THE PROSE WORKS OF ROBERT SOUTHEY
WITH A BIBLIOGRAPHY

by
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"He had written much blank verse and blanker prose,"

Byron
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Part I.

Southey's Life

In the last quarter of the eighteenth century Bath was very sure of itself. Beau Nash's code still commanded respect -- that code which, as Fanny Burney knew, did not prevent gentlemen from being cads. Yet it was a fascinating town. The daily rounds of Pump Room, library, and theatre or concert-hall; the balls; the excursions; these symbols of polite society seemed so permanent in 1774 that it was impossible to think that by 1800 they would be dying, by 1840 dead. Yet, revolutions, abroad and at home, were soon to show themselves, the first breakers of a rising tide which would inevitably sweep away that manured little world. But in 1774 the beautiful Miss Tyler could foresee nothing of this. Coming home from Portugal, where she had left her half-brother, Herbert Hill, she took a house with a pleasant view across the river to Claverton. Perhaps the jessamine about the parlour-door reminded her of the country of her latest wanderings...

Elizabeth Tyler was certainly a very handsome woman; she had had her portrait painted by Gainsborough) but at thirty-five her charms were past their best. She showed many of the symptoms of the ageing, spoiled beauty. She was very proud and her temper was very uncertain. She was capricious, even eccentric. She hectored and domineered her half-sister, Margaret Hill.

She never quite forgave Margaret for marrying so badly. Robert Southey was a linen draper in Bristol. He had a romantic affection for field sports: otherwise he was respectable but dull. He was not even prosperous. And Margaret had much of Miss Tyler's beauty, though, indeed, the small-pox had marred it somewhat. She deserved a better fortune than the unlucky linen draper. Margaret Southey was deeply vexed by her sister's imperious behaviour. Yet loving and humble in disposition, she could neither reject nor resent it. She had already lost one son and borne another, who was christened Robert, when her sister took up
Miss Tyler loved the fashionable world. She had spent a great deal of money gadding about fashionable watering-places. But now the theatre was her chief delight. Luckily, she was friendly with Miss Palmer, whose father owned the Bath playhouse, and so she was privileged. She patronised the actors, and the playwrights too. A taste for literature seemed to run in the family: her mother had married her second husband, Edward Hill, partly because he had courted her in pretty pastoral verses. Margaret and Herbert were the children of that match.

This was the woman who, when he was two years old, decided to take charge of the future poet and historian. Was her reason caprice? Was it love of experiment? Was it thwarted maternal instinct? A little of each, perhaps. She dressed the boy in an unusual nankeen tunic with a green fringe, and would not have him breeched till he was six years old. She bought him with the most Radical intentions, but seemed to act on its principles contrariwise. She would have him sleep in her bed. The curly-headed, big-eyed child did not relish these unusual attentions. He resented the "want of playmates, want of exercise, never being allowed to do anything in which by any possibility I might dirty myself." Cleanliness was one of Aunt Elizabeth's fetishes. Worst of all, when he woke up in the mornings in his aunt's bed, he had to lie motionless "not daring to make the slightest movement which could disturb her... longing to be set free." "My poor little wits," he said, "were upon the alert at those tedious hours of compulsory idleness, fancying figures and combinations of form in the curtains, wondering at the motes in the slant sunbeams, and watching the light from the crevices of the window-shutter."

But there were compensations. There was the lovely garden where he sat and read. There were rambles to the top of Claverton Hill with other boys from the dame-school where he learned his letters. Those four years at his aunt's house definitely moulded him. Interests were there awakened in him that were to remain all his life. In his aunt's parlour hung a painting. He was told that it portrayed Pombal, the Portuguese statesman. Mere coincidence perhaps, and yet the History of Portugal was to be his masterpiece. As soon as he could read, a friend of his aunt's presented him with twenty books from the "Goody Two-shoes" series. "This was a rich present, and may have been more instrumental than I am aware of in giving me that love of books and that decided determination to literature
as the one thing desirable which manifested itself from my childhood." There was an even more thrilling joy than this. Aunt Elizabeth was too fond of the theatre to give it up for her nephew's sake. Robert was taken with her, even before he could read. Of course the late nights were bad for him: and at first he understood very little of what was all about. But the theatre soon became one of his keenest pleasures. It was the great era of the English stage. He saw Mrs. Siddons in all her roles. He was delighted with romantic drama. "It's the easiest thing in the world to write a play," he told Miss Palmer, "for, you know, you have only to think what you would say if you were in the place of the characters, and to make them say it." He took his own advice later, and began a drama with Scipio as hero and plenty of battles, because he was so fond of the battle-scene in Cymbeline. It petered out after an act and a half, but his effort, though abortive, again shows the permanent bent that the four years with Miss Tyler had given him.

When he was seven years old, his sharp-tempered aunt came into conflict with an equally irascible brother of his father's. Robert was summoned home and packed off to school. He was at two or three schools in the next six years, and learnt little but for some false Latin and the art of getting dirty. His aunt was probably shocked. He still spent his holidays with her, and her love of cleanliness was becoming more of a crock than ever. She shut up her public rooms except for the daily dusting, and lived in the kitchen. She had to give up her house in Bath, and settled down in Bristol in 1785. Her temper and love of interference grew worse as she grew older, and she hated the bourgeois Bristol folk. Yet Southey began to prefer her house to his own. It was less crowded and so he could get more reading done. Books were becoming his absorbing passion. He joined a circulating library and read Tasso: a reference in the notes led him to the Faerie Queene. Like so many of his contemporaries, he was peculiarly attracted by Spenser's romance, which remained an abiding delight to him all his life. About the same time an old lady, "mad as a March hare after the religious fashion," presented him with a tract and a copy of Paradise Lost. He appreciated the latter greatly.

Romance and epic are not the usual reading of a boy of ten.

As his father's finances were not equal to the strain of maintaining all his family, his uncle Herbert, now a Chaplain in Lisbon, offered to send Robert to Westminster and Oxford, with the prospect of his becoming a clergyman.
So in 1788 his aunt, seizing the opportunity of a visit to London, took him up and saw him put to school. The following year the Bastille fell. Southey was barely fifteen and very excitable; Great days were to follow for the hot-blooded schoolboys. They seemed to live in a more spacious world and breathe a freer air. Iconoclasts and hero-worshippers, they found plenty of idols to smash and men to show them how to wield a hammer. Robert read Werther, an almost painfully emotional book for one of his age: La Nouvelle Héloïse further fed his appetite for hectic romance. With Rousseau, Voltaire and Gibbon he learnt to question, to criticise, to doubt. The repressive discipline of an eighteenth century school gave a young pupil of Liberty a large field for reformations and revolutions.

But school-life was not all of this exciting nature. There was much hard work to be got through, and Southey stuck at it with the doggedness which was one of his outstanding characteristics. In his spare time he wrote poetry, more serious in intent and achievement than his childish efforts. Towards the end of his school-days he was thinking of authorship as a real possibility, and had already chosen the epic subject of Madoc.

He was inspired with this idea by his friendship for a Welsh lad. Charles Wynn, rather older than Southey, was the son of a rich landowner, and was already destined for Parliament. But this was not why he attracted Southey. He had a frank manner and a keen mind. He took Southey's ambitions sympathetically and seriously. He was the sort of fellow from whom one could ask advice. Though he was too near Southey's age for hero-worship, he was not too near for respect. Another friend, Grosvenor Bedford was of a different stamp. He did not have a mind like Wynn's. But then he was always a good sort, always ready for fun and laughter. What he lacked in depth, he made up for in eagerness. He was very loveable.

These three youths, talking, thinking, writing books, at length aspired to see themselves in good black print. Wynn had left school before their aspirations took tangible shape, but Southey and Bedford carried on, and in 1792 produced their first effort, a school magazine. Its title 'The Flagellant', indicates the typically
satirical tone of restless youth trying out its critical and creative powers. The first number was Bedford's work but Southey could not have been more excited if it had been his own magnum opus. At last its handsome black and red title-page faced the world, and if ever Southey's "head touched the stars while he walked upon earth, it was then." To the fifth number Southey contributed an article against Flogging. The style, he thought, was reminiscent of Voltaire. Apparently the "great wigs" shared that belief, and thinking any discontent masquerading in Revolutionary dress was far from divine, they expelled Southey from Westminster.

This was bad, but not disastrous. Worse was to follow. The rector, after having indicated that he would do no more in the matter, blabbed out the story to the officials of Christ Church, for which Southey was destined. They refused to harbour the young firebrand. Southey was, justly, furious at this breach of faith. To make matters desperate, his father, sinking under the burden of bankruptcy, now died. Southey's state of mind may well be imagined. The affair of the Flagellant had stirred up his rebelliousness more than ever. He became wildly enthusiastic for the cause of Liberty and France. Yet, even in his most excited letters he was never a sans-culotte. He feared and distrusted the mob. Though he did not know it, he worshipped Liberty because he desired personal freedom. He thought his aim was political, but at most he personified a nation and then imagined it as having a desire for Liberty like his own. In religious questions his faith had been "shaken by Gibbon" and it was not made more secure by his father's death.

Emotionally he suffered from what he was later to call a mimosa sensibility. But already his letters showed a determination not to fondle bitter emotions, not to luxuriate in ennervating self-pity. He took the Stoic Epictetus as an antidote to Rousseau, and doggedly refused to let himself go.

This troubled period was smoothed over by the intervention of his uncle, Herbert Hill, and in October, 1792, Southey went up to Balliol. He had grown into a tall young man, very spare and upright, and quick in his movements. His hooked nose and the "roving fire in his eye", the eager lift of his head gave one the impression of an energetic eagle, a personality at once ardent and persevering. His tutor, a sensible person, told him he would gain little by the prescribed courses, and advised
him to follow his own line of study. Southey found this was the more gainful way. Looking back in after years, he decided that swimming was one of the few useful things he had learnt there. He also wondered how, amid such vice he had learnt so little that was harmful. His own native courage was partly responsible for that; so was the natural sweetness of disposition which he inherited from his mother: so also was the company he kept. He became friendly with a singularly upright set of young men. One of them, Seward, was almost painfully self-denying. He had abjured wine, jam, sugar and butter, and rose at five o'clock to study. He enjoyed distasteful studies because he knew them to be his duty. Southey followed afar off.

He became rather more intimate with another youth, Lovell, a Quaker whose home was in Bath, and knew his friends, the Frickers. But Southey spent his first long vacation at Bedford's home, where in six weeks he wrote the first draft of _Joan of Arc_. It was a Gothic epic, full of Rousseau and Liberty, the hardships of the poor and natural religion. But one production did not satisfy his prodigious energy. He planned "another epic poem and then another." His output already reached the alarming total of "ten thousand verses burnt and lost, the same number preserved, and fifteen thousand worthless." Such vehement facility is dangerous.

Meanwhile another crisis was arising in Southey's relations to the world. He looked on the Girondins as the significant force in the French situation, and they were losing ground. Brissot was executed. The King was executed. The Queen was executed. Southey felt the marsh quake under his feet. Was liberty so holy? What awful power had it let loose in France? Should he give up the struggle and kiss his chains? He knew that his uncle was still expecting him to enter the Church and he also knew that to do so meant the rejection of his ideals. He decided to continue the _maximum_ struggle, and very reluctantly, for he admired his uncle, he sent word to Lisbon explaining that it was impossible for him to go on. How he was to make a living he did not quite know. French affairs had scared him badly. Obviously liberty was not to be had at their price. But how? But where? His eyes turned longingly to the uncivilised, unspoilt West. Half in jest, half in earnest, he began to speak of an American log-cabin with "three rooms, and for my sole companion
some poor negro whom I have bought on purpose to emancipate. It did not simplify the situation when, sometime in 1794, his long friendship with the Frickers crystallised into love for the daughter Edith. She was one of those rare women (Robert's own mother was another) who, without any intellectual gifts, without any marvellous physical endowments, have yet the quality of charm, of loving and being loved. She was of course as Southey.

Things were in this condition when, one evening, his friend Allen brought in a Cambridge man who was passing through Oxford. It was Coleridge, a man "of the strongest genius, the clearest judgment, the best heart." The yeast began to work immediately. One evening's conversation was enough for them to erect the vague structure of a new communist philosophy of economics and government -- aspheterism and pantisocracy. They went down together at Christmas, and Coleridge went on his way preaching aspheterism to all he met. Southey however began to think of putting their ideas into practice. He was not returning to Oxford after the vacation. He had no prospects, and he was secretly engaged to Edith. He linked pantisocracy with his American scheme. Could not the pantisocratic state be founded there by Coleridge, Lovell and himself along with Edith and other kindred souls? Coleridge thought it possible. The dulcet Susquehanna was picked on as the most favourable spot. Lovell married one of Edith's sisters, and Southey persuaded Coleridge that he wanted to marry the other. Southey was filled with "new life, new hope, new energy." Coleridge wrote exclamatory letters to his friends. Southey wrote to his brother asking about the minimum capital needed. It was £150 each. At this point Miss Tyler got wind of the affair. She was furious, and Robert had too much of aunt's temper to take her fury quietly. She put him out of her house for good on a night of wind and rain, and he marched off to Bath, dragging a stray drunkard with him for nine miles.

Recruits were not wanting for the scheme, but money was. A series of lectures in Bristol by Coleridge and Southey did not bring in enough. Wales became the objective instead of America. Coleridge disappeared for a while; he
he was jibbing at marrying Sarah Fricker. Southey impatiently brought him to the fence again, and Coleridge told him a truth that he did not relish, "You have a plethora of virtue Southey" That plethora was to become a dangerous disease in later years.

In 1795 when Cottle, the Bristol Maecenas, decided to publish Joan of Arc, Southey began to revise it. But the last twelve months had been lived at too high a pitch. He developed nervous dyspepsia. His uncle invited him out to Lisbon to recover. Before going he secretly married Edith Fricker. They parted at the Church door. Coleridge and he did not say goodbye.

The Peninsula with its blue skies and its strange romantic landscapes, delighted him. But the towns were filthy and the people ignorant. Here too he came face to face with the Roman Catholic religion. It fascinated and horrified him. He saw it like a beautiful glittering serpent crushing the life out of the nation. The gaudy processions, the "mummery" of ritual, the omnipresence of priestcraft were shocking to him. For the first time he really felt glad he was an Englishman. It was this encounter with Catholicism that sent him back into harmony with the Church of England, although he did not then realise it.

On the other hand there was the genuine pleasure of mastering a new language. Southey could browse among his uncle's books and manuscripts and find peace at last. Here was a world remote and unimpressed where the mimosa sensibility would not be crushed and bruised. When Lisbon became too sultry, the English retreated to Cintra; and there among the shady groves and cool waters Southey could continue his study. In April 1796 he returned home, recovered in health and longing to settle down happily with Edith. The first news that greeted him was that Lovell was dead. What could Southey do but take charge of his widow? Early in the New Year Joan had been published and gained Southey quite a reputation. His contributions to the Monthly Magazine were taken and he was writing up his letters from Portugal for publication. Madoc was taken in hand.

Feeling the want of Coleridge's friendship, Southey sent him a note:- "Fiesco! Fiesco! thou leavest a void in my bosom which the human race thrice told will never fill up." Coleridge/
Coleridge responded with delight, and both were happy for a time. In spite of all his activity, Southey needed a more permanent income for Edith and himself. Wynn offered him an annuity of £160 if he would study for law. Southey accepted. He wanted comfort and security more than anything. His mental health depended on it. The only way not to hurt his mimosa sensibility was to avoid all strong emotions. He asked for no more liberty than that of living his own life. More and more as the years passed the theories that he had absorbed at school and University were going to come between him and that life. Compromise was impossible. He would have to choose between these theories of political liberty and the practical liberty of living as he wished. Inevitably in every conflict between them he chose the latter, unconsciously departing further and further from the ideals of his youth. The impetuous ardour of radical doctrine slowly changed into a militant conservatism. True to his un-stated principle Southey was unaware of any inconsistency and hurt by the changes of apostacy. Unconsciously he was battling against his own dead youth with its constant threats to his established peace.

At the moment in 1796 all he asked was that the public would not rake up his revolutionary reputation and he would not help them to remember it. He began study in London, but he hated the work and he hated the city. His mind rejected what his heart did not desire. For the next three years he knocked about between London and various Country homes forcing his nose to the legal grindstone, writing articles, and writing poems. He finished Madoc, he began Thalaba; he began the history of Portugal. The strain told. His nervous irritability started again; his health broke down. Luckily Wynn was sensible, and released Southey from his hated studies. He went off to Portugal once more, this time taking Edith with him. There he would build up his health, and collect material for his great History, which would "easily equal, if not surpass Gibbon".

In Portugal they met Miss Barker, a delightful lady, who became one of their truest friends, and acquired a wonderful mongrel dog. Southey's anti-papery became more fervent than before, but not as yet quite wild. He/
He came home in 1801 to find that Thalāba was increasing his reputation. So he started The Curse of Kehama though he thought the style "continuing the corruption of the public taste." He visited the Coleridges at Keswick, but he was not attracted to the district. The huge grey hills were depressing and how cold and wet it was after the warmth and brilliance of Portugal. Wales where he joined Wynn pleased him better. He became private secretary to the Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer. It was a tediously leisured job and he resigned it when the Chancellor asked him to tutor his son into the bargain. His mother died and Edith was expecting a child. Southey took refuge from grief in hard work. In 1802 Southey's first daughter was born at Bristol. Eleven months later she was laid in her grave. Coleridge sent for the distracted parents and Southey was thankful to get away from the now hated town. Greta Hall had no associations.

Although the child's death checked his fertility of new plans, he plunged still deeper into work, reviewing, translating, Amadis writing Kehama and his History, anything to keep his thoughts at peace. The Southeys remained in camp at Greta Hall with unpacked boxes. In 1804 another daughter was born and christened Edith May. She was "very ugly" and Southey resolutely shut his heart. Never again was he going to risk the shattering of his whole emotional being. Yet how soon he was calling her the Edithling.

Meantime his reputation had grown sufficiently to provoke Jeffray to writing the now historical article on the "Lake School of Poetry" a propos of Thalāba and to make Southey himself think of giving up reviewing which he found distasteful. "Never more" he said "shall I waste my time in writing upon subjects not of my own choosing and no further interesting than according to the price per sheet." Yet before the end of 1806 he was planning the Athenaeum with Dr Aitken. In the October of the same year his son Herbert was born. Coleridge had gone off to Malta and left Southey to look after his family, but he never wrote to say when he was coming home. The encampment at Greta Hall was becoming castra stātiva. Southey receiving a hint from
the government that a History of Brazil would be well timed, decided to issue that part of the History of Portugal now. At last he could say of Keswick, "I should feel much disposed to take root here", and ordered his many books to be sent on. In March 1807 Wynn obtained a pension of £200 for him to replace the annuity. The Whigs raised their eyebrows and the newspapers gave tongue.

Nine long happy years followed. Few clouds gathered on the hills above Derwentwater, and the great white house beside the Greta was a quiet haven in a troubled world. Herbert grew into a lovely boy with all his mother's gentleness of nature and all his father's quickness of mind. Other children were born - daughters; but Herbert was his Father's especial darling. Southey's political restlessness was now over. To be opposed to the majority of his countrymen may be an exhilarating experience, but it always carries with it an undercurrent of disharmony and uneasiness. Southey seeing in Napoleon a monstrous and inhuman tyrant, the oppressor of the liberty he had once admired and the opponent of that which he now enjoyed, could at last join with the majority of his countrymen in the support of the Peninsular War. "Nothing" he wrote "but a spirit of liberty and of patriotism can check the power of France. That spirit has arisen". He could compare his present joy to that which he had felt in his school days at the Revolution.

These happy years were not really marred by the constant struggle to make ends meet which still went on. Southey worked hard and unremittingly, but on the whole enjoyed his work. At the earnest invitation of Scott he joined the newly founded Quarterly. Its politics pleased him, in spite of its literary conservatism. Above all he had his history. Pouring over old books and manuscripts, he found calm of spirit. He was responsible for the historical part of the Edinburgh Annual Register. Not liking the strain of working on one thing at a time, he found relief from one study by turning to another. He even found time for Poetry, which he had discontinued for three years, by rising before breakfast. "Study," said Hazlitt "serves him for business, exercise, recreation. He passes from verse to prose, from history to poetry, from reading to/
to writing by stop-watch."

Few events ruffled the calm passage of these years. In 1813 he was made Poet Laureate, to the further amusement of his political antagonists. He found the accompanying New Year task "an odious job". Two years later he made a trip to Waterloo to rejoice on the grave of militant tyranny. But he was soon eager to be back at work with all his children about him. Then in April 1816, after a long and painful illness, Herbert died. "Herbert so entirely after my own heart". The shock staggered and numbed Southey. He must get away from Keswick and the constant ache of all its associations. In the meantime he was thankful for his unfailing anodyne, work, work, work, and then more work, to clog the memory and shut out the awful thing that had befallen him. This was his escape and when the first sharp agony was over he was glad that he had sought no other, and that he was still in Keswick beside Herbert's grave, where they had been happy together. But the wound healed slowly and imperfectly. He had built up an elaborate armour to protect his sensitive being from emotional encounters, but the enemy had slipped under his guard and struck deep. How soon would he strike again? Southey's joyousness of spirit was gone for ever and on his horizon began to appear vague gigantic forms portentous of evil and turmoil.

The political situation filled him with dismay. Post-Napoleonic Britain was in a disjointed, restless, miserable state, not unlike that of the modern post war period. Talk of revolution and reform was rife. Southey of course wished for no change, when in 1817 an obscure printer issued his old revolutionary squibs, Wat Tyler, and a member of Parliament took the occasion to make an attack on him in the House. Southey never had shirked crossing swords with what he thought to be evil, no matter how powerful it was. His letter in reply now contained some shrewd thrusts. But his battle against the forces of reform was a long and losing one. There are few things more pathetic in the story of Southey's life than this single handed struggle of Quixote against gigantic forces that were in themselves working for good and for what had been his/
his own ideals. For years he was as nervous as a cat about the probability of a political explosion. But he never made a secret of his unpopular opinions, even when they were as reactionary as his desire to muzzle the press. Yet the aspect of things so terrified him that in 1820 he was expecting a plague to light as a punishment on the sinful country and eleven years later he looked on a cholera epidemic as a "visitation of justice and mercy" on the wicked politicians and agitators. The Luddites had been bad enough, but these reformers were sinful levellers. He did not scruple to make known what he thought of them. In the year of the Reform Bill he issued his collected Essays Moral and Political "which" as he said "If I wanted to render myself unpopular would be excellently well timed". As for the Greek War of Independence that these young poets were getting so excited about, he looked on it with a cold and sceptical indifference.

The same poets cost him much anxious foreboding. Few of them were honest Christian men, like poor Kirke White, so pitifully snuffed out by consumption. Those who really caught the public taste were a godless lot. There was Shelley, who reminded Southey of what he himself had been at that age - young, eager, but an atheist - and irregular in his moral beliefs. Worse still was that clever rogue Byron, who never did mean well - a gross sensualist living an unholy life in Venice. In his monstrous impudence, he dedicated that foul production Don Juan to Southey, making that baseless charge once more of apostacy. Fortunately the dedication had to be suppressed because of the offensive reference to Castlereagh, but it was a disgrace that Murray should publish the poem at all. That was in 1819. Southey's chance of tilting at the giant Atheism did not come till 1821. Then with The Satanic School of Poetry as a preface to Vision of Judgment, Southey unhorsed him and rode off leaving the weapon in the wound. He was surprised and hurt when the defeated enemy plucked it out and turned it against Southey himself. In this affair Southey behaved both absurdly and ungraciously. It was impossible that he should do otherwise under the circumstances. He was blessed with a very necessary piece of armour for a literary controversialist whether a young innovator or an old Tory/
Tory - a sublime confidence in his own literary ability and judgment. Such armour kept him safe from the petty pin-pricks of contemporary criticism. It enabled him to rank his histories with Gibbon and his epics next after Milton, to face with serenity the verdict of posterity. But when he was blind with prejudice and anger, it made him cut a rather sorry figure.

In addition Southey's consciousness of his own rectitude of purpose sometimes became sheer self-righteousness. From him every controversy was a crusade - in which he inevitably had the angels on his side. On this principle he apportioned heaven and hell to his friends and foes, and could not see that his attitude was positively less Christian than Byron's.

The same "Plethora of Virtue" marked his attitude to religious questions. The actual progress of his return to the fold is somewhat obscure. The motive force was a distaste of fanaticism in any form. In consequence he hated Roman Catholicism on the one hand and Methodism on the other. The effects of Theocracy as he had seen them in Portugal and of Austerity as he had gathered from his study of Wesley drove him into greater distrust of the two extremes. Yet he had managed to keep fairly clear of actual controversy although the agitation for Catholic emancipation filled him with the gravest misgiving and although he had joined the Quarterly partly because its views on the question coincided with him. But in these darker years, he saw any form of dissent as an evil to be combated. It was in this frame of mind that he prepared the Book of the Church, which naturally involved him in polemics.

Perhaps it is worth noticing that never before the issue of that work does he quite write in the tone that calls the Roman Church the "Whore of Babylon". When Catholic Emancipation actually came he was both anxious and angry. It was the bringing in of the Trojan Horse.

While he was wrestling with these giants in the world without, Southey's home life was as peaceful and as pleasant as before, although, without Herbert, it lacked zest. Another son, Cuthbert, was born in 1819. Southey did not dare to hope, but the boy lived, and he was happy in him. During the same year, he formed an epistolary friendship with Miss Caroline Bowles, a/
a poetess and an admirer of his work. The friendship grew steadily; in four years time his letters displayed a certain unction that often marks the romantic attitude to women, - the attitude of Keats before he knew Fanny Brâme. Some years later that unction was replaced by a charming and tender friendliness. If these letters had been written by Shelley, how shocked Southey would have been. They were absolutely innocent, as so many of Shelley's were. To his great delight, he was "ell-ell-dee'd" at Oxford in 1820. He took a tour in the Netherlands in 1825. The nice adjustment of ways and means still went on. The mere volume of his labour was amazing. There was his poetry. History too; Brazil went forward and the Peninsular War was begun. There was Sir Thomas More. He published his Life of Wesley and collected the material for a biography of Fox. He wrote the Book of the Church and proposed a Book of the State. Not to mention smaller publications and plans, there was the magnum opus on Portugal for his spare time. Above all, most constant of all, was his work for the Quarterly. It was well paid, but sorely mangled by Gifford "the review gelder" as he always called the editor. So full was his life, and so resolute his determination not to give way to unhappy thoughts, that he was hardly exaggerating when he wrote "Mine is a cheerful nature and I hardly know what it is to despond". But in 1826 the blow he feared again thrust through his defences. This time his daughter Isabel was the victim. The horrible aftermath of Herbert's death was repeated. He was sick, shaken and numb. He buried himself in the oblivion of work, and slowly life began to flow again. But there was less resilience now than ten years ago. Mrs Southey had felt Herbert's death gravely; she had less natural buoyancy and doggedness than her husband, now Isabel's death prostrated her. To Southey she looked "as if a sudden weight of years had been laid upon her". She never really recovered, never ceased her melancholy brooding.

For himself there were his remaining children to be cherished as long as God spared them; there were his old and dear friends; and thank Heaven in all gravity, there was work. He was constantly occupied and/
and plans multiplied, and grew upon him. In his most perfect lyric, he has caught the atmosphere of these years. "My days among the dead are past --- " And oftener now than ever before he uttered his old desire "I wish that the next hundred years were safely over". In the meantime he would make life's burden lie as gently as possible. "In my future fiction", he resolved "I will make everybody happy as far as I can". He attained peace and even cheerfulness again. Of his work he could say "I never feel weary of anything which I have in hand and this is a great blessing." Cuthbert grew past the dangerous years and got safely into his teens. Sometimes he was so like Herbert ------- Edith May married in 1834 a young clergyman to whom Southey was much attracted, although an outsider later described him as "an ill conditioned and unaccountably vulgar and violent and selfish fellow ------- a privileged bully". During the year, he enjoyed greatly his mystification about the authorship of The Doctor, deliberately throwing sand in his friends eyes. But all the while, he was grieved to see that his wife lingered in "a miserable state of spirits". In October she became definitely insane. "The heart which could bear it can bear anything". In the same year Sir Robert Peel offered him a Baronetcy.

But life had not yet played its grimmest jest on the courageous fighter. His own health was failing; he would not now trust himself alone on a long walk. Work went forward, but less steadily. His wife needed constant care until the day of her release. Poor Edith so faithful and loving, whose gentle ghost still haunts the chamber where she slept, to be broken thus by life! Robert was low in spirits and very silent. He became subject to fits of abstraction and loss of memory. The following year, 1838, he was taken to France and his interest in life revived somewhat. In his letters he pathetically returned to old tricks of phrase - "The Edithling; our Fathers of the Row". On his way home he visited Caroline Bowles. She never enjoyed good health, and he now proposed that they two should put the broken pieces of their lives together, for such years as remained to them. It would, he thought, give them both happiness, and relieve his daughter Katherine of some responsibility. Miss/
Miss Bowles agreed. He wrote and told the girls, who were shocked and hurt, until Wordsworth persuaded them to at least a verbal reconciliation. But after the marriage Katherine, longing to look after her father, resented Mrs Southey's interference, and she in her turn was inconsiderate of the girls' claims. No reconciliation would have made harmony possible. Katherine left the house and Mrs Southey would allow her to see her father only once a week. Since he had grappled the bully by the throat in his first days at Westminster, he had been ever battling against evil. But now when goodness and love turned to hate — and evil within his very house he could fight no more. For forty years he had taken refuge from grief in unremitting work. But now when intended happiness brought nothing but sorrow he could work no more. He sank into a placid languor. The power of writing left him. But still he could read. Then that ability decayed too, and he moved about his library, stroking and fondling the beloved volumes he could no longer comprehend. Wordsworth called but Southey did not recognise him till someone mentioned his name. "And all this" wrote a friend of Caroline Southey's, "what has it led to but misery?" But Southey was not miserable he was as happy as a child; as aimless and as happy as he had been playing in Aunt Elizabeth's garden, or looking on at the meaningless pageant of his first plays. A short fever put him for ever beyond mortal joy or sorrow in 1843.

Note:— The materials for this chapter, with the exception of the Keswick tradition about Edith Southey's ghost, are taken from the books marked XX in the third part of the bibliography.
PART II.

THE HISTORIES.

The stated aims of historians have been very similar at very different periods in time. Their constant purpose has been expressed in terms of "truth". To present a true picture of the past; to give an account of the actual events; to re-create the real personages of other days; in some such phrases, historians have given their opinion about what history ought to attempt. In actual practice, this aim has never been absolutely adhered to. Each group of historians has had some other supplementary purpose which has varied from time to time. A brief survey of the main changes will perhaps serve to place Southey in the main current of historical writing. Discounting the Chronicles, we can trace three or four definite periods in the writing of English history. In each the actual purpose is something different, though in all the acknowledged purpose is truth.

In the first period the historian is an apologist; he writes of contemporary events, in which he has often played a part; he is definitely writing to justify his political party. The Royalist, Clarendon, called Cromwell "this bold bad man". Burnet wrote the "History of my Own Times" as the Whigs saw them. The partizanship was conscious, but the attempt to achieve truth was sincere. The historians of both parties happened to believe that the truth would convince their readers of the justice of their cause. Naturally this belief influenced their apprehension of the facts. The first great age of English historians was to follow. The eighteenth century adopted a wider view than the merely political. "Il faut écrire l'histoire en philosophe" said Voltaire. This new orientation in itself made history a deeper, more valuable thing. Veracity became absolutely not relatively important. Of more consequence was the vision and detachment that resulted. The philosopher is primarily a man who looks for the laws governing man and things. To write history en philosophe is to write it in search of a plan and purpose in events, in fact to think of them as events and the whole course of history itself as moving to the event. It is in fact to be an evolutionist. The historian's/
historian's business was to search his material till he saw some purpose emergent and then to arrange it so that that plan was made evident. The particular plan one saw in events depended, of course, on the particular philosophy which one adopted. To Voltaire it seemed that "ideas have changed the world", a theory that appealed strongly to the century self-styled the age of reason. History on this side of the channel received its philosophical bent inevitably and early from the work of David Hume. He also in spite of his sensationalism believed in the importance of intellectual and social factors as giving a drive to events. His scepticism and his irony keep his writing sweet, but he exhibits the two great faults of his school. The one is to decide on his philosophy beforehand and scamp the accumulation and verification of materials. The other is to select and even distort materials to suit his case. Selection is inevitable; the historian must, however, select all facts that he considers vital; the negative instance is usually vital, the suppression of it rarely disingenuous. The century culminated in the great figure of Gibbon, whom neither subsequent research nor subsequent criticism has belittled. He had a piercing eye for the inner meaning of events and statements, and where he lacked knowledge employed a shrewd intuition. His scholarship was accurate and his presentation of facts honest. His grasp of the great issues and his marshalling of his vast army of facts have always been praised as the work of genius.

Gibbon ended one era and inaugurated another. His direct imitators were numerous, but for the most part they imitated merely his vices, making a great parade in small affairs. But the day of history as philosophy was coming to an end. Some glorious figures were yet to appear, who would hammer out a conception of life from the way man had already lived. These, widely as their philosophy differed from the sceptics, were the sunset gleams of the eighteenth century. The new dawn was seen in the scrupulous care that Gibbon lavished on his sources. The aim of the historian now was to get at as many facts as he could, before he selected. So for the first time, Lingard put real scholarship into the study of English history; Carlyle patiently raked the files of the Moniteur; and Macaulay did Herculean spade-work in the British Museum.

Absolute/
Absolute truth was impossible, but one might at least detect and eliminate some falsehood and discover some new fact. In fact history was becoming more and more scientific. But the new direction was not yet definitely established. It took some time to work the ship on to the new tack. For some fifty years from the death of Gibbon the sails "shivered" and the boat veered uncertainly. But during that period some great things were done, and into it comes Southey's historical work. The greatest names are those of Hallam, Carlyle, and Macaulay. All are philosophers, Carlyle more so than Hallam, and Macaulay; all are "scientific" Macaulay more so than Carlyle and Hallam; and all possess historical sense.

The third age of English historical writing is that in which the scientific spirit has run mad. The collection and statement of facts has become the historian's sole work; to pass judgment and construct philosophies he regards as presumption. The division of labour is applied to his work and each cultivates a small field laboriously and intensively. Latterly there are however signs of revolt, taking two distinct tendencies. The first is towards a more human kind of history in which persons and personalities count for more than events and eras. The approach is usually biographical. The late Lytton Strachey and Professor Neale exemplify this movement. In some ways it is a restatement of Carlyle's ideal, though the hero often rules through weakness as much as strength. The other tendency is toward the great canvas and the universal vision once more. The historian is to commence philosopher, but with a fresh conception of man and civilisation. The new aims are seen in the work of Spengler and Professor A.J. Toynbee.* A quotation from the latter will be relevant here and later. Speaking of the "Laboratory" historians, he says "in invading the realm of historical thought, the Industrial System has given scope to great strategists, and has set up marvellous trophies of victory. Yet, in a detached onlooker's mind, the doubt arises whether this conquest may not, after all, be a tour de force and the confidence of victory the delusion/

delusion of a false analogy, ------- Civilisations are a species, and there is no such thing as a unique "Civilisation" with a capital "C" -------. The lives of our twenty-one civilisations - distributed over not more than three generations of societies and concentrated within less than one-fiftieth part of the life time of mankind - must be regarded, on a philosophic view, as contemporary with one another.

Robert Southey then comes between the philosophical and scientific ages and may be expected to partake of the qualities of both. Like the modern laboratory worker, he picked on his special province, Portugal, because it was a virgin field. Like the eighteenth century philosopher, he treated history as a realm of the human spirit in which generalisations are possible. But his choice of a career as historian (and that after poet, was the one of his many activities which he did choose) was guided by the rather unique reason that he wanted a literary pursuit which would not cause too much emotional excitement. He did not decide on it as being the study for which he had the most natural talent. But to examine the individual work first will be the fairest mode of approach.

The History of Portugal was to be his magnum opus. It is pathetic, and somehow characteristic, that it was never carried out.

The History of Brazil was stimulated, on advice from the Government, by the retirement of the Portuguese court to that colony. Public interest had probably flagged in the subject before the first of the three huge tomes was issued. Southey himself said "it will be a good book, not an interesting one ------- The materials ------- are bare and insipid" (Letters II, 98). The second statement is no exaggeration. The book opens giving no preliminary sketch of its purpose or scope, with an account of the earliest discoveries and settlers and their stories of the savage inhabitants. Then follow the struggles, leading to the establishment of Asumpcian and Bahia. The discovery of the course of the Amazon by Orellana, further ethnological disquisitions, and the early work of the Jesuits lead up to one of the few episodes with any possibilities, the long rivalry between the Portuguese and the Dutch/
Dutch West India Company. The work of the Jesuits among the natives, and other religious affairs, occupy much of the second volume, which concludes with a general review of seventeenth-century Brazil, the first pause in the book. The great business of the concluding volume is the discovery and exploitation of the mining country, Minas Geraes. The white inhabitants, Paulistas, are men of more character than some. The many laws needed in the district and the various schemes to tax the precious products and prevent robbery or cheating are narrated in great detail. The story of the "Forbidden District of the Diamond" presents a secondary but too similar theme. Fresh explorations lead to fresh racial accounts. The War of the Reductions and the subsequent expulsion of the Jesuits by Pombal first from Portuguese and then from Spanish Territory are the most valuable parts of the volume. The work ends with a state-by-state and town-by-town survey of Brazil about 1800.

This certainly is a very dull book, so dull that it suggests the question: was the History of Brazil worth writing? On the grounds that no province of human achievement, however slight in itself or its apparent effects is unworthy of record we must answer in the affirmative, since the scope of this work is the discovery and opening up of half a continent. But is this book really a history of Brazil, in the sense that any of the other great writers have meant by history? It begins quite abruptly, and never throughout its whole course is there any attempt to look for a pattern or plan in the events. We never have any feeling of moving towards anything. The book lacks a goal. We are led on through a bewildering maze of intricate detail, with hardly a pause and find happenings so crowding upon us that any sense of proportion is lost, everything seeming equally unimportant. The very bonds of causation seem to be slackened, and occurrences to take place without any reason and without any effect. This last is an illusion due to the throng of details, because in reality every event is explained and followed up minutely. The impression constantly recurs that this is not history, but Chronicle; there is/
is all the shapelessness and lack of proportion that we find in the annalist. From the copious marginal references it seems probable that this likeness to chronicle is due to Southey's too-close adherence to his sources, which were mostly contemporary accounts by Jesuits or others. The effect is intensified by the scarcity of his pauses. He never stops to gather up the main threads, to show what has been done and what remains to do. This verdict is perhaps rather harsh, and will need some slight revision when we come to another aspect of the work.

Nevertheless, we must add to it the charge that insipid though his materials are, he has not made the best use of them. There are two themes played out on this great stage either or both of which might have been made the backbone of Southey's history. The one is the impact of western civilisation on savage man. The other is the conflict between religion and secularism, between Jesuits and slave-owners, for the control of the native inhabitants. Actually both of these subjects are handled in very considerable detail, but not as themes. We are never given to think that these are vital matters, not only for Brazil and Portugal, but for any colony and empire. We do not see the development of the two conflicts. Some minor flaws may remain to be noticed before we try to seek out the main cause of Southey's failure. He has an irritating trick of presupposing specialist knowledge in his reader. Thus in his early chapters he skips from Spanish to Portuguese settlements and back again without distinguishing between them. At the time it is a matter of no moment, as the two countries are under one monarch. But when the separation comes the reader is left to find out which belongs to which, and when he is changing from the one to the other. Throughout there is a lack of visualising power. The outlines are vague, generalised. We never see either the forest or the desert. This defect is sometimes remedied in his descriptions of the towns, of which his visits to Portugal had given him some concrete idea. His persons are shadowy, and there are no "portraits" of them. In many instances this can/
can scarcely be due to defects in his sources, whereas the scantiness of "landscapes" may very well be.

The root of the trouble is the utter inadequacy of Southey's philosophy of history. The main lesson which he has abstracted from his study of history (or rather which he has pre-conceived) is more or less as follows. The course of events is directed by God's Providence for the ultimate good of Christian mankind. All people, Christian or not, have or have had the opportunity of pleasing God. If they fail or if they sin, they or their children will be punished in this world. These statements apply to individuals and nations, alike. This is at once too much and too little. No Christian historian would deny the general applicability of the ruling of Providence, though he might make some exception to that of punishment in this world. But after all, history written on such a philosophy can teach us little that is new, and "there is as much providence in the fall of a sparrow". It does not pick out particular lessons from History. It does not show us how civilisations operate, which is the aim of all historical philosophies, even though their conception of civilisations is sometimes limited to that of Civilisation. Now these philosophies have tended to fall into two main types. The first, some of whose principles have already been quoted in Professor Toynbee's words, may be called the Spengler type. In it the growth of the civilisation or state under discussion, supplies the main theme of the history. Macaulay's gospel of Progress, Ranke's phrase the Evolution of States, and Spengler's idea of the cyclic rise and fall of civilisations are divergent examples of this form. From its nature, this kind of history chooses a wide field and treats it in a rather abstract and impersonal fashion; individuals are subordinated to movements. The second type of historical philosophy may be called the Carlyle type. In contrast with the former, it makes history the record of a succession of heroes, events being set in motion by their actions and interactions with their environment. The man is often representative of/
of the movement; and he must be shown in action, as the hero of a drama. Voltaire and Carlyle are the most striking exponents of this philosophy, which frequently displays itself in a fairly limited area, and often takes the form of biography. Southey hesitates fatally between these two kinds, often falling between them into that aimless chronicle in which neither the general trend nor the influence of individual impulses is visible, but merely the succession of events. When momentarily he "accepts" one of those philosophies (though presumably unconscious of doing so) he writes with real power.

Some of these happier moments are worthy of notice.

Two persons fire Southey's imagination, and when their moment comes, take a grip of the history. The first of these is the Count of Nassan, governor of Dutch Brazil. His figure is in strong contrast to the colourless Portuguese governors. His forcefulness and sheer merit become real things. The other and greater is Vieyra, the Jesuit. Southey's honest admiration of goodness, when it appears in a form which he hates, is never seen to better advantage than in his delineation of this man. The Jesuits had formed the natives into "Reductions" to protect them from slavery. These settlements were little Christian communist groups under the very benevolent despotism of the Fathers. Southey gives an idyllic picture of life there, without trying to minimise its unpleasant features, the enforced virtue and childish ignorance behind the superficial delight and innocence. These Reductions were constantly threatened by the planters who wanted to make slaves of the Brazilians. Vieyra, a Jesuit at Court in Portugal and an especial favourite of Prince Theodosie, decided, against the Prince's will, to throw himself into the cause of the poor Indians. He took ship, apparently aware of the fact that Theodosie had given orders for him to be arrested and yet ashore if and when he boarded. The officer to arrest him failed to appear and Vieyra sailed almost by accident. His long and bitter struggles, and final success make some drama, where it/
peoples is an astonishing piece of intuition.
It is so needed. There is real poignancy in Vieyra's letters: "I go for Maranham --- " (Vol. II, p.466-8)

Southey has realised his fiery personality.

By way of contrast, there is the farce of the appointment of Bishop Cardenas who on a quarrel exploded into numerous excommunications alternating with a series of maudlin reconciliations with the Governor. It is one of the very few episodes in which Southey employs the weapon of irony, perhaps the most necessary one in the historian's arsenal.

Southey's moments of Spengler-vision are even rarer than those of his Carlyle hero-worship. But he lights on some generalisations of real brilliance, that suggest how much better he might have written had he written of civilisations instead of one minor section of one civilisation. Unfortunately that conception of history had not yet developed in its full significance. As it is, Southey made one important step towards that conception, though it is doubtful whether he or his contemporaries perceived the value of what he was saying. That Southey, the Pantisocrat, should be one of the first to explode the "noble savage" myth is in itself something remarkable, if only as a tribute to his common-sense and intellectual honesty. But that he, at the beginning of the nineteenth century should light on the fact that the Progress of Civilisation is illusory, savage tribes being often the remnants of an outworn civilisation, and not undeveloped Yet the discovery seems to have been accidental and he dismisses it casually. "Wherever a tradition of a golden age is to be traced it is at once an acknowledgment and proof of degradation in the race" (Vol. I, p. 229). A later mention of it is put in very characteristic language which would obscure the value of the idea from his contemporaries:

"Thus it is with savages, through sin they have originally lapsed into the savage state; and they who reject civilisation when it is placed within their reach, if they escape from other agents of destruction, perish by the devices of their own hearts to which they are abandoned" (III, 394)
He is virtually throwing away the pearl he has just picked up. Of the merit of another of his generalisations he was in no doubt. He frequently notes the "natural tendency of Colonies to republicanism" and wishes (surely in this he is original) to make it the basis of an imperial policy. This idea and its application is real history. It will come up for discussion at more length under the Essays; it suffices here to recognise its great worth.

In his rather grandiloquent conclusion, Southey writes "if the value of an historical work be in proportion to the store of facts which it has first embodied, to the fidelity with which they are recorded, and to the addition which is thereby made to the stores of general knowledge, then I may affirm of the Present History, imperfect as it is, that in these respects it has not often been equalled and will not easily be surpassed." (Brazil, Vol. III) This passage may serve to remind us that he was a scientist as well as a philosopher, a precursor as well as a successor. Just exactly how great was the labour spent in his researches, and the accuracy in his records of fact no one but a specialist working over the same field can estimate. Incidentally, in Vindiciae Ecclesiae, Southey does give us an indication of such an estimate. A Roman Catholic interested in disproving some of his statements about Jesuit impostures in the matter of miracles, turned up Southey's references, and found such striking confirmation of the accusations that he wrote to confess his investigation and discovery. Yet even the casual reader is struck with the immense work implied in the crowding detail, the checking up of one authority against another, and the meticulous care with which cross references are given. It is small wonder that he was the acknowledged authority on Portuguese matters in his time. And here we may revise that harsh judgment formerly passed. Southey is not really a chronicler, nor as we have seen, is he really a historian. He is rather a compiler of accurate archives from which a history may be abstracted. All the piling up of detail has its value. The student of/
of history, the ethnologist, the anthropologist, the scientist and many other specialists will find here material on which they can draw with every reliance. Indeed Southey's intention seems partly to have been that of re-handling and re-shaping untouched material to make it more accessible, and those specialists who should come after him were the posterity to whose gratitude he looked for fame.

Southey's style in his histories has that degree of quiet competence and restraint which characterises it everywhere. It is perhaps a little more formal, a little less racy, than in his other writing, but this befits the dignified and spacious work. It is unobtrusive and lucid, with sufficient flexibility, though it rises more easily than it falls. At moments it recalls Johnson's good style, and there is one passage, which in the beauty of its phrasing and the dignity of its concept can stand without shame beside the famous paragraph on Iona and Marathon. "They who destroy cities have their names recorded in history when those who founded them are forgotten. Such founders indeed as these in the Minas Geraes have nothing interesting in their actions or ennobling in their motives; yet were they men of undaunted courage and endurance. Some local interest may justly be attached to their memory, and families in their own country may trace their origin to them with pleasure and even with pride." (Vol. III, p. 55).

It is rarely that the footnote is a greater success than the book to which it is appended, but the Expedition of Orsua far surpasses its bulky progenitor. Yet it is characteristic that Southey should succeed in this as he has done in nearly all the shorter forms of literature. The story is as quick-moving and blood-thirsty as an Elizabethan tragedy of revenge. It tells of Orsua's voyage of exploration down the Amazon, and of how Aguirre plotted to seize his leader and make a desperate attempt to set up a separate kingdom of his own. After/
After the murder of Orsua, Aguirre seemed to go mad with the lust of power and pursued a career of blood until the forces of law and order hunted down and destroyed him. Southey here displays his genius for spinning a yarn out of tense events. All inessentials are cut away and the narrative proceeds at a breathless pace, crowding incident upon incident. The character and appearance of the central figure stand out in bold colours and clear cut lines. The economy of telling is masterly. Not a touch of romance is lacking; the villain has his one faithful friend, and there is an innocent child who goes through his career with him. The merit of the piece may be judged from the following quotations. The first is a character sketch of Aguirre, the second is part of the last moving scene.

"Lope de Aguirre, who had now removed the last impediment to his wicked and insane desires, was at this time somewhat above fifty years of age. He was born at Onate, in the province of Guipuzcoa, in the skirts of the town. He was of noble blood, but of poor parents. He had served in the lowest employment, and even among the infamous adventurers, who in those days swarmed in Peru, Aguirre was notorious for his evil qualities. In all the revolts by which that country was disturbed after its conquest, he had borne a part; sometimes engaged on one side, sometimes on the other, and acquiring an ill name with all. Personally, he is said to have wanted courage, but to have been brave enough to rashness, when he had companions; this may mean that he fancied himself possessed of great talent for command, and was conscious that he was little capable of exertion. He was short and meagre, lamed by a wound which he had received in the King's Service, when fighting against Francisco Hernandez Giron; and mean in aspect, but with a restlessness of eye, which indicated by how perturbed and suspicious a spirit that ill-favoured body was possessed". (p. 86)

"One alone, of all the Maranones, remained by Aguirre's side; it was Llamoso; none of these wretches had exceeded him in guilt, but he was faithful to the last to the tyrant whom he had sworn to serve. Aguirre asked him why he also did not go to enjoy the King's!
King’s pardon; he replied, ‘He had been his friend in life, and would be so in death.’ Aguirre made him no answer, but went into a chamber where his daughter was. "Say thy prayers, child", said he, "for I must kill thee;" "Why sir?" she exclaimed. He replied "That thou may’st never live to be reviled and called the daughter of a traitor". (207-8).

The stark brevity, the quiet monosyllables, of this last passage raise it out of sordidness or commonplaceness into the realms of tragedy.

The greatness of this tale is indeed surprising. Why Southey should achieve such success in it is worth investigating; but that may be done more conveniently in another place. The pertinent question here is, does it lead to any revisal of our opinion of Southey as a historian? I think not. As history it is negligible. The events take place, as far as history is concerned, in a vacuum. They arise from nothing, and lead to nothing. They are a piece of irrelevant business played by a few supers in the wings of the great stage of the Americas. To use a much-abused phrase, it is the "human interest" of the story, and that alone, that makes it worth telling.

The History of the Peninsular War represents Southey’s strongest bid for fame as a historian. Unlike Brazil, the subject falls within the scope of the general student as well as the specialist. The field is a limited one both in time and space, but the events are deeply vital as they undoubtedly caused Napoleon’s overthrow. It also happens that they were for Southey the most significant events of his time. They took place in his beloved Peninsula, they were directed to the downfall of the power he hated most; and as we have seen, they brought him into harmony with his own nation. This book starts, then, with a double advantage over Brazil; the subject is interesting to the reader and to Southey. Yet his bid has failed; the professional historian has been overcalled by the professional soldier. Sir William Napier’s work is/
is still the standard book on the subject; Southey's never ran beyond a second edition, and that published in his own lifetime. It is our business to enquire into the reasons for the latter's failure and not the former's success; yet Napier's brilliance has in no small measure emphasised Southey's eclipse. There is one difficulty which both these writers had to face, and which neither entirely overcame; that is, the problem of writing contemporary history. The more intensely one feels, the harder it becomes to achieve impartiality about events which one has lived through. Within ten years of a war reasons of state if no others, make it impossible to publish all the relevant facts. Tact and modesty (sometimes false tact and false modesty) lead to the concealment of others. On the other hand so many facts are available that selection becomes difficult. Which is it a gain to lose? Which is it a loss to keep? this question of relevance or irrelevance is hard enough, but it is easier to answer it than to keep one's sense of proportion. After such a short lapse of time the historian is too near events to see the real issues. He knows what has happened, but does not know what it means. He cannot tell which of the surviving forces is going to become dominant. Who in 1918 or even in 1927 would have thought that the war to make the world safe for Democracy would lead so directly to a world of Nationalism and Dictatorships? Who knew in 1320 that the defeat of military despotism in France was going to produce the militarism so long synonymous with Prussia? Southey is not unaware of these problems and has set himself to solve them with varying success.

With characteristic honesty he makes no pretence at impartiality. For him the war was definitely one between the forces of good and evil, Napoleon was the Devil incarnate, to be destroyed at all costs. No crime could be too bad for him to commit, if only it furthered his personal ambition and greed for power. Yet Southey tries to admire such good qualities as he can find in him, and is careful to distinguish/
distinguish Napoleon from the French. He tries, with less success to find spots in the British sun, Wellington and his army, but cannot make any real criticism of them. Knowing these facts, the reader can make due allowances. Less excusable are some passages of sheer Jingo such as the following; "British seamen are made of such materials that it is indifferent to them in what service they are employed; whether at sea or ashore, whatever is to be done by courage, activity, intelligence, and strenuous exertion, they can accomplish" (V. II 41-2); indeed his constant beating on the big-drum of patriotism becomes tiresome. International policy took a relatively simple course during these years so that Southey is not handicapped by lack of knowledge about official movements. But, though he is very frank about the corruption of the Spanish aristocracy and makes no effort to excuse the behaviour of the King, Queen, and their joint favourite Godoy, he cannot tell the whole truth about Ferdinand VII. That young man whose parents betrayed him to Napoleon out of revengeful spite, is stigmatised by Oman as a good hater but cowardly; cruel and obstinate, but self-abasing, unwise and timid. To Southey he was a suffering patriot, his faults those of a generous and rash keenness. This is partly the blindness of admiration and partly politeness to an ally.

The other problems of selection and analysis are more troublesome. It has been shown how inadequate was his struggle with them in the History of Brazil. He still fights a losing battle against them here. There is the same welter of details under which the general movement of events is almost smothered. The same impression is left that these are archives for a history rather than history itself. Southey has also a habit of repeating very similar incidents needlessly. Thus we are given translations of many of the flattering addresses presented to Napoleon by submissive Juntas. It would have been enough to indicate that/
that so many were presented, giving short quotations from those that excelled in obsequiousness or egregiousness. His philosophy of history remains unchanged and leads him into rather an awkward situation. In the Brazil he had said that the cruelties of the Spaniards and Portuguese were the appointed punishment of the Americans for their depravity. He now makes out that Napoleon's attacks are the wages of sin paid for the enormities which the Iberians had committed in their colonies (Vol. II, p.25). This is unscientific and I think unchristian. It would have been truer to say (as he indicates elsewhere) that this war was the natural punishment of the despotism, corruption, and misgovernment, which brought it about, rather than Heaven's arbitrary revenge for deeds which were in no way connected with the present affair. Yet, there is a real improvement in his point of view. He does let us see that these events are leading to something, and that there are generally valid conclusions to be drawn from them. He is here helped by his subject which definitely has dramatic possibilities, including a beginning, middle, and an end. The middle is rather obscured by details but all of them progress towards the appointed end.

Strangely enough, for a scene so rich in great figures, there is a sad lack of dynamic characters. The persons are mostly automata, who never become real. But as Satan dominates Paradise Lost, Napoleon is the most compelling person in this work. Southey's reading of his character is inevitably wrong. But it is quite convincing. He took him for a man of brilliant intellect, who perverted all his abilities to the acquisition of personal power, and nothing more. Napoleon's hatred of Britain, he supposed, was due to the fact that it was the only country that stood between him and absolute dominion. All the European campaigns were conducted for Napoleon's personal aggrandisement. Now Napoleon seems really to have been what he himself believed, the man of destiny. He seemed to be born in the nick of time and/
and place, so that he could be in the Revolution and yet not of it, an outsider to whom the discordant forces could appeal and find resolution, a military genius in a situation that led inevitably to military despotism. But he took his fortune as much as fortune took him, and once he had power, used it to definite ends. Undoubtedly he had the vision of a United Europe, which transcended the cause originally prompting it, namely, that he must smash or be smashed by Britain. As he was apparently some two hundred years before his time with his vision he tried to bring it about by force, just as Edward I had tried to achieve a United Britain. But he had no cause to interfere gratuitously in Spain. His only excuse was to remove the last remnant of the rival Bourbon dynasty. Southey is exact in his perception of the cause of Napoleon's downfall, but he cannot help being blind to Napoleon's real statesmanship. For all that, Napoleon is the only person into whose mind Southey penetrates. There is a brilliant account of what Southey thought was a unique event in Napoleon's life (Actually it is a repetition of his behaviour before the deputies on the occasion of his first coup d'état). The passage is worth quoting, not only for its great intrinsic merit but for its value as showing how closely Southey came to modern biographical technique when his interest was fully aroused. We have the reconstruction of the character's probable thoughts and emotions on the basis of some slight index of fact. The scene is in the Palace of Marrac, where Napoleon is being thanked by the Spanish notables for having presented them with a new king and constitution. "For the first and perhaps the only time in his public life, Buonaparte was at a loss for a reply. He spoke indeed more than three quarters of an hour, but it was vaguely and hesitatingly in confused and broken sentences, his head bending down, and when he raised it at times, it was only again to let it fall. None of those memorable expressions came from him which the hearers bear away, none of those sparkling sentiments and pointed sentences, those coruscations which at other times characterised his discourse. It seemed as/
as if the powers both of thought and of language had
forsaken him. From one subject he passed to another
unconnectedly, resuming them with as little reason
as he had broken them off, and frequently repeating
the same flat meaning in the same cold and vapid
words ———— Perhaps Buonaparte was sickened with
excess of adulation, and contemplating mournfully
the condition to which men, once proud of intellect,
patriotic hopes, and generous desires, had debased
themselves in subservience to his purposes, regarded
them with compassion rather than contempt. Perhaps
he compared in sure anticipation the opinion which
posterity, would pronounce upon these transactions
with the language which was now addressed to him.
The cloud was not of the understanding alone, but
of the heart. The work, he then believed was done,
this was the concluding scene of the drama, the
plot had been fully developed, and the intended
catastrophe was brought about, but in the hour of
success it is scarcely possible that he should not
have contrasted the reflections that came upon him,
with those emotions of proud and honourable triumph
which he had felt at Lodi, at Marengo, and at
Austerlitz and that comparison may have made him
stand amid the circle of his servile instruments
humiliated and self-condemned". (Vol. I, p.341-2)
It is rather astonishing to find that Napoleon's
antagonist is a mere figure-head, a glorious but
somewhat wooden symbol of Southey's and Britain's
triumph over the tyrant. The Wellington legend
has left Southey as completely untouched as the
Nelson legend inspired him. There is nothing here
of the Iron Duke. We are given a glittering little
sketch of his previous career in India. We are
told much of what the general did, little about
what the man was. None of his recorded sayings are
characteristic. It may be objected that being
history and not biography, this is hardly the
place for such portraits. Yet Napoleon's actions
serve to reveal his character as Southey conceived
it, and even the gloomy, hesitant figure of Sir
John Moore is more life-like than that of his
more/
more fortunate successor.
A graver charge remains to be levelled against the work as history. While recording his facts with scrupulous accuracy, Southey is yet guilty of positive misrepresentation. Of course he is perfectly unconscious of his fault, but it is one that is almost inevitable when a layman mixes as highly technical matters. Military tactics were at that time peculiarly complicated. Field-warfare had attained its most scientific form, and two military geniuses were pitted against each other. It is small wonder that Southey should be led astray or that Wellington should be reported to have said that Southey misunderstood the plan behind every one of his campaigns. It is really in this matter that Napier’s history is so successful. That writer had not only an intimate knowledge of his subject and the technical side of it, but also a lively interest in following out the moves and counter moves of the huge game. Southey at heart lacks that interest as well as that knowledge. The details of the first campaign culminating in the Battle of Talavera may be taken as typical of the misjudgments into which Southey was brought. He sees, correctly, that the general plan is to attack the French armies in turn. It is in the details that he goes wrong. On his showing Soult is driven back by Wellington (then Wellesley) and Victor retires to support Soult. Indecision on the part of Cuesta, who is acting in consort with Wellington, lets slip an opportunity of attacking the French who thus effect a junction. Wellington halts for lack of transports, and is rejoined by Cuesta. The whole French army advance to Talavera and make an attack, the brunt of which is borne by the English, the troops opposed to the Spaniards being only sufficient to keep them from supporting the English. The French are defeated but Wellington refuses to advance on Madrid, alleging the incompetence of the Commissariat as his reason. Meanwhile the Spaniard Venegas has won and lost a battle, and Soult has appeared at Plasencia. Wellington/
Wellington and Cuesta move towards that place and then retire to Badajos without bringing on an action. Throughout it seems obvious (though Southey never explicitly says so) that Wellington, impatient of a joint command, is trying to shake off Cuesta, and the reader is inclined to give more credit than Southey wishes, to a Spanish rumour that Wellington desired to have the glory of entering Madrid for himself. The actual state of affairs seems to have been rather somewhat as follows:— When Soult was marked down as the first objective of the British advance, both he and Victor had come to a standstill for lack of reinforcements. Victor's retirai was primarily brought about by his want of supplies. He subsequently planned to join forces with Soult because the latter was in retreat. Venegas was appointed to keep Victor sufficiently occupied to prevent that junction and the responsibility of failure rests with him, not with Cuesta. The battle of Talavera took place as Southey narrates, but Wellington did not advance after it, because Soult was not yet beaten. He had retired to obtain reinforcements, which he did by recalling thirty five thousand men from abortive service in Northern Spain. With this addition he greatly outnumbered Wellington's forces. That general had moved to counter Soult's fresh manoeuvres but on gaining accurate information about his opponent's new forces, prudently withdrew to Badajos. With all its faults, The History of the Peninsula War shows a considerable advance in power over Brazil. This is true even in the mere matter of telling. Southey has several threads of narrative to keep spinning, as there are several theatres of war; but he never allows them to become entangled as he did in Brazil. When he changes from one thread to another he puts in a little pointer to indicate that he has done so, in some such way as; "Junot, however, had little leisure to enjoy his dreams of royalty; he was roused from them by the events in Spain, to which it is now necessary to recur." (Vol. I, p. 148)
These transitions are usually made smooth, as this one is, by using the effect of one set of events on another to provide a bridge. He also employs the device known as the "time-flash", the juxtaposition of non-simultaneous events for contrast or emphasis. More important still is his increasing use of irony. Even more use might be made of it as a relief from indignation, and the high moral tone that he takes up. But what there is, is very welcome. All these are little things in themselves, but they are straws showing how the wind is blowing. There are many memorable things in the Peninsular War; there are scarcely any in Brazil. Only the high-lights of the book can be noted here, but it will be observed how many of these episodes share certain qualities with The Expedition of Orsua.

Near the beginning of the first Volume comes a passage in which the historian is looking back on his youthful, revolutionary self and justifying the change. In it occurs that frequently quoted sentence in which he compares those who remained the friends of France even during the Napoleonic Wars to Sunworshippers who obstinately continue to look to the east even when the sun is setting. The same Volume ends in a most moving climax, Sir John Moore's retreat to Corunna. That terrible series of forced marches, in winter, and over ground that would normally have been considered impossible, in a vain attempt to shake off pursuit, calls forth the best of Southey's powers. He brings out the stark horror and nightmare rapidity of the episode with a sense for the illuminating detail. The grim irony of the facts that it is all needless, and that even the exhausted army, when at last it is allowed to face them, can drive back its pursuers, is not lost upon him. The same breathless gallop, the crowding of incident upon incident, that was so effective in Orsua is present here and again in another passage, the rout after Vittoria (Vol. III, p. 634-6)

There is of course a contrast in the emotions behind those two passages; one has all the bitterness of defeat; the other the joy of victory. But both
somewhat unusual for Southey. It begins.
bear the stamp of things vividly seen. In one we have etchings of such things as the treasure chests being thrown down deep ravines to lighten the baggage, of men crowding into miserable hovels out of the snow to make themselves drunk and to forget their misery. In the other, Suchet's baton of office is found in its expensive case; a mere youth cries for mercy before an uplifted sabre. Contrasted with both of these is the retreat to Torres Vedras. It is told with considerable art and in a manner rather dejectedly; and the reader is given no idea of whither this deliberate retrogression is moving. It may be another drive to the sea, only handled with more skill on the British side. Then hints are dropped, casually, as thoughts in the minds of the army or of the French, that there must be some other purpose behind this leisureliness. Then suddenly one is there, with the imposing fortifications stretching from the sea to the Tagus before one. The English, the French, and the reader all share the shock of surprise (Vol. II, Ch. 32).

Incidentally, is it art or accident that among the harsh details of the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo Southey puts the following relation? "Captain Ross was himself a man of great professional promise uniting with military talents a sauvity of manners and a gentleness of disposition especially to be prized in a profession where humanity is so greatly needed. His friend and comrade Lieut. Skelton was killed at the same time and buried with him, in the same grave, in a little retired valley not far from the spot where they fell. Captain Jones placed a small pedestal with an inscription to mark the grave, and with prudent, as well as Christian feeling surmounted it with a cross. That humble monument has, because of its Christian symbol, been respected; Spaniards have been seen kneeling there and none pass it without uncovering their heads" (Vol. III, p. 398).
Of the other blockades two stand out above the rest: the first siege of Saragossa and the siege of Gerona. The former is a mighty thing in itself and the telling is heightened by Southey's emotional and moral fervour. The fiery heroism of all the inhabitants in their terrible situation had a great appeal for him. They defended their walls when they had walls, and then held the streets, house by house, against the overbearing foe. Southey gets the effect of the dust and the heat, the grimness, and desperate endeavour, and at the same time of shining courage and devotion to the cause. The Geronese, when their turn came, resolved to emulate the Saragossans. Their trials form a really touching chapter, and the telling is made vivid and concrete by little, skilful touches such as the exchange of courtesies between the out-sentries, when the French gave food and drink to their hungry opponents, the delirium of the Spanish Commander and the final parade of the troops after the capitulation.

The highest praise of The History of the Peninsular War is not to be given by looking at its episodic virtues but by considering the essential rightness of Southey's underlying thesis. In his despair Napoleon once called Spain a running sore, and such indeed it proved to be. It was Napoleon's only mistake and Southey realised from the first exactly how great that mistake was. Napoleon stepped into the Spanish Arena needlessly and treacherously. Admittedly he was offered great temptation. Again a parallel may be drawn between his case and Edward I's. When two rival parties within a country appeal to a neighbouring power the risk is that affairs will lead to a military usurpation by that power. If Napoleon had left Spain alone a legitimate reason for honest attack would sooner or later have arisen. To attack it before he had consolidated Europe was to be untrue to his own military genius; it meant dividing his forces. In the second place, he was entirely ignorant, as most of Europe was, of the real nature of the Spanish character. He had no conception of the burning devotion to the Roman/
Roman Church that was so deep in the hearts of the people; he had no conception of the fierce, unspoken love of their country, the last and finest expression of Iberian pride. To the Spaniards Napoleon was a symbol of Atheism and a threat to their patriotism, the bearer of the two greatest evils that could befall them. These things Southey knew, and from the first realised what they would bring about. His letters of the period reiterate, what events showed at last to be the truth, that a spirit of nationalism had been aroused and found expression in the actions of a people, not a government, and that that spirit would never rest till the power which threatened it was overthrown.

What he had spoken as a prophecy he could now employ as the foundation of his elaborate work knowing that he was building on something absolute.

Essentially right and perhaps with as many fine passages as faults, why is this history so utterly dead? It has been killed by Sir William Napier's. If the soldier had never written his vivid and informed narrative, Southey's might have been the standard work. But Southey's history with all its virtues is merely good; Napier's, with all its faults is great; and before the great the good must always give way. There is not room in literature for two long contemporary histories on one subject; Southey has had to yield. The loss is not really a great one. If the book had remained in the public mind, it would have added nothing to his reputation. Being as has been said merely good, it would have deepened the impression that Southey is mediocre. Its longeurs and repetitions made it often a dull book. One can forget and forgive a dull unnecessary book. But if there is no other to take its place, a dull book becomes necessary, but unforgivable.

As things are, the interest of the History of the Peninsular War is greater for the biographer of Southey than for the student of history. In some matters his point of view has changed between 1808 and 1823. Here we can lay the letters beside the history/
history and see these changes. It is rather like comparing the two versions of Wordsworth's Prelude and often leads to similar melancholy reflections.

These three books comprise Southey's contribution to history. The Book of the Church and the Lives of the Admirals are on the borderline between history and other kinds. His historical writings in various periodicals were apparently not thought worthy of salvage, even by Southey himself. A proposed collection of Essays Historical and Ecclesiastical was never made. If these were all that Southey had written his name would be almost forgotten. Of these three works, one, the Brazil, is utterly worthless except as a source-book for the specialist; one is an exciting romantic episode but negligible as history; and one though containing many fine things, does not rise above the good. Southey lacks that intangible quality, historical sense; he has no tact for what is vital. Consequently he loses all sense of proportion and movement and admits a host of unrelated details that frustrate the direction of his narrative. His honesty and common-sense give his work some value for the historian. His style is impeccable, and his moments of insight into the main issues and intuitive apprehension of character, though rare, are so just as to make their rarity lamented.
PART III.

THE BIOGRAPHIES.

The history of Biography has been less pompous than the history of history, partly because English biography has rarely if ever tried on the one hand to arrogate the title of a science, or on the other to set up as a form of philosophy. Indeed biography never seems quite to have made up its mind whether it is a form of the novel or of the epitaph or an information bureau. Its claims to veracity have usually been much more of a pretence than history's; until recently, the whole truth was regarded as something indecent, especially if it were the whole truth about a person who had died within fifty years of the telling. The biographer's constant purpose is to recreate the personality of his subject, to make him live again. It is in this creation of character that the biography approaches to the novel. But whereas the novelist is perfectly free, the biographer has to work inside a frame work of facts. He may intuitively feel his way into his subject's mind and soul, but his intuitions must square with the known sayings and actions of the subject, and they must be represented as intuitions. The biographer is again like the novelist, (and also like the historian) when he tries to see some plan in life. It is remarkable how often in the life of a great man some plan does seem to emerge and his whole career to form in a pattern. If the biographer can show us such a pattern without lecturing about it, he is going a long way towards explaining life, while creating a satisfying work of art.

Walton our first biographer of note, shows the most pleasing approximation of the biography to the epitaph. He is definitely writing a panegyric on his subject, but it is never fulsome. He makes no pretence at telling the whole truth, he is taking a quick sketch of his subject in a characteristic attitude. The adulatory biography received/
received a shattering blow from Johnson's Lives of
the Poets. The straight hitting and trenchant
unhesitating criticism of that work opened up new
possibilities. The long, detailed biography, which
is really a different form of art, and one in which
Southey did not experiment, came into its own in the
hands of Mason and Boswell. The one showed how
original letters could be made to play a part in
actually telling the story or painting the picture;
the other extended the method to include conversation.
Between them they succeeded in resurrecting the
panegyric. Southey, for all his hero-worship,
ever turns a blind eye to his subject's faults.
But in the succeeding age, the funeral oration came
into its own again, and the annals of Victorian
biography are crowded with great, dull books which
laboriously catalogue every good deed that their
hero ever did. Certainly one can get plenty of
information from them, but several of them have
killed their subjects for the second time. The
modern biographer carefully looks into all the
locked cupboards to see if there are any skeletons.
There rarely are; but there is usually a body, very
much alive and very human. For to-day the biographer
is determined to make his subject live at whatever
sacrifice.

We have seen incidentally how close Southey
came to the modern method in a passage on Napoleon.
Although his technique varies considerably, his
aim is always the true one, to present a living
portrait. He stated that aim ten years before he
wrote a biography, and he certainly puts biography
on a very high plane. "Biography has been justly
esteemed the most useful of literary studies; and
it is hitherto perhaps the most imperfect; for who
can pry into the secret motives of another and
trace the progress of his opinions? Never was
more unwearied industry displayed than Boswell
exerted in compiling the conversations of Johnson.
We behold the man, we see his manners, and we hear
his opinions; but we neither witness the growth
of his mind nor enter the recesses of his heart.
The/
The slow revolutions of sentiment, and the number of little incidents which operate on character can only be traced by the watchful eye of a self-observer". (Letters in Spain p. 52-53.)

It can be seen that he regards psychological biography as the only worthy kind and thinks that the perfect biography is impossible, the nearest approach to it being (to use a word of his own coining) autobiography. The same passage, which goes on to praise Rousseau's Confessions, contains a proviso against telling the whole truth if that truth is likely to cause moral harm to the reader; but, and this is important, he says nothing about concealing facts on the principle "de mortuis" ---

It is convenient to consider his biographies under two heads, those written as introductions to books by the subject, and those written separately for the intrinsic interest of the subject. The former are as a rule more sketchy than the latter; the editor must not interfere too long between the reader and the book. The purpose of such a life is to give some idea of the man, the product of whose mind is about to be presented. The portrait rather than the life history is usually what is wanted, and some interest may be presupposed in the reader.

His earliest essay in biography is of this type. It was done as a preface to that labour of love, the publication of Kirke White's Remains. It is brief, but quite sufficient. White died young and his life was outwardly uneventful. But the matter is not really thin and Southey does not indulge in any mistaken efforts to make it richer. Particularly, he does not waste too much time on his subject's childhood, although he tells how, as a boy of seven, White would creep into the kitchen to teach the servant to read and write. It is marred by one little fault, and two great ones. The little fault is Southey's bourgeois attitude to the aristocracy; it is exactly that of/
of Tennyson to "Lady Vere de Vere". The first great fault is that Southey at times makes White a figure of almost painful rectitude; he is as unnaturally virtuous as Southey's own early hero, Seward. It is not that Southey does not record his faults. For a long time White had a vicious temper. But Southey gives us this information by means of a letter, of a later date, in which White confesses his youthful evil ways. The effect is to make the young man seem a prig. Perhaps he was; but if so, then so was Southey, for his attitude is one of admiration. The fact is that he did so admire the youth's honesty and courage and self-sacrifice that he does not realise his method of showing the other side of the picture, White's ill-temper and foolish perseverance, is doing him a positive disservice. The other great fault is Southey's apparent disloyalty to his own ideal of biography. It is for the most part a history of events, with little record of opinions and thoughts. He never tries to get inside White's mind, although he sometimes succeeds in painting an emotional state. More amazing, until it is explained, is the very casual way in which Southey handles the crisis of White's psychological career. At the end of a paragraph, he mentions that White's thoughts turned from Law to Theology because he was going deaf and because "his opinions, which had at one time inclined to deism, had now taken a strong devotional bias," (p. 15) and nothing more is said about the matter. It was not until a third volume was added in 1822 that Southey took the opportunity to explain that the facts were not known to him when the earlier account was written; he now repaired the omission. A word of warning in the earlier editions would have prevented that objection being raised and would have looked at least less careless, if not more honest; that apart, the representation still remains largely an external one.

But when the worst has been said, the Life of H.K. White stands as an example of what this type of work should be. It is done with restraint and sincerity. Southey has the honesty to state when
his opinions differ from White's, so that we know when his judgment is likely to be biased. Admittedly it is no more than a sketch, but it is sufficient for its purpose, and within its fifty odd pages Southey succeeds in evoking something of the personality of the young poet. Our interest has been sufficiently aroused to be affected by the description of the over-worked boy with his nerves strained to breaking. "His situation became truly miserable; to his mother and to his brother he wrote always that he had relaxed in his studies, and that he was better; always holding out to them his hopes and his good fortune; but to the most intimate of his friends (Mr Maddock) his letters told a different tale; to him he complained of dreadful palpitations - of nights of sleeplessness and horror, and of spirits depressed to the very depths of wretchedness, so that he went from one acquaintance to another, imploring society, even as a starving beggar entreats for food (Remains of H.K. White (Vol. I, p. 50)).

White's poems have dragged down this preface to oblivion with them. It is too slight and the subject has not sufficient interest for it to stand by itself, indeed it is just not good enough to do so; but the critic of Southey must in fairness state that it is not unworthy of its author, and may wish that it had a more memorable subject.

The same wish cannot be expressed for his next introductory biography, the Life of Bunyan. Bunyan's name at least is known where even Nelson's has never been heard of. Yet Southey's Life of Bunyan has not become a classic. The book has its merits, but, for a number of reasons, it would be difficult to write an excellent biography of Bunyan, and Southey, so earnest in his antagonism to Bunyan's religious opinions, is not quite the person to write it. This Life shows Southey's limitations as a biographer.

The work is a much more detailed one than the previous brief sketch. It is a complete life-story/
life-story, and a full length portrait. With one possible exception it is the most psychological of his Lives. This is its strength and its weakness. The presentation of character, thought and emotion is well done, up to a point. But that point has been pre-determined, and not by Southey himself. Had Grace Abounding been a less excellent book, this work would have been different, perhaps worse. There is just a chance that it might have been better. Grace Abounding is an absorbing piece of writing (of a very special kind) and throws a brilliant beam of light upon some of the dark places of the human mind. It is the product of an original character, who carried the additional blessing of a powerful imagination. But a bright light casts strong shadows. There are some important things in the shadows; and the light here falls very strongly from one side. The very goodness of Grace Abounding obscures Bunyan's real versatility of character. Now Southey cannot get behind or beyond the one-sidedness of Grace Abounding. His reconstruction of Bunyan's character is based almost wholly on the self portrait in that work. It is very well done indeed, but it is incomplete. The Bunyan that played at cat, and swore so magnificently did not die when the Bunyan who heard a voice of reproach from Heaven recorded the fact. This duality, or rather multiplicity of character persisted and can be traced in the very raciness and gusto of his writings and in his headstrong determination to deserve imprisonment. Southey shows us nothing of all this.

Another more significant fact transpires from a comparison of Southey's Life and Bunyan's autobiography. Southey's psychological approach virtually ceases when he no longer has Bunyan's introspections to build on. As long as he is basing his writing on Bunyan's it is vivid, economical and moving. It is difficult to see how it could be better done. This brilliant condensation is in some ways better than Grace Abounding itself, for it retains nearly all the emotive/
emotive power of the original while cutting away much that today reads like cant, and much that is repetitive and tiresome. Southey, too, brings his own mind to bear on what is there recorded, and translates Bunyan's violent self-accusations into proper terms. He was the first writer to see that the tinker was really a most well behaved young man. But when Grace Abounding stops, we are no longer within the mind of a living, feeling creature; we are looking on at the puppet motions of a lay figure. The fire goes out of Southey's writing and is not re-illumined save for a brief flicker up during Bunyan's trial and his wife's intercession for him. The second part is as dull as the first is interesting. All this is not without its meaning, and an understanding of it will help to explain much that is otherwise difficult in the estimation of Southey as a writer. For this sudden loss of grip is by no means uncommon in his work. It gives an inequality not only to individual works, but to his work as a whole. It has been noticed in his histories. Long episodes are tense, vigorous, just; but they are only episodes; the bulk of the work is overcrowded, flaccid and cold. On Nelson he is inspired; on Wellington he is flat. Frequently this alternation of power seems inexplicable. The obvious, the superficial explanation is that Southey loses interest. But unfortunately this is simply not true. Southey's interest in Bunyan is in the whole man, and does not break off suddenly in mid-career. His interest in and admiration of Wellington is as great as of Nelson. His lack of interest in naval tactics is as great as his lack of interest in military tactics. Some deeper cause must be responsible for the mystery. There is one which will at least account for Southey's periods of sterility; though his fecundity is usually due to a combination of factors. That deeper cause is here; for once, superficial. The merits of Southey's Life arise from his use of Bunyan's autobiography.
autobiography; its demerits from the lack of that original in the later stages. In a word, Southey writes well when he has good materials, but poorly, when the originals are scanty or dull. For Brazil he himself indicated the insipidity of the materials, and that book has to be written off as a failure. The dullest sketches of the Peninsular War are obviously written up from mechanical uninteresting originals. The Life of Wellington was a review of one poor insufficient book; the Life of Nelson was based on several, each with many faults, but rich with good things. Provided that he had some interest in the subject Southey never botched good materials, but always turned out a piece of work that was at least competent. Of bad materials he never made anything. Now other writers have succeeded in working up dull material into something vivid and interesting. That Southey has been unhappy in his attempts to do so is his misfortune, not his fault. His failure is to be explained by the same necessity as forced him to give up poetry and to choose dull histories as his life's work. To search out the living reality under the accumulated dust of dead minutiae requires more than the endless patience that Southey was willing to expend. It requires the emotional insight of the poet, the quivering, sensitive, identification of oneself with many personalities that exhausts and hurts a "mimosa sensibility". That Southey for his own safety could not give.

The Life of Bunyan stands, then, like so much of Southey's writing, a broken memorial of his own too delicate responsiveness. It is, perhaps, the standard biography of Bunyan as far as there is a standard biography. The world has been content to accept The Pilgrim's Progress, and pass its author by. The story of his imprisonment becomes part of one's mental property, one is not quite sure how. For those who are interested in him further, Grace Abounding is usually sufficient. But it is impossible to leave the book without quoting a very shrewd comment on Bunyan's pseudo-martyrdom, in which Southey sets his face/
face against popular opinion, and proves his point in clean-limbed, pithy prose. "John Bunyan did not ask himself how far the case of those Martyrs whose example he was prepared to follow resembled the situation in which he was placed; —— they had no other alternative than idolatry or the stake; but he was neither called upon to renounce anything that he did believe nor to profess anything that he did not, the congregation to which he belonged had at that time their meetings unmolested; he might have worshipped when he pleased, where he pleased and how he pleased; he was only required not to go about the country holding conventicles; and the cause for that interdiction was — not that persons were admonished in such conventicles to labour for salvation, but they they were exhorted there to regard with abhorrence that Protestant church which is essentially part of the constitution of this kingdom; from the doctrines of which Church, except in the point of Infant Baptism he did not differ one hair's breadth. This I am bound to observe, because Bunyan has been, and no doubt will continue to be most wrongfully represented as having been the victim of intolerant laws and prelatical oppression".

Life of Bunyan, p. 150.

"It is pleasing to contemplate in one view the even tenour of a long life, innocently and industriously passed in uniform tranquillity and perfect contentment." These are the opening words of Southey's Memoir of Isaac Watts, the hymnologist. They are reminiscent of another biographer's matter and method. As one reads on, the simple clarity of the style strengthens the resemblance. Nothing comes between the reader and the quiet colours of the scene. The feeling of serenity is beautifully and simply conveyed, without any apparent effort on the writer's part. There is a description of the lovely grounds at Theobalds where Watts dwelt so/
so long, which points out how far away from London that district then was and how things have changed since Isaac Walton sent Piscator and the rest wandering among these fields. The reference does not occasion any surprise; rather it reads like a graceful acknowledgment of a debt of gratitude, pleasantly confirming the feeling of familiarity with which one has been reading. For here Southey seems deliberately to have been following Walton's style. The subject is of the same type, a cultured, benignant clergyman. And Southey has used a very similar method. He has deliberately posed his subject and concentrated on that pose, sketching in others lightly to give a little contrast. The tranquility to which all the glaring tones are subdued is the same in both; and in both one suspects some idealisation. Life is not usually so beautiful. But whereas Walton is quite artless, Southey is being an artist. It is rarely that his style has this elusive fragrance. Even a lengthy excursion into Watt's rather peculiar religious theorisings does not materially disturb the general peacefulness. Southey handles the points in which he differs from Watts with remarkable restraint, although he reproaches him for having "a large share of the original temptation ----- to pluck the forbidden fruit ------- as if he were possessed of an intellectual prism with which he could decompose the Light of Light." (p. XI) In this is the only tedious passage in the book, and the tedium is rather a matter of taste than of actual merit or demerit in Southey. For if one happens to be interested in any of these abstract and now rather trivial-seeming problems, one finds that Southey has dealt with them in an interesting way. This sketch was a piece of hack-work intended to help the sale of the book to which it was contributed. Southey has, however, become interested in the character of the subject. None the less, some trace of the feeling of an imposed task remains in his very perfunctory handling of the poems which he is supposed to be recommending. He does not greatly admire them, but naturally cannot say/
say so. He contents himself with quoting Johnson's criticism of them, and leaving it at that.

Horae Lyricae has done for this memoir what Kirke White's poems have done for the earlier life, and again, the memoir is scarcely of a quality to stand by itself. It would be an interesting, if not a profitable experiment to publish these two Lives as companion pieces. They have sufficient good qualities to make it regrettable that they should be utterly lost and the points of contrast between them are such as make comparison piquant, just as L'Allegro gains by the presence of Il Penseroso. The tragically brief life of the promising young man is a pendant to that of the aged theologian calmly "Waiting God's leave to die." The one is emotional, nervous; the other intellectual and serene. Southey's style in the one has brilliance, but a certain unquietness; in the other it is restrained and lucid with the perfection of ease. The description of the pleasance at Theobalds certainly deserves its place in an anthology of English prose.

The Life of Cowper is the last and longest of these introductory biographies. It is the only rival of the Bunyan in the psychological method, but is a much more detailed study of its subject. It is the most unbearable book Southey ever wrote. This is to be taken literally, and holds true both for its merits and for its faults.

To deal with its least praiseworthy qualities first, it must be said that much of this biography is dull reading. Certain characters are brought in and discussed at great length after their lives have ceased to have any influence on Cowper's. These discussions are in themselves tedious, and seem to be introduced merely because Southey has an animus against the persons involved. They allow Southey to strike moral attitudes and preach, but serve no artistic purpose. They do not even afford contrast to the main theme. They centre round the figure of Church-ill, whom Southey regarded/
regarded in much the same diabolic light as he did Byron. The earliest digressions go with unnecessary detail into the lives of Churchill and Lloyd. Southey loses himself here by concentrating on Churchill, who was not Cowper's friend at the expense of Lloyd who was. The later villains of the piece are Churchill and Wilkes, who have even less connection with the main theme, as Churchill and Cowper had long drifted out of any acquaintance, and Wilkes never came into contact with Southey's hero. Their Bohemian existence might have afforded a contrast with his retired life if it were not for the reprobation with which Southey uniformly regards them. His constant head-shaking over these monstrous creatures becomes wearisome. Even in the Doctor he could regard Wilkes with a kindlier eye. Cowper is the most conservative of his biographies. It is sad, and sometimes irritating, to see how frightened he has become of anything impulsive.

The least deviation from the normal, whether towards laxity or strictness, in morals or politics; rouses him to anxious protest or gloomy foreboding.

His remarks on John Newton are justified by the event, and melancholia could have no worse doctor than Calvinistic evangelism. His condemnation of youthful satires, however, takes rather a grave view of life. "For a young and presumptuous poet (and presumptuousness is but too naturally connected with the consciousness of youthful power) a disposition to write satires is one of the most dangerous he can encourage. It tempts him to personalities which are not always forgiven after he has repented and become ashamed of them; it ministers to his self-conceit; if he takes the tone of invective, it leads him to be uncharitable; if he takes that of ridicule, to one of the most fatal habits which any one can contract, that of looking at all things in a ludicrous point of view" (V. II, p. 13).

When we turn to Southey's treatment of Cowper himself, we find less sheer tedium, though there are some repetitive passages that we wish away. But/
But the rest is painful, too painful. It does not achieve tragic power. It does not leave one with that feeling of solemn exaltation which a good tragedy inspires. The reader comes away from it merely depressed and miserable. That it should be so affecting is of course a tribute to Southey's powers as a writer; but there is something wrong with a book which alternately bores and depresses. Much of the depression is caused by the sheer lack of art with which Southey presents his delineation. In spite of the fact that Southey has warned the reader and therefore himself, that during long periods of his melancholia Cowper was not as miserable as he represented himself to be, the picture is one of unrelieved gloom. Just as there are long periods during which the ordinary man behaves as if he had forgotten death, there were times when Cowper's ever present fear was pushed into the background and happiness ceased for a little to be a mockery. This was the Cowper of the charming letters, the Cowper who kept pet hares and who wrote John Gilpin. We see much less of this side of Cowper than we do of the unhappy one, and what we do see of it is haunted by the terrors of the other. Then as has been shown, even when Southey does get away from Cowper for a little, it is merely to enlarge on another gloomy spectacle. In dealing with Cowper's youthful troubles culminating in his attempts at suicide, and to a lesser extent with the later crises, Southey is again unartistic in his use of Cowper's own words. The strictures and moralisings uttered at a much later date by the poet on his own so-called sinfulness are hardly fair comment, to be taken in evidence against him. They rather belong to the portrayal of his unhappy state of mind at the time of their utterance. What is really called for is the outsider's point of view, Southey's own. Now Cowper's case forms a strange antithesis to/
to Bunyan's. The latter was convinced of eternal salvation; the former of eternal damnation. Both were looking back on past sins; the one was sure they were forgiven; the other that they were unforgiveable. Both have left us detailed accounts of their thoughts and feelings in this matter. It has been seen how Southey's use of Bunyan's writings gave his Life of the Allegorist a measure of success. The reconstruction of his subject's character was in part already vividly done for him. He failed because he could do no original reconstruction. Here again the reconstruction has been done for him but more one-sidedly than before, and in a painful fashion. If he could have got away from Cowper's self-portrait, and depicted the man anew for himself all might have been well. But here less than ever was Southey capable of giving himself to the act of creation. In view of all the facts, Southey should never have written the biography of Cowper; and once he had undertaken it, it is difficult to see how he had the heart and courage to go on. For the Life of Cowper was written during the year in which Southey's own wife passed from depression of spirits into melancholic insanity. When that is remembered, the real reason for the lack of art, and for the sheer painfulness of the book becomes apparent. Criticism is silenced, and one can only marvel at the blind courage which devoted itself to such a task.

The last biography that Southey wrote, the Life of Dr Bell, forms a convenient bridge between the introductory memoirs and the independent lives. It is not a prefatory sketch in the sense that those dealt with so far have been, but it was meant to serve merely as a background against which Bell's letters could be read with understanding. It is not meant to be more than a sketch, the details of which will be filled in by subsequent reading. There is nothing outstanding about the book. It is a commissioned job, although Southey
happens to be interested in his subject beforehand. Nevertheless it is an honest, straight-forward narrative. There is no attempt at the interpretation of character, for the character is going to speak for himself. Yet some of Bell's brusque personality comes through. The subject arouses nothing but pleasant emotions in Southey, and a cheerful, even humorous tone predominates. There is nothing to arouse his fear or his anger so that his style is at its easy, urbane best. Indeed the book is singularly free from comment where comment might have been expected, for instance, over Bell's wire-pulling to get vacancies and pluralities. Only one digression of any length occurs - the inset life of Professor Wilkie - and it is so well done that its absence would be unfortunate. This is a thoroughly competent little study and if it adds nothing to Southey's reputation, detracts nothing from it.

When Lardner proposed that Southey should write a series of Lives of the Admirals for his Cabinet Cyclopaedia, he was obviously hoping to secure something as popular as the Life of Nelson which was then enjoying its somewhat belated success. He reckoned without Southey, who insisted that the work should include an "introductory view" of the naval history of England up to Queen Elizabeth's time. Lardener's thoughts have not been recorded, but that unfortunate view extended to one and two-thirds of the four volumes which Southey wrote.

Chesterton once said that the biography of anybody ought to begin with the words "In the beginning, God created heaven and earth," but for the sake of brevity all writers begin in the wrong place. Southey seems to have shared this notion and to have been determined to begin as near the right place as possible. So he goes back to the times of Julius Caesar and Carausius and by the end of the first volume has only reached the/
the reign of Edward III. Much of it is finely written, no doubt, but the faults of his other histories appear in an exaggerated form. Chapter after chapter is a dreary succession of Danish invasions and petty little raids and counter-raids by French and English pirates. They make the whole thing seem purposeless and immaterial. After the expulsion of the Romans, whose naval affairs are quite irrelevant to subsequent events in this country, the only things that really matter are Alfred's arrangements for meeting Danish attacks at sea, the establishment of the Cinque Ports and the raising of a navy under Edward I, the Battle of Sluys, the first Navigation Act, and the redevelopment of the navy and shipping under the Tudor kings after the decay caused by the Wars of the Roses. If Southey had emphasised these events, setting them in a framework that was merely sufficient to show them as a comprehensible growth out of the nation's affairs, his introductory view would have been a success instead of the unwieldy shapeless thing it now is.

But not only does he "condescend over much on details" in matters that are relevant to the main theme. Led by his beloved chroniclers he goes off into long accounts of matters that are not even remotely connected with it. For instance, the fact of the Norman Conquest is important for him; the course of it is not; while its remote causes simply do not matter. Yet he does into them in detail, and accounts for the conquest on his pet theory of God's Vengeance on a sinful nation. There are other, greater irrelevancies such as the sieges of Hennebon and Calais and some accounts of affairs in the Hundred Years War. In none of these events did the fleet play a part. His sense of proportion seems to have decreased with the passage of time. If one had the patience to endure them, some of these digressions would be very interesting. The romantic episodes are well told. His quotations from Froissart are chosen with an eye/
eye to the quaintness or happiness of their diction. His re-telling of the story of the "White Ship", even though it accepts the legend in its entirety, is a lovely thing. At other times, it is true, he is simply unloading the chroniclers on to his pages, not using inverted commas, and modernising the spelling, but leaving many of the old words and old turns of phrase.

There is one chapter, the ninth, that is a model of what much more of the book might have been. One section of it is particularly to the point; it is that in which he discusses the changes in naval matters resultant on the introduction of cannon. More description of how the earlier navies fought and less of their petty engagements would have been an advantage.

Fortunately the book improves as soon as the biographies begin. The writing becomes more strenuous, and there is less unnecessary matter to which exception can be taken. The first two accounts are different in aim and method from any others. The Life of Howard is rather a naval history of England during his admiralty than a biography of the man, who occupies the foreground only in the first and last pages. The reason for this unusual technique is that the Armada took place while he was commander and the general situation leading up to that great attempt is more important than any of Howard's personal exploits. Southey's reading of the previous moves is rather good. For once he takes the wide view, and his elucidation of Elizabeth's early politics is a shrewd piece of work on a big and complicated subject. Some of the later portions are less powerful, but inevitably he rises again to the occasion of the Armada. His description is admirably clear and restrained, without any effort to heighten material which is vivid enough in itself.

The Life of Cumberland is a contrast to the previous one. It contains no great political event but consists of a series of nine privateering voyages/
voyages in which Cumberland took part. It gives us some idea of a typical career of that age against which we can set the exploits of the more famous sailors. It is the sort of tale a boy would delight in, crammed with fights and imprisonments, shipwrecks and calms.

The two great figures Hawkins and Drake rightly are made the joint subjects of one biography. It is an entirely external account, as perhaps best fits such men of action, though it was an error to put the descriptive portraits at the very end. The sketch has other, more intangible, faults. It does not hold the interest right through. The account of the circumnavigation seems flat beside Froude's more vivid description. But the last unhappy voyage to the Indies, where the two leaders die, and the seizure of Porto Rico becomes such an empty success, is effectively done. It is a skilful touch to finish with the legends that have gathered round Drake's name.

It is strange how every writer who has handled the subject seems to catch fire at the story of Essex. Southey's account has some digressions and some dull passages; nevertheless with the Life of Raleigh it ranks as the first thing in the book. There is much more analysis of character in them than elsewhere. His presentation of the fiery young man catches the tragedy of his situation. Southey perceives too that it is in reality more than a personal affair; it is the last struggle of the old aristocracy against Tudor despotism. It has little reference to naval matters, but it is undoubtedly the biography of an English Admiral and is better as such than the others, Raleigh's excepted. A fairly long quotation is given. It shows Southey's attitude to the affair (not quite that in favour to-day) and it also gives some indication of how a romantic detail or vivid picture in his original can lead him into a digression. The description of the ladies' dresses actually detracts from the quality of the passage. "When the Queen sent to Essex for her/
her own letter —— he returned for answer that
he had lost or mislaid it, for it could not be found.
This was said in very submissive terms; but Elizabeth
was hurt that so little care should be taken of
her letters; and her displeasure was manifested
in revoking an order which she had given for the
removal of his keeper. It was manifested also in
a manner characteristic of the woman, and on
an occasion characteristic of the times. The Queen
honoured the marriage of the Lord Herbert and Miss
Anne Russell with her presence —— After supper
eight ladies came in their characters as masquers,
apparelled alike, "In a skirt of cloth of silver,
a rich waistcoat wrought with silk, and gold, and
silver; and a mantle of carnation taffeta cast under
the arm, and their hair loose about the shoulders,
curiously knotted and interlaced". They advanced
to Apollo's music; and in a fine speech mention was
made of a ninth, much to her honour and praise".
"Delicate it was" says Roland White "to see eight
ladies so prettily and richly attired". After they
had done all their own ceremonies they chose eight
other ladies to dance the measures; and the lady
who led the mask went to the Queen and wooed her
to dance. Her Majesty asked what she was?
"Affection" was the reply. "Affection!" said the
Queen, "Affection is false". Yet her Majesty rose
and danced. She was in the sixty-seventh year of
her age. Elizabeth's conduct concerning Essex
is perfectly intelligible, without casting upon
her the imputation of a weakness which would have
been not less preposterous at her age, than
unbecoming in her station. She was ill satisfied
with herself for having lavished her bounty on
one who had shown himself neither worthy of it
nor grateful". (Lives of the Admirals, Vol. IV,
p. 163-184).
Very different is the gloomy, harsh person-
ality of Raleigh, but Southey has recreated it
with as much success. The implacable rivalry
of Cecil is skilfully brought out, there are
little touches that show how penetrative the
Secretary's quiet influence was.
The/
The mock execution is handled with a combination of tension and irony that is wholly suitable. But the closing scenes are those which remain most clearly in the memory. Southey has worked his way into the mind of the doubt-tormented old adventurer whose last stake is forfeit and who does not know which of his seeming friends are enemies.

Both this biography and the former again demonstrate Southey's skill in re-shaping good matter. Even in the brief excerpt quoted above, some of his methods of handling raw material can be traced; it is admirably done; and on these occasions he has been served by his originals right to the end.

The first three volumes of the Lives of the Admirals would have been no great loss unwritten, but this fourth volume deserves a better fate than to be chained to the other three. Neither of these two Lives, is in the first rank, and Strachey's colourful work has said the last word on Essex for the present generation. Yet in spite of their faults, in spite of their occasional digressions, in spite of their stretches of tedium, these biographies have something very definite to say, and say it in no mean fashion.

The Life of Cromwell and the Life of Wellington were both reprinted from the Quarterly, the former posthumously. They are both worthless today but for different reasons. The Life of Cromwell is well written but wrong and in view of later research out-of-date. Southey's chief authority is Clarendon, whom strangely enough he regards as impartial, and his thesis is that Cromwell, "that rare dissembler" as he calls him, aimed at regicide and power from the very beginning. Even Mr Belloc the latest upholder of the view that Cromwell was crafty, substitutes statesmanship and fear for the motive of ambition. Whereas it seems that Carlyle was nearer the truth in regarding Cromwell as a hero. He was a strong, simple man, whose earnest mind before the complexities of politics was "like a large/
large vague vapour from which came ultimately a precipitate of belief" (J. Buchan, Oliver Cromwell, London 1934). Southey's sketch is a piece of vigorous dialectic rather than a biography.

The Wellington which Southey knew to be an ephemeral thing, but for which Murray paid him so handsomely, reflects little of the magnetism which for years made its subject "the Duke" par excellence. Southey probably lacked good material when he wrote it, even so it is a poor production. It is a record of military achievements; not a life. The events are there, but the man is missing. We only get one glimpse of him, and that is before Waterloo. He was exposing himself rather rashly while reconnoitring and when an officer remonstrated replied, "I know, but I must see what they are doing or die".

Ought a man, whose hatred of fanaticism is such that his fear of Dissent is second only to his fear of Roman Catholicism, to write the biography of a great schismatic? Yet Southey did. Ought he, then, to be successful? Southey was. His Life of Wesley is a very pleasant surprise. It is well written, sane and fair.

Southey was very amused when an American critic announced that he had discovered that this biography was exactly modelled on the Odyssey, with Wesley as Ulysses and so on. The fact remains that this is the best designed of Southey's Lives. Not only do we perceive an architectonic in the career of the hero, but as this is a history of the growth of the movement as well as of the man, the alterations from the one to the other give Southey unusual opportunities for weaving a pattern out of events and contrasting the general with the particular. In addition, he is handling several persons whose thoughts and feelings interest him. The clash of their opinions and characters give the work dramatic possibilities.

As usual, he wastes little time on the childhood of his characters. The details he gives are pertinent/
pertinent. He passes quickly to their Oxford days where they earned the name of Methodists before any of them reached what was to become the core of Methodism. For of the leaders, it was Whitefield who first experienced the "rebirth" before the brothers Wesley had felt the need of such a spiritual upheaval. It was only after his return from Georgia and his contact with Whitefield, who sailed for that colony as John Wesley disembarked, that the latter was convinced of a lack of faith and finally was "born again". The Moravian interlude followed. Whitefield again led the way in the next development of Methodism by taking to field-preaching at Kingswood. Wesley, however, was responsible for the first meeting house. At this point Southey pauses to show, by a very brief but very pointed history of Christianity why Methodism so aptly fulfilled the needs of the eighteenth century. The next section shows the testing-time of Methodism in which it had to demonstrate that it was strong enough to stand alone. First came the final split with the Moravians over doctrinal and disciplinary disagreements. More dangerous to the movement was the breach between Whitefield and Wesley on the question of Predestination. But this did not now lead to an internal cleavage and Methodism had the strength to go on with the gradual but inevitable schism from the Established Churches which culminated in the appointment of lay preachers. Southey again paused to show what Methodism had achieved by 1740. Then he proceeds with some outstanding events of Wesley's field-preachings and the first occasions on which the Methodists met with active resistance. Brief biographies of some notable lay-preachers follow, and an account of the school established for their children. Two chapters on Doctrine and Discipline precede a survey of the progress of Methodism in Wales, Scotland and Ireland. But by way of contrast with the section in which Methodism had showed its strength, for the next few years Wesley's lines were laid in less pleasant places. He/
He married unhappily. An unscrupulous member of the sect, Maxfield, in whom especial trust had been placed, tried to precipitate strife and led a small body of separatists. The consequence was to rake up again the problem of Predestination. Whitefield once more supported that doctrine, and this time formed a new sect, the Calvinist Methodists, building the Tabernacle. With the support of Lady Huntingdon he was also enabled to set up a Calvinist Seminary at Trevecca, thereby completing the schism. In spite of these differences, Wesley and Whitefield maintained their love for each other; but after the latter's death the controversy became more bitter. After an excursion to America, to show what Methodism had done there, Southey returns to consider the real significance of the movement in this country and to give us a picture of Wesley in the happy days of his old age.

Southey has achieved something very considerable in this work. Without trying to conceal his own opinions, he has aimed at presenting an honest and unbiased account of Methodism; and he has very largely succeeded. His hostile criticisms are supported by cogent arguments, and they are mostly justified. What he speaks in praise is sincerely spoken. One of the finest admissions, made by such an as a Dissenter, is that Methodism was a necessity which came to supply the need created by the laxity of the Church, and also in some cases was a reaction against scepticism. He is particularly shrewd in his analysis of whom Methodism really touched. It was not the aristocracy and intelligentsia on whom no emotional religious movement has much effect; nor the middle classes of whom a fair number were attracted, though the majority remained sincerely or bovinely content with the Establishment. The drift back from Methodism to conformity was proportionately greatest among them. Nonconformity had its disadvantages. It was among the lowest classes, the down-and-outs to whom the Church never came, that Methodism worked its real and abiding miracles/
miracles. With its emphasis on emotion and faith it made an irresistible appeal to those whose intellectual and worldly gifts were not great. Incidentally Southey strikes out one of his few great generalisations; that at certain periods, when some great changes are about to take place in the world the right agents will always be discovered. If there had been no Wesley, Whitefield would have founded Methodism. If there had been no Napoleon? Southey had not asked himself that question.

The most serious charge he has to bring against Methodism is that it led to certain extravagances. He rightly disliked the paroxysms which it excited. As he observes, it was under Wesley that these fits appeared, and frequently his presence seemed to cause them when other preachers had left the audience in a normal state. These distempers, however, appeared on numerous occasions when Wesley was not present. Southey realises from their contagiousness, that these fits were really some sort of fugitive mental disease, temporary aberrations, though he is not quite sure how to account for them. But he makes a penetrative point when he says that this fanaticism began to react on Wesley himself and that he often looked for it as a sign of grace. Southey objects to his encouragement of such practices because they were dangerous and unnecessary to true religion, because they alienated many unfanatical people, making them hostile to the real virtues of Methodism, because they led to much avoidable suffering and because they opened the door to charlatans, hypocrites, and imposters. He deplores Wesley's credulity in this matter. Next in severity to the fits, he reprobates the excessive devotionalism of certain Methodist practices; and here again thoughtful criticism must agree with him. There is something morbid in the emotion aroused by such services as love-feasts and watch-nights. In his discussion of Methodist doctrine, Southey again occupies a safe central position, the problems there agitated have fallen rather into the background today, but the/
the sheer vigour of the writing gives them a certain secondary interest (it is not more than that) because we have here the impact of two vigorous minds. Southey can make his points without departing from a tone of sanity. His hatred of Methodism is never blind.

Some of the general surveys of the progress of Methodism outside England are very pedestrian. To few other passages can exception be taken on these grounds. Throughout there is keenness and liveliness about the writing as if Southey were occupied on a subject which exercised his whole mind and heart; in which there was much that he could admire; and whose weak points he could combat successfully and without arousing a storm of emotions in himself. Calmly and capably, Southey is putting forth his powers. There is one chapter of particular beauty, it follows on an account of some Methodist extravagances and anti-Methodist riots. These unpleasant things are replaced by a series of sketches describing the lovely surroundings amid which Wesley often preached and the solemn influence of his open-air cathedrals. By way of contrast the next Chapter relates the dramatic self-conversion of John Thorp. These variations are not accidental. It is interesting to see how, even here, Southey sometimes attains that effect of breathless hurrying narrative which he can use with such skill. It appears notably in the accounts of the first Methodist preachings on Moorefields and Blackheath and in rapid sequence of triumphs secured by Whitefield just after his conversion. Notice how the details in the following passage pile up to the grand climax, which when it arrives is a quiet little sentence with a sly sting in it. "The nearer the time of his departure approached, the more eager people were to hear him, and the more warmly they expressed their admiration and love for the preacher. They stopt him in the aisles and embraced him; they waited upon him at his lodgings to lay open their souls; they begged religious books of him,"
him, and entreated him to write their names with his own hand, and when he preached his farewell sermon here, as at Bristol, the whole congregation wept and sobbed aloud. At the end of the year, he left London, and embarked at Gravesend for Georgia. This unexampled popularity excited some jealousy on a part of the clergy, and in others a more reasonable enquiry concerning the means whereby it was obtained. "Life of Wesley, Vol I, p. 151-152.

Southey's reading of Wesley's character is fairly shrewd. He is in a fortunate position, because his admiration of the man is so tempered by his dislike of the movement that he can write without any fear of lionising him. There is however no real fault to be found with Wesley's character, but without any undue effort to psychologise Southey turns a shrewd eye on some qualities that the great reformer perhaps never admitted, even to himself. In his young days Wesley's austerity "led him wrong in every thing". At Oxford he adopted a too stringent rule of life. In Georgia he put himself in a ridiculous position by reproving the levity of a young lady to whom he had been nearly engaged. Finally things came to such an impasse that he had to leave the country. He was always too credulous of miracles wrought for his benefit, and ready to accept paroxysms as sincere and infallible signs of grace. Many of Wesley's troubles with the Moravians and the Established Church were brought about because "he was not born to hold a secondary place". But this same unacknowledged aspiration was of immense value to him when it came to the organisation of the sect which he founded. For the most part, the picture of Wesley is a very pleasant one. The telling of such an incident as the following is as gracious as an old legend. "Even frenzy was rebuked before him; in one of the workhouses which he visited was a young woman raving mad, screaming and tormenting herself continually/
continually. His countenance and manner and voice, always impressive and doubly so to one who had been little accustomed to looks of kindness and words of consolation, acted upon her as oil upon the waves; and the moment that he began she was still, and while he encouraged her to seek relief in prayer saying "Jesus of Nazareth is able and willing to deliver you", the tears ran down her cheeks."

(Much of Wesley's own charm is caught in the description of him in middle age. Again Southey has made excellent use of good materials - the many anecdotes of him and his own urbané writings. The picture of him, vigorous and happy, in his last years is still more benign. The funeral of Wesley is told with that beautiful simplicity - which characterised the man. Southey perhaps never wrote anything more effectively restrained. Mr Richardson who performed the service, had been one of his preachers almost thirty years. When he came to that part of the service, "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother," his voice changed, and he substituted the word father; and the feeling with which he did this was such, that the congregation who were shedding silent tears burst at once into loud weeping". Life of Wesley, Vol. II, p. 562-563.)

At least one book of Southey's is sure of its place in the temple of Fame. No matter how biographical methods change, his Life of Nelson will remain to the short biography what Boswell is to the long. Both are unique in their qualities; imperfect, yet outstanding in their kinds. Nevertheless, if Wesley were as popular as Nelson, the biography of the former might rank higher than the latter. There are two reasons why the Nelson should be so famous. One is Nelson; the other is Southey's love for him. For once Southey found/
found the ideal subject, a great man of really vivid personality, and one whom he could admire whole heartedly, who stood for all that Southey thought best in the national character and who gave his life fighting the power Southey hated most.

Southey took his matter from several books of varying merit. His foundation was the accurate but cumbersome and technical works of Clarke and MacArthur, and Charnock. He added some anecdotes from Harrison's gossipy Life, which may or may not be true; in the 1830 edition, supplementary matter was added from a collection of letters by Nelson, Sir William and Lady Hamilton. Their authenticity has been called in question, but the extracts taken by Southey certainly have the same tone as other undoubtedly genuine letters. The death of Nelson follows closely the pathetic narrative of Dr Beatty's True Account. Southey's inspiration, however, was the man, not any book about him, so that he handles his material very freely. His intention was to write a short and readable history of the great naval hero for the use of young seamen. He was definitely aiming at popularity. Murray's constant insistence that it must be short saved the work from Southey's weakness for detail. All he had space to do was to pick out the high lights and the shadows and so present a bold impressionist sketch. Except for his honest exposure of what he considered to be Nelson's one black spot, the story passes from episode to episode in which the hero does and says those wildly romantic things that make him still a vivid and winning personality. Yet the tale never becomes monotonous. Everything bears the stamp of the man; but there is no lack of variety; there is nothing that is merely repetitive. The story is well managed. It cannot be said that it is planned with the care that went to the Wesley, but it has a certain amount of plot in it. In the early chapters there are his failures and disgust with the navy; always the undertone of his ill-health sounds through the brilliance of his deeds. The/
The quiet pastorals of his life ashore afford rest from the constant movement of his life at sea. The Naples incident gives a shadow that emphasises the light. The climax comes after the frustration of the chase to the West Indies, and the mounting excitement which it causes.

Notwithstanding the excellence of the telling, Southey has committed some errors of fact. Several of no real importance are due to a misunderstanding of technicalities in his source books. But sometimes he is unintelligible and contradictory, as in his account of Copenhagen, and two serious faults have ruined, at least in the popular mind, the reputation, that Nelson in his life-time enjoyed, of a skilful and deliberate strategist. In the rather muddled account of the tactics of the Battle of the Nile, he says, "Nelson was struck with the idea that where there was room for a French ship to swing there was room for a British one to anchor, and that therefore he would attack the French line entirely on the outer side, two English ships anchoring by each Frenchman, this plan of attack being a display of intuitive genius on Nelson's part. Nelson's conclusion does not seem a very obvious deduction from his premises, nor is it the scheme of doubling on the enemy which Lord Hood had once intended to put into practice, and which Nelson is here said to be imitating. When the battle commenced, Captain Foley is given credit for carrying out a plan which he had long meditated, and with which the rest of the fleet fell in, which consisted of engaging the French both on the inner and outer side, which was nothing like Nelson's stroke of intuitive genius, but which was exactly Lord Hood's untried plan. Obviously Nelson's plan was the one adopted from Hood and actually put into practice, Foley merely following instructions. The other, of engaging the fleet on the outer side only, if not due to a misunderstanding on Southey's part, must have been an alternative to be put into practice if it was not possible to sail between the French and the land.

Southey's account of the opening of the Battle of/
of Trafalgar makes it appear that the Admiral formed his famous plan of attack, the "Nelson-touch", only to depart from it in the excitement of actually seeing the enemy. As it needed an Admiralty Committee to find out what actually did happen on that occasion, Southey is less reprehensible here. He does not make a mis-statement so much as convey a false impression. Nelson, in leading his division, actually was sailing out of his place in the line, but the plan of attack in double line ahead was still adhered to. The emphasis thrown on his refusal to let the Temeraire pass ahead absolves the fact that the vital part of the plan is still going forward.

Incidentally Southey's description of Trafalgar is an interesting piece of technique. He does not describe the battle in any detail. As soon as the engagement has commenced he concentrates on the Victory, and, when the last scene in the cockpit is over, returns to give an account of the general result. Again it is a piece of impressionism which gives a sense of great conflict and no more. It is sufficient, and skilfully done. He has picked on what matters to the biographer, and let the rest which is the affair of the historian go.

There is another matter which Southey, and apparently all his contemporaries with the exception of Nelson, misunderstood. That was, why Villeneuve's fleet crossed the Atlantic and why Nelson chased it. It seemed a vexatious and losing game of blind-man's buff. Actually it was the triumph of Nelson's strategic career which needed only an engagement with Villeneuve to make it an absolute success. When Villeneuve disappeared from the Mediterranean, his fleet was carrying a large number of troops. It had not sailed north; to sail south would have led nowhere; it must therefore have sailed west. Before he could pursue it, Nelson found that his suspicion to that effect was correct. Why does a fleet fighting Great Britain, and carrying troops, sail for the West Indies? Nelson seems to/
to have made the fantastic guess that this was a rendezvous, and that the other enemy fleets were to try to slip through the English blockade and make for the same destination. His quick pursuit prevented Villeneuve waiting at that rendezvous, and sent him helter-skelter back to Europe.

Nelson's one slip was in going to Trinidad on false information. This kept him from encountering Villeneuve but not from rendering the tryst unavailable. On Villeneuve's return, Napoleon's army marched away from Boulogne. The invasion of England had failed. The French were defeated without a battle. Trafalgar was a coup de grace, nothing more. And Nelson's fantastic guess was right. We now know that Napoleon ordered Villeneuve to repair to Martinique and wait there forty days for the other French admirals. When the forces were all collected, they were to sail for Boulogne via the north of Scotland. The blockade in Europe, and the chase to the West Indies countered that move. Only a Napoleon would have planned such an attack; only a Nelson guessed the secret.

Southey's reading of Nelson's character is sincere and effective, but inexact. Like the Wesley it does not take us deeply into the mind of the hero. But it certainly lets us see the man as he was. He breathes and moves and talks. The episodes are carefully selected to catch and preserve Nelson's characteristics. And here Southey had indeed rich material to work upon. Nelson had a very decided character; his sayings and actions bore the stamp of the man. He would race middies to the topmast. He was always liable to seasickness. He hunted polar bears. He left Lady Hamilton as a legacy to the nation. "England expects ——-". "Kiss me, Hardy". Like Montrose he lived as if in a romance. And Southey has captured that atmosphere. Even the apocrypha are "truer than truth itself". Vigorous writer that Southey was, he could appreciate the full raciness of/
of his hero's sayings and writings, and Nelson's sense of humour prevented both from taking things too seriously. But there are several ways in which Southey misrepresents his subject and it is somewhat ironical that nearly all the mistakes should be to Nelson's disadvantage. For, though Southey's hero-worship was patent and avowed, he carried it off because he was writing about a real hero. That did not prevent him misunderstanding Nelson, and so mis-praising him. Honesty also compelled him to make certain criticisms, which were unfortunately based upon ignorance.

It has already been seen what damage Southey did to Nelson's reputation as a strategist by making him as impetuous and changeable as a boy, while in fact he thoughtfully worked out plans for every contingency and faithfully adhered to them. Southey was possibly led into regarding Nelson as a brilliant opportunist who made plans and then abandoned them in the heat of action by the fact that Nelson when not in supreme command had so often disobeyed orders to carry out some daring scheme of his own, which looked like (and often was) the inspiration of the moment.

Lady Hamilton, Nelson's "evil star" as Southey called her, played the will o' the wisp with her lover's biographer. He felt himself morally bound to condemn the union, and was incapable of sympathy with Nelson's sexual temperament. To regard it as a sordid affair was ungenerous, perhaps unjust. Lady Hamilton gave Nelson something that Lady Nelson did not - loving appreciation of his qualities. Southey was, however, entitled to his opinion in this matter. He was wrong in allowing it to interfere with his judgment of events on which, by his own showing, it had no effect. Yet this is precisely what he did in his consideration of Nelson's behaviour towards the insurgents at Naples;
Naples. His honesty made him accuse Nelson of crimes of which he was not guilty. Southey says he was sent to co-operate with the Royalists under Cardinal Ruffo. In fact he was sent to supersede Ruffo and prevent him from granting terms to the rebels. On his arrival, and as Southey says, in spite of the arguments of Sir William and Lady Hamilton, he naturally annulled the treaty which Ruffo had just concluded. Southey goes on to represent that he then treacherously took the rebels prisoner under cover of carrying out the treaty. Actually they surrendered to him rather than face the fury of the Royalists by land, knowing that the treaty was no longer valid and that his presence made further resistance impossible. This is not quite the "deplorable transaction" that Southey exclaimorily declares it to have been. The next step was the hanging of Caracciolo. Southey here accuses Nelson, under Lady Hamilton's influence, of acting without authority, precipitately, unjustly, and mercilessly. Yet himself he says that "it is affirmed" Nelson refused to see any but his officers during the proceedings. Many other things that he accepted without question were mere affirmations. For example, Caracciolo was forty-seven, not seventy. Nelson as commander-in-chief was bound to convene a naval court martial. Count Thurn, an enemy of the prisoner, took the presidency of the court by virtue of his rank and seniority. The prisoner at a naval court martial cannot summon witnesses. If the decision of the court had been anything but the death sentence, Nelson could have delayed execution; but, except when accompanied by a recommendation for mercy, the death sentence may not be interfered with by the convener of the court. Nelson was innocent of all the charges which Southey made, though the latter was acting honestly and in ignorance of the technicalities of naval law. In no other way did Nelson rouse Southey's moral anger; on no other occasion did Southey breathe/
breathe a word of criticism against him.

Southey did not realise that Nelson was an early manifestation of Byronism. He details the symptoms, but without recognition of the temperament; of course in 1813, it could not have been called Byronism; but Southey makes no attempt to weld the posing, the heroism, the amorousness, the moments of reaction and disgust into one explicable whole. It would have shocked him to think that there was a fundamental resemblance between his hero and his enemy. Yet Nelson had the sign manual of Byronism, that deliberate improving of the occasion and striving after effect which is after all sincere because he romantically believed that lovely ideals should be lived as well as thought. So Nelson set the stage before flying his famous signal; he turned his blind eye with a great parade. He showed some of the other side of Byronism too. Petty annoyances and real hardships prick the bright bubble-ideals, and until fresh ones are blown, a highly emotional temperament swings over to disgust, uncertainty, and cynicism. Nelson was too eager to be a cynic; but how often did he show disgust with himself and the Service, giving up his commission and retreating into the country. He needed Lady Hamilton's assurances; and even with them seemed ready for death. How far was his dangerous display on the Victory's quarter-deck a glorious self-sacrifice to his ideals? How far a triumphant escape from life?

Even with its faults the book remains a masterpiece. The errors of fact are easily discounted. The virtues are not to be found elsewhere. It is built on a foundation of sincerity, which prevents Southey's passionate admiration for his hero ever degenerating into fulsome praise. He means every word he says. Never, since Boswell, has a biographer written more from the heart. Further he makes us feel that Nelson deserved it all. For he does present a heroic figure of

Romance,
romance, who is as irresistible as the original ever was. If we never get inside his mind, we come to know him like a friend. We are made acquainted with his little tricks of speech, his pouting lip, his quick step, and the jigging stump of his arm. Such an effect is not achieved without art. It is not done by the haphazard presentation of interesting anecdotes. There is skill in the selection and the arrangement. With the exception already noticed, the lights are set to fall upon the most winning characteristics of the man. He cleverly uses colloquialisms to give an intimacy of touch that is altogether charming. For the hero is very human. That is why as a hero he is so admirable. If his head is in the clouds, his feet are very solidly planted on mother earth. Not only does Nelson's charm come through but the forcefulness of his personality — his restless vigour and his dynamic activity.

But this is more than the life-like picture of a winning and forceful man. It covers half a world and involves the fate of nations. And Southey, without any straining, lets us see the conflict of the mighty forces symbolised and led by Nelson and his antagonist. The greatness of the subject reacts in its turn on the work. It would have been impossible to write such a good book on a man of no national importance, even if he had possessed all Nelson's fine qualities. But the greatness of the occasion has called out the best in Southey who felt the conflict as his own.

The mere narration is masterly. Under compulsion of keeping it short Southey has resisted the temptation of unnecessary digression. The work has what Southey calls a becoming brevity, admitting nothing that is redundant, excluding nothing that is significant. Except for his account of Corsica, he drives his story onwards forthright. There is no sense of hurry; the pauses are deliberate and well-placed. But there is/
is a feeling of progress. The narrative goes on irresistibly without accumulating inessentials. Its excellence is perhaps the same in origin as his "breathless gallops" but it is different in effect. A great feeling of strength and ease of movement pervades the whole. The vitality and raciness is astonishing even for Southey. No-where is his prose more athletic. There is no effort, no strain. Quietly and capably it takes the great moments in its stride. "The death of Nelson was felt in England, as something more than a public calamity; men started at the intelligence and turned pale; as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride, and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and reverenced him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero - the greatest of our own and of all former times - was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly indeed had he performed his part, that the maritime war after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end; the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him; the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him whom the King, the Legislature and the nation would have alike delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the Church bells, have given the school-boys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports/
sports to gaze upon him, 'and old men from the chimney corner' to look upon Nelson ere they

For that passage alone Southey deserved to be
made Poet Laureate..

Southey came to biography accidentally.
He started with his introductory Life of White
because he wanted to interest purchasers in the
poems. His other prefatory Lives are either in-
spired by his work as editor or are hack work.
Of his independent biographies, the Life of Wesley
was his own choice; the Life of Bell was his task
as literary executor; the Lives of the Admirals
were commissioned; the rest including the Nelson
grew out of book reviews in the Quarterly. Yet
it was in biography that he attained his masterpiece,
and considered as a group, his biographies are a
finer achievement than his work in any other depart-
ment of literature. While the Nelson and the
Wesley are really outstanding productions, the
Bunyan is one of the most readable accounts of
that person that we have, and four other Lives,
Raleigh, Essex, White, and Watts, deserve a better
fate than that which has overtaken them.

It is worth trying to account briefly for
Southey's success as a biographer. His greatest
faults are lack of plan, and love of digression
and detail. In biography the plan lies nearer
the surface than it does in history and death puts
an end to the biographer's activities as well as
the subjects'. The need for brevity, which was
incumbent upon Southey as editor or reviewer,
was a beneficent despotism. When it was removed,
Southey fell back into his old faults; this is
true even of the Wesley.

But his virtues are not merely negative.
He has the first essential, style, and a style
which is peculiarly suited to biography because
it is admirably free from distinctive qualities.
He has a particular gift for quick impetuous
narrative,
narrative, where the very absence of effort heightens the effect. He can be pathetic without being sentimental, and his death-beds are never maudlin, because in the presence of a great man and a great mystery he is simple and humble. Knowing that no man is a saint, he looks for faults, not to delight in them nor preach over them, but because he would draw an honest and complete picture of his subject. He can make us interested in a person though not always as much as he is himself interested. Still more, he can let us see him "in his life as he lived" because he has a lively interest in human nature and can pick out the little things in speech or look or behaviour that mark a man out from his fellows.

The dialogue form presents certain dangers which Southey has not always avoided. When one of the speakers is a disembodied spirit, how much is he to know of events since his departure? Southey could never make up his mind whether to credit Mors with knowledge or not. At times he is quite aware of new developments; at others he has to ask for information and explanation. It would have been better to decide one way or the other. Total ignorance would lead to such clumsy explanations that omniscience of intermediate events is preferable. The writer of dialogue is also tempted to make one speaker set up straw men for the other/
MORAL AND POLITICAL.

Under this head it is convenient to consider Southey's controversial writings, those books that were written with an eye to the burning questions of the day. Sir Thomas More and Essays Moral and Political obviously form a pair, and the Book of the Church and Vindiciae Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ are connected with them by the Anti-Catholic purpose which finds a place in all four. That purpose has proved to be the quality that has dated most quickly, and the value of these works today depends on other more permanent features.

Considered merely as literature, (that is, as a piece of prose) Sir Thomas More is of no small merit. The dialogue as a medium for the discussion of topical questions is a form with a long history behind it. But Sir Thomas was an original interlocutor and the interweaving of topic and setting throughout a long series of conversations had not before been done in English except by Walton, whose purpose was not a serious one. Plato had used the setting as a trigger for some of his Socratic dialogues, but not so consistently, nor had he used the scenery as sugar for his philosophical pill. The settings are well done. They are all places which Southey knows and loves; but his descriptions are free from the common fault of that age, which he himself did not always escape, the picturesque. There is no sketching after the awe-inspiring. It can not, however, be said that in his desire to be exact he has entirely avoided being laboured. The picnic to Walla Crag is one of the pleasantest of those interludes.

The dialogue form presents certain dangers which Southey has not always avoided. When one of the speakers is a disembodied spirit, how much is he to know of events since his departure? Southey can never make up his mind whether to credit More with knowledge or not. At times he is quite aware of new developments; at others he has to ask for information and explanation. It would have been better to decide one way or the other. Total ignorance would lead to such clumsy explanations that omniscience of intermediate events is preferable. The writer of dialogues is also tempted to make one speaker set up straw men for the other/
other to knock down. Southey resists that temptation. In the early colloquies, as Montesinos he advances his beliefs and arguments for the possibility of progress, and as More he replies with his own doubts and fore-bodings, which are equally earnest and on the whole predominant. On other occasions, Montesinos states a popular fallacy and More exposes it. Very rarely More is contradicted and corrected by Montesinos. In avoiding straw men Southey tends towards an opposite fault. The two speakers are over much on the same side of the argument and too often shake their heads simultaneously on the sad state of affairs. The climax is reached when Sir Thomas becomes a staunch Anglican, although the King is still the supreme head of the Church, and retracts all that he had said in favour of a celibate clergy, during his natural life. He has learned wisdom on a higher plane. In consequence of this harmony between the disputants one can see the dialogue breaking down. The tendency of the later colloquies is towards the essay. The speeches become inordinately long. Southey even seems unwilling to use dialogue when a fair occasion arises. Several times he makes More say "You will object that ..." and then answer the unspoken objection. The obvious thing would have been to let Montesinos object before More replied. But towards the end, the book is becoming more dogmatic, less argumentative; more obviously an exposition of Southey's point of view less an attempt to examine the actual state of affairs.

The work opens with a plausible account of the appearance of the gentle ghost and the second section sets the problem which the remainder of the work will discuss, whether society can be improved or not. Thereafter it almost uniformly takes the gloomy view; indeed it is pathetically over serious at times:

"Montesinos:- In these things individual cases must be overlooked; they can no more be regarded in the general measurements of government, than in the operations of nature. More:- are they then unregarded in the operations of nature? Those operations are under the guidance of that Providence which feedeth the fowls of the air, and without which, not a sparrow falls to the ground. Look to your heart Montesinos if the words were spoken advisedly; look to your heart, and if at any moment the cloud and the darkness come over you pray for light and for forgiveness". Sir/
And Montesinos grovels before the storm. Other passages are very reactionary; Southey is hitting out in a blind panic at what he had once admired: "The prevailing opinions of this age go to the destruction of everything which has hitherto been held sacred. They tend to arm the poor against the rich; the many against the few; worse than this, for it will also be a war of hope and enterprise against timidity, of youth against age" (Ibid Vol. I, p.31). When did riches and timidity and age become in themselves sacred? The merits of the book which are considerable lie in the theorisings, which as they are common to the essays will be considered along with them.

Essays Moral and Political lose something by being collected. Spread over a period of twenty years, they would not suffer as they now do from repetition and sameness. No writer has a limitless stock of ideas, and sociological argument exposes his thoughts without much disguise. The writer of literary essays has more themes from which to select and fancy dress in which to array them. In occasional contributions to a party Periodical repetition of the same ideas is not only forgiven but expected. A certain monotony is therefore unavoidable when events of many years are turned into an hour-glass. If they are considered singly, these essays rank high among writings of this sort, as well for the manner as the matter. Indeed the matter can be wholeheartedly commended, the matter needs some reservations.

The style is a spirited one; and quite unlike Southey's usual tone. It is more forceful, sometimes more aggressive. There is a rhetorical ring in it; such tricks as antithesis and climax become obvious. Southey is definitely writing for an audience. It is rhetorical too, in the sense that it is written to convince, not to entertain. The finest of the essays do fulfil their purpose. They are journalism in the best sense of the word. Like good "leaders" they are cogent, directive party writing.

Southey/
Southey does not however remain always at the pitch; some of the writing is inferior. Even when the tedium of repetition is allowed for, a few of the Essays are unnecessarily long, and so spoil the effect they have made. To open the book with the article on Parliamentary Reform was a piece of uncalled for tactlessness, but typical of Southey's fearless attitude. But then his fearlessness was of a very particular kind. There was a French officer who, on being charged with cowardice because he was shuddering, replied "My body trembles at the dangers I am going to take it into." Southey's courage was of that sort. He was not afraid to say what he thought of the political situation, no matter what controversy it aroused; but of the situation itself he was terribly afraid. And once he is frightened his writing goes to pieces and he flings mud instead of arguments and screams with anger.

These two books are more interesting for their ideas than for their abstract qualities as "pure" literature. For a long time it has been fashionable to dismiss them as out of date and based on a fallacious political economy. Time's whirligig has brought in one of its revenges by putting this country once more in a situation similar to that which confronted it in Southey's time. Much that was out of date has again become topical and some of his advice is very apposite to modern conditions. Except when prejudice interferes with his judgment, the political economy appears to be shrewd rather than otherwise. His deductions from fact are correct; it is when he judges from a priori theories that he goes wrong.

The unemployment, poverty, and other evils consequent upon the manufacturing system was the theme that exercised him most. It would have been difficult even for a less restrained writer than Southey to exaggerate the appalling conditions then existent in the factories and towns of England. For the workers industrial centres were hot-beds of disease and vice. Factory wages were comparatively/
comparatively high; that is higher than the pay of a day labourer. But employment was uncertain, and the demobilisation after the war, increased the already large number of unemployed. For the mill owner, industrialism bred a low standard of values in which dividends were the highest good, competition was unscrupulous, and a quick sale to be more respected than an honest piece of workmanship. The war had been a time of big markets but in the slump following on the peace and consequent decrease in national and other expenditure, competition was intensified, over-production, underselling and bankruptcies were rife. All these symptoms are painfully familiar. Southey's comments have their value. He was one of the first persons to recommend spending both by individuals and the government as a better cure than retrenchment. There is no fallacy here. As a method of treatment more directly operative on the poor themselves, he proposed the adoption of various schemes of labour. Most of them were actually suggested by the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor; Southey was however doing a very laudable piece of popularisation. The Society found that individual effort achieved more than official schemes and advised wealthy individuals, especially landowners, or employers, to try some experiments. Chief among these were various plans for settlement on the land. Every house should have a garden or an allotment attached to it. Waste land could be utilised to provide unemployed families with homes and food. Land reclamation and work schemes on a large scale was one of the ways in which the government might profitably interfere. The settlers, of course, were to be self-supporting crofters, not farmers working for gain and so adding further competition to an over-stocked market. In the same situation the same remedies are being tried today. Southey recognised, as most thinkers do now, that these were palliatives rather than cures. Their value lies in the direction in which they all tend. They try to replace that lost yeomanry whom Goldsmith so/
so lamented. It looks as if Goldsmith and Southey may have been right. The value of the peasantry Southeys can truly appreciate, as some passages in The Doctor prove, although in the essays he speaks as if their chief claims to consideration were that the peasant had a better chance of rising in the world than the factory hand. In the first place, this was not true. The real yeoman stays exactly in his station. The day labourer was worse off (monetarily) than the employee. The value of peasant life is that it gives a vast number of people a stake in the country; and, more important, it embodies a large traditional culture, an illiterate culture, but a very real one, a knowledge of things that can never be learned from books; and a craftsman's pride in his work. Southey saw it dying and would have saved it; today it is gone and such men as F.R. Leavis lament its passing when they consider the unlovely vulgarity that has replaced it.

As a radical cure for unemployment, Southey places great faith in emigration, which is also to serve the purpose of strengthening the bonds of Empire. For those who remain at home he sees most hope in a scheme of National Education wedded to the National Church. Unfortunately, he never makes it quite clear exactly what he means by this. But he gives us a negative instance in his wholehearted condemnation of Sunday Schools. The trouble with Raikes's institutions was that they were super-added to the child's long factory hours; learning therefore was of the most elementary kind; and their chief merit was that they kept children off the street and showed how terribly education was needed. Southey rates at them for merely enabling their pupils "to read the incentives to vice, impiety and rebellion which are prepared for them by an unlicensed press". (Sir Thomas More Vol. II, p. 35). He seems there to prefer the innocence of ignorance, a depraved virtue at best, to the dangers of uncultured literacy. National education has/
has not resulted in an avoidance of these dangers. The masses have not learned to discriminate.

In his discussion of the relations between manufacture and commerce, Southey becomes rather confused because he tries to prove that the latter is morally superior to the former. In economic phraseology, he is trying to show that exchange is more virtuous than capital. The distinction is a false one; the one operation is pointless without the other; both share the same virtues and the same vices. Sometimes Southey also falls into the familiar economic trap of confusing money and wealth. When he says "an increase in national wealth means an increase of poverty among the poor," (Essay V) he obviously means money, as an increase of wealth means a lowering of prices, and consequently greater prosperity for those with little or no wages.

These are the only important economic fallacies into which he is betrayed. His desire to see women in employment despite the prevailing glut on the labour market is due to a very admirable appreciation of the narrowness of outlook which compelled a spinster of good family to starve and keep her caste or lose class and find some poorly-paid work. It needed another European War before women could work and be honoured for it. His attitude to Malthus is not fallacious so much as inconsistent and prejudiced. The dismal philosopher was not wicked; he was merely a pessimist and sometimes made mistakes. His theory of the relative increase of population and food supplies might perhaps be true if, as Southey says, the whole world were peopled and cultivated, and if scientists did not counter the effects of the law of diminishing returns. This does not materially affect his central contention that the bulk of the people will always be working for a wage which merely keeps them at subsistence level and that a period of prosperity will result in an increase of population which will ultimately counteract/
counteract the tendency of wages to rise. The short post-war boom coincided with the peak birth-rate in 1920. Malthus recommended late marriages as a means of decreasing the birth-rate and so increasing wages. This suggestion sent Southey off into an unreasoning splutter. It was an advocate, he said, for starvation and incontinence; it was of the earth, earthy "as it has been rendered by man, where the filth and refuse of a crowded and ill-ordered society have accumulated, and the waters of its broken conduits, and the contents of its sewers, have met and stagnated, and altogether has become rank noxious, putrescent and pestilential". (Sir Thomas More Vol. II, p. 262) Yet in his account of a cooperation of printers which bore, he notices, a faint resemblance to aspheterism, Southey wrote "The increase of population was objected, as a consequence which must follow from the success of such plans, and aggravate the miseries of posterity. But they repelled this argument with just indignation and maintained that if a taste for comfort could be diffused over the whole community it would constitute a much more effective check upon excessive population than the misery which results from blind improvidence ever has or can be expected to do" (Ibid Vol. I, p.138).

Now this is in essence what Malthus wanted and what is recognised today as being the most humane and possible way to avoid excess population. The crux of the matter is the interpretation of the words "subsistence level". To Malthus it was something fairly low, the factory conditions in which men then actually worked, married, and increased. But even that level was high compared to the standard endured say by the London outcasts in Shakespeare's time, or by the negro slaves of the eighteenth century. On the other hand it was low compared to even the worst slum conditions of modern Europe; Southey, and, judged by his desire to decrease the population, Malthus also wished to raise it above its then position. Both advocated late marriage; _______ both also/
also wished for education. A knowledge of and a desire for greater comfort are perhaps the greatest factors in causing a decrease in the rate of reproduction, families usually being in inverse ratio to rank.

Southey saw clearly, and the prospect filled him with gloom, that the interactions between the manufacturers and the poor, capital and labour, would lead to a bitter struggle. His position was rather an uncomfortable one. His pity made him favour the latter; his fears led him to support the former. His writings on the subject oscillate between the advancement of ultra-radical schemes of reconstruction and blind Tory exclamations at the least mention of reform. All the schemes to reduce unemployment, which have already been discussed, were helpful as postponing this revolution, but as a religious man he did not see how God in his justice could withhold such a punishment from a wicked country; if the masses got any more power than they already had it was bound to come.

Various palliatives might be tried. Clergymen in the growing cities were overworked, and even then found it impossible to cover the parish and know their parishioners with that intimacy which is necessary to make the Church a force in the lives of the people. New and smaller parishes were the first necessity as a positive force for good. An attack meanwhile might be made on the positive forces of evil. The press was the greatest danger to the peace of the nation. The only good newspapers did was to prevent politicians from indulging in dishonest practices because of the storm of execration that they could raise. Otherwise they were subsersive, malicious mongers of sedition and libel. Transportation was the obvious punishment for editors and printers. At all costs the press must be muzzled. At the same time the pothouses where these dangerous news-sheets were read and discussed, where treason and/
and drunkenness went hand in hand might be brought under better control. New licences should be issued only where the convenience of travellers created a real need, and old licences should be allowed to lapse gradually. Any breach of the regulations should be visited with forfeiture. By these means the excessive number could be reduced without causing a disturbance. The press and the public-house were the greatest agents of revolution and vice. The great danger was that popular opinion, the voice of the many headed beast, should become supreme. The government should interfere in the lives of the people far more than it did. At present there was too much law and too little order; that was why crime was so common. Laws that were felt as an injustice, such as the game-laws, should be done away with. As for the sentimental Radical idea, that punishment was a sort of medicine for the improvement of the criminal, that was nonsense. Punishment was vengeance, society's way of getting its own back; but though revengeful, it must not be overharsh and unjust. In his better moments, he is inconsistent enough to say that prison should be a place of moral discipline, that is, remedial. (Essays I, p.237) The cure for crime was prevention by a system of order, whose establishment was the business of the government. "The duties of government are patriarchal; that is parental: superintendence is one of these duties, and is capable of being exercised to any extent by delegation and subdelegation." (Sir Thomas More Vol. I, p.105) Robert Owen's scheme of discipline at New Lanark had shown the way. The dangerous discontented multitude must in some such way be subjugated. It is interesting and instructive to set beside these thoughts his reasons for condemning Owen's scheme ten years previously. (Tour in Scotland p. 263 ff.) A moment's consideration of these ideas shows how near Southey came to the practice of Fascism. The union of Church and State, for the/
the benefit of the latter, the suppression of the organs of public opinion, the control by the state of industry, commerce, and private life are the most obvious results of dictatorship. The fact that Carlyle's Hero-worship virtually struck out the philosophy of Fascism contemporaneously with Southey suggests that a situation like that of post-Napoleonic and post-war Europe inevitably leads to dictatorial control.

The idea of Parliamentary Reform, meaning the extension of the Franchise, filled him with dismay. It meant giving more power to public opinion. There were too many Members in the House; it looked more like a popular assembly than a legislative body. If voting were made popular, the resulting parliament would be an anarchy. As things stood there were always three parties in opposition so that no ministry could get on without being bolstered up. A complete Franchise would mean that all parties would always be in opposition, to the ministry! (Essay I) The reasons for this hypothetical impasse are not very clear.

His exposure of the "Circumlocution office" is a healthy piece of ventilation with some touches of grim humour. It is too long to quote but it shows how much this essay and Dickens's later caricature were needed (Essays Vol. I, p. 60-62).

His attitude to religious controversy in these books may be indicated by two quotations. The argument had been advanced that Dissenters, by the mere fact of differing in opinion from the State Church, made people think seriously about religion and so were a benefit. Southey replied "I should think it not more preposterous to assert that a wen, or an encysted tumour, was an agreeable and useful part of the body which it diseased and deformed" (Sir Thomas More Vol. II, p. 45)

The style of the next quotation should be noticed as a typical example of the rhetorical tone of the Essays. "We hear much declamation upon the abstract right of every man to worship God as/
as he pleased; and in God's name, who ---- but the Roman Catholic ---- denies it? It is a right which has long been enjoyed, by every denomination of sects in these kingdoms, which every man exercises at his own peril, and from which there is nothing in the laws, usages, or disposition of the nation to restrain him. To such an extent, indeed, has this admitted right been abused in latter days, that every one among us is practically at liberty not only to worship God as he pleases, but to blaspheme His holy name, deny his existence, and take his own way to perdition, and publicly endeavour to persuade as many as he can to accompany him!" (Essay Vol. II, p.366).

He will grant the Roman Catholics anything but the right to legislate in a Protestant country.

The greatest triumph of these two books, and an idea that greatly compensates for his prejudice in other matters, is Southey's theory of colonial government. His own statement of it is the best. "There is a natural unfitness in distant dominion, when it ceases to be necessary for the support and protection of a growing state. This is so evident a truth that no government; which is not in a state of barbarous ignorance, can fail to perceive it, however reluctant it may be to allow that the natural term of pupilage has expired. But no reluctance can long delay the recognition; for it becomes necessary, as soon as it manifestly appears to be just. In a due course of policy the Mother Country would withdraw its superintendence from an adult colony. The state of tutelage and dependence thus terminating would be succeeded by an alliance, nearer in its kind and more durable, than any which is grounded upon treaties, with whatever adjurations ratified and by whatever motives of mutual interest cemented." (Sir Thomas More Vol. II, p.183-184).

This is Southey's latest and most cogent presentation of this plea. But the idea was an old one with him. It occurs several times in the Essays and, as has been indicated, in the Brazil. In his advocacy of dominion government, Southey/
Southey was fifty years before his time. Canada was made a Dominion in 1867. Since then the validity of his statement has been proved up to the hilt.

The Book of the Church was not intended to be controversial writing, but it was definitely a book with purpose. It was Southey's one incursion into popular history, and was intended to narrate the glowing past of the English Church in such a way that the youth of the nation would not lightly let its ancient privileges be encroached upon. This was of course an indirect challenge both to Roman Catholics and Non-conformists. It certainly reached its audience, running to three editions in two years, and it was considered sufficiently important to elicit two lengthy replies from Protagonists of the Roman cause, Vindiciae Ecclesiae Anglicanae was an answer to the politer of these. Southey wisely ignored the abusive one.

Considered as a popular ecclesiastical history, the Book of the Church must be admitted to enjoy a degree of success unequalled by the other histories. It differs from them in aim, scope and manner. It is for everybody's use; they were specialist. It is a recapitulation from a particular angle, of material in the main well known. To secure his effect Southey has ruthlessly selected his facts, and even suppressed some antagonistic to his cause. He will not admit that anything in the conduct of the first two Stewarts gives countenance to the view that they had Catholic leanings.

On the whole, the narrative is interesting, vivid, and well-constructed. Digressions are notably few. But Southey's love of detail comes out rather strongly in certain sections, notably that concerning Becket and some of the latter chapters. Yet this is not responsible for the main fault of the book, which is that it misses the point for which it was written. It does not do/
do what Southey claimed for it; it does not show, in a memorable way, the progress of the Reformation. It is the separation of the Roman Catholic Church in England from the Roman Catholic Church in the rest of the world which remains in the memory. It is not shown how the opinions of the Reformers gained ground in the Church of England so that by Queen Elizabeth's time it had revolted from the characteristic doctrines of the Roman Church. The reason for this is that by the time he has reached the reign of Henry VIII, Southey has really become interested in people rather than in movements.

The general effect is to make the book read more like a legendary for young Episcopalians than a history. Certainly there is one incident which Southey relates and comments upon in admiration that must have been as much pre-arranged as any of the miracles which he has scoffed at in the first volume. "At his coronation, when the three swords, for the three kingdoms were brought to be carried before him, he observed, that there was one yet wanting, and called for the Bible: "That" said he, "is the sword of the Spirit, and ought in all right to govern us, who use these for the people's safety, by God's appointment. Without that sword we are nothing; we can do nothing. From that we are what we are this day; ------ we receive whatsoever it is that we at this present do assume. Under that we ought to live, to fight, to govern the people, and to perform all our affairs. From that alone we obtain all power, virtue, grace, salvation, and whatsoever we have of divine strength." Child as he was, so well had he been trained, and so excellent was his moral and intellectual nature, that he was capable of thus thinking and thus expressing himself." (Book of the Church Vol. II, p. 102).

The martyrdoms of the Saints of the Reformation are mostly adapted from that grand old work Fóxe's Book of Martyrs. Occasionally he improves on the original, but more often the vividness/
vividness and quaintness of the contemporary account lose something in translation. On the other hand, Southey's book would reach people that Fake's did not and a really good narration of these heroic events should always be a part of the people's heritage, no matter what their creed. Probably such books need to be rewritten every fifty years or so, for there is no idiom that changes more quickly than that of devotional literature, and none that is so apt to be repellant when it is old-fashioned.

The tone of the references to the Puritans and the account of religion under the commonwealth make one realise how badly Macaulay's history was needed to restore the balance between Puritan and Cavalier. Here Southey shows a lack of historical sense by the way in which he passes judgment by the moral code of the nineteenth instead of the seventeenth century. Religious toleration was still an unheard of thing; each party thought it sinful to let the others go their own particular way to Heaven, as they were convinced that any other way than theirs led to Hell. It is rather a surprise to a Presbyterian to be told that the National Covenant was a "rebellious combination."

The earlier chapters are really the most successful. In spite of his anger at the fantastic miracles of monkish legend and the gusto with which he relates the abuses of Popery which ultimately brought about the Reformation, he recognises the real benefits which the Papacy brought to Europe, calling it the "conservative power of Christendom". The style of these early chapters is beautiful, with a deliberate flavour of antiquity that yet avoids artificiality. His telling of the legend of St. Alban is typical:—

"During the tenth and most rigorous of the prosecutions, which was the only one that extended to this island, a Christian Priest, flying from his persecutors, came to the city of Varulamium, and took shelter in Alban's house; he, not being of the faith himself, concealed him for pure compassion; but when he observed/"
observed the devotion of his guest, how fervent it was, and how firm, and the consolation and the joy which he appeared to find in prayer, his heart was touched; and he listened to his teaching, and became a believer. Meantime the persecutors traced the object of their pursuit to this city, and discovered his retreat. But when they came to search the house, Alban, putting on the hair-cassock of his teacher, delivered himself into their hands as if he had been the fugitive, and was carried before the heathen governor; while the man whom they sought had leisure and opportunity to provide for his escape." (The Book of the Church, Vol. I, p. 14) The controversy precipitated by this work was due not so much to any false statements which it contained as to his emphasis on the unpleasant facts and to the agitation then afoot for the emancipation of the Catholics, of which Southey was known to be a bitter opponent (Although it was only an oath which kept the Catholics out of office, he denied that any agreement with them could be stable, as the pope could always absolve them from their oaths.) "The monasteries were the strong holds of Popery, the manufactures of Romish fraud, the nurseries of Romish superstition. If religion was to be cleared from the gross and impious fables with which it was well-nigh smothered; if the Manichean errors and practices which had corrupted it, were to be rooted out; if the scandalous abuses connected with the belief of Purgatory, were to be suppressed; if the idolatrous worship of saints and images was to be forbidden; if Christianity, and not Monkery, was to be the religion of the land, then was a radical change in the constitution of the monasteries necessary: ---- St Francis, St. Dominic, and their fellows must dislodge with all their trumpery, and the legendary give place to the Bible." (Book of the Church Vol. II, p. 53)

The swaggering tone of such passages was bound to rouse the Catholic writers to protest. Charles Butler proved their worthiest apologist, and in Vindiciae Ecclesiae Southey, set out to refute/
refute his refutation. It was a crushing reply. Quite politely, and in the best of tempers, even with some sportive touches of humour, he proves that the Papal Church is a system of idolatry, superstition, and imposture. These words would not offend the tenderest susceptibilities; or if they did, things should always be called by their correct names.

Southey starts by proving from the accepted Roman Creed, that of Pius IV, that Roman Catholics must accede to the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. He then sets out to expose the perpetual succession of frauds, which the Papists call miracles, and the fables of mediaeval hagiography. But these are as nothing compared to the horrible things that are revealed in the investigation into the extension of the forbidden degrees, the confessional, clerical celibacy, and the pagan worship of the Virgin Mary. It is too easy; one merely takes selections from the writings of Churchmen during the ages of the worst Papal imperialism or during the more credulous periods of the middle ages. One could be as angry and make as much of the witch-hunts of James I. This particular field of controversy is closed today among serious religious thinkers. Such bodies as the Protestant Truth Societies occasionally try to raise some scandal and flutter the dovecots of the more evangelical churchwomen; still more occasionally do they succeed in fanning into flame the cold embers of dead animosities. It will be an ill day for the country if that flame ever becomes a blazing fire. The energy of religious thought has changed its direction and the fight today is not between faiths, but between faith and no faith. Vindiciae, and similar writings may be allowed to slumber peacefully on library shelves.
PART V.

THE DOCTOR, &c.

The books comprised in that &c. are those which may be thought of along with the Doctor as being more interesting because in them Southey expresses and displays himself than because of their nominal subject matter. It was through the Doctor and through the Travel books and Letters that Southey's more intimate character made itself known.

"I see in the work a little of Rabelais, but not much; more of Tristram Shandy, somewhat of Burton and perhaps more Montaigne; but methinks the quintum quid predominates" (Life VI, p.269). It is almost impossible to speak of the Doctor without quoting this, Southey's own verdict upon it. It was a book of long slow growth into which Southey put more of himself than into any of his other writings intended for publication. The first two volumes were issued in 1834 but it had been begun twenty years previously and the last two volumes were selected by his son-in-law from a mass of matter which he left on his death. The story is that of Doctor Daniel Dove of Doncaster and his horse Nob's. The point lay in making it as long-winded as possible. The book was never meant to come to an end. It was to last as long as life. In this purpose and in its long incubation may be found the most fundamental correspondence to Tristam Shandy. For both Sterne and Southey, the story was nothing but a medium to carry the Author's fancies, opinions and philosophy. The more inconsequent the book was the better; everything could then be made revelant. Self-expression was their conscious aim. Southey's naturally took a moral and philosophical turn; Sterne's was purely aesthetic. Other resemblances are accidental not essential. The conversations with the reader, the tricks of typography, the self portraits are on the surface of Southey's work: they are part and parcel of Sterne's. The Shandean is a different, and in some ways a more difficult kind. The style is more delicate/
delicate and less simple. The sustained creation of a fantastic world, so strangely like reality, was beyond Southey's grasp, and, although Southey was accused of 'turn-ti-tee', his humour was never suggestive.

It was however sometimes Rabelaisian, a laugh of hearty animal spirits, not a snigger. The resemblances in mode and spirit to Burton and Montaigne are more striking. The interest in quaint, old learning, the sober philosophy, the gentle gravity can all be paralleled in these two writers; but the quintum quid predominates. No one but Southey could have produced this book.

It was a book in which Southey could have plenty of elbow-room to follow his thoughts and express his changing moods. It has a plan-less plan of alternating story, humour and gravity, never harping long on one string. So the reader can find something in it to please the mood of the moment. It suffers nothing from being read as haphazardly as it was written, and makes an ideal bedside book since it can be taken up and laid down at any point. The best way to read it would be the most leisurely one. For it is a huge production and to go through it doggedly is against the inconsequent meandering genius of the book. It should be read as it was written, as a relaxation from the pressure of other work, as a place from which the irritations and follies of the outer world can be fought or laughed at, as a world where one can be one's unrestrained self.

Someone has called it a "glorified common place book". To some extent the description is deserved. There are long quotations of passages from obscure authors that Southey has become interested in during some of his omnivorous studies. They are sometimes quaint, sometimes tedious, sometimes charming, sometimes grave, but obviously they are set in just because they have taken Southey's fancy. If they do not take the reader's, he can skip them, and the book suffers no harm. But they are merely a feature of The Doctor, which is something much more than a series
series of excursions into unusual learning, just as Southey is much more than a book-worm.

All Southey's boyish fun is there. Some of it is now rather flat; two chapters go to considering all the adjectives beginning with D for Dove, and all the heroes who rejoiced in that initial. But there is much that still is fresh and enjoyable. There is all Southey's lively interest in persons, past or present. His sympathies and antipathies keep breaking through the mask of anonymity, and his own honest character, sometimes sprightly sometimes melancholy, but in the main gravely contented shines above and through the whole, giving its inconsequences unity.

All these digressive elements overlay the sub-stratum of story, which unlike Tristram's few years of life, actually does reach considerable dimensions. The chapters describing the boyhood of Daniel Dove have an extraordinary felicity. Into memories of his own childhood he has interwoven a recreation of the manners of olden times. That quaint character his Uncle William, became William Dove. A picture from a Spanish inn hung in the living room, and Daniel's youth was an idyllic retelling of what Southey would have wished his own to be. Aunt Elizabeth, however, was reserved for the role of villainess in the love story of Leonard and Margaret, the Doctor's parents-in-law. This inset tale has been as much praised as that of Lefèvre in Tristram. Today both seem unbelievably sentimental and obvious. Southey's is perhaps the weaker story, but it is less deliberate in its attempts to draw tears and is more delicately told. The passage where Leonard muses on the girl whom he has not seen for years is flawless, save for one final cliché. In it Southey draws on his memories of a dear dead sister. "His thoughts wandered back into the past more frequently than they took flight into the future, and the favourite form which his imagination called up was that of the sweet child, who in winter partook his bench in the chimney corner, and in summer sat with him in the porch, and strung the fallen blossoms of jasmine upon stalks of grass. The snowdrop/
snowdrop and the crocus reminded him of their little garden, the primrose of their sunny orchard bank, and the blue-bells and the cowslips of the fields wherein they were allowed to run wild and gather them in the merry month of May". (The Doctor, Vol. II, p.333-334).

Uncle William was once more called into service for the telling of that perfect nursery tale, the Three Bears. The more popular form of that tale has degenerated from the original by turning the little old woman into that spoiled brat Goldilocks.

To discuss the Doctor adequately would need illustration by more and longer quotations than can be given here. The snippets that follow may however give some idea of the diversity and charm of this unique work.

The first is a piece of Shandàn fooling: "Who was Mrs Dove?"

A woman of the oldest family in this or any other kingdom, for she was beyond all doubt, a legitimate descendant of Adam. Her husband perhaps might have rather said she was a daughter of Eve. But he would have said it with a smile of playfulness, not of scorn.

To trace her descent somewhat lower, and bring it nearer to the stock of the Courtenays, the Howards, the Marriques, the Bourbons, and the Thundertentrons, she was a descendant of Noah, and of his eldest son Japhet. She was allied to Ham however, in another way, beside this remote niece-ship.

As how I pray you Sir?"

Her maiden name was Bacon.

Grave Sir, be not disconcerted. I hope you have no antipathy to such things; or at least that they do not act upon you, as the notes of a bagpipe are said to act upon certain persons whose unfortunate idiosyncracy exposes them to very unpleasant effects from the sound".

Southey's wide lore is shown in this astrologists' description.

"He could cast a nativity with as much exactness, according to the rules of art as William Lilly or Henry Coley, that Mertinus Anglicus Junior, upon whom Lilly's mantle descended, or the Vicar of Thornton in Buckinghamshire, William Bredon, a profound divine, and absolutely the most/
most polite person for nativities in that age; who being Sir Christopher Heydon's chaplain had a hand in composing that Knights' Defence of Judicial Astrology; but was so given over to tobacco and drink, that when he had no tobacco, he would cut the bell ropes and smoke them". (Doctor V, p.102-103).

Herein little is the temper of the whole book with its changes from grave to gay. "Where we are at this present reading, the attentive reader cannot but know; and if the careless one has lost himself, it is his fault, not mine. We are in the parenthesis between the Doctor's courtship and his marriage. Life has been called a parenthesis between our birth and death; the history of the human race is but a parenthesis between two cataclsmes of the globe which it inhabits; time itself only a parenthesis in eternity". (Doctor IV, 224-225).

The Doctor is not everybody's book; but it will always have its adherents. Its very unwieldiness makes it attractive, as the elephant is the most lovable animal in the zoo. It has as much wisdom as the orientals attribute to that animal and as much of the surprising kindliness and sense of human that it displays. The Doctor is a book to live with and return to; it will grow richer with the passage of time and the gathering of association; it is a friendly book, and friendliness is a rare quality in literature. But then Southey was a rare man.

Letters written in Spain and Portugal is interesting only, being Southey's first serious prose work. It has some merit, but belongs to an ephemeral kind of literature.

As the title indicates it takes the form of letters dated at short intervals during his stay. It is a young man's book with all the assurance and high spirits of an undergraduate. Southey is very much the bright young islander on tour "We are at the Navio, a Posada kept by an Italian". Forgive me for using the Spanish name, that I may not commit blasphemy against all English pot-houses. Our dinner was a fowl fried in oil and served/
served up in an attitude not unlike that of a frog taken suddenly with a fit of cramp".

(Letters in Spain p.4)

He is determined to see and hear everything and writes with a great air of knowledge and authority on manners, morals and literature. Yet he is often wise enough to allow his observations to speak for themselves without the addition of any of his opinions. Thus he states the ignorance of the clergy without any comment whatever. He tries very hard to make one see the country; it cannot always be said that he succeeds. Somehow Southey rarely had the power of evoking strong visual images and he has not yet found the knack of picking on the characteristic details that mark a scene or a town off from its fellows. But he does make one feel and smell it. The bad jolting roads and the filth were the first distinctive impressions that the country made on him. The kindness of the peasants was the next characteristic which he noticed. Soon all of these are dominated by the appearance of "the Babylonian in full dress scarlet", the pageantry and despotism of the Roman Church had a horrible fascination for him. Again and again he returns to the subject, to consider some new instance of tyranny or idolatry. It is as much as anything to the repulsion that he felt from the practices of this church and the moral pravity of the people, that Southey begins to rejoice in his nationality. The full insular cry, "Thank God I am an Englishman", appears after the first hundred pages.

The book is a typically Romantic one. Southey is melted by stories he hears or scenes he beholds, and he lapses spasmodically into rhyme "as the mode of expression to which he is accustomed". He looks on scenery, too, with Mrs Radcliffe's eyes. There is one rare specimen complete with prospects and dark pines: - "I was delighted with the wild and novel prospect, hills beyond hills, as far as the eye could extend, and part involved in shadow, and the more distant illumined by the light of the westering sun; but no object ever struck me as more picturesque than where a few branchless pines/
pines, on the distant eminences, created the light with their dark foliaged heads (Ibid. p.34). Common sense however, comes to the rescue, and he honestly admits that there is nothing romantically beautiful about Spanish women.

The book is written up from his actual letters home at the time, and it is interesting to notice how he has "improved" on them before letting them go to press. He is a little pompous in public. "The filthiest of Spaniards with the finest of physiognomies" (letters I,21) becomes "The face of Akenside was not distinguished by more genius, or the dress of Diogenes by more dirt than characterised by new acquaintance". "He was a monk but had walked to Rome to procure a dispensation from his vows" (Ibid) is heightened to "This man had been a friar; but little liking a monastic life, he went on foot to Rome; and by means of money procured a dispensation from the Pope". Southey's style has not yet reached that ease which marked it later. He tries to be stylish. Some of his witticisms are very laboured. The matter is handled in a rather desultory fashion. This is sometimes charming but is more often irritating. The inconsequence is due in part to his following the course of events in his travels. But sometimes it is sheer carelessness, as he changes to and from the same subject in the one letter. Once he has settled at Lisbon, he arranges his material better. Letters commenting on set topics alternate with descriptions of sight-seeing.

Southey's companions here are shadowy and anonymous and no very clear picture is given of himself. For the most part he uses a vague almost editorial "We". Except in his comments on the badness of the inns, there is little of the really personal touch. We do not hear of the little, typical things he did, which make his later travel books so attractive.

His next excursion into this kind was rather different in aim. Its position may perhaps be estimated by likening it to Mr Priestly's English Journey. Southey was trying to give a picture, not necessarily a pleasant one, of the social conditions of his time. Indeed in many ways Letters from England belongs as much to the previous section/
section as to this one. It is Southey's first criticism of his England.

The device here is the familiar one of sending a foreigner about the country to comment freely upon it in letters to his native country, but it is not often that the disguise is as convincingly maintained as that of Don Manuel Espriella. Southey knew how a Spaniard would think and what things would strike him as being unusual, whereas Goldsmith for example, had no notion of the Chinese outlook. It is true that Espriella knows too much about such things as factory conditions but otherwise the pretence is well kept up, even when it comes to deploiring the poverty and lack of feeling in an Anglican service and rejoicing in the increase among the Catholics. Southey has a quick eye for things and he has very skilfully picked on the aspects of English life that are so ordinary as to be entirely overlooked by a native, but which being missing from the life of a Spaniard, would attract his attention. His detailed description of a coal fire and fireplace, with all its appurtenances, is just the sort of thing that carries conviction. It is not easy to comment on the familiar as if seeing it for the first time. Today this book has gained extrinsic interest as a complete and vivid picture of the life of the period; it is in fact a social document, with a literary merit which such things do not usually possess. It brings before us the details of an English house; we are shown stagecoaches, theatres, the London shops and streets, fashions, manners and customs, not incidentally but on purpose and described for the benefit of those who have never seen such things. There is also scattered throughout the book a fund of lively and typical anecdotes.

All these are, however, only the whipped cream decorating the more solid pudding of purpose beneath. Don Manuel is a shield from behind which Southey can dart his criticisms in safety. He sympathises with poor over-driven horses; wonders why men instead of women serve in shops; scoffs at the Dandies and raises his eyebrows at the variety of sects. But he is not only/
only a satirist of folly. He inquires more seriously into the dark corners of society. The sight of a workhouse sets him meditating on the poor and the poor laws. Birmingham and Manchester serve as texts for very forceful sermons on the factory theme: they resemble, and in pointedness perhaps surpass his later comments on the same subject in the Essays. He investigates the English system of prisons. It is worth noticing that at this time he expects the future will see rivalry between the middle classes and the populace, but does not expect any revolution, as he is convinced it would be abortive. He has some hard hits at the reviews and at the state of learning and morals in the two Universities.

He takes his Spaniard round the Lake District and it is worth comparing the descriptions of scenery in this and the previous work. There is a considerable improvement here. He knows his ground and knows where its real beauty lies. He does not look for romantic mystery and grandeur. In fact he "debunks" the supposed impassability of Borrodale, and laughs at the cult of the picturesque. Surely the wish to see gondolas and Cleopatra's galley on Windermere is "in character", and not Southey's own.

The style, too, shows a considerable advance. It has settled down into his capable, flexible, prose; though there are some rhetorical passages not unlike the earlier essays, with which this book is nearly contemporary. The following may be taken as typical; it is worth quoting if only because of the remarkable resemblance between it and a passage in Shaw's Man of Destiny. "They boast of the freedom of the press, yet as surely and systematically punish the author who publishes anything obnoxious, and the bookseller who sells it, as we in our country should prevent the publication. They cry out against intolerance, and burn down the houses of those whom they regard as heretics. They love liberty; go to war with their neighbours, because they choose to become republicans and insist upon the right of enslaving the negroes. They hate the French and ape all their fashions, ridicule their neologisms and then naturalise/
naturalise them, laugh at their inventions, and then adopt them, cry out against their political measures and then imitate them. And the common people, not to be behind — hand with their betters in absurdity, boast as heartily of the Roast Beef of Old England, as if they were not obliged to be content themselves with bread and potatoes". (Letters from England, Vol I p178-9)

But the work as a whole suffers from repetitions. For instance, the letter on fops repeats much that has been said in that on fashions. That on sects is later amplified into a number of letters on individual sects, which go over the same ideas as the earlier account. Perhaps the worst fault of the book is that Southey does not know when to restrain his anger. If he cannot sneer, he can be effectively angry; but his attacks on fribbles tend to go off on too long-worded sarcasm or indignation. He kills butterflies with a sledge hammer. He has not the delicacy and detachment necessary for the satirist of folly.

These faults apart, the book is one of Southey's pleasanter works. It is lively and shows a keen mind. It is not great; it takes Johnson to give a travel book greatness, even a travel book of one's own country. But probably Stevenson's Travels with a Donkey will be as dead in a century's time, and Southey's book may have to come to life again. As a picture of England at the beginning of the nineteenth century, it is perhaps unequalled in literature; certainly no one else has painted the picture deliberately.

The next two books were intended for posthumous publication, and belong to Southey's maturity. Therefore we get in them far more of Southey's own personality than we do in the previous ones; he has no need to be reticent and knows how to express himself. The Journal of a Tour in the Netherlands is a prose version of The Poets Pilgrimage to Waterloo, being a day-by-day account of/
of his 1815 excursion through the cockpit of Europe. His purpose was to see the field of Waterloo in person that as Poet Laureate he might be able to describe it adequately. Waterloo thus becomes the tiebeam of the book, and the shadow of the battle lies across many of the other incidents.

There is a good deal of Baedekker in the work. It is probable that this was inserted while on tour, before Southey had decided to reserve the book for posthumous publication, and that on later revisal he let it stand as part of his immediate reactions. Certainly he records most carefully what sights are worth doing and what may be missed and goes further in recommending good hotels and giving warning against bad ones, as well as drawing attention to the fixed scale of charges which should not be exceeded. All these things would be out of date before Southey's death. They were antiquities before the book actually was published.

As a travel book, The Tour in the Netherlands is not outstanding; the ground was hackneyed, everyone was writing Waterloo, and Southey's observations do not seem to have been in any way original. It is true he had a quick eye, and a fairly open mind; but as had been already said, he could not arouse visual images. He catalogues with much care, but does not communicate except on rare occasions. His landscapes are however free from false romantic admiration, although he looks for fine views. Much of his writing goes to the description of such famous cities as Bruges, Brussels, Ghent; and on architecture he is not a pleasing writer. Too often there is the mere statement of opinion that this was good while that was bad. He rarely reasons out why and cannot make one see the building. This can be done without elaborate scene-painting; but the age of the penetrative mot juste was not yet. But even Southey reaches it once, with Mrs Vardon's help, when he compares the town hall of Louvain to a piece of Bijouterie in stone. Actually the Waterloo scenes are the best in the book, because Southey's imagination has been fired and his heart touched. But it is not the glory of standing on/
on the site of the famous British victory that moves him; it is the horror of war. "I had never before seen the real face of war so closely; and God knows, a deplorable sight it is" ... "Graves enough were visible to show that the slaughter there had been very great; and we were told stories of the wounded which, instead of repeating, I would gladly if it were possible forget". (Tour in the Netherlands, pp. 66, 105). He notes how quickly nature has repaired war's ravages and how the poppies and pansies blossom on the very graves. His impressions of the people are much more vivid than his tourist writing. There is the guide who was so interested in Waterloo, as a French victory would have meant the burning of his farm, and a number of other momentary actors on the stage. The Vardons, with whom Southey joined company, become quite real to us, and there is a wonderful picture of M. de Brutin, painter and critic. "It was as well that I had cautioned my companions against ever saying anything in English which they would not like the persons present to understand. Sorely as it proved, would we have been ashamed if this man's extraordinary figure, more extraordinary countenance (he was truly an ill-favoured rogue), and most extraordinary conversation had tempted us to any such remarks as everyone was strongly inclined to make, for the old fox who had pretended not to understand English began to speak it just as we were going away. As it was we left him in good humour, for Nash and I bought his book, and perhaps the most remarkable part of the adventure is that really the book is a very good one, probably the best which has been written of its kind" (Tour in the Netherlands, p. 76).

For all that the book has a certain thinness, perhaps that is because his visit allowed time only for flying observations, and the comments passed on such a brief stay in a foreign country must be superficial or false if not both. Southey's criticisms are very English, and for the most part are confined to outbreaks against the Frenchifying of Belgium and the patent and unashamed viciousness of the towns. But none of his remarks seem to cut very deep. It is strange to notice that/
that the style in one or two parts is actually uneasy. But it is the discomfort of hurry and carelessness, not of effort.

The real merit of the book lies in the picture of Southey and his family. In this it is a strong contrast to Letters in Spain where the travellers were almost invisible. But here there are a host of little personal touches that give the book a charm quite independent of its merits or demerits as a travel book. His wife was in poor spirits and dreaded the crossing; Edith May turned ill and Southey was very anxious; there was the funning with Koster and the rest at the Piedde St Remacle. These are perhaps intrusions, but they give the book interest. If it is worth reading today, it is because of Southey, not because of the Netherlands.

Even when one has made allowance for the pleasure of reading another person's opinions of familiar places, the Journal of a Tour in Scotland remains the most attractive of these four books. It is more worth while than the others. His observations are not made in Vacuo, but against a background of knowledge previously acquired. They are more likely to be accurate. His visit was paid at a most interesting period in Scotland's social history, and he was in the company of a well informed and influential man. In 1819, Telford was at the height of his fame; the Caledonian Canal was nearing its completion. But he was more than a famous engineer, he was a great man, who had risen from a humble station among the Scots people. He could understand and explain.

All these facts give the book a depth that the Tour in the Netherlands lacked. Southey's comments are really worth noticing. They are criticisms of life which those in the earlier book were not. The agricultural policy that he would adopt for Scotland is exactly that which many thinkers today, including such practical men as Mr A.G. Street, would have put into practice for the whole island. He saw that the grain crops outside the Lowlands afforded a very poor return for the labour expended on them. It would/
would, he thought, be better to turn the Highland fields wholly into pastoral lands, and have all the grain brought in from more fertile districts. His own love of herring led him to extol the fish, and to wish for the sake of the industry that its qualities might be made better known. But these remarks are less serious than his consideration of the condition of the Highlanders. The break up of the clan system after the '45 had converted the Laird into a landlord, but at first the old patriarchal feeling continued. In the course of two generations that feeling evaporated, and the worst effects of the new relation were being felt. Southey is justly indignant. "The restoration of the forfeited estates has produced no good in the Highlands... The Highland laird partakes much more of the Irish character than I had even been taught to suppose. He has the same profusion, the same recklessness, the same rapacity; but he has more power, and he uses it worse; and his sin is greater, because he has to deal with a sober, moral, well disposed people, who if they were treated with common kindness, or even common justice, would be ready to lay down their lives in his service ..... The greater number (of Lairds) are fools at heart, with neither understanding nor virtue, nor good nature ..... Their object is to increase their revenue, and they care not by what means this is accomplished". (Tour in Scotland, p.209).

Time and again cases are brought to his notice where evictions have been carried out harshly, or where landlords like Brown have by mismanagement raised rents intolerably or where land has been ruined (Montrose had just sold the woods on Ben Venue for timber). The black-houses fill him with despair. He is ready to praise any attempt to civilise the people, or to encourage profitable crops, he has a special word of the Marchioness of Stafford who spends what she gains by her English estates on bringing more land into cultivation in her Highland property. And chief among the civilising influences he ranks the work of Telford, whose roads and canal are bringing the furthest Highlands so much nearer the seats of culture, so much more within reach of the common decencies of life.

On his way home Southey visits New Lanark. He is sceptical/
sceptical of Owen's scheme, not because it is communist; with all its faults, communism might be an improvement on the present state of affairs; but because it took man for a machine, and gave him not liberty, but a benevolent despotism, which in time would destroy individuality and the virtues of home life. This is a truer position than the one he had adopted in Sir Thomas More.

All this serious matter is well spiced with a variety of lighter things, not the least delightful of which are Southey's remarks on himself and his companions. Willie upset a peculiar inkbottle at Callander, "all possible faults of bed making were exemplified to a nicety" in his own bed at Elgin; a tumour on his head started suppurating and from time to time he issued bulletins on his "volcano"; they all had great fun poking about the pools on the shore of Loch Linnhe. The dirt disgusted him, and so did the kilt, but the breakfasts were unequalled; and so on through the whole book Southey talks intimately to us. This cheery gossiping manner, of which we get glimpses in the Letters, reminds one of Pepys, and the likeness is heightened by the fact that in this unprepared manuscript he has made a habit of dropping out personal pronouns. The happy effect is not got by the use of much detail: it is rather the display of very human interest in the doings of those whom he meets. The informality of the whole thing is delightful.

The pictures of the strangers are naturally, more elaborate than those of his friends. First there is Telford himself, for whom Southey has a whole hearted admiration, and whose spirit informs and unifies the whole book. Perhaps the account of Mitchell remains most in the memory. This remarkable man, called the Tartar because he was so much on horseback, was a common road mason, whom Telford made his supervisor. Neither threats nor promises could turn him from his duty, and for all his elevations he remained laborious and modest.

Always Southey went about with an enquiring eye and a/
a receptive mind. He has gathered a great number of facts and a happy store of anecdotes of people and places. One of these is worth quoting for its own sake and as typical of the many character sketches in this book. The canal at Inverness was formerly under the superintendence of Mr Davison, a strange cynical humorist who died lately. He was a Lowlander who had lived long enough in England to acquire a taste for its comforts, and a great contempt for the people among whom he was stationed here; which was not a little increased by his own superiority in knowledge and talents. Both in person and manners he is said very much to have resembled Dr Johnson; and he was so fond of books, and so well read in them, he was called the walking library. He used to say of Inverness, that if justice were done to the inhabitants, there would be nobody left there in the course of twenty years, but the Provost and the Hangman. Seeing an artist one day making a sketch in the mountains, he said it was the first time he knew what the hills were good for, and when someone was complaining of the weather in the Highlands, he looked sarcastically round and observed that the rain would not hurt the heather crops. (Tour in Scotland, p.110-111).

His attitude to scenery has not changed materially since the previous book, but here his descriptions are even more sober and reasoned than ever before. He argues out what it is in a landscape that attracts or repels him. He admires the Highlands but does not love them, except for the West Coast. Glencoe terrifies him. He needs the domestic and human touch in the scene before it makes him happy. It is man not nature that he loves. Southey's letters do not rank among the best in that delicate and accidental kind of literature. His life was too unleisured. Your letter-writer needs time to draw his breath and take his ease. The charm of letter writing is the charm of good talk. The manner counts for more than the matter; and the trivialities are/
are more significant than the great events. Southey was too busy a man to write often "for love"; his letters nearly all had a purpose. Yet the consensus of opinion is that Southey has been unlucky in his editors. The merits of his letters are hidden because in Saintsbury's words, "the interest is frittered and duplicated, watered down and wasted in eleven volumes". A selection of the published letters is a gain rather than a loss; and one has the feeling that some of the best may be among the unpublished.

The early letters are at once intimate and reserved. The intimacy is real; the stiffness comes from the artificial and pompus style which Southey had not yet overcome. The Oxford letters are romantically emotional, and poetically introspective. But the spasmodic tone, which for all his sincerity always sounds unreal, soon dies away, or rather is deliberately pushed out by his defensive stoicism. He remains however, very much the young poet and politician, taking the world's affairs very seriously and noticing landscapes with an eye to their future use in poetry. Yet even when talking of his own emotions, Southey contrives to make his letters sound business-like and informative. Presumably it is a trick of his style, but they always seem objective and impersonal, when really the matter is subjective and intimate. It is not till after his mother's death that intimacy comes; then he writes a bitter-sweet letter to Bedford (Life II, 182). Before that his best things are outbursts of joy and sheer animal spirits, such as the letters on laughing gas and on the Portuguese dog.

After he settled at Greta Hall, the wheels of life began to turn more quickly and the pace is reflected in his letters. They give the impression that they were done at top speed. Everywhere we have the constant and powerful impact and pressure of mind. The atmosphere is just a little acid and rarefied. It is not that they are specially grave or thoughtful letters. They are not. The feeling they convey is that this man has time to talk, but/
but no time to chat. They are not hurried, but they are under pressure. In spite of that, more of these letters are letters of talk, and not mere letters of information. More often now than before he is writing for the sake of his correspondent and not because he has some news to convey. Politics occupy less space than formerly, except for certain periods during the Peninsular War. He has of course given up all hope of "man-mending". He has dropped all formality with his friends by now; and some of his best amusing letters belong to this central period. He is more frequently light-hearted. Occasionally he attains a quaint humour not unlike Lamb's as in (Letters Vol.I, p.416). A complete and pleasant picture of Southey is evolving; it becomes more and more attractive as one reads on.

As he ages, his humour grows mellower, his opinions harder, and his fears stronger. One of his most touching letters is that to Bedford in which he tells how afraid he is of instability and unhappiness. (Life Vol.III, pa231, 233). But the great beauty of his later letters is the picture that they paint of the family circle at Greta Hall, with the romping about of the children; the cats; the arrival of a new boxful of books; Peter and Paul; and the bustle of life itself. One should be thankful for small mercies, but it is these delightful letters which make one think that Southey's editors did their work badly. They had a biographical and informative preoccupation with what Southey did. It is more important, and interesting, to know what he was. They worked like reporters, on the alert for news; but the gossip-writer is often the best page in the paper. Comparatively we get so few of these charming letters with their trifling and chat which is the very stuff of everyday existence, that it seems inevitable that a great number more were among those that were considered unworthy of publication.

Southey's best letters are those in which he is most at his ease. To Grosvenor Bedford and to Miss Barker he was always especially delightful. They both knew him so intimately/
intimately that in their presence he relaxes completely and talks for the sheer love of their company. Yet to all the large circle of his friends he can be charming, grave, humorous, sympathetic as the moment demands. From the immense bulk, each lover of Southey (and it is difficult to know him without loving him, in spite of his sublime self-confidence) probably will make his own anthology of favourites. That selection will not be very large, but what it contains will be pure delight. Yet even that will not place Southey above the greater range and charm of Lamb, the wit and polish of Walpole. Not only is Southey too unleisured; he is too occupied with events and affairs; yet we need these letters, if only because the picture Southey gives of himself is his best defence against the undeserved obloquy from which he has so long suffered.

As a footnote to this section, a few words may be said on the lesser prose works. Southey's critical writing is now forgotten except for his singularly tactless review of Lyrical Ballads in which he called Coleridge's masterpiece "A Dutch attempt at German sublimity." Most of his criticism was as ephemeral as the books on which it was written. Reviewing he regarded as a necessary evil, and as a critic he is, on the whole, fairly sound but very obvious. Like Scott, he errs on the side of leniency, except where the Infidels are concerned. He was too apt to see genius, where there was nothing more than talent, and to commend highly books that had no more merit than that of being inoffensive in morals and Anglican in creed. He has not that essential rightness that makes Lamb's scattered brief comments still memorable.

His translations of Iberian romances, of which the Chronicle of the Cid is the most noteworthy, catch with great fidelity the spirit of the originals; by selection and rearrangement he has usually improved their quality as narratives, and his language, modelled on that of Mallory, reflects the atmosphere of that old romancer without falling into unintelligible or fustian archaisms.
Omniana was meant to keep Coleridge in employment but Southey was responsible for most of it in the end. It is a common-place book with a difference. The original is usually summarised and commented upon by the author. It is in its way a lively production and contains a great amount of odd lore. Its nearest contemporary parallel is the much bulkier Curiosities of Literature. Both delight in the surprising, the truth that is stranger and more amusing than fiction. There was a kinship between the two authors; and the guess that credited Disraeli with The Doctor was not so far astray.
PART VI.

CONCLUSION.

If we lay down our magnifying glass and step back a little, the separate elements that we have been studying may fuse together into a whole, and we can ask ourselves. What does it all amount to? To his own age Southey was not primarily a prose writer. He struggled into recognition first as the leader of the new revolutionary poets. For to the reading public, Wordsworth was the least known of the Lakists, (a name first given to Southey.) Coleridge was given credit for Lyrical Ballads, but even that modernist production had been anticipated in its most romantic features by Southey's Poems (1795 and 1797) and Joan of Arc. His Liberal politics were no secret; his innate domesticity was. His support of the Tory policy against Napoleon therefore came as a surprise; his joining of the Quarterly showed he was wedded to their cause; and when he was appointed Poet Laureate, the world looked on the marriage as consummated. Thereafter, both in his poetry and his prose he was the avowed champion of the Tory Party and the Anglican Church, but it was as the Laureate that he was chiefly thought of. His contributions to the Quarterly were anonymous; and of the prose works published under his own name, none ran to more than two editions in his lifetime except for the Life of Nelson, The Book of the Church, Letters in Spain, and the Pamphlet, a Letter to William Smith. By his contemporaries then, Southey's prose was ranked beneath his poetry. Their opinion of it is interesting in itself and important in its influence on Southey's subsequent reputation. It was Nelson et praeterea nihil. Even the Nelson "went off" rather slowly at first; it took twelve years to crawl into a third edition. Then Macaulay drew attention to its masterly qualities, and
since that time it has quietly taken its place among the English classics. Apparently Southey was thereafter entitled to respect as a biographer, for it was in the years following Macaulay's criticism that he was approached by Lardner and others. His ecclesiastical writings were not credited to his account as literature; the Book of the Church made its way among those whom Southey petulantly called the religious public, not among literary circles. His histories did not appeal to the general reader. The Brazil was for the student; the Peninsular War was surpassed by Napier. Turner, Roscoe and Hallam wrote more readable histories on subjects more worth knowing. His essays were anonymous when written and untimely when collected. But undoubtedly they gained him a considerable reputation as a political essayist. Their power was recognised even by those to whom their opinions were anathema. Yet they were not superior either to those of his allies, such as Scott and Lockhart, or to those of his enemies, such as Jeffrey and Hazlitt. His literary and critical essays were lost among the mass of such things, and never being collected, never made a united impression on the public mind. They are now irretrievably buried.

Southey then was thought of as a poet who wrote the Life of Nelson. Since his death his reputation as a poet has sunk steadily, but the popular impression remains the same; Southey was a poet who wrote the Life of Nelson. His poetry has not the quality of greatness that makes for immortality; it is not paid even lip service; his cumbersome epics are not only dead but scorned; a handful of ballads and lyrics are all that is still green of the once mighty forest. The public can forgive everything but failure and in Southey's case the disparagement was aggravated by scorn for his defeated political opinions. The failure of his poetry has overshadowed the value of his prose work. The Life of Nelson remains partly because it had made its own way before the reaction against his poetry began.

There/
There is some significance in the fact that, though his prose is for the most part unread, lip service is always paid to it. It is perhaps impossible that anyone should do for Southey and the unread romantics what Lamb did for Marlowe and the unread dramatists. Prose does not inspire such devotions. A resurrection is perhaps undesirable as well as improbable. Yet there are certain signs --- In the present century, two of his travel-books have been published, a new abridgement of the Doctor has been made, and selections have been taken from his Letters and Lives of the Admirals. (I encountered this last publication after Part III was written and was pleased to notice that it contained both the Essex and the Raleigh) Some revaluation of Southey's work is called for. Will he ever be thought of as the biographer who wrote The Inchcape Rock?

In any attempt to assess Southey's prose, it must be remembered that for the greater part of his life he was the unwilling journalist. Time and again he wrote "I have done for ever with reviewing," but he always began once more. It is remarkable that most of his faults are sins against journalism and most of his merits, journalistic virtues. His own desires led him to do things that as literature were quite impossible; his fate drew him into the way of greatness.

"A love of detail," Southey wrote, "is my besetting sin." This was true, and for a journalist it was most unfortunate. Its effects are considerable; yet in itself it is as much a symptom as a cause. His love of detail ruined the Brazil and smothered the virtues of the Peninsular War; it made his introduction to the Lives of the Admirals intolerably irritating. No matter what he undertook he found it swell beyond its intended proportions under his hands. It is suggestive to state the difficulty obversely; why was Southey so little skilled in selection? To answer because he was romantic sounds obvious, but that diagnosis will explain much. The romantic artist lives by faith/
faith, the classical by reason; romantic art is preoccupied with its message and subject-matter, the essence of classical art is the balance of matter and form. Bad romantic art is sentimental and shapeless; bad classical art is arid and formal. To consider Southey as a romantic will explain his love of detail. His subject seems to him totally valuable; to select means to discard some of it, which his romantic pre-occupation with it will not allow him to do. He is mastered by his material, and cannot subdue it to an artistic pattern, to good form. If his material presents him with a form in itself, he takes the gift, but unless that form lies on the surface, he rarely digs it out. Even his essays seem haphazard. Life itself may be haphazard, but it is the artist's business to find a pattern in it. His lack of plan is so obviously a symptom of the same romantic weakness that it is merely necessary to draw attention to it. This romantic subjection to his matter results in Southey's perverse and unrelenting pursuit of digressions, which has so often been deplored. And for this reason again he can make no success with poor material. There may be good in it; indeed there must be or Southey would never attempt to write about it, but the thing itself with all its tedium, digressions, and shapelessness is too much for him, and wrestle with it as he may, he usually wrestles in vain.

Once more Southey is romantic in his philosophy, such as it is; he lives by faith, not by reason. By faith in the ways of Providence in general, and its championship the beliefs of Robert Southey in particular; how little that faith availed him in his history has already been examined. It also engendered that monstrous self-righteousness that is irritating when he is right and painful when he is wrong. It made his statements of opinion in the Essays and other writings magisterial and aggressive rather than dialectic and suasory. He does not seek after wisdom, he dispenses it. For the same reason, once he has taken up a position/
position it is impossible to argue him out of it. If anyone had demonstrated to him, for example, that in essentials Malthus and he were in agreement, he would have been furious but unconvinced. He may grow out of an opinion; he changed from a Liberal to a Tory as his arteries hardened; but in that case he is unaware of a real change for reasons stated elsewhere. It is more difficult thus to account for his morbid pre-occupations with his fears. He cannot keep away from three distressing topics - Napoleon, Roman Catholicism and the probability of a revolution. Actually the recurrence of these themes does no great artistic harm to his writing. In the essays they were party slogans. Elsewhere, it is true, they are occasionally reminiscent of King Charles's head, with which they are not unconnected.

One of the dangers of journalism is that the author is tempted (or forced) to write too often, too much, and too quickly. This necessity helped to keep Southey from greatness. With him it was always seed-time or harvest; ideas, images, and inspirations never were allowed the long quiet summer of maturation which a work of genius needs to bring it to ripeness.

But his merits too are romantic in origin and journalist in effect. The romantic virtues have probably done more for mankind than the classical ones. Faith moves mountains, and is allied to a spirituality that transcends the merely temporal. The romantic is interested in emotions and individuals, the classic in ideas and types. The romantic is sympathetic; the classic is detached. The classical phase is static, the romantic phase is progressive; it may be disruptive, but it is positive. When romantic art achieves form, it is at a sacrifice, but romantic form is something vital struck out from the conflict between the artist and his matter, as the perfect shape of a dew-drop springs from the antagonistic tensions within it.

Southey/
Southey never climbs the transcendental steeps of romantic art or romantic metaphysics but he is not untouched by the quickening airs that blow from them. His abstract theories are poor because they are based on prejudice; but when he looks on the real world, he looks with insight because he looks with sympathy. In this way he reaches these ideas that seem so fresh today - his schemes of social service, his theories of colonial government, and the rest, which have been praised in their due place. If his faith made him sometimes self-righteous, it also made him honest and fearless. He always proclaimed his unpopular opinions from the house-tops, even if that meant that the mob would probably break his windows.

To descend to more purely literary considerations, Southey's pre-occupation with his matter means, as we have seen, that he writes well on a good subject. Greatness always inspires him to greatness. That is one of the reasons why he was more consistently successful in biography than in any other kind. He is there in contact with greatness of various kinds. In addition the life of man has some elements of form, and Southey's interest in the ways of Providence helped him to see that pattern and purpose, so that in his biography the worst aesthetic defect of romantic art is countered.

The romantic outlook is sympathetic, even empathetic. Southey never perhaps attained the complete identification of himself with his subject that the greater romantic poets enjoyed. He could not, like Keats, pick about the gravel with the thrush. But he could, to a fair extent, enter into another man's personality; it is this that gives him such a lively appreciation of his subject, no matter whose biography he happens to be writing. He is interested in men, no matter what their actions or creed, so he tries to understand them. In one case, he did identify himself with his subject. That is why his Nelson is such an inspiring book.

There/
There is one kind of success which Southey achieves wherein his subjection to his material is overcome, or does not count; that is in the short kinds of literature, or in episodes where the movement is rapid and unhesitating. When he overcomes the temptation to digress and delay, it is because he is under some necessity of keeping his matter short, as in the prefatory biographies, or because the matter itself carries him along in a breathless, exciting rush. He attains form in these things; but it is the vital, romantic form, growing out of the matter itself.

Southey's greatest literary merit is his style. He did not attain it at once; his earliest prose is laboured; but it is there by 1807, and subsequent changes are remarkably slight. It is possible to mispraise it. To call it simple is misleading. It is not simple, in the sense that Bunyan is. Perhaps lucid is the best single adjective which can be applied to it. Only on rare occasions does it interfere between the reader and the thing. For this reason it is admirable, but difficult to appraise. Sufficient quotations have been given in the preceding sections to represent it in its various aspects. Except for their playful use in the Doctor and the Letters, foreign phrases, coinages, and extraordinary words are very rare. Colloquialisms are more frequent, but never descend to the level of vulgarity reached by Christopher North and the "Blackguards". Southey's style keeps a golden mean. It always bears his stamp; yet it has flexibility within a range that covers all but the remoter needs of prose, and several varieties of it can be distinguished. The rhetorical note, as has been said, is sounded in the essays. The histories are intentionally written on a higher key, to stamp the subject home. It is good Johnsonese; but does not always escape the charge of pomposity. The abstract noun sometimes plays him tricks. Yet when the Brazil was issued, the Quarterly criticised the style as being too/
too easy. Modes have changed, and changed in the
direction taken by Southey. The biographies and
travel books show his style at its best. In them
he writes with most ease and most restraint. He is
extraordinarily capable; so capable that the sheer
vigour of his prose is apt to pass unnoticed.
Almost everything seems within his power. Indeed
there is little that his prose cannot do, except
create elusive atmospheres and capture subtle moods.
Even these do not entirely escape him; there are
moments, in the Doctor, in his autobiography, in
the Memoir of Watts, when they are his. But for the
ordinary traffic of life his prose is unexcelled.
It is lucid without being thin; vigorous, without
being strained; flexible without being colourless;
and easy without being vulgar. The nineteenth
century cultivated styles at the expense of style;
now there is a reaction to the higher aim. The
present century might choose worse leaders than
Southey.

What, then, of his work may stand? Where are
we to look for the real Southey? These are at
best invidious questions, but this survey would be
incomplete without some sort of answer. There is
no need seriously to challenge the position held
by his Nelson, but a plea has already been made
for the Wesley, the Essex, and the Raleigh.
It would be a pity if the Memoir of Watts were
entirely forgotten. After all, Southey is our
most considerable short biographer after Johnson.
His history is dead, and but for Orsua, which is
not history, may be left in peace. The cream of
his sociology is worth skimming from Sir Thomas More.
The Tour in Scotland is a delight too recently born
to be called dead. Its publication was well worth
while. There remain two treasures for those who
like them; the Doctor and the Letters. They will
always have their devotees, though the lovers of
one will not necessarily love the other. Perhaps
this seems a small salvage from the huge wreck,
even if it were all rescued; but the journalist
does not write under the eye of eternity, and that
so/
so much is worth the salvage is perhaps Southey's highest praise. "The cormorant, devouring Time" is a merciless judge and a sure executioner.

Southey stands between two ages, and partakes of them both; he speaks for that class from which he emerged, that class which was to be the backbone of Victorian England, the great middle-class. In his aspirations and beliefs, he is the first of the great Victorians. His moral earnestness, his belief in the Church and in popular education were all foreshadowings of the coming age. Its statesmen were to carry out the imperial policy which he desired, and its greatest poet was, like himself to take little comfort from the immediate future, but putting his trust in an evolutionary Providence, to hope

- "that somehow good
  Will be the final goal of ill."

But Southey is also the last of the Georgians. He has their distrust of enthusiasms, and their admiration for greatness that is not measured in pounds sterling. Like them he loved learning for its own sake, and lived at a time when some sort of synthesis of knowledge was possible, when a man could make rich harvest in many fields. He most resembles Goldsmith in his golden mediocrity and his perfect style and his honest simplicity. The words Johnson wrote for his friend make no unjust epitaph for his successor. Southey would have relished being placed in such company, not for pride of fame, but delight in the men themselves. Such communion was one of the pleasures he looked for in Paradise.

"Nullum fere scribendi genus non tetagit, nullum quod tetagit non ornavit."
"And more of both than anybody knows."

Byron

The Published Prose Works of Robert Southey, including works edited or translated by him.

This bibliography aims at giving an account of every first edition of these works, and of every other edition published in Great Britain during Southey's lifetime. Wherever possible, full details are given; where an edition cannot be traced such information is given as can be supplied from library catalogues and the bibliography in Haller's Early Life of Southey. These sources are indicated in connexion with the editions concerned. The page sizes are approximate, as many of the editions examined had been rebound to the detriment of the margins.

Editions referred to or quoted in the text are marked †, and page references must be understood as applying solely to them.
BIBLIOGRAPHY

Part I

The Published Prose Works of Robert Southey, including works edited or translated by him.

This bibliography aims at giving an account of every first edition of these works, and of every other edition published in Great Britain during Southey's lifetime. Wherever possible, full details are given: where an edition cannot be traced such information is given as can be supplied from Library Catalogues and the bibliography in Haller's Early Life of Southey. These sources are indicated in connexion with the editions concerned. The page sizes are approximate, as many of the editions examined had been rebound to the detriment of the margins.

Editions referred to or quoted in the text are marked X, and page references must be understood as applying solely to them.
The following conventional symbols are used to indicate varieties of type:

- ordinary writing: lower case
- dotted underlining: small capitals
- CAPITALS: upper case & capitals

Continuous Underlining: Italics (l.c. & caps)

Description in square brackets refer to the words in the immediately succeeding line only.
1. THE [large caps] FLAGELLANT. [red rule]
   LONDON: printed for the authors; sold by [red rule]
   t. and j. egerton, near whitehall. m. dcc. xcii. [red rule]

SUB-TITLE
   THE [red rule] FLAGELLANT [red rule] FLOWER ORNAMENT

ALL PAGES FRAMED IN RED RULE

pp. 158.

24) [large caps] LETTERS WRITTEN DURING A SHORT
    RESIDENCE IN [large caps] SPAIN AND PORTUGAL
    BY ROBERT SOUTHEY. WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF
    [large caps] SPANISH AND [large caps] PORTUGUESE
    POETRY. [large caps] BRISTOL; PRINTED BY BULGIN AND
    ROSSER; FOR J. COTTLLE, BRISTOL, AND J. G.
    AND J. ROBINSON, AND CADELL AND
2.c] [Half Title] LETTERS written during a short residence in SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.


8vo 8 1/4" x 5 1/8"


12mo. 6 1/4" x 3 3/4".


The Works of Thomas Chatterton. Vol. II.


Translated from the French. Vol. I. [II.]

[Half-title] ON THE / [Large caps] FRENCH
REVOLUTION. / [Double rule] / VOL. II. / [missing
from Vol. I.]
8vo 8 ½” x 5 ¼”.


According to Southey, he translated the
second volume only, the first being the work of
Dr. Aiken and his son. (Life Vol. I p 307 n.)

4 [half title] [The first three lines in Gothic type]
The Works / of / Thomas Chatterton. / [Double
rule] / VOL. II. / [III] / [Double rule] / [missing
from Vol. I.]


[Title] THE / [Large caps] WORKS / OF / [Large caps]
THOMAS CHATTERTON. / [Double rule] / [Large
caps] VOL. I. / [Double rule] / containing / HIS
LIFE BY G. GREGORY, D.D. / and /
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. / [Double rule] /
LONDON: printed by biggs and cattle, crane-court, fleet-street, for t. n. longman and o. rees, paternoster-row. [rule] 1803.

THE [large caps.] WORKS [large caps.] THOMAS CHATTERTON. [Double rule] [large caps.] VOl. II. [Double rule] containing THE POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO ROWLEY. [Double rule.] LONDON: printed [etc.]; as Vol. I. supra.

THE [large caps.] WORKS [large caps.] THOMAS CHATTERTON. [Double rule] [large caps.] VOl. III. [Double rule] containing MISCELLANEOUS PIECES IN PROSE. [Double rule.] LONDON: printed [etc.]; as Vol. I. supra.

Vol I:- pp xxxvi. [238] [B Index]
   = [pp 37] [x]
   = 8" 8 1/4" x 5"

Vol I:- pp 20 Southey's Preface; Subscribers.; c1x; 361.

II:- pp [VI]; 536.

III:- pp [VI]; 637; 6 addi.

Plates, four out of seven missing.

12mo 6 3/4" x 4 1/8".

Vol I: pp. XXXVI; 288; [8 Index]
II: pp. 371; [8 Index]
III: pp. 336; [8 Index]
IV: pp. 336; [12 Index]; [2 Errata]

Vol I. was missing from the edition examined. Second edition [unknown]; Third, London 1872. by [Hallar. p. 315]

[Vol II has a half-title] [large caps.] LETTERS / from / [large caps.] ENGLAND: / by / DON MANUEL ALVAREZ ESPRIELLA.

12mo 6 1/4" x 3 3/4".

Vol I: pp. xvi; 308.

II: pp. xii; 398.

III: pp. viii; 394.

[Second title] / The remainder anonymous.

White of Nottingham, late of St. John's College, Cambridge. With an Account.

6(b) [Vol I was missing from the edition examined] [large caps.] LETTERS / from / [large caps.] ENGLAND: / by / DON MANUEL ALVAREZ ESPRIELLA.
TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

in three volumes. / Vol. I II III. / 1808.

second edition. / 1808.

printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, Paternoster-row. / 1808.

Vol. II: pp IX; 369

Vol. III: pp VII; 365; 2 [advt.]

In Vol. III, pp 347/8 and 349/50 are misplaced after pp 343/4 and 351/2 respectively.

from Haller p 316-7. [Engraved title-page; as in 3rd edition; see 7c infra]

Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme; J. Deighton, T. Barrett, and J. Nicholson, Cambridge; and W. Dunn and S. Tupman, Nottingham; At the Union Printing Office, St. John's Square, by W. Wilson. 1808.

b. Second edition: 1808 [a fortiori; 3rd edition being also 1808]

c. [Engraved title] The REMAINS of HENRY KIRKE WHITE, late of St. John's College, CAMBRIDGE; [Engraving of Church, Tombstone, etc. by Hamaden Junr., and George Cooke.] No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep; But living statues, there, are seen to weep: Affliction's semblance bends not over thy tomb. Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom. / Lord Byron. This drawing is plate presented to the Work by a Lady an esteemed friend of the Author. Published by Vernor, Hood, & Sharpe, Nov. 14. 1807.
Second title: the REMAINS of [large caps.]
HENRY KIRKE WHITE, of NOTTINGHAM, late of St. John's college, Cambridge; with an account of his [large caps.] LIFE,
BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.
[Diamond rule]/IN TWO VOLUMES. [Diamond rule]/VOL. I. [II.]
[Double rule]/THIRD EDITION [Third edition, corrected] [Double rule]/LONDON: printed for Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe; Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme; J. Deighton, T. Barrett, and J. Nicholson, Cambridge; and W. Dunn; and S. Tugman, Nottingham;
By Thomas Maiden, Sherbourne Lane, Lombard-street. [At the Union Printing Office, St. John's Square, by W. Wilson.]
[Diamond rule]/1808.

[Very large caps.]
HENRY KIRKE WHITE, of NOTTINGHAM, late of St. John's college, Cambridge; with an account of his [large caps.] LIFE,
By Robert Southey.
[Diamond rule]/IN TWO VOLUMES.
[VOL. I.][p. vii; 347]
[VOL. II.][pp. vi; 314]
Plates: 8°; 7 ¼" x 4 ½".

[Half title] The / REMAINS / of / HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

[Engraved title] The / REMAINS / of / HENRY KIRKE WHITE; / [Engraving as before, by Harraden, Junr., and James Storer.] / No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep, / But living statues, there, are seen to weep: / Afflictions [sic] semblance bends not o'er thy tomb. / Afflictions [sic] self desplores thy youthful doom. / [Ed. Byron.]

printed for vernor, hood, and sharpe; longman, hurst, rees, orme, and brown; and taylor and hessey; / at the union printing office, st. john's square, by w. wilson.

[engraved title not in vol. ii.]

frontispieces.

8 vo 8 1/4" x 5 1/2".

vol. i:- pp vii ; 374.
vol. ii:- pp vi ; 316.

$7.6: sixth edition, untraced. probably 1813.

[see engraved title to seventh edition]

[halftitle] the / remains / of / henry kirke white. / vol. i.

[engraved title] the / remains / of / [large caps.] henry kirke white. / [engraving as before by harraden, junior, and j. scott.]
No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
But living statues, there, are seen to weep:
Afflictions [sic] semblance bends not o'er thy tomb:
Afflictions [sic] self deplores thy youthful doom.

- Lord Byron


[Second title] the REMAINS of
[HENRY KIRKE WHITE, of
NOTTINGHAM, late of ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE; with an account of his
LIFE, by ROBERT SOUTHEY.
[IN TWO VOLUMES.]
1816.

[Half title and Engraved title not in Vol. II.]

Ninth Edition, 1822; to which was added:


[All script type] ENGRAVED from a DRAWING of the TABLET, executed by F. Chantrey Esq. R.A. to the memory of the late H.K. WHITE, and erected in All Saint's Church Cambridge, at the sole expense of Francis Boott Esq. — [NB] The INSCRIPTION, is by William Smyth Esq. — Professor of Modern History — / LONDON. Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme & Brown, May 24, 1822.

Paternoster row / 1822.

8º 8¼" x 5"

Vol. III: pp XIX; 185; 2 [Adut.]
[Vol. I and II missing from copy examined.]


The text is based on Munday's translation (1583)


8vo 7½" x 5½"

Vol. i.: pp. 111 to 449.
Vol. ii.: pp. 437 [see note infra]
Vol III; pp 481.

[NOTE. Vol. II is paginated and bound irregularly thus: 1-408, 467, 468, 469, 470 (all from Vol III, being half a signature) 409, 410, 409, 410-417, 422, 423, 426, 421, 418, 419, 424, 428, 430, 431, 428, 429, 426, 427, 432-451. The confusion is mainly caused by the misfolding of Sig Le 1-8.]


[Title] [All in Gothic type] Chronicle of the Cid, / From the Spanish; / by / Robert Southey. / [Double rule] / London: / Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, Paternoster Row. / 1808.

4½ 10½" x 8½"
Another edition, London 1846. [Haller p. 317]

[Title] [All in Gothic type] History of Brazil; by Robert Southey. Part the First. [Second. Third.]

[Title] [All in Gothic type] History of Brazil; by Robert Southey. Part the First. [Second. Third.]

LONDON: Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, [Orme, and Brown, Paternoster Row.] 1810. [1817. 1819.]

4° 10 1/4" x 8 1/4".

Pt. I: pp. xvi; 659; Ad. 1'
Pt. II: pp. xvi; Map; 718; Insertion.
Pt. III: pp. xxii; 950.

Part the First. Second edition 1822. [Haller 318]
[very large caps] GENERAL BIOGRAPHY; or [large caps] LIVES, per
CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL] OF THE MOST EMINENT PERSONS
OF ALL AGES, COUNTRIES, CONDITIONS, AND PROFESSIONS,
arranged according to alphabetical order. / composed
by JOHN AIKIN, M.D. / the REV. THOMAS MORGAN,
and / MRS. WILLIAM JOHNSTON. / [double rule]
[quotations from Resol V1. and Lucretius IT.]
[doubh rule] VOLUME THE SIXTH. / [double rule]
LONDON: / printed for J. Johnson, at Paul's church-yard;
g. kearsley, fleet-street; and a. crosby / and co. stationers;
court, Ludgate-street. - also for bell and brad-/fute, /edimburgh and j. archer, dublin. / [rule.] 1807.
by T. Davidson, while-friars.

4 1/4" 10 3/4" x 8 1/4"

[See Letters I 343, 347, where Southerly claims
the life of Bobeira, and the others
Spanish and Portuguese literary biographies;
and Letters II 157, where he states that
all his work is in the last two volumes;
1.e. Vols, VI, VII.]

[No title to Vol VII.]
12 a. [Half title] [All in Gothic type] Omniana / or/ HORÆ OTIOSIORES. [No half-title in Vol II]
[Title] [Gothic type] Omniana, / or /
[large caps.] HORÆ OTIOSIORES. / [rule] /
for longman, hurst, rees, orme, and /
brown, paternoster row. / [rule] / 1812.

12mo 63/8" x 33/4".

Vol I: pp ix; 336.
II: pp vi; 330.

b (a) [Half-title] THE / [large caps] LIFE OF NELSON. /
[double-rule] / Vol. I. [II.]

SOUTHEY. / [diamond rule] / " Bursting thro' the gloom / With
radiant glory from thy trophied tomb, / The
sacred splendour of thy deathless name /
Shall grace and guard thy Country's
martial fame. / Far seen shall blaze the
unextinguished ray, / A mighty beacon,
lighting Glory's way; / With living lustre
this proud land adorn, / And shine
and save, thro' ages yet unborn." / U.E.M
and Trafalgar / [Diamond rule] / IN TWO VOLUMES. /
PRINTED FOR JOHN MURRAY, / bookseller to
the admiralty and to the board of
longitude, 50, albermarle street. / [rule] /
1813.

8vo 6 ⅛" x 3 5/8"
Frontispieces.
II: pp. viii; 280 [276-280, Advt.]

[Callender's Edition] p XXXVIII. a.]
13 (c) [Half title] LIFE OF NELSON.

[Title] [large caps] LIFE OF HORATIO, LORD VISCONT NELSON, &c. &c. &c. (Abridged from Southey; with consent of the Proprietor.)


12mo 7" x 4"

Pp. 249; [1 Advt.]

[One of a series of abridgements.]


13 (c) [Half-title] LIFE OF NELSON.
the LIFE OF NELSON. by ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL. D. "Bursting thro' the gloom / With radiant glory from thy trophies tomb, / The sacred splendour of thy deathless name / Shall grace and guard thy Country's martial fame. / Far seen shall blaze the unextinguish'd ray, / A mighty beacon, lighting Glory's way; / With living lustre this proud land adorn, / And shine and save, thro' ages yet unborn." 1815 and TRAFALGAR. NEW EDITION in two volumes. VOL. I. II. [double rule] LONDON: JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET. MDCCLXXXVIII.

Nelson [stencil] Frontispieces
Vol. II. pp. viii; 280.

THE LIFE OF NELSON. by ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ. LL. D. POET LAUREATE, ETC. ETC. [Vignette of
Nelson's head, in a wreath of laurel (left) and oak leaves (right) / [large caps] LONDON: / JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, / MDCCCXXX.

18"o  6 3/4" x 3 1/2"

Pp.  vll;  35 2.

This is the "Family Library" Edition; and contains some additions.

THE [large caps] LIFE OF NELSON. / BY [large caps] ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ. LL. D. / POET LAUREATE, ETC. ETC. / [Vignette head of Nelson enclosed in a wreath of laurel (left) and oak leaves (right)] / [large caps] LONDON: / JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, / MDCCCXXX.

Nautical Records / Publisher's device / Anchor and Dolphin / 18x0  6"  X  3 3/4" / MAPS AND PLANS / 1932 / LONDON: PUBLISHED BY J. M. DAVIES AND / NEW YORK: BY E. D. DUTTON AND COMPANY.
[A second impression of the previous edition, apparently not counted as a new edition]

13(h) Another 6th edition, London, 1840. [Callender, loc. cit.]


13(k) [Half title] SOUTHEY'S [large caps] LIFE OF NELSON

[Title] [large caps] SOUTHEY'S / [very large caps] LIFE OF NELSON / EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND / CRITICAL NOTES / by / [large caps] GEOFFREY CALLENDER / M.A., F.R.Hist.S. / Professor of History and English, Royal Naval College, / Greenwich; Vice-President of the Naval Records / Society; Hon. Secretary of the Society for Nautical Research / [Publisher's Device, Anchor and Dolphin] / WITH TWELVE MAPS / AND PLANS / 1922 / LONDON: PUBLISHED BY J. M. DENT / AND SONS LTD., AND IN NEW YORK / BY E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY

4½ 9" x 7¼"

pp: Map; v; 266.

[A reprint of Quarterly Review No. xxvi, Art. xi, and No. xxvii, Art. ix, both of which are attributed to Southey, Life VI; Letters II, 420.]
14 (b) [large caps.] CAMPAIGNS OF ARTHUR, DUKE OF WELLINGTON, &c. &c. &c.
(Abridged from the Quarterly Review, with consent of the Proprietors.) [double rule]

[Italic] LONDON: PRINTED FOR F. C. & J. RIVINGTON, Booksellers to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; no. 62, St Paul's Church-Yard; and no. 3, Waterloo Place, Pall-Mall. [rule] 1822.

12mo 7" x 4"

Pp 190+ [3 or 4 leaves missing.]
[Of the same series as the abridged Nelson.]

15. [Half title] MORTE DARThUR.

[Title] the BYRTH, LYF, AND ACTES OF KYNG ARTHUR; of HIS NOBLE KNIGHTES OF THE ROUND TABLE, THEIR MERVEYYLOUS ENQUESTES AND

4°. 9 5/8 x 7 1/4

Vol I: pp. lxiii [pref.]; subtitle; xxxix [contents]; 383
Vol II: pp. 495.


8vo 8 ¼" X 5 ½"  pp 45.


8vo 8 ¼" X 5 ½"

2nd Ed.:  pp 45
3rd Ed.:  pp 45
4th Ed.:  pp 45
[Half-title] the LIFE OF WESLEY, &c. &c. / VOL. I. [II.]

[Title] the LIFE OF WESLEY; and the RISE AND PROGRESS of [Gothic type] Methodism [diamond rule] / By ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. / poet laureate [very small caps] member of the royal spanish academy, of the royal spanish academy of history, and of the royal institute of the netherlands, &c. / [rule] / Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. / Lord Bacon. / [rule] / IN TWO VOLUMES. / VOL. I. [II.]. / [large caps] LONDON; / PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN, / paternoster-row / 1820.

8° 8 5/8 " X 5 1/4 "

Frontispieces.

Vol. I: pp. XXXI; [2 Errata]; 512.

II: pp 622.
17(b) [Title] The LIFE [etc., as 17(a) to ...] / Lord Bacon / [Rule] / THE SECOND EDITION. / IN TWO VOLUMES. / VOL. I. [II.] / LONDON: / PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, / AND BROWN, / PATERNOSTER ROW. / 1820.

8½" x 5¼"
Frontispieces.

II: pp. 622.
the [Gothic type] Expedition of Orsua; and the [Gothic type] Crimes of Aguirre.

[Rule] by ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ. LL. D.

[Small Gothic type] Poet laureate; member of the royal Spanish academy, of the royal Spanish academy of history, of the royal institute of the Netherlands, of the cymroddorion, &c. [Rule] LONDON:

printed for LONGMAN, HURST, REES, OrME, AND BROWN, / pall-mall-row. / 1821.

12mo 6¾" x 3¾"

pp. x; 215.
history, of the royal institute of the
netherlands, of the symmordon, of the
massachusetts historical society, &c. / 
[double rule] / IN THREE VOLUMES. / VOL. I. [II. III.]
LONDON: JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-
STREET. /[rule]/ 1823. [1827, 1832.]

$4_{12} 10\frac{3}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{8}$

Vol I: - pp. xx; 806.
II: - pp. xvi; 807.
III: - pp. xv; 936.

N.B. Three vols in six. [Haller 321.]

20. (a) [Half title] THE BOOK OF THE CHURCH.

[Title] THE / [Gothic type] Book of the
CHURCH / BY / [Large caps] ROBERT
SOUTHEY, Esq. LL.D. / POET LAUREATE, / [very small caps] honorary member of the royal
spanish academy, of the royal spanish academy
of history, of the royal institute of the
netherlands, of the cymnrodori; of the
massachusetts historical society, of the
american antiquarian society, of the royal
irish academy, of the bristol philosophical
and literary society, &c. / IN TWO VOLUMES, /
[large caps] JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET. /
MDCCC XXIV.

8 vo. 8 1/2" x 5 1/8".


II.: pp. 528.


[Catalogue of the London Library]
THE [Gothic type] Book of the Church /
by [large caps] ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. LL.D.,
POET LAUREATE, honorary member of the
royal spanish academy, of the royal
spanish academy of history, of the royal
institute of the netherlands, of the
cymroflorion, of the massachusetts
historical society, of the american
antiquarian society, of the royal irish
academy, of the bristol philosophical
and literary society, &c. [diamond rule]
Recito memoriam perfuncti periculi,
paedificationem amplissimi beneficii, vocem
officii praeventis, testimonium praeteriti
temporis. — Cicero, pro Sextio. [diamond
rule] THIRD EDITION, IN TWO VOLUMES.
Vol. I. [II.] [double rule] [large caps]
LONDON: JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-
STREET; MDCCCXXV.

8vo 8 2" x 5 4".

20 (d) THE [Gothic type] Book of the Church / by [large caps] ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. LL. D. [poet laureate], [very small caps] honorary member of the royal spanish academy, of the royal spanish academy of history, of the royal institute of the netherlands, of the cymmodorion, of the massachusetts historical society, of the american antiquarian society, of the royal with academy, of the bristol philosophical and literary society, etc. [rule] "Recito memoriam perfuncti periculi, praedicationem amplissimi beneficii, vocem officii praesentis, testimonium praeferiti temporis." — Cicero, pro Sextio. [rule] FOURTH EDITION. [large caps] LONDON: [large caps] JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET. [rule] MDCCXXXVII.

8\textsuperscript{vo} 8\frac{3}{4} " x 5\frac{1}{2} ".

pp. xxiiii ; 573.
20 (c) THE / [large caps] BOOK OF THE CHURCH. / 
by/ [large caps] ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq., LL.D. / 
POET LAUREATE / honorary member of the 
royal spanish academy, of the royal 
spanish academy of history, of the royal 
institute of the netherlands, of the 
cymruadigion, of the massachusetts historical 
society, of the american antiquarian society, 
of the royal irish academy, of the bristol 
philosophical and literary society, etc. / [rule] /

'Recito memoriam perfuncti peculi, 
praedicationem amplissimi benefici, 
vocem officii presentis, testimonium 
praeteriti temporis; — Cicero, pro Sectio. /

[rule] FIFTH EDITION. LONDON: JOHN MURRAY, 
ALBEMARLE STREET. 1841.

8\text{\textquoteright}0 \quad 8\text{\frac{3}{4}} \times 5\frac{1}{2}\text{\textquoteright}.

pp. XXIII; 572.
VINDICÆ ECCLESIAE ANGLICANAÆ.

[Heavy double rule]

LETTERS to

[Every large caps] CHARLES BUTLER, Esq.

comprising

ESSAYS ON THE ROMISH RELIGION and

vindicating

[Small caps] The Book of the

Church.

BY ROBERT SOUTHAYE, Esq., LL.D.

POET LAUREATE, honorary member of the royal

spanish academy, of the royal spanish academy

of history, of the royal institute of the netherlands,

of the cymrodocon, of the massachusetts

historical society, of the american antiquarian

society, of the royal irish academy, of the

bristol philosophical and literary society, of the

metropolitan institution, of the philomathic

institution, &c.

[double rule]

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

MDCCC XXVI.

8 1/2" x 5 1/2"

Pp. XXVI; 526; [2 Errata]
Sir Thomas More: [heavy double rule] or, [enlarged] Colloquies or The Progress and Prospects of [enlarged] Society. [rule] by [enlarged] Robert Southey, Esq. LL.D., Poet Laureate, honorary member of the Royal Spanish Academy, of the Royal Spanish Academy of History, of the Royal Institute of the Netherlands, of the Cymroodorian, of the Massachusetts Historical Society, of the American Antiquarian Society, of the Royal Irish Academy, of the Bristol Philosophical and Literary Society, of the Metropolitan Institution, of the Philomathic Institution, &c. [rule] respice, aspice, prospece. — St. Bernard. [rule] with plates. IN TWO VOLUMES. Vol. I. [II.] [double rule] [enlarged] London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. MDCCCLXIX.

8° 8 3/8" x 5 1/4"

Engravings

Vol. I: pp. XV; [3]; 418;
II: pp. [2]; 450.
22(b) [Gothic type] Sir Thomas More: / [double rule] /
or / [large caps] coloquies [...: etc., as 22a: ...] /
respice, aspice, prospice. — [very small caps] st.
bernard. / [rule] / with plates / the second /
edition, in two volumes / vol. i. [ii.] / [rule] /
london: / john murray, albuquerque street. / mdcxxxiii.

8vo 8½" x 5½"

[Engravings]

vol. i.: pp. xiv; 389.

ii.: pp. [2]; 460.

23(a) [half-title] the / [large caps] pilgrim's
progress.

[full-title] the / [large caps] pilgrim's
progress / with / [large caps] a life of john
bunyan / [large caps] by robert southey,
esq. ll. d. / poet-laureate, &c. &c. &c. /
illustrated with engravings.
PUBLISHER'S MONOGRAM, ENCLOSING A WREATH OF THISTLES AND ROSES. / LONDON: JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET, / AND JOHN MAJOR, FLEET-STREET. / M.DCCC.XXX.

8°. 8 1/2" X 5 3/8"

Pp. civ; 411.


[See also 33, infra.]

24 [Half-title] BRITISH POETS. / [rule] / CHAUCER TO JONSON.

[Engraved Title] SELECT / [large caps] WORKS / OF / THE / [large caps; initials larger] BRITISH POETS, / FROM / [large caps; initials larger] CHAUCER TO JONSON, / WITH / BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES / BY / [large caps; initials larger] ROBERT SOUTHEY ESQ & L.L.D. / [Device; lyre with a
bust of Chaucer on the sound board. [/LONDON.]
Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown and
Green, / Paternoster Row, / 1831.

8½"  8½" x 5½".

Pp. viii; 1016.

23(a) ATTEMPTS IN VERSE, / by [large caps] JOHN
JONES, / an old servant: with some
account of the writer, / written by
himself: and / an introductory essay
on the / lives and works of our
uneducated poets, / by [large caps]
ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ. / poet laureate. / [double rule] / [large caps] LONDON: / JOHN
MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET. / mdccexxxii.

8vo  7½" x 5½".

Pp. xiii; [2 Subtitle]; 332.
[Gothic type] Essays,
[Moral and Political, by
[large caps] ROBERT SOUTHEY,
Esq. L.L.D. Poet Laureate, &c.]
here thou shalt have the service of my pen, the tongue of my best thoughts.
daniel. [rule] LONDON: JOHN MURRAY,
ALBEMARLE STREET. [rule] MDCCCLXXII.

8 vo. 5 7/8 " x 3 5/8 ".

Vol. I:— pp. viii; 422.
Vol. II:— pp. [iv]; 448.

[Half-title] the Cabinet Cyclopædia.
[missing from vols. II and III]

[First title-page] the Cabinet Cyclopædia,
conducted by the Rev. Dionysius Lardner,
LL.D. F.R.S. L. & E. / m. r. i. a. / r. a. s. / l. s.
f. z. s hon. f. c. p. s. &c. &c. / assisted by/
EMINENT LITERARY [AND SCIENTIFIC] MEN.
BRITISH ADMIRALS. / with an introductory view /
of the NAVAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. / by / ROBERT
SOUTHEY, LL. D. / poet laureate. / [continued by ROBERT
BELL, ESQ. (VOL. I.)] / VOL. I. [II. III. IV. V.] / [rule] /
LONDON: / printed for / LONGMAN, REES, [VOL V. omits
Rees] ORME, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMAN,
[LONGMANS, VOL V.] / PATERNOSTER ROW; / AND
JOHN TAYLOR, / UPPER GOWER STREET. / 1833. [1833-1834. 1837. 1840.]

[Second title] [as First title, but replacing]--
[rule] / [Gothic type] Biography / [rule]--[by a
single rule] / There is no second
title page in vols. IV and V.

[Engraved title] LIVES / of the / [Large caps]
BRITISH ADMIRALS, / with an / [Gothic type]
Introductory view of the / NAVAL HISTORY OF
ENGLAND, / by / ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL. D. /
[Italic type] Poet laureate. / [Continued
by ROBERT BELL, ESQ. (VOL V.)] / [Gothic

8° 6½" x 4¼".

II:— pp. VIII; 380.
III:— pp. VIII; 355.
IV:— pp. XII; 345.


[Title] [large caps] LETTER / to JOHN MURRAY, ESQ.; / “TOUCHING” / [large caps] LORD NUGENT; / in reply to a / letter from
his lordship, touching an article in the "QUARTERLY REVIEW" by the AUTHOR OF THAT ARTICLE. "I have been libell'd, Murray, as thou know'st, through all degrees of calumny!" Southey's Epistle to Allan Cunningham. LONDON: JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET. MDCCCXXXIII.

8 vo. 8" x 5¼".

Pp. 75.

[Half-title] THE DOCTOR, &c. [in verso] There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other.

BUTLER'S REMAINS.

[TITLE] [In red] THE DOCTOR, [In red]


[Second title] [large caps] HORSE LYRICAE. / [rule] / [large caps] POEMS. / CHIEFLY OF THE LYRIC KIND, / IN THREE BOOKS. / sacred to devotion and piety. - to virtue,
honour, and friendship. — to the memory of
the dead. [large caps] by isaac watts, d.d.
to which is added, a supplement containing
translations of all the latin poems, with
notes; [large caps] by thomas gibbons, d.d. [rule]/
— simon uranie byran/ coelestem cohibet,
neque polyhymnia/ humanum refugit tendere
barbitor. [hor. od. i. imitat. [rule] / with / a
memoir of the author, by / robert
southey, esq, ll. d. [rule] / london:/
[gothic type] john hartford and son,
piccadilly; / whittaker & co. ave maria
lane; simpkin & marshall; / stationers' court;
talboys, oxford; deighton; cambridge; oliver
& boyd, edinburgh; / and canning, dublin./
[rule] / mdcce xxxiv.

8vo 6 5/8" x 4 1/8"

p. cxii; 298.
[Half-title] HORÆ LYRICÆ: / POEMS, / by / ISAAC
WATTS, D.D. / with / MEMOIR, / by R. SOUTHEY, ESQ.

[TITLE] [large caps] HORÆ LYRICÆ: / [large caps]
POEMS, / SACRED TO / DEVOTION AND PIETY: / TO
VIRTUE, HONOUR, AND FRIENDSHIP: / AND TO THE
MEMORY OF THE DEAD: / by / [large caps] ISAAC
WATTS, D.D. / RULE / WITH / A MEMOIR OF THE
AUTHOR, / by / ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ. / POET
LAUREATE. / RULE / [large caps] A NEW
EDITION. / RULE / LONDON: / JOSEPH RICKERBY,
SHERBOURN LANE, / KING WILLIAM STREET,
CITY. / RULE / 1837.

12° 5½" x 3½".

Pp. 12 [Contents]; 177; 188.


8" x 6 3/8" x 4 1/8".

[Frontispieces and plates.]

[The Life is contained in the first three volumes.]
II: pp. XII; 370.
III: pp. XII; 323.

8vo 8½" x 5½".

[Frontispiece to Vol I]

Vol I: pp. XX; 631.
II: pp. VII; [2 Errata]; 693.
III: pp. VIII; [2 Errata]; 736.
SELECT BIOGRAPHIES. / CROMWELL / and / BUNYAN. / by ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ., LL. D. / LONDON: JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET. / 1844.

8vo  6 7/8" x 4 1/2"

Pp.  VIII ; 180.

SELECT BIOGRAPHIES. / CROMWELL / and / BUNYAN. / by ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ., LL. D. / LONDON: JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET. / 1846.

8vo  6 5/8" x 4 5/8"

Pp.  VIII ; 180.
[Title] [Framed in wide double-rule]

[Acanthus design] SOUTHEY'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK. / edited by his son-in-law, JOHN WOOD WARTER, B.D. / [rule] LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS. /
[rule] 1849.

[Other volumes] [Half-title] [Framed single rule] SOUTHEY'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.


[Large caps] SPECIAL COLLECTIONS.

[Analytical Readings, Original Memoranda, Etc.]
[Title] Framed in wide double rule.


8 1/2 x 5 7/8.

Vol I: pp. iv; 596.
II: pp. vi; 693.
III: pp. viii; 841.
IV: pp. viii; 788.

[Half-title] THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF [large caps] ROBERT SOUTHEY.

VOL. I. [II. III. IV. V. VI.]


8° 7 1/2" x 4 3/4"  
[Frontispieces]

Vols 1: p. XII; 352.  
II: pp. x; 360.  
III: pp. VIII; 352.
ROBERT SOUTHEY/ 
and/ CAROLINE BOWLES.

Title] DUBLIN UNIVERSITY PRESS SERIES/ [rule]/ 
[large caps] THE CORRESPONDENCE / of / 
[very large caps] ROBERT SOUTHEY/ with / 
[very large caps] CAROLINE BOWLES. / to which 
are added / CORRESPONDENCE WITH SHELLEY, 
AND SOUTHEY'S DREAMS. / [Gothic Type] Edited 
with an Introduction / by / [large caps] 
EDWARD DOWDEN, LL. D., / PROFESSOR OF 
ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF 
DUBLIN, / [Sigillum Coll. Dublin.] / DUBLIN: 
HODGES, FISGIS & CO., GRAFTON-STREET/ 
LONDON: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 
PATERNOSTER-ROW. / 1881.

8vo 8 7/8" x 5 5/8" 
[Frontispiece]

Pp. xxxi1; 388; 
2 [Catalogue]; 24 [Catalogue].
38. [Half-title] JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN / THE NETHERLANDS IN / THE AUTUMN OF 1815

[Title] JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN / THE NETHERLANDS IN / THE AUTUMN OF 1815 / [Publisher's device] / WILLIAM HEINEMANN / LONDON MDCCCLII

8vo. 7 3/8" x 4 7/8".

Pp. viii; 263; [1].

39. [Half-title] JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN / SCOTLAND IN 1819

[Title] [very large caps] JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND IN 1819 / BY ROBERT SOUTHEY / with an INTRODUCTION AND NOTES / BY C.H. HERFORD, M.A.,
Litt. D., F.B.A. / honorary professor of English literature / in the University of Manchester. / LONDON / JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

[in verso] First Edition .. 1929

8\text{vo} 7\frac{3}{4}" \times 5\frac{1}{2}"

[Plates]

Pp. 1; [2 illustration list]; 276.
Part II

Southey's Periodical Writings.

This includes only those articles for which there is external evidence, viz:—

The list given by C.C. Southey in Life and Correspondence Vol. VI, p. 398 - 402:

References in Southey's own writings; and

References by contemporary authors.

The evidence is quoted after each entry. Where none is specifically given, the article is mentioned in the Life loc. cit. Fuller details of other sources are given in Part III of this bibliography, where they will be found marked X. Where possible the title-page is given of the first volume to which Southey contributed for each periodical. Volume and page references are also given where I have been able to trace them. For all such references I alone am responsible.
the [large caps] CRITICAL REVIEW: or,
Annals of literature; EXTENDED and
IMPROVED, by a SOCIETY of GENTLEMEN.
A NEW ARRANGEMENT. VOLUME THE TWENTY-FOURTH.
—nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in
malice. —shaksp. /qualis ab incipto. hoc./
LONDON: printed for A. Hamilton, Falcon-court,
Fleet-street. [Rule] 1798.
8vo. 73/4" x 5."

Vol. 24. THE [large caps] CRITICAL
REVIEW. OCTOBER, 1798.
pp. 197-204:—Lyrical Ballads, with a few other Poems.
[Robberds] Southey to W. Taylor 5th Sept. 1798.

Vol. 25. THE [large caps] CRITICAL
REVIEW. MARCH, 1799.
pp. 314-318:—Rising Castle, with other Poems. By
George Goodwin. [Robberds 1 p263]
Appendix. Mémoires Historiques de Stéphanie-
Louise de Bourbon-Conti. [Ibid. p240]

Vol. 27 THE [large caps] CRITICAL
REVIEW. SEPTEMBER, 1799.
pp. 29-39:—Gebir, a Poem in seven Books;
[Life Vl. 398].
Vol. 35. THE CRITICAL REVIEW. MAY, 1802. pp. 57-75. Art. VII. Rural Tales, Ballads, and Songs. By Robert Bloomfield. [Southey to Coleridge. 4-7-1802.]

Vol. 36. THE CRITICAL REVIEW. DECEMBER, 1802. pp. 413-418. Art VIII. Poems by Mrs. Opie. [Robberds I. 43?]

Appendix pp. 638-548: Poesias del Conde de Narroxa. [Southey to D. Stuart. Letters from the Lake Poets.]

Vol. 37

FEBRUARY, 1803.

Series of Plays by Mrs. Baillie. [Southey to TomaSouthey 17-12-1803]

This list follows Zeitlin (q.v.), and the external evidence quoted is as given by him. For Vol. and page references to the Critical, however, I am responsible.]

(192)
[Very large caps] ATHENEUM, A MAGAZINE of LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INFORMATION.


[diamond rule] JANUARY TO JUNE 1807.


8 1/2 " x 5 1/4"
Southey was in part responsible for the founding of the Athenaeum. I have been unable to trace any definite articles of his. He contributed translations of Spanish poetry (Letters I p. 893) and reviews (Ibid. I p. 416; II p. 9). The Brazil was first to be announced in it. (Letters II 67.)
the EDINBURGH ANNUAL REGISTER, for 1808. [1809. 1810.]
Vol. First [SECOND, THIRD] — PART FIRST. [rule]
EDINBURGH: [double rule] [gotic type] Printed by James Ballantyne and Co. for John Ballantyne and Co. Edinburgh; Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme; Cadell and Davies; Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown; and (Vols II, III)
William Miller; John Murray; and (Vols II, III) Robert Scholey, London. [rule] 1810. [1811. 1812]

Vol I: [sub-title] the HISTORY OF EUROPE, 1808. [rule above and below]
pp 1 - 459.

Vol II: [sub-title] HISTORY OF EUROPE, 1809.
Part I pp. 1 - 797.

Vol III: [sub-title] [rule] the HISTORY OF EUROPE, 1810. [rule]
Part I pp. 1 - 578
Part II: HISTORY OF LOPE DE AGUIRRE.
pp [i] - l.
No I. Art. XVII. Periodical Accounts relative to the Baptist Missionary Society.


No. II. Art. III. Extractos em Portuguez e em Inglez, ... para facilitar o Estudo d'aquella Lingoa. pp. 268 - 292.
No. III. Art. II. Transactions of the Missionary Society in the South Seas Islands.  
pp. 24 - 61.

No. III. Art. V. Voyages and Travels to India, Ceylon, the Red Sea, Abyssinia and Egypt. By George, Viscount Valentia.  
pp. 88-126.

No. IV. Art. IX. American Annals; or, a Chronological History of America, from its Discovery. By Abiel Holmes, D.D.  
pp. 319 - 337.

The Life of Lord Nelson. By Mr. Harrison.  
The Life of Lord
The Life of Admiral Lord Nelson, K. B., from his Lordships Manuscripts. By the Rev. Stancee Clarke, F.R.S., and John M'Arthur, Esq. LL.D.
pp. 218 - 262.

No. VI. Art. XIII. An Authentic Narrative of Four Years' Residence at Tongataboo. By — [Veevon], who went further in the Duff... in 1796.
pp. 440 - 456.

No. VI. Art. XIV. British Georgics. By James Grahame.
pp. 456 - 461.

No. VII. Art I. Observador Portuñez, Historico e Político de Lisboa... 1807... até... 1808.
No. VIII. Art. III. A Description of the Feroe Islands, etc. By the Rev. G. Landt.
pp. 333 - 342.

pp. 480 - 514.

No. XI. Art. XV. A Comparative View of the Plans of Education... of Dr. Bell and Mr. Lancaster. By Joseph Fox.
A Sermon preached in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul. By H. Marsh, D.D.
A Comparative View of the two New Systems of Education for the Infant Poor... By the Rev. R.G. Bower, LL.B.
pp. 264 - 304.
No. XII. Art. I. The History of the Inquisitions; including the Secret Transactions of those Horrific Tribunals.

A Letter upon the mischievous Influence of the Spanish Inquisition as it actually exists.

Narrativa da Perseguíçam de...
Pereira Furtado de Mendonça

pp. 313 - 357.

No. XII. Art. IV. The West Indies, and other Poems. By James Montgomery.

The Wanderer of Switzerland, and other Poems. By James Montgomery.

pp. 405 - 419.


Journal of a Tour in Iceland ... 1809. By Wm. Jackson Hooker.

pp. 48 - 92.
No. XIV. Art. XIV. Biographic Moderne: Lives of remarkable Characters... from the commencement of the French Revolution to the present time. From the French.

pp. 412 - 438.


pp. 235 - 265

Letters II 269 refers to an article on Humboldt's Mexico; much of this article is based on that work. The knowledge and opinions are similar to those in the Brazil.


pp. 86 - 92.

No. XV. Art. VI Calamities of Authors.

By the author of 'Curiosities of Literature'.

pp. 93 - 114.
No. XVI. Art. IV. Propositions for ameliorating the condition of the poor... by regulations calculated to reduce the parochial Rates... By P. Colquhon.
pp 319 - 356.

No. XIX. Art. V. History of the Dissenters, from... 1688 to... 1808. By David Bogue and James Bennet.
Wilson's History and Antiquities of Dissenting Churches.
Neal's History of the Puritans.
pp. 90 - 139.

No. XXI. Art. IV. Letters on the Nicobar Islands.
pp 57 - 72.

No. XXI. Art VI. The World before the Flood, a poem;... with other pieces. By James Montgomery.
pp 78 - 87.
pp 480 - 504.

No. xxiii. Art. xii. [The same, continued.]
pp 60 - 90.

pp 180 - 227.

No. xxiv. Art. xi. Travels to the Source of the Missouri... and to the Pacific Ocean. By Captains Lewis and Clarke.
pp 317 - 368.

No. xxiv. Art. x. Letters and Miscellaneous Papers by Brrrè C. Roberts.
pp 509 - 519.

No. xxv. Art. i. Mémoires.... des Expéditions
No. XXV. Art. XII. The Life of the Most Noble Arthur, Duke of Wellington... by Geo. Elliot.
   pp 215 -- 275

No. XXVI. Art. IX. Life of Wellington [cont'd]
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Part III

Books on Southey

These are books which contain valuable information about Southey or his work, or which throw light on some aspect of his writings. The bibliographical details are only such as make reference to these books easy. Editions of standard works are not specified. Works quoted in the text or in parts I or II of the bibliography are marked .


BLACK J.D. Oliver Cromwell London, 1934.


DOWDEN E. Correspondence of Robert Southey with Caroline Bowles. Dublin, 1881.
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