'The Women Characters in the "Imaginary Conversations" of Walter Savage Landor.'

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C O N T E N T S.

C H A P T E R I.

General Characteristics of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations".

Landor had numerous literary predecessors, both in ancient and in modern times, who used the conversation as an art form. It was, however, the contemplated publication by his friend, Southey, of colloquies of famous men, that suggested definitely to him the idea of employing the dialogue as a framework for his own rich thoughts and noble sentiments.

He had a vast amount of untutored erudition, and he owes much of the spontaneity and originality of his conceptions to the fact that his knowledge was not rigidly academic but the fruit of personal tastes. He was deeply read in all the finest productions of past ages; he was an eager student of history, and so ardently did his imagination engage itself with the noble beings of all times that they were as real to him as the people he met daily, and usually far more attractive and admirable. The innate fineness of his own soul responded to the soothing contact with these creatures from the past, who exhibited no pettinesses to arouse the wrath and scorn of the passionate old Titan.

Like Carlyle, he looked upon history as the biography of great men and women, and among the company of "the noble dead", no less than of "the noble living", he was in his true element. He himself testifies to the vividness of his artistic vision, to the intensity with which he participated in the emotions which he depicted:- "I brought before me the various characters, the very

"tones of their voices, their forms, complexions and step. In "the daytime I laboured, and at night unburdened my mind, "shedding many tears."

Landor had an exceptional power of reanimating the past, yet he had not that instinct for construction necessary for the management of plot. "What is plot but trick?" he asks, and in his scorn there may be seen a tacit acknowledgment of his own inability to submit his arbitrary genius to the necessary restrictions. His own dramas, from "Count Julian" to the "Giovanna" trilogy, are composed of scenes loosely strung together, and perfunctorily divided into the conventional number of acts. He occasionally introduces a narrative into his conversations, but seldom does he acquit himself creditably in this form: the story which should be closely knit wanders along a protracted course, seduced from its rightful path by almost any chance suggestion or striking illustration.

The conversation form is obviously that which is best suited to his genius. He is full of profound and noble thoughts, yet he is by no means a great consecutive thinker. He is incapable of developing a lengthy argument without yielding to his favourite temptation of wandering from the high road of the discussion into some alluring byrath. Where the air of the composition is orderly and rational exposition, this would entirely obscure the argumentative value, but in a conversation whose very essence is liberty, and which loses its verisimilitude, if too rigorously constructed, it is but an additional charm. His conversations are remarkable for the graceful ease of the ebb and flow of

feeling, for the rich wisdom of isolated thoughts, and for the beauty of the characters revealed in them.

It has been said that Landor regarded history as "a succession of vivid personalities"[1] in whom the times themselves are eternally mirrored and epitomised. Almost all his dramatis personae are of heroic stature. Like Gulliver in the island of Glubbdubdrib, he delighted in calling up the spirits of those who had been destroyers of great tyrants, for he had an ardent passion for national and individual liberty, and an equally fierce loathing of oppression and cruelty. His tyrants are usually portrayed as lacking all redeeming traits; their undoers as little short of gods. Many of his most beautiful female characters are revealed not so much in the guise of active agents for good, as that of sufferers from the brutalities and injustice of personal or national cruelty and stupidity.

The range of characters whom he reveals is remarkable; there is scarcely a nation and scarcely a century which has not yielded him a hero or heroine. He is least happy when depicting the personages and events of his own times, for then his passionate prejudices obscured his vision. Some of his finest conversations are those in which the great personages of ancient Greece and Rome appear, but his pictures of Renaissance Italy and of the earlier history of his own country are equally felicitous.

As he never tires of reiterating, "the business of the drama is character", and mere accidentals of time and place are forced to yield to what he regards as the necessities of imaginative truth. He violates historical accuracy with the most delightful equanimity, bringing together for the purposes of

1 De Sélincourt - Imaginary Conversations

his art persons who could by no possibility have met, and imperturbably explaining that he knows what he is doing, and that the end justifies the means. It must be admitted that in his case it usually does. By the deliberate choice of the title "Imaginary Conversations", he claims the right to depict, not what actually has happened, but what might have occurred, given the circumstances.

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Landor has done an inestimable service to the psychological side of historical study, in making real to many readers personages of the past who have hitherto been merely shades. Perhars the anachronisms which he freely introduces into his conversations are sometimes indefensible, yet they are so glaring and unconcealed that they could delude few students. He frequently adopts unconventional views of his heroes and heroines, and in this respect he might possibly mislead a student applying to him for an orthodox portrait. To his honour be it said that his reconstruction of a much-maligned character is frequently to its advantage. He is not entirely capricious in this, but where the evidence both for and against seems of equal weight (and sometimes even when he can find but one authority in favour of his hero or heroine) his nobility and chivalry often incline him to adopt the favourable view. So Agnes Sorel, Diane de Poictiers, Giovanna of Naples shine with the radiance of triumphant purity and virtue from his pages. In his independence he hated the children of his imagination "to imitate the gait or learn any tricks of others", and he consciously abstained from reading immediately before composition from fear of distorting

the vision which he had had. He produced his conversations at fever heat, generally after long meditation, so profound as almost to merit the name of communion with the spirits of his imaginary heroes.

He was a true classic in his hatred of slovenly, hasty, unrestrained, "unpremeditated art". He polished and refined and rejected with scrupulous care and merciless self-criticism. "I have rejected quite as much as I have admitted, and some of it quite as good", he wrote, when the Edinburgh Review of 1850 incensed him by referring to the "mannerisms" of the "Hellenics".

He hated obscurity with Greek fervour, yet this conscientious pruning often makes his conversations difficult to follow. In his refusal to admit the superfluous, he sometimes rejects what is vital to the consecutive thread of the dialogue, pulling the reader up short before a gap in the psychological continuity. A re-reading will usually enable one to bridge the gulf, but the mere fact that this is necessary implies a fault in Landor. He resembles Browning in exacting much foreknowledge from his readers. His dislike for the introduction of the non-essential led to his dispensing entirely with stage directions, all necessary indications of change of attitude being betrayed by the words of the characters themselves.

In the pursuit of composure and restraint, Landor consciously understates rather than exaggerates the emotion, thus falling back upon the use of that literary irony which, recognising the total inadequacy of words to express the inexpressible, takes refuge in a method whereby everything necessary is implied,

little stated. Here again he demands much from the attention, the sympathy and the comprehension of his readers.

To his classic hatred of obscurity, he added an equally classic love of pure outlines, of composure, of restraint. No stress of passion is allowed to disturb the noble stream that falls from the lips of his artistic children. All speak Landorian English, yet under the calm unperturbed diction, their passions show naked, as Landor desired them to do. There is no tumult, no incoherence in their speech, however fierce their passion, and the use of one type of language only as a medium neither obscures their individuality nor is monotonous. It is the perfect medium in Landor's hands, and is usually flexible enough and varied enough for all his purposes. Professor Mahaffy has denied, in his preface to the classical dialogues from the "Imaginary Conversations", that Landor's literary style was in any way Greek, finding in the sonorous periods of Ciceronian prose the only classical parallel for the typical Landorian sentence. This may be true, but frequently Landor's finest effects are obtained by the deliberate use of simplicity and brevity. Even though his favourite sentence-structure may be Roman, the harmony, the serenity, the restraint of Landor's manner are purely Greek.

Landor led no deliberate revolt against the Romantic School with which he was contemporary. He admired and esteemed many of the most famous Romantic writers, and his style was the outcome of a mind entirely independent of prevalent taste and capable of following its own bent under any circumstances. His

work is chastened, polished and composed, because only in such an artistic form could he express his innermost being.

Individual as Landor is in his treatment of his dramatis personae and in his style, he is equally independent in his choice of ~~his~~ scene. Following the arguments of Lessing in the "Laocöon", he usually selects for dramatic treatment not a moment of crisis, but rather the moment immediately before or after. Critics have complained that he thus rouses a sense of expectation which is never satisfied, and ~~thus~~ so commits an artistic error; but Landor feels with Lessing that at the moment of supremest stress the character is wrenched out of all semblance to its truest self, and shows unnatural and distorted. He chooses rather to portray a pause in the action, when the nature recoils upon itself and reveals its innermost being most clearly. His aim is to delineate character, not to attain a dénouement. His idiosyncrasies, and above all his extreme classicism, make him difficult for the average reader to follow, and hence popular with but a small minority. Julius Hare's pronouncement was prophetic when he wrote, "The Conversations are too classical and substantial for the morbid and frivolous taste of the English".

Landor lived in an age when mysticism was in the very air, when all the most prominent poets were earnest exponents of that religion of nature which discovered mystic links between man and natural phenomena. But Landor hated the mystic, distrusted the infinite, holding fast to the tangible and the knowable.

Even when he depicts Joan of Arc there is no trace of mysticism in her spirituality, and here again Landor was purely Greek.

The conversations may conveniently be divided into the discursive and the dramatic. Landor was not a great abstract or original thinker, though his was a powerful mind, and there is little either in his literary or dramatic criticism which would mark an epoch or be a stirring formative influence. As Dowden says, "He had no great authentic word of the Lord to utter". Dowden has also, by no means in depreciation, called Landor uncivilised. Now the intellect is an ever-growing, ever-changing quality; it is a kind of secondary and comparatively recent growth in human nature. The emotions on the contrary remain, as is constantly proved when the thin veneer of civilisation is cast off under exceptional stress, ~~remain~~ to a great extent untamed and in their primitive condition. Love, hate, jealousy often reveal themselves as savagely and uncontrollably among civilised men and women as among animals. Even in the most intellectual and well-balanced minds, these primitive passions retain an astonishing power, often overlearing or thrusting imperiously aside those restrictive barriers within which religion, morality or intellect would strive to confine them. Recognising the mingled strength and tenderness of Landor's feelings, one would expect him to excel in the treatment of such scenes as depict the emotional rather than the intellectual side of human nature. This is undoubtedly the case. In the controversial dialogues he tends to make of the speakers mere mouthpieces for

the utterance of his own convictions, and however interesting it may be as a revelation of Landor's personality, this method has the disadvantage of making the characters mere names, shadows without distinguishing feature.

In their emotions women are undoubtedly nearer to nature than are men, and Landor was attracted both in life and in literature towards women, partly perhaps because of this fact, and partly because of the inevitable sympathy which subsists between the feminine and the intensely masculine. Like Shakespeare, Browning and Meredith, Landor presents in his character a remarkable fusion of what are frequently considered the distinctive features of both sexes. To the robust egoism and self-confidence of the male he added the tender susceptibility and sensitiveness of the female; he had the feminine incapacity in anger, for seeing more than one side of a question and a masculine impetuosity of temperament which made him act recklessly in accordance with his convictions; he had a masculine rude strength of character and a feminine delicacy of imagination. This implies the loss of no masculine attribute but rather a gain in the quality of those attributes. The man who is narrowly masculine paints woman from a masculine point of view solely, probably overemphasising the sexual in her. In Shakespeare, Browning and Meredith also is noticeable an almost feminine delicacy of feeling, and one may conclude that perhaps no man can truly understand or interpret women unless, in addition to elements strongly virile, he possesses other qualities verging on the

~~on the~~ feminine, to act as it were as his touchstone of the sex.

From his boyhood to his old age, Landor was the admirer and friend of women, so that his sympathy with them and knowledge of them was practical as well as imaginative. Miss Norris, Dorothy Lyttleton, "Ionè", Rose Aylmer, were among his earliest friends; Lady Blessington, Miss Martineau, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Mrs. Browning and many others were the friends of his maturer years, while his mother and his sisters Ellen and Elizabeth, and above all his "beloved friend of half a century, Jane de Molandè" were the intimates of his whole life. In literature too it was women who attracted him with a peculiar strength. The women of Shakespeare and of Sophocles, Milton's Eve, Dickens' Little Nell, all are referred to in his letters and conversations. He declares that he always delighted in observing the almost imperceptible variations in female character, and many of his pronouncements on women exhibit most delicate psychological penetration. "There never was one of them," he wrote to Forster, "who could resist a graceful and bold rider, if there was only one single thing about him which would authorise her to say, 'It was not merely for his horsemanship' ".

It has been said that of all writers Browning alone has dared to paint women who are superior to men not only in character but in intellect. If Landor may not be accorded the same praise, it is only because it was the emotional aspect of women rather than the intellectual that he loved. Many of his women characters, notably Vittoria Colonna, Queen Elizabeth, the Empress Catherine and the Princess Dashkof, are generously endowed

with intellectual power, but the intellect is less distinctively feminine than are the feelings, and Landor's women are women before all.

Landor had a profound understanding of the simpler types of feminine character, and in almost all those conversations in which women play a part, he is so happily occupied in realising the characters and situations that his own personality is forced into the background, and his heroines stand out in unobscured clearness and completeness. His range of types is wide, extending from the conscienceless Catherine to the saintly Jane Grey, from the simple natural Fontanges to the many-sided and highly civilised Vittoria Colonna. With equally firm hand and unerring psychological perception he delineates the political chicanery of Elizabeth, the passionate anguish of Zenobia, the spiritual exaltation of Elizabeth Gaunt, and the gentle resignation of Anne Boleyn. Only when he touches upon the timidities of waking girlish love or in the unfortunate introduction of a questionable innuendo does he occasionally strike a false note. In the conversations in which women are the principal characters he seldom essays humour except of the gentlest sort. In the atmosphere of delicate playfulness and the airy grace with which he invests not a few of these conversations he is almost unrivalled

Each woman is absolutely distinct from her fellows, yet all are essentially feminine. To arrange individuals in classes is difficult and to a great extent artificial, but circumstances often render a temporary classification necessary.

Writers on Shakespeare have frequently classified his heroes and heroines according to the chronological position of the play in which they occur, but this traces rather the literary development of the writer than the characters of his creations. Ethel Mayne, writing on Browning, has arranged his heroines under the headings of "Girlhood", "Great Lady", "Lover", "Wife", etc., as if nature had herself placed barriers between. A still less rational method is pursued by Mary Burt, who arranges Browning's women under such startling categories as "Faith", "Avenging Spirit", "Mothers", "Complexity", and half a dozen others. Other writers have favoured the division according to nationality or to the period in which each character lived, but such a classification is too purely external, being based on accidents instead of on essentials.

Since what distinguishes one individual from another is the quality of character or soul, the only rational system of classification is the psychological. Mrs. Jameson has adopted this method with the heroines of Shakespeare, marring a fine attempt by adding a class entitled "Historical", as if these were either more or less women than those of Shakespeare's imagination.

I have classified the women of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations" under the headings of women of the emotions (subdivided into women of passion and women of the affections), women of the senses, women of intellect and intelligence, and women of the spirit; not because any one attribute can be entirely isolated from all others as the ancient schoolmen

separated the faculties of memory and of imagination, but because in each character some particular quality appears most prominent.

C H A P T E R II.

Women of the Passions.

It is difficult to analyse the distinctive features which make us give to one type of emotion the name of passion, to another that of affection, though the divergences between the two types are easy to feel. The two species of emotion need not differ in strength, in loyalty, in steadfastness, though passion is usually condemned as the more liable to premature death. Passion does not necessarily imply imagination or intellect though it is frequently found in conjunction with these qualities, nor does affection inevitably imply the lack of them. Passion is often connected with violence, yet passion may be quiet and restrained and scarcely guessed at. Yet however outwardly restrained, there is something in passion that resembles a mountain torrent, something of grandeur, of sublimity, of infinite possibilities, threatening unknown perils. Affection resembles rather a pleasant, placidly flowing river, mother of many tributaries, feeder of cities, indispensable, soothing, helpful. There is something sinister in the potentialities of passion which recalls De Quincey's picture of Mater Tenebrarum, "She bounds incalculably and with tiger's leaps." It has the possibilities and the dangers of a prairie fire, it threatens to devour. Affection may cling like the ivy to the object of its love; passion often snatches to itself what it desires. Because of its very intensity and the impossibility of guaging with certainty its power, it is perilous. Founded on a lofty

and firm character passion may rise to heights of nobility which affection could never attain; while passion in a low nature, especially when faced with obstacles, may rush madly through crime after crime, impetuous to compass its desire. Affection robbed or betrayed may pine, may even die, as Ophelia died; passion will rise sublime, will not wait for death to give release, but will snatch the longed-for oblivion for itself, as Juliet did; will hurl itself into fierce revenge, as did Medea; or, nobler still, will bravely shut up the empty chamber, and live on with what is left, as did Vittoria Colonna.

Landor has depicted passion under many guises. In Godiva, passion founded on a ~~compassionate~~ tender and steadfast character raises that character to even nobler heights, makes a heroine and almost a martyr of her who but now was a loving, pitiful, devout maid. In Zenobia passion is based not upon force of character, not upon the senses, but upon pure strength of feeling. Of intellect she evinces none; even the moral side of her nature exhibits itself mainly in the perfection of her innocence and the steadfastness of her trust; her whole simple nature is subdued to the ruling passion of her secluded existence, her love for Rhadamistus. In Athanasia are seen the power and boldness of pure and ardent maiden love, as in Juliet. In Electra the capacity for passion has turned to rancorous hate and a brooding thirst for vengeance. But to understand the varieties of passion which exhibit themselves in Landor's works, to comprehend the consummate mastery of his grasp and the delicacy of his psychological perception and effortless analysis, one must

go directly to the conversations themselves.

As the business of the dramatist is character, and as these conversations reveal more of true character than do the discursive ones, those digressions and interpolations which are Landor's delight are by no means a blot, but rather a help to sympathetic understanding of the speakers, who most fully reveal themselves in these artless excursions.

One of the most perfect of the dramatic conversations is that exquisite dialogue between Godiva and Leofric already referred to. It is remarkable when one realises the beauty of the Godiva story that it has not more often formed the subject of narrative or dramatic treatment. Tennyson who "waited for the train at Coventry" touched the legend, presumably to wile away a tedious hour, and as might be expected, failed to reach the heart of it. The story appealed to a more chivalrous soul and to a more discerning eye in Landor. It was a favourite with him from his boyhood. Perhaps he had read the story in the simple moving Latin version of Roger of Wendover, how Godiva "amatrix Dei genetricis" pleaded with her husband that for Jesus Christ's sake he would free the people of Coventry from their servitude; how he told her she was asking a thing hurtful to him, but she "pertinacia muliebri" (a delicious phrase) continued to ply her husband with her prayers, until he exclaimed, "Ascend your horse, and ride you "naked through the market place when all the people are assem- "bled and you shall have what you ask;" how without hesitation Godiva obeyed, having first loosened her hair so that it clothed her like a garment ("apparentibus cruribus tamen candidissimis"),

how seen thus by no one she completed her journey and returned rejoicing to her husband, who immediately granted all her pleas.

Out of this bald though sympathetic record Landor has constructed a beautiful idyll, fragrant with bridal tenderness. For him Godiva is as much a living woman as are the women with whom he talks from day to day. In Roger of Wendover it is the spirituality and the soul of Godiva that shine clear. In Landor's Godiva it is a subtler beauty - the beauty of the passionate and guileless heart of a woman who loves so nobly that, without any thought of superiority in herself, she would have the object of her passion nobler even than she sees him. Not to use her utmost power to force from Leofric what will be best in the highest sense would be to play false with her pure passion.

Hers is the task of Shakespeare's Helena - to induce the man she loves to show himself in his best light, even against his will. Like Helena, she too has to submit to means deemed unwomanly. But Godiva has this in her favour that in his blunt, short-sighted, uncomprehending way Leofric loves her, and that with a passion perhaps more ardent though much less pure than hers for him.

There are elements of tenderness in his love - imagination is stirred to life by the sight of her fallen golden tress, "running here and there as if it had life and faculties and "business ..... ". He knows something of her love for flowers, for sweet herbs, for her mat and pillow. The purity of her womanhood stirs the better part of his manhood and makes him exclaim, "O my beauteous Eve! there is a Paradise about thee ..

"I cannot see or think of evil where thou art."

Even the humiliation which his conventional soul has felt at Godiva's being seen by the bishop to kneel to him, even her passionately reiterated prayers cannot make him angry with her, although he is a hard man and a tyrant. He is in all respects the newly-wedded lover. But it is not difficult to see that, until his wife shows the peerless mettle of her character, his love was mainly founded on the appeal which her beauty and her sweetness made to his senses. Godiva's connubial happiness perhaps stood firmer for this beginning - her husband's eyes were opened to the incomparable loveliness of the soul with which he was mated, and his nature raised nearer to hers from the knowledge that she demanded from him the best of which he was capable.

Godiva is not a complex being. Her characteristics are "pure womanly". There is nothing of the bluestocking or the shrew in her. She does not, on the strength of her deed, demand any legal acknowledgement of her power. She is content to have eased the burden of suffering humanity and to have dissuaded her husband from his cruelty. She has no desire to enter any field of action beyond that of her home. Husband and children will be her treasures; at present her husband fills her whole horizon. Tender as she is for the miseries of the men and beasts they have seen during their journey from Leicestershire, her pity is all the more acute because her dear husband is partly responsible for their suffering.

Wrapped in his own bliss Leofric has noticed little - he even thinks Godiva's solicitude arises from the fear lest "we should be eaten up before we enter the gates of Coventry,"

or lest there should be no roses for her. But her passion has heightened for her the beauties of nature and there are roses all around in her eves, "I find them everywhere since my blessed "marriage," - sweets seem to greet her from every quarter, and vet there is something heavy at her heart.

She approaches the delicate question firmly, yet with what tactfulness, what loving trusting tenderness in word and, without doubt, in look! "Would my own dear husband hear me - "I would not in the first hurry of your wrath appeal to you, "my loving lord, in behalf of these unhappy men who have offended "vou." There is no self-righteous reproach in the voice which speaks of his anger - to her he is inevitably "my loving lord". The very beauties of the earth and sky, the evening serenity, serve but to remind her compassionate tenderness that the man she loves is preventing many from enjoying nature's calm. The setting sun brings to her only the thought,"let it never set, O "Aeofric, on your anger." Fearing lest she may have seemed to take too much upon her girlish shoulders she adds, "These are "not my words; they are better than mine; should they lose their "virtue from my unworthiness in uttering them?"

Knowing his hasty temper, seeing the cloud gathering on his brow, it is not of continuing but of desisting she is afraid. His obduracy, his blindness rouse her to passionate eloquence as she pleads for those "who blessed me at the baptismal font"; gratitude towards the humble friends of her childhood deepens her sense of their miseries; love for her husband makes agonising the thought that these hate him. For a time the modest timid girl, lover of the gentler aspects of nature, much "given to

blushing", is rapt out of herself by "some Power, some good "kind Power" which "melts me (body and soul and voice) into "tenderness and love", as she says. She pleads with the simple eloquence of an earnest and unstained heart that theirs may be the true festivals of universal kindness and justice and unselfish joy, when they shall have fed the orphan and the starveling and received their gratitude.

Little wonder that Leofric thinks her "wild", but her wildness brings from him the reply "We may think upon it." "What," she answers passionately, "think upon goodness when you "can be good?" and then, seeing that words have done as much as words can do, she turns to action, kneels as a suppliant before her husband in the dust in the sight of the bishop, never rising till Leofric has ennunciated his shameful decree, till the bishop has confirmed it. It brings no reproaches to her lips or to her heart, only the striken pathetic cry, "O my dear cruel "Leofric, where is the heart you gave me? It was not so! "Can mine have hardened it?" Even now she can thank her Redeemer for the opportunity he has given her.

The crisis over, "she turneth pale and weepeth," not so much for dread of her ordeal but because it has made her doubt her husband's love. To the bishop she is an "angel of peace and purity", one who has no thought of resentment or of self, who sends up paeans of joy at the prospect of saving her city by whatsoever means. Passionate pleading succeeded quiet grieving in Godiva's soul, rapturous thanksgiving followed when the pleading was successful, and now, when only the final trial is

to be accomplished, comes reaction and a calm perusal of what awaits her, which in a weaker character would probably sap resolution, but "the saints of heaven have given me confidence," she cries, "my beloved's heart is softened."

To Leofric the trouble seems happily over, no anger against her remains (or rather her action has added to the city's crime in his eyes), and though for the sake of his oath he will accept no other mediation, yet, once having arranged matters, he turns back with renewed zest to his eager contemplation of her and to his lovemaking, exclaiming ardently, "I could throw "my arms even here about thee." His blunt masculine perception regards her seriousness as a reproof for the publicity of his demonstrations, not realising that her whole soul is concerned with what has passed and what is yet to come. To-morrow he shall kiss her, she tells him, but "I shall be very pale, "for to-night I must fast and pray".

The whole of her clear and simple nature, her love for him, her shrinking womanly modesty, her timid courage, her trust in God to strengthen her, her unconquerable resolution, her broad compassion, the large-hearted, all-embracing motherliness of her nature manifest themselves in her last speech, "God help "them! good kind souls! I hope they will not crowd about me so "to-morrow . - - - Perhaps my innocence may save me from reproach! "And how many as innocent are in fear and famine! - - - What a "young mother for so large a family! Shall my youth harm me! "Under God's hand it gives me courage. Ah, when will the "morning come! ah, when will the noon be over!" The last note is indeed purest woman.

So numerous are the dialogues in which women of passion occur that it is impossible to analyse each in detail. For purposes of convenience, however, most of them may be arranged in groups according to some common characteristic. Joanna of Kent[1] may, for example, be fitly studied beside Godiva, as a woman who likewise strove to draw forth and confirm in a man all that was loftiest in his character.

The Black Prince had named John of Gaunt as his executor, and in the troublous times before Richard II came of age, it was Joanna of Kent, popular both for her own sake and for that of her late illustrious husband, who was Gaunt's best friend. In 1377 when Gaunt, forced to flee from the citizens of London, furious because he had interfered against Bishop Courtenay in the trial of Wycliffe, took refuge with her, it was no small proof of her influence both over the populace and over Gaunt himself that a peace between them was effected. Landor depicts her generous intervention.

His Joanna is a character of the most perfect dignity, yet her nobility has in it nothing of austerity. She is a passionately fond wife and mother, who has yet sufficient intellect to be the companion and friend of men and sufficient moral force to be a strong dynamic influence. Her intellect is of a remarkably feminine type, however, as may be seen from the nature of her address to the crowd. She excels in the direct appeal, the 'argument ad hominem', revealing herself to the mob as wife and mother, flattering the personal vanity of each about his good qualities, calling without misgiving on the

1 Appendix Note 1.

chivalry of each. She is a generous tender woman, who places her trust in the better side of human nature and who finds her confidence justified; she is an intellectual woman who puts that confidence to the most skilful use.

She is not blinded to the ambitions of Gaunt, she is unaffected by his compliments, admonishing him with grave dignity, and gentleness, "Another time more sincerity." But she perceives the finer potentialities of his nature. It is noticeable throughout that it is her passionate love for her late husband that inspires her sentiments and actions. It is chiefly on account of his kinship with Edward that she shields Gaunt and he, realising this, appeals on this ground for her clemency in the matter of the attainder which he guiltily dreads. His plea is unnecessary; the mere mention of attainder horrifies her, the reference to her husband draws tears from her. "Attain-
"der! God avert it! ... I came hither, sir, for no such purpose as
"to ensnare or incriminate or alarm you ..... These weeds might
"surely have protected me from the fresh tears you have drawn
"forth."

She is quite feminine in her fear of the violence of the mob and confesses, "I shall be frightened: I must speak at once"; but the memory of Edward nerves her to the attempt. "O my
"Edward! ... Thy memory ... thy beloved image ... which never
"hath abandoned me ... makes me bold." Her resolution is as remarkable as her courage, but the shrinking courage of a woman nerving herself to an effort contrary to her nature betrays itself in the simple ~~gravity~~ brevity of each clause of her speech. "I will
"speak to those below in the street: quit my hand: they shall

"obey me." The crashing masses of stone, the arrow sticking deep into the wainscot, make her shudder but affect her resolution not a whit. So great is the force of her personality that she completely dominates Gaunt.

Only the greatest presence of mind could have explained away Gaunt's hot-tempered and foolish insults to the besiegers, only the greatest firmness could have faced without hesitation a crowd so newly angered, only an incisive intelligence could have chosen so skilfully the arguments, the language with which Joanna addresses Gaunt's enemies. Her gentleness, her humility, her dignity win a hearing. "O good kind people! ye who so "greatly loved me when I am sure I had done nothing to deserve "it, have I .... no merit with you now, when I would assuage "your anger, and send you home contented with yourselves and me!" For herself she would not plead thus, but for the brother of her Edward she does not hesitate, for the safety of the man who has been, as she frankly admits to herself, "the enemy of my son". Her defence of Gaunt is admirable. She admits that he reviled someone, but it was only some ruffian who has shown the justice of it by slinking away. She implies that it was Gaunt's manly fear for <u>her</u> that made him speak with violence, his hatred of seeing a woman exposed to stoning under his roof, and "which of "you would not be as choleric in a like affront? In the house "of which among you should I not be protected as resolutely?" She flatters their belief in their own peaceable virtues; she lies unhesitatingly to save Gaunt and on his behalf refers to her son in terms certain to move the hearts of all parents.

Throughout her speech she makes the cleverest alliance of her own cause with that of her hearers.

Her eloquence and skill rise with the occasion and she paints for them such a Lancaster as she would fain have him be, "he, John of Gaunt, the defender of the helpless, the comforter "of the desolate, the rallying signal of the desperately brave". Womanlike she is calculating the effect of these half-merited praises on him as well as on the crowd, and his better nature responds, revealing itself in sincere gratitude and in instant obedience to her command to stand back, though his fierce pride makes him declare his scorn for the mob, "Madam, I obey; but not "through fear .... Angelic goodness! I must fairly win it!" The delicate courtesy of her whole manner contrasts finely with Lancaster's insulting scorn and violence. She is tactful and yet sincere, she is humble yet full of dignity, and there is a beautiful propriety and graciousness in her refusing to name as surety either soldier, courtier or commoner (cleverly implying that any of these would be willing to answer for Gaunt), adducing that it is not "decorous in the parent and guardian of a king to "offer any other than herself."

As the roar of acclamation shakes the whole edifice she speaks again to Lancaster with quiet impressiveness, "My word is "given for you: this was theirs in return. Lancaster! what a "voice have the people when they speak out! ... What must it be "when it is lifted up in vengeance!" She reproves his contemptuous reply, silences his eager compliments and forbids his swearing to his loyalty, condemning him to the weight of His own great heart" if he should betray her trust. She is generous

and gracious towards her enemy, pities his dejected looks, throws off her heaviness for his sake and speaks lightly and in friendly fashion to him as her "gentle cousin". Finally she will take him to Richard, thus completely allaying the people's dying suspicions.

Joanna is a perfect example of a woman loving so profoundly and exclusively some lofty soul that her whole outlook on the world is ennobled by that communion. She has read deeply in Edward's stainless heart, she herself is full of noble impulses and she cannot but believe that nobility dwells in every human soul if one can but call it forth. The reasonableness of her trust and her power of waking to life that better part in which she believes reveal themselves in her effect both on John of Gaunt and on the mob.

In Dona Juana Coelho[1], the wife of the unscrupulous villain Antonio Perez to whom Mignet had devoted such careful analysis, we have a companion figure to Joanna of Kent. Both plead for the life of men who are more or less unworthy, but with this difference, that in the case of Dona Juana the criminal is her husband. Also unlike Joanna she is ignorant of his faults, striving in all sincerity, not to put a good complexion on his character, but to make Philip see him as he is in her loyal eyes. Her pleading is the pleading of the heart alone, not an effort of the intellect; Joanna uses her skill to make Gaunt appear as she would have him be, not as he is; Juana believes Antonio to be exactly the noble creature she depicts. When Philip proves to her how far from just is her opinion of her husband, her steadfast

1 Appendix, note 2.

loyalty, none the less impassioned for flowing calm and unperturbed in her noble heart, shows but the more perfect. The knowledge of her husband's grossest infidelities and treacheries, the revelation that her fond boast of his having told her every secret of his life is unjustifiable, these cruel blows awake in her tender and exalted spirit only pity for him. Joanna of Kent loved her husband for his virtues; if he had had gross faults her keen mind would probably have discovered them, her lofty soul would have condemned and despised them; Dona Juana loves the vile Antonio in spite of his sins with a protecting tenderness that is half maternal, half angelical.

The wife of Count Gleichem[1] may be placed next as one who believed without reservation in her husband, and finding her confidence merited, nobly submitted herself to an unusual condition which his honour rendered necessary. A detailed and moving version of the story may be found in Reineck's "Die Saga von der Doppelehe eines Grafen von Gleichem." It tells the legend of a certain Graf Ernst von Gleichem who followed Kaiser Friedrich II to the Holy Land in 1227. There he became the prisoner of the Sultan. The Sultan's daughter Melechsala fell in love with him and promised to help him to escape if he would vow to take her with him and marry her. The Count long hesitated out of consideration for his wife and for public morality, but when he had been imprisoned twelve years he consented. The two fled together to Rome, Melechsala was baptised and finally by the Pope's permission the pair were married. The Count, in not a little fear, separated from Melechsala and went alone to break the

1 Appendix, note 3.

news to his first wife. But his difficulties were solved by the unexrected magnanimity of this woman. She heard his story, hesitated not a moment before assuring him that she was ready to receive his preserver and eagerly rushed to meet her. Reineck gives a charming discription of the meeting. From that day the two women who sincerely loved each other lived together in Christian harmony.

This is a story after Landor's heart. He has altered the name of the Count to Ludolph, that of the Saracen to Zaida, and has reduced the period of Gleichem's captivity to two years, thus permitting him to represent Zaida as a young girl. The characters of all the dramatis personae are almost entirely his own creation. There is the greatest delicacy in his treatment of the two women, so unlike in their ages, their situations, andd their outlook on life, but so similar in the purity of their love, in the open sincerity of their natures, and in the lofty magnanimity of their souls. The Countess exhibits jealousy, but it is no ignoble passion and passes like a cloud making her generosity shine the clearer; Zaida weeps because she can take but the second place in her beloved's heart, but in her tears there is no bitterness.

Both are characters of passion but passion under very different guises. Zaida's is the passion of a Miranda, a Perdita, an artless involuntary bestowing of the heart without restraint on the one to whom it has innocently turned. The Countess's is the controlled, deep-seated passion of an older woman, a wife and a mother; her matronly dignity, the natural reserve of a

mature and strong character prevents it from finding as easy expression as does that of the girl, but the eagerness with which she greets her "beloved Ludolph", the tender jealousy, even of the caresses he offers to his children, above all her occasional bursts of uncontrollable anger and suffering ("Insupportable! She agonises me,") which follows Zaida's guileless revelations prove that there is warmth as well as depth in her love.

The conversation owes much of its charm to the two delightful children, Wilhelm and Annabella, the one so lovable with his manly dignity, striving to conceal his boyish affection for his father and for his little sister, the other so unspeakably charming with her precocious interest in her father's and her own appearance, and her sweet familiarity and playfulness. One thinks immediately of Landor himself, with his manly Arnold, not ashamed at thirteen years old to kiss his father twenty times, and the little Julia whom he loved so tenderly.

After her first greeting to her husband the Countess remains almost silent contemplating father and children, brooding doubtless over her joy. Her pride and trust in him reveal themselves in every brief speech, but that she is sensitive to the vague something which is lacking in his return is proved by her words, "Have I lost the little beauty I possessed, that you "hold my hand so languidly and turn away your eyes when they "meet mine?" But her confidence is so absolute that she assures him "one kiss restores to me all my lost happiness." She has but one desire in the world, his comfort, and the delicate tact

with which she encourages him to tell his story is excellently portraved. Her trust, her caresses agonise him - he can receive none of them with honour till he has relieved his soul to her, and it is she who in her ignorance opens the way for him. But as soon as the time has actually come the intuitive knowledge of her woman's heart takes the confession from his lips, "Say it at once .... a lady". Her nobility manifests itself unmistakeably - she is anxious, not for him to have separated himself from his deliverer, but only that he shall not have fallen from her lofty ideal of him by having ungratefully deserted his preserver. She is yet ignorant of the fulness of the significance of his confession, and though Zaida's entrance is followed by a silence, nothing could exceed the graciousness, the maternal tenderness of her address to the little Saracen. "Sweet young creature! can I refuse my pro-"tection, or my love, to the preserver of my husband? Can I "think it a crime or even a folly ... to have pressed (but alas! "that it ever should have been so here!) a generous heart to a "tender one?"

The girl, waiting in tremulous humility, is moved to tears by the unexpected gentleness and kindness of the older woman. There is an openness and frankness in Zaida which is compatible only with a perfectly pure nature. Her passion for the Count is even more selfless than that of his wife; filled as she is with the Eastern woman's sense of inferiority to man she is touchingly humble in her requirements and expectations. But her love, girlish and simple though it appears beside the more matronly passion of the Countess, is not without the

dignity that belongs to sincerity and truth. She is convinced that she can be doing no wrong because she is not happy, and no more radiant picture of purity can be imagined. Her whole soul is wrapped up in Gleichem's happiness, and she can frankly and unresentfully confess that in captivity he// talked ever of his wife and children, and that she loved him the better for his loyalty.

She is too honest and innocent to conceal - even to see any advantage in concealing - the details of her intimacy with the Count. She does not even suspect her elder rival's jealousy, feeling in her gentle humility that she could never hope to compete with this older wife who is also a mother. Moved despite herself, the Countess yet makes one last effort and insults the girl in a manner which her trusting purity cannot comprehend. The Countess cannot help hoping to induce this young interloper to return to her native land, and it is here that Zaida shows in the most beautiful light. So perfect are her love and trust, so absolute is her submission, that if Ludolph commanded it she would go even to the dreadful fate that must await her in her own home. But nobility in the girl has called aloud to the nobility in the woman; the Countess succumbs before the vision of the selflessness of a tender creature young enough to seem to her motherly heart but a child, but great enough in soul to teach even her elder a lesson in love. "No, child, " she cries, "he shall never say it"; and it is her hand which joins that of Zaida to that of the man she has restored to his wife, her lips that bid him kiss it "and "never forget it is the hand of a preserver."

Magnanimity has inspired magnanimity, sincerity has won trust and affection, and it is one of the loveliest traits in Zaida's character that she would be the last to recognise the compelling influence of her own guileless nature over that of the woman she so openly admires and esteems.

Godiva, Joanna, Juana and the Countess Gleichem are women whose passion assumes as it were an active form. The next group, Zenobia, Helena and Ines de Castro, may be called the submissive wives; Zenobia the perfect wife, yielding herself gladly to death at her husband's hand to preserve a greater thing than life, Helena, the shamed wife, offering her bowed head to the upraised sword of her injured husband, Ines, bravely going to butchery in order to free for wider duties the man she loves.

Among the women of Landor Zenobia[1] stands out as she in whom pure passion subsists almost in independence of any other characteristic. Her passion is not based on intellect for of that quality she evinces little or none; it is not founded on depth or strength of character, for she is the simplest and most dependent of women; still less is her pure love the desire of the senses. To Zenobia, the secluded carefully-guarded Eastern wife, her passion for Rhadamistus is life itself. She is naturally a timid woman, but love for him can inspire her with selfless courage; she is a woman of profound but thwarted maternal passion, yet she thinks of preserving her coming child rather that it may become the protector of its father ~~rather~~ than for the sake of satisfying her own longings.

How inextricably maternal and connubial passion are inter-

1 Appendix, note 4.

mingled with the very fibres of her being is betrayed in her last broken exclamation, "Oh! Oh! one innocent head ... in how "few days ... should have reposed - Swim across! is there a "descent? ... I might have found it for you! ill-spent time! "heedless woman!" Even more significant is her reference to the children of Mithridates killed by Rhadamistus. In her sublime confidence she is content to know nothing of the political events that have driven her husband from his kingdom, merely expressing innocent wonder that his subjects could ever cease to love him, yet not even her trust can prevent the fearful question, "But about the children?" The insight into the very soul of his creations which this simple incident exhibits is typical of Landor.

Whatever Rhadamistus has been in public life, he lacks nothing as a husband. There is an almost bridal tenderness in his attitude towards Zenobia which recalls the beautiful idyll of Leofric and Godiva; while the power which her innocence and unsuspicion have to torture him almost beyond endurance recalls the wringing of Agamemnon's heart by the guileless simplicity of Iphigeneia. There is a poignant dramatic irony in her trusting reply to his agonised cry, "What is the first (embrace) to the last?" - "Nay, this is not the last." Her playful sweetness unmans him still more as she complains "So:; "with a kiss: which you forget to take."

Rhadamistus, (aside). "And shall this shake my purpose? it "may my limbs, my heart, my brain; but what my soul so "deeply determined, it shall strengthen: as winds do "trees in forests."

Even when his sword is raised to strike her, she has no suspicion of his purpose, and agonises him by pleading, "Think "not of defending me .... The protecting blade above my head "can only provoke the enemy."

Her love makes her intellect capable of intuitive knowledge which she could not have arrived at by a process of pure reasoning, and she sees as soon as the river is in sight that it has some connection with her beloved's uneasy expression, his intentness, his wildness; but nothing could have prepared her for the fate that was to be hers.

The opening lines of the dialogue show the woman in all her natural timidity and weakness, but at the first hint of peril to Rhadamistus her perfect selflessness wakes the courage that sleeps often in the frailest to suggest, "you, my Rhadamistus, could escape." When she comprehends his purpose towards her, her horror of receiving her deathblow from the hand that has hitherto only sustained her weakness, gives her the courage that exclaims, "Me, me would you strike? Rather "let me leap from the precipice." Her courage is of an utterly feminine type, as in the case of most of Landor's women, and in actual life. When she comprehends the inevitability of her fate and something of its reason - Rhadamistus's refusing to refer in explicit terms to the indignities "imminent over her beauty" heightens in a delicately artistic manner one's conception of her perfect innocence - all her heart commends him as her "generous brave defender." But it is a proof of Landor's remarkable insight into the peculiar nature of Zenobia's passion that,

in a sudden revulsion of feeling after the exaltation which has just filled her, she should cling desperately to Rhadamistus in one last embrace, crying out upon her own disobedience, while being unable to prevent it.

Her humility is almost too moving. Her last words are spoken in self-condemnation, and it is characteristic of her that, instead of rejoicing in the power which her tender exhortations have over her husband, she should thank him for being influenced by her. "How good you are to be persuaded "by me: back again at one word!"

The exclusive place which passion has in her existence is apparent in her reply to her husband's passionate question, "What reason, O unconfiding girl! from the day of our union, "have I ever given you to accuse or to suspect me?

"Zenobia. None, none: your love even in these sad moments raises "me above the reach of fortune. How can it pain me so?

"Do I repine? Worse may it pain me; but let that love "never pass away!"

There is not one blot on the perfect beauty of her nature, of passion, loyalty, modesty, trust, innocence and simplicity all compact. Of her indeed it might be said that Love

" Struck the chord of self, which trembling
"Passed in music out of sight."

This is one of the rare scenes in which Landor treats the actual climax of a series of events in violence. But so delicate is the treatment, so nobly do both the characters reveal themselves that even in these piteous circumstances death becomes a thing of beauty.

Landor has deviated slightly from the version of the story which he found in Tacitus. According to the Roman historian, it was Zenobia who implored her husband to kill her, fearing the insults which might be offered her by his pursuers. Tacitus emphasises her spirit, and records her husband's admiration of her courage. By endowing her with tender innocence Landor has made his Zenobia even more moving. The Rhadamistus of Tacitus is a fond and tender husband but all the details of his character have been filled in by Landor's imagination, and like Shakespeare, he metamorphoses a page of history into a drama played by living men and women.

The dialogue between Menelaus and Helena[1] at the fall of Troy may be compared and contrasted with that of Zenobia and Rhadamistus because in both, circumstances impel a husband either to inflict or to offer to inflict a violent death upon a wife, a death to which both women are willing to submit. But the whole atmosphere of the two scenes and the characters of the personages offer an interesting contrast. Zenobia's submission is the submission of passion and trust, Helen's that of shame and despair.

Landor was once accused by a critic of not appreciating Homer's attitude towards Helen, and for declaring that Homer kept her studiously in the background. But in this dialogue the character of Helen and the treatment of the whole subject are quite in keeping with the Homeric tradition. As in the Iliad she is endowed with "the gifts of golden Aphrodite," and Landor gives full prominence, as does Homer, to the fact that

1 Appendix, note 5.

Helen owed her unhappy lot not to any innate depravity in herself but to the action of the gods.

The scene is written in blank verse, serene in style although broken by emotion, statuesque yet more flexible than Landor's verse frequently is. There are touches of most moving beauty, such as Helen's poignant reference to her child, Hermione, and Menelaus' tender recollections of his erring wife as a modest young bride,

> "She looks as when I led her on behind
> "The torch and fife, and when the blush o'erspread
> "Her girlish face at tripping in the myrtle
> "On the first step before the wreathed gate."

Menelaus is represented as so hot for vengeance that he requires not only the blood of Helena but the lives of all within Troy to satisfy his lust for slaughter. Helena is a far more tragic and a far grander figure. Landor evinces the greatest understanding of Greek ways of thinking by showing her as a woman used by the gods against her will for purposes of their own, conscious of the blackness of her guilt in the eyes of others, and of herself - compare the remorse of Oedipus for his unconscious incest - broken by fate, wearying for life to be over. Before the uplifted blade of her husband she does not blench; she accepts all his insults as her due; she acknowledges her death as just and welcomes its approach. There is no doubt ~~in~~ of the sincerity of her cry,

> "Welcome the death thou promisest! Not fear
> "But shame, obedience, duty, make me turn!"

She never once pleads for herself; so long has she been what the gods willed that there must seem to her little of self

left. She was a woman loving and loyal to her husband yet the gods have made her a harlot; she once gave Menelaus freely of her duty and obedience, and now that the gods have had their will of her, duty and obedience are his once more, and, because she is in essence a virtuous woman, shame attends them. There is no lack of dignity in her self-humiliation; there is no weakness in her submission; and even in her anguish she is able to plead earnestly

"Spare! spare! O let the last that falls be me!"

Her fondness for Hermione is no mere affection but an ardent passion; she lingers over the past, tenderly muses on the present at which she can but dimly guess, and fixes all her hopes on meeting her child, at last understanding and pardoning, in the underworld. With fine dramatic propriety it is Menelaus himself who unconsciously satisfies the cravings of her maternal heart to hear that the child still lives.

The climax is brought about in a manner which proves Landor's mastery of the whole situation. Menelaus, his faith in Helen as a wife destroyed, his vision of all that she can say as a wife jaundiced and perverted, cannot but feel the sincerity of the emotion that thrills through her references to their child. Knowing her charm and beauty, he had armed his senses to resist the subtle wiles, the moving prayers, which he expected; for the uncomplaining submission of her attitude he was unprepared. Not once does Helen consciously employ her loveliness as an inducement to mercy, and it is another instance of Landor's penetrating insight into the very soul of beauty

that when the pure sweetness of her voice,

"musical
"As the young maids who sing to Artemis,"

when the glossy braid of her hair which Menelaus grasps begin to assault his senses, it is unknown to Helen.

The latter half of the scene is supremely affecting in its simplicity, its emotional exaltation, its strenuous anguish, and its final promise of peace. Sorrow has changed the affectionate, carefree, contented wife who dwelt ten years before with Menelaus in Sparta to a woman with a far vaster capacity for feeling. Only a woman to whom her passion has become the breath of existence could welcome death with such joy, or, redeemed from death and given back to hope and love, be torn by such fierce agony that Menelaus exclairs in helpless pity,

"Thy anguish is too strong
"For me to strive with."

Landor seldom seems to be attracted by the pure happiness of love. The elevation of misery and misfortune into beauty by the might of passion is what more frequently invites his attention, and in the tragic story of Ines de Castro[1] he has a singularly fitting subject. He does not adhere strictly to the facts of history, but makes the murder of Pedro's beautiful mistress take place in her lover's presence, almost in his sight.

Ines has all the charm and tenderness of youth with the strength of a mature passion, and the scene in which Pedro, coerced by the threats of Dona Blanca that Ines shall be denounced as a sorceress, tries to convince his love that his passion for her has died is extremely affecting.

1 Appendix, note 6.

With the instinctive knowledge of a loving woman she refuses to believe his declaration of disloyalty, though he reiterates brokenly the truth of what he has just said. As Leonora di Este cannot die without the blessed assurance of Tasso's constancy, so Ines de Castro, willing as she is to separate herself from Pedro for his welfare, cannot bow to this desperate stroke of fate until she is convinced that in forfeiting his society she does not lose a greater thing. His passionate confession relieves her heart "before it breaks". Once relieved of this anxiety her self-renunciation knows no limits. Even the coarse misinterpretations and stupid insults of Dona Blanca, choosing the moment when the anguish of the lovers is at its height to push the claims of her daughter, Constantia, have no effect on her resolute gentleness. Beside the perfect dignity and humility of Ines, Dona Blanca shows gross, childish, narrow, vulgar. Without the faintest trace of resentment or rebellion, with full knowledge and intrepid fearlessness, Ines steps to meet the death which she knows awaits her.

In Ines is seen the power of that passion which is of the soul and not of the senses, inspiring to generosity, to courage, to self-abnegation. All that makes life tolerable has been taken from her or voluntarily resigned, and thus in her death, as in all really great tragedy, we experience a feeling of satisfaction, such as that Charles Lamb confessed at the death of the unhappy Duchess of Malfi.

The dialogues betwen Tiberius and Vipsania and Peleus and Thetis again represent unhappy passion. Both concern a pair parted either by legal barriers or by the decree of the

gods; in both while one of the lovers is frantic and rebellious, the other, no less loving, no less suffering, is steadfast and almost resigned. In the Tiberius and Vipsania conversation, it is the woman who evinces the greater fortitude, in the Peleus and Thetis dialogue the man.

The conversation which protrays the affecting meeting of Tiberius and Vipsania briefly recorded by Suetonius, is one of the most highly wrought of Landor's prose dialogues. Tiberius had been forced by the command of his mother and of Augustus to divorce his wife Agrippina (or Vipsania) in order to marry Augustus' daughter Julia, who had long had a passion for him. After his divorce he met Vipsania only once and, according to Suetonius, so deeply was he moved, that care was taken that he should never see her again.

On this description Landor appears to have based his unorthodox portrait of Tiberius as a man of sentiment, but the character is almost entirely his own production. Even more his own is Vipsania, and the creative throes which brought this vivid moving personality into being are witnessed by Landor's own confession in a letter to Forster:- "It was here, among the "rocks of the torrent Erro that I found my Vipsania on October 5. "The hand that conducted her to Tiberius felt itself almost as "strong as that which led Alcestis to her husband. It has "however so shaken me at last that the least thing affects me "violently, my ear particularly."

Landor seems to reach his sublimist heights when the personages in his dialogues are not in violent contrast but when

1 Appendix, note 7.

mutual sympathy leads on to the deepest and most intimate revelations. The present conversation lies between the two extremes. The characters are of totally different calibre, yet they resemble each other in their mutual grief and their ~~mutual~~ love, both for one another and for their child, and in the knowledge of each other's hearts, which ~~knowledge~~ love and association have given. Tiberius, at any rate, unaffected by those legal and moral obligations which have such power over the more restrained and balanced character of his wife, gives utterance to his despair, his love, his wrath, with all the freedom of an uncontrolled nature. No greater contrast can be imagined than their respective attitudes towards their situation. Tiberius is excited, overwrought, indeed almost insane with grief, rebellious against fate, and against those who brought his loss upon him, ready to throw caution, patriotism, honour itself, to the winds; but Virsania is even more profoundly touching in her reserved, uncomplaining sorrow, in the noble resignation and piety that mark her mien, in the almost maternal solicitude and tenderness, that make her more sensitive to the agony of Tiberius than to her own grief.

Hers is not the headlong passion of an Aphanasia, not the patient submission of the saintly Anne Boleyn, her passion is of sterner stuff, fast rooted in a character as firm as it is tender, as lofty as it is loving. There is much of the Roman matron in Virsania's unhesitating acquiescence in the putting of the state's welfare above personal harpiness. This alone would ensure reverence and admiration, but it is to Lander's

discriminating treatment that we owe those qualities which make her supremely loveable and womanly.

The whole conversation is on the highest plane, both in matter and in style. Small wonder that Julius Hare wrote enthusiastically, "The Tiberius I should feel little hesitation "in declaring the greatest English poem since Milton." Instinct with passion as is the whole scene, the language remains throughout ~~sincere~~ simple, harmonious, exalted, allowing the emotions of the speakers to reveal their naked beauty. The resemblance between Landor's greatest scenes and a group of antique statuary must be felt particularly in this dialogue.

In the first rapturous surprise of the unexpected meeting, neither husband nor wife can check the involuntary betrayal of their passion. "My Vipsania", he cries, from the depths of his heart, and it is her heart which responds, "My Tiberius". It is Vipsania, schooled to endurance by the conviction that "the altars, the gods, the destinies are between us," who regains command over herself first, who ignores Tiberius' agonised pleadings to her as the mother of his child, who firmly repels the proferred caress which in her eyes is a sin.

There is no lack of tenderness in her repulses, and it is obvious that, acquainted with the impetuosity of Tiberius's nature, she restrains her emotions as much for his sake as for her own. There is an almost unbearable pathos in her brief utterances, a pathos which far surpasses that of Tiberius' torrential, uncurbed, but futile ravings. In him the struggle between passion and duty is still in progress; in her it is past,

in as far as this, that passion can no longer influence her conduct. But the suffering that endures despite its intensity, the grief that betrays itself in her simplest, most uncomplaining words is even profounder than that which finds relief in speech.

"One vast wave has washed away the impression of smaller "from my memory", she says. That great wave seems with it to have washed away both resentment and jealousy, if indeed her noble nature was ever capable of harbouring either; and there is little need for Tiberius' earnest justification of his mother's actions. Her acceptation of his plea is touching in its dignified sincerity, "I quite forgive her: be tranquil, O "Tiberius".

Most of Landor's women exhibit marvellous powers of self-abnegation, and Virsania is a shining example of the selflessness of noble passion. Of her own accord she scarcely refers to her own sorrows, and as Tiberius, absorbed in his own misery grows wilder, she becomes calmer and strives with the gentlest wiles to soothe his frenzy. Though he appreciates the peerless perfection of her, "patient in injury, proud in innocence, "serene in grief," even he does not realise the strength of her passion, nor the torture which reference to past happiness must cause her. In his self-absorption he speaks of "Our one "boy! our helpless little one! him whom we made cry because we "kissed him both together. Remember'st thou?" And her reply betrays again how profoundly grief has penetrated her soul, and with what resolution she has determined to bury the past, "O "cease, my sweet Tiberius! Stamp not upon that stone: my heart

"lies under it."

The great necessity for her, as for all women of firm and exalted character, is to know Tiberius not unworthy of her love. "Let me excuse you to my heart, O Tiberius," she pleads, and a world of quiet suffering is revealed in her simple confession, "It has many wants; this is the first and greatest." Ambition in him she could forgive, submission to the will of Augustus she could condone, but the knowledge that a disloyal passion for another woman had taken him from her would rob her of all that makes life tolerable.

As wife, as mother, as citizen she is equally perfect; and the soothing and reanimating effect of Tiberius' passing reference to her noble father, Agrippa, proves how strong in her is filial piety also.

The frantic ravings of Tiberius, lashing himself to greater fury by the force of his own unbridled volubility, cannot be without effect even on her strong selfcontrol, and her terror for his safety, her tenderness for his misery, call forth her final appeal, "Calm, O my life! calm this horrible "transport," while her horror at his impious raging, the anguish of his fierce grip of her fingers cause the stare of agony which is more powerful to bring him to his senses than are even her most affecting pleadings.

Gentle as she is, she is full of the strength of perfect moral integrity and of perfect love.

The dialogue of Peleus and Thetis is one of the most

perfect prose poems in all Landor's works. Like the beautiful scenes "Helen and Menelaus" and "Agamemnon and Iphigineia" this dialogue exhibits Landor's remarkable power of preserving the spirit and atmosphere of ancient myth or legend, while enduing the speakers with all the attributes of the noblest humanity. Throughout the conversation it is as woman rather than as goddess that Thetis speaks and feels, and her emotion is the eternal sorrow of wife parted from husband, mother robbed of her son, a grief which has a particularly poignant significance at the present day.

It is a dialogue of hopeless passion, full of frantic exclamations and "obstinate questionings", of tears and self-reproaches, of torturing memories of past joy, and of yet more agonising premonitions. Yet the style remains statuesque, unperturbed, simple. Although it is specifically to mourn with her husband the perils which threaten their son Achilles at Troy that the goddess comes, it is her unhappy passion for the earthborn Peleus which forms the whole background of the scene, which pulsates through her every word and inspires more than half her grief. As Tiberius agonises Vipsania with references to the past, so does the present meeting recall to Thetis those days when "'O the "swift, the golden-haired Peleus!' were the only words sounded "in the halls of Tethys," when their mutual love had all the selfish exclusiveness of overwhelming passion, and "joy and "kindness left the hearts of sisters." Even the present love of Thetis for her child is interwoven with recollections of the past and memories of the youth of Peleus, for she declares, "He

"is what thou wert when I first beheld thee."

In her anguish, Thetis has nothing but reproaches for "Those among the Gods, or among the Goddesses, who might have "forewarned me." She has unlike Peleus no faith in priests, for "priests can foretell but not avert the future; and all they "can give us are vague promises and abiding fears." No arguments can avail to comfort her; there is a direful certainty in her brief words, "He must perish; and at Troy; and now," and seldom has the deep cry of a maternal heart found more penetrating expression than in the piteous picture of her son which the imagination of a mother rather than the prevision of a goddess paints:- "I see him in the dust, in agony, in death. I "see his blood on the flints, his yellow hair flapping in the "current, his hand unable to remove it from his eyes. I hear "his voice, and it calls not upon me! Mothers are soon forgotten! "It is weakness to love the weak! I could not save him."

There is the affecting ring of eternal truth in her heart-broken plaint, "Mothers are soon forgotten."

Thetis is one of the most passionate women in the conversations - racked with passionate foreboding for her son, passionate love for her husband, passionate wrath against the gods for the lack of tears and pity on Olympus. With none of Tiberius' insane frenzy, she is far more affecting, and the emotion of Peleus, unselfishly restrained for her sake, is not less strong.

As Virsania finds the truest consolation in the certainty of Tiberius' continued love and worth, so do these lovers rest

upon the knowledge of their mutual passion. "There is a comfort "in the midst of every uncertainty ... Love's," says Peleus, and the passion of Thetis reaches sublimity in the quiet conviction of eternal constancy which marks her reply to Peleus's tender picture of her future happiness among her fellow-immortals, "I "receive thy words, I deposit them in my bosom, and bless them. "Gods may desire me; I have loved Peleus." It is noticeable that many of Landor's finest effects are attained by the studied use of the simplest means. The three last speeches are so lovely in their subtle harmony and dignity, in their exalted emotions which they portray that paraphrase would approach sacrilege. One of the greatest beauties of Landor is his wonderful gift for bringing about a sudden alteration of mood or emotion by the introduction of an apparently casual phrase. In the present dialogue, for instance, it is Peleus' unconscious use of the words "our old age" that opens up the flood-gates of his own sorrow over his mortality. It is natural too that the agony of Thetis should not be without effect on Peleus, and that for a time there is a total change of attitude when he exclairs against fate and she, fearful for him, implores him to desist. The dialogue fitly closes with the desire of intense passion, either for an immortality of joy or for an instant death:-

"Peleus. 'O! if in the celestial coolness of thy cheek, now
'resting on my head, there be not the breath and gift of
'immortality; O! if Zeus hath any thunderbolt in reserve for
'me; let this, my beloved Thetis, be the hour!'"

In the 1859 edition of the "Hellenics" there appeared

a blank verse rendering of the dialogue. It is always interesting to compare the prose and the poetic versions of any of Landor's conversations, but in this case it is unusually so. The verse dialogue is throughout, in my opinion, on a slightly lower plane and contains less really beautiful writing. There is a difference even in the character of the opening lines:-

"O Peleus, whom the Gods have given me
"For all my happiness on earth, a bliss
"I thought too great."

One has only to compare them with their prose equivalents to realise the immense emotional gain which is given to the latter by the incompleteness of the phrasing, the sudden break, the double exclamation with which Thetis begins:- "O Peleus! O "thou whom the Gods conferred on me for all my portion of happi-"ness ... and it was (I thought) too great." A striking instance of the manner in which the verse rendering frequently falls below the vigorous terseness of the prose, is the translation of Thetis' simple declaration of her eternal constancy to Peleus:-

"The Gods who see
"Within it may desire me; but they know
"I have loved Peleus."

In the poetic version Landor seems also to have altered some of the psychological values, giving to Achilles a more prominent position, and emphasising the maternity of Thetis a little to the detriment of her passion for Peleus. Where the pathetic prose laments, "Mothers are soon forgotten," the verse rejoices that Achilles "calls on me." Instead of the name of Peleus ringing through the halls of Tethys'

"these were the words
"Reiterated oftenest ..... 'O thou brave
"'Golden-hair'd son of Peleus.""

Possibly Landor thought that her anxiety would make Achilles foremost in her thoughts, temporarily dwarfing her love for and grief about Peleus, but it is as broken-hearted wife rather than anxious mother that she appears sublimest.

In the blank verse dialogue, Thetis also shows as less rebellious against the gods, and it is she to whom Landor now gives the comforting speech, "Approach with me and touch the altar." Surely Landor's first thought was best, that Thetis, betrayed as she feels a second time by her fellow deities, should inveigh wildly against their cruelty, and refuse to put faith in the utility of the ceaseless sacrifices which the piety of Peleus has offered on behalf of his wife and son. The greater part of Peleus' distracted speech beginning "O thou art fallen!" is omitted, while the complaint against the failing of his arm comes somewhat ungraciously, one feels, from Thetis. The characters of Peleus and Thetis are both changed by the transference of words and sentiments to one which seemed native to the other.

The greater number of the studies in passion which occur in the "Conversations" deal with the noblest types of that emotion, but in Agnes Sorel[1] a particularly interesting phenomenon is treated. It is a penetrating analysis of the power of passion unsuspected except by the clear vision of the Maid of Orleans, in a woman apparently trivial, worldly, selfish and conventional.

Even at the opening of the conversation Agnes reveals

1 Appendix, note 8.

the elements of fine qualities in her frank admiration and woranly rity for the fearless and youthful Jeanne; and it is a solemn and beautiful thing to follow Landor's loving treatment of this woman, thoughtless and superficial, led in the process of one brief dialogue to under'ake deeds which far transcend in the highest kind of courage the actions which she admired in Jeanne. She exhibits no petty resentment before Jeanne's gentle reproofs but rather a touching hurility and pathetic willingness to earn God's mercy, if only it need not be attained by renunciation of her life's great happiness. She feels that the stronghold of her very existence is being stormed by the stern gentle accuser; a vision has been opened to her terrifying but sublime, and struggle as she may against the forces of Good, she feels their bonds closing around her. Agonised tears, prayers, sophistry, procrastination, all are vain; and at last all lower passions die under the gentle resolution of the Maid; the beautiful soul of the woman shines forth and spiritual exultation sings in her throat. It is impressive and affecting to watch the waking of a human soul.

In Mary, Queen of Scots, Landor deals with a less pleasant but a no less tragic species of passion.

Landor once wrote that in his mind there was no more doubt of the innocence of Giovanna of Naples than there was of the guilt of Mary of Scots. History supports the latter belief. Even Mignet, who writes with deepest sympathy of the brilliant, unhappy queen, admits that, though in many instances she was merely indiscreet, in one, that of Darnley's murder, she was

guiltv.

As to the manner of her marriage to Bothwell historians differ. Mignet declares that it was with her own consent and bv her own arrangement that she was abducted by Bothwell in 1567, this leading necessarily to marriage. Holinshed simply relates the facts that she was "forceablie taken ... by the earle of "Bothwell and carried to his castell," that the people rose against his life till "the queene (of her clemencie) pardoned "him the same." Most historians and it may be added most novelists suprort the former view. Maurice Hewlett gives the scene, as he imagines it, in detail in "The Queen's Quair". He treats here the voluptuous, passionate side of Mary's nature, as a reader of Hewlett would exrect, but there is a certain historical truth in the nickname given half in derision, helf in admiration, "Honev-pot", for Marv seems never to have realised how dangerously she was endowed with sexual magnetism.

Landor recognises Marv's faults, he admits her guilt, and vet he can deal gentlv with her as a weak woman hurried along bv a passion stronger than herself. He shows the queen as weaker than historv reveals her; more childish than such a woman - startlingly rrecocious as a little girl at the Court of France - could ever have been; he lets not one glimpse of her rowerful intellect peer forth; and in these wavs he fails, one feels, to convev the essence of that charm which all admit to have been hers.

No one could believe that he hears a woman of twenty-five, a woman who is a queen, and who has twice been married, utter the

missish remonstances with which Mary strives to quell the advances of her unruly abductor - "O you silly man! .... Most wicked, "flattering, deceiving creature .... Impudent man." But this perhaps is due merely to a mannerism of Landor's. It is merely a superficial disfigurement, and behind the conventional scoldings there can clearly be seen the psychological intention.

Mary is passionately in love with her captor; miracle of hypocrisy as she is, sometimes the betraying truth rushes forth. Pretend as she may that her agitation is due alone to the indignity offered to her person, her condition, her station, there is clearly audible in her broken words the delicious excitement, part fear, part rapture, of a weak woman who finds herself suddenly in the power of the half-known, wholly desired lover.

But stronger even than that foreboding of her own fate in these masterful hands, is her fear of what may overtake this abductor in punishment for his crime. There is the tremble of utter sincerity in her cry,"Ah! Bothwell, you are now a traitor "after this. They would treat you like one." She strives to hide her passion, but her anxiety for his safety, the weight she attaches to his lightest words, the pleasure she takes in scolding him, the eagerness with which she encourages him to talk freely of his past life, and the jealousy with which she hears of his relationship with other women, her final yielding, speak more eloquently than do all her protestations of indignation and anger.

She is intensely conscious of his bodily presence and revels even in the less pleasing attributes of his person.

Her love has much in it of "th' infection taken in at the eves." But she who was so susceptible to physical beauty, she who could almost regret the death of Darnley because "he was very handsome;" admires the very ugliness of Bothwell. It is his strength too which she admires - the heaviness, the breadth of the great hairy fist. It was not only because Darnley was "cross and jealous and wayward and childish" that she hated him; but because she had a weak woman's longing for a master. There is a bitter prophecy in her words, "I will never be so cruel to "you as you have been to me," for Bothwell later "tortured her "heart in order to occupy it," was furiously jealous of any attention to other men while neglecting her himself, made her unspeakably wretched, did all and more than all that Darnley had done, yet never forfeited her love.

Some forewarning of this may be read even into Landor's conversation. The man is never serious though he pretends to be. He plays up to Mary's rôle of the timid, injured, powerless woman, vows that nothing but an overwhelming passion could move him to act in this way towards his "gracious queen" (varied according to her humour to "my royal dove", or "sweet lady"), but he is in the highest spirits and the most rebelliously jesting humour, surer of her feeling for him than she herself is.

Her attitude towards religion is similar to that of Agnes Sorel - she is orthodox in the Catholic faith, would scorn to be a heretic or a "malignant", but is content with outward observances, and requiring so little from herself is easily convinced of the adequacy of Bothwell's religious convictions.

She is weak, she is hypocritical, she is overfond, but she is not despicable. There is both pathos and charm in her character. She has some regret for the murdered Darnley, she speaks with most moving tenderness of Rizzio, she has one moment of overwhelming anguish when Bothwell asks, "What have the "Powers above denied you?" ~~and~~ It is from her very soul that the answer comes, "Happiness, innocence, peace. No, they did "not deny them. Bothwell! Bothwell! they were mine, were they "not?" ~~but~~ and there is the force of reality in her sudden, weary collapse, in her inability to endure the thrilling touch of his hand, and in her weak yielding.

The elements of tragedy are plainly visible, when one knows what Landor also knew of the future course of Mary's life. Bothwell was her evil genius. Separated from him, imprisoned, in affliction, she became a finer woman if not a happier one. That better nature of which Landor gives glimpses came to the surface, and, always touching from her misfortunes, and now purified by suffering, Mary met her fate with grace and dignity. "Happiness, innocence," she had forfeited by the life she had led, but at last came the "peace" for which she had longed even in the delirious hours of Bothwell's early love.

In Aphanasia and Leonora di Este yet another aspect of passion is approached. In both passion cries out with an insistency that will take no denial for the satisfaction and the rights which it regards as its own.

The story of Aphanasia and Beniowski[1] is founded on history, but for the purposes of his art, Landor found it necessary to

[1] Appendix, note 9.

omit the fact that Beniowski was already married, nor does he make it evident that the Count was a middle-aged man.

Count Beniowski was a Polish general who was sent by Catherine of Russia to Kamschatka, where the governor Kirl Khilov was made responsible for him. Khilov was extremely kind to him and employed him in teaching his children languages. Beniowski fell in love with Khilov's daughter Aphanasia, and when he and other prisoners conspired to escape, he persuaded the girl to accompany them. After terrible hardships they reached Formosa. Thence they travelled to Maco near Hong Kong, where Aphanasia died. Beniowski was killed fighting for the English in Madagascar in 1783.

Landor has deliberately deviated from history in more respects than those already mentioned and with the finest effect. He has given a lofty nobility to his hero's character by representing him as unwilling despite his passion to allow Aphanasia to dare for him the perils which he knows must lie before them. This alteration in his character leads naturally to an additional strength of purpose and of passion in the girl.

It is a curious fact that never once does a woman appear in Landor's conversations as seriously wooing a hesitating or reluctant lover. In the present conversation there is some resemblance to such a situation, but, though it is Aphanasia who insists on accompanying Beniowski, the man's hesitation is due rather to excess of affection than to a deficiency of feeling.

The whole atmosphere of the conversation is one of impulsive, fearless, ardent youth. The lovers are almost as young

as Romeo and Juliet, and Athanasia has much of Juliet's passionate faith and daring, allied with a character far less sophisticated but far stronger than that of Shakespeare's heroine. Whereas Juliet deceives her parents, it is only the thought of her lover's safety which prevents Athanasia from throwing herself at the feet of her dearly-loved father, and demanding forgiveness and freedom for Beniowski. She is a splendid creation. She has Portia's decision of purpose and enthusiasm of temperament, but it is passion and not intellect which sways her every impulse. "Her love kindles tenderness into enthusiasm, enthusiasm "into passion, passion into heroism."[1] Juliet has the innocence of a pure nature; Athanasia's innocence, especially as evinced in her trust in human virtue, more closely resembles Miranda's, that of a girl ignorant from circumstances as well as from the guilelessness of her character. Athanasia is like Juliet also in her capacity for facing suffering and if need be a horrible death; but even in the hottest rush of passion, Athanasia speaks with a delicacy sometimes lacking in Juliet. Lastly, the Russian girl is far less mature than the Italian, more childish even than Miranda, a woman only in the passion which inspires and emboldens her.

Frank and fearless as are all Athanasia's avowals, her whole character is instinct with girlish modesty and even bashfulness, as her plea to Beniowski proves:- "There is fondness "in your sweet compassionate face; and yet I pray you do not "look! O do not look at me; I am so ashamed. Take me, take me "with you! ..... Forgive me, but forgive me. Do not think me

1 " Shakespeare's Heroines" - Anna Jameson.

"vile." With the frankness of innocence and ardour it is she who breaks into open betraval of her knowledge of Beniowski's departure, reproaching him for his cruelty, imperiously putting aside all his sophistries, as Leonora does the arguments of Father Panigarola. Yet she cannot bear that he should think her suspicious and mean. and the mere thought forces from her the frantic confession that her father knows of the conspiracy.

There is an inexpressible pathos in the earnestness with which she uses one argument after another to induce her lover either to stay in Kamschatka or to take her with him wherever he goes. Passion and despair make her appear wild, and when Beniowski is driven to declaring, "I swear to do nothing without "you," from the depths of her heart comes the tragically simple reply, "O yes; you go without me." In her overwhelming grief the girl who has hitherto seemed so courageous, so strong, so reasonable, sheds tears, and longs, as hopeless passion alone can long, to be buried in one grave with him like the lovers of whom he has read to her in a room.

It is difficult to decide whether her courage or her ignorance is the more amazing; but even when Beniowski gently enlightens her as to the perils which must surround them on their journey, as to the horrors that may overtake them, her radiant courage rises higher than ever. In utter selflessness she looks forward to cheering, comforting and helping him; and when he hints the possibility of cannibalism she harrows his feelings by the rapture with which she cries, "I am the weakest; "whatcan you say now?" Even his most terrible pictures, intended

to dissuade her from her purpose move her not at all to irresolution. Even though the thought of men's devouring each other at first startles her tender ignorance, she quietly calms herself at once with the sensible consideration, "I know they kill one "another when they are not famished: how can I wonder that they "eat one another when they are? The cruelty would be less even "without the compulsion."

It is pity for his possible sufferings and never fear for herself that fills her heart, and she pleads with the most touching tenderness:- "Why then do you try to frighten me? ... "Would you render the sea more horrible than it is? .... I "protest to you I never will be sad or frightened at it, if you "will but let me go with you. If you will not, O Maurice, "I shall die with fear."

When her persistence and love have at length prevailed, not even Miranda surpasses the frankness, not even Juliet the perfect ecstasy of her answer - "Espoused! O blessed day! "O light from heaven! I could no longer be silent, I could "not speak otherwise."

In Athanasia there are echoes of Juliet, of Goethe's Gretchen, of Miranda, echoes of whatever in history or in literature is young and feminine, ardent, fearless and pure; some of her words (especially her exquisite reply to Peniowski's question, "You have read "in His image created he Man?" - "I "thought it strange until I saw you, Maurice,") might have come straight from Miranda's lips; her tender fears for her lover's danger are Juliet's fears for Romeo; but the girl herself stands

absolutely distinct from all these her sisters, one more beautiful portrait added to the gallery of the world's 'fair women'.

From the legend of the unhappy love of Torquato Tasso for Leonora[1], the sister of his patron, Alfonso di Este, Landor has created a dialogue of the intensest passion, taking as his subject an imaginary interview between Leonora and her confessor, the famous Father Panigarola, who has just come from a visit to Tasso in his dungeon.

Of the many writers on the fascinating problem of Tasso and Leonora, the majority tend to disbelieve in the existence of passion between them. Serassi scouts the notion, Dr. Black supports his contentions, and Ella Noyes, in her "Story of Ferrara" probes the question afresh, and feels that Tasso merely spoke in his poems to Leonora the language of conventional gallantry. But Milman, an acknowledged authority, takes a firm stand on the opposite side, declaring that of all the ladies who attracted the poet's susceptible heart, Leonora alone inspired him with genuine love. The mystery will probably never be solved, but for the purposes of literature, poet and dramatist naturally accept the romantic explanation. Goethe's sublime tragedy "Torquato Tasso" depends for its existence on the unhappy passion of Tasso for Leonora.

Landor's Leonora is neither the lofty intellectual figure of romantic tradition, but even less is she the dull and uninteresting creature which critical research claims to discover in her. She is a woman in whom body, mind and soul are subordinated to passion, a passion before whose might sickness, death

1 Appendix, note 10.

and even life eternal sink into insignificance. The poor body, even on the threshold of dissolution, is kept alive by the force of will which refuses to let it die until the passionate heart has satisfied its longings. When at last the assurance of Tasso's love is received, the soul itself seems to be released, and borne away with the words, "I die happy."

The whole scene is instinct with passion, all the more poignant for the skill with which Lander wields his favourite weapon of literary irony. Little is stated in unmistakeable terms; Leonora and Panigarola are talking at cross purposes, he feigning to prepare her for death and to interpret her questions into anxiety for Tasso's spiritual state, she employing all the resources of her keen mind (its very keenness heightened by passion and her desperate situation) to force the truth from behind his clever defences, without betraying how powerful is the interest which the imprisoned poet has for her.

At first her eagerness to hear news of her lover will take no denial from caution, but after this first speech of her heart, intellect takes command for a little, and she tries the effect of gentle, pathetic flattery, "Have you been able - you who "console so many, you who console even me - to comfort poor "Torquato?" Behind the fluctuations of feeling, that confidence which distinguishes the intensest passion never fails, convinced that Tasso must have spoken one word, even though that word had to be whispered, "to prove, to prove that he had not lost his "memory." When she sees that she has betraved too much she strives to smother the betraval in the plausible explanation, "His

"memory - of what? of reading his words to me and of my listening "to them." Throughout the dialogue it is pathetic to notice how heart and head take alternate command, how she attempts all methods of gaining from her confessor the assurance without which she cannot leave the world in peace. The tenacity of purpose in a dying woman is remarkable but true to actuality. She demands passionately to know whether gentle Torquato was very sorry when told that she was dying, and the irrespressible agony written on her countenance is revealed (as is Landor's manner) only in Panigarola's reply, "Be less anxious. He bore "it like a Christian." But there is a pleasing irony in the good confessor's admission that Tasso trembled and sighed - "as Christians should tremble and sigh." Disappointment that her lover has sent her no written word makes her feel "the chilli- "ness of the grave," and there is a poignant pathos in her com- plaint, "I would have entreated him to forget me, but to be "forgotten <u>before</u> I entreated it!" Panigarola's reproof to her "human vanity lingering on the precincts of the tomb" can have no meaning for her craving heart, which insists that, knowing her to be dying, Tasso <u>should</u> have acknowledged that he was sorry:-

"Panigarola. "Is there no voice within your heart that clearly
'tells you so?'

"Leonora. 'That voice is too indistinct, too troubled with
'the throbbings round about it. We women want sometimes
'to hear what we know; we die unless we hear what we doubt.'

"Panigarola. 'Madonna, this is too passionate for the hour.'"

For the first time tears break from her, and though the

confessor pretends to regard them as tears of repentance the meaning of his speech does not reach her senses, numb with thwarted passion. When Panigarola strives still to do his ghostly duty and urges her, "Be calm ... resigned to the will "of heaven," it is rather weariness and disappointment than faith and resignation that reply, "I am prepared to depart; for "I have struggled (God knows) to surmount what is unsurmountable; "and the wings of Angels will sustain and raise me, seeing my "descent toward earth too rapid, too unresisted, too prone."

In the swordplay of minds she has been defeated by the urbanity and caution of her confessor. One last effort she makes to say, half in sincerity, half in cunning, what in her soul she cannot wish but what she knows she ought to desire, "But tell him, tell Torquato - go again, entreat, persuade, command "him - to forget me." And suddenly Panigarola yields, abandons his defences, to give the truth to her desolate, longing spirit. He prefaces his admission with a conventional "Alas!" but it is from a human, sympathetic heart that he assures her, "even the "command from you and from above might not avail perhaps - "you smile, Madonna?"

"Leonora. 'I die happy.'

In dealing with passion absolute Landor is a great master, but that he can delineate with equal ease more elusive and intangible emotions is also certain. In little Rhodope, for example, he gives a beautiful picture of the dawn of passion, in Hyppolita, rather of the promise of passion than even of its birth.

Landor discovered in Heredotus the story of Rhodope."[1] She

[1] Appendix, note 11.

was a Thracian,"servant to Iadmon .... a Samian, and fellow-"servant with Aesop, the writer of fables," says the old historian. But instead of revealing the girl as a budding courtesan (for according to Heredotus that was her character) Landor depicts her as the acme of purity and passion. He accepts the popular belief in the unalluring exterior of Aesop, skilfully using it to make more perfect the physical beauty of the little slave-girl, and to heighten the contrast between her tender pity and her instinctive ignoring of the deformed body for the fine soul, and the heartless curiosity of her fellows. Aesop and Rhodope stand inevitably apart from these chattering, giggling, commonplace creatures, the one on account of his ugliness and the satirical power of his intellect, the other by reason of that beauty of body and character which awes the less wellfavoured girls against their will, making them shrink behind each other even as they gaze.

The opening words of Aesop show that he has been irritated by the pointing and sneering of Rhodope's fellow slaves. But he is soothed at once by her gentle, modest, unruffled reply, perfect in its sincerity and courtesy, "Think me hard-"hearted, O good Phrygian! but graciously give me the reason "for thinking it; otherwise I may be unable to correct a fault "too long overlooked by me, or to deprecate a grave infliction "of the gods." She is a docile girl, eager to learn what his greater age and exrerience can teach her, sensitive to reproof, yet anxious to correct her faults. She is by no means lacking, however, in strength and independence of character as her quiet

separating of herself from her companions and her deliberate seeking of Aesop testify.

Aesop early exhibits signs of having entered that happiest of states (in Landor's estimation) the middle state between love and friendship. It is a pity that even the beauty of Rhodope is a little marred by her uttering such exclamations as, "Trouble-"some man!" "Vain creature, for shame;" but this must be regarded merely as an unfortunate mannerism of Landor's.

Rhodope's attitude towards the other female slaves is charming. She experiences no resentment at their treatment of her, she is entirely without jealousy of their beauty, she is unperturbed by their opinions about her. Though she is wounded by their cruel treatment of Aesop, even though she is forced to ~~sub~~ admit that they have referred brutally to him as a "horrible monster," her protective tenderness for them, makes her feel anxiously, "Kind guest! do not hurt them for it." She appears to have suffered often from the ill-feeling and probably the jealousy of her own sex. "I cannot help thinking that the smiles "of men are pleasanter and sweeter than of women," she says. " .... Girls never look at me so charmingly as you do, nor "smile with such benignity."

The girl expresses her pleasure in her companion's ways and words simply and unaffectedly, showing her preference as innocently as a child, and prettily acknowledging, "I shall be "jealous if you are kinder to the others than to me."

Her attitude towards her fellow-creatures is almost incredibly guileless; she interprets their actions and their

words, to mean exactly what they purport to mean, translating even Aesop's promise that, "Xanthus may adorn the sacrifice", to imply that Xanthus will make her his wife. She is totally unmoved by the prospect, calmly pointing out its improbability, and relating in proof of her contentions a delightful anecdote of her own countrymen. "I have seen in my childhood men older "than Xanthus, who, against all remonstances and many struggles, "have fondled and kissed, before near relatives, wives of the "same age ... : yet, in the very next room, the very same day, "scarcely would they press to their bosoms while you could (rather "slowly) count twenty, nor kiss for half the time, beautiful "young maidens, who, casting down their eyes, never stirred, and "only said, 'Don't! Don't'."

Her acceptance of stories of wonders, of strange gods, of portents, is equally naïve, and her self-respect is hurt by Aesop's reproving her credulity and her intelligence roused to retort of the injustice of his despising her beliefs when he himself has told her fellows stories of talking beasts. She listens with the confidence, the breathless interest and attention of a child, to his fables, unsuspicious of their allegorical intention.

One can follow the natural growth of her interest, her trust and her affection from speech to speech; she has no more art or desire to hide what she feels than had Miranda or Perdita. Her intellect too is affected, and a silent pondering reveals to her something of the significance of the stories which Aesop has related; he has disturbed her faith in prodigies and in

humanity, and her mind is asking questions which she cannot answer. Child as she is, she has already realised Man's dislike of hearing unwelcome truths, and though in her own perfect rectitude of soul she bears Aesop no grudge for disturbing her peace of mind, she knows that others will feel differently. All she desires is to be able to help him and to avert danger from him, and she answers with beautiful humility his laughing taunt of, "Proud child" - "Not yet; I may be then."

In her ignorant trust in her fellow-creatures she is grieved at Aesop's declaration that human beings never either speak or act the truth till they are dead. It is this, even more than the saddening thought of death itself, which makes her sigh, "Alas! alas!" and when Aesop strives to calm her with that glorious often-quoted tribute to the universal slayer of mankind, "Laodameia died; Helen died; Leda, the beloved of "Juriter, went before," her heart is wounded anew and more profoundly by the thought that even the strongest passion is powerless against death. Perhaps it is here that the strength of her own dawning love is revealed to her, for she turns from the cold consolation of abstract philosophy to the concrete comfort of his touch.

The old man is not as impervious to her charm and beauty as the child fears, and it is rather in self-defence than in thought for her safety that he bids her, "Come often and see "me if thou wilt but expect no love from me." She has shown throughout warm and tender affection, but a more ardent feeling wakes in her childish heart at the image of Aesop condemned to

the stocks as a punishment for loving her. If they punished him so, she declares passionately, "I would tear my hair and my "cheeks, and put my knees under your ankles."

Her immature understanding cannot follow his abstruser flights of imagination and rhetoric, and she deftly turns the conversation back to the subject nearest her heart. If she is delightful when she openly confesses her fondness, she is still more so when she strives to conceal it under a veil of hopeless sophistry - pretence in Rhodope is so transparent. It is with the eagerness of a child that she begins to strip off the gold hem from her robe to purchase the freedom of her beloved, but her last words show that at times her childish heart feels as the heart of a woman alone can feel. "OH Aesop! you are already "more my master than Xanthus is."

In the second conversation Rhodope reveals herself as having travelled very far emotionally in the few days which have intervened, developed by the perhaps premature waking in her of feelings of unusual strength and depth. Now her passion forces from her more fervent, more conscious, less restrained utterances. She realises this, and there is a womanly dignity in her analysis of the change that is very lovely. "Forty- "seven days ago (this is only the forty-eighth since I beheld "you first) I was a child: ... affliction, which makes many wiser, "had no such effect on me. But reverence and love (why should "I hesitate at the one avowal more than the other?) came over me, "to ripen my understanding."

She asks no return, to be allowed to love is her sole

desire, and she pleads, "You must not love then - but may not I?" His faltering, "We will - but - " sends her raptured soul soaring on wings of gratitude to the gods, makes her slavery a glorious privilege, predestined hers by beneficent deities; "We! O sound "that is to vibrate on my breast for ever! O hour! happier "than all other hours since time began! O gracious Gods! who "brought me into bondage!" It is a lyric outburst, welling up pure, undiluted by any base admixture of sophistication, straight from the newly-awakened, passionate heart of the girl.

The greater part of the conversation is occupied with Rhodope's story of her youth and of her father's selling her to save her from starvation. It is a perfect cameo, far more successful than are the narratives which Landor usually interpolates in his 'Conversations'. Critics have raised objections to Rhodope's being able to remember the meticulous details of occurrences which took place when she was only five years old, but the details produce a vivid and picturesque impression. Perhaps her narrative is influenced, as are most stories told of one's own youth, by her subsequent brooding over her recollections entangled with multitudinous fond imaginings. At all events her story proves that if Rhodope in her childish self-absorption and happiness was ignorant of her father's sufferings, her grateful heart has paid many a tribute to his memory in the nine years that have followed.

Among Landor's maidens none is more compassionate, more pure, more natural than little Rhodope. She talks more than the pensive Ternissa, resembling Tersitza in this characteristic,

but there is less of artless prattle in her conversation than in that of her modern Greek sister, a And her emotions are more profound, and more mature, than are Ternissa's clinging tenderness for her gentle teacher Epicurus, or the girlish flirtations of Tersitza with Trelawney. The girls ~~must~~ may be classed together, however, although they are delicately and firmly individualised, on account of that intangible but easily recognisable quality of natural maidenliness which Landor excels in depicting.

In Rhodope is seen maiden passion actually dawning; in the dialogue between Theseus and Hippolyta is a scarcely inferior picture of a woman's proud and noble heart revealing, not the dawn, but rather the promise of passion.

In the "Heroic Idyls" of 1863 this dialogue was by far the most successful of the additions, though the little maid Agatha in the Homer and Laertes dialogue has distinct charm.

As in the conversation between Aesop and Rhodope the progress and the alternations of Hippolyta's emotions can only be comprehended by noting each indication in the course of the dialogue.

At the opening she is a fierce, proud, untamed creature, humiliated by defeat, shaken by hot hate of her conqueror, spurning the thought of submission, fearlessly welcoming death rather than what appears to her slavery. Theseus' courteous flattery of her youth and beauty wakes in her merely passionate scorn of him and of what in her attracts his admiration:- "I scorn my "youth, I hate my beauty. Go!" she cries imperiously.

It is a pity that the effect of her splendid rage and her

queenly dignity is marred by unseemly vituperation, and though Hippolyta is sincere enough in her hate, the lines in which she reviles Theseus as a "monster" of the most detestable type are a blot on the otherwise noble scene. One cannot help recalling the fact that others among Landor's women have designated men as 'monsters' only to yield to the charms of the monster at the earliest opportunity.

Except for this Hippolyta is intensely real. It is exquisitely appropriate that neither Theseus' courtesy nor his obvious passion for her have any effect on her emotions, until she herself has softened her heart by her tender memories of her mother, her sisters, her own hardy, happy, fearless childhood. It is the noble nature of her lover's sympathy that brings tears to the eyes that have not wept for years, the lack of anything approaching condescension in his pity, -

"There is no place for anger where thou art,"
(he assures her)
"Commiseration even men may feel
"For those who want it: even the fiercest beasts
"Lick the sore-wounded of a kindred race
" ..... albeit they may not help."

They are two lofty beings, enemies only by circumstances, each drawing out the best in the other, finding the true kinship of all noble souls, as did Hannibal and Marcellus on the field of battle.

In Hippolyta's confession,

"Thou forcest tears from me, because, because ...
"I cannot hate thee as I ought to do,"

one foresees her hate turning to passionate love.

Capacity for passion does not invariably imply the

direction of strong feeling only into the narrow channel of sexual love, and Landor gives three portraits of women whose strongest feeling takes other forms. In Diane de Poictiers it is seen in the guise of filial love; in Electra fervent filial love and family pride have changed to even hotter hate; while in Kaidc Zavellas love of her brother and of her fatherland are the most prominent emotions.

Diane de Poictiers,[1] the famous mistress of Henry II of France and the rival of Catherine de Medici is the heroine of three brief scenes. Michelet was one of Landor's favourite historians but if he consulted Michelet about Diane it had merely the not unusual effect of making him adopt an entirely opposite attitude towards her. No two women could be more dissimilar than the cold,hard, ambitious libertine of Michelet and the passionately tender, passionately loyal, frankly fearless woman of Landor.

She is shown in the first scene striving to induce the adoring Caillette to beg her father's life of Francis I, using in the cause of her parent pleas she would scorn to employ for her own advantage. In the second and third scenes her overwhelming gratitude both to Caillette and to the King is offered without self-consciousness and with perfect dignity. The King himself is roused to admiration at the noble simplicity of the kiss with which she thanks Caillette, and he exclaims, "None but a virtuous "woman dare do this."

Hers is the boldness of incorruptible innocence, her fearlessness is the fruit of perfect filial love, her gratitude

1 Appendix, note 12.

the passionate and irresistible outpouring of a generous heart.

Landor's Electra resembles far more closely the Electra of Euripides than the fierce heroine of Sophocles. Euripides' heroine is a woman hardened by sorrow and shamed love, obsessed with the idea of vengeance, but a woman with a vulnerable heart. It is passionate love betrayed that has caused an absolute revulsion in her feelings towards the mother who has murdered her own husband, and who is living openly with her paramour. Like Lady Macbeth ~~she~~ Electra has not sufficient imagination to foresee the horror of the deed which she contemplates, and yet she has sufficient to torrent her afterwards. Once that deed is committed the shell of superficial hardness breaks and her woman's heart takes its revenge. Clytemnestra[1] seems never to have repented the murder of Agamemnon, but rather to have justified herself for it; Neither did Medea repent the murder of her children and of Jason's young bride; but the Electra of Euripides and of Landor is more truly feminine.

In the scene "The Death of Clytemnestra", Electra is full of fury, chastising her absent mother and Aegisthus with opprobious epithets, him as "wretch, dishonourer, murderer," her as "adultress, husband-slaver, tigress." She herself feels almost as if "poison o'erflows my lips."

Euripides' Electra is even fiercer, gloats over the bloody details of Aegisthus' death and would slay her mother with her own hands if there were none other to do it. But bloodshed has already had an effect on her heart, and she turns from Aegisthus' corpse "with a weary sigh." Nevertheless when

1 Appendix, note 13.

Orestes **wavers** at his mother's approach her fury lashes him to his purpose with taunts and prayers. Landor makes her pleadings less fierce than tender; his Electra dwells rather upon the gentleness of their father than on their mother's crime:-

"Think upon our father .....
"..... think what a man was he,
"How fond of her! how kind to all about,
"That he might gladden and teach us!"

She is full of love for and pride in her "sweet Orestes", and it is the torturing memory of little long-past tender nothings that steels her heart.

"Ah! boys remember not what melts our hearts
"And marks them evermore."

The fierceness of her hate corresponds with the ardour of her love.

When Orestes leaves her she listens outside the door as Catherine listened to the murder of Peter, but with what different emotions. Electra feels sincerely that her mother's death is demanded by the gods and is a deed that rejoices the Eumenides. All her thoughts are centred on that earlier murder, since when the bathroom door has ever creaked. All her family and personal pride has been roused by the unnatural deeds of her mother. Orestes seems already to have repented, and at the sight and sound of the red drops falling from his blade Electra's own heart fails and softens and she breaks into somewhat unfair reproaches. Orestes tries first to justify himself as having done the gods' will, but finally suggests with most gentle hesitation, "And didst not thou .... ". It is from an over-

charged heart that her deep cry comes:-

"Twas I, 'twas I, who did it, ...
"There is no grief, there is no guilt but mine."

Orestes ~~was~~ is the consoler here but in the next scene, the "Madness of Orestes", the office of comforter falls upon her. His are the long and piteous ravings, hers the sad, brief, gentle replies. As before she praised the father, so now he recalls the mother's gentleness, and she cannot or will not gainsay him. He it is who cannot now think of the bathroom door. The two scenes are most skilfully linked together. With Electra quiet daily sorrow has replaced her former tempestuous grief; she has no heart left for a lover and cannot bear the mention of love for herself. Her only thought is for her brother - for him she dares to face, even to reason with, the dread furies; and to Orestes it is the most appalling aspect of these horrors that they have power to frighten his heroic sister; the greatest beauty of the scenes is the passionate mutual love of the brother and sister.

In Euripides, Electra comes into personal contact with her mother, but her hardness does not yield even ~~after~~ before the most pathetic pleadings of Clytemnestra. It is only after her mother's death, which Electra has witnessed, that she heaps self-reproaches on her own head. There is in Euripides' Electra a longing for love mingled with her penitent horror; and the end suggests happiness for her, for she is given to Pylades to comfort. Her last words are hopefully prophetic:-

"Ave, I pass from you,
"Soft-eyed at last."

For Landor's Electra no such joy is hinted.

In Kaido Zabellas[1] the feelings are as strong as in Electra, but her brother and her country have been to her in the place of husband and children. Her brother was one of the Suliot leaders in the Greek Revolution, and both on account of his own prejudices and of the enthusiastic stories told him by Trelawney, Landor was disposed to see in him the ideal military hero. In Finlay's "History of Greece", however, a far from pleasant picture is given of Photo's avarice, cruelty and treachery. He and several other powerful chiefs accepted offices in the services of Ali Pasha, and he seems to have changed sides several times for his own advantage. In 1802 when the final struggle for Suli came he was once more within the citadel. He went to Ali on behalf of his countrymen and a treaty was drawn up which he knew Ali intended to violate. Photo warned his compatriots to reject it, but when they refused he returned at their command to Ali and was soon imprisoned as he had foreseen. Landor represents the arguments and prayers by which his sister Kaido, aware of his danger, fearful of his resolution, strives to deter him from his purpose.

The contrast between the brother and sister is interesting. In many respects they resemble one another; both are ardent patriots, but her love for her country is less abstract, more practical and clearsighted than his. Great as is her patriotism her love for her brother is yet nearer to her heart. Photo, though a tender husband, father and brother, is a patriotic fanatic, blinded by his enthusiasm to the importance of practical

1 Appendix, note 14.

issues.

Kaido's clear intelligence realises the hopelessness of saving a citadel within whose gates the gold of treachery has already found a way, and her woman's heart cries out against the wanton throwing away of her brother's life for a shadowy abstraction. She is not a character of undiluted passion; her intellect condemns Photo's quixotic self-sacrifice, and inspires her with eloquent and forceful arguments wherewith to oppose his determination. She is absolutely sincere and fearless, much as she shrinks from the thought of his scorning her; and her passionate attackson Ali Tebelen and on those Suliots who banished Photo rush from her lips with the force of an irresistible torrent. When eloquence, passion, entreaty all fail she blesses her brother with calm despair, "From these arms then "God receive you into his."

"Weak lingering Kaido", her brother calls her, but the description is not quite just. She is merely a clearer-eyed enthusiast than he is, her courage is as great as his, her loyalty, though of a different complexion, is sincere and strong, and her passionate love for her brother makes her touchingly feminine.

Landor's power in the delineation of many types and aspects of passion must be acknowledged, but his capacity is limited by the structure of his own mind. He loved the simple, the straightforward, the ingenuous, and so in depicting natural passion which surges up unencumbered by complexities and civilised restrictions from the primitive depths of the human heart, he is

strikingly successful. But for a corplex rassion, full of unexrected and rarid alternations of emotion, uncontrollable and incoherent, he has neither sympathy nor understanding. Even his Mary of Scots, charming as she is, has none of the subtle complexity of the fascinating queen of history.

His Cleopatra is far less successful, because she is not even fully consistent with herself. There are hints of the real Cleopatra; her superstitious reverence for auguries is revealed in the first scene; the fourth shows her in one of her charmingly frivolous petty moods, exhibiting at the end the rapacious greed for admiration which was hers in life; but nothing is so true to the real Cleopatra as the precocious remark of the delightful boy, Cæsarion, that if she bites her lip "'tis but to make it seem more red." The real Antony saw Cleopatra as she was and worshipped half against his will; Landor's Antony melodramatically declares,

> " The keenest eye
> "Of earth or heaven could find in her no guile,
> "No cruelty, no lack of duty."

But there is more genuine passion in the former Antony's savage abuse and chafing against her yoke than in the latter's tenderest rharsodies. Some of the elements of the ~~human~~ woman are here, but the result as a whole is patchy, undecided, inconsistent.

Landor is as little felicitous in his delineation of Sappho.[1] He wrote of her with much critical insight, "Her "imagination, her whole soul is absorbed in her own breast: she "is the prey of the passions: they are the lords and masters." Yet he was totally incapable of reproducing this splendid, self-

1 Appendix, note 15.

absorbed creature. His Sappho chats teasingly with her jealous suitors, Alcæus and Anacreon, in a thoroughly commonplace manner, and even when her lover, Phaon, enters (on account of whose desertion legend says she leapt from the cliff of Leucas), there is no revelation of actual passion.

Landor's attempt to portray the Beatrice Cenci who is Shelley's psychological masterpiece proves again how impossible it was for him to treat convincingly a profound and complex nature. So fully does Shelley enter into the tragic grandeur of his heroine's character that he can afford boldly to demand one's sympathy for her whole attitude. He does not shirk even that most difficult scene where Beatrice not only denies her own guilt but forces her accomplice Marzio to acknowledge her innocence as a miracle he feels to be somehow credible, in spite of his knowledge of her crime. Landor omits this and the murder-scene entirely; he depicts Beatrice as a gentle, childish, simple, affectionate creature, and one feels that the murder which she confesses can only have been planned and carried out in an access of panic and horror that partook of the nature of insanity. Her anguish when pleading before the Pope is rather painful than impressive, and though her courage at the last is magnificent, she is on the whole a pathetic rather than a tragic figure. Even her last dignified, noble words,

> "My father's honour willed my father's death:
> "He could not live; no, nor could I. Now strike",

lack the all-sufficing brevity and peace of the final pronouncement of Shelley's Beatrice, "Well, 'tis very well."

C H A P T E R III.

Women of the Affections.

In dealing with the more limited range of the affections Landor shows the same firmness and the same delicacy of touch as distinguished his finest studies of passion, though from their very nature characters of the affections exhibit tenderness rather than heroism, and attain pathos rather than tragedy.

Pictures of fragrant tender girlhood abound in his shorter verse dialogues; the little Europa, unconscious of the fact that she is hovering on the threshold of an adventure which her unconscious susceptibility, her growing discontent with her ordinary life and her girlish self-confidence render dangerous; Zoë, teasing the solemn Theron, her dawning love for whom she dares scarcely admit even to herself; Hiera, Ida, Lily, Phanoë, Pheido, the not entirely successful Atalanta are all dainty, graceful sketches of maidenhood. To these there must be added the maturer figure of Penelope, the quiet, loyal, gracious queen, serenely and trustingly guarding her royal house and lands in her husband's absence.

It is impossible to analyse these in any detail, for the characters depicted far more fully are somewhat numerous, though, as one would expect, none of the other classes into which Landor's heroines have been divided approaches in number or variety his studies of passion.

Perhaps the most delightful among the heroines of the affections is Ternissa. Undoubtedly one of the most charming of Landor's prose dialogues, and a great favourite with its

creator, is the long talk of the gentlest of philosophers, Epicurus, with his girl-disciples, Leontion and Ternissa. The real Epicurus had a girl-pupil named Leontion who was the concubine and later the wife of Metrodorus (though Landor does not follow historical facts in this respect),and though the character of little Ternissa was wholly Landor's creation, it is recorded that one of Epicurus' pupils was named Themisto, the real name of which Ternissa was, according to Menander, the affectionate diminutive - "That pretty little Themisto, whom "Leontion used to call Ternissa (and she herself and you)". The name is of little import, belonging but to a shadow whom Landor has reanimated into a girl of incomparable charm.

Ternissa is the sister of Rhodope and Tersitza. She has their purity, their fresh maidenliness, their warm affections, but she is more submissive, more tenderly clinging, less talkative, more entirely emotional than either. She teases, she is often roguish, but there is something very like sadness in her love for Epicurus, some lack of the careless high spirits that seem by right to belong to her years. Tersitza and Rhodope both know misfortune, yet both are too full of eager life and hope and ardour to be greatly pitied. Ternissa's tender growth has been carefully guarded and watched and yet about her there is a faintly perceptible veil of melancholy and of premonitory fear. She has the pathetic and delicate beauty of a flower, too fragile and too pure to bear contact with the roughness and coarseness of earth.

In her, "all is conscience and tender heart". She is too

honest to feign an interest in or knowledge of those higher intellectual matters which Leontion so eagerly discusses, although she listens with earnest attention to the words of Epicurus. But as soon as matters reach the plane of the emotions her heart rushes to her lips and eagerly contributes.

Epicurus himself confesses to Menander after the little girl's death that he discouraged her from too-zealous study, in spite of Leontion's disapproval, hating to have her childish simplicity perplexed by philosophy. He recognised instinctively that her education must be directed to the heart and the affections, and trained her carefully for her own happiness to be obedient to her mother, especially in the matter of the gods. He encouraged her to read Aesop, Heredotus, natural history, and Aristotle, but was obliged to forbid the perusal of the love poems of Simonides, because they stirred her too profoundly. He gives a touching picture of her tearful but trusting submission, with her pathetic little apology, "It was silly of me "to shed a tear; me who am so happy."

The most prominent trait in Ternissa's character is her absorbing love and admiration for Epicurus, the respect for and trust in him which prevent her from joining in the outspoken criticisms which Leontion does not hesitate to make. Whatever he chooses to do is well in her eyes, unless perhaps when he offers caresses or compliments to Leontion. She assumes resentment at his familiarities towards herself, yet one cannot but see through the transparent mask of childish propriety and dignity.

It is significant that the first remark which falls from

her lips is the half-laughing, half-questioning "You would "wish us then away?" in answer to Epicurus' rhapsody on solitude. As her heart speaks then, so it speaks throughout the conversation, and it is to her warm tenderness that the philosopher turns rather than to the high-toned discourse of the intellectual Leontion. His every answer is a caress, his fondness is obvious; Ternissa calls up in him that instinct to protect and cherish which the sight of youthful and especially of feminine weakness must evoke in any chivalrous man. There is an old-world gallantry about his replies which involuntarily recalls the courtly attitude of Landor towards women and girls. Indeed it seems to be Landor himself who walks with these two charming girls and replies elegantly and sincerely to Ternissa's question, "I speak of solitude; you of desolation."

It is again characteristic of Ternissa that that quiet reserve which lack of self-assertion and respect for the judgment of others breed prevents her from remarking on Epicurus' garden until she is asked definitely for an opinion. Her reply reveals what is another constantly appearing trait in her - a love of Nature as of a person. A veritable child of nature herself in her impulses and affections, she hates those trees that never lose their foliage because "they seem to have no "sympathy with Nature." Nothing is more typical of her very fellowship with those others of Nature's children who so resemble her, the flowers, than her tender feeling for the mullen, a tenderness at which the more sophisticated Leontion gently laughs, "Childish girl! she means the mullen; and she talks about

"it as she would have talked about a doll, attributing to it "feelings and airs and designs. I saw her stay behind to kiss "it; no doubt for being so nearly her own height." To which little Ternissa replies seriously, "No indeed, not for that; "but because I had broken off one of its blossoms unheedingly, "perhaps the last it may bear;.... and because nearer the earth "some droop and are decaying, and remind me of a parent who must "die before the tenderest of her children can do without her."

Tender as are her emotions and imagination in relation to the inanimate productions of Nature, she is tenderer still towards the living. She shrinks from thinking evil of her neighbours, rejoicing that Epicurus should go out of his way "to "defend an enemy and to lead aside Leontion from her severity "to Theophrastus." So exquisite ~~is~~ are her sensitiveness to, and sympathy with, suffering, that even a statue with a fly upon its forehead can rouse her involuntary pity by its air of helplessness.

Towards her friend, Leontion, her confiding love is obvious, making her endure with equanimity all that learned little lady's amusing superiority, and causing her to mock at Epicurus for regarding their friendship as anything but eternal. But it is upon Epicurus himself that the treasures of her heart are most freely lavished. She trusts him unreservedly, and accepts literally all that he tells her. He is her hero, as her naïve pictures of that hero unconsciously reveal. "I love those best," she declares in innocent self-revelation, "who can "tell me the most things I never knew before, and who have

"patience with me, and look kindly while they teach me, and "almost as if they were waiting for fresh questions." Courage rather overawes her, and the heroes of whom she loves to read are those, " in whose bosoms there is left a place for tender- "ness," The strength of her love for Epicurus can even arouse in her gentle soul jealousy of Leontion, and rightly does she herself admit that in her mythology "Love lights Anger's torch "very often".

But love can do higher things than this, for the gentle arguments and consolations of Epicurus can soothe away even the fear of death from her timid spirit. There is a pathos almost heartrending in the long discourse upon death when one remembers how soon she was to be death's prey. Hers seems indeed to have been "beauty that is no stronger than a flower"; and it is natural to her to cling to her simple superstitious belief in the gods,(a belief which appears to the more advanced Leontion, mere credulity), because those beliefs "make the way of death an "easy one". The answer by means of which Epicurus strives to teach her "to cast under foot the empty fear of death" is even tenderer and more soothing than that which Aesop gave to the grieving Rhodope; "By thinking that some, perhaps, have been "timid and delicate as Ternissa, and yet have slept soundly, "have felt no parent's or friend's tear upon their faces, no "throb against their breasts."

The vivid imagination which Ternissa always exhibits when her emotions are touched brings before her so pitiful a picture of those she must leave behind that for a time the sense

of personal fear is lost in sorrow for them. But even when she has progressed, guided by the loving hand of Epicurus, past the physical death, past the grief of friends, the stories of the underworld which have always been so real to her assume a terrifying aspect. Leontion is absorbed in the philosophical side of death, Ternissa in the material. The thought of passing the gloomy Styx, the possibility of Charon, "so old "and wilful, so cross and ugly," touching her makes her shudder, and eagerly endorse Epicurus' prayer that all three friends may go together. She cannot believe ~~it~~, even when Epicurus assures her, that anyone can conquer both this world and the next. To conquer the next seems easy to her simple soul, for it can be done by piety. But how conquer this world? She might perhaps obey his injunction by trying to attain it by "indifference to "all who are indifferent to us; by taking joyfully the benefit "that comes spontaneously; by wishing no more intensely for what "is a hair's breadth beyond our reach than for a draught of "water from the Ganges;" but his last admonition that she must fear nothing in another life seems to her "the grand impossibility." But she is certainly soothed by his gentle serenity, and it is Leontion and not she who pleads, "Do not make us melancholy," when Epicurus prays the gods that he may never lay his wet cheek on the foot of a statue "under which is inscribed the name of "Leontion or Ternissa."

Ternissa has the most winning intellectual humility. Her admiration for Epicurus is boundless, her respect for Leontion's learning utterly without reserve or jealousy. She

pretends to no knowledge beyond what is truly hers, asking without false shame for explanations when she does not understand. And yet there is a delightfully childish pride in the manner in which she sometimes exhibits her information, possibly a kind of compliment to her gentle teacher:- "That "is what Alexander of Macedon wept because he could not accom- "plish;" "Leontion spoke of courage, you of temperance; the "next great virtue, in the division made by the philosophers, "is justice".

To the literal Leontion Ternissa's implicit belief in legend seems a weakness; but Leontion is blind to that truth of the imagination which is far beyond the mere truth of fact, an aspect of truth which is hidden from her and revealed to her more sympathetic friend. Ternissa has a great admiration for the composing of poetry, despising her own humble capacity for merely feeling it, not realising in her self-depreciation that the sensitiveness of her own feelings and imagination make her more truly a poet than many who write verse. She has that power of personal substitution, that makes the passion and grief of the parted lovers, Peleus and Thetis, an emotion of her own.

Her character is tinged with pensiveness, and yet she is a happy carefree little creature, full of roguishness and teasing. She can be gently satirical about the vanity of men who require statues because "they must be flattered even by the "stones;" and she delights in administering reproofs to Epicurus. Perhaps her prettiest maiden defence consists in her manner of

screening herself behind Leontion. She will not admit that "to be preferred to all others is the supremacy of bliss," but replies evasively, "It is indeed what the wise and the powerful "and the beautiful chiefly aim at: Leontion has attained it." She appears not to recollect Epicurus' carrying both of them across a muddy hollow in one of his paths but declares naughtily, "Leontion does." ~~But~~ All these artifices serve but to make clearer the strength of her affection for the elderly philosopher; she is but "a rosebud set with little wilful thorns". She betrays herself wholly in her last frank yet fearful avowal, "O Epicurus! you are very, very dear to me .... and are the "last in the world that would ever tell you were called so."

Her little concealments are the instinctive shields which the girl interposes between herself and emotions whose strength she half fears. There is nothing of hypocrisy in her and Epicurus is right when he likens her first to Love and then to Truth. The concealment of her feelings which modesty and timidity prompt is like the veil which hides truth from too inquisitive eyes.

We learn no more of little Ternissa until, eight years after her death, Epicurus gives his friend Menander the pathetic details of her early decease. Her mother Actene wished Epicurus to marry his little pupil, but, as Epicurus himself confesses in his second conversation with Menander, he experienced for Ternissa rather the sentiment than the passion of love. Menander, however, understates the case in saying that neither Leontion or Ternissa ever "agitated to more than a sunny ripple your

"gentle and fond bosom;" for Epicurus himself declares that "light was withdrawn from me with Ternissa".

The description of her last days is very moving. Even to Menander she seemed more like a flower than a human girl, and he beautifully says, "The spring, I remember, waited for "Ternissa, and would not go without her." Always flowers are associated with her. "We crowned her with some of the flowers "she had cherished," says Epicurus; and the cyclamens and violets she planted in his garden recall the odour of her cool sweet face; her last thought is "Remember the strawberries," her last regret that "I cannot go and help you."

Epicurus has found it difficult to talk of his little friend, but to Menander he gives so meticulous an account of the progress of her illness, her helpless weakness, her feverish excitement and unhappiness when once he did not visit her for three days, the very dress she wore, as to prove how carefully his loving eyes drank in every detail of her appearance and actions, how perfectly his heart has preserved the recollection.

Her friends had long wanted a statue of her, but her mother said, "Time enough yet." When Ternissa grew thinner and thinner, and the mother would send in haste for a sculptor, the girl's modesty made it impossible. She was never disobedient to her mother but when the question was debated "she opened her "eyes wide, turned them away from us, caught up her pillow, "buried her face in it, and said almost inaudibly, 'O mother, "mother'".

Her death came with unexpected suddenness. As Epicurus

talked with her one day, she sighed, leaned forward, and he caught her in his arms. "Kind heart," said her mother, but Ericurus felt she might rather have said, "Broken one."

The life of little Ternissa is a delicate and most moving idyll. She is fresh and fragrant and pure as a flower, fragile and transitory as a flower. She had no life except in her love for Ericurus. Her feeling for him was not passion; it was a quiet joyful affection, growing up almost unconsciously with her from her earliest years. Her love was no torrent to her. Even her jealousy of Leontion had little sting, for she was quite confident that Ericurus returned her affection warmly. Love to the passionate may show himself as a cruel tyrant; Love to Ternissa was "the gentle god," whose wing Ericurus may venture to twitch so that he may turn round and smile upon him. Love smiled too upon her.

Tersitza, the young step-sister of Odysseus, is closely related to Ternissa in character, and yet there are striking differences between them.

The conversation between Trelawney and the Klepht leader is connected, like that of Photo and Kaido Zavallas, with the Greek Revolution, and indeed Odysseus is represented as relating briefly to Trelawney the story of Photo's patriotism and bravery. In his hatred of oppression Landor was the whole-hearted supporter of all revolutions in favour of liberty, and in his prejudiced eyes the leaders of these movements appeared as demigods. It is thought that Landor obtained his opinions of Odysseus from Trelawney, an infatuated supporter of the whole revolutionary

1 Appendix, note 16.

movement. But anyone who reads Trelawney's "Adventures of a Younger Son" must realise how large a part romantic love of adventure played in Trelawney's enthusiasms. Finlay, the most scrupulous seeker after truth in all matters appertaining to Greek history, gives an unpleasant picture of all the brigand-chiefs who were at the time designated heroes, Djavellas (as it is more correctly spelt), Odysseus, Mavrocordates, Kolokotrones. In a lengthy note at the end of the conversation Landor puts forth his own views on Odysseus, emphasising his loyalty both to his old patron Ali and to his countrymen, his sincerity, his modest confidence, his trust in his fellows. Finlay, on the other hand, denies that Odysseus was ever inspired by any love of Greece or of liberty, and designates him an unscrupulous and cunning robber, intent only on his own advancement, looking to Ali of Joannina as his model, but actuated by no affection or abstract feeling of duty towards him. He was without morality or religion; he united all the worst vices of the Greek and the Albanian, being false as the former, vindictive as the latter. After various discreditable adventures, Odysseus, barely escaping capture in a skirmish, was terrified into sending a message of submission to the Turks, offering to persuade other Greek captains also to yield if Mehemet Pasha would induce the Sultan to confer on all of them captaincies over the arratoli. Odysseus never intended to adhere to the terms of his undertaking, but by means of it he saved his country from ruin, and the Greeks, not knowing the conditions of the treaty, became more attached to him than ever. The circumstances of his death were much as

Landor relates them. Landor represents Odysseus when, some time before his death in the Acropolis, he and his wife, mother, brother and sister lived in a fortified cave on Parnassus. Tersitza must have been Odysseus' step-sister for his father Andritzo left but one child.

Admiration and reverence are excited by the aspect of Landor's Odysseus, but love itself responds to the charm of Tersitza. She is like and yet unlike Rhodope and Ternissa, having less capacity for ardent feeling than the former, and far more gaiety and high spirits than the latter. She evinces no sign of that eagerness for learning which distinguished Rhodope, and within a narrower range, Ternissa. Rhodope's sensitiveness tenderness is attracted by Aesop's deformity and misfortunes; Ternissa's clinging delicacy by the gentle support of Epicurus' kindness; but the daring little Tersitza is moved chiefly by Trelawney's bravery and handsomeness. The differences depend somewhat on the conditions of the girls' lives; Rhodope's own unhappy lot among fellow slaves who avoid her renders her sensitive to the similar hardships of others; Ternissa has had a sheltered existence in willing dependence on her mother and her teacher; while Tersitza's life of danger and activity naturally tends to make courage the great virtue in her eyes. It is her own keen æsthetic sense, evinced again and again in the conversation, which makes Trelawney's appearance pleasant to her.

Like Ternissa, Tersitza vainly dissembles her interest in her brother's attractive friend, constantly betraying her own feelings when she wishes mischievously only to embarrass

Trelawney. Ignoring his earnest pleas, she naughtily repeats to her brother the sentimental poem which the young man whispered in her ear, yet her repetition of it word for word, the tender faltering over certain lines, betrays the fact, as Odysseus delightedly points out, that she listened carefully, despite her averted face. Her amusing indignation at Trelawney's having called her a goddess reveals much too. She insists that he has likened her to an idol, and even when she is convinced that it is the goddess of Beauty to whom he sees a resemblance in her, she still objects, complaining innocently, "The goddess of beauty ... "who ought to be better than the rest was one of the worst, I "think; although I am told I have never yet learnt the thousandth "part of what she did."

She has a perfectly open and candid nature, excusing her reproaches to Trelawney by the dignified explanation, "Forgive, "O Englishman! these expressions! we Greeks begin to talk Greek "again and speak our minds." But she obviously enjoys the power she wields over their guest, revelling in the discomfort she causes him. For the sake of her modesty she tries to hide the attraction which he has for her, but she can only half agree when Odysseus suggests that he shall check the expression of Trelawney's sentiments. Obviously the popularity of Trelawney with her countrymen is a great joy to her.

But it is one of the most delightful traits in her character that Trelawney's admiration for her brother affects her even more deeply than does his attitude towards herself; and it is a tribute from Trelawney to Odysseus that calls forth her ingenuous

whispered confession, "Brother, I could kiss the two eyes of that "brave and just young man."

The relationship between the Klepht leader and this little sister of fourteen is ideal. He is to her father and brother in one; she looks up to him with respect and admiration, yet she has no fear or shyness before him, prattling easily and without self-consciousness, teasing him and scolding him playfully for his bad memory, revealing all her innocent thoughts and feelings without fear of reproof or misunderstanding. She is sensitive to his lightest word, grateful for his tenderness, eager for his good opinion. There is no doubt of his response. She is a delight and a consolation to him. Her naïve artless chatter, her innocent gaiety help to raise his spirits, saddened by suffering and disappointments. He is half-afraid of the impulsive warmth of her temperament, yet wholly ashamed of not trusting absolutely to her purity and her innate good sense. "Be discreet, Tersitza," he begins, but checks himself immediately, with self-reproach, "Discreet? Thou always art." While Tersitza's feeling for all whom she loves is merely warm loyal affection, Odysseus' feeling for her is ardent as it is tender. Tenderness speaks when he declares, "I never am angry with thee, my sweet little sister;" but it is a warmer emotion which causes him to snatch to his heart the girl who has safely crossed the dangerous path to their place of refuge, smothering in his embrace her whispered thanks to Trelawney. "Come to me! come to me!" he cries passionately. "Let me clasp thee and lift thee up and nestle thee in my beard "and on my head, my young daring eaglet."

Tersitza has an æsthetic and imaginative appreciation of the beauties of nature which recalls Ternissa. There is tenderness too, as shown by her attitude towards her brother's little antelope, and towards the swans of which she talks so gracefully. It pleases her to think that neither of them could have been near death when she saw them, for, as she earnestly declares, there was no music in their voices. Her appreciation of all the natural lovelinesses around is heightened by the presence of their handsome guest, and even the memory of her sight of the majestic white swans is connected with Trelawney's arrival.

She has, like both Ternissa and Rhodope, a grateful and pious nature, a nature which feels a beautiful day wasted unless she can go to church to thank God for it. Yet even her piety has received a fresh impulse from the presence of Trelawney, as she ingenuously betrays:- "Did not the stranger go to church with "us the next Sunday at Athens? And did I not tell you I was "quite as happy as if I had been there the Sunday before?"

In the delineation of feminine courage Landor exhibits an insight and a tenderness that are remarkable in a man. Not only does he realise that the courage of a woman differs from that of a man, but he recognises and reveals the fact that in each woman it assumes a subtly different form; in Joanna of Kent, in Dona Juana Coelho, in Iphigeneia, in Kaido Zavellas, it appears in totally dissimilar guises. One of the greatest beauties of Tersitza is the exact quality of her courage. At first sight of the perilous road she must cross to reach the cavern, she shrinks back with the question, "How shall I ever reach it?" But the mere thought

of being left behind or falling in Trelawney's eyes reanimates her failing heart and it needs only her brother's declaration of his determination to go first to wake all her protective tenderness and make her announce her intention of crossing at once, but - she will have Trelawney with her.

"Odysseus, 'I must go first.'

"Tersitza. 'Are there no murderers? Do not go first, my 'brother! you have many enemies. They would not hurt me, 'not a stranger so youthful, and so - so disposed to say 'something kind and obliging to them.'"

Little wonder that Odysseus' hearty laugh startles the echoes of Parnassus. But Landor penetrates deeper than this. It is natural to the high spirit and real daring of the child that courage once awakened tends to become recklessness. Once safely over she is vexed that anyone should ever have ~~doubted~~ questioned her coolness and there is no doubt that she would have unhesitatingly done as she threatened and have run back again over the rough path to prove her boldness. But there is an even finer aspect of her courage in her calm tasting as a matter of every day business ~~of~~ the wine which she is about to offer to their guest, voluntarily risking her young life if the liquor had been poisoned by treachery.

There is something very lovely in this courageous child's tender care for the reckless Trelawney, and the last words we hear from her are pleas, whispered for fear of angering the young man, her knowledge of whose character betrays so much, that Odysseus will prevent his risking his life to ride beside her.

"Tersitza. 'Oh! do command him never to ride between me and the

'edge of a precipice. ... Tell him this: remind him the

'very first time you ride or walk together .... '

"Odysseus. 'I will speak to him now ......'

" Tersitza. 'Aside then .... for her would be angry if he thought

'I said anything about him."

Her old grandmother Acrive, autocratic, garrulous, outwardly severe yet really tender-hearted is almost as delightful as the girl, and her words to Trelawney, "She is one of the best", well describe her sweet little grand-daughter.

With Iphigeneia we enter the realms of tragedy. The girl is painted at two different periods of her life, first at Aulis, and then as she greets her murdered father, Agamemnon, among the shades. Both scenes are written in blank verse, but the first, in the "Hellenics" is not in dialogue form. It is important, however, because it shows certain aspects of Iphigeneia's character which are not revealed in the second scene.

Both scenes show her as loving, sympathetic, submissive, a girl whose strongest feeling is affection for her family, an attachment peculiarly strong with regard to her father. She is little more than a child and her pleading before the sacrifice is full of a simple but intense pathos. "O father, I am young and very happy," she cries, and though she refers to the human joys of husband and children of which death is to rob her, it is not because her heart has been awakened to sexual love. All her life is bound up in her father's affection; not the approach of death but the averting of her father's face, the dread lest for some reason his love for her should have ceased,

"This and this alone brought tears from her,
"Although she saw fate nearer."

As in Tersitza, so in Iphigeneia, Landor has made courage assume a subtly feminine share. Iphigeneia has all the tenderness of a girl, all the horrified shrinking from violent death which a girl would feel, and yet when filial love prompts, her courage asserts itself and she goes to her fate with a gentle dignity and calm far more affecting than reckless daring could ever be:

"O father! grieve no more: the ships
"Can sail."

Her submission is not the yielding of weakness but of selfless courage.

Landor regarded the second scene as his finest piece of dramatic writing[1], and indeed, couched as it is in dignified and musical verse, depicting the most acute sufferings and the tenderest emotions, his preference is almost justified. The resemblance of this conversation in its composure, its exalted beauty, its purity of structure, to a group of statuary is particularly marked. Yet there is nothing of the immobility of sculpture in the emotions portrayed; in Iphigeneia, rapt joy at beholding her father alternates with the tenderest solicitude; fond enquiries after Clytemnestra and "those fond words the widow sent her child", yield to trouble and distress as she realises anew her father's anguish, without at all suspecting the cause.

She is the same gentle loving girl as before. All her thoughts have been with those whom she left on earth, and there is a moving beauty in her confession:-

"This is the first embrace since my descent
"I ever aim'd at."

1 Appendix, note 17.

Far from resenting the sacrifice of her young life, she has learnt to rejoice that her blood has won Troy for Greece, and the humility which prompts her to see in her father's agitation, his unaccustored brevity of speech, anger at some unconscious fault in her, makes her blame herself even for that involuntary shrinking with which she greeted death:-

"Ah! 'twas ill done to shrink,
"But the sword gleam'd so sharp, and the good priest
"Trembled, and Pallas frown'd above, severe."

She is a tender unsuspicious creature, and her very guilelessness renders it impossible for Agamemnon to prepare her for the ghastly revelation about her mother. The tragedy of the situation lies in the fact that it is her innocence and the strength of her filial affection which cause her to wound again and again the bruised heart of her father with references full of unsuspected cruelty.

It is one of Landor's greatest charms that without effort he suggests and records the finest variations of feeling, and the gradual effect of Iphigeneia's loval steadfast love, of her exquisite purity on the anguish of her father is skilfully revealed. Gradually his soul is soothed, his agony is assuaged by contact with the serenity of her spirit. Hers is

"the kiss that cools the heart
"With purity,"

hers the words "that more and more bring light." It is characteristic of Iphigeneia's sympathetic but not very profound nature, that once having seen her father happier, her uneasiness vanishes and she recurs joyfully to the thought of home, of

"The little fond Electra and Orestes
"So childish and so bold."

But the picture is very true to life; this calm and unquestioning acceptance of a happier state of things is of the very essence of Iphigeneia's nature, and to it she owes the soothing sweetness that is balm to all suffering souls.

Many critics object that Landor frequently breaks off immediately before a crisis to which all the scene appears to have been but a preliminary. The dialogue between Agamemnon and Iphigeneia has perhaps been censured more frequently than any other for this defect. Landor airs at depicting one attitude of the soul only in each scene. This does not imply that the emotions are, as it were, static, but that Landor represents his dramatis personæ in certain definite relationships towards one another, any alteration in which would affect the unity of the scene, and so mar that harmony of outline which is the classic ideal. In this conversation Iphigeneia is the consoler; the revelation of Clytemnestra's guilt would necessitate a complete alteration in the relationship between the father and daughter, and would therefore, in Landor's opinion, demand treatment in a separate scene. One can but wish that he had chosen to exhibit the strength and delicacy of his genius in such a scene.

Iphigeneia is one of that beautiful company of maidens - not surpassed by Shakespeare's creations - to which Thelymnia, Ternissa, Rhodope, Tersitza also belong. But her tragic situation, far removed from the pathos even of Ternissa's death, and her ignorance of any love but the filial and the sisterly separate her from her happier companions.

Beatrice Portinari[1] may be grouped with Iphigeneia as an example of daughterly submission, but the yielding of Beatrice was

[1] Appendix, note 18.

the result of weakness rather than strength of character.

To even the most superficial readers it must appear strange that Dante's Beatrice could ever have been depicted except as a creature of the spirit, a mystic and unearthly presence rather than a woman. A knowledge of the "New Life" is essential for the full comprehension of the part she plays in Dante's development. To him, Beatrice was "less life-like than love-like," and the "New Life" tells of that revulsion of his being which Dante so minutely describes as having occurred simultaneously with his first sight of Beatrice. To him she is no woman of flesh and blood, but "this youngest of the Angels." In "The Divine Comedy" the aspect of her spirit which has long watched over him from the celestial spheres causes him awe and fear, as she contemptuously chides the moral backsliding in him which followed her death. Even when she softens at his frank avowal of guilt and becomes benign and gracious she shows no trace of woman to be wooed and won, but is rather the lofty and sublimated spirit to be worshipped and obeyed.

That Landor never fully appreciated the mind of Dante may be clearly seen from his "Pentameron". To Landor anything approaching the mystic was anathema, so neither in the present conversation nor in the one in which Gemma Donati appears is there a hint of the spiritual relationship between Dante and Beatrice, even though the Gemma conversation speaks nobly of her purifying and strengthening influence.

Everyone has met Landor's Beatrice in real life - the tender, gentle, conventional, clinging creature, very young in mind, probably destined never to grow maturer, submissive to the

rule of the parent she unquestioningly loves and respects, hating to give pain to any, shrinking from the violence of passionate feeling in others. This Beatrice is too weak, too helpless, too dependent, to be a strong formative influence in the life of any man. She is an Ophelia, but she lacks that strength of attachment which in Ophelia brought madness and death.

Her affection for Dante is undoubted, but in her it is lack of moral courage and a sense of her own weakness which prevent her from rebelling against the marriage her father has arranged for her. The marriage is not of her seeking, she cannot understand how her father will endure the solitude of his home without her, and all her suppressed, almost inarticulate misery bursts into uncontrollable expression when Dante tells her that childhood is really over, "I wonder who was so malicious "as to tell my father so?" But she must have been fully prepared, for her father had wanted her to marry a year ago, and then too tears had been her only form of rebellion.

Afraid of the strength of her own feeling for Dante, she fences and prevaricates when he questions her about her coming marriage, but at times her innocent lips betray thoughtlessly her heart's heaviness, "Is it true, O Dante! that we always love "those the most who make us the most unhappy? ... then, unless "the Virgin be pleased to change my inclination, I shall begin at "last to love my betrothed."

She is touchingly docile to all rightful authority, and would have Dante, like herself, subdue his rebellious nature to duty and necessity. "My Dante," she says, "we must all obey .... I "my father, you your God."

Men have a broader outlook and

wider possibilities, she feels, "but we maidens have neither the "power nor the will. Casting our eyes on the ground, we walk "along the straight and narrow road prescribed for us; and, doing "thus, we avoid in great measure the thorns and entanglements of "life. We know we are performing our duty; and the fruit of "this knowledge is contentment."

Her childhood is unspeakably dear to her, because of all the tender memories of Dante which cluster round it. Even the present has echoes of the past, for the violets sent her by her future husband recall merely the fact that she and Dante once "and once only" inhaled the fragrance of these flowers together.

Although she can gently tease her "grave pensive Dante", even though she can smile at humourous recollections of their youth, she is full of tenderness and sensitive grief for him and at the sight of his emotion experiences greater distress than she dares to reveal. "I pity you," she admits. "I must "not love you; if I might I would." She cannot bear to have her lover sigh or look melancholy, far less can she endure to wake his passion by a thoughtless word, as she does when she innocently confesses she loves him. It is the frightened heart itself that speaks in her pathetic plea, "I think you would "better not put your head against my bosom; it beats too much to "be pleasant to you. ... O! how it burns. Go, go; it hurts me "too: it struggles, it aches, it sobs. Thank you, my gentle "friend, for removing your brow away ... While it was there, I "could not see your face so well, nor talk with you so quietly." However she tries to excuse her agitation, it is clear that physical contact with him arouses painful and alarming feelings

in her, disturbing the progress of that "quiet" intercourse which is her ideal of happiness. To her "Love is the gentlest "and kindest breath of God", and Dante's fire and frenzy are a mystery and a terror. Her heart is practically unawakened, and her affection for her passionate lover, entwined though it is with all the fibres of her being, has but the faintest suspicion of ardour in it. She cannot even understand that her childish affectionate caresses must be torture to the man who has long desired a woman's love from her. Like Iphigeneia she is comforted by the mere appearance of outward tranquillity, and she does not or will not pry below the surface if that is smooth.

She is full of humility. This Beatrice looks up to Dante as her guide and teacher, and when he speaks with rapture of her "angel's hand" which will have helped him up the ladder of fame and holiness, she shrinks in modest misgiving. The proudest moments of her life have been when Dante has deigned to reason with her, and she is ~~proud~~ happy to be allowed to use the reason with which he has endowed her to teach him how to compass his future welfare and happiness. Much of her advice is sensible enough, but it is pathetic to notice that she attempts to persuade him to marry only in order that he and she may meet unreservedly.

The susceptibility of her heart and the steadfastness of her conventional virtue speak in her last words, her soft refusal of the kisses he would take. "Dante! Dante! they make the heart "sad after: do not wish it. But prayers ... O, how much better "are they! how much quieter and lighter they render it! They "carry it up to heaven with them; and those we love are left "behind no longer."

Beatrice is a pathetic rather than a tragic or inspiring figure; the shadow of a secret grief, a sorrow which she feels to be a sin, obscures the girlish figure. The saddest of all her uncomplaining words are, "Do not make me hesitate to prav "to the Virgin for you, nor tremble lest she look down on you "with a reproachful pitv. To her alone, O Dante! dare I confide "all my thoughts. Lessen not my confidence in my only refuge." She is a frail and tender creature crushed by the hand of parental and social necessity, resigned but still suffering. Her feelings mav not attain the heights of passion, but they are nevertheless keen. She is capable even now of smiling; she mav forget her griefs, but her love and her present sorrow are none the less genuine. She is not the Beatrice whor the veritable Dante worshirped from afar, but she has a delicate fragrant human charm in which the original Beatrice was lacking.

According to Boccaccio, Dante's earliest biographer, it wa Dante's friends who arranged the marriage with Gemma Donati six vears after Beatrice's death. Boccaccio paints Gemma as overbearing, tvrannous and eternallv suspicious of her husband's passion for the dead girl, and declares that Dante left her solely on this account, vowing never to return to her. Bruni, on the other hand, denies that Gemma was a hindrance to Dante's work or that she was never known to harbour jealousv of Beatrice. He also contends that Boccaccio's "Life" emphasises too much the actual love of Dante for Beatrice, though this, to anyone who has read "The New Life" and "The Divine Comedy", seems impossible.

Landor's chivalry inclines him to take the more favourable view of the case, and few more delightful idylls can be conceived

than the tender conversation between Dante and his wife soon after the birth of their seventh child, a little girl.[1] The character of Gemma is entirely Landor's own creation. It appears to be built up upon the character of the gentle Rice whom he depicted bidding farewell to her lover on the eve of her marriage, for Dante himself declares that he sees "the same spirit in another "form, the same beauty in another countenance ... the girl Beatrice "in the bride Gemma." In her gentleness, her modesty, her sympathy, her conventional reverence for social and religious sanctions, above all in her unlimited pride and trust in her husband, Gemma certainly resembles Beatrice.

But Gemma is a far more cheerful, a stronger and more independent character, and it is difficult to imagine her weakly bowing as Beatrice did to paternal commands, and yielding up the man she loved. Where Beatrice is pensive, Gemma is frankly playful and teasing; where Beatrice hesitates humbly before venturing to reason with Dante, Gemma speaks her opinions frankly, though with modesty. She offers him sensible practical advice although she contentedly admits him to be immeasurably her superior in his own way. Although she does not follow entirely his abstruser flights, she has a shrewd intuitive understanding of his nature and of his needs.

There is not the slightest bitterness in her, and her equable sweetness is not the result of a perfectly smooth existence, for Dante himself confesses that he has not always been the happiest of husbands, and implies that the fault was entirely his own. She is curious about Beatrice, ~~but~~ not in the least jealous of her, ~~partly~~ but because she acknowledges that "it was she,

1 Appendix, note 19.

"under God, who rendered you the perfect creature I behold in "you," partly because in her sensible practical heart she is content with the present tangible earthly happiness which is hers, "I am happier than poetry, with all its praise and all its "fiction, could render me: let another be glorious. I have been "truly blessed."

It is noteworthy that it is Gemma herself who suggests that their little daughter shall be given the name of Dante's dead love, and Dante does full credit to the generosity she displays. There is no trace of inquisitiveness in her wish to hear all that he is willing to tell her of Beatrice, and all that she learns wins from her merely the gentle acknowledgment, "How "much I owe her!"

She is not a character of striking originality or of heroic build, but there is no lack to the attributes that make her a lovable woman. She is all wife and mother, tender, loyal, unselfish, generous, easily contented. She is probably the most suitable wife that such a man as Dante could have, sincere as he is himself, sufficiently equable where he is excitable or irritable, sympathetic with his most lofty flights of fancy and ambition, yet having her feet firmly planted on the earth.

In this way she stands in the same relation to her husband as Cornelia Sersale to her brother Torquato Tasso.

In representing a conversation between Cornelia and her brother immediately after the death of Leonora di Este, Landor, as he frequently does, deviates from the truth of history.

After his first imprisonment Tasso did indeed seek the

consolation of his sister, Cornelia Sersale, at Naples; but after the death of Leonora and his own release from a far longer and crueller imprisonment, he does not seem to have visited his sister at all.

In this conversation is depicted the contrast between the passions, turbulent, agonising, uncontrolled, and the affections, temperate, practical, thoughtful, less sensitive than the passions perhaps, but infinitely less subversive of order in social contingencies.

Cornelia is one of the most comfortable creatures imaginable. Her sympathy for her brother is profound, sincere and tender, and the mere fact of his fleeing straight to her in his grief is a proof of his confidence. He has obviously entrusted to her all the tenderest details of his love - all the physical and spiritual beauties of Leonora, all the proofs of love which he has received from her; and with the most delicate tact and ~~love~~ affection she uses her knowledge for his present consolation. She appeals to him with all the powerful orthodoxy of her nature, not to disturb the peace of Leonora's present state, bidding him hear the very words which Leonora's lips would say, "Hear you not her voice ... "rest in peace .... She has not left you; do not disturb her "peace by these repinings."

She is thoroughly feminine in her eager love for a lover. And she is far more generous and loyal to Leonora's memory than many sisters would find possible - indeed she tacitly reproves his wild suspicions of his beloved's pure faith and turns his thoughts gently to her virtues and her tenderness. She has a sensible

heart and bids him "let the tears flow" for Leonora "sends you "that balm from heaven." She utters no censorious words about even his wildest extravagances but feels as she says, "O heavens! "what you must have suffered! for a man's heart is sensitive "in proportion to his greatness."

Her pride in him is intense, and one can imagine with what almost painful pleasure she saw this gifted and beloved brother, whose genius she recognises, even though she cannot fully comprehend it, turn to the open arms and the tender heart of his simple, loving sister.

Gradually she weans him from utter sadness to a kind of melancholy exaltation over the high place which was his in Leonora's heart. She recalls his finest works till he seems to live in them again, and though her orthodox soul is scandalised by his referring to beauty as the true Madonna, though she cannot indeed refrain from a gentle reproof to his impiety, she is sufficiently broad-minded, or perhaps rather large-hearted, to be content to have him as he is.

Conventional in soul, restricted in intellect, Cornelia may be, but her heart is wide and deep enough. There is not one word of self in all she says. Her whole thoughts are with her brother and his grief. She encourages him to talk of their happy childhood and falls in readily with his plan of revisiting together their birthplace, Sorrento, though again the motherly commonsense of the woman suggests that first he must eat. Indeed, one of the most noticeable traits in herlovable character is her practical knowledge of the real importance of material

sustenance, even to a genius, and still more to a genius in the depths of despair.

It is pleasant to note how, in her placid yet sympathetic companionship Tasso's tempestuous nature is soothed and refreshed. Cornelia is almost as dear to her brother as he is to her; her caresses are balm to him; and surely it is only an exceptional brother who would remember the very words of his sister's "earliest lay", and depict so charmingly the circumstances under which it was composed.

In her commonsense, her tenderness, her selflessness and her cherrfulness, she is very like Gemma Donati. Like Gemma too, full of affection as she is, she does not entirely plumb the depths of the profound and stormy soul of her companion. To him there could be but one interpretation of his first words, "She is dead, Cornelia, she is dead." But his sister knows his exaggerated sensibility of old, and thinks it quite possible that he should be agonising over a little girl crushed by a waggon when trying to feed the oxen with vine-leaves. She herself takes the accident very quietly, refusing even in such a superstitious age to see in it a bad omen. She evidently feels that it is unfortunate that her sensitive brother has witnessed a scene which has so distressed him, that one deduces from her attitude towards the matter that she would not have been been too painfully affected had the accident occurred in her sight. Tasso's grief has opened his heart to pity for all unmerited sorrow and suffering; but Cornelia is one of those by no means uncommon women whose tenderness is somewhat limited

to the circle of their own kindred and closest friends. This is often the case where the affections and the moral qualities predominate. Where the feelings reach the height of passion, except in the first selfish raptures, the sympathies seem frequently to reach out in love and pity for all mankind. Cornelia would assure her brother that she understands all his misery but obviously her discernment and her sensibility are not always quite equal to her affection. In spite of her gentleness and pity she even goes once a little beyond what he can endure in argument.

But nothing can exceed her love, her angelic patience, her steadfast loyalty, her motherly anxiety for his happiness, physical, mental, emotional, spiritual; and there is little doubt that her occasional lack of comprehension, the result of her more practical and evenly balanced temperament, is often salutary for her excitable brother. At any rate, he is last seen "calm and happy," taking a healthy interest in water-melons; some of his sister's gentle placid spirit has entered into him.

The whole conversation is redolent of the fresh air and of the frankest, purest, most natural emotions. There is the sincerity of children of nature about both Torquato and Cornelia, different as each is from the other.

Cornelia is certainly the strongest, the most influential, the most independent among the women of the affections in Landor. In Mary Tudor[1] Landor deliberately depicts a woman of all the moral virtues but of no strength of character, contrasting vividly with the conscienceless force of her sister Elizabeth.

1 Appendix, note 20.

She is the type of submission to all authority. With all his scorn for history Landor seldom painted a character less like the portraits history offered to him. Mary resembled her father in her courage, her dignity, her impetuous temper, her obstinacy, her haughty autocratic nature; but her character had a strain of religious fanaticism (into which the piety of her mother had turned in her) and this, combining with some unfeminine hardness in her, provoked the persecutions which earned her the title of "Bloody Mary".

Landor's Mary is totally unlike any other portrait of her. She is shown at a moment immediately after the proclamation of Lady Jane Grey as queen, but far from exhibiting indignation, Mary shows merely a feeble resignation to the decrees of parliament which have set her aside. Certainly the courtesy and generosity with which she speaks of Lady Jane Grey, her sincere respect for her father "now in bliss", are pleasing beside Elizabeth's ribaldry and callousness, but even in these traits there is not sufficient real strength to render them admirable. Her love for her church is her most salient characteristic, but even this is not the passion of a fanatic, but rather the clinging of a weak but virtuous woman to an infallible guide through the perplexities of life. She shrinks from Elizabeth's worldly knowledge of sin and human frailty and would fain live in a fool's paradise. She has real delicacy of feeling, and is sincerely shocked at her sister's immodesty and coarseness of speech, but any reproach which she ventures upon is expressed with the utmost courtesy and from the most genuine concern for

Elizabeth's welfare. There is something, too, which is almost royal in the eager generosity with which she presents to her grasping stepsister whatever she fancies, but even while her conduct wins admiration, one cannot help feeling disapproval of her blind credulity.

Weak as Mary is, her sincerity, her modesty and courtesy, her religious feeling, narrow though it is, her generosity, appear in a pleasant light beside the soulless shrewdness of Elizabeth.

In Cornelia Sersale Landor has painted the perfect sister, in Iphigeneia the perfect daughter whom filial love inspires to courage and self-renunciation; in the delicate idyll of "The Parents of Luther",[1] are revealed the sweetest tenderest graces of young maternity. Luther mentioned his father with gratitude many times in his works, but scarcely referred to his mother, so that her character is entirely Landor's creation. But the young father with his boisterous spirits, his roguish humour, his shrewdness and the fondness for his bride which makes him at times rise to poetical rapture is almost as much Landor's own.

The girl is lovely in her innocence, her modesty, her trust in the madcap husband who is so unlike herself, above all in the grave charm which coming motherhood casts around her, and which makes her simple credulous soul see in her wonderful dream about her baby's future a miraculous prophecy. She has already the mother's intuition which tells her that the child did not fear "the shapes in purple filagree", the devils with angels' faces that strove in her dream to tempt him, because

"He knew all;
"I knew he did."

1 Appendix, note 21.

It is a beautiful thought of Landor's to represent her as being most profoundly touched by the fact that

"He sought his mother's breast
"And looked at them no longer."

She is far more spiritual than her husband, and has little mundane ambition for her son. She would not have him join the ungodly band of the Duke's spearmen; she would not have him great at all if he should then be cruel to the weak; and her faith in the wink of Uncle Grimmerman (about whom John is obviously sceptical) is even more touching than amusing.

She is a creature of the purest affections; her love clings around her home, her husband, her child; she cannot bear to think of her boy as too exalted to love his parents. She is a picture of perfect wifehood and motherhood, responding to John's more passionate ardour with tender and steadfast love.

In all women of the affections there are noticeable several common attributes. They are usually distinguished by a tendency to gentle submission and to the observance of ordinary conventions, and hence they are in general obedient daughters, fond sisters, loyal uncritical wives, careful and gentle mothers, and satisfactory and reliable citizens. They excel, indeed, in the practice of the moral virtues. Their quiet attributes, while making them possibly somewhat narrow and preventing them from exerting a powerful formative influence, render them indispensable to the peaceful progress of social life; and though it is easy to undervalue them and to depreciate their charm in contrast with those characters who exhibit more originality and more ardent emotions, the world would cease, not

possibly to exist at all, but certainly to be a place of any comfort if all its inhabitants who fall below the heights of passion were annihilated.

C H A P T E R IV.

Women of the Senses.

It seems almost unfair to place a child so simple, so charming as the little Duchesse de Fontanges in the category of women of the senses, and yet there seems no alternative. Of intellect she has no trace; she has some feeling for the value of conventional religion, but it is for the sense of comfort and security it offers, not because there is in her anything spiritual; her emotions never approach the heights of passion, scarcely even of affection. What then is it that rules her life? Love of comfort alone, of kindly and handsome people, of beautiful dresses and jewels, of flattery, of ease; in brief, a love of things which appeal to the senses. But this need not always imply grossness, for the child is rather sensuous than sensual.

L'Abbé de Choisy says she was "belle comme un ange mais "sotte comme un panier", but, without taking away one iota of her stupidity, Landor has succeeded in making her charming.

She is utterly without reserve or delicacy, yet there is a kind of innocence about her frankest references to her relationship with Louis that robs them of offence. She is never really coarse. She has not the slightest consciousness of sin; she is rather non-moral than immoral. She is quite sincere in saying that she hates sin "very much", because she cannot regard her own conduct as sinful since she has kept the letter of the law; she certainly hates the world ("A good deal of it - all Picardy for "example, and all Sologne"); she loathes the flesh and will even call the devil a beast if Bossuet will hold her hand.

She frankly ridicules the idea of hating herself and shows a spice of worldly knowledge when she says,"As for titles and "dignities, I do not care much about them while his Majesty "loves me, and calls me his Angélique. They make people more "civil about us; and therefore it must be a simpleton who hates "or disregards them, and a hypocrite who pretends it. I am "glad to be a duchess." She is far sincerer than the courtly old prelate who pretends to hear her confession. For God she has a distinctly warm feeling - "I love God whenever I think of "him", she declares, but it is because "it was he who made the "king to love me; for I heard you say in a sermon that the hearts "of kings are in his rule and governance". Though her stupidity makes her misunderstand most of the dignified utterances of the sanctimonious Bossuet, she occasionally turns his own words against him with humourous effect, as in the quotation above, and sometimes poses him with her questions. "Would not you be "rather a duchess than a waiting-maid or a nun, if the king gave "you your choice?" Bossuet is forced to temporise and draw her away on a side track. "Pardon me, mademoiselle, I am "confounded at the levity of your question. .... Flattery will "come before you in other and more dangerous forms".

At present the King is her one authority - Louis the giver of all comforts. From the beginning of her acquaintance with him she dates her virtuous life. "I have left it (sin) off entirely since the King began to love me. I have never said a spiteful word of anybody since," she declares. She is quite satisfied about her relationship with his majesty since he himself

has declared it harmless. Her beauty-loving eyes did not care much for the king's appearance at first, but the comfort of his kindness, his gifts and his flattery have conquered her dislike for his stiffness, his wrinkles, his failing eyes. She is utterly self-satisfied in the knowledge of her power over him, and is so sure of being able to coax from him the ring she desires that her childish vanity regrets that the scene of pleading may not be witnessed - "I am sorry you cannot be present to hear how "prettily I shall ask him: but that is impossible you know: for "I shall do it just when I am certain he would give me anything."

She has a frank delight in her own physical charms, and naïvely asks her confessor if even he could hate her body. She lingers over the luscious terms in which her beauty has been described, leaning confidingly on the Bishop's shoulder:- "Others "have said that I am the most beautiful young creature under "heaven; a blossom of Paradise, a nymph, an angel; worth (let "me whisper it in your ear ... do I lean too hard?) a thousand "Montespans." But in her incomparable vanity and stupidity she is easily convinced that the king admires even more profoundly the quality of her mind than the loveliness of her body.

Her notions of love are almost pathetically childish - romping and kissing appear to her to be the chief symptoms and delights, and when lovers have sworn that they would die for her she has listened with both ears, for "it seemed so funny". Although she did not desire these desperate vows to be kept she admits that it vexes her to find her lovers still live and make it impossible for her to trust them again.

Her levity of attitude towards serious matters is unconscious but incorrigible. Like Agnes Sorel, like Mary of Scots, like the mother of Miguel, she has a surerstitious reverence for religious ceremonial and orthodoxy, and is horrified by what she susrects to be Bossuet's desire to convert her. Convert her! A good Catholic - one who would scorn to imitate the heretic Mlle. de Duras, who "was once remarked to beat her breast in "the litany with the points f two fingers at a time, when every- "one is taught to use only the second, whether it has a ring on "it or not" (a delightfully unconscious revelation of her own character).

Bossuet's poetical circumlocutions for the miseries of lost youth are far above her comprehension and his pretentious reference to "all the bright berries that hang in poisonous "clusters over the path of life"/merely calls forth the comfortable assurance, "I never minded them: I like peaches better; and one "a day is quite enough for me."

The whole conversation is full of delicate humour. On the one side stands the girl, perfectly sincere, perfectly willing to confess, eager to chatter, submissive to whatever in the prelate's exhortations falls in with the King's wishes and her own comfort; but mentally and spiritually incapable of understanding half of what is said to her and temperamentally unable to rise to any heights even if she did understand. On the other hand is the stately Bossuet, willing and anxious to perform the new duty which has been committed to him, wishing to hear not anything which might savour of criticism of the King,

but such a general confession of sin as may receive satisfactory absolution. He is foiled at all points not by the girl's hypocrisy but by her innocence and stupidity. For the greater part of his interview with her even the solemn persistence of her confessor has no effect upon her spirits, and it is only when he follows up her own innocent foolish hopes about her funeral that she grows first serious and then frightened.

Her reference to his preaching her funeral oration is prophetic for the poor child died only a year later,[1] died with her exquisite beauty faded, died without the comfort of the beauty-loving monarch's kiss, died as it seemed impossible such a lovely, carefree, frivolous creature could die. Even in this conversation it seems almost cruelty to strive to turn her thoughts to serious matters, and it is with a distinct sense of relief that one finds the course of Bossuet's eloquence rudely interrupted by the slipping of his ring from his finger, by his undignified haste to recover it before his penitent shall take possession of it, and his relief when it is once more in his hands. As usual Landor dispenses with stage directions and lets the reader learn what is happening through the words of the characters themselves.

"Fontanges. 'What was it that dropped on the floor as you were
'speaking? ....'

"Bossuet. 'Never mind it: leave it there: I pray you, I
'implore you, madame!'

"Fontanges. 'Why do you rise? Why do you run? Why not let me?
'I am nimbler. So, your ring fell from your hand, my lord
'bishop! How quick you are! Could you not have trusted

1 Landor represents her as younger than she actually was by at least a year.

'me to pick it up?'"

There can be no serious discourse after this; the ring has absorbed her frivolous soul, and the nearest approach to seriousness that she can make is to promise that when she has obtained a duplicate ring from Louis, she will confess to him with it upon her finger.

His reproach was just when he complained, "A pebble has "moved you more than my words," for external adornment is one of the purest joys of her trivial soul. Her self-absorption is like that of a kitten; and the worldly pompous Bossuet is well rewarded for his pains. Landor deals gently and playfully with her, and even Bossuet is touched with a lightness and geniality that is rare in Landor when writing of priests.

An interesting account of this child mistress of Louis XIV may be found in Pardoe's "Louis XIV and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century". Louis was forty-two when Mlle. de Fontanges was first thrown into his path by Mme. de Montespan, jealous of the influence of Mme. de Maintenon. The girl was about eighteen, had regular features, a glorious complexion, a figure full yet flexible. Her beauty was merely physical, enlivened by no ray of intellect. Her family had destined her from babyhood for a life of profligacy, and modesty and principle were unknown to her. Landor has not adhered to historical truth in this respect for his Duchesse is rather simple and ingenuous than immodest, and has been brought up to the outward observance of religious customs. She is as frivolous, as vain as the Fontanges of history, but there is little evidence of the

actual depravity which gave the real duchess so accurate a knowledge of "the value of glance and gesture". Even when she asks Bossuet, "Do I lean too hard?", certainly when she looks forward to coaxing the King to her will when he is in suitable humour, there is more of childish vanity than of vice in her attitude.

When the historic Fontanges reached court her presumption knew no bounds, and Louis, a stickler for etiquette in all others, was blind to the rudeness of this inane spoilt lovely girl to the Queen and to other ladies of the highest rank. She demanded to be created a duchess mainly because Mme. de Montespan had not been granted such rank; she ridiculed Mme. de Maintenon's piety and seriousness openly and virulently; she was dowered with an incomparable effrontery, and could assume ingenuousness to a marvellous degree. She was incapable of earnest affection, heartlessly tormented even Louis himself by her exactions and carrices, and was never happy unless she felt the admiring eyes of the whole Court upon her.

Beside this vicious fool Landor's little Duchesse is full of sweetness. She does not speak a spiteful word throughout the conversation; she is little affected by her dignities, being far too childish to appreciate the elevation or have demanded it as a right; she certainly loves flattery but the craving for it is not of morbid rapacity; and she has a great respect and even a certain easy affection for the King as her irrefutable authority and the giver of what makes life easy and pleasant. Of jealousy only one trace is visible.

In the real Fontanges only her tragic death moves one to sympathy. She bore the King one child which died at a few months old. But its mother, losing all her beauty, preceded her baby to the grave, the selfish King being with difficulty persuaded to satisfy her desire to see him before she died.

The mother of Miguel[1] is another of Landor's characters to whom the pleasures of the senses are all important, but in many respects she differs from the little Fontanges.

The conversation between Miguel of Portugal and this garrulous, ignorant woman is one of Landor's most stinging satires against rulers, and yet it may be read almost without offence on account of the vivid personality of the Queen. Haughty, narrow-minded, indelicate, self-satisfied, and appallingly callous as she is there is yet a certain amount of attraction in her chatter. She is detestable and yet not wholly so. There is a saving grace in her easy good-humour, and the strength of her character is witnessed by the unlimited power which she appears to possess over her whole family. Miguel plays a subsidiary part to that of his mother, simply providing her with information which enables her to despise the English even more than she has hitherto done, and to rest still more contentedly on the conviction of the vast superiority of the country, and above all of the royal house, of Portugal to any other.

It is interesting to contrast her with the Duchesse de Fontanges. There is little to choose between them on the score of ignorance; both are wholly lacking in sensitiveness and delicacy; both are unspeakably self-satisfied; both are convention-

1 Appendix Note 22.

ally observant of the letter of the law in religion; they resemble one another in other qualities too but yet those very qualities assume a different aspect in each. The ignorance of Angélique is sheer lack of intelligence, but Carlota Joaquina is by no means unintelligent for her shrewd remarks on European politics and on the characters of her allies and her enemies reveal her capacity for comprehending at any rate sufficient to secure her own selfish comfort and attain her own ambitions. Her ignorance is fast rooted in the unshakable conviction that royalty, particularly in her own person, can do no wrong; it is the ignorance of one hide-bound in contented pride. The Duchesse's want of delicacy is such as one finds in a pagan or a child, while the indelicacy of the Queen of Portugal is of a harder, more masculine, more deliberate order. The little Fontanges would doubtless fear the power of the Church if only she could be induced to see her conduct as sinful, but this old reprobate seems to regard the Church as a useful appurtenance to the royal household, and the Almighty as her particular ally and guardian. She respects the Church as an institution, and has unlimited confidence in its power in heavenly places, but,as is natural to her autocratic temperament, she counts upon its assistance and absolution as often as she cares to buy it. Neither the young Duchesse nor the old Queen has a genuine sense of humour, though both laugh frequently. Angélique considers the frenzy of her lovers "so funny", whilst Carlota finds her son's referring to his mother as "a jar of snuff" ludicrous in the extreme. Real wit means nothing to her, and she condemns Canning's diagnoses of the

diseases of the body rolitic etc. as "Gibberish! Gibberish!", adding scornfully, "Most wit is". Both she and the Duchesse de Fontanges accept literally all that is said, another feature of the humourless.

The arpetites of the Portuguese queen are far more material than those of the little Duchesse. The latter mentions the subject of eating but once, and then evinces abstemiousness; she loves rather the aesthetic pleasure which arises from contemplation of her own beauty, from jewels and fine raiment. Miguel's mother resembles in her interest in the grosser joys of life the peasant women of Landor's "Coronation", in her vulgarity and cheerful garrulity Juliet's old nurse. The resemblance recalls Kipling's dictum:-

"The Major's lady and Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under the skin."

Landor represents mother and son meeting immediately after Miguel's return from a visit to England on the day before his public acceptance of the position of Regent for his little niece Maria. His mother begins by urging him to show himself "deserving to bear the name of a glorious archangel" by swearing the next day what he will unswear the day after, and the exalted conversation fitly closes with her blessing her son in the name of Jesus and San Miguel for giving the necessary promise.

Carlota's announcement of the premature marriage of Miguel's sister leads to amusing sidelights being thrown on the matrimonial affairs of the house of Portugal. especially when the Queen indignantly and contemptuously scouts the ribald

English suggestion that as Miguel has no daughter he will be obliged to marry a niece. "Ignorant creature!" she cries. "the Pope would have had many doubts and doubloons before he "consented to it. He boggles at an aunt, and grudges a great-"aunt. A golden pix and chalice must precede them, and many "jars of tamarinds must loosen his catarrh before he says "benedicite".

She exhibits a parsimony and an avarice that recall Landor's Elizabeth. She only forces herself to keep her vow of sending certain gifts to Prince Metternich because Miguel has managed to win fifty louis from him at cards, and though she thinks it politic to despatch to Metternich's wife the bird of paradise with ruby eyes, she joyously whispers her son that one eye is really a garnet. As in the case of Elizabeth her avarice inspires her with cunning devices by means of which to extort from her son the fifty louis, and, as Miguel is a true son of his mother, the discussion is diverting. Both profess to desire the money for the purpose of religious observances, but the shrewdness and persistence of the mother finally gain the day. "Mother, you always prevail; do with 'em as you will," says Miguel, whereupon she avows her intention of spending them in prayers for the conversion of the benighted English, for "They "have many things in common with us; I myself have seen them "smoke cigars; they can play at cards and even cheat; they can "whistle and almost dance. Having been baptised they might be "brought over to our doctrines, if God would have anything to "say to them after so long and obstinate a rebellion."

Carlota's sense of her own importance and omnipotence is

staggering. It strikes her as the grossest impertinence that anyone should venture to question her right to rid herself of a troublesome husband as an Englishman of Miguel's acquaintance has done: "What business was that of the fellow's?" she exclaims indignantly. "Was not the King my own husband? Might not I "do as I liked with my own?" The remainder of her speech is one of Landor's most fiery attacks on the English policy and methods of repressing Liberalism, put, as was his wont, into the mouth of one of the advocates of the system who unconsciously condemns herself with her own lips. It is inevitable that a woman of such arrogant character should bitterly resent criticism or even advice, unless such advice tallies with her own inclinations, and it is amusing to note how quickly "our cousin of France" becomes "an old battered bestial rake" when she suspects him to have advised Miguel seriously to swear to the Constitution.

Her coarse expressive language and her outspoken references to what are usually considered delicate subjects recall once more Landor's Elizabeth. So does her vanity to some extent, but that of Miguel's mother is less personal than racial, a natural ingredient in a Portuguese or Spanish character. In her self-satisfaction, her self-will and her choleric autocratic temper she also reminds one of Elizabeth.

The greater part of the conversation is devoted to a detailed culinary and gastronomic discussion, full of humour of a rollicking obvious kind for the reader but absolutely serious to the speakers. Miguel supplies his mother with meti-

culous descriptions of all the strange dishes he has tasted in England, sturgeon of the consistency of a deal plank, a peacock in all its feathers, a sucking pig which looked as if alive, mutton from which the blood followed the knife - "How! was it killed in the dining-room?" asks the old lady, aghast - a roasted goose which leads her to delightful revelations of unconscious ignorance, but best of all the account of the singular penance performed by Count Dudeli when eating roast partridges. Little wonder that she cries, "The English have strange notions in "regard to what appeases the wrath of God." With Sir Thomas Browne she is ready to cry, "Credo quia impossibile est;" she is agape for more wonders, and had her son been clever enough he could have persuaded her to believe anything he wished.

By far her greatest interest in life appears to be eating, and she is a walking encyclopaedia on the art of cookery, mouthing with ecstasy the names of spices, condiments, sauces, and all delicate incentives to appetite. The last words she speaks are significant of her whole character:- "Let us hear mass "directly in the chapel. I am hungry; and dinner is ready at "noon to a moment;" and she cheerfully goes away to mass and then to dinner, after handing to Miguel a list of imprisonments, extortions and executions which will bring misery to hundreds.

She is cruel, she is arrogant, she is avaricious, under a guise of saintliness, she is shameless, she is credulous and ignorant to a degree, and yet there is something almost likable in her.bluntness and her force of character.

C H A P T E R V.

Women of the Intellect.

Landor's preference seems to be for the "womanly" woman, the woman whose emotions play the greatest part in her existence. But in Elizabeth of England and Catherine of Russia at least, the emotions hold little sway. In both there is a considerable masculine element; the intellect of each is her most striking feature, and that intellect is of a decidedly masculine order; their speech is masculine in its blunt directness and in its coarseness; their ambition for power over a people rather than over individuals is masculine, as is their scorn for the simpler feminine joys of "Kinder, Kirche, Kuche." Both are women whose intellect often takes the form of the more worldly quality, intelligence, a quality, as has been said, "implying deficiency of feeling and of the reflective powers and adaptation of certain faculties (not necessarily of a high order), to a certain end or aim not always the worthiest."[1]

History leaves no shadow of doubt about the intellect of Elizabeth. Ascham speaks of her daily readings in the classics even after she became queen and other contemporary records endorse this by quotation and example. Yet her intellect was not that of a mere scholar, but was forced by the shrewd common-sense of the woman to serve her in all walks of life, ~~lofty a~~ humble as well as exalted.

In spite of the fact that Elizabeth won so high a place in the hearts of her people, she herself was absolutely heartless.

1 Shakespeare's Heroines - Anna Jameson.

Although she was inordinately ~~proud~~ fond of male admiration, she had inherited none of her father's sensuality. At no time did she allow her clear intellect to be clouded by the unruly desires of the senses, and suitors and favourites were used merely as instruments for the fulfilment of personal or national ambition.

Neither was there ever visible in her any spiritual emotion, and partly in accordance with her own nature, partly from her desire for the peace of the realm, she avoided extremes in religion herself and forbore inquisition into the "opinions" of her subjects. This love of peace explains many of the unpleasanter traits in her character, her unscrupulous lying and hypocrisy, her terrorising, her infinite caution.

From her mother she appears to have inherited her love of outward splendour, of processions, of beautiful dresses and jewels, of gaiety and pleasure; but even these tastes were powerless to move her where more serious matters were concerned. She could live upon the plainest fare and her parsimony has always been notorious. From her father, (and Landor reveals much of this skilfully and without effort), she inherited her frank blunt speech, her superb courage and her unshakable self-confidence; and the blood of her father in her must be accounted responsible for her taste for coarse jests and her lack of womanly self-restraint and modesty. One of the aspects of her nature which puzzled and stupified her enemies was the skill with which she made use of her apparent weaknesses and foibles. She could appear flighty, changeable, yielding, yet this triviality concealed a temper and a will rigid as steel, "the very type

of reason untouched by imagination and passion."

"It would have been useless," writes Beesly, "for a male "statesman to try to pass himself off as a fickle, impulsive being, swayed from one moment to another in his political schemes by passions and weaknesses that are thought natural in the other "sex. This was Elizabeth's advantage and she made the most of "it. She was a masculine woman, simulating, when it suited her "purpose, a feminine character. The men against whom she was "matched never knew whether they were dealing with a crafty and "determined politician or a vain flighty amorous woman."

All the contradictory elements of her nature were subordinated to the two great aims of her life, to keep England from war abroad and to restore order at home. Only a truly great character could have succeeded as she did in steering the country through the troublous times in which she reigned, and leaving it at peace with Europe and internally united.

To the portraval of Elizabeth at different stages in her career Landor has devoted three conversations, and so closely has he followed the spirit of history that the manysided woman seems to live and breathe before us.

The first dialogue represents a meeting between Elizabeth and her step-sister immediately after the accession of Lady Jane Grey. The character of Mary, as I have already pointed out, is absolutely, though perhaps deliberately, unhistoric. But her gentleness, her simple gullibility, her courtesy, her modesty, her timidity, her rigid though sincere orthodoxy in religious matters, her generosity, in fact all the feeble womanlinesses of her

character serve to throw Elizabeth's nature into high relief.

The appetite for admiration which always distinguished Elizabeth exhibits itself early in the conversation, and only Mary could be deceived by her later declaration, "Never let any "man dare to flatter me; I am above it." She is above it merely because "only the weak and ugly want the refreshment of that "perfumed fan. I take but my own; and touch it who dares". The egotism which makes it imperative that she shall be acknowledged ever first even prompts her to remark that it was a pity Guilford Dudley had not "found some other young person of equal "rank with Mistress Jane and of higher beauty." No doubt she is sincere in declaring that she would not have accepted him, but certainly she would never have allowed anyone else to have him, but would have kept him dangling for years as she did so many others.

Her clear headed commonsense is evinced by her contemptuous valuation of her uncle Seymour's flattery, by the way in which she brushes aside her sister's punctilious reference to "our father in bliss," as being irrelevant to the matter which they are discussing, namely that father's masterful attitude towards his parliament, while her acute analysis of the national crisis and her own suggestions for dealing with the situation show the intellectual power of her mind in its most characteristic light, clearly prefiguring her own autocratic rule. Her splendid energy and strength of purpose, her amazing self-confidence and the clearness of her vision shine through her satirical account of parliament and the high handed manner in which she

herself would deal with it; and there is a magnificent scorn in her declaration, "I do not see why women should be weak unless "they like."

It is the practical rather than the reflective type of intellect that is revealed; and in her whole manner of treating her sister, preserving her own opinions yet not quarrelling with Mary's, moulding her sister's will without seeming to do so, one sees the subtle mind working for its own ends. This fine mind can stoop to the lowest forms of cunning and hypocrisy when avarice turns her fancy to the purse given to Mary by Jane Grey, though it is characteristic of her that she declares she will not touch the purse unless it is distinctly understood that it comes from Mary. Even then she promises "As I live I will wash "every piece of it with soap and water," but so great is her avarice that the mere idea of the coins thus losing their weight makes her reflect and cogitate u on the act. However, following her instinctive practice of putting the best face on all her deeds, she adds the explanation, "I would not fain offer anybody "light money."

So poor an opinion has she of mankind that even Mary's testimony to Jane's generosity, even the testimony of the gifts themselves do not cause her to alter her opinion of the gentle giver. That anyone on earth should voluntarily give away so many rubies, unless under the misapprehension t at they are garnets passes her belief. "I never come near a primrose but I suspect an adder under it," she confesses, and far from suspecting the baseness of her own attitude she obviously despises the simpli-

city and sweetness which prompt her sister to suggest depre-
actingly, "I would not willingly think so ill of mankind."
Generosity appears to her merely as a weakness of which she does
not hesitate to take advantage.

In spite of her acknowledgement "I am barely a saint,"
~~yet~~ her utter self-satisfaction, the lack of any conscience or
"sense of sin" as Greene puts it blinds her to her own
faults. Indeed she condemns most fiercely in others the very
weaknesses which predominate in her own character. "Sister
"Mary, as God is in heaven," she piously exclaims, "I hold
"nothing so detestable in woman as hypocrisy. Add thereunto,
"as you fairly may avarice."

Even her father "in bliss or out, there here or anywhere",
could do little to surpass the masculine bluntness and coarseness
of his daughter's language. She seldom uses the name of God
but in an oath, and in the epithets which she applies to members
of parliament, to Dudley's ancestry, and above all to Lady Jane
Grey, no consideration of womanly decency restrains her.
Nor does her summary treatment of the possibility of a fall
from horseback among her soldiery suggest feminine delicacy,
"Fish! Fish! It would be among knights and nobles..... Lord o'
"Mercy, do you think they never saw such a thing before!"

Young and impetuous in temper as she is, the wonderful
self-control and circumspection that marked the queen
in all matters of real importance are already almost full grown.
Once she almost tries in referring to the succession to the throne
of "the heirs of my body", but she instantly pulls herself up

with the suave interpolation, "Yours first .... God prosper them."

With all her masculine boldness, inderendence and strength she is very feminine in her changeful moods, her love of pretty things and her cunning methods of gaining her own desires by secret rather than open means.

Throughout the conversation, her vanity, her overweening sense of her own beauty and importance, her inability to think well of her fellow creatures, her real obtuseness to spiritual matters, in conjunction with her easy parade of devotion when any ulterior purpose is to be served, her shame for other people's sins and her blindness to her own, her grasping avarice, the indelicacy of her mind, above all her unspeakable hypocrisy, and the last cruel words which she utters behind the back of the simple but kindly Mary, "The Popish puss!" win our aversion. Yet her intellect, her hearty frankness, her independence of judgment and of action, her proud royalty, her easy good-humour when she is not actually crossed, and most of all the amazing energy and daring ambition of the girl command respect.

She is not a pleasant creature, yet undoubtedly she is a woman built on the grand scale, and in every characteristic true to history. Perhaps in choosing one of those violent contrasts which he frequently affects, Landor has made her appear rather too much of a minx beside the milk-and-water virtue of Mary, yet one prefers her to Mary as one does Becky Sharp to Amelia Sedley.

The conversation between Elizabeth and Cecil shows her no longer a girl with the ambitions of a queen but as a woman autocratically ruling. From the time when it first appeared in 1824, the dialogue was a favourite even with Landor's bitterest

critics. The Edinburgh Review mentions it with unalloyed approbation and speaks of it as having "all the truth of the spirit "of history ..... or of the author of 'Waverley'".

This older Elizabeth is of one piece with her younger sister. Some qualities, her egoism for instance and her taste for blunt outspokenness, have naturally developed in the favourable atmosphere of absolutism. She is as brusque and unrefined as ever in her speech, swears heartily by "God's blood" and rates "churlish Cecil" like a stupid schoolboy. Garters and smocks and the not-very-obscure mysteries of her toilet are alluded to without the slightest reserve.

In the matter of Spenser's pension Elizabeth's vanity is seen at war with Elizabeth's parsimony, and, in spite of the dissuasions of Cecil, vanity gains the day. But in addition to her vanity, Elizabeth has what Cecil lacks, a certain amount of poetic imagination which enables her to appreciate Spenser's work almost at its true value. Moreover her shrewd knowledge of men tells her that while Cecil could not produce a stanza Edmund could give her as prudent council at her board as any.

But it is her inordinate vanity even more than her appreciation of the poet's worth that moves her to insist upon his being rewarded at all events handsomely enough to ensure a continuance of his adulations. If the poet had not incorporated in his poems flattering references to her Majesty, there is little risk in affirming that no merely abstract love for the beauties of literature would have inspired her with the desire to reward him. Even Spenser's compliments are not sufficiently

sugary for her taste - she feels that "his genius hath been "dampened by his adversities", and "could have wished he had "thereunto joined a fair comparison between Dian and .... no "matter .... he might perhaps have fared the better for it."

The ludicrous reply of the unimaginative Cecil rouses Elizabeth to a speech of fine dignity and splendid eloquence in defence of poets and of the glory which they can confer. She would not have Honour quenched at her court. The girl who spoke with such firmness of the absolute nature of monarchy will not be crossed in her wishes by even her greatest minister now that queenship is hers. She speaks with the dignity of a ruler and with the good taste and clear judgment of an intellectual woman, manner and matter contrasting oddly with the rough blunt opening of the scene.

Even in the magnificent and lofty dignity of this finest speech, her unconquerable egotism and vanity fill the back-ground. She is more self-satisfied than ever, but now there is something almost admirable in this immense self-importance, and nothing could be loftier or more scornfully fearless than her reference to the little which death can take away, compared with the immortality which a great poet may confer.

These splendid tributes to the poet's power prepare one for hearing that at last Spenser is to receive an adequate emolument for his services, but it is significant of Landor's absolute grasp of the character of the Maiden Queen that the depths of bathos succeed the sublimist heights; and it is typical too of Elizabeth that she herself is conscious of no sudden fall

in ordering that there shall be sent to the poet in addition to more solid comforts a Bible to teach him God's blessing on the patient, and "this pair of crimson hose, which thou knowest I "have worne only thirteen months," and which require to be darned before they are presented.

Not so mean as Cecil, who, lacking imagination and not perceiving as she does the material value of the poet's services, will withhold all further recognition, she will give just enough to keep Spenser hopefully singing her prefections. The crimson silk hose fresh from her own person, have a special value in her eyes.

Altogether this is a pleasanter, more likable, and more human creature than the minx who fooled poor Mary; while the ease with which she carries and uses her learning, and the magnificence of the egotism which prompts her to claim that "those are "the worst of suicides, who voluntarily and propensely stab or "suffocate their fame, when God hath commanded them to stand on "high for an example," call forth involuntary respect and admiration.

The third conversation between the middle-aged queen and her youthful suitor, Anjou,[1] is less pleasing in its nature than either of the preceding ones, yet it must be admitted that it was equally true to fact.

The whole conversation is a miracle of hypocrisy under the cloak of the most exalted and courtly sentiments, but in spite of some excellent fooling, it is almost painful to see the woman so brutally described by Anjou as "a skinny old goshawk, all

1 Appendix, note 23.

"talons and plumage", with her "wildfire eyes, equal involubility "to her tongue and her affections, leering like a panther's "when she yawns," greedily drinking in exaggerated compliments on "those personal charms which, for the benefit of my people, "God's providence hath so bountifully bestowed on me;" to see her conceit eagerly egging on her suitor to fresh endeavours; to see her seizing with avidity on her own suggestion that "he ha caught some of his brother Henry's jealousy"; to hear her assuming the sensibilities of a tender girl and passionately declaring that if his love should wane "die I must; die of "grief; the grievousest of grief."

Elizabeth's vanity has grown odiously repulsive, but this is not all. Landor is in this case too true an artist and too accurate a historian to leave her entirely without redeeming features. The intellect, the resolute unbending will, the power of using all men and all circumstances for her own purposes are still there, as her shrewd asides to Cecil and her skilful treatment of Anjou prove. Her vanity may have reached colossal proportions, but it is still subordinate to the political necessities of the hour. She raises objections, such as her questions about the Massacre of Bartholomew, only in order to make her temporising appear plausible, constantly offering hope with one hand and withdrawing it with the other, and finally leaving Anjou with the intimation that only her country's needs could ever stand between her susceptible heart and his charms.

Her diplomacy is the adaptability of a supreme actress, who can assume and play a multitude of parts with equal ease.

Great as are her vanity, her avarice and her hypocrisy, Landor shows her unmistakeably as a woman of commanding intellect and dominating personality. Even Scott, with the opportunities which a lengthy novel affords, has scarcely painted a fuller or more convincing portrait, though he has of course represented in connection with Leicester an aspect which Landor necessarily left untouched.

Catherine II[1] has often been called by historians "the Elizabeth of Russia", and both in history and in the conversations in which Landor depicts them, the points of resemblance between the two women are numerous.

As in Elizabeth an overweening ambition is her outstanding feature, and to the fulfilment of this ambition an intelligence and will rare in a woman, and a personality rare in any human being largely contributed. Waliszewsky declares that Catherine's individuality was of such an exceptional quality that many abdicated their own personality for her. About her possessing that narrower type of intellectual power which we may call academic, historians disagree among themselves. The matter is not of vital importance for the academic order of intellect cannot necessarily control a huge and disunited empire in times of unrest as did the alert intelligence, the shrewdness and the indomitable will of Catherine.

Like Elizabeth, she early won in guarded manner the love of the Russian people, and in her memoirs she confesses that she was determined "to do whatever had to be done, to believe whatever had to be believed, to wear the crown". In her cautious

1 Appendix. Note 24.

circumspection, in her deliberate subordinating of all minor considerations to her supreme object, in her utter lack of religious feeling, in the absence of anything resembling conscience she is strikingly like Elizabeth. She differed from her English prototype however, in the kindness with which she treated her subordinates and, less pleasantly, in the eagerness of her sensual appetites and the shamelessness which prompted her to make no secret of her immoral relations with her many lovers. In the conversation with Dashkof Landor represents her as vain of her power over men.

The question of her guilt in the murder of her husband has never been completely solved. Rambaud and Waliszewsky exonerate her from participation in the actual crime, which was almost certainly committed by Alexis Orlof; but to what extent Catherine was guilty of instigating the murder will probably never be known. The Princess Dashkof was too nearly concerned in the Revolution of 1762 for her account to be received without reservation, while Voltaire and even Frederick the Great had too much to gain by maintaining friendly relations with her for their declarations of their belief in her innocence to be of much value. Landor's Catherine is represented as coolly taking for granted Voltaire's support. Certain it is that after the revolution which placed Catherine on the throne, Peter was despatched to Ropsha with Alexis Orlof, and there died four days later from Catherine described as "haemorrhoidal colic mounting to the brain". Having cleverly rid herself of Ivan the next heir to the throne, Catherine devoted herself for the rest of her long reign to steering Russia safely by means of

diplomacy and caution through the perils of European affairs, making use, again like Elizabeth, of her unerring judgment of character, to surround herself with the ablest of ministers and officials. She busied herself with every department of national life and died at the age of sixty-seven, having extended the Russian frontiers more than any monarch since Ivan the Terrible, and proved herself a greater ruler than any but Peter the Great.

This woman of relentless will, this "masculine and dauntless soul," as Rambaud calls her, is brought before us by Landor with appalling vividness, talking with the Princess Dashkof outside the door of the room in which her husband is being murdered. Landor answers in his imperturbable way the objection that this is historically incorrect, declaring that it is difficult to imagine that Clytemnestra was present at the murder of Agamemnon as Aeschylus represents her, and adding proudly, "but our business is character".

Catherine is utterly heartless, absolutely cold to Peter's suffering and death. Hers is not that lack of emotion which one finds in a Lady Macbeth, nerved tensely up to the supreme action and overtaken by the weakness of her own womanhood later. Catherine exhibits few signs of emotion at any time, and these only arise from fear of not playing her part as she has planned, and from impatience of the idle time which mustintervene before all is discovered. She strikes one as infinitely more cruel than Medea or Clytemnestra, for both the latter felt themselves justified in avenging the infidelities of those whom they most loved; and in the case of Clytemnestra ancient writers always

emphasize her love for her sacrificed Iphigeneia and date her moral deterioration fror her daughter's death.

Landor's Catherine is an example of his blackest painting. There is a gross lack of feeling and delicacy in her whole conversation; like Elizabeth she uses the most repulsively expressive words with an air at once forceful and masculine but coarse and plebeian. "Into his heart, into his heart .... yes! hark! "thev have done it. What bubbling and gurgling! he groaned "but once". She records all her impressions with feelingless interest and accuracy, strung to the highest pitch of sensuous keenness. There is something unspeakably revolting to decency in her offhand remark, "I should not have thought it could have "splashed so loud upon the floor, although our bed is rather of "the highest."

Beside her Dashkof appears as an angel of womanly pity and tenderness. Until the murder is actually over she speaks no word of her own accord and answers Catherine's eager enquiries with brevity and shrinking horror. It is obvious that she listens only perfunctorily at the door as Catherine commands, and Catherine reproaches her with her lack of coolness and ratience, ~~and~~ listening herself till she can exclaim with a satisfaction too exalted to be ghoulish, "There! ... there again! "The drops are now like lead: every half minute they penetrate "the eiderdown and the mattress." Her gloating over the actual bloodshed resembles the fierce glorying of Aeschylus' Clytemnestra in the

"Drops of slaughter, whose dark dew
"Refreshed my spirit."

There is something terrible almost beyond endurance in her furious reference to the "fool" whose dog is lapping the blood of hermurdered husband. Little wonder that the gentler Dashkof can but exclaim, "O heavens!" Catherine is obviously surprised at her tone and asks, "Are you afraid?" Yet she feels no reproach in Dashkof's solemn reply, "There is a horror which surpasses fear and will have none of it." She has no sensitiveness herself and the sensitiveness of others is a mystery and a weakness in her eyes.

The contrast between the two women is cleverly worked out. Both had entered whole-heartedly into the conspiracy, Catherine is fully contented with the results, entirely untouched by the horror of the deed which has just been consummated, but the other, less hard, more feminine, has now realised emotionally what before she saw only intellectually. It appeared then a noble air to free the land of a tyrant; it appears now a disastrous and an ominous thing to see a husband slain by his wife. Catherine is impervious to such a delicate distinction, and it is significant of the coarseness of her nature that she attributes the sudden appearance of conscientious scruples in Dashkof to physical causes or to fear for her own reputation.

The Princess's enquiry as to what Russia will say wakes in her the glorious realisation of her own newly acquired power, and the scorn with which she replies is almost noble. "Russia "has no more voice than a whale. She may toss about in her "turbulence; but my artillery (for now indded I can safely call

"it mine) shall stun and quiet her." Of the council board she has even less fear, satirically describing it as a party of tailors who sit not "at it but upon it", performing their tactics cross-legged, debating only on uniforms and their fashions.

Her frank recognition of the fact that Peter has not automatically become less odious because he is dead recalls Elizabeth's attitude towards the foibles of her departed father, while Dashkof's sudden realisation of Peter's good points resembles in a minor degree the scrupulous courtesy of the gentle Mary towards "our father now in bliss." But Dashkof is not a weakling. She is a woman of strong intellectual and moral fibre, as her subsequent arguments with Catherine show, but a woman rendered the more attractive by the fact that she does not lack either heart or imagination. For the moment she looks gently and pitifully on Peter as the dead husband, not as the murdered tyrant, and the picture of connubial happiness given by her is delicate and moving, distinguished by the most tender imaginative praise.

The rhapsody only amuses Catherine in a friend hitherto professing stoic doctrines and, her practical commonsense affronted by this annoying sentimentalism, she deftly turns the conversation to her plans for diverting suspicion from themselves. Her head is quite clear; she can even refer to Peter's murder in conventional language as "the deplorable occurence". She is already primed with most plausible answers to any European enquiries that may be made. The whole speech in which she describes the manner in which she proposes to receive the news

of her husband's death is full of vivid imaginative details; she calculates with scrupulous nicety the exact emotional value of the effect which each of her contemplated actions must have on the observer.

She employs the name of God as a mere form exactly as Elizabeth did, and her keen sense of the divine right of rulers also recalls Elizabeth. All Landor's royal tyrants had this sense of their own divinely appointed blamelessness, and nothing could be more damning than the words which he makes them utter in complacent self-admiration.

The superb self-confidence of Catherine cannot be shaken by Dashkof's reference to the power of the people, and it is amusing to hear the woman who supported enthusiastically for the greater part of her life the political theories of Voltaire, Diderot, and their circle, declare, "Republicanism is the "best thing we can have when we cannot have power: but no one "ever held the two together. I am now autocrat." There is in this a distinct prophecy of her nervous change of attitude towards the beliefs of her friends at the outbreak of the French Revolution.

Dashkof's moral superiority, albeit accompanied by pedantic illustrations and expressions, reveals itself in clear and dignified manner in her attack on the transitory and despicable nature of earthly glory. Catherine regards Dashkof's flight of fancy and aspiration with a kindly scorn assuring her that she is "rather "too romantic on principle, and rather too visionary on glory". She herself clings ardently to tangible and visible things, such

as may be measured and recognised in the present.

Like Elizabeth she is blind to her own failings, and believes sincerely in her womanly tenderness and in the fact that she is not cruel by nature. She despises in others the very faults which are most prominent in her own character. She has but just condemned scornfulness in woman when she herself pours out the most stinging scorn on the writers of Europe whom she can purchase with a snuffbox or a toothpick. The mere mention of Voltaire rouses Dashkof, capable of fervent enthusiasm and warm admiration, to an eloquent attack, somewhat pedantically expressed perhaps, on his treatment of Jeanne d'Arc. Catherine, however, has no abstract feeling of horror against Voltaire for having defamed a saint; her attitude is strictly personal and business-like and for a moment she recognises only Voltaire's possible value as a sponsor. "Be it so," she replies equably, to Dashkof's arguments, "but Voltaire "buoys me up above sore impertinent troublesome qualms." Throughout the conversation she is more equable than Elizabeth, and has really sore tolerant affection for Dashkof, of whose usefulness and loyalty she has had undoubted proof. She despises her, but it is with quite a kindly scorn, unlike Elizabeth's ill-concealed impatience at her weak sister, Mary. Catherine has also the additional grace of telling Dashkof without concealment exactly what she thinks of her.

Not a touch of misgiving assails Catherine's quiet confidence, not a glimmer of penitence can be discerned in her. Within less than an hour of Peter's death hunger and thirst have asserted their claims. She desires Dashkof to sing, and her wish not to listen to a German or Russian melody is due to no tenderness but arises merely from a distaste for recalling disagreeable memories of the past. The only suggestion that her iron nerves are perhaps more affected than she will admit lies in her last confession, "I must play with something," but this again may be purely the impatience of an active woman at the thought of the tedious two hours which lie before her.

These companion pictures are most interesting. Both the speakers are women of powerful intellect, but that of Catherine most frequently assumes the form of worldly intelligence and shrewdness. She is egotistical enough (like the immortal Sir Willoughby Patterne at times) to read the minds of others with a kind of subjective-objectivism, foreseeing exactly how matters will strike them and acting accordingly. Dashkof possesses rather a reflective intellect of the pedantic type than commonsense. Her reasoning has till now moved on abstract planes and the actual has brought her with a shock to earth, to horror and to repentance. She has discovered that intellectual principles may dictate actions which the heart later repudiates. Her imagination has been merely visionary, whereas in Catherine both intellect and imagination are strictly practical. Dashkof suffers from having a heart; Catherine gains from a mundane point of view by having none whatever.

Under the category of women of intellect the Princess Belgioioso who talks with King Carlo Alberto of Sardinia[1] about the prospects of Italy may be included. She must be classed with Elizabeth and Catherine as possessing that order of mind which is distinguished by ability in practical affairs. The Princess, however, is not a character of striking interest, for she is employed too much as a mouthpiece for Landor's views upon the subjects of Italian unity and the temporising policy of her companion to have much individuality of her own.

Vittoria Colonna,[2] on the other hand, resembles the Princess Dashkof in possessing that species of intellect which is marked by reflection rather than by action. She was one of the women who appealed most to Landor's heart and imagination, and writing to a friend about his unorthodox treatment of Giovanna of Naples he confessed, "She and Vittoria Colonna are my favourites among "the women of Italy."

Vittoria was born in 1490, and while still a child was married to that Pescara to whom she remained unswervingly loyal throughout her life. Her sonnets tell the story of her passionate love for this man, who, courageous as he undoubtedly was, and unquestionably as he was devoted to his wife and to his military duties, was unworthy of her admiration and love. He was a cruel enemy and turned traitor to his own party shortly before his death. Vittoria was unconscious of his treachery, and so overwhelming was her grief at his death that it was thought impossible that she would long survive him. However, she bravely took up the threads of her broken life, falling back

1 Appendix. Note 24b.

2 Appendix. Note 25.

with renewed zeal upon her studies and upon the consolations of religion. She became a great literary influence, writing much poetry herself in a scholarly and chastened style - Landor puts into Michel-Angelo's lips a flattering reference to her compositions - and was a powerful leader in that ecclesiastical party which followed Savonarola, and which aimed at cleansing the Romish church from within.

She was forty-eight when she met the sensitive, embittered, high-minded Michel-Angelo, and from that time until her death she was his intimate and trusted friend. Deumier, a French biographer, has woven an unnecessary romance around the pair, but Clément and most other critics appear to hold the opinion that their friendship, ardent as it was, was purely platonic.

This is the view which Landor appears to take. Vittoria herself declares with passionate sincerity and language which recalls that of many of her sonnets to Pescara, "After I had "known Pescara, even if I had never been his, I should have been "espoused to him ..... and neither in his lifetime nor when he "left the world, would I have endured, O Michel-Angelo, any "other alliance." No man, most of all a man of such unswerving rectitude of soul as Michel-Angelo, could offer ordinary love after such a declaration. He can only wonder anxiously whether perchance the warmth of his written praises may have endangered her spotless fame among a suspicious and immoral generation. The independence and the noble purity of her nature are manifested in her proud tranquil response,"If I have deserved a "wise man's praise and a virtuous man's affection, I am not to

"be defrauded of them by stealthy whispers, nor deterred from "them by intemperate clamour." Angelo may waver on the very brink of passionate love, but the frank dignity of her words, while making him love and admire her the more, must enforce self-restraint. Suffice it to say that life without her has so little to offer that his most earnest prayer is to be allowed to behold her on her deathbed only from the "everlasting mansions" to which he has preceded her.

The conversation which ends on a note of such lofty emotion opens with the most delightful banter and familiarity. The greater part of the scene is on a high intellectual level, but though it is Vittoria's intellect that impresses the reader most, while her own words reveal the fact that it is intellectual great-ness which most appeals to her, like all Landor's women she is no mere intellectual. In her, mind, emotions and spirit are developed to a remarkable degree; she is a profound scholar and thinker, a passionate lover, a great-hearted friend, and a saint of spotless purity. But for all her exceptional development she is warmly human, closely in touch with reality, liberal of sympathy and practical advice, looking from her serene heights with tolerant and pitying eyes.

Her womanliness tinges all her intellectual views, adding to mind the charm of emotion. Her heart rejoices at seeing her friend in higher spirits than she usually finds him, but, though she hears with frank amusement his diverting story of the poetaster who has unceremoniously thrust upon the sculptor a copy of his ponderous works, though her scorn for

jejune and pretentious literary works is as great as Angelo's own, she is quick to feel tenderness for the "poor man" whose "vanity must often be wounded", and refuses either to laugh too cruelly herself or to permit Angelo to defile his genius by indulging his more caustic humour over the unfortunate.

When the discussion turns to more serious and abstract subjects the femininity of her character is almost as marked. Her lofty nature seems incapable of seeing true beauty in any composition in which no moral good is discernible, though her nice judgment and taste admit that "an obvious moral indeed is "a protuberance which injures the gracefulness of a poem." The discourse glides with natural ease from the discussion of the more abstract principles of art to the examination of concrete examples. She speaks from a wide and profound knowledge of the classics of Greece and Rome and of her native Italy, founded upon a clear understanding of and an ardent enthusiasm for the highest beauties of literature. Her pedantry is far from being repulsive; in intellect she is a true daughter of the Renaissance, while spiritually she is far superior to her contemporaries. She exhibits a discriminating judgment in her treatment of the artistic faults of Dante, of Petrarch, of Ariosto, of Ovid, but it is on the beauties rather than on the weaknesses of their compositions that her mind reposes. She is thoroughly woman in her hatred of the pettiness of ignorant critical depreciation, scorning destruction as a giver of life should do; but she recognises fully the value of the truly sympathetic criticism with which real lovers of literature approach the works of men of genius.

She is a perfect friend, selfless, sympathetic and understanding. Her own exalted ideals make her desire that Angelo shall live according to the highest that is in him, and the sincerity of her regard for him, and the frankness of her whole character, make her urge him to struggle against that sensitiveness to criticism which is the most vulnerable spot in his nature. Genius, no less than nobility of birth, has its obligations, and among these is the duty of being indulgent and lenient to lesser minds while being unmoved by vulgar opinion. Michel-Angelo recognises the nobility of her friendship and pays the warmest tribute to the calming and elevating influence which she exercises over him.

Her intellect is the primary quality in her character - to her though "there are various kinds of greatness .... the "first and chief is intellectual," but her passion for her dead husband has been one of the strongest influences in her existence. Seldom has the triumph of love in a woman of intellect, seldom has that sense of eternal union with the beloved which a spiritual woman experiences in srite of the barrier of death, received more exquisite utterance than in her rhapsody over the dead Pescara. The strength of her passion made her loss almost unbearable, but even love in her was subservient to her noble intellect and her ardent and pure spirit. She herself bears witness that grief often strengthens the intellectual life instead of crushing it:- "If there are griefs ..... so intense "as to deprive us of our intellects, griefs in the next degree of "intensity, far from depriving us of them, amplify, purify,

"regulate and adorn them."

Among the heroines of fiction she who most closely resembles Vittoria is George Eliot's Romola. Both were cultivated women of the Italian Renaissance. Each passionately loved a man unworthy of her, but Romola suffered the pain of disillusionment, while Vittoria remained rapturously blind to the last, losing however by death the man himself. Both were women of strong moral character and of unusual intellectual power, and so grief, instead of breaking, strengthened them, calling out in each the spiritual qualities, which had remained to a certain extent undeveloped, and opening their eyes to the sorrows of others. Both Romola and Vittoria spent their later years as succourers of the poor, the needy, and the suffering.

Landor's Vittoria is a more human creature than Romola and she offers to her Pescara the passionate love of a truly womanly heart. Of Romola on the contrary it is said, "It "was a type of face of which one could not venture to say "whether it would inspire love or only that unwilling admiration "which is mixed with dread." Romola is grand rather than lovable, and the weak Tito's love is indeed not untinged with awe. She is a woman of the intellect and spirit rather than of the passions. With Tito her critical faculties, once awakened, deal mercilessly. It is her intellect, not her heart, that turns first against him, and no sooner has respect unwillingly died than the death of love follows. Her love for Tito was profound, sincere, unsuspicious, as love in such a character needs must be; her giving of herself was unreserved, but she never offered him passion, she

never had the intuitive knowledge of his needs, his weaknesses and his temptations which a more ordinary wife might have had, and, once her lofty soul had condemned him, she became hard and helped to harden him.

Romola is a somewhat wooden character, 'constructed' as it were out of the history of the times. Occasionally there are little feminine touches, but usually laughter and mischief are foreign to her custom and conversation. Landor's Vittoria is not only more feminine, full of delicate archness, tender teasing, thoughtful care, but in her, as in all Landor's finest creations, is epitomised the ~~finest~~ best spirit of the time in which she lived; in the character of one perfect woman all the best features of the Italian Renaissance are revealed.

The charming girl-disciple of Epicurus, Leontion, belongs like Vittoria Colonna to the category of women of the scholastic type of intellect, but there are divergences between the two greater even than this resemblance. Vittoria is a woman magnificently endowed in mind, moral character, emotions and spirit, while Leontion is more narrowly intellectual. Her character is firm and reliable, but emotions, imagination and spiritual aspirations also to a great extent have remained undeveloped because of the too exclusive interest which intellectual occupations have had for her. She lacks the mature tolerance and gentleness of Vittoria towards the failings of others; she is self-opiniated as a young scholar frequently is. But faults which might be displeasing in an older woman are rendered charming in Leontion by her eager youth, her strenuous intellectual zeal and

sincerity, her moral uprightness and above all by the exquisite grace of her half-teasing half-protecting attitude towards Ternissa, and her admiration and affection for Epicurus.

It is noticeable that Leontion opens the conversation by outspoken criticism of Epicurus' choice of a situation for his garden. She has far less appreciation of the beauties of nature than has her little companion; she loves the city, and, as might be expected in a youthful philosopher, she cannot comprehend how Epicurus can best arrange his thoughts in solitude. She herself has less taste for meditation and reflection than for exchanges of opinion and for sharpening her wits on the whetstone of another's mind. Throughout the dialogue Leontion is far more loquacious than the simpler Ternissa, picking up nimbly each argument of her master and answering it artly though her academic tendency to dogmatism sometimes leads her to make sweeping assertions which Epicurus gently reproves. Her courtesy, her earnestness, the honesty of her soul which will not permit her to defend even a favourite proposition when once she has been forced to suspect its validity, all these lend a charm to her most pedantic utterances. She confesses that she has been moved to the composition of her treatise against Theophrastus "because "he has been praised above his merits," but that this was not her only reason is proved by the gentleness with which she accepts Epicurus' rebuke, by the warmth and sincerity with which she upholds her tenets and most of all by the exquisite grace of her final yielding. It is quite obvious that love for Epicurus and indignation against this critic for having, in her opinion,

wilfully misinterpreted the doctrines of the gentlest of philosophers were the primary inspirers of her treatise. She is not a conceited girl, and offers a kind of apology for having ventured publicly to defend her master, sincerely wishing he himself had written more on his position. Even when she exhibits her knowledge of history, of literature, of drama, of myth, of worldly concerns, it is with the frank naïve pride of youth.

She has far more worldly wisdom and knowledge of character than has Ternissa, and in dealing with the foibles of others, she sometimes manifests a gift for lofty scorn and caustic eloquence which might sometimes make an unfavourable impression on a hearer.

She is obviously sensitive to the moving qualities of drama, shuddering at the thought of the vulgar insensibility which can listen and watch unmoved, venting her maiden disdain upon these "acorn-fed Chaonians," but she is lacking in the tender imaginative sympathy which makes Ternissa feel flowers as living beings, statues as sentient to suffering, myths and legends as vehicles of eternal truth. She laughs at the younger girl's credulity, though without malice, and discourses with the conscious superiority of a learned mind on all these things. She is in that state,when, the emotions not yet being fully developed, the intellect is too all-pervading.

But she is never hard. There is much in Leontion's pedantry which is amusing, more that is lovable because a warm heart lurks behind even her most pedantic pronouncements. Although Epicurus tells his friend Menander later that Leontion

was jealous of his love of the unlearned Ternissa few if any traces of it are perceptible in this conversation. Certainly Leontion constantly teases her little friend, but the playful fondness of her whole attitude robs it of any malice. She is proud of her own intellectual attainments yet never despises the younger girl's exquisite simplicity. She fully recognises Ericurus' preference for Ternissa, but far from appearing to resent it she repeatedly and with the most transparent sincerity praises the little girl's beauty and innocence, and delights in the grace and feeling with which her friend sustains her part of Thetis in the dialogue with Ericurus. It is significant that, although she can discuss death with an equanimity equal to that of Ericurus as long as it remains an impersonal matter, once the idea of the death of a loved one is suggested, intellectual interest yields to grieved affection, and it is she, and not Ternissa, who pleads, "Do not make us melancholy: never let us "think that the time will come when we shall lose our friends." Nothing more delightful can be imagined than the pure friendship of the two girls, so loyal, so frank, so tender, yet so full of exquisite humour and playfulness. It is one of Landor's most delicate conceptions.

Even more affecting and evincing even more unmistakeably Landor's instinctive knowledge of Leontion's character is the manner of her final yielding to Ericurus' pleading that she will abandon her purpose of publishing her treatise against his critic. Her submission is as much the fruit of love for her master and a sense of her own poor abilities as of a conviction that her

theories concerning Theophrastus are untenable. Nothing could exceed the dignified humility of her apology, "Pardon the weak "air which would have defended what none can reach." She has taken both pride and pleasure in her work, it has occupied her thoughts for months, she can still talk with warmth of her attempt to take "a general view of our literature, and to trace "its deviation and decline," and yet the innate sincerity and modesty of her nature can prompt her to say penitently and cheerfully, "I have pained him by this foolish book, and he "would .... assure me that he does not for a moment bear me "malice. Take the volume; take it Epicurus! tear it in pieces." The philosopher himself does full justice to the friendliness of ~~the~~ his disciple's motive, to the sweetness of her submission, just as he does to the intellectual gifts in her which he would see put to a nobler use. "No, Leontion!" he replies gently. "I shall often look with pleasure on this trophy of brave "humanity; let me kiss the hand that raises it."

In her, intellect is pre-eminent, but tenderness of heart is not lacking. It seems a pity that Landor has not left us with this delightful picture instead of allowing us to see Leontion once more through the eyes of Menander, grown into a very learned lady of the type least appreciated by the very commonplace young man he appears to be. It is distressing to find the charming girl metamorphosed into a veritable blue-stocking. Perhaps the death of her little Temissa helped to dry up the generous springs of her heart. It frequently happens that a highly intellectual woman who has never had or who has lost some object of profound affection tends to console herself exclusively

with intellectual interests, losing in breadth of general development what she gains in depth of specialised knowledge. But that Leontion's heart was ever warm towards her beloved master and her little Ternissa is apparent from the tender epitaph which she composed on the death of the latter.

Leontion is likened by Epicurus to Aspasia, but she is less bountifully dowered in heart, in spirit and in imagination than the Aspasia who writes such enthusiastically proud and fond letters to Cleone about her Pericles. There is some resemblance between Leontion and Browning's "wild pomegranate flower" Balaustion. There is in both a strong leaning towards the interests of the mind, and, like Balaustion, Leontion evinces a keen appreciation of Athenian drama, but even her enthusiasm lacks the passionate ardour which in Balaustion responds to the finest work of Euripides and Aeschylus. Balaustion's heart, also, is wider and more naturally susceptible; she falls in love irrevocably and at first sight, as the more coldly critical and less passionate Leontion could never have done.

C H A P T E R VI.

Women of the Spirit.

Although the Maid of Orleans must be classed with women of the spirit, because, with her, love for and trust in the unseen is pre-eminent, her spirituality is not of the mystic type. She is not a saint of reflection and meditation; she is the advocate of action and of self-renunciation. She and all Landor's spiritual women stand for that beneficent charitable, active Christianity, unfettered by the narrower bonds of doctrine and creed, which was Landor's ideal, in as far as orthodox Christianity suited his views at all. It was a Christianity which manifested itself not by selfish and ascetic retirement from the contaminations of the world, but which exhibited its mettle by descending into the arena of human strife and woe and giving of its best to improve the state of sinful or suffering men. The character of the Maid is thrown into high relief by that of her colloqutor, the orthodox Agnes, who believes rather in the efficacy of prayer and faith than in reforming her own errors.

Every other writer who has taken Jeanne d'Arc as his heroine has invested the girl with an atmosphere of mysticism and awe. Southey revealed her in this guise, and even Schiller in his "Jungfrau von Orleans" shows her as set apart by the command of the Virgin, supernaturally revealed to her. It is in defiance of the command never to love mortal man that Jeanne, her natural womanhood in revolt against her spiritual dedication, loves Lionel. Hence the catastrophe. Schiller's Jeanne is

(more truly woman than the wonderful maid presented by loving legend as remote from human failings and emotions, and in this way she more closely resembles Landor's maid. She is not represented as a saint, but as a pure-minded, noble and human woman with strong natural feeling, an involuntary agent of supernatural powers.

But it is to the historical Jeanne d'Arc of Michelet, one of Landor's favourite historians, that his Jeanne bears the strongest resemblance. With what strong feelings must Landor, easily touched even to tears by the mere imagination of scenes of heroism and of beauty ~~combined~~, have read this moving history. Here is a Jeanne not so much of the spirit as of the heart. It was not strange that she had visions, "Qui n'en avait au moyen âge?" The extraordinary quality in her nature was "le bon sens dans l'exaltation." She was a child of tender, all-embracing soul - "Enfant, elle aimait toutes choses". Although she loved church going, although "en elle la vie d'en haut "absorba toujours l'autre", the very reality of her religion gave her energy and will to nurse the sick, to tend the poor. She was humble and timid, shrinking in tears and "toute tremblante" before the angelic summons, but nothing could exceed her firmness when once she was convinced of the necessity of obeying the celestial command. Her courage was superbly triumphing over the natural timidity of her gentle and childish character. She had a marvellous personality, overawing and ravishing the brutal soldiery, forbidding them ~~even~~ to swear or to allow bad women among them. Singularly enough this pitilessness towards

the unfortunate of her own sex was the only hardness in a character compact of tenderness and love. The Maid of Landor's conversation closely resembles this gentle and yet dominating creature. Agnes's first words might have been inspired by a reading of Michelet - "If a boy could ever be found so beautiful and so "bashful, I should have taken you for a boy about fifteen years "old." Here is Michelet's exquisite description of the Maid - "Elle eut d'âme et de corps ce divin don de rester enfant. C' "C'était une belle fille." But the Maid's thoughts are so entirely and seriously absorbed in her heavenly mission that the words of Agnes have to her a very different interpretation from that intended. To her own exalted mind, beauty can only be spiritual, and spiritual beauty can be attained not by an outward obedience to the letter of the law, but by selfless submission in carrying out the commands of God. "I shall be far from "loveliness, even in my own eyes, until I execute the will of "God in the deliverance of his people," she declares.

She has ~~that~~ such high confidence in the power of good that no mere arguments or representations, however forcible, can shake her courage and trust. Agnes's worldly knowledge and wisdom beat vainly against an adamantine wall when they strive to subdue such confidence. Jeanne is not, however, impracticable, or dependent on chimerical schemes. To her, the religion which she learnt at her mother's knee is so vivid, so actual, that she feels that the God who was able to raise up the youth David against the giant Goliath will in these latter days sustain the heart and nerve the arm of the Maid he has chosen to deliver France.

There is something shocking and revolting to the mind in hearing this simple and pureminded child spoken of as a "sorceress," but Jeanne, with soul far above all earthly taint, first ignores the suggestion, and then scornfully repudiates it. Much is revealed of her sensitiveness, her delicacy of feeling, her own past sufferings in the passionate words, "What country or what "creature has the Evil One ever saved? With what has he tempted "me? with reproaches, with scorn, with weary days, with slumber- "less nights, with doubts, distrusts, and dangers, with absence "from all who cherish me, with immodest soldierly language, and "perhaps an untimely and a cruel death?"

She is modest, she has been timid, and in her humility confesses her past fear, but her modesty attributes her conquering them to the mercy and help of God. She recalls the exquisite confession of Lady Jane Grey to her old tutor, "I am "weak by nature and very timorous, unless where a strong sense "of duty holdeth and supporteth me. There God acteth, and not "his creature."

Motherhood itself speaks in her modest reply to Agnes's admiration, "The courage of the weaker sex, inherent in us all, "~~but~~ was as deficient in me as in any, until an infant taught me "my duty by its cries," and recalls Godiva's more explicit, "What a young mother for so large a family!"

Even martyrdom shows itself to this intrepid spirit only as a reward "too great for such an easy and glad obedience," and her rapturous cry "France will praise the Lord for her deliverance," recalls Michelet's saying, "La France se sentit

"pour la première fois airée comme une personne."

The timid shepherd girl has nerved her heart for battle among rough soldiery, she has heard her sensitive ears assaulted by the "immodest language" of camps, she has given orders to men of elevated rank, but it is one of the most lovable traits in her character that when she has to utter a rebuke to this beautiful woman whose pity must have touched her heart, her tongue falters and confidence almost fails her. She speaks only because "this also is commanded me". She looks abashed, she weeps, but it is because her lips shrink from the naming of her companion's fault; never indeed does any explicit reference to Agnes's sin fall from her. She is almost divine in the firmness and frankness with which she proceeds despite her tenderness and Agnes's kindness to carry out that which she has to do. She has to risk misinterpretation, railing, scorn, anger, and in the way she acts she shows herself woman as much as saint.

Michelet declares that the historic Jeanne was full of "finesse" even of "la subtilité d'une femme," and certainly Landor's Jeanne reads Agnes aright when she urges her by her love for Charles to do what is best for him. No abstract consideration of duty, no impersonal care for the realm, could have on the emotional Agnes the effect which a personal appeal such as this would have. The Maid is no democrat - she regards Agnes as her social superior. Yet truth demands that she should condemn the King "living in sloth and idleness at such a time". She is easily rebuffed, but allows no considerations of self to restrain her from speaking God's will to the erring. She

is shrewd with all her gentleness and can turn Agnes's words against herself with astonishing quickness.

"Agnes. 'I dare not (fight), indeed I dare not.'

"Jeanne. 'You dare not? You who dare withhold the King from 'his duty!"

Agnes, who has had no scruples in ruling unostentatiously the arathetic King has scruples against openly rebuking one's rulers. Jeanne, the essentially humble, is unappalled by mere social custom, seeing through the outer respect of flattery to the truer respect of virtuous reproach.

Her courage rises, her eloquence increases, her confidence grows, as the scene develops. Slowly but relentlessly, yet never cruelly, she conquers all Agnes's poor defences, forces the unwilling soul to acknowledge the best that is in it, and to act according to its highest instincts. As Michelet says, "elle "était créatrice", and in Agnes it seems that one sees the soul actually born under the compelling might of Jeanne's steadfast hope and resolve. The soul comes forth shivering and in terror, pleading to be allowed to return to its comfortable habitation, "O Heaven, mercy! mercy! I am lost - leave me, leave me - "you subdue me. Spare me! I would only collect my thoughts." "Mercy", replies the voice, 'douce et pénétrante', as Michelet describes it. "Resolve to earn it - one hour suffices. You "are lost? Do we leave the lost? Remember who died for them. "You would collect your thoughts? Cast them away. Be strong, "and if you love, be generous."

Jeanne's replies are full of wisdom, the wisdom not of

the learned brain but of the pure heart and humble soul. She grieves for Agnes's sorrow but looks beyond it. She sees but one thing - the necessity for Charles to act, and she realises that the power to make him do so lies in Agnes's hands. Hence the force of her own pleading and denunciation, subordinated to a single overpowering necessity.

She has not that horror of unchastity to which Michelet refers; she announces, not God's wrath, but his will. Pity sounds in her voice but her purpose makes some of her retorts sharp as a lancet. She herself has learnt strength through affliction; Agnes must do the same. Her respect never wavers, but neither about the apathy of Charles nor the duties of Agnes does she falter. No pleading, no sophistries, no grief have power to alter her purpose. Prayers without action are useless:- "One hour of self-denial, one hour of stern exertion against the "assaults of passion, outvalues a life of prayer." True happiness can only be obtained "by passing resolutely through unhappiness."

Human weakness, as she herself has learnt, is no criterion of human power, for "When God has told you what you ought to do, "he has already told you what you can do." Procrastination disgusts her so much that she will turn to go. But at that moment victory is hers. Her resolution, the stern gentleness of her penetrating gaze have forced the growing spirit to see its past sin, its future possibilities, in a clear light. The butterfly soul, emerging naked, shivering, weak, obeys the summons of God, spoken by the lips of "the humble handmaid of the Lord", and opens its wings and rises to the heights.

The conversation reveals, not so much the triumph of virtue as the triumph of personality, the almost miraculous influence of the spiritual nature over the earthly.

There is in Jeanne a fund of spiritual power not inferior to that of Isabella in "Measure for Measure"; there are the same enthusiasm for good, the same eloquence and fire; but Isabella's eloquence is less tender, more intellectual, more fierce and scornful and condemnatory; and so, while one admires, one almost shrinks.

Among the "Letters and Unpublished Writings of W. S. Landor," edited by Stephen Wheeler, appears a second but far inferior conversation between Joan of Arc and her judge, the Bishop of Beauvais. The conversation is in blank verse, and though it contains fine lines, it is not successful as a whole. Joan shows at the announcement of her fate a rapture akin to that with which the mention of martyrdom by Agnes transfigures her. She welcomes the stake for "the fire will aid my spirit "to escape."

But she answers the most sacred questions with a frankness which seems unnatural and uses language rather highflown than eloquent. Of the sweet humility and womanly tenderness of the prose conversation a few traces remain. Even when she praises the military prowess of the lords who come to watch her torment, even when she prays for them, she is on the verge of self-righteousness; and when the Bishop allows her one hour for public prayer to edify the people in the street, there is a hint of smugness in the reply,

"I never pray in crowds; our Saviour hears
"When the heart speaks to him in solitude."

There is beauty struggling to express itself through the words of the scene but generally in vain. The crowning point in the unnaturalness is her plea to the soldiers not to make the road untidy by spilling tar.

This is not the Maid who tenderly addressed broken Agnes; this is not the Maid whose tragic yet magnificent passing Michelet has immortalised.

Like the Maid of Orleans, Lady Lisle and Elizabeth Gaunt[1] profess a Christianity which manifests itself by beneficent activity rather than by adherence to any narrow dogma, and, as in the case of the Maid, the world rewards this activity with d death.

Landor most clearly exhibits the nobility of his own soul and the finest features of his artistic method and style when depicting the meeting of two heroic and mutually sympathetic characters, who are moved by contact with one another fearlessly and intimately to reveal the profoundest and most secret recesses of their souls. In another respect also the conversation between Lady Lisle and Elizabeth Gaunt is typical of Landor at his best; two lofty spirits are here faced with an unmerited and, in the case of Elizabeth Gaunt, a painful death; like Anne Boleyn they are utterly detached from the petty issues of this world and seem already to breathe "an ampler ether, a diviner air". These women are great, not because of their situation, but because of the intrinsic grandeur of their moral and spiritual natures. The admiration which is aroused by the sublimity of

1 Appendix. Note 26.

their emotions and aspirations, almost makes one forget the superb physical courage they evince. So potently does the spell of their fearless and exalted souls hold one, so profoundly does their ignoring of all but the spiritual aspect of their position influence one, that it is difficult to realise that they have bodies which must suffer. This is the effect which Landor always tries to produce; he never aims at an apotheosis of that courage which is purely physical, probably agreeing with Aristotle that such courage is akin to the rage of the beast.

It detracts not at all from the value of the dialogue that these two martyrs to Jeffrey's injustice can never have met in real life, but proves rather the triumphant creative power of Landor's imagination. The idea of the conversation was probably suggested to him by the juxtaposition of their names in the account of the Monmouth Rebellion in Burnet.

Similar as are ~~the characters of~~ the two women in their heroism, their selflessness, their patience, their lack of resentment or harsh feeling, their sympathy for each other and for their betrayers, their humility and their hopeful resignation, yet the characters are delicately descriminated. The more intrepid, the more energetic soul, the more experienced in worldly affairs, is that of Elizabeth Gaunt. She appears older than Lady Lisle, although Burnet represents the latter as a widow of seventy. Lady Lisle chides herself for having but "a wounded, almost a broken heart - an unworthy offering to Christ"; she almost shrinks from looking forward to the life beyond the grave, fearing that she has not been pure enough, fearing that she has

sighed rather for the loss of her adored husband than in grief for her own sins. Elizabeth Gaunt reveals the tenderness and unselfish strength of her own soul in ~~her~~ the consolations with which she sustains and comforts her companion.

"Lady Lisle. 'Have I bemoaned as I should have done the 'faults I have committed? Have my sighs arisen for the unmerited 'mercies of my God? and not rather for him, the beloved of my 'heart, the adviser and sustainer I have lost! Open, O gates 'of Death! Smile on me, approve my last action in this world, 'O virtuous husband!'

"Elizabeth Gaunt. 'And cannot you too smile, sweet 'Lady? are not you with him even now? Doth body, doth clay, 'doth air, separate and estrange free spirits?'"

It arrears to be to Elizabeth Gaunt that the spirit-world is the nearer and the more real; to her the bonds of the flesh, of time and space are non-existent. So well does she succeed in that strengthening and confirming which is the noblest office of consolation, that when for a time she herself needs comfort and help Lady Lisle can give them. By the most delicate touches does Landor insinuate rather than reveal nakedly the effect of one soul upon another.

Lady Lisle's respect and admiration for her companion are patent throughout from the moment when with touching humility and courtesy she begs forgiveness for having by the sight of her misery unwittingly caused tears to flow down that countenance which she first saw "serene and cheerful", to the exquisite close, where the cumulative effects of communion with her fellow-

saint and martyr find utterance in a beautiful rhapsody of gratitude and joyful anticipation:-

"O my good angel! that bestrewest with fresh flowers "a path already smooth and pleasant to me, may those timorous "men who have betrayed and those misguided ones who have prose- "cuted us, be conscious on their death-beds that we have "entered (the avenue to eternal bliss). And they too will at "last find rest."

Lady Lisle has the certainty of her husband's approval to inspire her with courage; Elizabeth stands alone in noble isolation. Both have been the victims of injustice and tyranny; but both have been legally though not morally guilty, and both feel what Lady Lisle, in her probity and generosity admits, "I "received in my house a wanderer who had fought under the rash "and giddy Monmouth. ..... My Saviour had commanded, my king "had forbidden it". Lady Lisle also makes the case against the jury which condemned her less black, by explaining how terror of the judge along caused them to act as they did. The unhappiness of Elizabeth Gaunt's lot is aggravated by the fact that the man for whom she knowingly and willingly risked her life because he asked shelter in the name most sacred to her, the man with whom and for whom she constantly prayed, the man in whose ardent thanksgivings and humble prayers she firmly believed, this man had saved himself by betraying his benefactress. Yet, as Lady Lisle feels no jot of hardness or resentfulness towards her judges, so for this miserable outcast, this dog who has bitten the hand that fed him, the sainted Gaunt feels nothing but the

tenderest, the most solicitous pity - "I have little expectation "that he who was concealed by me hath any chance of happiness, "although he hath escaped ..... I saved his life, an unprofit- "able one, and (I fear) a joyless one; he, by God's grace, has "thrown open to me, andat an earlier hour than ever I ventured "to expect it, the avenue to eternal bliss." The peace which passeth all understanding lies in the simple words, "And I am condemned to be burnt alive." The rapture of a disembodied spirit sings exultantly in her last sentence, "He, by God's grace, has thrown open to me ..... the avenue to eternal bliss."

No more delicate picture can be conceived than that of these two women; Lady Lisle is perhaps the more easily moved by her own condition; Elizabeth Gaunt shows indignation only against the jury which could condemn "this innocent and helpless widow", and only a passionate pity for the almost certain unhappiness of the man who betrayed her. It is her one earthly desire to be able to leave him a pittance to help him. She can even find it in her stainless, pitiful heart to hope that "in his weary way "through life he may find only those who will conceal from him "the knowledge of this execution."

Not the faintest trace of spiritual pride or narrowness is discernable in either woman. Indeed no greater contrast can be imagined than that between these two and the type of godliness which Elizabeth, wiser than her more simple friend, describes - "Godliness in almost the best of us, often is austere, "often uncompliant and rigid, prone to reprove than to pardon, "to drag back or thrust aside than to invite and help onward."

So strong is pity in these two hearts that it almost swamps their joy in the glories which they humbly but confidently believe to await them on the other side of death. The keynote of their characters lies in Elizabeth Gaunt's confession, "I wept "because another was greatly more wretched than I myself," and the moral of the whole scene is contained in her three short words, "Affliction teaches forgiveness."

Lady Lisle and Elizabeth Gaunt have met death as the world's recognition of their Christianity. In Jane Grey the spirit is willing but has not yet been put to the test of practice. All the potentialities are there.

The beautiful conversation between Lady Jane Grey and her tutor and friend, Roger Ascham, is one of Landor's most perfect prose poems, and it has been deservedly praised by critics. The conversation is intrinsically fine - full of the gentlest dignity and pathos. In Tennyson's "Queen Mary", some of the most exquisitely moving lines depict the character of the unfortunate young queen:-

"Seventeen and knew eight languages - in music
"Peerless - her needle perfect, and her learning
"Beyond the churchmen; yet so meek, so modest,
"So wifelike humble to the trivial boy
"Mismatch'd with her for policy .....
"Seventeen - a rose of grace!
"Girl never breathed to rival such a rose;
"Rose never blew that rivalled such a bud."

In his "Scholemaster" Ascham has left a charming picture of Jane, placidly reading her Phaedon Platonis while her friends are out hunting. Froude writes that she had a degree of learning and vigour of understanding rare even in men, and marred by no vanity or self-consciousness. Her character too

had develored with her talents, and the matter of her letters at fifteen is even more striking than their language. Purity, pity, noble innocence were the outstanding features of this spotless creature, "uncoloured even to a fault with the emotional weakness of humanity".

Of the "emotional weaknesses of humanity" Landor certainly gives her none; history itself presents to him a radiant specimen of the perfect heroine. His Jane is less "a rose of grace" than the "spotless undrooping lily" which Ascham calls her. Although she has no human weaknesses, his Jane has the tenderest heart, full of love for her old preceptor and for her young husband, full of sweet timidity before the perils and the duties which she knows lie before her.

But neither love nor timidity is paramount in her character. "Thy affections are rightly placed and well distributed," says the old man. "Love is a secondary passion in those who love most." Earthly love is far subordinate to her love of heavenly things; timidity is subordinate to duty. "I am weak "by nature and very timorous, unless where a strong sense of "duty holdeth and supporteth me. There God acteth, and not his "creature." This is true to historical fact for Froude relates how she fainted on first receiving the news of her accession, but nobly composed herself when convinced by Northumberland that it was her duty to God and to her country to submit, since the Ladies Mary and Elizabeth were undoubtedly illegitimate.

She is full of that kind of humble strength which will joyfully submit itself to any authority which her heart and her mind assure her is right and good; there is nothing in her of

the obstinacy and irrational defiance that mark a weak character. In life it is her extraordinary learning that seems most to have struck her contemporaries; but it is difficult to decide whether in this extraordinarily lofty character intellect or spirit had the greater part. Few women who attain the intellectual and spiritual heights which she reached remain humanly lovable; but she seems to have won the hearts of all who really knew her, and even her most rabid political opponents seem to have felt pity as well as admiration for her.

In Landor's conversation, heart, mind and soul all show in exquisite light; but ~~it~~ ~~is~~ the spirit which burns brightest. Love of honour and of the things unseen rules her whole utterance. She is sensitive and trembles at the solemnity of Ascham's opening words, but when he talks of the perils of the court she is upheld and strengthened by her ardent faith in the power of good to conquer evil. "Yes indeed," she assures him, "I have read evil "things of courts; but I think nobody can go out bad who entereth "good, if timely and true warning shall have been given." When Ascham bids her cease from too much reflection and reading "to "gaze carefully and steadfastly on what is under and before "thee," her ardent soul welcomes as divinely appointed opportunities the duties which await her - "I have well thought me of my "duties: O how extensive they are! what a goodly and fair "inheritance!"

Even her beloved books are not studied as ends to erudition and learning, but because they teach "truth, eloquence, courage, constancy."

Such books as are only "good for the arbour and for the

gravel walk" she most willingly resigns, but Cicero, Epictetus, Plutarch, Polybius, the dearest among her masters, the teachers of rectitude, the inspirers of courage, she would fain keep, and Ascham himself pays to them the tribute of a scholar and of a virtuous man, "Read them on they marriage bed, on thy child bed, "on thy death bed. Thou spotless undrooping lily, they have "fenced thee right well."

She is utterly innocent of evil, cloaked in purity and simplicity, but she is quick ~~and~~ of understanding, and reads at once her tutor's allegorical meaning when he warns her, "We have rocks "and quicksands on the banks of our Thames, O lady, such as "Ocean never heard of." But even though she replies, "Thoroughly do I now understand you," she recognises evil and danger intellectually from the teaching of her books, rather than from personal experience.

Like all Landor's spiritual heroines she is full of humility, and has a clear insight into her own gentle failings, freely confessing to a weakness and a timidity which most would consider rather as an additional charm than as a fault.

Her emotions have for the first time been keenly aroused by her young husband, but even now, profound and tender as are these feelings, she experiences no actual passion for him. She loves him dearly, but she dreams more of leading him to God, than of the ordinary joys of wifehood. "I sincerely love the "youth who hath espoused me; I love him with the fondest, the "most solicitous affection;" she says earnestly. "I pray to the "Almighty for his goodness and happiness, and do forget at times,

"unworthy supplicant! the prayers I should have offered for "myself."

The serence purity of her own soul which prevents her from comprehending evil combines with her love to render her blind to the weaknesses of Dudley's character. She cannot believe in his ambition, she gladly offers him wifely obedience, and she innocently and happily looks forward to reading to him the books he never loved before "on which he may sleep in innocence and peace." But it is to the more practical wifely duties that the wise Ascham points; she must strive to hold her husband, not through abstractions of intellect and piety but by her ever watchful, all-comprehending love. She must descend from those elevated planes of mind and spirit, which the old man sees are too lofty to attract for long the soul of Guilford Dudley. As he cannot breathe the rarified atmosphere of her heights she must descend with him to lower ground, in order to "ride with him, play with him, be his faery, his page, his every-"thing that love and poetry have invented."

There is in the whole conversation a pathos the more poignant from the fact that it is but half apparent. The fears of the affectionate Ascham, destined to such speedy and such tragic fulfilment, seem the more moving to the reader from their affecting so little the innocent girl to whom he speaks.

Brief as is the dialogue one cannot but feel that it throws an even tenderer light than do the many historical records on this pure young creature, fearlessly following, through perils which she susrects though she cannot fully conceive them,

what she believes to be the will of God. There is a more detailed picture of her in "The Tower of London" (and Harrison Ainsworth adheres closely to historical truth in dealing with his principal figures), but little more of her actual character is revealed. Her intellect, her intense spirituality, her fervent love for her husband, the strength with which she refuses to be led even by that love to offer him a seat on the throne, the noble resignation to her fate, the devotion to study and prayer by which she forces herself to be composed if not cheerful, the energy with which her clear mind refutes the sophistries and fallacies of those who would bring her to the Romish Church - all these are nobly shown. But there is nothing here for which Landor's Jane Grey has not prepared us, and even her last confession, taken from Holinshed, might in its humility, dignity and simplicity have fallen straight from the lips of the girl whom Landor's genius depicted.

In Anne Boleyn, Landor treats that type of character whose religion exhibits itself less in action than in the capacity for suffering, and yet her multifold charities and the regret with which she relinquishes them as one of her last earthly blessings, prove that in her also Christianity is not merely passive. Her broad religious tolerance, by which the orthodox Henry feigns to be horrified, shows her again as the spiritual sister of Landor's Jeanne d'Arc and Elizabeth Gaunt.

It is Landor's delight to treat some much discussed historical character in his own manner, and it is typical of him that he frequently regards such a character in the most chivalrous and generous light. To him Gemma Donati is the

tender sympathetic wife of Dante, Tiberius the broken-hearted lover, mourning his Vipsania, and Diane de Poictiers a virtuous and unselfish maid. So his Anne Boleyn is a saint, tortured and insulted by a gross-minded, sensual tyrant.

Landor is not the only writer who has taken a favourable view of Anne's character, but no-one else has ever placed her on such unassailable heights of virtue, purity and self-abnegation. She is the epitome of that Christian charity which "suffereth long and is kind," which "seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;" that charity above all which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things." Beside Anne Boleyn, Shakespeare's injured Hermione shows as hard, bitter, resentful, unrelenting. Hermione could punish her husband for his suspicion by allowing him to suffer for sixteen years; Anne, for all her deeper wrongs, would have fallen faint with happiness into her Henry's arms at the first sign of softening in him. And yet she is by no means a weak character. She does not yield to him one point in what she believes to be ordained by God; her utter purity is unassailable, her soul is out of his power, though her heart is still entirely his. Her only weakness is in her undying love for his unworthy self, and surely such a weakness savours of nobility.

History has not yet given, and possibly never can give, a final verdict on the character of Anne Boleyn. Even her physical appearance has been a matter of dispute, Greene describing her as "among the fairest ladies of the court", others pointing to her swarthy skin, her wide mouth, her disfigured neck, her deformed little finger, and admitting only her

beautiful black eyes and lovely hair. What must be acknowledged however is her undoubted charm.

With regard to the question of her moral character, Mrs. Strickland, a meticulous reader of contemporary documents and authorities, has come to the conclusion that Anne's conduct with the gentlemen of the court during her married life was frivolous and foolish but by no means criminal. Froude tends to agree with this opinion. All historical authorities are in accord in condemning the injustices that attended her trial, and in lauding the dignity and firmness with which Anne comported herself in her time of greatest trouble.

She prepared most earnestly for her death, reading and praying for hours daily. To Matthew Prior, her chaplain, she gave the most solemn charges concerning her child, Elizabeth. She even appealed for the lives of the gentlemen with whom she had been accused, which does not bear the appearance of guilt. Once her fate was decided, she resigned herself with superb courage. The Lieutenant of the Tower said, "She hath much joy and pleasure in death," and Pollard gives the substance of her dying speech, in which she confessed her general sinfulness, and bore noble testimony to Henry's "gentleness", and to her unceasing love for him.

It is the Anne of these last days whom Landor shows, but it is difficult to recognise in this saint, already almost unearthly, any hint of youthful frivolity or of mundane ambition. It seems incredible that she can ever have been anything but a saint, growing in grace doubtless from day to day, but always

superior to the ordinary frailties of humanity. It is almost impossible to believe her own humble words, "I was worse before God chastened me."

Vivid contrasts had a strong attraction for Landor, and no contrast could be greater than that between the earthly-minded, coarse Henry, and the woman who can say with truth, "My spirit is detached and ready. My heart indeed is sustained strangely: it "became the more sensibly so from that time forward, when power "and grandeur and all things terrestrial were sunk from sight."

It is difficult to say what, beside pure spirituality, is the outstanding characteristic in so simple and beautiful a nature. In her all things turn to spirit. Her love for her husband, strong and steadfast as it is, is second to her love of God; and she would fain have her husband love God as well as she does. She is too humble to find any fault in him, and yet she cannot help pleading, more for the sake of Henry's good than her own, "Did you ever try how pleasant it is to forgive anyone? There "is nothing else wherein we can resemble God perfectly and easily. "If any doubt remains upon your royal mind of your equity in this "business ..... do but supplicate the Almighty to strengthen "and enlighten it, snd he will hear you."

She regards the boorish Henry quite sincerely as "the wisest of theologians;" so dear is he to her that even her dreams are of being with him in bliss, "as was my last prayer on earth". Her sufferings have rendered her physically weak and feeble; she is a woman deadened by grief, neglect and injustice to all earthly considerations, and Henry's sudden

cheerful ingress is greeted by "a long and vacant stare," while for some time the unhappy Anne knows not whether she is a spirit in bliss or a woman between sleep and waking. His condescending caresses and compliments, offered partly because she is looking attractive, partly because he is in boisterous spirits in his yeoman's dress, might by another woman be regarded as insulting, but she endures all with the gentlest dignity, except that she has, as Henry complains, "obstinate lips resisting all impression".

She accepts with the noblest patience the far greater insult of his insinuations. He wilfully misinterprets her simplest utterances, accuses her of "always driving away from the discourse", and grossly questions the paternity of the little child to whose loss she so pathetically refers as "our loss". Henry is on the watch to catch her tripping in any slightest particular, and in the pursuance of his aim he has no pity. In her declaration that God has taken her baby to himself, he feigns to see pure paganism, for the child had had no baptism; in her touching picture of nature weeping and rejoicing as do human beings he would find"something of materialism"; in her beseeching him to resemble God in his equity and clemency he discovers rank blasphemy. "Resemble God perfectly and easily!" he exclaims in sanctimonius horror. "Do vile creatures talk thus of the Creator?"

But her mind is too crystal clear and innocent to be led astray by sophistries. Although she loves and respects so far beyond his deserts the boor who has been her husband, the guiltlessness of her actions and the purity of her intentions

inspire her with strength to refute his accusations against her moral character. "If I had committed any kind of falseness, "in regard to you or not, I should never have rested until I "had thrown myself at your feet and obtained your pardon," she declares; "but if ever I had been guilty of that other crime, "I know not whether I should have dared to implore it, even "of God's mercy."

She recognises her danger, yet no sense of peril will prevent her generous heart from avowing that she has indeed a deep sense of affection/~~for~~ and gratitude towards Smeaton, who "taught me to play on the virginals;" and innocence could not exhibit itself more clearly than in her reception of Henry's threat that she shall be faced with her paramours - the involuntary joyful clapping of the hands, the quick grateful kiss upon his sleeve.

Anne is not one of those proud, cold women who can suffer alone. She craves for sympathy, seeking in history for "other young maidens, first too happy for exaltation, and after "too exalted for happiness". And if history offers her no sister in affliction nature may supply a consoler. Her tender heart turns with longing to her native Bickling, the recollection of whose beauties deadens for a time her memory of her unhappy situation. Nothing can touch Henry's hardened heart, not even her gentle reply to the reproaches which he pours upon her passing gaiety, "the withered leaf catches the sun sometimes, little as it can profit by it" - the only simile in a scene which impresses rather by its simplicity than by any artificial graces.

No reproaches fall from her lips; she moves on a plane where resentment is unknown. Even when Henry bluntly announces

to her her fate, cruelly pretending that only her irreligious notions have determined him, warmly and lovingly as he came, that "these light ringlets shall not shade this shoulder much longer", she merely starts, too utterly inured to suffering, too remote from earthly considerations to experience or to exhibit much emotion.

Her last days have been marked by numerous charities, but in her account of them, there is not the faintest suspicion of vain-glory, of self-satisfaction or of self-righteousness. She mentions them merely in answer to her lord's demand. Her greatest sorrow is not that she should be no longer a queen, that she should be accused of the vilest crimes, but "that "the good people who loved me so cordially, hate and curse me; "..... and that he who next to God I have served with most "devotion, is my accuser."

It is significant of the sensitiveness of her nature that, as the thought of misinterpretation wounds her, so does every kind act touch her more keenly now than ever before.

Like the Duchess of Malfi she dedicates her last earthly thoughts to the welfare of the only one among her children who still lives, and begs her husband, "Love your Elizabeth, my "honoured lord, and God bless you! She will soon forget to call "me; do not chide her; think how young she is;" and the strength of her maternal love is betrayed in the last words that she speaks, "Could I, could I kiss her, but once again! it would "comfort my heart ..... or break it."

The conversation between Anne Boleyn and the Constable of

the Tower[1] written in blank verse is supposed to take place on the day following the visit of Henry to his wife. It is almost as highly wrought as the previous one, and the Constable, involuntarily pitying and admiring his gentle prisoner, forms a far more sympathetic companion figure to the injured queen than did her coarse and tyrranical husband.

No aspects of Anne's character are here revealed for which the earlier conversation is not a preparation. Throughout the scene she evinces an exquisite thoughtfulness for others, for Henry, for the Constable, for the poor widow whose petition she is obliged to refuse, but above all for her little Elizabeth. The maternal side of Anne's saintly character manifests itself in all its ardour and purity in this dialogue. Her nearest approach to condemnation of Henry's brutality occurs in her reference to him as a

> "cruel father cutting down the tree
> "To crush the child that sits upon its bough
> "And looks abroad, too tender for suspicion."

Elizabeth it is who occupies her last earthly thoughts, and it is love for and anxiety for her little daughter that inspire the most beautiful lines in a scene of which the whole is highly poetical. The passionate simplicity of her cry

> "My darling! my Elizabeth! whose cradle
> "Rocks in my ear and almost crazes me,"

recalls the terrible grief of Constance for her absent Arthur. Grief has Anne indeed for others, but for herself it is clear, as she says, that her resignation is perfect. One of the most affecting features of the earlier scene was the occasional reawakening of hope and happiness in Anne's heart; in this scene

1 Appendix Note 276

she is "untroubled of hope", and greets the Constable's announcement of the date of her execution with a smile of rapture.

The next scene, which would surely be more suitably rendered in prose, would be wholly intolerable were it not for the fact that it serves to show the spotless purity of Anne's character in a more dazzling light. The contrast between the attitude of the Constable towards his prisoner and Henry's callous and vulgar joy at his release is repulsive yet striking. Henry is a perfect Bluebeard, rejoicing in the death of one wife and hastening to the next, and having already a lustful eye upon the third, Katherine Parr.

"Faith, she doth please me," (the old libertine cries), "what
a sap is rising
"In that young bud! how supple! yet how solid!
"What palpable perfection!"

One can scarcely imagine the saintly Anne of Landor's conception ever having been attracted to a creature so sensual and so vile.

Exquisite as she is, Anne is almost too patient; she is a second Griselda. But one cannot call the attitude undignified. There is no hint of feeble cringing either in Landor's Anne or in her earlier prototype; they regard obedience and submission to their husbands as duties commanded by God himself. They are too noble for the mud of insult and injury to defile their perfect whiteness, and as Fuller has said of Lady Jane Grey, they "made misery itself amiable by their pious behaviour."

The words in which Meredith describes the broken-hearted and betrayed Dahlia Fleming might well apply to Landor's Anne Boleyn:-

"She had gone through fire as few women have done in "like manner, to leave their hearts among the ashes; but with "that human heart she left regrets behind her. The soul of this "young creature filled its place. ..... In truth, she sat "above the clouds. When she died, she relinquished nothing."

C H A P T E R VII.

Lander's Position as a Delineator of Female CHaracter.

It is impossible to study Lander's women characters in detail without asking oneself finally, "What is this writer's exact position as a painter of women in relation to other great writers?" Sir Sidney Colvin claims for Lander a very exalted place, and in doing so consciously challenges criticism and disproof. "In the actual dramatic conduct of the scenes," he writes, "Landor in these short compositions shows a creative power and an insight equal to that of the very greatest masters. Uniting the extreme of force to the extreme of tenderness, he pursues and seizes with consummate mastery the subtlest movements of impassioned feeling. Out of the nobility and tenderness of his own heart, he imagines heights and delicacies of those qualities unmatched, I cannot but think, by any English writer except Shakespeare."

In his "Women of Shakespeare", Mr. Frank Harris complains that few English writers have distinguished themselves as delineators of female character, and as one surveys the field of literature this seems but a slight exaggeration.

Among Shakespeare's predecessors only Chaucer succeeded in painting a really detailed and complex portrait of a woman. His "Wife of Bath", his "Griselda", his "Dorigen" are exquisite, but his masterpiece is Cressida.

Among Shakespeare's contemporaries and immediate successors it is necessary to notice only Beaumont and Fletcher and Webster. Beaumont and Fletcher are generally acknowledged to have been, as one might say,'specialists' in the delineation of female character, and their works present a gallery of portraits which, numerically at least, might compete with Landor's. Character, however, is the essential quality in the creation of an imaginary being, and in this they fall far short of Landor's variety and power. They sacrifice character and verisimilitude to the exigencies of plot and theatrical effect. A pure but sentimental love is usually contrasted with gross sensual passion. They aim constantly at producing unexpected dénouements, and in this aim psychological truth is obscured. Their heroines have little individuality. The bad women usually have the most character, the virtuous maids being merely lovable and pitiable. Perhaps Evadne in "The Maid's Tragedy" is the most nearly living of any. The good women - Aspatia, Euphrasia, Urania, Panthea - are poetical, pure, gentle, loving, constant, and usually suffer the pangs of an unrequited passion with uncomplaining self-abnegation. The wicked women, who contrast vividly with their ideal perfection, are cruel, unscrupulous, and shameless. All are figures of romance, utterly removed from real life.

The powerful but decadent Webster has produced one woman figure of tragic greatness, the Duchess of Malfi. The Duchess is exquisitely drawn, warmly human, playful yet dignified, passionate yet reserved, a noble lady, and yet the tenderest wife

and mother, pure in an atmosphere of crime and suspicion, perfectly endowed with physical and moral courage. She stands out in dazzling white against the blackness of her brothers and of Bosola, and in this respect as in her actual character, she is not unlike Landor's saintly heroines. There is a classic restraint in her dignified response to her undoers, "I am Duchess of Malfi still", that recalls Landor's statuesque reticent manner. The tender simplicity of her last thoughts for her children resembles the anxiety of Anne Boleyn for her little Elizabeth. Even the foul Bosola admires her noble resignation and the courage with which she faces her end, seeing in it

"A behaviour so noble
"As gives a majesty to adversity".

More than any other woman character between Shakespeare and Landor, the Duchess of Malfi resembles the gracious stainless saints of Landor's conception, but Webster cannot be compared with Landor merely because he has created one faultless woman.

After the decay of the Elizabethan school the only portraits of women which appeared for more than a century were satirical or purely conventional. Then came the novelists. Defoe, Sterne, Smollett and Fielding were all essentially men's writers, ~~and~~ although Fielding has left a fresh and charming picture of girlhood in Sophia Western and of spotless womanhood in Amelia.

Of the eighteenth century novelists it is Richardson alone to whom womanhood is an absorbing study. In delicacy of touch, in moving pathos, in sure insight into the profoundest recesses

of the female heart he is Landor's equal. The multitudinous letters of Harriet Byron and Anna Howe mirror faithfully not only their own moods, emotions, and thoughts, but are an intimate revelation of the characters ofall whom they meet. Pamela is less attractive than either. Though her virtue is steadfast and immovable, yet her rapturous surrender to the detestable Mr. B., her horror at the mere suggestion of exacting penitence and apology from a man so much her superior in rank, strike a false note, however much in keeping with the spirit of the times her attitude may be. Clarissa Harlowe is the crown of Richardson's women, an injured saint to be regarded with reverential awe. Even her little preciseneSses are moving, her sufferings are agonising as those of an angel doomed to the power of a fiend, and when Lovelace's offer of marriage at last comes one feels that a martyr's holy death is fitter for her than life with her betrayer. Landor could never have attained to the complexity and subtlety of Richardson, for which only a lengthy novel would allow scope. But he far outrivals Richardson as he does Jane Austen or Fanny Burney in the vast number and variety of his characters, and in the vigour and high nobility of his conceptions. Richardson and his followers selected scenes from contemporary life, and limited their range of characterisation to individuals chosen for the most part from the world of upper and upper middle class society with which they were acquainted. Landor ranged with easy familiarity and equal felicity over all realms and throughoutall ages.

Goldsmith leaves a few humourous or delicate portraits but

can compare with Landor neither in depth or in range.

Of the Victorian novelists, Scott is at home only with his roval and his lower class heroines, leaving untouched the greater prorortion of the sex. Most of Dickens' women are but lav figures decked out in arpropriate vices and virtues. Thackerav has several superb portraits, though on the whole it is his men who are most delicatelv analvsed. Becky Sharp is immortal - Landor's Elizabeth often recalls her - Beatrix Esmond, though less complex is interesting and attractive, Ethel Newcome is delightful, but then one is at the end of his actual heroines. Blanche Amorv is a raler, incompleter Becky Sharp, Amelia Sedlev has been adversely critisized too frequentlv to suffer further castigation, while even Rachel Castlewood is not strikingly distinct. None of Thackerav's women, not even Becky Sharp, reach the heroic heights which Landor demands, for Becky schemes merelv for a rosition in societv, while Elizabeth is ennobled by intriguing for the reace and prosperitv of a great nation.

Jane Austen is universally confessed a skilful psvchologist, but there is nothing in common between her dainty vignettes and Landor's statuesque concertions. Two or three county families and their dailv doings would have had no interest for Landor. No greatness, he would sav, can spring from such circumstances. Certainlv there is no passion, indeed no profound emotion of anv sort, in Jane Austen's characters. The roguishness of Elizabeth Bennet might have attracted Landor, but he would have placed her in more ennobling surroundings. Anne Elliot has an almost classic graciousness, but exquisite as she

is, she does not reach heroic stature; she is merely, as Jane Austen describes her, "an elegant little woman of seven and twenty".

The Brontës must be put aside at once. Their power lies in narrow profundity and intensity rather than in width of psychological vision; their analytic researches into the depths of one or two complex hearts are too conscious and deliberate, their sympathy with mankind at large too narrow, to bear comparison with Landor.

With George Eliot we come into a new field, that of delicate, accurate research into the hearts and minds of a wide range of characters extending from the meanest of creatures to those who attain heights of nobility and dignity. She differs from Landor in refraining from delineating persons in exalted social circumstances, preferring to deal almost exclusively, like Jane Austen, with the kind of being with whom life itslef made her familiar. She has not Landor's faculty for reconstructing the past, that intense imaginative sympathy which feels the heroes and heroines of other days as creatures eternallyliving. When she strives, as in "Romola", to reanimate the past, the result is a magnificent tour de force, but, in essence a failure. There is no doubt about the unerring instinct with which she realises and portrays her characters - Mrs. Poyser, Maggie Tulliver and her aunts, Hetty Sorrel, Dorothea Brooke, Gwendolen Harleth, are magnificent - but in comparing her withLandor one feels that it is the faculties of minute observation and reliable memory that distinguish George Eliot, those of ardent imagination and intuitive

sympathy Landor. I do not mean to imply that she is deficient in imaginative power, but that her imagination is tinged with intellect rather than with emotion. She is a realist, Landor, though he would scorn the insinuation, in this sense a romanticist, or perhaps it would be truer to say an idealist.

Stevenson has only two really successful women characters, Barbara Grant, and the Princess Seraphina. Others, such as Catriona and Mrs. Henry Durie, are interesting merely from circumstances and situation.

Among Victorian writers those who stand out peculiarly as the portrayers of women are Robert Browning and George Meredith. Both have much in common with George Eliot, but both have a far more romantic imagination. It is Browning who most closely resembles Landor, but Meredith has a wide range and amazing powers of characterisation. His Clara Middleton, "the dainty rogue in porcelain" who to some extent recalls Landor's Rhodope and Tersitza, his superbly dignified Rhoda Fleming, his pathetic, clinging Dahlia, his ardent, proud Vittoria, his brave, unconventional Aminta and Carinthia, his passionate, faulty Diana, his incomparable Countess de Saldar, his Lucy Feverel, are sufficient to show the great variety of his types. Each woman is individualised clearly and completely; each is full of vitality, one hears her speak, one sees her move, and with her creator's help one reads the most secret places of her heart and soul. But great as he is Meredith has not Landor's facility in ranging through all centuries and over all realms.

In Browning however, who may be regarded in some part as the literary ancestor of Meredith, appears a far more amazing range and depth. Like Landor he was a man of profound though undisciplined erudition. Like Landor he loved the byways of history and literature. An old yellow book, the account of an obscure Italian murder trial, furnished him with matter for his astounding psychological feat, "The Ring and the Book". Mouldering frescoes in Florence bring before his mind a vivid picture of those neglected pre-Giotteschi, as one might call them, whose works suffer decay unobserved by the ordinary visitor.

Like Landor he chose his characters from all times and from all lands. His exquisite Balaustion is a younger Aspasia, a more human and passionate Leontion; his delicate child, Pippa, is a fit comrade for Ternissa; Pompilia is a subject after Landor's own heart, noble, innocent, dignified, gracious in injury, spotless amid the vile filth of crime and trickery and foul accusation, almost incredible for a man's creation. These are the more ordinary, the more simple, among Browning's women. The number of his complexer studies is astonishing - Constance and the Queen, the woman of "The Inn Album", "James Lee's Wife", Colombe, and numerous briefer pictures in "Men and Women", and "Dramatis Personae". From Palma in "Sordello" to his masterpieces in Colombe and Balaustion each woman is vividly alive.

In range and realism then, he cannot be said to be Landor's inferior, and in fact he deals with even more types than does Landor. Yet the two men belong to such essentially different categories that it seems impossible to compare them. The great

difference between the two classes seems to be that whereas Landor preferred rather to allow his creations to reveal themselves in ordinary converse, seldom depicting them as analysing their own impulses or ideas, Browning and his followers are more conscious psychologists, revelling in the skilful perusal and examination of the innermost being of their creations.

This conscious love of psychological analysis leads to an involuntary preference for the less ordinary types of character. Landor's women, with the possible exception of Catherine and Elizabeth, are all perfectly normal and are seen in situations more or less usual - neither the characters nor the circumstances are too complicated. He loves simplicity and clear outlines with a purely classic ardour. Browning and his imitators prefer the unusual, the puzzling in life - delighting to unravel an intricate psychological tangle or to examine all sides of every question, as Browning did in "The Ring and the Book". The simpler elements of womanhood are for the most part omitted in favour of the complex, the unusual, the evanescent.

Most of Browning's women, Pippa, Pompilia and Balaustion excepted, are neither strikingly good nor bad, and he is temperamentally incapable of drawing a picture of unrelieved blackness. Even the coarse, hotly sensual Ottima is susceptible to the unconscious influence of purity and virtue. Landor's women and indeed all his characters tend to be perfect saints or loathsome sinners. This of course narrows Landor's range of characterisation and shows that sympathy with and understanding of all shades of character is more limited in him than in Browning. There is a danger that the intense preoccupation with

subtle psychological niceties may lead to sickliness, unreality or affectation, but Browning is one of the most "substantial of men" in Landor's own words. He is as healthy and masculine as Landor himself; Meredith is healthy too, but the consciousness of his marvellous faculty for divining and depicting the finest distinctions occasionally shows itself in the arbitrary brilliance and abstruseness of his style. He seems sometimes to propound psychological riddles purely for the pleasure of solving them.

What then is the great difference between Landor and the Browning school? They look at life from different points of view. Both are profoundly attracted by female character, both delight in the loving observation of the delicate shades in woman's character, but in Browning and his followers the interest may be described as centering round the most individual characteristics of each woman, while in Landor the interest is rather in the feminine as feminine. The tendency in Browning and in Meredith is to analyse each woman with such meticulous particularity as clearly and eternally to distinguish her from every other member of her sex. She stands on her own merits as an individual, and to some extent this isolation tends to obscure one's sense of the eternal feminine in her. It is difficult to make plain the distinction between this method and Landor's without the risk of being misinterpreted to suggest that Browning's women are of no sex. They are among the most womanly characters in literature, but so broad are their natures, so extraordinary their caracities, so unlimited their aspirations and their thoughts that one exclaims rather "What magnificent

creatures!" than "What noble women!" Landor's women are not analysed by him but allowed unconsciously to reveal themselves to the reader. Each woman is clearly discriminated from the other, yet what one feels in all of them is a common, an eternal femininity. Elizabeth and Catherine stand out from the rest as exceptions to a great extent, but, as has been shown, in depicting these two he adhered closely to history. The remainder are exquisitely feminine - their minds are feminine, their attitude towards life is feminine, their virtues, their faults, their foibles are feminine. Landor was intensely interested in woman as woman and when he spoke of the almost imperceptibel divergences of character among them he spoke particularly of "female character" as if that were a more or less fixed quantity. Browning is as much interested in the subtle differences between men as in those between women - one has only to study Sludge and Blougram to see this - but, like Landor, he probably found women more interesting to draw because their passions exhibit themselves so much more clearly than men's when the outer veneer is removed.

Women characters have been treated in two well defined ways, firstly as pegs on which to hang the conventional vices and virtues which were popularly supposed to belong to the sex; secondly in more modern times as almost too minutely analysed individuals. The Greek dramatists tended to typify their heroines rather than to individualise them (with the exception of Euripides), but they and Shakespeare and Landor on the whole avoid either extreme, and hence attain to a possibility of durable interest and popularity. A lay figure decked according to

porular taste has no attraction for a thoughtful reader, while a too subtly individualised creature may lose her interest and charm when those social and other circumstances which moulded her have ceased to exist; but that middle type of character who is intensely living and real and who exhibits in her nature those primitive passions and characteristics which always underlie the evanescent actions and revelations of individuals of her sex can never cease to interest.

I think there is little in Browning's characterisation which will cause his work to lose its interior charm - he is too close to primitive realities for that - but in Meredith there are several women characters who are essentially modern products, victims of pure longing hampered and distorted by limiting social customs, nineteenth century women growing consciously out of the swaddling bands which satisfied their sisters of earlier centuries, restless, somewhat self-absorbed, occasionally neurotic. There is much that is eternal in Meredith's finest creations, but in many younger writers who strive to carry out his methods the taint of narrow modernity is more than visible; their heroines' vagaries may often be attributed to nerves, dissatisfaction, and restless self-absorption alone. They must die, just as Werterism has died. They are too much "of their time", and in proportion as a writer is exclusively a man of his age, so will the durability of his works be endangered. The novel with a purpose is notoriously short-lived; when it lives at all it is on account of qualities other than the moral bias which prompted it. So do those characters in a novel or a play who

exhibit the recularities of their age and these alone quickly lose their charm. If they have any greatness they may retain an antiquarian interest as throwing light on their times, but no more. In few poems of the same length does one find portraits so numerous or so clearly defined as in Chaucer's Prologue. How can their eternal charm and freshness be accounted for? By substracting from their personalities all the minor accidents due to time and place, and by recognising below these fortuitous and inevitable accompaniments the never-changing human qualities in each.

Among English writers it is undoubtedly Shakespeare whom Landor most closely resembles in his capacity for distinguishing between his women as individuals and yet leaving them strikingly feminine. Rhodope, Tersitza, Ternissa are a trio of sister souls, just as Shakespeare's maids, Perdita, Miranda, Marina and Imogen belong to one lovely group; yet the members of each group are differentiated from each other by an infinite number of effortless, delicate strokes of their creator's pen. Leontion, Aspasia, Vittoria Colonna are almost as much unlike as they are alike, but in each the essential quality is that of perfect though indefinable womanhood. Neither Shakespeare's women nor Landor's are troubled with any thought of either of woman's rights or for that matter of her wrongs. They accept the conditions of life much as they find them; they may meditate over the mysteries of human existence, they may agonise and grow indignant over the cruelty of fate, but they do so even less than do their male characters. It is never over their own position as women that

they worry or fret; they are content with the ordinary life of woman and ask for nothing better than love, wifehood, motherhood. They look to men as their mates with the naturalness of a bird or an animal. Some of them imagine they would resent the check to liberty which love must needs bring, as do Shakespeare's scornful, witty Beatrice and the shrewish Katherine, but love itself conquers their reluctance with an ease that shows how innately feminine they are. There is nothing unwomanly but rather much that is true to the most secret depths of the feminine soul in the shrinking of the high-mettled and independent from the unknown yoke. Not one of Landor's or Shakespeare's women is neurotic; all are splendidly healthy and normal creatures in soul, however frail their bodies may be.

So far it has been proved that Shakespeare's and Landor's women are of the same general type - the purely natural woman unobscured by merely temporal accompaniments. But as regards range and variety of character Landor must be placed far below Shakespeare. Shakespeare can paint human beings ranging from the lowest depths of degradation to the utmost heights of nobility, and yet allow each to retain a substratum of humanity to make him or her credible. Landor's characters are either "snow white doves" or "crows". Shakespeare can depict a character of the most transparent simplicity or of the most marvellous complexity. Landor is incapable of delineating a really complex character; almost all could be instantly classified as good or bad and after few would one be tempted even to place a mark of interrogation. Some may appear at first glance light-grey -

Agnes Sorel, for example - but before long they manifest themselves in raiment of dazzling white. His villains appear and remain unrelievedly black. Imogen, Perdita, Miranda, those images of radiant, spotless maidenhood, he might have painted; the hapless Ophelia, the injured Desdemona, Juliet, with her whole nature subordinated to a single passion, Lady Macbeth driven onward by relentless ambition, with all these he might have succeeded. But Macbeth himself, Hamlet, Brutus, and all Shakespeare's complexer studies are beyond his power. He tried to fashion a Cleopatra; the result is a failure with one or two redeeming features. He gathered several scenes round the elusive personality of Beatrice Cenci, but he changed her whole character and either unconsciously or by design, through understanding his own limitations, he avoided those scenes which both in the historical records and in Shelley's noble treatment of the same theme presented almost insoluble psychological problems. "His style "and method, suited as it is to present the heroic, the tender, "the pathetic - for all indeed that moves upon clear and simple "lines, is unfitted to present the more complex and the "evanescent. An uncontrollable passion, a rapid interchange of "emotion, are as much outside his scope as are all the lighter "forms of comedy".

In the matter of dramatic construction Landor of course does not bear comparison with Shakespeare. He is capable of revealing with consummate mastery one side after another of a character in isolated scenes, but of the construction of plot he had not the faintest idea. Certain of his dramatic works

are entitled plays, but there is no real structural element which sustains or links together the whole, and each scene might better be regarded as a dramatic or discursive dialogue. He cannot manage skilfully a great number of characters continually re-acting on each other through a varied series of circumstances. The mutual influence of two or three personages in a single scene he depicts admirably, but anything more complicated is beyond his ability.

In one respect only is Landor perhaps more attractive to a woman than is Shakespeare. The attitude of Landor's women towards the question of love is frankly natural, but there is in almost all of them a modesty, a reserve, a delicacy which one is accustomed to believe typically feminine. Now many of Shakespeare's heroines are more than outspoken on the subject of the physical side of love. Juliet is frankly voluptuous, even Portia is not beyond reproach, Beatrice is less delicate than one could desire, while the reserved and sensitive Helena suddenly and unexpectedly reveals her appetites with a lack of restraint that would be unnatural even in a man of her own age. Scarcely one of the women of Shakespeare's long middle period is free from this blemish, and, without following Mr. Frank Harris in attributing all to the pernicious influence of Mary Fitton, few women surely can fail to resent the ever-recurring appearance of an attribute which they must regard as essentially and degradingly unfeminine.

Landor loved Shakespeare, but in style he himself approximated much more nearly to the Greek tragedians whom he admired and imitated. In these tragedies, illustrating as they do

well-known religious legends from which little deviation was possible it is naturally to be expected that the individual character will be subordinated to the necessities of the myth. Clytemnestra, Electra, Antigone, Cassandra - the actions of these were well-known to all and could be altered little. But the motivation, the peculiar attitude of each was in the dramatist's power. Sophocles and Aeschylus availed themselves little of this fact; Sophocles adheres closely to the traditional conception of the characters. He does not shirk the bloodshed, the undeserved fate, the sin, the suffering. His Clytemnestra is a blood-stained adultress; his Antigone full of burning scorn for her weaker sister; all his dramas inspire terror and awe, his characters are of giant proportions, giants in action, giants in suffering. Aeschylus moves a step onward, but even he has little sympathy with or penetration into the characters of his women. His Clytemnestra has traits of moving pathos, she is not of fierceness and of lust all compact, but it is his men who exhibit most individuality.

With Euripides comes a striking change. He has a horror of the old blood-thirst legends which have long passed for heroic. Whereas in his predecessors the idea of an over-ruling arbitrary fate was accepted without question as inevitable and all-powerful, in Euripides one meets first with the beginning of the conception of tragedy as "character issuing in action". Fate is still there - he could not escape it unless he avoided entirely all popular themes - but character plays a greater part. Actions which his brother dramatists regarded as innocuous or indeed

positively virtuous because performed at the instigation of the gods he frequently condemns. Revenge in his eyes is always wrong whether prompted by divine agency or not; so is murder, so is adultery. It is interesting to compare his shamed broken Electra with the self-satisfied, fierce, bitter murderess of Sophocles. Euripides is the Greek painter of women par excellence. In his infinite tenderness for all varieties of the sex, in the delicacy of his treatment, he is strikingly like Landor. Like Landor he loves to suggest the "infinite possibility of the untried girl", and the virgin martyr takes a prominent place in his plays. In his "Helena" it is his delight to portray an innocent Helen, as did Landor; the story of Andromeda becomes a delicate love idyll; in his Alcestis he emphasises what Sophocles would have glossed over or explained away, the selfishness of Admetus in allowing Alcestis to sacrifice her life for him. He refuses to idealise his men, yet he idealises his women. He makes one sympathise with even his worst women, such as Medea, but however tenderly he deals with sinful women, he never excuses the sin. Landor much admired Sophocles, and once wrote of him, "Sophocles is the only Athenian who worthily "describes the character of women. His Antigone and Deïanira "are such as Shakespeare himself would never have repented of "creating, yet it is in his female characters that Shakespeare''s "might and dominion is most specially displayed." But though perhaps he resembles Sophocles in portraying women of the extremes of virtue and vice, he more closely resembles Euripides in the niceness
~~nicest~~ of his characterisation, the tenderness of his touch, and

the instinctive chivalry with which he regards the weaker sex. But his studies are less complex than those of Euripides, and he never wrote a single scene as remote from classicism as the whole of Euripides' "Medea".

Sir Sidney Colvin's dictum was not an extravagent one. Of all English writers Landor is he who most nearly approaches Shakespeare. He is far removed from the infinite variety and the magic dramatic constructive powers of that supreme genius, but he belongs to the same family.

Between him and Browning a comparison is futile. They belong to such diverse types that an attempt at comparison would do wrong to both. Suffice it to say that Browning is indisputably supreme in his own class, and that in a different class Landor must be placed next to Shakespeare. He himself would desire no greater honour.

APPENDIX.

Note 1. Joanna of Kent (Page 22). The nearest approach to the noble dignity of Landor's Joanna is in the description of her character given in S. Armitage Smith's "John of Gaunt". Holinshed and Froissart say little of her. At one time attention seems to have been attracted to her matrimonial adventures (for she had been twice married and once divorced before she married the Black Prince), and the light side of her character is emphasised in Florence Converse's "Long Will".

Note 2. Dona Juana Coelho. (Page 26). Mignet represents Antonio Perez as cunning, unscrupulous, arrogant, extravagant, a man of irregular life, and a lover of intrigue. Mignet believes that Perez had, as he declared, received from Philip II secret orders to assassinate Escovado, but that for purposes of his own he withheld the blow until Escovado incensed him by discovering his amours with the Princess Eboli and threatening to reveal the facts to Philip. Mignet records Dona Juana's pleading for her husband, when Philip's brutal treatment of her caused a miscarriage. She helped her husband to escape from Spain, but Motley tells that she herself died in prison after twelve years' confinement and that Philip imprisoned her children also.

Note 3. Count and Countess Gleichem. (Page 27). Landor obtained his account from Hundorff, but I was unable to get a copy. The Encyclopædia gave Reineck as the most reliable source.

Note 4. Rhadamistus and Zenobia. (Page 31a). Tacitus relates that in about 52 A.D. Rhadamistus by guile and cunning drove from the throne of Armenia his uncle Mithridates, and, by promising a treaty got him in his power, when he immediately murdered him and his wife. Their children he also murdered. Shortly after, he was in turn expelled from his kingdom. His wife Zenobia, who was in a state of pregnancy, accompanied him because of the tender love she bore him. When capture seemed inevitable Zenobia begged her husband to kill her. Tacitus reveals the tender thoughtfulness of Rhadamistus, the courageous spirit of his wife. Zenobia, still living, was drawn from the river Araxes by some shepherds and, her wounds healed, she was sent back to the reigning king Tirithus, who treated her as a queen. Rhadamistus was reinstated by Nero but his father Pharsmanus killed him for treachery. Autalianz gives Hiramizd as the Armenian name for Rhadamistus.

Note 5. Helena and Menelaus. (Page 35). (1) Blackwood's (April. 1837) blames Landor in a criticism of "Pericles

and Aspasia", for stating that Homer kept Helena in the background.
(2) No account of the meeting of Menelaus and Helena is found in the "Iliad", which breaks off before the fall of Troy, though in the "Odyssey" Telemachus finds the pair happily settled in Sparta. There are accounts in the "Little Iliad", in Stesichorus and in Euripides, however, of the actual meeting. In Landor, as one would expect, there is more of natural woman, less of magic and mystery in Helena, though he, too, represents her as an instrument of the gods.
(3) Landor wrote both a prose and a verse rendering of the dialogue between Achilles and Helena, the suggestions for which Crump says he got from the Kypria, a lost epic by Stasius. Although Landor alters the time to the last year of the Trojan War, this Helena seems far more childish, far less grand, than the woman who faces Menelaus. She evinces a great interest in Achilles, and a dangerous desire to hold his hand. She has little sense of her own guilt, and evidently made no proud violent struggle against the evil suggestions ofParis. Her warmest feelings appear to be evoked by the memory of her brothers, though the poetic version contains a touching reference to Hermione, which faintly recalls the grander Helena. There are hints of tragedy but the atmosphere is on the whole idyllic. The verse and prose renderings are strikingly similar.

Note 6. Ines de Castro. (Page 38). Landor enlarged this dialogue into a brief five-act play, which reveals little more of Ines' character but which is truer to the facts of history. Ines once pleaded for her life before Pedro's father, Affonso IV, and her beauty and her charm gained her a temporary respite (Camoens depicts the scene but his Ines is almost without distinguishing features). In 1355, however, Affonso caused her to be murdered in the streets of Coimbra by three courtiers. When Pedro came to the throne he ordered the two of these whom he captured to be slowly and publicly tortured to death. He had the body of his dead love exhumed four years later and caused the highest nobility to kiss the hand of the corpse in homage. Pedro was buried beside Ines in 1367.

Note 7. Tiberius and Virsania) (Page 40). The only hints which Landor had for his conversation were in the following passage in Suetonius, "Sed Agrippinam et abegisse post "divortiam doluit, et semel omnino ex occursu visam adeo "contentis et umentibus oculis prosecutus est, ut "custoditum sit ne unquam in conspectum ei posthac "veniret."

Note 8. Agnes Sorel (Page 49). In "A King's Mistress" Capafigue acclaims Agnes as wielding the most forceful influence over the life of Charles VII, an influence far exceeding in power and duration that of Jeanne d'Arc. Brantôme records that Agnes impelled the king to banish the English; Francis I calls her "la cause .... de France recouvrer", and implies that chivalry really awoke under her eyes. There are a few lines to Joan of Arc in Landor's "Last Fruit", proving the tenacity of his loves.

Note 9. Aphanasia. (Page 54). In Kotzebue's drama Benyowsky is a married man, who only succumbs to the ardent innocent girl after long pleading on her part. If Landor had represented Benyowsky as having a wife, he would either have had to make his hero less noble by letting him conceal the fact, Aphanasia more bold than Landor's women usually are in wooing, or he must have repeated the theme of Zaida and Gleichem (which indeed forms the subject of a touching scene in Kotzebue). In Kotzebue Benyowsky's crowning act of nobility is to leave Aphanasia (or Athanasia, as he calls her) in Kamschatka in the arms of her father.

Note 10. Leonora di Este. (Page 59). Landor found the suggestion of the dialogue between Leonora and Father Panigarola in Serassi's Life of Tasso. Serassi says Panigarola visited Tasso at the plea of the poet himself, and then went to kiss Leonora's hand on behalf of Tasso, but he adds, "I do not know if Panigarola was in time to do this kindness."

Note 11. Aesop and Rhodope. (Page 62).(1) Popular legend has long depicted Aesop as an extremely ugly man. So is he represented in the fables published by Maximus Planudes in the sixteenth century, and by a statue in the Villa Albani in Rome. But in his "Dissertations on the Fables of Aesop" Bentley denies his ugliness, pointing out that in Plato's "symposium" there are jests about Aesop's slavery, none about his appearance. Also a noble statue by Lysippus was erected in his honour by the Athenians, a weighty argument against his deformity. (2) Another Legend of Rhodope makes her the original Cinderella. This story is treated with great charm by Morris. Morris does not aim at making his heroine the normal girl of Landor's conversations, but surrounds her with an atmosphere of remoteness and mystery, almost of sadness, as one set apart by the gods.

Note 12. Diane de Poictiers. (Page 71). Michelet gives a most repulsive picture of Diane, of her immorality with Francis I and with Henry, of her avarice and hauteur, her uncanny magnetism. Balzac's "About Catherine de Medici" deals far more gently with Diane, while Carefigue paints her in dazzling colours as a noble spirit, "roussant le Roi comme Agnés Sorel à France recouvrer."

Note 13. Death of Clytemnestra. (Page 72). In the conversation between Demosthenes and Eubulides the following remark is made about Clytemnestra. "The idea, not of having "lost her daughter, but of having lost her by a sacrifice, "fixed the dagger in the hand of Clytemnestra."

Note 14. Kaido Zavellas. (Page 75). Finlay gives an idea of Kaido's courage and patriotism but no details of her character. Photo escaped from his dungeon, and returned to Suli to help in the final vain defence. Finally he and many other Suliots left the citadel and, after appalling hardships, he and Kaido and a few others reached Parja.

Note 15. Sappho. (Page 77). In his "Sappho in the Added Light of New Fragments ", J. M. Edmonds gives an interesting account of her life. He, like most critics, disbelieves in the "Phaon" story, but, like many myths, it has been the parent of many literary creations. The finest modern treatment both of Sappho's character and of the tragic story of her love for Phaon is Grillparzer's magnificent drama, "Sappho".

Note 16. Ternissa. (Page 89). The maid Thelymnia who appears in the dialogue of P. Scipio, Aemilianus, Polybius and Panaetius, is somewhat like Ternissa in her flower-like beauty. "She reminded me of those ancient fables "which represent the favourites of the gods as turning "into flowers; so accordant and identified was her beauty "with the flowers and foliage she had chosen to adorn "it,"

Note 17. Iphigeneia and Agamemnon. (Page 87). Landor wrote of the composition of this dialogue the beautiful lines beginning:-

"From eve to morn, from morn to parting night,
"Father and daughter stood within my sight."

There have been few tenderer pictures of Iphigeneia in literature. Euripides represents her as Landor did, pleading at Aulis, then rising to heroism; but in his "Iphigeneia in Tauris" she is a woman burning for revenge against Helen, and lying and scheming to deceive her host to help on her brother's purpose. Goethe's "Iphigeneia" is far tenderer, but his heroine is a German not a Greek woman.

Note 18. Dante and Beatrice. (Page 99). The tender girl whom Landor depicts is not, of course, his actual conception of the character of the real Beatrice, of whom Boccaccio is represented as saying, "I think her in general more "of the seraphic doctor than the seraph. It is well "she retained her beauty."

Note 19. Dante and Gemma Donati. (Page 105). This meeting of Gemma and Dante is not historically correct, for he never saw her again after he was exiled from Florence.

Note 20. Princess Mary and Princess Elizabeth. (Page 110). Harrison Ainsworth has given a good picture of Mary in "The Tower of London", showing the fusion in her of her father's courage, dignity and obstinacy, and her mother's piety, tending to austerity and moroseness. Of that side of her nature which won her the title of "Bloody Mary", Tennyson says finely, but perhaps a little unjustly:-

"The 'Thou shalt do no murder' which God's hand
"Wrote on her conscience, Mary rubb'd out pale -
"She could not make it white - and over that
"Traced in the blackest text of Hell - 'Thou shalt' -
"And sign'd it - Mary."

Note 21. Parents of Luther. (Page 112). Luther often mentions his father, says Michelet, never his mother. But a mark of his affection for her may be discerned in his choosing her Christian name to stand for the woman in his version of the marriage service.

Note 22. Miguel and his Mother. (Page 122). See Fyffe's "History of Modern Europe" and Martineau's "History of the Peace." Carlota Joaquina was a woman of lax morals and violent character, the head of the absolutist party in Portugal. She was suspected of having poisoned her husband, and when her elder son Pedro abdicated the throne in favour of his little daughter Maria, it was she who persuaded her favourite son Miguel to break his oaths as Regent and ascend the throne himself. Russia and Austria openly favoured his cause but were induced by Canning to join England and France in their waiting policy. Miguel could not even forswear himself like a man, but screened himself behind the Archbishop's ecclesiastical garments and is said not to have touched the Bible with his lips. The many executions which ushered in his reign were performed (as Landor indicates) at his mother's instigation, for Miguel, though coarse and fond of pleasure and admiration, was not cruel by nature.

Note 23. Elizabeth and Anjou. (Page 137). Landor makes the visit of Anjou occur immediately after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and represents Anjou as being nineteen and Elizabeth thirty-nine. The first visit of this suitor occurred in 1579 when he was twenty-four and Elizabeth forty-five. The wooing of his elder brother (later Henry III) to which Elizabeth refers took place about the time of the massacre.

Note 24. Catherine and Princess Dashkof. (Page 168). Catherine may be compared rather with Shakespeare's Goneril than with any other villainesses of fiction for the relentless-

ness of her ambition. The Princess Dashkof has usually been represented solely as a woman of amazing intellect, but I think her Memoirs prove her to have had also a very warm heart and strong moral principles. She appears there much as Landor shows her.

Note 24b. King Carlo Alberto. (Page 148). See "Military Events in Italy in 1848" by the Earl of Ellesmere, and Cambridge Modern History. Carlo Alberto has been called "the Italian Hamlet", but modern critics tend to feel that his hesitations were more rational than was thought at the time. Landor naturally exalts the character of the Princess (or Duchess) Belgioioso at the expense of Carlo Alberto because she raised and led to the frontier 200 men, but she was not a woman of extraordinary character.

Note 25. Vittoria Colonna. (Page 148). In one of her sonnets Vittoria speaks thus of Pescara, "Hardly had my spirit "entered into life when my heart proscribed every other "object and nothing found favour in my eyes but the "heavenly aspect of him in whose light I was always "nourished." Of his pure feelings towards his friend Michael Angelo wrote:-

"Above all vain desire
"The beauty of her face doth lift my clay.
"O lady, who through fire
"And water leadest souls to joy eterne,
"Let me no more into myself return."

His grief at her death was overwhelming.

Note 26. Lady Lisle and Elizabeth Gaunt. (Page 168). In his "History of My Own Times" Burnet gives a brief account of these two women. He mentions Elizabeth Gaunt's numerous acts of charity among prisoners and the poor "of what persuasion soever they were." (Cf. Landor's heroine). Jeffreys unjustly suborned a witness and Elizabeth was condemned to death. She died "with a constancy, even to "a cheerfulness, that struck all that saw it" praising God that she was the first to die by fire in this reign and placing the faggots round her own body. In the case of Lady Lisle Landor gives a slightly different impression from that given by Burnet. Landor's Lady Lisle looks forward to meeting her sainted husband as her greatest joy; Burnet remarks that her husband had been a "regicide", and that "she was not easily reconciled to "the share he had had" in the death of Charles I. She appears a so more calmly courageous than Landor depicts her, falling quietly asleep while Jeffreys urged violently on the unjest progress of her trial.

Note 27. Anne Boleyn. (Page 178). (1) Mrs. Strickland's Life of Anne is full of interest, and the account of her fall and last days is very sympathetic. One sentence recall Landor's heroine - "Her impulses had always been

"virtuous, and she was a constant reader of the "Scriptures". Every historian emphasises the unjust circumstances surrounding her trial.
(2) Mrs. Strickland records Henry's behaviour upon hearing the gun which announced Anne's execution almost as Landor gives it, but Katherine Parr is Landor's own addition. For a romantic account of Henry's love for Anne see Harrison Ainsworth's "Windsor Castle". In "Last Fruit" Landor addresses some lines to Henry VIII beginning "Thou murderous man". His hatreds were as steadfast as his loves.

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Schiller - Jungfrau von Orleans.
Burnet - History of my own Times.
Roberts - Life of James, Duke of Monmouth.
Ascham - Schoolmaster.
Pollard - Henry VIII.

Chapter VII.

All the important works of British authors mentioned.

Euripides - Professor G. Murray's translations.
Aeschylus - Seven Plays translated by Lewis Campbell.
Sophocles - Antigone) translated by
Electra) Whitelaw.