasury* had been roughly dealt with by its reviewers, the same periodicals had to deal with Palgrave's death on 24 October 1897. The obligatory *De mortuis nihil nisi bonum* was inescapable and their responses were warm-hearted and not unfair. The *Academy* recognized his "long, busy, and happy life," but also his "strong prejudices" and his having been "less receptive in his mental impressions ... a reservation written broad across the pages of his second series of *The Golden Treasury*, as alas! our own and other critics had to declare only last Saturday."[1721] The *Saturday Review* tended to depress his *oeuvre*, puzzlingly, by stating that the "amount of [his] published work is small" and diminish it somewhat further with "and of unequal value."[1722] The *Academy* went on, however, to focus on the person, by portraying him as one whose "desire [was] to please and to serve,"[1723] recounting his "fame as a charming talker" and concluding that his "principal characteristic" was his "unalterable kindness"[1724]—a kind family man, echoed the *Athenaeum*, a "widower for many years—which his daughters made delightful for him."[1725] All agreed that the *Golden Treasury,* a product of his "firmness of taste, wide knowledge, and graceful accomplishment,"[1726] is not only by Palgrave but *is* Palgrave. In the *Spectator* the obituary is entitled "Anthologies." It is a celebration of the nature of the *Golden Treasury* and a metaphorical portrait of Palgrave as well:

"The Golden Treasury" is, in fact, the most successful collection of verse ever made, a collection which delights all sorts and conditions of men, because it is like

[1721]52:1330 (30 October 1897), 353.
[1722]84:2192 (30 October 1897), 457.
[1723]52:1330 (30 October 1897), 353.
[1724]Ibid.
[1725]3653 (30 October 1897), 600.
[1726]*Saturday Review*, 84:2192 (30 October 1897), 457.

a bunch of flowers which the gardener, though he has put something for all tastes, has put no flower which is not really beautiful and sweet, and admitted to be sweet by garden experts and plain people alike. He has not refused to put in *Gloires de Dijon* because they are too common and well known, nor has he insisted on giving a conspicuous place to a green rose or an ugly orchid merely because it is so rare or so great a triumph of art. The bunch pleases all eyes and all noses, because in not a single instance does the presence of the flower need explanation or defence. It carries its right to be there on its face and patent for all to see.[1727]

Still, the obituarists tell us relatively little of Palgrave's personal qualities that were not already apparent in his works. Nor do their straightforward judgments of his work which, somewhat relieved of the polite pressures of the obituary, appeared two years later in reviews of his daughter Gwenllian's *Memories*. Thoroughly sympathetic and approving as the whole may be, the opening sentence of the review in the *Times* is not without a certain element of paradox: "Although the late Francis Turner Palgrave was not a man of striking originality, and although his creative work is not likely to survive, his memory well deserves to be kept alive in such a volume of biography as has been written by the hand of his daughter."[1728] But unlike the review in the *London Quarterly Review*, which found that the "chief charm of the book lies in the glimpses of the distinguished men with whom Mr. Palgrave was on the most affectionate terms," mentioning Lord Frederick Cavendish, Tennyson, and Gladstone,[1729] the *Times* "may, perhaps, complain" that the author's "pages do not communicate any deep impression of her father's talk," in which "he was more than copious." In offering an "amusing example" of Palgrave on a short tour in Cornwall with Tennyson and others, and suggesting that scenes between Palgrave and his "abler and more original" brother Gifford would be revealing, it is clear that the reviewer is more interested in the writing of a biography than in the listing of the details of a life. The same is true of the review in the *Athenaeum*,[1730] which quotes no fewer than fourteen passages from the book, all but one of which feature

[1727] 79:3618 (30 October 1897), 592.

[1728] 5 April 1899, p. 10. The reviewer seems to have been accepted the false statement of the *Saturday Review*'s obituary cited above: "till the last years of his life Palgrave wrote very little."

[1729] 2:1 (July 1899), 184.

[1730] 3725 (18 March 1899), 333.

Palgrave relating events in the first person.

Be all that as it may, it is not too much to say that Palgrave's biography is inherent in the works cited in the present survey—not to mention his countless other characterizing writings and activities, such as his signing the Oxford "Protest Against the Prosecution of Professor Jowett"; his public defense of his brother Gifford's *Arabian Tales* and his direct contributions to and persistent support of the publication of his monumental *A Vision of Life* and of the final volumes of his father's *History of Normandy and of England*; his published eulogies of Benjamin Jowett and Alexander Macmillan; his strenuous efforts in behalf of Thomas Woolner and other artists he considered not properly acknowledged; his relentless insistence on a high artistic standard and suitability for monuments to Tennyson, Thackeray, Newman, Milman, and others; his concern for the architectural integrity of England's cities; his ready participation in the work of the widows of Eastlake and Shairp; his important role in the selection of the papers of Tennyson and valuable "Personal Recollections" in the *Memoir* of Tennyson by his son Hallam, at whose christening in 1852 Palgrave was present. And the many more telling activities which are often mindlessly called miscellaneous. To be sure, all the works together may lack the mortar which might have been available were his journal to be found or the anecdotal and dramatic substance which the imagination of a novelist might animate or devise and the finish his craft could supply to recreate a colorful Victorian portrait and period piece. But as a final judgment of Palgrave's work is not the prime objective of this descriptive survey, so are its contributions to a biography mainly in its subtext realization of Palgrave's dictum "we may read the man in his work." To those many works in which the man is to be found, it may be well by way of conclusion to add a modest biographical complement to those inherent personal characteristics, as well as to those by his daughter and some contemporaries already recorded in this survey[1731]: a series of snapshots, statements by or about

[1731]Among biographies of this nature providing collateral information about Palgrave are Amy Woolner, *Thomas Woolner, R.A.* (London, 1917), Mea Allan, *Palgrave of Arabia: The Life of William Gifford Palgrave 1826-88* (London, 1972), and Diana Holman-Hunt, *My Grandfather, His Lives and Loves* (London, 1969). Of direct autobiographical importance is the narrative "Personal Recollections by F. T. Palgrave (Including Some Criticisms of Tennyson)" in *Alfred Lord Tennyson: A*

Palgrave from cradle to grave, as it were, and his environment, many of them drawn from unpublished material.

8 January 1825
[Elizabeth Turner Palgrave to her father Dawson Turner] My dear Papa, For myself, I am *quite* well, the child [Francis, born 28 September 1824] is well too on the whole, & you know that with my small & quiet household, with nothing in the world of *necessary* to do which cannot be formed by [her aunt] H[arrie]t's bed-side, I am able to pass the day without either bodily fatigue or inconvenience. (Trinity College Cambridge, TURN3/A21/37[1732])

1 February 1826
[Elizabeth to her father] Her presence [i.e. of her mother] now in my household, desirous as I am to be careful, is an even greater comfort, for it allows me to get well without a harassing fear for my little Frank's safety in the hands of his young & heedless Nurse [and] another important service too in preventing the *dislike* which I found, to my great surprise, my wise servants were all bent on inspiring the elder boy with to the poor infant [Gifford]. (Trinity College Cambridge, TURN3/A21/51)

[No day or month] 1826
His mother's Journal thus describes him shortly before he was two years old: Frank listens with much interest to accounts of anything he sees—mills, clocks, and wheels are his great favourites, and he perpetually asks us to draw these for him, requesting that the 'moon may shine on the mill,' and thus showing that he understands in some degree their several natures. He has continued to improve in appearance; he is fair, rosy, and fat, with yellow curling hair and pretty small features. His beauty has been much admired at Yarmouth, and his general good-temper and docility

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Memoir, II:484-512.

[1732]TURN3/A21 is a letterbook of some 201 letters from Elizabeth Turner Palgrave to her father Dawson Turner, to her sons, and from her husband to his sons.

have made him a universal favourite. ... In outward appearance he is certainly favoured more than most children—may God bless his heart and mind! (Gwenllian, pp. 2-3)

3 October 1827
[Elizabeth to her father] At each spare minute he [their father] is either chasing Frank & Gifford about the nursery or *filing* the kernels of plums into the links of a chain. (Trinity College Cambridge, TURN3/A21/74)

18 December 1828
[Elizabeth to her father] Frank & Giffy continue to improve in spelling very nicely. (Trinity College Cambridge, TURN3/A21/97)

31 December 1833
[Elizabeth to her father] The child^{n} were much pleased with your notice of their Latin verses. I did not read them the preference of Giffy's, since Frank has taken quite as much pleasure in writing his, & indeed both did them in their play time, but I think Giffy has the better ear for metre, & in all cases his love for poetry is remarkable. (Trinity College Cambridge, TURN3/A21/127)

1 August 1834
(Elizabeth to her father on Frank and Gifford coming to Yarmouth] Will you be so kind as to take this matter into consideration for me; &, if it is convenient to you, to make such enquiries as shall enable us to set the children to their usual work without much loss of time. They are now reading Virgil & Sallust, & Xenophon's *Cyropaedia*—& ... I shall be glad to have such a master ... as a *steady* person to keep a due control over our very childish children. We give our present Master, from King's College, a guinea p^{r} week. He comes to breakfast & takes the children to their lessons directly after, by ½ past 8 & stays till 11, or ½ past 11 o'clock, three times weekly. Since I have been well enough to be present, I have heard the lessons given, & I certainly never, not even from *you*, my dear Papa, witnessed more pains taken to advance scholars than Mr Carr, who has taken Mr Hayes' place during the holiday, uses to urge Frank & Giffy on—pointing out to them all the niceties in Latin & Greek which a Dictionary cannot explain, making them trace the terminations of

compound words, & shewing the childn their analogy with French & English, &c. They are indeed well taught. (Trinity College Cambridge, TURN3/A21/132)

7 November 1835
[Elizabeth to her father] In Greek they want a new prose author, for Mr Knight finds that reading Xenophon in such little bits, makes it dull to the childn. He recommends *Dalzell's analecta*. [She asks her father whether perhaps Herodotus "which little Henry Hallam, Frank's contemporary is reading," might be better.] (Trinity College Cambridge, TURN3/A21/143)

13 February 1837
[Elizabeth to her father] Their Papa has kindly let Frank & Giffy translate a little Tacitus daily with him, which they like entirely, & I have given some of Inglis & Reggie extra time to drawing, during their attention to which I have been reading them [Southey's] Thalaba, to their & my great pleasure. (Trinity College Cambridge, TURN3/A21/164)

3-6 September 1837
[To "My very dear boys" from their father on a trip to Italy in which he mentions Virgil's birthplace and the landscape of the *Georgics*] I intend, dear Frank, to dispatch a letter to you for your birthday and we have thought of a present for you for the same occasion—I will give you *ten* guesses as to what it is. It is old, and it is modern—It belongs to Venice & it does not. It is perfect, & it is imperfect. God bless you dears. (Trinity College Cambridge, TURN3/A21/179)

15 December 1837
[Elizabeth to her father] I heard Frankie a few days ago ask his Master what he thought of the Medea he had prepared with you—& Mr Hollis in answer said he thought the childn understood & construed it very well, but that he was sure they had forgotten many little remarks & corrections which you must have given them ... [But] the hasty & imperfect way in which the Euclid is *done,* cannot *teach* it. (Trinity College Cambridge, TURN3/A21/189)

4 July 1838
[Palgrave to Dawson Turner] My dear Grandpapa, On the day of the coronation we went to Mr Murray's to see the Queen pass by in her progress to & from the Abbey. It was a very interesting and beautiful sight. The foreigners came at the beginning of the procession in their different carriages. The Turks or Persians had strange caps, & the Ambassador from the United States had round hats, instead of cocked hats. Marshal Soult's carriage had a metal encircling at the top, which looked very beautiful.—I saw several coronets as the Royal carriages were returning. There were gaps in the processions when returning, but it was far more regular when going. We saw many illuminations in London, some most grand, covering most of the fronts of the houses. Enough gas however had not been provided, which injured the effect. Some illuminations were lighted as we were returning, although it was not nearly dark.—Reggie has had a pair of stilts given him, which Giffy & I can manage. Giffy stilted more than 11 times around the garden this very afternoon without once falling. It is a very pleasant exercise indeed.—I hope you will receive your number of "The Farthing Magazine" with this; Giffies number for this month contains the first piece of his translation of Vida's Schaccia [Ludus, 1527]. Papa was much pleased with some parts; he thinks the first lines the poorest in the whole ... We are in the XVII*nth* book of Homer, the 6th of Tacitus, the 4th of Livy, the 2nd of Herodotus, and the Phoenissae, also in the 2nd of the Georgics. (Trinity College Cambridge, TURN2/U1/1[1733])

26 October 1838
[Elizabeth to her father] Knowing your very kind interest in our dear boys, I have delayed the pleasure of writing to you till I could tell you something, though yet the time is but short, of their places & of their feeling at school [Charterhouse], whither we took them & where we left them, with many thoughts & prayers, on Wedy last. That day & Thursday were spent in preliminary examination of their capabilities, & last night Frank brought us a very satisfactory note from Mr Saunders, telling us where he had settled the children, & adding that the positions they had

[1733]TURN2/U1/1-41 consists of letters from Palgrave to Dawson Turner from 1838 to 1848.

taken were highly creditable to their previous instruction. The school is divided into 6 *Forms*, besides which, between the 3[d] & 4th, is the *Shell*, & below the 1st, two classes of *Pettys*. The 6th is the highest, & the two uppermost Forms make the upper school, which is taught entirely or chiefly by M[r] Saunders. To our surprize & pleasure, Frank is placed above Giffy. He is in the 4th Form, of which today he has been at the head; Giffy is in the *Shell*, whence he is most ambitious to extricate himself, lamenting being put back into Ellis' exercises, & desiring a *Zumpt* [a Greek grammar], like Frank ... As far as it has at present gone, the badgering & worrying, which, as new boys, the children have sustained, does not seem to have tried their tempers: their feeling seems to be rather amused at the slang language & silly jokes ... The arrangement for the children's dining with M[r] Dickens, the assistant Master, gives them the privilege of playing with the other boys, which, as they must naturally have desired it, we considered it best to allow them. The expence is considerable, £50 p[r] ann. for four days in the week, but it seems quite unavoidable; & it is a great advantage to be at the table of a gentleman & lady, whose own girls & boys dine with our children, & where propriety & good manners are enforced. (Trinity College Cambridge, TURN3/A21/200)

15 November 1838
[Palgrave to Dawson Turner] My dear Grandpapa, Papa wishes that Giffy & I should try for the gold medal; the subject is "*Oxonia*," and the verses are to be hexameters. I do not know if beside this, we shall have a holiday task; but the verses, of which I shall not write less than a hundred, will certainly take up no small portion of time; but Papa is going to be so kind, I hope, as to assist me in the plan of them, upon which I think, much will depend; but of course I have not the slightest chance of getting it, & I never shall know what the Examiner or- ness think of them, for my copy will be burnt, (unless it is the best) without looking at the name of the author, which must not be written on the outside. (Trinity College Cambridge, TURN2/U1/2)

30 November 1838
[Elizabeth to her father] Our children, I am happy to say, go on most comfortably hitherto, their delight in their school being quite as great as ever. Frank keeps high generally in his Form but has been thrice *set down* in

the “black book” for mere carelessness, being too late, or such like. Giffy’s name has not yet been once registered in this record. (Trinity College Cambridge, TURN3/A21/201)

18 March 1840
[Palgrave to Dawson Turner] My dear Grandfather, At present, of course, more and more work comes in for us every day, as the dreadful examination, the terror of most Carthusians, draws nearer and nearer; when you think of the dangers and difficulties which attend it, and of the small chances you have of distinction. We have only completed half as yet of the Oedipous Coloneus, which is really very hard, and which the dunces cannot or will not master. In private Reading I have today finished the Antigone, which you were so kind as to read with us. I find the notes I then wrote very useful. (Trinity College Cambridge, TURN3/A22/7)

2 May 1840
[Palgrave to Dawson Turner] My dear Grandfather, At last the important time is over; the Examination, with its grim terrors, is passed; and I am sure that you will feel a kind of pleasure in knowing that I have gained the prize in the 5th Form, a fine Thucydides ... Mr Harrison, the Chaplain to the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, said that what gained me the prize ... was my Divinity; and also, (what I fear the Calligraphy, or rather the Kakography of this letter would never suggest), that my Writing gave him a bias in my favour; as indicating, strange to say, a species of soundness & depth of knowledge, which would prevent one from taking what is called at School “a Shot”, or Guess. (Trinity College Cambridge, TURN2/U1/4)

16 October 1840
[Palgrave to Dawson Turner] Dear Grandpapa, We have now long quietly settled into the common routine of school, although with some varieties in the books read; thus we are now employed in the Hippolytus, which I certainly think, at present, far inferior to what I remember of the Medea or of the Hecuba ... the play strikes me as poor, especially after just reading the Prometheus Vinctus.—But, en revanche, I am very much pleased with the Andria of Terence, which we have begun; although the metre appears to me inexplicable ... In Latin prose we translate the

Divinatio of Cicero, which I believe is a much admired oration. (Trinity College, Cambridge, TURN2/U1/6)

13 November 1841
[Palgrave to Dawson Turner] My dear Grandpapa, Mamma thought you might perhaps like to see a copy of verses to the Prince of Wales, which were honoured with a Benè mark at Charterhouse; 6 such in a quarter gain their fortunate possessor a Benè Book;—such a one for instance, as that Butler which you were so kind as to give Giffy and me last Quarter. This set of verses gained me a 5th of these marks;—so that I hope to have some chance of getting a prize. Papa has been so kind as to give me a beautiful copy of Pope's works, (Whartons' Edition), in 9 vols; a most beautiful present to range with the Shakspeare. Pray excuse the Lacedaemonian length of this letter; I remain Your very affectionate and respectful Grandson F. T. Palgrave. [Encloses "Spes Gentes," a forty-line Latin poem dated 9 November 1841, with two explanatory footnotes, one in Greek, the other in English] (Trinity College Cambridge, TURN2/U1/13)

5 November 1842
[Palgrave to Dawson Turner] Dear Grandpapa, The examination for the Balliol Scholarship ... is growing unpleasantly near. I have been reading the Electra and the Antigone of Sophocles, and as much as I can of Gk. History in Bp. Thirlwall's amusing book ... At school we are much in the usual track: and I have been set on several times in Thucydides, which is very difficult to translate from its philosophy. Perhaps you may like to hear that Giffy has got 5 *Benes* and that I have got 6 towards a *Bene* Book, which requires 9 of these convenient marks for Verses or for Gr. Iambics. I have hitherto been quite unable to get the 2 volumes of the Vies et Oeuvres which contain Michelangelo, as the bookseller has not found any second hand copy sold since last August when I gave him the order: and I have seen none advertised in any list except 2 or 3 copies of the entire work: but as the season for bookselling is approaching, Evans hopes soon to find it. (Trinity College Cambridge, TURN3/A22/13)

3 October 1843
[Palgrave to Dawson Turner] Dear Grandpapa, Nearly at the time this

letter reaches you, you will, I hope, also receive from me a little Catalogue of the Prints sold in the Government office of the Calcografia Camerali at Rome ... It was given to me by the very civil Custode of the Calcografia, when I bought there some very beautiful engravings of the Madonna della Seggiola and my great favourite, the Madonna del Cardellino; prints which will I hope one day adorn my rooms at Balliol ... We saw the Vatican twice, and as you had foretold me in London, the oil pictures did not seem near so pleasing or incomprehensible as the frescoes did, especially the great Disputa, the School of Athens, and the Poetry ... I am finishing up my dull Journal, and reading Herodotus, & writing Latin prose, as a preparation for the dreadful going up on Friday week. (Trinity College Cambridge, TURN2/U1/20)

16 October 1843
[Palgrave to Dawson Turner] My dear Grandfather, I have not yet begun Lectures, but tomorrow I hope to do so, principally reading the Eumenides of Aeschylus, the Georgics and Theology; with Logic & Composition at times—The Tutors, three of whom I have seen, are very pleasant and helpful, and the Master [of Balliol] was very civil when I called on him on Saturday. My rooms are large, for College rooms, particularly the sitting room, which is wainscotted, with a great bookcase on one side, and with two windows, which look out on S. Mary Magdalen's Church. My books are also arranged, and do not fill half the ample shelves left me by my predecessor. I have also hung up my engravings, which very much adorn and illuminate the room. I find that I shall probably have but very little leisure-time, from Lectures, Chapel, &c; and all the preparation which the Lectures need before hand, and all the recording notes which must be taken of them afterwards. (Trinity College Cambridge, TURN2/U1/21)

12 November 1843
[Palgrave to Dawson Turner] Dear Grandpapa, Perhaps Mamma or Giffy may have told you that I have comfortably been settled in Balliol; in very pleasant rooms, a sitting room and a bed room over above it; which look out over Broad Street, with all the towers & spires of Oxford on one side, and into the quiet monadic Quadrangle of the College on the other.—I go to Chapel every morning at 8, occasionally reading the lessons; then

comes breakfast, often with some other man; then I have generally lectures or some other work till one or two: and then I have luncheon, which Uncle & Aunt are generally so kind as to give me at their house; and after that I walk out or row till five; when we dine in Hall. At seven I go to Chapel again. In lectures I am reading Logic, New Testament, Virgil, Demosthenes & the Eumenides; and I have besides three exercises, Latin verses or Spectator, and a College theme in Latin or English, every week. The other exercises I do with Mr Jowett, who is very attentive and painstaking, as indeed all the Tutors; so that the great quantity of work is rendered not so unpleasant. I have an enormous quantity set for next vacation which begins I think in rather less than 5 weeks time. I have made some very pleasant friends, I hope: and pleasant men abound in Balliol. (Trinity College Cambridge, TURN2/U1/22)

3 January 1844)
[Palgrave to his grandfather after viewing prints in the British Museum, particularly engravings from the Pitti, and in the private rooms of the Royal Academy, Cartoons of Leonardo's S. Anna and the Virgin.] I fear there is hardly the least perception of the beauty of such things in England, in spite of all the talk about Art, and Art Unions, and so on. Even here you would be much vexed, I am sure, as I am, to see how very, very little admiration there is for such things. (Trinity College Cambridge, TURN2/U1/24)

11 March 1844
[Palgrave to Dawson Turner] Until people begin to disjoin their notions of painting from something hanging up in a gilt frame on the walls of a drawing room or any other room, really I do not think we have much chance of any true and living revival of it. (Trinity College Cambridge, TURN2/U1/25)

26 January 1846)
[Palgrave to Dawson Turner] My dear Grandfather, Many thanks for your very kind letter of congratulation. You see I answer it in due style from the Colonial Office [Downing Street], where I occupy a very comfortable and large room, with a beautiful view—such as are London views—over St James' Park.—Mr Northcote the Private Secretary, with whom I spend

the greater part of the day, is a kind and pleasant person, though rather reserved; he was formerly a Scholar of Balliol, so that we have this in common.—The hours of the Office are from 11 to a little after 6: so that I have time for reading before I leave home in the morning, as well as some time in the evening; during which I hope to follow your advice in learning some foreign language not normally studied.—The work consists chiefly in arranging letters, copying papers, and answering requests &c:—it is generally pleasant and sometimes very interesting. But as it is all confidential, all such interesting things must stop here.—Giffy has returned to Oxford, to all of our great regret who are left at home; and he intends to stay and to read at Oxford during the greater part of the Easter Vacation, unless my sudden disappearance alter his intention—so that we shall not see much of him for some time.—I have been lately to the National Gallery, to which the only additions are a very questionable, very bad, Holbein, and the Susannah & the Elders which was Mr Penrices; which they have so cleaned up &c. that I hardly knew it again, and I do not think you would think it improved by the process. (Trinity College Cambridge, TURN2/U1/34)

26 November 1847
[Palgrave to Dawson Turner] My dear Grandfather, You, who have so often and so kindly assisted and forwarded my education here, have a claim, which it is a pleasure as well as a duty for me to fulfil, to be informed of any of the events in the course of it. I am sure you will be kindly glad to hear that I am placed in the First Class, along with five other men; two of whom to our great pleasure, were also educated at Balliol. The list came out this afternoon, and I have had many hearty congratulations since, which are, in any little success, by far the most pleasant part of the matter. [Encloses cutting of the Class List, in which he is identified as Fellow of Exeter, having been elected on 30 June 1847—with a B.A. conferred on 21 June 1851 and an M.A. on 28 May 1856—and remaining Fellow until 30 December 1862] (Trinity College Cambridge, TURN3/A22/15[1734])

[1734]TURN3/A22/1-15 contains letters from Palgrave to Dawson Turner from 1838 to 1847.

1 December 1847
[Palgrave to his grandfather, responding to an appointment from Mr [Charles] Trevelyan of the Treasury and, after consulting with Gladstone, thinking of accepting it] It is not from any particular *penchant* that I have formed this plan, but because it appeared to me, & to my Father (who thoroughly concurs in it) destitute of resources, the most advisable: a Travelling Tutorship, which would be agreeable enough in itself, would lead to nothing beyond itself, and I am anxious, as you may imagine, to cease to be a burden to my Parents as soon as possible. (Trinity College Cambridge, TURN2/U1/38)

18 April 1848
[Palgrave to Dawson Turner] My dear Grandfather, Whilst I am waiting till my *compagnons de voyage*, (one of whom, Arthur Stanley, is probably known to you [the others were Benjamin Jowett and R. B. Morier]), come in for dinner, I cannot do better than try to give you, who have always taken an interest in your grandchildren's travels and wanderings, some notion of what I have seen during my days in Paris.—As far as serious *émentes*, loss of blood &c are concerned, Paris has been as devoid of those little matters of excitement as London: on the whole there is a calm, preceding the agitation of the meeting of the *Convention Nationale* next month:—yet you, in a quiet country, under the government of a 'tyran héréditaire', will not think affairs here very peaceable,—since it was found necessary on Sunday to call out, by the sound of the drum, a hundred thousand armed National Guards, who paraded the Streets, Boulevards, and *Places*, all day in a procession which looked endless, and certainly must have been very nearly so. But no conflict occurred between the *Gardes* and the ten thousand Communist *Ouvriers* who had also made a demonstration: and a further attempt of the disaffected this morning was put down with ease—the result of the whole movement being greatly in favour of the Provisional Government, to whom it has added no little strength. But Paris, according to my fellow-travellers accounts, wears a far less cheerful aspect than in former times: few private carriages are seen, nor is there the old butter-fly like shew of brilliancy in the Tuileries Gardens or the *Champs Elysées*.—although it is now, naturally, the height of the season. You may imagine how much the trade of Paris, consisting

to a great extent in matters of fashion and luxury, suffers by what has taken place.

As for sight-seeing, I have been about in all directions, but several of the greatest *lions* of the place are at present invisible—the Tuileries is completely shut up, and inhabited in part by the men wounded in the Three days of February—all efforts at entrance are repulsed, if one has not a friend to see among the wounded. The *whole* of the ancient Pictures in the Louvre are covered behind the Exhibition, which was this year entirely free and open—hence the best Artists, in a very un-republican spirit, refused to send their pictures among the mob, who rule on the walls in irresistible meagreness and exaggeration—you cannot conceive the entire dearth of anything on which the eye rests with pleasure, amidst the acres of shining canvas. We have had some amends in seeing the immense collection of drawings of the Old Masters very perfectly: there are a few by Raphael of great beauty—the St Catherine in the North Gallery is represented in a chalk drawing of the same size—there are sketches for some of the Cartoons, for 'Alexander and Roxana' and many others which you would know. There are 8 or 10 magnificent drawings by Rubens, several of the great Antwerp Pictures, exhibiting everywhere the most masterly facility, joined to perfect finish and expression far more refined than in the Pictures themselves. Probably from not understanding the subjects I am rather disappointed with the 'Spanish Gallery'—there is not one chef d'oeuvre by Murillo, and Velasquez is hardly represented at all. I was most struck with two strange, forcible pictures by *Morales*—do you know any thing about him? excuse the question, if it shows gross ignorance. (Trinity College Cambridge, TURN2/U1/39)

31 March 1849
As I always found it afterwards, his [Tennyson's] conversation ... was on that evening frank, full, varied, yet never trivial: ending finally (if I may be excused for repeating words which vanity, maybe, fixed in my memory) with, "I like what I see of you: you do not seem to have the distant air (or, airs of superiority) which Oxford men show," and parting with an invitation to visit him in his lodgings. I had then just left that University, and tried to repudiate the charge; a certain foundation for which, however,

I have since recognized. (Palgrave in *Alfred Lord Tennyson: A Memoir*,[1735] II:485)

19 February 1852
My dear Palgrave, There was a knife & fork for you on Tuesday at Chapel House & we waited till 4½. Why didn't you come? Ever yours A. Tennyson (British Library Add.MS. 45741, fol. 224[1736])

9 January 1853
[Palgrave to A. H. Clough from Kneller Hall] We had a flying visit from Matt[hew Arnold] just before Xmas looking as pleasant as ever. He finds one great nuisance in his Inspecting work, in that it cuts him off from congenial spirits & from congenial books. (Bodleian Library MS.eng.lett.d.177, fol. 127-9[1737])

29 July 1853
[Tennyson to Emily Sellwood Tennyson] I may for aught I know have to go to London to sign the deed and in that case I should give up my tour. Palgrave poor fellow I have left at Edinburgh—he accused me at parting of a Goethe like coldness and indifference to friends and I told him that this would apply to him rather than me, but I really believe that he has a liking for me which he thinks is not fully returned. (Tennyson Research Centre, Letters/11)

20 July 1857
[To Palgrave from his friend Charles Alderson on the marriage of Alderson's sister Georgina] I feel sure, that however deeply you are feeling the events of last Saturday week, it is not a subject which with me you would wish tabooed—and that however painful, you must nevertheless feel a terrible interest in all relating ... to it. And so, as I promised, I write to you now to tell you that everything went off as easily and quietly, and therefore as pleasantly, as possible, under the

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[1735]By Hallam Lord Tennyson (2 vols., London, 1897).

[1736]British Library Add.MS. 45741 contains about 150 letters mostly to Palgrave.

[1737]MS.eng.lett.d.177 contains letters from Palgrave to Clough and Mrs. Clough from 1853 to 1861.

circumstances ... And now, my dear Frank, I have again to express my sympathy for you in this heavy trial ... Not but that I do firmly believe that a time *must* come, when the sharp edge of this sorrow must be blunted—and you attain something like peace. (British Library Add.MS. 45741, fol. 3-4)

4 December 1857
[To Palgrave from Benjamin Jowett on receiving his gift of a work of beauty] I have now got three works of A[lbrecht] D[ürer]. My ambition is next to possess a little landscape of Rembrandt. All the ideas I have about art I learnt from you, though you have not much reason to be satisfied with my proficiency. (*The Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett*,[1738] I:285)

19 December 1857
Palgrave comes. He comes always laden like Schiller's Lady from the Strange land. The children delighted with the pictures of the Fairy Tales which he has kindly brought them. (*Lady Tennyson's Journal,*[1739] p. 106)

7 June 1858
[Thomas Woolner to Mrs. Tennyson] I have seen a good deal of Palgrave of late and find him an exceedingly nice fellow: of course I feel somewhat awed before a man who has read the whole of Plato in the Greek, but as he is not oppressive with his learning we get on very well together. (*Woolner*,[1740] p. 149)

ca. 15 September 1859
[Tennyson to Emily Sellwood Tennyson] Palgrave has been as kind to me as a brother, and far more useful than a valet or courier, doing everything. His father is away at a Spa, he (Palgrave) is horrified at being alone. I gave him hopes of his being with me till his father returned and I do not therefore like to leave him. (*Alfred Lord Tennyson: A Memoir,* I:442)

[1738]Ed. Evelyn Abbott and Lewis Campbell (2 vols., London, 1897).
[1739]Ed. James O. Hoge (Charlottesville, Virginia, 1981).
[1740]Amy Woolner, *Thomas Woolner, R.A.* (London, 1917).

13 November 1859
[Thomas Woolner to Mrs. Tennyson] Palgrave I am sorry to say still keeps unwell ... he came round to my room the other evening to meet Holman Hunt, and they talked dreary semi-archaic-conjectural lore anent Gospel evidences nearly all the time they stayed. (*Woolner*, p. 180)

26 November 1859
[Palgrave to Tennyson] Dear Tennyson, I have allowed myself the pleasure of sending you Mr C. Darwin's new book. I have only read 100 pages, but they are extremely interesting, & one feels at once that he is the Poet of the family ... I conjecture that you have given the "Sea Idyll" to Macmillan. I must own I thought the first number of his Magazine much below even the wretched standard of these things, & the 2d. is to be full of all sorts of silly rejoinders. When I remember the conversation about it at Cambridge, I think there was little need to add this to the amount of trash already published. (Tennyson Research Centre, Palgrave 6067)

7 August 1860
[Palgrave to Richard Monckton Milnes, from 1863 Lord Houghton] The oracle has just spoken, & after the fashion of the earliest oracles, has delivered a reply in plain prose to the effect that I am to accompany Tennyson on a journey, to begin next week, but the direction of which is left for the present in that ambiguity which, as we know, covers all Divine Counsels. I believe however, on the whole, that he will go to Brittany, which his connection with Arthur & his Court renders a country interesting to him. I wish very much that we were likely to fall in with anything of a royal entertainment in that province of Inns below even the standard of "our least civilized neighbours." (Trinity College Cambridge, Houghton 230:2[1741])

Late summer 1860
I put the scheme of my *Golden Treasury* before him [Tennyson] during a walk near the Land's End in the late summer of 1860, and he encouraged me to proceed, barring only any poems by himself from insertion in an

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[1741]Houghton 230:1-29 contains letters from Palgrave to Lord Houghton from 1860 to 1866.

anthology whose title claimed excellence for its contents.. And at Christmas-tide following, the gathered materials, already submitted to the judgment of two friends (one the very able sculptor, T. Woolner, lately taken from us) were laid before Tennyson for final judgment. This judgment, in some very few cases then not followed, has been now (1891) carried out. (Palgrave in *Alfred Lord Tennyson: A Memoir*, II:500)

22 September 1860
Alfred Tennyson and his friend Francis Palgrave at Falmouth, and made enquiries about the Grove Hill Leonardo, so of course we asked them to come and see it ... As Tennyson has a perfect horror of being lionized, we left him very much to himself for a while, till he took the initiative and came forth. *Apropos* of the Leonardo, he said that the head of Christ was to his mind the worthiest representation of the subject which he had ever seen. His bright, thoughtful friend, Francis Palgrave, was the more fond of pictures of the two: they both delighted in the little Cuyp and the great Correggio; thought the Guido a pleasant thing to have, though feeble enough; believed in the Leonardo, and Palgrave gloated over the big vase. On the leads we were all very happy and talked apace ... Mr. Palgrave is charmingly enthusiastic about his friend; if he had never written a line of poetry, he should have felt him none the less a poet; he had an ambition to make him and Anna Gurney known to each other as kindred spirits and of similar calibre. (Caroline Fox in *The Letters of Alfred Lord Tennyson*,[1742] II:266-7)

2 October 1860
[Palgrave to Mrs. Tennyson on his trip with Tennyson] We saw many interesting & many beautiful things, but to be with him was of course far the greatest interest & pleasure. I wish I could think that I had altogether done my duty as companion, but I know I was cross and nasty more than once. I feel bound to confess this to you, and to ask for absolution. (Tennyson Research Centre, Palgrave 6068A)

7 October 1860
[Palgrave to Monckton Milnes] Everything seems quite satisfactory at

[1742]Ed. Cecil Y. Lang and Edgar F. Shannon (3 vols., Oxford, 1982-1990).

Thornes, which I left last Wednesday. I fear sometimes that the great difference in income will be more felt by Cecil [his future wife] than she fancies at present: but for this I have no remedy. (Trinity College Cambridge, Houghton 230:3)

9 December 1860
[Woolner to Mrs. Tennyson] Palgrave has nearly finished making his selections from the Poets, and has throughout shown the most extraordinary interest in his work: in fact he scarcely seems to think of anything else than the work he is engaged upon. He certainly has an astonishingly acute and quick mind in reading an enormous amount and extracting the best things. (*Woolner*, p. 203)

19 March 1861
[To Palgrave from Lord Granville, whose private secretary Palgrave was for a short time] Four different persons have told me of a report that you have written some articles in the Saturday review against the Review Code. Mr Lowe and Mr Lingen. This is of course a foolish calumny. The Examiners in this Office are all gentlemen, & men of honor, and are incapable of acting unloyally towards their official chiefs. The charge against one of them, who has accepted the confidential post of private secretary, is simply absurd. I should not have annoyed you by repeating this gossip to you, if I did not think it possible in consequence of this report, although I have no other reason for suspecting it, that you may have been a little indiscreet in conversation with some of your friends. In which case, it would be a want of friendship on my part not to give you a hint on a subject, which unintentionally on your part, might be damaging to your reputation ... [After Palgrave's reply] I am sure you have reflected on this point, or your kind & honourable nature would have suggested the necessity of being very discreet in these matters. I am sure we shall like one another the better for having explained our views to each other. (British Library Add.MS. 45741, fol 77-80)

3 July 1861
[Palgrave to Macmillan] I had hoped to have looked in tomorrow: but you will be sorry to hear that I am in much distress about my father, who

has fallen lately into a very sad state of weakness. (Berg Collection of English and American Literature [1743])

9 July 1862
[Palgrave to "Dear Sir" (unidentified) on the *Handbook*] I always wished to be published without any official sanction or monopoly, & could not be surprized that the world in general thought so too: although it was disagreeable to be forced into a brief notoriety. (Cambridge University Library Add. 5354.106)

9 September 1862
[Palgrave to "Dear Sir" (unidentified) in response to the death of his father] He was more to me than most fathers are to their children, & his loss has been in proportion. Such are the curses which this life pays for its blessings. (Cambridge University Library Add.5354.106)

22 September 1862
[Palgrave to Mrs. Tennyson] I am truly much pleased that you think the journey was fairly successful, & that Mr Tennyson perhaps liked it the better for his companion. It was his society which gave it meaning & pleasure to me, although I often felt utterly stupid, prosaic, & used-up, as if every "glory & dream" were for ever fled. I did however try hard not to lose my temper when not allowed my own way. (Tennyson Research Centre, Palgrave 6071A)

26 September 1862
Dear Tennyson, You & your wife are amongst the very first to whom it is natural to me to tell any tale of good news. You & she also will easily forerun the telling of it. I am engaged to the daughter of my host, Mr Milnes Gaskell. I had known & admired her for some time, but until the other day we neither of us knew what our minds really were. You won't expect me to describe this dear Cecil to you. But I trust with God's blessing to begin a new & more real life with her, & that you and M^rs^

[1743]In The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations contains 49 A.L.S. letters from Palgrave to Macmillian and Co. from 29 April 1859 to [Jan. / March 1863].

Tennyson who has been almost like a mother to me in kindness will also have part in it. Pray excuse my not writing more: these things are quite otherwise overcoming when they do come than one fancied. Ever affy yr's F. T. Palgrave (Tennyson Research Centre, Palgrave 6072)

22 December 1862
[Palgrave to Monckton Milnes] I am glad that you will honor us by your presence. The day is 30 Dec^r, Tuesday: I suppose we shall, at about 11 or 11.30, go to the Church,—St Thomas in Orchard St Oxford. The feast is announced for 2 PM by which time Cecil & I hope to be off to Norfolk, where we shall commence operations. Everything seems to be going pleasantly for all parties. (Trinity College Cambridge, Houghton 230:8)

[No day] July 1863
[Palgrave in a letter to Tennyson] My wife and I spent four days there [in Cambridge] very pleasantly, and thought London detestable when we returned. Every day I am more puzzled to know why anybody who can live among trees and fields and running waters lives here; and all that I see of 'going out,' and the purtenance thereof, confirms me in my wonder. (Quoted in Gwenllian, p. 82)

2 August 1863
[Palgrave to Macmillan] Masson [editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*] should not have so many "appreciative" reviewers on his staff. Some just severity, even some pertness, are essential in *starting* a periodical. His writers ... have a "nice feeling" for the books they review, but don't show strength in going into them. Excuse this impertinence from an equally d–g and d–d critic! (British Library Add.MS. 54977,[1744] fol. 2)

9 December 1863
[Palgrave to Houghton] You & Lady Houghton will be kindly glad to know that Cecil is through her miseries. She had a very bad time of it for 12 hours, but bore up like a little heroine; & on Monday evening a lively girl came head foremost into the world, & was immediately saluted under

[1744]Letters of Palgrave to Macmillan from May 1862 to 1896 in volume CXCII of the Macmillan Archive.

the name of *Cecil-Ursula*. Both are doing *au mieux*. Mrs. M[ilnes-] Gaskell rushed up from Scarboro' just at the moment when Lucina had gone off to the next case, & Levana had raised the infant from the carpet. I thought over the grand old ceremonies, & wished I could have practised them. (Trinity College Cambridge, Houghton 230:10)

28 December 1863
A. T., Palgrave and I walk to Alum Bay and look at the coloured cliffs, smeary in effect, like something split. A. T. reproves P. for talking so fast and saying 'of–of–of–of,' etc. He also corrects me for my pronunciation (or so he asserts) of 'dew.' 'There's no *Jew* on the grass!' says he—'there may be *dew*, but that's quite another thing.' (Diary of William Allingham in *Letters of Tennyson*, II:347) In *Alfred Lord Tennyson: A Memoir*, II:492, Palgrave reports, "So sedulous, indeed, was Tennyson on this last point [perfect English speech] that he would ever and anon good -humouredly correct certain Norfolk pronunciations which clung to me from youth.

20 May 1864
[Palgrave to Macmillan on the volumes Palgrave edited after his father's death] My Father's name had better stand as it does here in this edition: and I do not wish *mine* to appear. [As Volume 3 of the *History* was coming to an end, however, Palgrave in an undated letter (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 266) wrote that his name be "in small type, as my share is so slight, edited by his son, F. T. Palgrave." (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 12-13)

24 January 1865
[Palgrave to Houghton] Cecil lately brought into the world a little boy, who seems to have the average chances of health & life. [Frederick] Temple of Rugby [later Archbishop of Canterbury] is to be one of the godfathers; and we shall feel greatly pleased if you will consent to be the other. He is to be named F. Milnes Gaskell, & will thus commemorate your relationships, if in these unregenerate days sponsoring may be called such. Cecil has done very well & is slowly but steadily regaining strength. Nature certainly lays a most disproportionate burden on women in the matter of childbirth. I was quite disappointed in the famous "first cry"; it has nothing poetical or Lucretian about it, but is no better than an

ordinary squall. (Trinity College Cambridge, Houghton 230:13)

8 December 1865
Frank Palgrave here came in, a little man in morning dress, with short beard and moustache, well-cut features, and a slight cast in his eye, an impatient, unsatisfied look and some self-assertion in his manner. He directed the conversation to the subject of newspapers ... Woolner played the host well, with great simplicity. His manner was agreeably subdued. Palgrave rasped a little. Hunt was silent. My father made a good third to the two great people [Tennyson and Gladstone]. I was like a man hearing a concerto; Gladstone first violin, my father second violin, Tennyson violoncello, Woolner base viol, Palgrave viola, and, perhaps, Hunt a second but very subordinate viola. (John Addington Symonds in *Letters of Tennyson*, II:416-17)

15 January 1866
[Palgrave to Houghton] Will you lend me *Chastelaid* when you come up. Now that my P. Secretaryship is cut off, I must give up china, charity, poetry of the new school, & similar luxuries. (Trinity College Cambridge, Houghton 230:32)

14 April 1866
[Palgrave to Houghton] Your fair godchild nearly flew right away from us a fortnight since, in a bad fit of bronchitis, & has gone with his mother to Hastings, where both are fast recovering; for Cecil was much exhausted by nursing & anxiety. I go down today for Sunday, & hence lose the pleasure of seeing you tomorrow. I want to come & talk to you about a life of W. Scott, on which I am at work. It is a most interesting subject, as I don't know any one who has been so misunderstood: & I have never written anything with so much pleasure—although very likely I shall not be followed in this by the reader. (Trinity College Cambridge, Houghton 230:25)

10 November 1866
[Palgrave to Macmillan on asking for the loan of a copy of one of Charlotte Yonge's novels] As I share with my father in the inability to read with comfort a book from a circulating library—& consequently

belong to none. (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 39-40)

31 January 1867
[Palgrave to Houghton] It is really a great opportunity offered to [Frederick] Locker to do this work again. One-third at least of the *Lyra* [*Elegantiarum*] has neither elegance buoyancy nor any of the other qualities proposed, but is simple heavy commonplace. I am sure that at least one-third of the good vers-de-société is committed. In fact there are manifest signs that the collection has been made out of *other collections*—not by original research: and he has constantly lost sight of the golden rule that the first duty of a selection is to be *select*: doubts being always to be construed against the defendant poems.

What a vast loss to the civilized world in experimental ethics it will be, if the U.S. commit the barbarism of putting down the Mormon marriage system! I don't believe in the system: "the many pass, the one remains": but it is vitally important that the experiment should be fairly tried by a race of the European type; It seems to me also possible that such an outlet for surplus women should be kept open. (Trinity College Cambridge, Houghton 230:22)

[No day] February 1867
[Palgrave to F. G. Waugh] My sole and all-sufficient reason for not standing for the Poetry Professorship (modesty apart) is that I am attached to [Francis] Doyle (who is my uncle), and think he would do the work very tidily. (Gwenllian,[1745] p. 99)

10 August 1867
[Palgrave to Houghton] I was much vexed to discover yesterday that you had been expecting Cecil & me at luncheon. It was all my fault. Her eyes are so inflamed that she could not read or write, & I had promised (& forgot) on Thursday to write & explain why she, much to her regret, was unable to come. As for me, I am a man in bonds & never get out at midday.

We go this afternoon to Dorsetshire, in hopes of finding a logement at

[1745] Gwenllian F. Palgrave, *Francis Turner Palgrave: His Journals and Memories of His Life* (London, 1899).

Lyme Regis, where I hope the sea air will soon set Cecil to rights. It is only the after-baby weakness: but certainly nothing is so vexatious as inability to see. I read aloud greatly to her and hope to take her thus through Miss [Anne] Thackeray's story,—with many thanks to you for the loan. If she can be less sentimental, & a little enlarge her world of characters, she ought to be with ease our best living novelist. I exclude Dickens here, as *functuo officio*:—no other exceptions allowed! What execrable rubbish is poor old Carlyle's in *Macmillan*! It is more like rumbling in the guts & consequent b–k–king of w–nd than what one generally means by literature. I have read much rubbish, but such as his, never! ... Of all the younger horses in verse, should not one put one's money on [William] Morris? I back him against the field of two-year-olds. (Trinity College Cambridge, Houghton 230:20)

18 December 1867
[Palgrave to Charles William King on sending a "little paper" to appear in the *Pall Mall Gazette* "when the Editor thinks fit"] An exception to my rule of declining to write for newspapers I chose this, because I thought the Pall Mall audience likely to be interested, & because it admits of *communiqués* from outsiders like me,—which few papers do. (Trinity College Cambridge, O.10A.15:127[1746])

6 April 1868
[Palgrave to Macmillan] L[eslie]. Stephen on ritualism strikes me as dull & inconclusive ... [after detailed analysis Palgrave couples Stephen and Froude, who] unite the bigotry of the priest to the virulence of the expatriate. *Moral*, they should employ their abilities on other matters. I have always been extremely glad that Gifford has done so, in spite of many temptations to "unmask Jesuitism." (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 49-51)

[No date]
[Palgrave to Lord Acton] A line at once to say that I have no intentions of reviewing his [J. A. Froude's] book, & should be sorry to be mentioned

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[1746]O.10A.15-17 contains letters from Palgrave to King, an expert on and collector of gemstones.

as likely to do so. I have known him since I was an undergraduate, & though he had not in him, personally, those qualities which I desire in a friend, in the strict sense, yet I would rather leave it to others to point out the badness of his work. Nor have I proper qualifications for such a task. (Cambridge University Library Add.8119/I/P33[1747])

7 October 1868
[Palgrave to Houghton] I have now gone carefully through the "Earthily Paradise" [by William Morris]: & my main conviction is that it is an excellent piece of artificial, literary work: but devoid of any real freshness or life:—a piece of *Alexandrianism* in short. (Trinity College Cambridge, Houghton 230:18)

24 December 1868
[Tennyson to Palgrave] You distress me when you tell me that, without leave given by me, you showed my poem to Max Müller: not that I care about Max Müller's seeing it, but I do care for your not considering it a sacred deposit. Pray do so in the future; otherwise I shall see some boy in some Magazine making a lame imitation of it, which a clever boy could do in twenty minutes—and, though his work would be worth nothing, it would take away the bloom and freshness from mine. (*Alfred Lord Tennyson: A Memoir*, II:61)

5 April 1869
[Palgrave to Macmillan] I am very glad to hear of the proposed collected edition of M. Arnold's poems. I have sent him a list of *omittenda* and *addenda*, which may be of use when it happens to confirm his own judgment. I am for leaving out most of 'Tristram' and 'Brou', as rather insipid and like exercises in poetry rather than poems, and for inserting several pieces (chiefly choral) from 'Merope'. Matt's style lends itself easily to such extracts—a fact which, by the by, raises the question whether he preserves sufficient phasic *unity* in his larger pieces.

I mean to propose to him to put a gem on each of the title pages (I

[1747] Add.8119/I/P28-33 contains letters from Palgrave to Lord Acton from 1864 to 1882.

assume 2 vols) so as to give his book an air of 'distinction', 'noble style', etc. (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 69-70)

22 April 1869
[Palgrave to Houghton on the death of Palgrave's mother-in-law] The letter I knew must come has come—and all on earth for her is over. She died, or rather fell asleep, on Tuesday morning at 5, without pain and maintaining a serenity and gaiety of soul to the end. They all return at once & will lay her at Wenlock. Mr. Gaskell is resigned; but what will it be when he really finds her gone, & begins to feel the weight of the eternal silence?

Cecil is not allowed to go to the Aunt, whose cough is so violent & so easily awakened by excitement, that she can barely recover from an access. She could not be by her sister's death bed: but she, too, is ready & will soon follow her. (Trinity College Cambridge, Houghton 230:17)

15 August 1870
[Palgrave to Macmillan] My wife has been confined, & we have had the misfortune of losing the baby [Arthur Frederick, 14-31 July 1870], owing to the heat which was very fatal to infant life. (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 74-5)

18 October 1870
[Palgrave asking C. W. King whether he would like to see impressions he has made of cameos owned by Mr. Ingram] I sigh as I think of their danger & of the quantity of lovely irreparable things of all dates which are now getting lost or smashed by the tasteless & frantic pedants of Prussia. (Trinity College Cambridge, O.10A.17:89)

30 January 1874
[Palgrave to Macmillan] I ought to have come to see you, but changes in my work have lessened my leisure: & that I have been devoted to raising a little coin by examining for the Civil Service: which is a drudgery, but pays better than the public. (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 95-6)

[No day] March 1874
[Palgrave in a letter to his wife] Thanks to my dear little Cecy for her

letter; tell her that Cambridge is going to win. She should get a blue periwinkle to wear; a wild hyacinth will do for Oxford. (Quoted in Gwenllian, p. 140)

[No day] August 1875
[Palgrave to his daughter] My *very* dear little Gwenny,—Mum tells me that you have not been well, and so, although I have no adventures to tell you of, not so much as a rabbit or a pony, I cannot help writing to ask how you are, and to tell you how much I think about my darling little one and long to see her. It makes me think of Eternity, the days seem so long to me now, and so long since I last saw all your dear faces. Also I have never heard the very difficult name of the lovely large doll which was given to you at the βαζααρ.

It was pretty country where I was yesterday. ... There are tall hills all around covered with trees, oaks and ashes; the hedges are high, like ours; but there are not so many wild flowers, and then there is no mountain like Golden Cap, and no sea. Mr. [Charles] Roundell is very proud of his two Alderney cows. . . .

I think you would soon be tired of the rocking ὁρσε if you bought him. Μυμ says you are doing your music nicely. Good-bye, my precious little thing, Yr. loving PUP. (Quoted in Gwenllian, p. 89)

[No day or month] 1877
[Palgrave to his son Francis] My very dear Boy,—I wish that the place of my letters to you were always taken as pleasantly as it was last Saturday! We, at least, shall not have such nice days again until you come back to us in the holidays. And I hope that the remembrance of all the pleasant things we saw, and of your sisters' company, and the little white donkey at Hatfield will have served to cheer you up at school. I remember how much agreeable memories of this kind used to inspirit me at Charterhouse. I hope that you are not too *particular* and unsociable, but make the best you can of your schoolfellows. You will not find friends made for you in life: they only come if one makes the best of those about one. ... You must keep up your spirits like a man. ... I do hope the holidays will not end till some way into September, that we may have some good scrambles together. How I long for them! Ever your loving F.T.P. (Quoted in Gwenllian, pp. 91-2)

24 November 1880
[Palgrave to Macmillan] I have just got Tennyson's new book [*Ballads and Other Poems*] & read a poem ["In the Children's Hospital"] on a mother collecting the bones of a son, hung in chains, which appears to me singularly powerful & pathetic. But I see he has bulked out the book with all his nineteenth-century-isms, most of which are sadly below par. (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 127-9)

16 June 1881
[Palgrave to Macmillan] It is certainly curious how completely Tennyson maintains his supremacy. Arnold who, next to him, seems to me to have produced the *most of the best* of all contemporaries, (so little of Browning, despite his ability & range, which as powers, are above Arnold's, being, in my eyes, poetry pure), seems to be hopelessly silent, or eloquent only in those fields, where he is of no interest to me. I except, however, his essay on Byron, which is a really careful & fine piece of work. (British Library Add.MS. 45977, fol. 132-4)

August 1884
I have taken leave gradually of the office ... The loss of [Lord] Sandford [who was retiring at that time] whom I so greatly esteem and who has been my close colleague for so many years, makes me regret it the less. ... For the rest I trust to be enabled to do some useful work, and not rest idly for whatever elder years may be laid up for me. (Palgrave's Journal, quoted in Gwenllian, p. 179)

[November 1885]
My dear Palgrave, I hear today that you are a candidate for the Oxford Professorship of Poetry. I know no one worthier of that Chair than yourself, and I most heartily wish you success. Yours ever Tennyson. (*Letters of Tennyson*, III:328)

29 November 1885
[Palgrave to Macmillan on the "next Tennyson volume," which] *ought* to be excellent ... How far his late Rembrandtesque style will be *popular*, is another matter. It seems to me, however, the field in which he is really strong, really unique. (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 177-8)

29 March 1887
[Palgrave to G. L. Craik of Macmillan's] The new *Locksley Hall* grows much on me: but the *Promise*, though much heightened in regard to poetry,—is as far as ever from dramatic *fulfilment*. (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 183-4)

9 March 1888
[Palgrave to G. L. Craik of Macmillan's on the Oxford lectures] Each of which costs me 2 months. (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 194-5)

4 November 1888
[Palgrave to Macmillan] It was a sad sight to me to find so active a man lying like an aged invalid, but every day I came there he [Tennyson] seemed to gain in strength a little, & all his old quickness and power in conversation & reading returned. (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 196-7)

17 December 1888
[Palgrave to Macmillan on Wordsworth's *Recluse*, which] is very interesting biographically, & had 3 or 4 noble paragraphs. Yet on the whole I think Wordsworth was correct in feeling that the subject was sufficiently handled in the *Prelude* & *Excursion*, & in holding his hand at Book I. (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 200-1)

23 July 1889
[Palgrave to Craik of Macmillan's on Tennyson] In point of mental vigour the Poet is still under 40. And he could walk a mile or so twice a day. But the gout is still about him, & he is so imprudent in sitting out of doors, that it is a very anxious time for Hallam. (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 204-5)

14 May 1891
[Palgrave to Macmillan] I am almost crippled by a rheumatism of a peculiarly obstinate kind. (British Library Add.MS. 54977, fol. 227-8)

Spring 1891
A sudden access of rheumatic arthritis in the hip-joint lamed him for the

rest of his life. Up to this time he had always had perfect health, and had scarcely known what pain meant. Now the suffering and sorrow he had undergone in the past year [the death of his wife] resulted in his being seldom afterwards free from bodily pain. He bore it so bravely that I believe few realised the frequent extreme acuteness of the suffering. True to his forgetfulness of self, he concealed it as far as possible, and often did not let those who loved him know of the agony which he underwent in his constantly broken nights. (Gwenllian, p. 226)

7 October 1892
[Palgrave to Hallam Tennyson on the death of Tennyson] My dear Hallam, Ignorance at this distance of what might be passing at Aldworth made me silent during these sad days. But I knew you would be assured that my whole heart & soul were with you & Him and above all, with your beloved Mother. His memory is to me, in days when you were a young boy, bound up closely with her whom I have lost, & who so often & so much valued his presence in our old house. To me, after forty three years of his faithful & unvarying friendship, the blank is irreparable. But this is not the time for troubling you with words.

In pace: the common close of the early epitaphs in the Roman catacombs:—this, to your comfort was the word for the last hours & the "great release":—& assuredly it would express what is now with him. (Tennyson Research Centre, Palgrave 4062)

18 November 1893
[Lady Tennyson to Agnes Weld] Isn't Mr. Palgrave wonderfully kind? He has looked over about twenty-three thousand letters for us and Hallam about as many more, I believe. You may think what a help Mr. Palgrave has been. (*The Letters of Emily Lady Tennyson*,[1748] p. 365)

31 January 1896
I give and bequeath all and singular the plate linen china glass books prints furniture and articles of household use or ornament wines liquors or consumable stores and all other articles and effects except money and securities for money which at my death shall be in or about any

[1748]Ed. James O. Hoge (University Park, Pennsylvania, 1974).

dwellinghouse or dwellinghouses of mine unto and equally between such of my children as shall survive me. (Palgrave's Will, probated on 23 February 1898)

12 August 1896
[Palgrave to Hallam Tennyson on the death of Mrs. Tennyson] My dear Hallam, The sheaf was fully ripe, to be garnered above. Yet the sense of loss is hardly lessened. It is great to me who had for some forty-three years never seen her face but with the look of kindness: or parted from her but with deepened affection & reverence. But to you—most truly do I feel for you, her daughter-son for so many years. None will or can find the absence so terrible: even with the comforts of your own around you. But there will be the full sense of peace on Friday. I stay here with much regret: but it could not have taken less than three days absence, and I am here [Royal Brine Baths Hotel, Droitwich] in hope of some alleviation of increasing lameness. (Tennyson Research Centre, Palgrave 4064)

[No day or month] 1897
He had been looking forward to lecturing to the students of the University of North Wales at Bangor on 'The Genealogy of an University for Eight Hundred Years,' in the beginning of October; but although the lecture was completely written, to his great regret he found himself unable to deliver it. His inability to express himself in words or in writing fretted him at times, but it was remarkable in a man of naturally impatient temperament that this very real deprivation never made him in the least irritable; he would only say to those who could not understand him, 'I know the word I mean, But it's no use, I can't say it.' (Gwenllian, pp. 264-5)

24 October 1897 (Entry of Death in the Sub-district of Brompton)
Twenty fourth October 1897, 15 Cranley Place
Francis Turner Palgrave Male 73 years
Late Professor of Poetry at Oxford
Cause of death: Hemiplegia Exhaustion
Informant: Gwenllian F. Palgrave Daughter
Present at the death, 15 Cranley Place
Registered Twenty fifth October 1897

The Works of Francis Turner Palgrave: A Descriptive Survey

Marvin Spevack

Francis Turner Palgrave (1824-1897) is best known for his *Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language*. It was an immediate bestseller at its appearance in 1861, has been expanded and reprinted to the present day, and is considered to be the most important anthology in the literary history of England. It has been so dominant that it has overshadowed Palgrave's other impressive work. For one, he was a leading art critic, praised or feared by some, but taken seriously by all. For another, he was a tireless historian and critic of English, Classical, and European literature, his efforts crowned by his tenure as Professor of Poetry in Oxford from 1885 to 1895. He was also a respected poet, who produced six volumes of poetry and numerous poems in journals and for special occasions. And in addition he published three novels, stories and plays for children, numerous editions of poets, collections of hymns, and anthologies. The aim of the present undertaking, the first descriptive survey of all his works, is to make these works known so that he may be accorded a proper place in the cultural history of the Victorian Age.