A STUDY OF CERTAIN ASPECTS OF NINETEENTH CENTURY PERIODICAL CRITICISM (1798 - 1842)

especially in its influence on and attitude to new literary movements.

by

JAMES KINGHORN.

Volume Three.
CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

FAME IN A LIFETIME.

The last poet whose treatment at the reviewers' hands we shall follow is the youthful Tennyson. A consideration of the fortunes of his three earliest volumes is informative not only of his own standing as a young poet but of the growth of the reputation of Keats and the other romantic poets on the one hand, and of the reasons behind Tennyson's own subsequent development on the other. Like the critics we shall ignore the volume of Poems by Two Brothers, while the transition from the 1832 to the 1842 volumes gives us an opportunity to savour the newer qualities in criticism which had developed by the later date, and which we shall have little difficulty in recognising as Victorian.

Poems Chiefly Lyrical did not attract the attention of many critics, but the few notices it received were important.
The Spectator spoke of the book as promising, but Tennyson is asked to remember "that originality and oddity are not the same".

A long and suggestive critique appeared in the Westminster Review, commencing with a dissertation on the impossibility of the fountain of poetry ever running dry. Poetry "can only retrograde in the retrogradation of humanity.... Descriptive poetry is the most exhaustible; but our coal mines will fail us much sooner. No man ever yet saw all the beauty of a landscape." The revolt against conventional, unmeaning descriptive poetry is an example of "the utilitarian spirit" and the "great principle of human improvement" applied to poetry.

The critic goes on to infuse this spirit deliberately into literature: "Metaphysics must be the stem of poetry for the plant to thrive.... The poetry of the last forty years already shows symptoms of life in exact proportion as it is imbued with this science. There is least of it in the exotic legends of Southey, and the feudal romances of Scott. More of it, though in different ways, in Byron and Campbell. In Shelley there would have been more still, had he not devoted himself to unsound and mystical theories. Most of all in Coleridge and Wordsworth. They are all going or/
or gone; but here is a little book as thoroughly and unitedly metaphysical and poetical in its spirit as any of them... Do not let our readers be alarmed. These poems are any thing but heavy.... They are graceful, very graceful; they are animating, touching, and impassioned. And they are so, precisely because they are philosophical."

Psychological analysis is a new and important field for poetry. "Science, mental or physical cannot be taught poetically; but the power derived from science may be used poetically." And the poet "finds in the phenomena exhibited in moral dissection... some of the finest originals for his pictures; and they exist in infinite variety." Tennyson excels in this style; "He climbs the pineal gland as if it were a hill in the centre of the scene." The Supposed Confessions of a Second-rate Mind is "an extraordinary combination of deep reflection, metaphysical analysis, picturesque description, dramatic transition, and strong emotion.... We do honestly think this state of mind as good a subject for poetical description as even the shield of Achilles itself." The adoption of such themes acquits poetry of "the reproach of being frivolous and enervating."

Such poems as The Merman and Sea-Fairies move the critic to exclaim "Our author has the secret of the transmigration of the soul. He can cast his own spirit/
spirit into any living thing, real or imaginary." There is more genuine insight in the judgment that selects Mariana as "altogether, the most perfect composition in the volume." Tennyson's amatory poems express "manly love". "Had we space we should discuss this topic. It is of incalculable importance to society. Upon what love is, depends what woman is, and upon what woman is depends what the world is, both in the present and the future."

The review is not all praise. "We must protest against the irregularities of measure, and the use of antiquated words and obsolete pronunciation, in which our author indulges so freely." These are signs of indolence and affectation. A good poet can produce all his effects in regular metre. The review ends on a note of warning and of high praise too. "That these poems will have a very rapid and extensive popularity we do not anticipate. Their very originality will prevent their being generally appreciated for a time." A genuine poet, "of all men, should have distinct and worthy objects before him, and consecrate himself to their promotion." Tennyson must be careful not to let his very facility "degrade him into a poetical harlequin." But "if our estimate of Mr. Tennyson be correct, he too is a poet; and many years hence may be [he?] read his juvenile description of that character with the proud consciousness that it has become the/
the description and history of his own work."

A more rational but equally favourable appreciation appeared in the New Monthly Magazine. "Almost the first verse we come to... turned indifference to interest - such an interest, we may add, as can be seldom felt; for the coming of true poets is, in more senses than one, like the coming of angels." The critic's reason for his interest in the book should be noticed: "It is full of precisely the kind of poetry for which Mr. Keats was assailed, and for which the world is already beginning to admire him."

There is nothing equal to Hyperion or the Nightingale Ode or The Eve of St Agnes, but "there is the same fulness of thoughts and fervour of feeling, with much of the same quaintness of expression." Tennyson puts "his whole heart into his harmonies." The critic briefly praises Mariana, the Supposed Confessions, The Kraken, Oriana and some lesser pieces and concludes with a word of warning "We do not fear that the real originality of some parts will be hidden by the affectedness of others."

A long and very characteristic review by Christopher North in Blackwood's Magazine is remembered as the casus belli between Tennyson and Lockhart rather than for its actual mingling of praise and blame.
blame. "We shall not define poetry," he begins, "because the Cockneys have done so; and were they to go to church, we should be strongly tempted to break the Sabbath. But this much we say of it, that every thing is poetry which is not mere sensation. We are poets at all times when our minds are makers"—A dictum strongly reminiscent of one for which Hazlitt had been pilloried. Wilson continues, "England ought to be producing some young poets now, that there may be no dull interregnum when the old shall have passed away." If the French Revolution engendered Wordsworth and the other romantic poets, a second revolution is brewing in Europe and so a second generation of poets ought to arise.

Tennyson has been called a Phoenix by his friends, but he is merely a Swan. "One of the saddest misfortunes that can befall a young poet, is to be the Pet of a Coterie; and the very saddest of all, if in Cockneydom. Such has been the unlucky lot of Alfred Tennyson." In short, he has been overpraised.

"Alfred is a promising plant; and the day may come when, beneath sun and shower, his genius may grow up and expand into stately tree,... But that day will never come if he harken not to our advice." Christopher accordingly advises Alfred of his faults:—"At present he has small power over the common feelings and thoughts of men.... and the reason is, that he fears/
fears to look such sympathies boldly in the face, - and will be - metaphysical. What all the human race see and feel, he seems to think cannot be poetical." Wilson here points to the contrast of Wordsworth's glorification of the common man. Tennyson's attempts in this kind are notable failures. His patriotic songs are given as examples with the comment: "It would not be safe to recite them by the sea-shore, on an invasion of the French." One of them is quoted and Wilson continues, "That is drivel. But there is more dismal drivel even than that." He means Lost Hope. "But there is more dismal drivel even than that." - Love, Pride, and Forgetfulness. "The worst of all the above is, that they betray a painful and important straining after originality.... Such cold conceits - devoid of ingenuity - would seem to us of evil omen - but for our faith in genius." As for The How and the Why, "we offer to match it for a cool hundred, against any thing alive of the same inches - and give a stone." Tennyson "shews no fancy in the region of metaphysics; though it is plain from many pages that he has deluded himself.... into the belief that there lies his especial province."

The opinion of the Westminster Review, that Tennyson excels in entering into mythological characters, is dismissed as "the purest mere matter of moonshine ever mouthed by an idiot-lunatic, slavering in/
in the palsied-dotege of the extremest superannuation ever inflicted on a being, long ago, perhaps, in some slight respects and low degrees human, but now sensibly and audibly reduced below the level of the Pongos .... O the speculative sumph!' In the shape of the Merman, about which that reviewer is so excited, "Alfred cuts a foolish figure.... He kisses like a cod-fish, and, we humbly presume, he is all the while stark-naked under the sea; though for the sake of decency, we recommend next dip a pair of flannel drawers." More seriously, "In the preternatural lies not the sphere in which he excels. Much disappointed were we to find him weak where we expected him strong." But Wilson returns to his fooling to laugh at the poems on the owl and the Kraken, the last being quoted as meaningless.

At length Wilson turns to the poems which, he considers, justify a high estimate of the young poet. He rhapsodises about the Ode to Memory. "In it Memory and Imagination, like two angels, lead him by the hands back to the bowers of paradise.... and he sees that the bowers of paradise are built on this common earth, that they are the very bushes near his father's house, where his boy-hood revelled in the brightening Dawn." After a quotation he goes on "There is fine music there; the versification would be felt delightful to all poetical ears, even if they missed the many/
many meanings of the well-chosen and happily-obedient words.... The sound is echo to the sense; and the sense is sweet as that of life's dearest emotions enjoyed in 'a dream that is not all a dream'.

Of the Deserted House, "every word tells; and the short whole is "most pathetic in its completeness - let us say perfection." A Dirge prompts the remark, "Mr Tennyson is sometimes too mystical; for sometimes we fear there is no meaning in his mysticism.... But at other times he gives us sweet, still, obscure poems, like the gentle gloaming, saddening all that is sad, and making nature's self pensive in her depth of peace."

A new aspect of Tennyson's poetry is brought on the scene. "He has a delicate perception of the purity of the female character. Any one of his flesh and blood maidens....is worth a billowy wilderness of his Sea-Fairies. Their names and their natures are delightful.... We are in love - as an old man ought to be - with them all.... What different beings from King Charles's beauties! Even in bodily charms far more loveable; in spiritual pure

'A heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb'."

Wilson gushes on in his way for some time before quoting Isabel, which is certainly the strongest of that sentimental series. He is on surer ground with another poem. "There is profound pathos in 'Mariana'...Nor/
...Nor might Wordsworth's self in his youth have disdained to indite such a melancholy strain. Scenery - state - emotion - character - are all in fine keeping."
There follows an important and, for Wilson, remarkable observation. "It is not at all necessary that we should understand fine poetry to feel and enjoy it, any more than fine music. That is to say some sorts of fine poetry - the shadowy and the spiritual."
The reference is to Claribel, which Wilson had not at first realised to be an elegy, but earlier he had said of the Dying Swan "As we remember hearing Hartley Coleridge praise the lines, they must be fine; though their full meaning be to us like the moon 'hid in her vacant interlunar cave'."
Adeline and the Sleeping Beauty are praised, and Oriana is spoken of as "perhaps the most beautiful of all Alfred Tennyson's compositions." It is quoted. "But the highest of all this young poet's achievements, is the visionary and romantic strain, entitled 'Recollections of the Arabian Nights'." Christopher is led aside thereby to give a romantic account of his childhood and its pleasures by his delight at the poems.
"Our critique is near its conclusion, and in correcting it for press, we see that its whole merit, which is great, consists in the extracts, which are 'beautiful exceedingly'. Perhaps, in the first part of our article, we may have exaggerated Mr Tennyson's not/
not infrequent silliness, for we are apt to be carried away by the whim of the moment;... but we feel assured that in the second part we have not exaggerated his strength - that we have done no more than justice to his fine faculties - and that the millions who delight in Maga will, with one voice, confirm our judgment - that Alfred Tennyson is a poet." He must, however, unlearn many mannerisms, and resist the temptation to make every pretty fancy into a poem "about the length of one's little finger" or he will not attain his true stature. "Finally, Nature is mighty, and poets should deal with her on a grand scale." The example of Wordsworth's Excursion is held up to him. "All poets, ere they gain a bright name, must thus celebrate the worship of nature.... With such admonition, we bid Alfred Tennyson farewell."

The most obvious feature of these reviews is that the critics felt the poetical sky to be very empty. The great luminaries of the first years of the century were, as the Westminster said, "going or gone," and since the publication of Shelley's Posthumous Poems in 1824, only stars of feeblower magnitudes had been shining. The critics were ready to welcome any new planet that should swim into their ken. In Tennyson were sufficient criteria of the true fire for his appearance to awaken real hopes that a new poet had arrived/
arrived at last. It will be noticed that Tennyson is judged almost wholly on his merits as a poet, though there is a hint of the old political antagonisms in Wilson's girding at the fashion in which the radicals praise him. His poetical ancestry is recognised both in Blackwood's and in the New Monthly, although the one calls it Cockney and the other Keatsian. The Westminster Review however seems to have missed completely the great debt of Tennyson's early work to Keats. It has been in fact Tennyson's own personal development of the Keatsian elements in his work that has been responsible for his most enduring poetry.

At the same time we can already see Tennyson being forced into the paths that were to make the adjective Tennysonian a by-word for all that was most smug and sentimental in Victorian poetry. The group of love lyrics titled each with a female name attracted peculiar attention. Now this group of poems is the most sentimental in the volume and is marked by what the Westminster called manly love, that is an exaggerated reverence for woman combined with a firm determination that she shall keep a proper subordinate station in respect to her lord and master. It was certainly, as Wilson said, a marked contrast with the polished animalism of the Restoration court; it was also a contrast with the deeper realism of the comedy of Shakespeare or the lyrics of Donne, but Tennyson was/
was here the unacknowledged legislator of the coming reign, and the reviewers were quick to respond to his call. There was another topic on which the present critics anticipated both later reviews and Tennyson's own development - the necessity for a poet to aim high, to realise his responsibilities. Wilson's recommendation to him of the example of Wordsworth's nature poetry was more old-fashioned than the Westminster's plea that he should consecrate himself to the promotion of some worthy object. It might have been the wiser course, we may think, remembering his ultimate conception of a worthy object and his original splendid objectivity of description.

Yet both the Westminster and Blackwood's have some surprisingly modern touches. The former insists on the importance of metaphysics as the fundamental element of poetry, and on closer examination we find that by metaphysics is meant psychological analysis, "moral dissection". Using this standard, the Westminster evaluates the romantic poets, and his ranking has been approved by the test of time. The only surprise is the complete omission of Keats's name from the list. The greater moments of Maud and In Memoriam and his finest lyrics remind us that Tennyson was indeed a metaphysical poet, in the sense meant here, although we do not usually think of him as an analyst of mental states. But subsequent developments/
developments of poetry have certainly been along the lines foreseen by the Westminster. Wilson also shows himself ahead of his time with a dictum which would win the support of a large school of critics to-day, that "it is not at all necessary that we should understand fine poetry to feel and enjoy it, any more than fine music." It is interesting incidentally to find a critic admitting difficulty in understanding so straight-forward a poet, for we have already seen that that difficulty was one criterion of a poet's originality.

If we come down to the details of the criticisms, we find that they are in agreement on the qualities in Tennyson which they disliked, his love of compound epithets and his affectation of antique phraseology. They are united too in their praise of at least one poem - Mariana, which even in its early form deserved all that they said about it. Of the acclamation received by the love poems we have already spoken. Wilson was the only critic to turn the lime-light on The Recollections of the Arabian Nights, perhaps the best-remembered poem, after Mariana in the whole volume. But he also admires the rather pretentious Ode to Memory and dismisses the Kraken, a poem in which the New Monthly Magazine had been quick to perceive a subtle merit. The Supposed Confessions attract much favourable attention, and deservedly so, although/
although, in spite of some faint prognostications of
In Memoriam, it is a blind alley in Tennyson's work. Other poets however were to go far along that path.

Late in 1832, Tennyson published another volume of Poems, containing far greater riches than the previous one, *The Lady of Shalott, Oenone, The Lotus-Eaters* and unfortunately an epigram *To Christopher North* being included. It attracted much more, but not always favourable attention. Some of the criticisms, as we shall see, were marred by the intrusion once more of irrelevant factors.

The review in the *Literary Gazette* was one of these. "Mr Alfred Tennyson," it begins, "may be considered a pupil of a poetical school, to offer a fair and candid opinion of the merits and demerits of any one of whom...is sure to bring the whole about your ears, buzzing, hallooing, yelling, abusing, and pelting, with all the fury of an incensed urchinry." There follows an explanatory reference back to a former encounter with the "Baa-Lamb School;" the title had been coined in fact to jeer at Lamb's *Album Verses*, with as much clamour, Lamb said "as if we had put forth an Epic." But he had not been without defenders. "How noble is R.S. to come forward for an old friend, who had treated him so unworthily!" was his own comment, and the *Examiner* had also stood by its old/
old contributor. It was pathetic that the aged Elia should need defence, but that Tennyson's name should be set in such company, even in mockery, gives him a noble lineage.

To return to the Literary Gazette, Tennyson is said, like Lamb, to display "a preposterous inclination to engraft antique phraseology upon commonplace notions". In kindness, Tennyson's first volume was ignored, but now "we believe he is confirming himself in the most erroneous pursuit of an ignis fatuus, while possessing talents which, if better directed, might lead him to the brightness he aims at in the temple of fame.... Thus we find in these pages a fine perception of rural objects and imagery, and descriptive passages of no mean truth and beauty. The sentiments are also, in general, pure and natural, but marred by the affectation which works them out till pathos expires with ennui. Another good quality to be noted is enthusiasm".(1)

The volume is glanced through with quotations and comments. For example, the opening verses of Eleanore are admired, the sixth and seventh are not, a/

(1) It is a comment on the change in outlook from an earlier generation that enthusiasm should be used as a term of praise.
a metaphor, eliminated since then, being dismissed as "just nonsense". The critic also dislikes the "prolific abundance" of compounds in the poems. The description of the miller, in the Miller's Daughter, "shews that the author has no fear of ludicrous association," but the picture of the mill and the stream is quoted with admiration. The Lotos-Eaters is acceptable, but for the trick of repetition in the earliest stanzas. The sonnet, "Mine be the strength", is torn to bits but not quite so brutally by this critic as by Lockhart. To , which also suffered most cruelly under Lockhart, is "one of those productions which ought, from their subject, to touch the heart, if they were not overstrained into vexatious trifling pedantry." Under pedantry the critic includes studied repetitions and contrasts, and le mot juste. 'Laughters of the jay' - "We never heard aught of the kind." The Lady of Shalott "is a strange ballad, without a perceptible object.... We have said that the author shewed no fear of ludicrous associations; but as there is nothing either romantic or pathetic in this piece, he was safe enough with his Shalott, an onion which could make nobody shed tears." This rather astonishing verdict is followed by a brief parody of the poem. The first ten lines of Oenone are quoted with sarcastic italics at every compound and the reviewer breaks out, "The sheer insanity of versification! and enough to satisfy a jury de/
de lunatico inquirondo .... Low diet and sound advice may restore the patient: in the mean time we must commit him to what his publication does not deserve to have - a cell." There is something reminiscent of Maginn in the matter of this article.

The Spectator looked coolly on the new volume, "It does not appear to us.... that Mr. Tennyson has either consulted his fame by his publication, or at all approached the beauties of his first production. His general excellence lies in a sort of richness of words, joined with a minute taste for natural sounds and sights, - those, too, rather felt through the poetry of others, than his own senses." A shrewd enough judgment, but the critic follows it up by quoting Eleanore as most nearly approaching his earlier standard. In general Tennyson "has grown far more shadowy and obscure."

The Monthly Repository, a Unitarian and radical organ, was fortunate in its editor, W.F. Fox, who was among the first to canvass the merits of his friend Robert Browning, and who was probably responsible for the following sensitive article on Tennyson.

Fox, if it were he, looks back to the appearance of Poems chiefly Lyrical, "which no flourish of newspaper trumpets had announced, and in whose train no reviewers/
reviewers had waved their banners, but which made us feel that a poet had arisen in the land.... It was the poetry of truth, nature, and philosophy; and above all, it was that of a young man, who, if true to himself and his vocation, might charm the sense and soul of humanity, and make the unhewn blocks in this our wilderness of society move into temples and palaces." He certainly possesses the intelligence and sensuousness requisite for a poet.

This critic is the first to put his finger on a great source of Tennyson's strength when he remarks that the music of poetry has not yet been cultivated to its full perfection. "No writer seems to have studied more, or, considering the quantity of his productions, have done so much, by means of this art, as the author of these poems."

Poetry has become more and more philosophical with the progress of civilisation. The Supposed Confessions and The Palace of Art "are noble poems of this class. They are the writings of one who has gazed on the diversities and the changes of the human spirit.... with the same poetical perception that young Homer, yet unblinded, watched the tent of council, and the field of battle; or that Virgil saw the husbandman making glad furrows on the fertile plain, beneath propitious constellations". The same reflective character, explicit in these two poems, pervades all his verse. By way of example the critic quotes/
quotes the Introduction to *The Palace of Art* and, naively enough, both parts of *The May Queen*, while *Eleanore*, and the Miller are given as proof that Tennyson's "portraits.... are sketched with rare felicity."

The reviewer is on safer ground speaking of another aspect of the poems. "In 'Mariana', 'Nothing will die', and 'All things will die', 'Recollections of the Arabian Nights', and the 'Lotos-Eaters', there is a rich display of the action and re-action of mind and matter, - of the effect of external scenery upon the soul within, and of the colouring which the soul spreads over all the external world. Rich and strange is the harmony here produced, and deeply must its truth be felt. The best combined display of the author's powers, reflection, and imagination, description and melody, is in the 'Legend of the Lady of Shalott!'"

In conclusion, the critic regrets that there has been so little development between 1830 and 1832. "Mr Tennyson must have more earnestness, and less consciousness. His power must have a more defined and tangible object.... Let him ascertain his mission, and work his work, and realise the aspirations of the sonnet with which this volume commences."

Bulwer Lytton, probably attempting a diversion to counteract the attacks on his own novels, reviewed the poems under the provocative title, 'The Faults of/
of Recent Poets', in the New Monthly Magazine. He contrasts the praise lavished on Tennyson's earlier volume by the reviewers with the contempt meted out to it by the public. "When reviewers praise, and the public slights, it is a proof of the little consequence the public attaches to reviews. The best of the joke is, that the reviewers, finding themselves so important, have taken to a theory, that good poetry must be unpopular, fortifying themselves with the almost solitary examples of Wordsworth and Shelley... When poetry cannot touch the common springs of emotion - cannot strike upon the Universal Heart - there is a fault somewhere.... It is not philosophy to utter in grand words the rhapsodies of insanity - nor a grace to babble forth, in Nursery rhymes, the prattle of childhood. The world is right, and the reviewers are wrong." A comforting thought to one who was writing best-sellers, consistently denigrated by Maginn and others.

Lytton goes on to deplore the recent affectation of the conceits and euphuisms of earlier centuries. Worse still, younger poets are taking Keats and Shelley as their models. "The genius of Keats and Shelley scarcely redeemed their own faults; and it is more than doubtful whether the former will ever rank with posterity among the classic names of the age." Tennyson, whose faults Lytton thinks have been praised more than his merits, is typical. "He may hereafter confess/
confess we did not act an unfriendly, though an un-
pleasing part by him, in assuring his young muse, that
to resemble an old poet is not to be original - that
Keats and Shelley are abominable models - that the
public are better judges of literary merit than re-
viewers."

Lytton then plays a trick that shows he was in-
deed ultimus Romanorum, the last of the Augustans.
He asks a question that we have not heard since the
ing early days of the Lake Poets, "We appeal now to all
impartial readers - not drunk with the Wordsworthian
pap - whether there be any just cause or reason,
beside the rhyme, why the following two specimens of
Mr. Tennyson's genius should be called poetry." The
two specimens, we need hardly say, are O Darling Room
and To Christopher North. Lytton goes on to make fun
of the 'river, mirror, lirra' rhymes in Shalott.

One of the sins of his contemporaries Lytton
deeply deplores, "a want of all manliness in love.
They languish, and drawl, and roll the eyes, and
faint.... There is an eunuch strain about them....
From this sin, Mr. Tennyson.... is of course not free;
but at times there are lines and thoughts which show
he is above his system." The conclusion of the
Miller's Daughter is quoted in proof. But Lytton is
not quite finished with his fault-finding yet. The
Palace of Art and The Dream of Fair Women are condemned
as "Shelleyan", while The Hesperides and Oenone "are
of/
of the best Cockney classic; and Keatesian to the marrow.... But as a counterpoise to these, are two very sweet and natural poems called 'The May Queen' and 'New Year's Eve'. If Mr. Tennyson would lean more to the vein manifest in these poems, he would soon insensibly detach himself from his less wholesome tendencies, and would be in everybody's mouth, and out of the reviewers' good graces." A few stanzas are quoted from the second poem as being "of remarkable beauty". The choice is a strange one coming from a critic deploring sentimentality.

In spite of his examples, Lytton restates his preference for an Augustan to a romantic style and concludes, "We have been thus harsh with our young poet because we have more hopes of him than most of his contemporaries. And it is time for a POET once more to arise."

To Lockhart was entrusted the task of paying Tennyson out for his foolish little epigram on Christopher North, and he published in the Quarterly one of the most powerful and sustained pieces of irony in the language. Lockhart is happy to recommend to his readers "a new prodigy of genius - another and a brighter star of that galaxy or milky way of poetry of which the lamented Keats was the harbinger; and let us take this occasion to sing our palinode on the subject of 'Endymion'. We certainly did not discover in/
in that poem the same degree of merit that its more clear-sighted and prophetic admirers did.... All this splendour of fame, however, though we had not the sagacity to anticipate, we have the candour to acknowledge.... Warned by our former mishap, wiser by experience, and improved, as we hope, in taste, we have to offer Mr. Tennyson our tribute of unmingled approbation.... Our present task will be little more than the selection,...of a few specimens of Mr. Tennyson's singular genius, and the venturing to point out, now and then, the peculiar brilliancy of some of the gems that irradiate his poetical crown." This show of high seriousness is maintained throughout the review. By implication the main charges preferred against Tennyson are silliness, nonsense, and affectation.

The following is an example of the treatment inflicted on the individual poems. In the poem To____, later cancelled, the poet speaks from his grave.

'Come only when the days are still
And at my head-stone whisper low,
And tell me -'

"Now what would an ordinary bard wish to be told under such circumstances? - why, perhaps, how his sweetheart was, or his child, or how the Reform Bill worked, or whether the last edition of the poems had been sold - papae! our genuine poet's first wish is

'And tell me - if the woodbines blow!'
When, indeed, he shall have been this satisfied as to the woodbines (of the blowing of which in their due season he may, we think, feel pretty secure) he turns a passing thought to his friend—and another to his mother."

Apart from this piece, the poems castigated are the opening sonnet 'Mine be the strength', The Lady of Shalott, the best parts of The Miller's Daughter, Oenone, The Hesperides, Lotos-Eaters, Palace of Art, Iphigenia, O Darling Room and To Christopher North. Tennyson is not credited with a single redeeming feature.

As Jeffrey went back across some years to speak of Lyrical Ballads as something of vital importance to literature, so when the London Review was founded in 1835, J.S. Mill looked back to Tennyson's two volumes, but with a kinder intention than his great predecessor.

Poems Chiefly Lyrical, he considers, in spite of all its faults, "gave evidence of powers such as had not for many years been displayed by any new aspirant to the character of a poet." In the next volume, these faults were decreasing and "the positive excellence was not only greater and more uniformly sustained, but of a higher order. The imagination of the poet, and his reason, had alike advanced."

Mill speaks of the reviews in Blackwood's and the/
the Quarterly as if they had been the only ones. The former, "along with the usual flippancy and levity of that journal, evinced one of its better characteristics - a genuine appreciation and willing recognition of genius... If we can forgive this audacious sporting with his reader and his subjects, the critique is otherwise not without merit." Praise and blame are rightly apportioned, "though shovelled out rather than measured." These statements are indeed a very fair estimate of Blackwood's methods and merits. The Quarterly Review has always been just the opposite. "Every new claim upon its admiration, unless forced upon it by the public voice, or recommended by some party interest, it welcomes.... with a curl of the lip.... The critic has not missed the opportunity of admiring himself at the expense of Mr. Tennyson."

The review is "a piece of criticism, resembling, in all but their wit, the disgraceful articles in the early Numbers of the Edinburgh Review, on Wordsworth and Coleridge."

Mill returns to the poet's own work. His chief excellence is his "scene-painting, in the higher sense of that term;...the power of creating scenery, in keeping with some state of human feeling." As an example Mill takes Mariana, a poem which he thinks will not be generally admired because "sentiments and imagery which can be received at once, and with equal ease into every mind, must necessarily be trite."
New Year's Eve he correctly thinks most likely to be widely popular. "Simple genuine pathos....is of all kinds of poetic beauty that which can be most universally appreciated; and the genius implied in it is, in consequence, apt to be overrated, for it is also of all kinds that which can be most easily produced." A shrewd remark.

The Lady of Shalott is quoted entire, as a fragment would give a false impression of it, ("The very breaks, which divide the story into parts, all tell.") but the last stanza, a would-be humorous one in the original, is omitted as "a 'lame and impotent conclusion' where no conclusion was required." In passing Mill puts in a plea that his readers should approach poetry "in the spirit in which it ought to be approached, willing to feel it first and examine it afterwards." His verdict upon the poem as a whole shows great critical flair: "In powers of narrative and scene-painting combined, this poem must be ranked among the very first class. The delineation of outward objects.... is, not picturesque, but...statuesque; with brilliancy of colour superadded.... Along with all this, there is in the poem all that power of making a few touches do the whole work, which excites our admiration in Coleridge.... Except that the versification is less exquisite, the 'Lady of Shalott' is entitled to a place by the side of the 'Ancient Mariner,' and 'Christabel'. "

Mill/
Mill admires Tennyson's apparently effortless handling of the emotions in *The Sisters* and *Oenone*, and praises the way in which *The Lotos-Eaters* conveys the dreamy relaxing atmosphere, although it is not equally sustained throughout.

There follows an analysis of the qualities needed by a poet. First delicate senses, vividly impressed by the objects of perception and easily thrown into states of enjoyment or suffering. "This peculiar kind of nervous sensibility seems to be the distinctive character of the poetic temperament."

Secondly, a strong intellect. "Every great poet.... has been a great thinker; has had a philosophy, though perhaps he did not call it by that name." Tennyson has the poetic temperament and his intellectual capacity is growing; he "is ripening into a true artist." .... "He luxuriates in sensuous imagery, his nominal subject sometimes lies buried in a heap of it." But his intellect is constantly striving "to shape this sensuous imagery to a spiritual meaning", as in *Mariana*. As examples of this kind the *Arabian Nights*, *Dying Swan*, *Kraken* and *Sleeping Beauty* rank high, but yet far beneath *The Lady of Shalott* and *Lotos-Eaters*. In the *Palace of Art* he is aiming, not quite successfully at something still higher, "to render his poems not only vivid representations of spiritual states, but symbolical of spiritual truths." Mill predicts that "these higher aims will become more and more predominant/
predominant in his writings." He is advised strenuously to cultivate philosophy; he has all human nature for subject matter. He needs still to perfect himself in the mechanics of poetry. "Poems, especially short poems, attain permanent fame only by the most finished perfection in the details.... In one great secret of his art, the adaptation of the music of his verse to the character of his subject, he is far from being a master; he often seems to take his metres almost at random." These are small things, says Mill, to set in the balance against his merits, but Tennyson is a poet worth advising.

We see two fairly clear attitudes to Tennyson emerging from the criticisms of the 1832 volume. There is a definite cleavage between the views of the conservative and the advanced critics. The Tories Jerdan and Lockhart and the Radical Lytton are united in their opposition to the Radicals, Fox and J.S. Mill. The fundamental objection to Tennyson is the same in all three - that he is in the tradition of Keats and the romantic poets. The epithets "Baa-Lamb," Cockney, Keatsian, Wordsworthian are flung at him in a way that implies one could not say fouler than that. The reproach that these terms are intended to convey is that of affectation, and the hostile critics find Tennyson affected in two contrasting ways. On the one hand is the gush and pretty-prettness of such a poem as To ___ or O Darling Room, which even J.S. Mill condemns. The whole subject matter of such a poem/
poem is reprehensible in their eyes. On the other hand, there are affectations in Tennyson's style, the deliberate use of antique words and unusual compounds, studied contrasts, new applications of old terms, all of which were thoroughly distrusted. These critics were thus led to the condemnation, often the angry condemnation, of such beautiful work as *The Lady of Shalott* and *Oenone*. There is an interesting hint in this revolt against studied art of Wordsworth's and Byron's influence. The Augustan age had set art above feeling; Wordsworth had deliberately reversed that ranking, and Byron, seizing the public imagination as the ideal had accustomed them to thinking of a poet as a creature of impulse who dashed off a poem carelessly in the heat of inspiration and left it at that. Now Tennyson did not put art above sentiment, but he believed, like Keats, in loading every rift with ore. The emotion recollected and communicated by such a poem as *Oenone* is much more sophisticated than the immediate impact of a *Corsair*.

It should be noticed as significant in this connection that if the hostile critics speak well of Tennyson/ (1) Lockhart's critique is, of course too bad-blooded to speak well of him at all.
Tennyson it is when he is most commonplace and sentimental, especially in the two parts of *The May Queen*, *The Miller's Daughter*, and *Eleanore*. These three poems were in fact the general favourites, among friends and foes alike. Next after these came, it is pleasing to notice, *The Lotos Eaters*, while the discriminating critics praised most highly the very poems that had been condemned most loudly, *Shalott*, *Gernone*, *The Palace of Art*, and, looking back to the earlier volume, *Mariana*.

Again, if we consider Tennyson's abstract qualities, we find the favourable critics praise most what the others most condemn - his richness and beauty of word and phrase, his combination of intellect and sensuousness. All are united, however, to praise certain features - the purity of his sentiments, his powers of description, his exact observation of nature. It is rather strange however to find his two strongest supporters disagreeing about the quality of his word music.

In an Appendix is attempted an estimate of the influence of these reviews on Tennyson's revisions during the subsequent ten years. The suggestion put forward there, that Tennyson made few merely verbal alterations to please the critics, but took the poetical path in which he had met least hostility, seems to/
to be borne out by the reviews of the 1842 volume, which form an almost unbroken paean of praise.

The Examiner recalls the objections made to his 1830 volume. "But far above censure, praise was heard; and the glad 'aureka' of a succession of enthusiastic admirers shouted forth a New Poet." During his ten years' silence there has been no original work comparable to the best he had published. Now he has surpassed himself. "We were pleased to see, at a first glance, that all affectations in the way of printing and accentuation had been quietly dropped." There are also "surer evidences of matured taste and greatly strengthened power," although some poems, such as Walking to the Mail, display the old faults.

The critic goes on to appraise individual poems.

The Morte d'Arthur "is a composition for which alone more might be forgiven and forgotten than ten times all the offences he is at any time likely to commit.... For exact adaptation of beautiful words to beautiful thoughts, we know nothing more complete. In this poem, the simplicity of the action, the picturesque truth of the language, the grand cadence of the verse, and the rich colouring of old romance which gradually steals into the reader's mind and heart - show how thoroughly Mr Tennyson's imagination identifies itself with a subject." Many quotations are/
are given from *The Gardener's Daughter*, "a more simple, but not less lovely pastoral". *Dora* is "an Idyl of the purest form: a clear, simple, colourless pastoral. It has the homely beauty, without the trivial detail of one of Wordsworth's ballads." The triviality of the feeling does not seem to worry the critic. *Locksley Hall* is characterised as "a piece of strong, full-blooded, man's writing," and *The Vision of Sin* as "sensuous and passionate and with a noble moral."

Tennyson has fulfilled his old promise and given a new one. "He is acquiring one of the most valuable arts that a poet can master: that of selection and compression.... His sense of the beautiful, which his earliest poems at once proved him to possess in so eminent a degree - luscious, gorgeous, delicate, - has become more chastened, more intellectual, less alloyed.... His verse too, always most musical and sweet, is stronger and more varied. Tennyson is advised to try higher flights.

The reviewer closes with quotations from his three favourite poems. The choice should be noticed carefully. - Godiva. "Its serious pathos, its deep and noble-hearted modesty, all that it implied of suffering and affection and triumphant sweetness of nature, even its picturesque beauty, were left unsung till now." - The Lord of Burleigh "It is difficult to say which is most affecting here - the pure depth of the feeling, or the simple grace of the expression" - and/
- and once more Locksley Hall "full of daring conception and most bitter passion.

The Spectator proves itself the last of the old guard by its comparison of classical and "singular" (i.e., romantic) poetry, to the detriment of the latter. Tennyson is "singular" of course. A former charge against him is repeated. "The worst point in Tennyson's poetry is that the peculiarity is not always his own." One poem at least is praised. "The gem of the whole, for variety, delicate perception of character, rustic grace, spirit and pathos, is the pastoral tale embraced in The May Queen and its two sequels." The choice was becoming inevitable.

The most critical notice appeared in the Athenæum. "We cannot but express our regret at certain changes, clippings, omissions, and additions, which its contents have undergone. Grant that the expressions retrenched, the stanzas struck out, were but conceits, (which is anything but the case,) they were still part and parcel of the whole." In particular "we cannot reconcile ourselves to the interpolations and alterations in 'The Miller's Daughter'." The addition to the May Queen is superfluous. Yet with all his revisions, Tennyson has not "emancipated himself from the crochets which distinguished his earlier efforts." Walking to the Mail is given in proof.

On/
On the other hand "the new volume is so thickly studded with evidences of manly force and exquisite tenderness - with feelings so true, and fancies so felicitous, clothed in a music often peculiar in its flow, but never cloying - as to substantiate Mr Tennyson's claim to a high place among modern poets."

As an example of his newer poems the conclusion of the Vision of Sin is quoted. "In his gentler poems, his musical ear, and his cadenced language, tell with yet greater felicity." A quotation is given from the Sleeping Beauty. "Mr. Tennyson in these new poems asserts his claim to be crowned as chief of the modern minnesingers". He is the best love poet since Coleridge. The Talking Oak is taken as an example.

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, like the Examiner, recalls the poet's first reception. "As in the case of Wordsworth, it appears to us that the small circle of warm admirers of the poet has slowly but steadily widened." Since 1832 his mind has become stronger and more self-possessed. "We find more that shows itself as the fruit of serious and kindly observation of human life, and reaches deeper into the springs of human interest." All his poetry is informed by truth, that is, by "earnestness, sincerity, openness to every touch of genuine feeling, wideness of range, far and deep insight, the firm conviction that a man has something/
something to say and the will to say it." St Agnes' Eve and Sir Galahad pierce "into the truth of things." In all his work "there is a masterly richness of language, which never weakens down into languid exuberance."

It is characteristic of the period to find the critic praising "the skill by which, while the poetry never becomes merely didactic, or ceases to be poetry, it yet expresses throughout a tone of high and just moral feeling. It seems to be one of the most trying functions of a poet that he .... should give due prominence to the objective side of his art without annihilating the subjective." It is easy to neglect beauty for the sake of the moral, or the moral for the sake of beauty. "Mr. Tennyson appears to us nobly free both from this moral indifference and moral exclusiveness." The introduction to the Palace of Art is quoted to show his tone. But the critic again characteristically notices, Tennyson gains his effects less by explicit statement than by "a thoroughly English appreciation both of sterling worth, and of the beauty of all the domestic affections, and a solemn reverence for the lofty and good."

Of the individual poems the critic obviously thinks highly of Locksley Hall, "a dramatic activity condensed into a lyrical form," - (a definition that reminds one of the then unwritten Maud). Unlike Byron,
Byron, Tennyson never tempts us to identify the poet and his hero. The suggestion is thrown out that he should try to redeem the drama, since he shows, in the framework of the *Morte d'Arthur* and elsewhere, the true poet's aspiration for higher achievements.

The *Talking Oak*, "an exquisite creation of airy fancy, lending wings to passion", is unexpectedly ranked above his other idylls as "containing more of what is new yet not startling." But "all of them display, in union with a Theocritean freshness and buoyancy, a broad English genuineness of feeling, lit up with a lively beneficence."

The *Vision of Sin* and *The Sleeping Beauty* are also praised, and the review sums up: "These instances may in part show how near Mr. Tennyson comes towards fulfilling one of the highest offices of a poet; to say that which has been trembling on the lips of others, but yet wanted an utterance, in words which are at once welcomed as the expression full and clear of what had long dimly possessed their hearts."

*Break, break, break* is quoted as a "specimen which shows how by rare delicacy of skill a single touch can at once convey a world of comprestr unutterable feeling." After a warning, prompted by the revisions, that Tennyson must not be over-fastidious the review concludes, "He is called to take a lofty station among England's poets of this age; let him duly/
duly regard and keep ever before his view, the greatness of his vocation."

A valuable essay on the 1842 poems appeared in the Quarterly Review, a very different production from its former diatribe on the same author.

The writer, like Wordsworth forty years previously, feels that a new form and content are necessary for poetry. "Of verses, indeed, of every sort but the excellent there is no want.... Yet it is plain that even our magazine stanzas, album sonnets, and rhymes in corners of newspapers aim at the forms of emotion, and use some of the words in which men of genius have symbolized profound thoughts." The age is "an essentially unpoetic one - one which, whatever may be the worth of its feelings, finds no utterance for them in melodious words." In every other field the age has made tremendous strides, but what modern poet has expressed the spirit of his time in the casual way that Chaucer and Shakespeare have done so for theirs?

An important evaluation of Byron follows, and an unexpected one, if we remember the period. "His scornful Harold and despairing Giaours" embody "but a small though a profound and irrepressible part" of the contemporary mind. "We have indeed one of his works, the only one, which is a splendid attempt at a creative survey of modern life.... The first five cantos of Don Juan .... have more of a fiery beauty and/
and native sweetness in them than anything we know of in our modern literature... On the whole, with all its faults, moral and poetic, the earlier portion of this singular book will probably remain, like the first half of Faust, the most genuine and striking monument of a whole recent national literature."

Of living poets the critic considers Tennyson the most varied and representative, if only in a small way. It is only natural for the Quarterly to consider the new volume an improvement on the old. "There is more clearness, solidity, and certainty of mind visible in it throughout: especially some of the blank-verse poems... have a quiet completeness and depth, a sweetness arising from the happy balance of thought, feeling, and expression, that ranks them among the riches of our recent literature." The reviewer groups the poems under four heads; idylls, lyrics, fancies (i.e. myths and legends), and didactic or allegorical pieces. Of these he prefers the first and third classes.

The early love lyrics, so fondled by Wilson, are rejected as "euphuistic" and "coldly ingenious", Isabel being "a pleasant relief from the unrealities of rhetorical sentiment. There is a beautiful idea in it." Of the other early lyrics the critic speaks most highly of the Ode to Memory and the sentimental trifle Circumstance. If the former had been written before Wordsworth's Immortality Ode "it would have been/
been a memorable poem". In the latter "Much is not attempted here, but the more performed.... It is a small tone of natural feeling, caught and preserved with genuine art, and coming home to every bosom that sweet words can penetrate at all." Of the new lyrics Fatima "is of a far higher pitch, but seems oddly misnamed." For Fatima the critic would read Sappho. "But the poem is beautiful: we scarcely know where in English we could find anything so excellent, as expressing the deep-hearted fulness of a woman's conscious love." Lady Clara Vere de Vere "aims at less, and though of no very rare cast, is successful in all that it attempts."

The "Fancies", as the critic calls them, make him reflect on the power of art to make us accept the strange as true. The grand exemplar of this kind is Christabel with its undertone of moral knowledge. Tennyson's Fancies are splendid, luminous, but never passionate, paintings. "Scarcely fabled magic could be more successful. The effect is the result evidently of great labour, but also of admirable art. As minstrel conjurations, perhaps, in English, 'Kubla Khan' alone exceeds them. The verse is full of liquid intoxication and the language of golden oneness."

Amongst its companions Morte d'Arthur "seems to us less costly jewel-work, with fewer of the broad flashes of passionate imagery, than some others, and not compensating/
compensating for this inferiority by any stronger human interest," a judgment that even the Quarterly's contemporaries disputed. St. Simeon Stylites "is no topic for Poetry; she has better tasks than to wrap her mantle round a sordid, greedy lunatic." - "How different, how superior is 'Ulysses!' There is in this work a delightful epic tone, and a clear unimpassioned wisdom quietly carving its sage words and graceful figures on pale but lasting marble." Yet the critic would actually have preferred to see Tennyson celebrating a modern explorer, or in place of Godiva, a modern heroine. A folk tale, like the Sleeping Beauty is not open to the same objection, but a more purposeful theme might have been chosen.

"They almost all appear to us decided and remarkable failures". Such is the Quarterly's emphatic verdict on Tennyson's didactic poems. For example in the Palace of Art "The meaning, the morality, is trivial, and even mistaken.... We hardly know a notion worthier of Simeon Stylites, or of some crack-brained sot repenting in the stocks, than this doctrine that the use of our noblest faculties on their right objects is an outrage against our best duties."

The Idylls win the critics highest praise. "In all we find some warm feeling, most often love, a clear and faithful eye for visible nature, skilful art and completeness of construction, and a mould of verse, which for smoothness and play of melody has seldom been equalled in the language." These qualities/
qualities "set them far above the glittering marvels and musical phantasms of Mr. Tennyson's mythological romances." The Gardener's Daughter and Dora are "pre- eminent." They "might rank with the eclogues of Theocritus and Virgil", as poetry and they have in addition all the gain that Christian teaching has brought to the relations between the sexes. From the former the garden scene is quoted, and the latter is given in full as is the Lord of Burleigh. Locksley Hall "is, perhaps, on the whole, the one of all these poems in which far-extended thought is best involved in genuine and ardent imagination."

Wordsworth's idylls are contrasted with Tennyson's "How naked and bare they all are in their solemn stillness! .... Emotion ... is restrained in all his writings by the awful presence of self-centred will. The feelings are described rather than shared."

Only in communion with nature does Wordsworth relax his self-control, yet even then he discourses of virtue and the discipline of the soul. "The poetry would have streamed out in a freer gush, and flushed the heart with ampler joy, had the moral been less obtruded as its constant aim." Tennyson, on the other hand is "the most genial poet of English rural life that we know." In him "all intellectual purpose is kept behind the sweet and fervid impulse of the heart."

It is a powerful commentary on the spirit of his age that such a careful and thoughtful critic should rank Tennyson's/
Tennyson's Idylls so very high. Some sentimental influence is at work to bring about this softness and uncertainty of critical standards that prefers Tennyson's gush to Wordsworth or the classics.

Another kindly essay, again insisting that Tennyson should devote himself to a high end, appeared in the Westminster Review, this time from the pen of Richard Monckton Milnes, his close friend, and a member with Tennyson and Hallam of the group that had been known in their undergraduate days as the Cambridge Apostles. He regrets, but does not condemn, the revision of various poems "Many of them are much altered, too much so, perhaps, for those who have already formed an affectionate familiarity with them, however much the general effect of the whole work may be improved by some concession to temporary criticism."

There follows a statement of the 'inspirational' conception of a poet. "The imaginative gift may be there, while almost every other mental superiority is wanting; insanity itself, crushing and confounding all other perceptions, often leaves the poetic faculty reigning unchecked in melancholy supremacy." It is often found in children and invalids. But for real greatness more qualities are needed, - a realistic outlook on life, learning, health. A poet can be great only if man's powers are developed to the full in him. Tennyson is warned that in his make-up "there are/
are certainly peculiarities which are not always merits, and originalities which are not authentic parts of his genius."

Passing to the individual poems Milnes faintly praises the Morte d'Arthur as "a faint Homeric echo." But Locksley Hall moves him to inquire, "Is not this a noble poem, a rich fruit of the imagination and the understanding, full of high and plain thoughts, of fancies crystallising into solid truth, and of truth breaking up into sparkling fancies?" He quotes nearly the whole of it. "Mr Tennyson is peculiarly successful in his descriptions of English nature; he needs or sighs for no richer vegetation, no brighter colouring, no sublimier forms, than his own country can afford him; and we rejoice in this, as an evidence of a healthy imagination." Quotations from the Gardener's Daughter are given to illustrate this statement, and Tennyson's achievements in blank verse, "the best ordeal of a poet," are praised in passing.

St Simeon Stylites "we should be glad to see altogether out of the volume.... It is nothing but powerfully painful;... it has not even the merit of a psychological curiosity justly described. Mr Tennyson places his saint in the lowest depths of self-abasement, and at the same time makes him rest with confidence and pride on the meritory character of his self-inflicted sufferings.... If the Devil's advocate could only prove that a post-mortem candidate for saintship/
saintship had ever anticipated the honour during his life, he would infallibly succeed in arresting the canonization."

The Lord of Burleigh is again given in its entirety. "The extreme simplicity of Mr Tennyson's treatment is in the best accordance with the subject."

Quite! Lady Clara Vere de Vere is quoted with the judgment, "somewhat harsh in its transitions and painful in its first impression. You think you are on merely sentimental ground and you stumble over a suicide.... But the very grimness is indisputably forcible and brings out the moral in a stronger light."

Lord Houghton was easily pained.

An interesting survey concludes this review. Every poet, says Milnes, thinks his own age unpoetical. But "poetry is surely now more respectable than it has ever been before in this country:... the insolent cant about Grub street is gone by; aristocratic patronage, which while it comforted the body, degraded the mind of its object, has ceased, and the poet enjoys the dignity and is subject to the responsibilities of independence.... London lionism still remains, - the last stage of the condescension of ignorance and folly to wisdom and knowledge." The middle classes read and enjoy much poetry. Wordsworth owes his reputation to them. They have in fact become the arbiters of fame. Byronism, with its falsity of feeling/
feeling has been superseded. "Poetry every day becomes more human, more true to the common heart of man."

There is no rising poet of an immoral or irreligious tendency. "It rests with Mr Tennyson to prove that he can place himself at the head of all these his contemporaries. His command of diction is complete, his sense and execution of the harmonies of verse accurate and admirable; he has only to show that he has substance (what Goethe used to call stuff) worthy of these media;.... that, in fine, he comprehends the function of a poet in this day of ours, to teach still more than he delights, and to suggest still more than he teaches."

A typically journalistic thought opens the notice in the Literary Gazette: "Until only very recently it was difficult to obtain either the poems by John Keats or Alfred Tennyson; and this scarcity of their works has been the means of adding greatly to the reputation of the authors." The younger poet is reminiscent of the older in his love of far-fetched epithets and compounds, a style "not half so effective as the Doric grandeur with which Milton piled together his mighty verse." After this statement the reviewer rather surprisingly remarks on the simplicity of the language of the great poets, and adds a list including some names that we do not usually think of as exemplars of simplicity/
simplicity - Chaucer, Spencer, Shakespeare, Cowper, Crabbe and Wordsworth.

The critic strongly dislikes the revisions, "Alfred Tennyson is often too grand - too much over-flushed with 'Hyperion' images, nasty rocks, and appalling sunsets.... True enough there are poems in these volumes excelled by none in the present day, and there were poems in his earlier productions which we had hoped to have seen corrected.... But, alas! in too many instances he has spoilt what before... was very beautiful... and left untouched what he ought to have amended... He has taken up a scythe, instead of the shears, and too often mown all down before him; then picked up a few of the faded flowers, and stuck them into the earth again, and left them to encumber the ground."

After a paragraph, to which we shall return, the critic continues to prove his argument by a detailed comparison of the old and revised versions of certain poems. An example or two will suffice to show why the critic prefers the first version. The opening of Mariana in the South originally was much "richer" [It certainly was more detailed, but lacked the pain and intensity of the poem as we know it.] "How paltry is the 'brooding heat' and the 'dusty vines,' compared to the sick vineyard over which not a breath blew, not even to shake the sea-sand off the southern-wood, or open/
open a leaf of the shrivelled vineyard! The one is
a painting by Salvator Rosa ... the other an unsightly
and half-drawn outline .... or a low-water scene of
Margate." As the critic has just been complaining
against Tennyson's grandeur, this looks like having
it both ways. The Miller's Daughter "is now clever
and cold, where it was warm and glowing with life and
love." The two stanzas, so mercilessly treated by
Lockhart, in which the narrator gets his first glimpse
of the girl are quoted in both versions. "We shall
never again read it in the new edition while we have
the old one by us; it is so flat, cold, formal, and
[p]rosy, when compared with the original." Similarly
the opening of Oenone is quoted "What grandeur and
Homeric majesty there is in the one: what flat, quiet,
pastoral beauty about the other; for both are beautiful
- yet, how inferior! The one seems like the production
of Alfred the Great; the other of Alfred the Little."
Surely such comment betrays a remarkable deafness.
The review concludes with an apology, which is ob-
viously sincere "What we have done has been in kind-
ness; our praise the poet needs not."

That this was sincere is proved by the paragraph
already referred to, a paragraph in which the critic
has the foresight to nominate Tennyson as the next
Poet Laureate. "We may be wrong in ranking him among
the foremost of our young poets, as one whose step is
near/
near that throne which must ere long be vacant; and whose own fault it will be if he misses the crown to which he is 'heir-apparent.' Considering the material at his disposal, the critic had made a very shrewd guess.

"One of the severest tests by which a poet can try the true worth of his book, is to let it continue for two or three years out of print." Tennyson has made the experiment, "and so well has it stood the test - for we understand that preparations are already making for another edition - as to give him an undeniable claim to the respectful attention of all critics." And the Edinburgh Review accordingly gives him that attention.

In its opinion, Tennyson may yet be expected to do "something that will make all he has yet produced appear only like preliminary essays and experiments." His improving taste and increasing power are shown in his revisions, but he has not yet tried his faculties on a large enough subject. His earliest volume was "a crop of wild oats" and yet "a production of unusual promise." Mariana is still among his best work. He displayed the youthful faults of exuberance, prodigality, and lack of control; many poems were mere "gymnastic exercises for the fancy," but "at intervals we recognize a genuine touch of common humanity - a 'Character,' - a 'Circumstance,' - or a sketch/
sketch truly drawn from homeliest nature.... In the course of these exercises... he made himself master of a great variety of instruments." The 1832 volume was consequently superior, not so much in craftsmanship, "as in the general aim and character.... His genius was manifestly shaping a peculiar course for itself, and finding out its proper business; the moral soul was beginning more and more to assume its due predominance.... in the shape and colour which his creations unconsciously took, and the feelings which they were made insensibly to suggest."

His newest work is "a great improvement" in its turn. "The handling in his later pieces is much lighter and freer; the interest deeper and purer; - there is more humanity with less imagery and drapery; a closer adherence to truth; a greater reliance for effect upon the simplicity of nature.... He addresses himself more to the heart, and less to the ear and eye." By his revisions, he has cut away all redundances. "'The Lady of Shalott,' for instance, is stripped of all her finery;.... and certainly, in the simple white robe which she now wears, her native beauty shows to much greater advantage." The Lotos-Eaters is enriched by the addition of moral as well as physical degeneracy to the effects of the drug. The May Queen seemed complete, but Tennyson has added a third part, for "he saw in the situation materials for/
for a deeper and loftier strain .... As she grows familiar with the thought of total separation from all she knows, new interests disclose themselves, and death appears but as the passage to a new life.... The theme is as trite as can be, and the treatment as simple; but it is not the less original."

The moral value of Tennyson's poetry is considered in some detail, and with an emphasis that is irritating to the modern reader: "All that is of true and lasting worth in poetry, must have its root in a sound view of human life and the condition of man in the world.... In this requisite Mr Tennyson will not be found wanting. The human soul, in its infinite variety of moods and trials, is his favourite haunt.... His moral views, whether directly or indirectly conveyed, are healthy, manly, and simple; and the truth and delicacy of his sentiments is attested by the depth of the pathos which he can evoke from the commonest incidents, told in the simplest manner."

Dora and the Lord of Burleigh are examples of this power of his. "How is it that we do not pass these stories by as commonplace?... It is because they are disclosed to us, not... through the face they present to the outward world - but as they stand recorded in the silent heart."

The critic finds Tennyson's ideas of moral health expressed in four poems. The Palace of Art exhibits "a mind which..., has lost sight of its relation/
relation to man and to God." Its sin is selfishness and voluptuousness. St Simeon Stylites gives the obverse of the same sin. "We cannot so expand our human sympathy as to reach the case of St Simeon. We notice the poem for the light it throws on Mr Tennyson's feeling with regard to this disease of the mind - ... that selfishness, sensuality, and carnal pride, are really at the bottom of it; and this, however paradoxical it may appear, we believe to be quite true." The Two Voices "though not one of the most perfect,... is one of the most remarkable of Mr Tennyson's productions." The problem he has set himself is not to administer consolation to a wretched mind, but to get that mind into a fit state to receive consolation; and this, in the critic's opinion, Tennyson soundly and scientifically does. The Vision of Sin portrays "the end, here and hereafter, of the merely sensual man." These four poems "show the depth from which Tennyson's art springs....a genuine growth of nature, having its root deep in the pensive heart - a heart accustomed to mediate earnestly, and feel truly, upon the prime duties and interests of man."

In conclusion the critic calls on Tennyson to give fuller scope to his genius "Highly as we value the Poems which he has produced, we cannot accept them as a satisfactory account of the gifts which they show that he possesses.... Powers are displayed in these volumes, adequate, if we do not deceive ourselves, to the/
the production of a great work." Tennyson must find a subject big enough for him and work on it perseveringly.

The first fact that emerges from a consideration of these reviews is that Tennyson has arrived. He is automatically treated by all, except the Spectator, as an important figure, almost as the important figure of his day. This is a unique phenomenon; of no other poet have we been able to say that his contemporaries were united in looking exclusively to him as the hope of English poetry. It is important to notice that he is hailed not merely as a great poet, but as one of even greater promise. With all the praise there is repeatedly combined the demand that he should give a better account of himself. We know how constantly Tennyson strove to fulfil that wish in the coming years, although the magnum opus, whether we think of In Memoriam or the Idylls of the King under that designation, was probably very different from what the critics anticipated in 1842. It does not seem as if they fully realised, as Tennyson ultimately did, that the day of the epic was gone.

The critics generally agree also that the new volumes display greater power than the old. Moreover, they realise whence this power is derived; Tennyson's taste has matured, for one thing. His unhappier mannerisms have been discarded. On the positive side he/
he has enriched his verse both in music and imagery. He shows a gain in selection and compactness. There is also frequent comment on the increase in intellectual power displayed in the new poems; a modern reader might agree with this judgment, but would be more likely to find his evidence in such a poem as the revised Lady of Shalott than in the didactic poems or, Locksley Hall. Three critics, even if they thought that Tennyson had become a more powerful poet, stood out against the general trend of thought by disapproving of the revisions. The attitude of Monckton Milnes, that he prefers the old because it is familiar, is very human although it takes his judgment momentarily out of the sphere of criticism. Somewhat similar is the line taken by the Athenaeum, which really justifies its argument by the examples it chooses. But the animadversions of the Literary Gazette on the same theme redound more to the critic's honesty than to his taste.

The comments on the individual poems show a considerable degree of unanimity. Realistic poems, like Walking to the Mail, are not popular. The critics look on these poems with disfavour but not because Tennyson in them lags behind Browning, whose Dramatic Lyrics were published in the same year, in catching the rhythm and idiom of conversation. It is rather that they dislike his making such an attempt, and feel/
feel that the serious Muse of poetry should have nothing to do with such trivia as sows kidnapped by school boys. One other poem shares in this general condemnation - St Simeon Stylites, against the subject-matter of which the critics join in shocked revulsion, even when they admire Tennyson's treatment and reading of the character. It displays too much of the grimmer side of human nature, and that grimness too closely in contact with religious things for their squeamish taste.

The group of poems which the Quarterly Reviewer called Fancies includes those which have best stood the test of time. Now this group, as we have seen, was given very high praise. Its superiority to the poet's other work in technical achievement was not seriously called in question. Yet few of the critics quoted extensively from these poems, and in their warmest praise there is an undertone of distrust. They felt a lack of human interest, of warmth of feeling, of moral purpose in these "glittering marvels and musical phantasms" as the Quarterly called them; and it was the lack of moral purpose that troubled them most. The Morte d'Arthur, which is the most didactic of this group is the one that receives the highest praise. This emphasises on the necessity of poetry being useful is in itself significant of the change that the last ten years had wrought, but the/
the full meaning of the reviewers' uneasiness will become clear when we come to consider the poems which were given the most cordial welcome. For in the years to come Tennyson did not concentrate his powers in this sphere where his true greatness lay. The Tennyson of The Lotus Eaters and Shallot did not die, as Maud, the Princess lyrics, the great moments of In Memoriam and many other touches prove, but he became submerged in the Poet Laureate.

The poems in which we can see that future Poet Laureate are those for which the critics reserved their warmest praise. They comprise a unified group, The May Queen among the old poems, The Gardener's Daughter, Dora, The Lord of Burleigh, Locksley Hall and The Vision of Sin among the new. With the exception of the last two, these poems conform to one style, and even the last two share with the others a substratum of certain essential qualities. To the critics of that day they seemed manly, noble, pure, and "thoroughly English" - English in scene, character, and above all in sentiment. Unfortunately these are just the qualities that a modern reader finds so irritating. Their manliness seems rather effeminate, their nobility and purity have dwindled to smug self-satisfaction, and their sentiment to domesticated sentimentality. We cannot read them without being disturbed by a certain falsity of feeling, for these sentimentalised virtues are the ones that are called to/
to mind when the word Victorian is used in a derogatory sense. Yet it was in this vein that Tennyson allowed himself to develop. The same bourgeois ideals of manliness and purity are characteristic of so much of his later work. The public loved it and Tennyson let them have it. If we remember that Tennyson's public embraced the highest and the lowest in the land we begin to realise how completely the tone of the nation had altered since the beginning of the century. We cannot imagine Canning or Ellis weeping over The Lord of Burleigh or the Prince Regent listening with pleasure to a reading of The May Queen. Lamb and Southey might have accepted these milky pastorals, but we feel that none of the Lake Poets would have preferred them to Oenone or Ulysses or the poems of that group. Even in 1842 there remained some of the unconverted, as Edmondstoune Aytoun, now one of Blackwood's men, showed by his parodies of The May Queen and other poems in the Bon Gaultier series. But the stand against sentimentality was by the minority; amongst readers and writers at large, virtue, of a particular kind, was at last triumphant. The spiritual revolution inaugurated by John Wesley was complete. The utilitarian-evangelical code, which we have seen making a steady advance through the years, had at last conquered not merely the middle-class but even the aristocracy and the throne. The Victorian Age had indeed begun.
CHAPTER THE NINTH.

SOME CONCLUSIONS.

With the acceptance of Tennyson, the literary world attained at least a semblance of stability; it was to be many years before the winds of the spirit were to blow in fresh quarters as they had done at the beginning of the century. We have reached then a natural pause in the history of creative literature—a pause not of inactivity like that immediately preceding the coming of Tennyson, but of activity along certain well-defined lines. Among the reviews also static conditions had been reached, and indeed a certain ossification had set in even before the date at which we have drawn our limit. It was not until the century was well past its turn that the appearance of such famous names as the Contemporary, the Fortnightly, or the Nineteenth Century showed that the review was undergoing another revivification. But we can do no more than salute these great names in passing.

Probably/
Probably the greatest single factor contributing to the sterility of the reviews was the desire for respectability. The advent of the Queen had wrought an immense, if unconscious change. It was impossible to read side by side the criticisms of Tennyson’s 1832 poems and 1842 poems without being aware of the difference between the Victorian age and the years that preceded it. There is a more sentimental, more restrained touch in the later critiques; they are written it almost seems for the drawing room, and the writers are afraid of speaking loudly or harshly lest they should offend the ladies. They are conscious as never before of a mixed audience. Although the love of respectability was connected with the deeper moral and religious ideals of the Victorian era it must not be confused with them. These deeper things might lead to many forms of activity, some admirable, some irritating, but they are not sterile, not unproductive. But respectability lays a chilling finger on progress and initiative.

Chief among pillars of respectability were the Edinburgh and the Quarterly Reviews which had gained all the stability of permanent institutions. A number of other papers had changed from literary into theological periodicals – notably the British Critic and the Eclectic. The Westminster Review was in fact that which displayed most liveliness. There were signs, to/
too, that the habit, so pernicious to all true criticism, of publishers' puffing their own wares was once more asserting itself. Colburn's periodicals were particularly notorious for this fault, but even so reputable a publisher as Murray was not above reproach. The magazines had delivered themselves, body and soul, to fiction. It was left to the weeklies - the Examiner, the Athenaeum, the Spectator - to maintain the tradition of reviewing in a more vital state. The weekly had in fact begun to usurp the place once held by the quarterly in the field of periodical literature - a change whose significance will be seen later in this chapter.

Looking back across the years covered by the preceding chapters, we find ourselves in a position to draw some general conclusions, first on the attitude of the reviews to the authors.

It was indicated in a previous note that an essential quality for a periodical critic is the ability to recognise wherein lies the novelty of a new book or a new style. It is easy for us from our distant situation to see what new qualities such a book as Lyrical Ballads introduced into contemporary literature, not so easy for a critic at the time. A consideration of the judgments recorded in the previous chapters brings us to the conclusion that in nearly every case such recognition was slow. A brief résumé/
résumé will make this clear. Wordsworth himself forced the novelty of certain aspects of his style on the critics' attention, and they duly responded. But James Montgomery was the only critic to show any insight into the real qualities of Wordsworth before 1814. The Coleridge touch was ignored until the publication of Christabel in 1816, although most of the critics made something of it then. Apart from Leigh Hunt's untiring propaganda, any recognition of the novel qualities, other than the facility, of Shelley's work was scanty, one of the earliest references being an attack in the Quarterly. Even Hunt does not often mention the ways in which Shelley differs from older poets. The true magic of Keats was rarely appreciated. Many critics, it is true, quoted from his finest passages, but few stopped to point out what Keats gave us in these passages that no other poet had given. W.F. Fox and J.S. Mill were quick to react to the merits of Tennyson in 1832 but it was not till 1842 that his peculiar qualities were generally recognised, but not so generally admired. By contrast the recognition of the fresh contributions to poetry made by Scott, Byron, and Crabbe was almost instantaneous. The natural deduction from this state of affairs is that when a poet is unpopular, that unpopularity is often brought about by the difficulties of new and strange features, yet/
yet apparently the critics are unable to lay their fingers on the novelty which causes their dislike, as that novelty is rarely mentioned, even for condemnation. But where the unusual qualities are within their grasp, the poet is usually admired.

Closely connected with this difficulty in appreciating novelty is the critics' unwillingness to accept what is obviously new in form or in content. Where novelty of form and content coincide as in Wordsworth, or Shelley or Keats, an almost insuperable barrier is raised against any speedy recognition of the poet's greatness. A poet like Byron, or Scott, or Tennyson wins his way more quickly into public favour simply because he moves in a track that is not so far from the beaten way. He is willing to meet his public half-way, bridging the difficulties any novel features may cause. There is no great mystery about this hesitation and uncertainty on the part of the critics. If we set aside for the time being the hostility so often aroused, as we have noticed, by political and social prejudices, we can trace another no less important cause of difficulty. Human nature is conservative. There is a Psychological reaction which causes us instinctively to distrust the unfamiliar and to be on the defensive against it. As time familiarises the critics with a style that once was new, the old antagonisms are forgotten. The lives/
lives of Wordsworth and Coleridge are long enough for us to see that process taking place between their first publications and their last. Similarly, when faced with an unusual work, the critic tends to concentrate his attention on the most familiar parts, even though he hereby avoids attacking the real objects of his antipathy - so we find critics objecting to the politics of Goody Blake, the unstopped couplets of Endymion or the compound epithets of Oenone, because they understand these things, while their disgust has in reality far deeper origins.

Not quite so simple but of a related nature are the factors behind the repeated assertion that the new poetry is nonsensical or unintelligible. A great deal of the trouble was caused by wilful misunderstanding and stupidity, especially in the criticisms of Shelley and Keats. The critics did not try to understand, because they wanted to make the poets look foolish. It will be remembered how Hunt dealt with them by paraphrasing in straightforward prose what they had affected to find unintelligible in verse. Such "incomprehensibility" need not detain us, but some explanation is needed when we find critics genuinely puzzled by the Immortality Ode or The Ancient Mariner, Prometheus Unbound, The Cloud, or The Dying Swan. Certain of these poems are essentially obscure. A poem cannot soar to the heights of/
of mystical and metaphysical thought reached by Wordsworth and Shelley and retain the clarity of a geometrical theorem. The obscurity remains, the greatness and depth of the poem is inherent in the things that make for obscurity. But in the other poems listed, poems that have become comparatively simple for the modern reader - as far as any great poetry can ever become simple - the bewilderment of the first critics arises from other causes. The chief obstacle to an understanding of the poetry was that the poets concerned were trying to do something new, and the critics, unable to appreciate their aim, were baffled. They looked, for example, for the purpose of the Ancient Mariner and were left hanging in the air, because that poem does not get you anywhere, serves no moral ends, is the narrative of a voyage into the subconscious rather the Antarctic. The critics did not know how to submit themselves to the deep magic of the imagery. Again, no poet had thought of a cloud, as Shelley does, in its meteorological aspect, and so the imagery of the poem was an insoluble puzzle. The difficulty arises because the poet is original, because he is making words do what they have never done before. The more original a poet is the greater is the obscurity. "We see, therefore, that essentially obscurity lies not in the poet, but in ourselves. We are clear and logical at the cost of being superficial/
superficial or inexact. The poet, more exactingly, seeks absolute precision of language and thought, and the exigencies of this precision demand that he should exceed the limits of customary expression, and therefore invent - invent sometimes words, more frequently new uses of words, most frequently phrases and figures of speech which reanimate words, and amongst these, above all, metaphor." (1) But as the new ground becomes common property, as the poet succeeds in enlarging men's sensibilities, what was difficult becomes plainer, and a new generation accepts as part of its heritage what to its fathers was unattainable.

The most important factor in the attitude of the reviewers to the poets is, of course, the accepted critical code as it supplies a standard by which the majority of critics consciously or unconsciously measure their subjects. The previous chapters have shown what a change that code underwent in the years we have been studying. We have seen the Georgian corpus of applied rules giving way to the romantic creed of the omnipotence of feeling and impression, and that in its turn degenerating at times into sentimentality and personal whim. It would be an exaggeration/

----------------------

(1) Herbert Read. Collected Essays p.98.
exaggeration to say that the critical code had broken down for the literary world was far from being anarchical. But the standards by which the critics made their judgments were far more fluid than they had been in the previous century. Indeed the most stable points in their code are not primarily literary rules, but such sentiments as a deep distrust of the sensuous (which operated against Keats and Tennyson), a passion for respectability, a pre-occupation with the purpose of a book, or an admiration for pathos and sentiment. To put it in other words the literary code had arisen from a union of the more unregulated sensibility of the romantic period with that evangelical-utilitarianism which formed the intellectual background of the new age.

The other side of the foregoing picture, the attitude of the authors to the critics, presents some interesting features. For the most part the poets displayed a very marked sensitiveness to criticism, usually accompanied by a considerable degree of anger. Wordsworth's irritability is notorious. He speaks of one particular critique as "a miserable heap of spiteful nonsense, even worse than anything that has appeared hitherto, in these disgraceful days. I have not seen it, for I am only a chance reader of reviews, but from what I have heard of the contents of this precious piece, I feel not so much inclined to accuse/
accuse the author of malice as of sheer honest insensibility and stupidity.... But peace to this gentleman, and all his brethren: as Southey neatly says 'they cannot blast our laurels, but they may mildew our corn.'

(1) Southey as a matter of fact said a great deal more than that, for his patience with his fellow-journalists was short. We wrote of the Edinburgh as a "brimstone-fingered son of oatmeal," and elsewhere, "All reviewals...not seasoned either with severity or impertinence, will seem flat to those whose palates have been accustomed to Jeffrey's sauce-dammable."

(2) Even Scott could be piqued "as a Tory and gentleman" at an unfavourable review, while the irascible Byron wrote his first satire cutting up the whole literary and critical world in a fit of temper at the Edinburgh Review, whose criticism had reduced him to such a state of collapse that he was asked "whether he had just been challenged to a duel." (3)

In fact the Vision of Judgment and much more of his best work for the Liberal was the outcome of adverse criticism from Southey and the editor of the British Review. Tennyson's reaction to North's criticism was the pettish squib addressed to that gentleman. But his reaction to Lockhart's attack was to retire like/

-------------------

(1) Smith Estimate. p. 75.
(3) Maurois Byron p.95.
like a hurt snail into his shell for a period of ten years. Keats's closest friends thought that his sensitiveness was such that harsh criticism killed him. In spite of the recently published Letters of Fanny Browne, and of Charles Brown's Life of Keats, it still remains doubtful if they were correct.

Sir William Hale-White's verdict is: "Their opinion is worth very little.... If the opinion were correct it would mean that tubercle bacilli grow more virulently in the lung when the patient is worried, surely a difficult proposition to give an opinion upon especially when unaware that tubercle bacilli exist."

The reticence of his own letters can be read as evidence either way. Perhaps the most significant passage is that in a letter to his brother in America: "I have been at different times turning it in my head whether I should go to Edinburgh and study for a physician; I am afraid I should not take kindly to it; I am sure I could not take fees - and yet I should like to do so: it's not worse than writing poems, and hanging them up to be fly-blown on the Review Shambles." (1) Shelley and Crabbe seem to have been the most indifferent to criticism of all the poets.

Yet/

-------------------

(1) Keats Letters p. 312
Yet the acute discomfort which criticism caused the poets seems to have had little effect on their poetry. The only exceptions were Wordsworth and Tennyson and as their revisions are fully discussed in Appendix A, it is sufficient merely to mention at this point that criticism caused them to revise their work. Neither Scott nor Byron were of a sufficiently painstaking nature to return to a poem once it had been completed; both wrote at white-heat and left what had been written to take its chance. Scott had no great opinion of the merits of his verse and although Byron had sufficient admiration for himself as a poet, he was too aristocratical to labour at it, especially at the bidding of anonymous hacks. For Southey poetry was a business, like all his other writing, and to waste time in elaborate revisal meant that more lucrative occupations must suffer. It is difficult to imagine Shelley yielding to criticism. Keats depended entirely on the relentless judgment of one critic - himself.

We must not overlook a further interaction of poet and critic - the power of the former over the latter. This is indeed a fundamental relationship for it is from the productions of the poet that criticism derives its authority. The Georgian code was itself derived from the practice of the Augustan poets. Then came Wordsworth preaching and practising a/
a doctrine of poetry that shook the code to its very foundations. He was the true revolutionary, for he turned English poetry back from the artificial way along which it had been developing for more than a century, and made possible a return to the real English way, the way of natural growth under the discipline of the poet's inspiration. The influence of Wordsworth and Coleridge was tremendous. To their joint work more than to any other direct factor was due the complete change in the critic's style of approach which we have seen in the preceding chapters. Often, as we have pointed out in the case of Jeffrey, the critics unconsciously fell into the Wordsworthian way of thought while remaining hostile to Wordsworth's poetry. No other poets so influenced critical theory and practice. But we may indicate the way in which one poet, perhaps unfavourably criticised himself, prepared the ground for his successor. Thus Byron's tremendous success owed something to the previous popularity of Scott; Coleridge, abused himself, put the critics in a frame of mind to accept Keats more readily; Keats, in turn, made the way easier for Tennyson.

There is a third party in this world of literature - the public, but when we come to estimate its attitudes we are on difficult ground. The evidence is largely lacking and we must be content with such pointers/
pointers as are afforded by scraps of gossip in diaries and letters or by the numbers of books sold or editions printed. Nevertheless we may make a tentative answer to certain questions which suggest themselves. How far, for example, does popularity coincide with the good opinion of the critics? There is one interesting case in point which deserves mention here although it is otherwise quite outside the scope of this work. There is no doubt that the novel, then as now, was a most popular form of reading matter. It is sufficient to mention the enormous success of the Minerva Press to remind us of the fact. But the critics treated the novel with the scantiest and most contemptuous attention. It was as a rule relegated to an unimportant section of the paper and grudgingly noticed in some half-dozen lines. It needed a Scott or an Austen to lift the novel into the realm of reviewable matter. As literature the majority of novels were undoubtedly negligible, but they were popular in spite of the neglect and sneers of the press. As far as the poets were concerned, however, it seems fairly safe to say that the poets whom the critics derided were not popular, and those whom they praised were. Southey and perhaps Coleridge are partial exceptions to this general rule. There seems to be evidence to suggest that they were held in greater esteem than the criticisms of their work would lead us to suppose. Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley afford/
afford us examples of writers who were intensely admired by small groups of readers in spite of neglect by the periodicals and the general public.

These same writers provide a partial answer to the question whether the periodicals make or follow public opinion. The abuse of their work in the reviews had made their names known to thousands who had never read their poetry. In this case they had formed public opinion; but in due course that tinier enlightened public, of which we have spoken above, made its voice heard, and the periodicals began to listen. In due course they began to speak in the same tone and to re-educate the public, - a slow process, for to take only one example, Wordsworth, as we have seen, was recognised as a great poet by the press about 1815, but at least ten more years were to elapse before he could be called popular. On the other hand with a writer of such sudden and overwhelming popularity as Byron or Scott, all that the reviews could do was to accept the judgment of the public and find reasons for it. A minority of journalists tried, quite without success, to fight against public opinion in these instances. Incidentally, the sudden revulsion of social opinion against Byron in 1816 is accurately mirrored in the press of the time. That the reviews and magazines were sensitive, if not subservient, to public opinion is further suggested by various incidents. The youthful Macaulay managed to get an article/
article in praise of novels published in his father's paper, the Christian Observer. The outcry raised by the Clapham Sect was such that, although Zachary Macaulay defended his inclusion of the article, a similar lapse was not allowed to occur again. In the same way when Carlyle's serialised Sartor Resartus outraged the readers of Fraser's Magazine it was promptly discontinued. A more subtle submission to the public is seen in the cooler attitude of the Eclectic Review towards Wordsworth after the too sympathetic review of the Excursion by Montgomery.

It is difficult to estimate what value the reading public placed on the dicta of the critics. It cannot have been a high one before the founding of the Edinburgh Review. But when it and the Quarterly were at their height, their words seem to have been treated with great veneration. De Quincey, in his Reminiscences, speaks of the first decade of the century as being "a period when almost all the world had surrendered their opinions and their literary consciences (so to speak) into the keeping of 'The Edinburgh Review.'" In 1819 Keats could write, "The Reviews have enervated and made indolent mens minds - few think for themselves - These Reviews too are getting more and more powerful and especially the Quarterly; they are like a superstition which the more it prostrates the Crowd and the longer it continues the more powerful/
powerful it becomes just in proportion to their increasing weakness." (1) S.C. Hall, as has been noted, spoke of a favourable notice in the Literary Gazette being as good as the sale of an edition. A modern reader is apt to think that Lamb was more grieved than was necessary by Southey’s saying in the Quarterly that the Essays of Elia "wants only sounder religious feeling to be as delightful as it is original." But we realise the enormity of Southey’s offence when we learn that his remark entirely stopped the sale of the book. A converse example is that of Grabbe’s 1807 Poems. The first edition was sold out within two days of the appearance of a favourable review by Jeffrey. As much evidence could probably be brought forward to show the existence of readers of independent mind. Christopher North declares that one magazine, the Englishman's, was forced out of the market because it over-praised Tennyson. "The super-human - nay, supernal - pomposity of that one paper, incapacitated the whole work for living one day longer in this unceremonious world." Lytton, writing on the same poet, it will be remembered, plainly declared that the public attached little consequence to the reviews/

(1) Keats Letters p. 303.
(2) Blackwood's Magazine Vol. 21, p. 721.
reviews. But both these opinions date from approximately twenty years after our earlier references.

The direct relations of the poet and the public provide a more fruitful field of inquiry. Two undercurrents which we have discussed before play a very important part: the increasing instability of the critical code, and the worship of respectability. We may recall here Monckton Milnes's words on the subject: "Poetry is surely now more respectable than it has ever been before in this country; no man, of whatever gravity of station or character, would be ashamed of having written good verse.... Among the large and intelligent middle classes of this country there is much poetry read and enjoyed. It is on this broad basis, not on the clatter of a coterie nor even on the comprehension of cognate minds, that the fame of Wordsworth rests..... Take up any magazine, and see....how healthy even its commonplaces are, how reflective or affectionate or pious, how free from appeals to the baser passions and the lower conditions of our nature." The dominance of the middle-class suggested here must also be kept very clearly in mind throughout the succeeding remarks.

The most important development of these early years of the nineteenth century was the change from one, more or less unified audience to many separate audiences/
audiences. When Coleridge coined the phrase, the reading public, he was speaking of a reality, a group of people, estimated by Jeffrey at 20,000, who shared a common culture, who judged by common standards, and who aimed at a common ideal. There was a sufficiency of divergent opinions within this group - the deep clevage of Tories and Whigs, to cite only one example - but fundamentally it was a single group, comprising the educated people of the country, that is, the upper middle-class and the class above it. Beyond it lay the much vaster group of literate (1) people, estimated by Jeffrey at 200,000, drawn from the middle and even working classes. That literate group was constantly increasing, partly by the natural effect of a rising birth-rate, more significantly by the spread of education over a wider field. On the one hand the class to whom the industrial revolution brought riches saw to it that their sons had a better schooling than they themselves had had. In many families the drama of the Clayhangers was played out, so that the general tendency was for a class that had been merely literate to become educated. On the other hand missionary or humanitarian or political zeal was waging a campaign against/

---------------------

(1) Literate is used here to connote people who not only could read but read for pleasure.
against illiteracy. These were the years of Robert Raikes, of the Sunday Schools and the Ragged Schools, of Bell and Lancaster. The number of readers, literate or educated, was therefore multiplying rapidly. Inevitably the homogeneity of the reading public was at the same time breaking up. Simultaneously the great and painful nature of public events brought about a tightening of social tensions that split up even the old reading public.

A glance at the reading habits of the newer readers will not be out of place. The traditional literature of the working class had been and still was the Bible, reinforced by Robinson Crusoe, The Pilgrim's Progress, and fairly solid religious reading on the one hand, and by the didactic Cheap Repository Tracts and sensational works of fiction on the other. From this background the factories, with all their faults, succeeded in evolving a new type of reader, of whom Livingstone is a late but spectacular example, a man clever with his hands and of restless curiosity, with an ardent faith in learning which he pursued through tremendous difficulties, omnivorous even of scraps and detached leaves of books. Naturally enough in their environment, this new class were intensely interested in politics as a potential factor in the betterment of their lot. Political writings were accordingly in great demand among them, and some of the/
the earliest publications made with this audience in view were of a political nature. The most outstanding of these was Tom Paine's *Rights of Man* (1791), the author himself being one of the class for which he wrote. Cobbett's *Weekly Register* was also addressed to this public. Its original price, 10d, meant a limited sale. But the custom of these workmen was to read and discuss newspapers in the public-house, or other meeting-place, so that its influence was much wider than the circulation figures suggest. When Cobbett reduced the price to 2d. in 1817 the increase in sales was enormous. Another similar publication was the *Examiner*. Its appeal was to a slightly higher class. We have already spoken of the importance of the variety of its contents. Hunt taught his readers that man was not merely a political animal. Ebeneezer Elliot's *Corn Law Rhymes* are a later example of political propaganda directed to a working-class public. They also took to their hearts several works not written for them but whose message satisfied them. Godwin's *Political Justice*, for example, had a tremendous effect.

Their incursions into 'pure' literature it is more difficult to trace. Jeffrey in recommending Crabbe to their especial notice misunderstood the pleasure, as opposed to instruction, that such readers expected to derive from literature. They did not want to see a representation of their lives, but of their/
their dreams. They sought an escape into a larger, pleasanter world. To take a later example, Conrad has somewhere put on record the affection which sea-captains had for the fashionable novels of Bulwer Lytton. Similarly in the age of which we are now speaking the factory hand, the clerk chained to his desk, the household drudge sought satisfaction for the impulses they dared not confess in the tumultous poetry of Byron or the romances of Walter Scott.

It may be profitable to notice other sections of the public, some old and some new, that displayed tastes sufficiently defined to justify our speaking of them as separate publics. Oldest, if not most respectable, were the mighty army of those who read solely for pleasure, largely, it would seem, a female army, drawing its recruits equally from the fashionable drawing-room and the milliner's shop. This public we may call the circulating-library public, as they formed the mainstay of that institution and financed the Minerva Press. In strong contrast was the sectarian public, with its numerous divergent theological opinions but presenting a common front against mere fiction, unless combined with the strongest moral lesson, but admitting a fair amount of poetry into its library, provided it were morally and theologically sound. Another group, the Benthamites, shared with this public a dislike of imaginative literature, a rather ironical comment on their slogan, "the greatest happiness/
happiness of the greatest number." Their objection however was based on their opposition of intellect to imagination and not on ethical grounds. The intensification of political differences, caused by the war and the consequent social problems, also resulted in the isolation of certain authors from certain types of reader. Where formerly the reading public had agreed to differ on political grounds, open hostility now broke out. This point is elaborated below.

Amongst these and other specialised publics, we must not lose sight of the general mass of readers, with definite moral and religious codes which they were shocked to see flouted, but who were ready to be instructed and amused by almost all forms of literature, and remained a sufficiently homogeneous whole to claim the title of the public.

In various ways the poets themselves deepened the fissures of which we have been speaking. We find Wordsworth again a disturbing element here. Implicitly and explicitly he attacked one way of life and exalted another. What was more he attacked things that were taken for granted by the cultured class of his age. He began by rebuking the "gaudiness and inane phraseology" of contemporary writers, and, because they reduced the mind "to a state of almost savage torpor," he deplored "the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of their occupations/
occupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratifies." Against the evils of urbanisation he sets the "humble and rustic life" where "the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity." He passed on to the degradation of taste: "The invaluable works of our elder writers, I had almost said the works of Shakespeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic novels, sickly and stupid German tragedies, and deluges of idle and extravagant stories in verse. When I think upon this degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble endeavour made in these volumes to counteract it." (1) He himself deliberately addressed his poems to a limited audience: "Away, then, with the senseless iteration of the word popular, applied to new works in poetry, as if there were no test of excellence in this first of the fine arts but that all men should run after its productions, as if urged by an appetite, or constrained by a spell!" How lamentable, he exclaimed, "is his error, who can believe that there is anything of divine infallibility in the clamour of that small though loud portion of the community, ever governed by factitious influence, which/

---------------------

(1) Preface to Lyrical Ballads 1800.
which, under the name of the PUBLIC, passes itself, upon the unthinking, for the PEOPLE. Towards the Public, the writer hopes that he feels as much deference as it is entitled to: but to the People, philosophically characterised, and to the embodied spirit of their knowledge...his devout respect, his reverence, is due. He offers it willingly and readily." (1)

That these utterances had a certain political significance is evinced by Wordsworth's action in sending a copy of *Lyrical Ballads* to the great Whig statesman, Charles James Fox, accompanied by a letter (2) in the course of which he writes, "It appears to me that the most calamitous effect which has followed the measures which have lately been pursued in this country, is, a rapid decay of the domestic affections among the lower orders of society. This effect the present rulers of this country are not conscious of, or they disregard it.... I thought that, at a time when these feelings are sapped in so many ways, that the two poems *Michael* and *The Brothers* might co-operate, however feebly, with the illustrious efforts which you have made to stem this and other evils with which the country is labouring."

These passages revealed the essential revolution-

(1) Essay Supplementary to the Preface (1815).
revolutionary in Wordsworth. He was appealing from the cultured classes to the people, and as Monckton Milnes pointed out it was on the acclaim of the middle classes that his fame rested. The other Lake Poets, consciously or unconsciously, made the same appeal, and the aristocratic critics were quick to show their distrust. The deep hostility of Canning and the Tory wits to the earliest manifestations of the romantic spirit justifiably found expression in the Anti-Jacobin, because these writers were indeed setting the lower classes above the upper. We can sense in the critics a more subtle distrust. The new mode was obviously going to lead to a disruption, if only in the realm of literature, but was it possible to prevent the trouble from spreading to other fields? And the Tories were particularly anxious for national solidarity in every sphere of public life, at least while the war was in progress. But their desires were unfulfilled, and Wordsworth continued to address the middle classes and to laud the virtues of the peasantry. The rise of a new school of literature thus caused a significant division in the reading public, political and social reactionaries deliberately clinging to the older styles as a symbol of stability in a changing world.

These processes were continued by later writers. Hunt, especially, addressed himself to a specific public - those with Radical sympathies, and dismissed as/
as useless, appeals to aristocratic circles. The reviews of Shelley, quoted previously, with their lists of readers who will not understand the poet, are very clear examples of the way in which Hunt contributed to the dissolution of the public. We may draw attention at this stage to the outcry against the public schools and universities in which not only Hunt and Shelley but the Dissenters and the Edinburgh Review as well played a part. The subject cannot be elaborated here, but it will be appreciated that in this field too the old culture was not enough and that certain sections of the people were moving towards something new. The last sign of the revolt against the aristocratic tradition of the eighteenth century was the excitement caused by the 'fashionable novels' of Lytton and Disraeli. The semi-satirical intention of these works seems to have escaped most of their contemporaries, but the antipathy to the standards of life they revealed was very real. It is a sign of how the grouping of the public had altered that at the beginning of the century men from the polite circles depicted in these novels had been the dictators of taste. In the thirty years that had elapsed new arbiters with a different background of culture had arisen.

Naturally these changes in the composition and habits of the reading public reacted upon the writers. The simplest of these effects was that the authors tended to address themselves to a specialised public. Examples/
Examples of that are to be found in the previous paragraphs and there were not many authors of the calibre of Byron and Scott, or Tennyson and Dickens among later writers, who could hope to reach the whole of the reading public. It is difficult to decide what audience poets, who are our main concern here, have in mind when they publish their poetry. A poem is so much an affair of the unconscious that it is impossible to think of a poet saying to himself, "Now this will just suit the Nonconformist market." But it is equally impossible to think of a poet expressing himself in vacuo: he writes to be read. His potential readers are those with whom he shares a common culture. And at this point the crisis of poetry begins. For a poet who lives in an age when the culture of his fathers is breaking up, when events have challenged all that made that culture, what certainty is there of any audience? Who in the throng of divergent and competing cultures will listen to his words? There is bewilderment here for a sensitive writer. Only a Wordsworth with his sublime egotism is able deliberately to impose his will on the tumbling fragments of a world that he himself has helped to break and create for himself the public that he needs. Only a complacent Southey can shut his eyes to present neglect and rest complacently on the judgment of a posterity that finally ignores him. The other poets had to escape/
escape from the predicament by complex and occasionally disastrous ways. But before we try to see how they solved their problems one qualification must be emphatically made. Every great poet has that in him which appeals to the People, as opposed to the Public in Wordsworth's use of the words, and probably every great poet is conscious of that fact. In spite of apparent unpopularity, he is aware that he is in touch with 'the natural heart of man'. Probably no great poetry is possible without that awareness.

Nevertheless the poets yielded to various temptations. Uncertain of the public, they could fall into the habit of ignoring it and, instead, writing for themselves or their friends. From Milton onwards poets have consoled themselves with the thought of writing for "fit audience though few." But it is a dangerous consolation except for a poet of the very highest powers. It was one, however, in which all the romantic poets indulged. There is perhaps no writer who seems so completely unaware of an audience as Keats. Except for his light verse which is deliberately addressed to his friends he nearly always seems to be writing for himself alone. "I never wrote one single Line of poetry with the least Shadow of public thought." (1)

There/

There is a deep significance in the story of his hiding the manuscript of the *Ode to a Nightingale*. It is a further indication of the greatness of his genius that his poetry does not lose anything by its private quality. With him indeed poetry is overheard. Perhaps the secret of his success lay in his continual consciousness of mankind. Although he did not speak to it he was in constant touch with it. (1) "When I am in a room with People if I ever am free from speculating on creations of my own brain, then not my self goes home to myself: but the identity of every one in the room begins to press upon me that I am in a very little time annihilated - nor only among Men; it would be the same in a Nursery of children."

"Were it in my choice I would reject a petrarchal coronation - on account of my dying day, and because women have cancers." A poet who could write thus lived in no ivory tower.

Shelley does not possess the same redeeming contact. In spite of his numerous attempts to preach, his poetry is esoteric. When he tried to write a Poem for popular consumption, *The Mask of Anarchy*, to be printed in the *Examiner*, Hunt had to admit "I did not insert it, because I thought that the public/

---------------------

(1) Keats *Letters* p. 228, 151.
public at large had not become sufficiently discerning to do justice to the sincerity and kind-heartedness of the spirit that walked in this flaming robe of verse."

The sheer badness of Shelley's worst polemical verse is an example of the vicious effects of writing for a coterie. He lived in such an unreal world, that when he tried to speak to the real world he simply could not talk its language.

In his own distorted way, Byron was very sensitive to his Public. He usually treated, or affected to treat it with a lofty disdain. But beneath the scornful exterior of Childe Harold lay a personality that was almost hypersensitive to real or fancied neglect. He was too confident of himself to try to please his readers, but he is angry when they are offended or shocked. In the years when he produced Cain and Don Juan he could write (1) "As long as I write the exaggerated nonsense which has corrupted the public taste, they applauded to the very echo, and, now that I have really composed, within these three or four years, some things which should not willingly be let die,' the whole herd snort and grumble and return to wallow in their mire." As Maurois remarks "He had been the most modest of authors in the hey-day of the Byron craze; and he was beginning to worry about public opinion now that it showed signs of looking in another direction."

(1) Maurois Byron p. 349.
Another kind of escape is exemplified in both Byron and Tennyson, the tendency to dualism. The poet has one voice for private and another for public utterance. This is a temptation to which every popular writer is liable. A certain mood or cast of thought has pleased the public. It is so easy to repeat it. At its worst this form of defence mechanism makes for insincerity, more or less conscious. To take a modern example, a certain popular broadcaster retired from the microphone because he became aware that he was deliberately turning on his charming manner in private contacts with people who had first made his acquaintance through the medium of the radio.

Similarly Byron, after the success of Childe Harold, assumed the Byronic manner so completely that he himself hardly knew when it was a pose. "The sculptor Thorwaldsen...had the privilege of catching the transition from Byron to Childe Harold. Seated in the artist's studio, Byron put on an expression quite different from his usual one. 'Will you not sit still?' said Thorwaldsen, 'you need not assume that look.' - 'That is my expression,' said Byron." (1) It was not until quite late in his career that he dropped the mask and spoke to the public in the delightful easy tone that his friends knew in his letters. As it cost him his popularity, we can appreciate the point of retaining/

(1) Maurois Byron p. 302.
retaining the mask so long. Here Byron presents an interesting contrast to Wordsworth. Both deliberately affronted their audience. But Wordsworth, insulting the usual literary circles, addressed himself to the middle classes with the result that his fame increased. Byron struck at that middle class and made his new appeal to a group that was dying out. The insult was never forgiven and his fame diminished.

But to return to the poet as ventriloquist. It would not be true to speak of Tennyson being insincere although a contemporary could ask, "Is there not a scent of damned hypocrisy about the vowelled lisping sweetness of these Idylls?" Yet as we have seen the Tennyson of the Idylls, of the neat moral aphorisms, was a very different person from the Tennyson of the deep moving lyrics, the gorgeous paintings, and that the one was cultivated at the expense of the other so that the public should have what it wanted. This dualism is a very striking danger signal that all was not well with the world of poetry. That Tennyson himself was probably unaware of it does not make things better. To what depths it could take him may be appreciated if it is remembered that the poet who wrote Break, break, break also wrote:

Let your reforms for a moment go!

Look to your butts and take good aims!

Better a rotten borough or so

Than a rotten fleet and a city in flames!

Storm, Storm, Riflemen form!

Ready, be ready against the storm!

Rifleman, Rifleman, Riflemen form!
Briefly the trouble is that one of these was written by the Poet, the other by the Laureate. When a man’s private tone is so different from his public one, there is something seriously wrong with either the man or the public. Here we come in contact with one of the worst evils of the disintegration of the reading public. Tennyson is trying to write popular poetry, but there is no large public with an educated response to poetry. The predilections and prejudices of the great middle classes forbade it. Utilitarian theory in its narrower interpretation had no room for the more delicate flowers of the spirit; poetry was a luxury product. At the same time the evangelical spirit saw only one reason for art - the didactic: literature had to teach its lesson. When a poet tried to reach a large public he had to talk down to it in its own language or remain unheard.

The ideals of this central group of the public combined with a variety of other influences to make new demands on the poet, some of which enriched poetry, while some asked the poet to step outside his proper sphere. For instance, poetry was asked to become a substitute for or supplement to religion and the poet a sort of priest or prophet.

Wordsworth again was partly responsible for starting the trouble, although at the same time he was/
was mainly interested in giving a warning against such a mistake. In the Essay Supplementary to the Preface (1815) he wrote, "Poetry is most just to its own divine origin when it administers the comforts and breathes the spirit of religion." But "men who read from religious or moral inclinations... are beset with conceptions and mistakes peculiar to themselves." They over-rate the value of poetry which carries a religious message, and reject a poet whose tenets are not theirs. "We shall find that no poetry has been more subject to distortion, than that species, the argument and scope of which is religious; and no lovers of art have gone farther astray than the pious and the devout." But instead of reading this essay, the public read the poems in a devout frame of mind and the Wordsworthian creed became a substitute religion. Montgomery detected the process at work and combatted it on religious grounds, but in J.S. Mill we find a man openly proclaiming his faith in Wordsworth as a comforter for the soul, because in his poetry he first found the spiritual nourishment that his narrow Benthamite upbringing had denied him. "I seemed to have nothing left to live for... I became persuaded, that my love of mankind, and of excellence for its own sake, had worn itself out.... What made Wordsworth's poems a medicine for my state of mind, was that they expressed, not mere outward beauty, but states of feeling, and of thought coloured by feeling, under/
under the excitement of beauty. They seemed to be the very culture of the feelings, which I was in quest of." (Autobiography. p. 134-148). After his day the Wordsworthian becomes a recognised figure, finding in his poetry as Sir Leslie Stephen did an "ethical system as distinctive and capable of exposition as Bishop Butler's." Mark Rutherford was an extreme case. He describes how he came across Lyrical Ballads.

"It conveyed to me no new doctrine, and yet the change it wrought in me could only be compared with that which is said to have been wrought in Paul himself by the Divine Apparition." (Cruse p. 56) It needed a critic as level-headed as Matthew Arnold to restore the balance and demonstrate that "the Wordsworthians are apt to praise him for the wrong things, and to lay far too much stress on what they call his philosophy. His poetry is the reality, his philosophy... is the illusion." But by then the damage was done, and the idea of Wordsworth as a solace in times of trouble and a fountain of spiritual strength was and remained deeply engrained in minds even of the highest critical rank so that it is possible even to-day to find Wordsworth discussed in certain circles more as a spiritual teacher than as a poet.

In Tennyson we find a different manifestation of the poet as prophet rather than priest. His work has never been used as a foundation for a code of doctrine. He served rather as a sort of Vox Dei reiterating in nobler/
nobler language what was spoken by the vox populi. It was this quality that made Tennyson so quotable; he expressed so beautifully every middle class sentiment: "There is more faith..." "The old order changeth..." In this sense Tennyson was a prophet, echoing in silver tones the voice of his age. Let us not jeer too easily if we find that voice smug or sentimental or trite. It is no small thing to have given fine expression to the thoughts of a people, for at least there was wide contact between this poet and the public. The tragedy was that the public impressed itself on the poet instead of the poet moulding the public. The lonely fate of the real poet in Tennyson we have already seen.

A priest or a prophet is of necessity an isolated figure, one preaching in the wilderness and wearing a raiment of camel's hair. It is obviously not healthy for a poet to be in such a situation, nor does it denote a healthy attitude to poetry in the public mind. We have just seen how two poets were forced into that situation. Unfortunately two other poets instilled into the public mind the idea that the poet was a person apart, of strangely Vatic powers. These were Byron and Shelley, whose meteoric careers and extraordinary personalities made a tremendous impact on the public mind. The very strangeness of their ways was taken as the essential factor in their poetic powers, and the common man conceived of the poet as an/
an exotic figure, naked about the throat, long-haired, peculiar in behaviour and often in morals, who was periodically seized by poetic inspiration. The evil effects of the wide acceptance of such a picture on the public and consequently on the poet are obvious. The possibility of an educated and serious response to serious poetry became increasingly remote. Unless the public could extract some message from it, as they did from the works of Wordsworth or Tennyson or Browning, poetry was an exotic luxury, and the poet was driven further into the wilderness until he reached the abomination of desolation which is "art for art's sake."

The poet was asked to perform other functions at a level lower than the vatic. Their nature is indicated in the preceding paragraph. The commonest was to fulfil a moral purpose, to write hortatory verse or little tales with a moral meaning. Among second and third rate writers, the output of 'improving' verse or fiction tremendously outweighed writing of real literary intent. Here again we see one of the more unfortunate effects of evangelical-utilitarian influences. The part here played by unctuous sentimentality can readily be imagined, and sentimentality also appears widely in another form of poetry in which the new reading-public took delight - escapist poetry. Of the ill effects of poetry as a mode of escape more will be said shortly. It is significant that while there is a great amount of pathos, often deeply moving pathos...
pathos, in Victorian literature there is no great tragedy.

Such are some of the worst ills arising from the growth of a large public with no critical education. They could respond to literature. They possessed as Jeffrey had said quite as high ideals as and greater sensibility than the cultured classes. But their response was undisciplined. They reacted as readily to bad writing as to good. There had been at the opening of the century at least one sign of the beginnings of a more cultured response, but it was swamped by later developments. That sign was the awakening in both poets and critics of a strong sense of sociological issues. In the eighteenth century poetry had been an appanage of polite Society, often it had been vers de société. For a while it became an active factor in society, almost social verse. Once more we must refer to Wordsworth, with his tremendous and important emphasis on the social purpose of poetry, as a corrective to the false stimuli of the day and as a means of extolling the ideal life. We have already recorded the fierce hostility aroused in the critics by the social implications of his verse. They were afraid of the upheaval that would result from the acceptance of his conclusions. In the timidity of the Annual Review, and others, in the face of such poems as the Female Vagrant and even Goody Blake, and in Lamb's/
Lamb's outburst against the philanthropists who are shocked at finding humble men elevated to their own status, we see the evident signs of the reactionary fears of an awakening of social consciousness. The same fear was responsible for the outcry against Coleridge, Lamb, and the other Jacobin poets. Wordsworth showed up also the shallowness of the Whig ideals of reform, he introduced men of the lower classes as their equals, and the Whigs found they had got into company that they did not like. Again the stern realistic paintings of Crabbe showed an awareness of social ills that his more complacent critics disliked.

He was too great a writer; and perhaps too much of a Tory, to obtrude any pamphleteering on his readers, but it is strange and at the same time rather regrettable that the response of the critics was always, "Why does he paint such scenes?" and never, "Why do such scenes exist for him to paint?" We have already remarked that Crabbe's legitimate successors were the novelists, and it is noteworthy that Dickens's treatment of similar themes did result in social action. The great public responded to prose fiction while it remained deaf to poetry. This was a fact of signal importance; the people found nourishment for their imaginative life in the novel, their need for the greater art was less. Shelley once more displayed a keen, if uncontrolled, social conscience even though his/
his social tact was so little developed as to leave him hopelessly isolated. In Leigh Hunt and the later Jeffrey we have two critics who are explicitly conscious of a social function for poetry, while the former was wholeheartedly in favour of what the new poets were trying to make poetry do. These reactions took place against a background in which the old cultured public was still functioning, and there was in these movements the nucleus of a development of a poetry that really had social responsibilities, that was immediately in touch with the natural heart of man. But it was never to grow. The other forces we have spoken of proved too strong, and poetry went on its lonely ways.

On the general subject of taste, a few lines of thought are suggested by the foregoing considerations. We saw in Chapter IV that Jeffrey lamented the existence of a large public that had not developed a "correct and fastidious taste" but that he looked to education to rectify this defect, and it was suggested at that point, that if it were possible to select a similar group to-day we would probably find an improved standard of taste. That suggestion was perhaps optimistic. It would be more accurate to say that the figure of 20,000 at which he estimated the cultured public has considerably increased. But even if that/
that figure has multiplied tenfold we cannot regard the situation with complacency.

The colossal growth of the literate public has led to a very real degradation of taste. We have already discussed most of the important factors contributing to that degeneration - the narrow utilitarian view, the restrictive religious and moral code, the distrust of passion, the wish for respectability, the tendency to sentimentality. Here we must emphasise the effects of the Byronic cult. When the Victorian reader turned to poetry with no ulterior motive but escape, it was to Byronism that he turned, and Byronism connoted the undisciplined, the exotic, the sentimental. Sham feeling and false romanticism were the characteristics that had attracted too many of his large public. Byron's tremendous vitality had succeeded in giving his own verse a certain value. But the acceptance of that style as the norm of "pure", non-purposive literature contributed to the appalling slump of taste in the Victorian era. Unfortunately the increase in the reading public coincided with the rise of the Byronic cult. They came to literature with few standards and the simplest of traditions. Byron made an immediate appeal to their uncultured sensibility, as indeed he did to sensibilities more educated. If this flashy, exciting style was literature, then they liked literature; but their devotion to it did little to foster the more correct and fastidious taste that Jeffrey had hoped for. The breaking/
breaking up of the cultured public again was a vital loss. Any prospect of the lower strata of the reading public rising above their inevitably poor standards of taste became so remote as to be virtually impossible.

The effect of this state of affairs on the periodical press is obvious. The press, to say nothing of the individual author, inevitably goes for the big circulation. A periodical is not a work of art and its first duty is to satisfy its shareholders. The large public is not the rich public. It thinks in pence rather than shillings. Literature is a luxury. To spend five shillings on a periodical devoted solely to criticism when one can get for sixpence a paper that discusses politics and theatres and news, as well as books, seems extravagant. From the publisher's point of view however a regular subscriber to a six-penny weekly is worth six shillings more per annum than the regular subscriber to a quarterly, quite apart from the fact that the former will probably as many thousands as the latter will hundreds. Trite as it may seem, this economic factor was probably decisive of the course taken by periodical literature during the century. The weekly became the spearhead of any progress in the press. It had to keep moving to retain its public, if for no other reason. Thus the weekly became the most dynamic form of periodical. It reflected both the best and the worst features of the literary mind of its time. The monthly became the vehicle/
vehicle of amusement, not criticism. The quarterly continued to make its appeal to the more wealthy reader. Inevitably it was conservative in matters of taste. Jeffrey had come at the right moment of time to catch a public for a quarterly. "Notwithstanding the high prices charged for them, these reviews enjoyed circulations which are beyond the dreams of their present owners, or of the owners of such of them as still survive." (Steed The Press p. 158) By the middle of the century the public that mattered had begun to buy weeklies. So it came about as we have seen that after 1828 the weekly became the significant type of critical vehicle.

But as we have said, the weekly reflected the worst as well as the best thought of its time. And hand in hand with the degradation of taste went the degradation of criticism. The growth of advertising in due course added a further demoralising influence and as the critics became afraid to speak out for fear of annoying their advertisers, a new and more depraved sort of patronage came into being, and reviewing too often degenerated into meaningless panegyric. We still find ourselves forced to pity the poor race of critics who so often lose their meals and their sleep because they cannot lay their task down. Each week sees its new masterpiece or its new genius. We have books of the year, of the month; how soon will we have the book of the week or the day?

Unhappily/
Unhappily as Sir Norman Angell has pointed out there is a psychological Gresham's Law; bad taste drives out good just as surely as a debased currency drives out gold. The history of the daily press provides an awe-inspiring example of the process. In *Culture and Anarchy* Matthew Arnold indignantly exclaims, "The word, again, which we children of God speak, the voice which most hits our collective thought, the newspaper with the largest circulation in England, nay with the largest circulation in the whole world, is the *Daily Telegraph*!" Since then a new race of press lords has arisen that believes in giving the public what it wants. The full sadness of the tale, which involves even graver issues than the health of the public taste, can be read in Wickham Steed's book *The Press*. We are interested here in the fact that Lord Northcliffe, in the words of his biographer, appealed from "the intelligent few" to "unintelligent many.... He did not aim at making opinion less stable, emotion more superficial. He did this, without knowing he did it, because it increased circulation." The result was not only to pin down the unintelligent many where they were, but to drag the intelligent few down to that level as well. "The Best People did read the *Daily Mail*.... It had made its way from the kitchen and the butler's pantry of the big country house up to the hall table." The process goes on and the press continues to appeal to a/
a wider public at the lowest possible level. One paper recently published a photograph of some area railings on to which a boy had fallen and been fatally injured. The voice which we children of God speak to-day is the Daily Express.

The same evils in a slightly less virulent form have afflicted the periodical press. The number of serious weeklies can be counted on the fingers. We have seen that at least one of these has a circulation that would have made Leigh Hunt rub his eyes, yet, comparatively it is a small figure, a figure that means the serious periodical cannot offer the rates of remuneration paid by the dailies. On the other hand Mr Steed affords us a crumb of comfort "The remarkable success of the Listener.... shows that the public appetite for sound information cannot be underestimated by journalists or newspaper proprietors who trade upon what they imagine to be the public liking for vulgar trivialities." That is good news, although the Listener is such a special case that it does not afford a safe basis for generalisations. But there is the further complication that very few of these periodicals are devoted wholly or mainly to literature. They have their book pages in which one finds reviews of greater or less intelligence; but the critical periodical save for an honourable but sober institution like the Times Literary Supplement, is in abeyance.

The horizon is not brightened either by the latest manifestation/
manifestation of the periodical - the picture weekly. This new type of production is lively, seductive, even clever. But again it is directed to the widest and lowest appetites. It tends to deal in trivialities, or to deal trivially with difficult subjects. It has the immediacy and vividness of the cinema, and postulates the same unthinking receptivity. Yet one has seen intelligent films that did not cheapen what they touched, and the picture weekly with its tremendous impact has immense cultural possibilities, which given an editor of sufficient courage and independence it may yet realise. Criticism however obviously lies beyond its scope.

A rather peculiar substitute for the intellectual review has arisen in recent years in the form of a diversity of Book Clubs. De Quincey spoke of a time when readers 'surrendered their literary consciences, so to speak, into the keeping of the 'Edinburgh Review.'" But with the subscriber to the literary book club the surrender is entire. Again there is the demand for passive receptivity as opposed to the mental give and take between critic and reader. That in itself is a bad thing, even if the selection committees were all excellent critics instead of being mainly the popular writers that they are. Even they are hindered in the full exercise of their office by the necessity of trying to hit the average of educated middle-class taste/
taste. They cannot afford any bold experiment for fear of antagonising their subscribers. The mode of selection is a further obstacle to purity of taste. The publishers themselves submit a selection of books to the committee from which the choice is made. A publisher is not a critic but a business man. He will submit to the committee the type of book he most wishes to sell, and he will tend to think of books as standard patterns to be repeated.

There are other types of book clubs which fulfil more useful and hopeful purposes. They specialise in the issue of books to their subscribers at low rates. Many of these books are republications at cheap prices of books that have been already issued through the normal channels. Such clubs can therefore announce their programme several months in advance and their subscribers, knowing what they are asked to take, can exercise their own initiative by resigning when the programme is not to their taste. A few of these clubs deal in general literature, and do useful work in bringing within the range of a limited purse works of merit that otherwise could not be purchased. At its best such a book club is doing work like that of Wilson or Hunt in popularising Wordsworth and Shelley. The two special dangers it has to guard against are cheapness, the making of selections that will bring in the mobs, and preciosity, the choice of books because/
because they have been neglected not because they are worth popularising. The majority of cheap book clubs draw their members from some specialised audience - readers who are interested in travel, science, religion, politics right or left. The appearance of the last two should be specially noticed. Once again as in the first years of the last century, the public is hypersensitive to political issues, and in many ways the Left and Right Book Clubs are serving the same purposes as the Edinburgh and Quarterly Review by presenting their readers with set dissertations on topical subjects from a particular political angle - these dissertations taking the form of books instead of essays. When one remembers the origin of Southey's Nelson we see that the change is not really so great as it appears. The rise and success of these cheap book clubs is one of the healthiest movements in the literary world. They unite scattered groups of readers with similar interests into audiences. Some of these clubs are strong enough to commission work from authoritative writers; in this way that great desideratum of a vital contact between author and reader is re-established. The writer is not working in a vacuum or in the dark.

We can regard with similar pleasure the success of various sixpenny series. They contain of course a quantum of rubbish, cheap fiction for the multitude, the/
the profits on which are probably designed to counterbalance any losses on the more serious productions. It is the latter however that give us food for comforting reflection. For certainly a great number of them have been commercially successful, and show the existence of a vast public ready to be interested in important subjects. The writers have been acknowledged experts. The books have frequently been written specially for the series. None of them have displayed the tricks of cheap-jack journalism. They have not been written down to the public. On the contrary they have been serious, weighty, and informative. Yet the public have bought them. The range of subjects covered is impressive, for it includes not only red-hot topicalities but art and literature and philosophy.

In spite of such encouraging symptoms however, the crisis for culture is not passed - the crisis of minority culture in the midst of mass civilisation. For these rays of hope come more often from the world of the intellect than the world of the spirit. They hold out little promise to the creative artist. A book of political theory may be a work of literature but only by accident and not in the highest meaning of the word. This book has tried to show how the keenest creative minds were met with blank incomprehension by the mass of their contemporaries, but contact with the mass was still there and ultimately their/
their works reached the mass. But to-day we are faced not only, as they are, with the crumbling of traditions but the positive isolation of the cultured from the educated; the opportunities for the finest art of the day to filter through the barriers of prejudice are rarer. A new element has crept in - hostility to the cultured because they are cultured. The worst word of abuse that the nineteenth century could find was Cockney; the reproach that the uninitiated made was that the advanced writers were uncultured. The corresponding word to-day is highbrow; the reproach that the writer is too much above his fellows. Until that word has lost its stigma, culture is in a sorry pass.

The danger is real, and portends something more than the sneer of ignorance. It represents a split between the intellectual and imaginative forces of the world. How dangerous is that split has been shown by one of our prophet-novelists. (For the prophet-novelist has replaced the prophet-poet of yester year). In the film, *The Shape of Things to Come*, Mr H.G. Wells made a fairly accurate short-range prophecy, the truth of which we are beginning to experience. He followed it by a long-range prophecy of a beautiful new world, the world of the scientist, the technician, and the machine, a world where all was fair and men were all brothers and sat on glass chairs. But there was a serpent/
serpent in this Eden - and that serpent was the artist, who by the intrusion of emotion and respect for individuality threatened to wreck the fair state. The implications of such a theme having a place in a serious propagandist film are rather alarming. The reaction of a fine sensibility to such a Utopia is worth considering and we have it in Mr Aldons Haxley's *Brave New World*, that clever exposure of the comfortable hell that is the ultimate goal of the accepted standards of progress, and against it the voice of the spirit cries, "But I don't want comfort. I want God, I want poetry, I want real danger, I want freedom, I want goodness, I want sin.... I'm claiming the right to be unhappy."

In these straits the duty of criticism becomes more vital than ever before. The great poet is the spearhead of his age, carrying human consciousness a little deeper than before into the mystery of things. To his finest utterances only the finest minds of his age will fully respond. But we have seen how that response should become wider and fuller with the passage of the years. Can we to-day say with any confidence that it will? Where there is a deliberate closing of the ears to the finer things because they are finer, how grave is the danger that communications once broken may never be re-established. The critic must work ceaselessly to keep these communications open/
open; he must himself be ready and quick to respond to the vital and difficult discoveries of the poet's mind; he must give the poet that sense of contact with tradition and a sympathetic milieu, without which the poet is a voice lost in the wilderness; he must interpret the poet faithfully so that the communication between the poet and his readers is established on an ever-broadening basis of living culture. If there exists to-day a body of critics as shrewd as Jeffrey, as impressionable as Hazlitt, as enthusiastic as Hunt, there is hope yet for the republic of letters. Among the wreck of what will be left us of culture there will be creative spirits singing even in the dust, and if the critical spirits are not there to listen the singing will be in vain.
APPENDIX A.

WORDS WORTH'S AND TENNYSON'S REVISIONS IN THE LIGHT OF THE REVIEWS.

Wordsworth, as is well known, considerably revised the 1807 Poems for subsequent editions. Few of these revisions were drastic. But one significant fact emerges from a study of these changes, a fact which has apparently been overlooked. Only one critic, Jeffrey, quoted extensively from the poems; and Wordsworth altered nearly every one of the lines or phrases objected to by that critic. Other lines and phrases were of course altered as well, but the coincidence of censure and alteration is too frequent to be fortuitous. A detailed account of these strictures and revisions will make this point clear.

To the Daisy: Derisive italics are used in Jeffrey's quotation of verse 2 and 3:-

"When soothed a while by milder airs,
Thee Winter in the garland wears
That thinly shades his few grey hairs;
Spring cannot shun thee.

Whole/
Whole summer fields ... etc.

...... the traveller in the lane;
If welcome once thou count'st it gain,
Thou art not daunted,
Nor car'st if thou be set at naught... etc."
The last verse ended "with this unmeaning prophecy,"
"Thou long the poet's praise shalt gain;
Thou wilt be more beloved by men
In times to come; thou not in vain
Art Nature's favourite."
The offending lines were removed, though not as soon as 1615.
"Thee Winter in the garland wears
That thinly decks his few grey hairs;
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,
That she may sun thee;

.............

...... the traveller in the lane;
Pleased at his greeting thee again;
Yet nothing daunted,
Nor grieved if thou be set at naught... etc."
The final prophecy was exchanged in 1815 for one more intelligible;

"Thy/
"Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain;
Nor be less dear to future men
Than in old time; thou not in vain
Art Nature’s favourite."

while a foot-note made the meaning still clearer.

"Some feeling of devotion, more or less," to which Jeffrey also objected, then disappeared, though "some chime of fancy, wrong or right" did not.

Resolution and Independence has undergone some significant changes. In Stanza XIII

"... 'This is a lonesome place for one like you.'

He answered me with pleasure and surprise
And there was, while he spake, a fire about his eyes."

subsequently becomes more powerful,

"... 'This is a lonesome place for one like you.'

Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-vivid eyes."

Stanza XVII had also been ridiculed,

"... And now not knowing what the old man had said,

My question eagerly did I renew

'How is it that you live, and what is it that you do?'"

This was altered in 1815 to,

"But now, perplexed by what the old man had said

My question eagerly did I renew

'How is it that you live, and what is it you do?'"
The Sparrow's Nest was thus graced by Jeffrey:—

"Look, five blue eggs are gleaming there!
Few visions have I seen more fair;
Nor many prospects of delight
More pleasing than that simple sight."

And the offending lines were promptly modified into:—

"Behold, within the leafy shade
Those bright blue eggs together laid!
On me the chance-discovered sight
Gleamed like a vision of delight."

Ode to the Cuckoo. After quoting "O Cuckoo!
shall I call thee Bird, Or but a wandering Voice?"
Jeffrey goes on, "The said voice seemed to pass from
hill to hill, 'about and all about!' — Afterwards he assures us, it tells him 'in a vale of visionary hours,'
and calls it a darling; but still insists, that it is
'No bird, but an invisible thing, a voice, — a mystery.'
It is afterwards 'a hope' and 'a love', and finally
'O blessed bird!"

Wordsworth gave way over the empty or ambiguous lines, but the 'mystical' phrases are retained.
Thus in 1815 verses 2 and 3 were changed from:—

"While I am lying on the grass,
I hear thy two-fold shout.
From hill to hill it seems to pass
About and all about."

to:— /
"While I am lying on the grass
Thy loud note smites my ear!-
From hill to hill it seems to pass
At once far off, and near.
I hear thee babbling to the Vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
And unto me thou bring'st a tale
Of visionary hours."

The Blind Highland Boy originally set sail in
"A Household Tub, like one of those
Which women use to wash their clothes."
The turtle-shell, Wordsworth said in a note, was sub-
stituted "in deference to the opinion of a Friend". But the Arch-enemy had said of the less elegant vessel,
"Nor is there anything...which may not be introduced in poetry if this is tolerated."

The Green Linnet, verse I, ended thus in 1807:-
"A whispering leaf is now my joy,
And then a bird will be the toy
That doth my fancy tether."
Wordsworth recast this in its present form in 1815, but left the last verse unchanged in spite of Jeffrey's derisive quotation of it.
Foresight contained the following verse which Jeffrey found over-simple

"Primroses, the spring may love them;
Summer knows but little of them;
Violets, do what they will,
Withered on the ground must lie;
Daisies will be daisies still;
Daisies they must live and die;
Fill your lap and fill your bosom,
Only spare the strawberry-blossom."

The 1915 version is less insipid.

"Primroses, the Spring may love them -
Summer knows but little of them;
Violets, a barren kind,
Withered on the ground must lie;
Daisies leave no fruit behind
When the pretty flowerets die;
Pluck them, and another year
As many will be blowing here."

While the last line expands into a stanza.

Yes, it was the Mountain Echo. Jeffrey printed one verse thus:-

"Whence the voice? from air or earth?
This the cuckoo cannot tell.
But a startling sound had birth
As the bird must know full well."

In all later editions Wordsworth omitted this verse altogether.
Brougham Castle was one of the poems selected for praise, and has experienced no vital changes. I grieved for Buonaparte is the only sonnet quoted to which Jeffrey attaches blame. The first four lines he thought bad:

"I griev'd for Buonaparte, with a vain
And an unthinking grief! The vital blood
Of that man's mind what can it be? What food
Fed his first hopes? What knowledge could he gain?"

And in the 1815 volumes these became:

"I grieved for Buonaparte, with a vain
And an unthinking grief! for, who aspires
To genuine greatness but from just desires,
And knowledge such as He could never gain?"

while the other two sonnets quoted are unaltered.

The reverse of the medal must also be shown, the occasions on which Wordsworth did not yield.

Louisa. Jeffrey gave italics to two lines:

"Why should I fear to say
That she is ruddy, fleet, and strong;
And down the rocks can leap along."

Wordsworth much later altered ruddy, which Jeffrey had not italicised to nymph-like! but kept the rest.

To the Small Celandine Jeffrey quoted the last verse with the comment "babyish absurdity."

Wordsworth/
Wordsworth altered it slightly, but did not change the idea.

*Ode to Duty*, a test case for Wordsworth's philosophy. Jeffrey naturally objected to the mystical

"Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee are fresh and strong."

as "utterly without meaning"; but this was too vital a matter for deference to uninitiated judgment.

Alice Fell is similarly a test case for Wordsworth's theory of diction, and here he did not yield, although he had done so in *The Sparrow's Nest*, *To the Cuckoo*, and *Foresight*, quoted above.

*Resolution and Independence*, especially in its conversational parts, has undergone little change that can be traced to Jeffrey's strictures.

*The Redbreast and the Butterfly*. The last three lines of verse one Jeffrey called "down right raving" but they have not been changed although in 1815 a note was added explaining that the reference to Adam's presumed disapproval is based on a passage in *Paradise Lost*.

The/
The Immortality Ode, Jeffrey called it "The most illegible and unintelligible part of the publication. We can pretend to give no analysis or explanation of it." But he quotes without comment the passage

"O joy that in our embers"

Wordsworth wisely made no attempt to explain the ode beyond giving it a title.

A further small point may be noticed. In the review of Lyrical Ballads Dr. Burney had objected to the politics of Old Man Travelling. Wordsworth resolved his doubts by simply omitting the concluding lines. The original version had a certain epigrammatic sting, an effect of dramatic irony, which the concession to political sensibility throws away:

"- I asked him whither he was bound, and what
The object of his journey; he replied
'Sir! I am going many miles to take
'A last leave of my son, a mariner,
'Who from a sea-fight has been brought to Falmouth,
'And there is dying in an hospital'."

The case may be summarised in this statistical fashion: Of 20 poems which Jeffrey selected for blame, Wordsworth altered 13, practically twice as many as he kept unchanged. This cannot have been accident. We are led to the conclusion that Wordsworth was more complaisant/
complaisant to Jeffrey's criticism than has been generally supposed. But although the number of alterations that he made is very considerable, the total effect on his poetry is comparatively slight. The revisions are mainly verbal, they do not touch the structure or philosophy of the poem. Many passages to which no critic took exception have been as extensively revised on the poet's own initiative. A glance at the changes makes Wordsworth's intentions plain. Often his aim is simply to render his meaning clearer, or to eliminate verses in which the meaning was trite. Lines like "as the bird must know full well" which merely filled out the stanza, without advancing the thought, have disappeared. Occasionally "childish" or "simple" passages have had a more forceful idea infused into them. Little points of diction have been altered to make the verse smoother or more melodious. But on the things that really mattered - his peculiar cast of thought, his selection of themes, passages that were obscure because the ideas were profound - Wordsworth remained adamant.

Tennyson is an interesting pendant. His revisions attract immediate attention, and have remained an interesting example of the critical workings of a creative mind. It has been customary to assume that many of the alterations were undertaken at the dictation of Lockhart. But a brief examination of the revisions/
revisions shows that the case is not quite so simple.

Three reviewers criticised the details of the 1832 Poems, Lockhart, Bulwer Lytton, and the writer in the Literary Gazette.

Seven poems included in that volume were cancelled in 1842. Four of these had been assailed by the critics: To ___, by Lockhart and the Literary Gazette, The Hesperides, O Darling Room, and To Christopher North by Lockhart and Lytton. Three poems, O Beauty, passing beauty, Kate, and Who can say?, were dropped on Tennyson's own initiative.

Oenone, a poem abused by all three, was retained after extensive revision. The compound adjectives, mocked by the Literary Gazette, are all eliminated. Certain phrases to which Lockhart objected also disappear, viz: "They came - all three ....", "Paris was to me more lovelier." and "First spake the Imperial Olympian With arched eyebrow smiling sovransly," and the description of the plants springing to sudden life on the appearance of the goddesses has been a little simplified. But much that he disliked has been retained - in particular the refrain, of which Lockhart made great fun. The descriptions of Pallas and Aphrodite and the leopard that fawned on Oenone have likewise undergone little alteration; and Tennyson has kept such phrases as "One silvery cloud had lost his way" and "Most loving is she?" On balance, Tennyson stood firm oftener than he yielded.
The Lady of Shalott is a parallel case, being attacked by all three critics, but retained by Tennyson with even less revision than the former. The Literary Gazette confined itself to general abuse, and Lytton coincided with Lockhart in his mockery of the river - mirror - lirra rhymes, which Tennyson slightly altered to river - mirror - river. In the same passage Lockhart disliked "He flashed into the crystal mirror," which Tennyson left unchanged. Tennyson also kept "Her eyes were darkened wholly." Certain changes between Parts I and II do not appear to have been made at Lockhart's dictation, although he quotes without comment the passages which have been altered. Tennyson has however changed two lines of which Lockhart made fun "and her smooth face sharpened slowly", and "Below the stern they read her name." Notice in passing, that Tennyson has completely eliminated a rather burlesque last stanza to which J.S. Mill took exception.

A passage from the Lotos-Eaters, part of the eighth stanza, is quoted in mockery by Lockhart and has been extensively altered by Tennyson. But he has retained the echo effects in the first three stanzas to which the Literary Gazette objected.

The sonnet 'Mine be the strength', has been kept unchanged, in spite of furious attacks by Lockhart and The Literary Gazette.

The Miller's Daughter has been considerably revised/
revised, but not in accord with Lockhart's recommendations. Tennyson has omitted however the verses about "The wealthy miller's mealy face Like the moon in an ivy tow" which both Lockhart and the Literary Gazette criticised, and the "gummy chestnut buds," which amused Lockhart. The water-rat, which attracted the lover to the girl's reflection, has become the more picturesque trout, but Tennyson has insisted on the long green box of mignonette, and "The very air about the door" is still "made misty with the floating meal."

From Eleanore Tennyson has eliminated a metaphor which the Literary Gazette called "just nonsense", but has not altered stanza six, which Lytton disliked.

The Palace of Art has been considerably rearranged, perhaps because Lockhart objected to the irrelevant sequence of the portraits.

From The Dream of Fair Women has disappeared Iphigenia's speech "One drew a sharp knife through my tender throat slowly, - and nothing more." As Lockhart asked "What more would the woman have?"

It would be superficial to take a merely statistical view of these changes. If we do, we find that of 36 points criticised, Tennyson took the critics' advice on 17 points, but did not give way on 14 points, a fairly even balance. But these bald figures need to be supplemented. On the one hand, Tennyson's revisions extend far beyond the scope of the details criticised.
One must take into account the wholesale recasting not only of some of the poems we have been discussing, but also of others which the critics did not mention, a process which gave an entirely different tone to such poems as the Lotos-Eaters, The Miller's Daughter, and even The May Queen. It is important to notice that by such changes Tennyson was often carrying out the critics' advice to give his poetry more moral or more sentiment. As often, of course, if not oftener, the revisions were made for their poetical value. Further where Tennyson has given way on points of detail, the result has nearly always been an improvement, the poetical effect has been increased. Where he has stuck to his own opinion, time has usually proved that he was correct and the critic wrong. We may sum up thus: Tennyson in all matters that concerned the technique of poetical composition followed his own opinion, making alterations only when they suited his purpose; but, when he came to reshaping the trend of thought or feeling in a poem, he, consciously or unconsciously, moved in the direction indicated by the general opinion of the critics. In his revisions therefore, he presents a striking contrast to Wordsworth: both by revising improved their verses, - Tennyson considerably more so than Wordsworth - but only Tennyson altered the purpose of his verse. For this reason alone, Tennyson's revisions are far more significant than Wordsworth's.
APPENDIX E

A List of the Review Articles to which Reference is made in the Text.

CHAPTER IV

A. SCOTT.

a) The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Magazine</th>
<th>Volume</th>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Hostile/Friendly</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Imperial Review</td>
<td>Vol. 4</td>
<td>p. 90</td>
<td>Jan. 1805</td>
<td>Hostile</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edinburgh Review</td>
<td>Vol. 6</td>
<td>p. 1</td>
<td>Apr. 1805</td>
<td>Friendly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>British Critic</td>
<td>Vol. 26</td>
<td>p. 114</td>
<td>July 1805</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Critical Review</td>
<td>Vol. 5</td>
<td>p. 225</td>
<td>July 1805</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3rd Series</td>
<td>Vol. 2</td>
<td>p. 193</td>
<td>Mar. 1806</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eclectic Review</td>
<td>Vol. 3</td>
<td>p. 271</td>
<td>Mar. 1805</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Literary Journal</td>
<td>Vol. 2</td>
<td>p. 193</td>
<td>Mar. 1806</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Literary Journal</td>
<td>Vol. 1</td>
<td>p. 82</td>
<td>Feb. 1809</td>
<td>Hostile</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

b) Marmion

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Magazine</th>
<th>Volume</th>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Hostile/Friendly</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Edinburgh Review</td>
<td>Vol. 12</td>
<td>p. 1</td>
<td>Apr. 1808</td>
<td>Hostile</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Critical Review</td>
<td>Vol. 13</td>
<td>p. 387</td>
<td>Apr. 1808</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3rd Series</td>
<td>Vol. 4</td>
<td>p. 407</td>
<td>May 1808</td>
<td>Friendly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Literary Panorama</td>
<td>Vol. 9</td>
<td>p. 110</td>
<td>May 1808</td>
<td>Hostile</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monthly Review</td>
<td>Vol. 56</td>
<td>p. 1</td>
<td>May 1808</td>
<td>Hostile</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eclectic Review</td>
<td>Vol. 4</td>
<td>p. 407</td>
<td>May 1808</td>
<td>Friendly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Universal Magazine</td>
<td>Vol. 9</td>
<td>p. 110</td>
<td>May 1808</td>
<td>Hostile</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>British Critic</td>
<td>Vol. 31</td>
<td>p. 640</td>
<td>June 1808</td>
<td>Friendly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Annual Review</td>
<td>Vol. 7</td>
<td>p. 462</td>
<td>1809</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cumberland's</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>London Review</td>
<td>Vol. 1</td>
<td>p. 82</td>
<td>Feb. 1809</td>
<td>Hostile</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

c) The Lady of the Lake

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Magazine</th>
<th>Volume</th>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Hostile/Friendly</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Quarterly Review</td>
<td>Vol. 3</td>
<td>p. 492</td>
<td>May 1810</td>
<td>Friendly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monthly Review</td>
<td>Vol. 62</td>
<td>p. 178</td>
<td>June 1810</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christian Observer</td>
<td>Vol. 9</td>
<td>p. 365</td>
<td>June 1810</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eclectic Review</td>
<td>Vol. 6</td>
<td>p. 577</td>
<td>July 1810</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Critical Review</td>
<td>Vol. 20</td>
<td>p. 337</td>
<td>Aug. 1810</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3rd Series</td>
<td>Vol. 58</td>
<td>p. 363</td>
<td>Nov. 1810</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>British Critic</td>
<td>Vol. 36</td>
<td>p. 119</td>
<td>Aug. 1810</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edinburgh Review</td>
<td>Vol. 16</td>
<td>p. 1</td>
<td>Aug. 1810</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Literary Panorama</td>
<td>Vol. 8</td>
<td>p. 1231</td>
<td>Nov. 1810</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>European Magazine &amp;</td>
<td>Vol. 58</td>
<td>p. 443</td>
<td>Dec. 1810</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
B. CRABBE.

a) Poems 1807

Gentleman's
Magazine Pt.2 Vol.77 p.1033 Nov. 1807 Friendly
Critical Review
3rd Series Vol.12 p.439 Dec. 1807 " "
Annual Review Vol. 6 p.564 1808 " "
Edinburgh Review Vol.12 p. Apr. 1808 " "
British Critic Vol.51 p.590 June 1808 " "
Monthly Review Vol.55 p.170 June 1808 " "
Eclectic Review Vol. 5 p. 40 Jan. 1809 " "

b) The Borough

Edinburgh Review Vol.16 p. 30 Apr. 1810 Friendly
Monthly Review Vol.61 p.396 Apr. 1810 " "
Gentleman's
Magazine Pt.1 Vol.10 p.445 May 1810 " " p.548 June 1810 p.633 Supplement
Eclectic Review Vol. 6 p.546 June 1810 Hostile
Critical Review
3rd Series Vol.20 p.291 July 1810 Friendly
Quarterly Review Vol. 4 p.281 Nov. 1810 Hostile
British Critic Vol.37 p.237 Mar. 1811 Friendly
Christian Observer Vol.10 p.502 Aug. 1811 Hostile

c) Tales 1812

Gentleman's
Magazine Pt.2 Vol.82 p.241 Sept 1812 Friendly
British Review Vol. 4 p.51 Oct. 1812 " "
Edinburgh Review Vol.19 p.277 Nov. 1812 " "
Eclectic Review Vol. 8 p.1240 Dec. 1812 Hostile
British Critic Vol.41 p.380 ABr. 1813 " "
**CHAPTER V**

**A. MOORE.**

a) Little's Poems

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Journal</th>
<th>Volume</th>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Critical Review</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>200</td>
<td>Feb. 1802</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monthly Review</td>
<td>39</td>
<td>174</td>
<td>Oct. 1802</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

b) Epistles

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Journal</th>
<th>Volume</th>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Literary Journal, New Ser.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>646</td>
<td>June 1806</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edinburgh Review</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>457</td>
<td>July 1806</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monthly Review</td>
<td>51</td>
<td>59</td>
<td>Sept 1806</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Critical Review, 3rd Ser.</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>113</td>
<td>Oct. 1806</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eclectic Review</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>811</td>
<td>Oct. 1806</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Universal Magazine</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>428</td>
<td>May 1806</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>6</td>
<td>385</td>
<td>Nov. 1806</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anti-Jacobin Review</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>263</td>
<td>July 1806</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

c) Lalla Rookh

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Journal</th>
<th>Volume</th>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>British Critic, New Ser.</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>604</td>
<td>June 1817</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Critical Review, 5th Ser.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>550</td>
<td>June 1817</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gentleman's Magazine Pt.2</td>
<td>87</td>
<td>535</td>
<td>June 1817</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monthly Review</td>
<td>83</td>
<td>177</td>
<td>June 1817</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>268</td>
<td>July 1817</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blackwood's Magazine</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>279</td>
<td>June 1817</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>503</td>
<td>Aug. 1817</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>European Magazine</td>
<td>72</td>
<td>55</td>
<td>July 1817</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>British Review</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>Aug. 1817</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Literary Panorama, New Ser.</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>897</td>
<td>Sept 1817</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eclectic Review, New Ser.</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Nov. 1817</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**B. BYRON.**

a) Hours of Idleness

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Journal</th>
<th>Volume</th>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Monthly Literary Recreations</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Critical Review, 3rd Ser.</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>47</td>
<td>July 1807</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Universal Magazine</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>235</td>
<td>Sept 1807</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>British Critic</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>436</td>
<td>Oct. 1807</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eclectic Review</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>989</td>
<td>Nov. 1807</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Literary Panorama</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>273</td>
<td>Nov. 1807</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monthly Review</td>
<td>54</td>
<td>257</td>
<td>Nov. 1807</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gentleman's Magazine Pt.2</td>
<td>77</td>
<td>1217</td>
<td>Supp 1807</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>73</td>
<td>231</td>
<td>Mar. 1808</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edinburgh Review</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>285</td>
<td>Jan. 1808</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Annual Review</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>529</td>
<td>1808</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

b) Childe Harold I & II

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Journal</th>
<th>Volume</th>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Edinburgh Review</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>466</td>
<td>Feb. 1812</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Literary Panorama</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>417</td>
<td>Mar. 1812</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quarterly Review</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>180</td>
<td>Mar. 1812</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Magazine/Review</td>
<td>Volume</td>
<td>Page</td>
<td>Date</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>--------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td>----------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>British Critic</td>
<td>Vol.39</td>
<td>p.478</td>
<td>May 1812</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gentleman's Magazine Pt.1</td>
<td>Vol.32</td>
<td>p.488</td>
<td>May 1812</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monthly Review</td>
<td>Vol.38</td>
<td>p.74</td>
<td>May 1812</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>British Review</td>
<td>Vol.3</td>
<td>p.275</td>
<td>June 1812</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christian Observer</td>
<td>Vol.11</td>
<td>p.375</td>
<td>June 1812</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Critical Review, 4th Series</td>
<td>Vol.1</td>
<td>p.581</td>
<td>June 1812</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eclectic Review</td>
<td>Vol.1</td>
<td>p.630</td>
<td>June 1812</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anti-Jacobin Review</td>
<td>Vol.42</td>
<td>p.343</td>
<td>Aug. 1812</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>c) The Giaour</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Critical Review, 4th Series</td>
<td>Vol.4</td>
<td>p.56</td>
<td>July 1813</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edinburgh Review</td>
<td>Vol.21</td>
<td>p.293</td>
<td>July 1813</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anti-Jacobin Review</td>
<td>Vol.45</td>
<td>p.127</td>
<td>Aug. 1813</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>British Review</td>
<td>Vol.5</td>
<td>p.122</td>
<td>Oct. 1813</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eclectic Review</td>
<td>Vol.10</td>
<td>p.523</td>
<td>Nov. 1813</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christian Observer</td>
<td>Vol.12</td>
<td>p.724</td>
<td>Nov. 1813</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quarterly Review</td>
<td>Vol.10</td>
<td>p.381</td>
<td>Jan. 1814</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>d) The Bride of Abydos</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>British Critic, New Series</td>
<td>Vol.1</td>
<td>p.34</td>
<td>Jan. 1814</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gentleman's Magazine Pt.1</td>
<td>Vol.34</td>
<td>p.51</td>
<td>Jan. 1814</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quarterly Review</td>
<td>Vol.10</td>
<td>p.331</td>
<td>Jan. 1814</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>British Review</td>
<td>Vol.5</td>
<td>p.321</td>
<td>Feb. 1814</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edinburgh Review</td>
<td>Vol.23</td>
<td>p.188</td>
<td>Apr. 1814</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Literary Panorama</td>
<td>Vol.15</td>
<td>p.370</td>
<td>Apr. 1814</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>e) The Corsair</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>British Review</td>
<td>Vol.5</td>
<td>p.506</td>
<td>Feb. 1814</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Critical Review, 4th Series</td>
<td>Vol.5</td>
<td>p.144</td>
<td>Feb. 1814</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>European Magazine</td>
<td>Vol.65</td>
<td>p.134</td>
<td>Feb. 1814</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gentleman's Magazine Pt.1</td>
<td>Vol.84</td>
<td>p.154</td>
<td>Feb. 1814</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monthly Review</td>
<td>Vol.75</td>
<td>p.183</td>
<td>Feb. 1814</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Universal Magazine</td>
<td>Vol.21</td>
<td>p.129</td>
<td>Feb. 1814</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>British Critic, New Series</td>
<td>Vol.1</td>
<td>p.277</td>
<td>Mar. 1814</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christian Observer</td>
<td>Vol.15</td>
<td>p.245</td>
<td>Apr. 1814</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edinburgh Review</td>
<td>Vol.23</td>
<td>p.193</td>
<td>Apr. 1814</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eclectic Review, New Series</td>
<td>Vol.1</td>
<td>p.418</td>
<td>Apr. 1814</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quarterly Review</td>
<td>Vol.11</td>
<td>p.428</td>
<td>July 1814</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>f) Lara</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quarterly Review</td>
<td>Vol.11</td>
<td>p.428</td>
<td>July 1814</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monthly Review</td>
<td>Vol.75</td>
<td>p.83</td>
<td>Sept. 1814</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>British Critic, New Series</td>
<td>Vol.2</td>
<td>p.401</td>
<td>Oct. 1814</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
g) Hebrew Melodies

British Critic, New Series Vol. 3 p. 602 June 1815
Augustan Review Vol. 1 p. 209 July 1815
Eclectic Review, New Series Vol. 4 p. 94 July 1815
British Review Vol. 8 p. 400 Aug. 1815
Monthly Review Vol. 76 p. 41 Sept. 1815
Critical Review, 5th Series Vol. 2 p. 166 Aug. 1815
& " " " Vol. 3 p. 357 Apr. 1816

h) Siege of Corinth

Parisina

Critical Review, 5th Series Vol. 3 p. 146 Feb. 1816
Gentleman's Magazine Pt. 1 Vol. 86 p. 244 Mar. 1816
Augustan Review Vol. 2 p. 330 Apr. 1816
British Critic, New Series Vol. 5 p. 430 Apr. 1816
British Review Vol. 7 p. 452 May. 1816
European Magazine Vol. 69 p. 407 May. 1816
Literary Panorama, New Ser. Vol. 4 p. 417 June 1816

i) Childe Harold III

Prisoner of Chillon

Quarterly Review Vol. 16 p. 172 Oct. 1816
Critical Review, 5th Series Vol. 4 p. 493 Nov. 1816
& " " " Vol. 4 p. 567 Dec. 1816
Monthly Review Vol. 61 p. 312 Nov. 1816
& Vol. 61 p. 413 Dec. 1816
British Critic, New Series Vol. 6 p. 608 Dec. 1816
Edinburgh Review Vol. 27 p. 277 Jan. 1817
& Pt. 1 Vol. 87 p. 41 Jan. 1817
Literary Panorama, New Ser. Vol. 5 p. 409 Dec. 1816
British Review Vol. 9 p. 1 Feb. 1817
Christian Observer Pt. 1 Vol. 16 p. 246 Apr. 1817

j) Manfred

Blackwood's Magazine Vol. 1 p. 289 June 1817
Critical Review, 5th Series Vol. 5 p. 622 June 1817
British Critic, New Series Vol. 8 p. 33 July 1817
Eclectic Review, New Series Vol. 8 p. 62 July 1817
Gentleman's Magazine Pt. 2 Vol. 87 p. 45 July 1817
Monthly Review Vol. 83 p. 300 July 1817
British Review Vol. 10 p. 82 Aug. 1817
Edinburgh Review Vol. 28 p. 418 Aug. 1817
European Magazine Vol. 72 p. 150 Aug. 1817
k) Childe Harold IV

Quarterly Review Vol. 19 p. 215 Apr. 1818
Blackwood's Magazine Vol. 3 p. 216 May 1818
British Critic, New Series Vol. 9 p. 147 May 1818
Edinburgh Magazine Vol. 2 p. 449 May 1818
Literary Journal Vol. 1 p. 81 3 May 1818
               p. 99 10 May 1818
Literary Gazette Vol. 2 p. 273 2 May 1818
Edinburgh Review Vol. 30 p. 87 June 1818
Eclectic Review, New Series Vol. 10 p. 46 July 1818
Gentleman's Magazine Pt. 2 Vol. 88 p. 45 July 1818
British Review Vol. 12 p. 1 Aug. 1818
Literary Panorama, New Ser. Vol. 8 p. 718 Aug. 1818
Monthly Review Vol. 87 p. 289 Nov. 1818

l) Beppo

Literary Gazette Vol. 2 p. 462 14 Mar. 1818
British Critic, New Series Vol. 9 p. 301 Mar. 1818
Edinburgh Magazine Vol. 2 p. 448 Apr. 1818
Literary Journal Vol. 1 p. 17 12 Apr. 1818
British Review Vol. 11 p. 327 May 1818
Literary Panorama, New Ser. Vol. 8 p. 239 May 1818
Blackwood's Magazine Vol. 3 p. 323 June 1818
Eclectic Review, New Series Vol. 9 p. 555 June 1818
Gentleman's Magazine Pt. 2 Vol. 88 p. 144 Aug. 1818

m) Don Juan I==V

European Magazine Vol. 76 p. 55 July 1819
Vol. 80 p. 181 Aug. 1821
Literary Chronicle Vol. 1 p. 129 July 1819
               p. 147 July 1819
Literary Gazette Vol. 3 p. 449 17 July 1819
               p. 470 24 July 1819
Vol. 5 p. 497 11 Aug. 1821
Vol. 95 p. 418 Aug. 1821
Blackwood's Magazine Vol. 5 p. 512 Aug. 1819
Vol. 10 p. 107 Aug. 1821
Vol. 18 p. 251 Aug. 1821
Vol. 18 p. 247 Dec. 1821
Gentleman's Magazine Pt. 2 Vol. 89 p. 152 Aug. 1819
Pt. 1 Vol. 92 p. 48 Jan. 1822
Investigator Vol. 3 p. 353 Oct. 1821
Literary Chronicle Vol. 3 p. 185 Aug. 1821
               p. 514 Aug. 1821
n) Cain

Gentleman's Magazine  Pt. 2 Vol. 92 p. 537 Dec. 1821
Lit. Chronicle  Vol. 3 p. 793 Dec. 1821
Lit. Gazette  Vol. 4 p. 5 Jan. 1822
European Magazine  Vol. 5 p. 808 22 Dec. 1821
London Magazine  Vol. 5 p. 58 Jan. 1822
Blackwood's Magazine  Vol. 11 p. 90 Jan. 1822
                      p. 212 Feb. 1822
Edinburgh Magazine  Vol. 10 p. 492 Jan. 1822
Edinburgh Review  Vol. 36 p. 413 Feb. 1822
British Review  Vol. 19 p. 72 Mar. 1822
Eclectic Review, New Series  Vol. 17 p. 418 May 1822
Quarterly Review  Vol. 27 p. 476 July 1822

C. SHELLEY.

a) Victor and Cazire

Literary Panorama  Vol. 5 p. 1066 Oct. 1810
British Critic  Vol. 37 p. 408 Apr. 1811

b) Alastor

Monthly Review  Vol. 79 p. 433 Apr. 1816
British Critic, New Series  Vol. 5 p. 545 May 1816
Blackwood's Magazine  Vol. 5 p. 446 Nov. 1819

c) The Revolt of Islam

Blackwood's Magazine  Vol. 4 p. 475 Jan. 1819
Quarterly Review  Vol. 21 p. 450 Apr. 1819
Examiner Nos. 613 - 615  Sept. - Oct. 1819

d) Rosalind and Helen

Examiner  No. 593 May 1819
Blackwood's Magazine  Vol. 5 p. 268 June 1819
Gentleman's Magazine  Pt. 1 Vol. 89 p. 325 Dec. 1819

e) Cenci

Gold's London Magazine  Vol. 1 p. 401 Apr. 1820
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Journal/Magazine</th>
<th>Volume</th>
<th>Page(s)</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>London Magazine</td>
<td>Vol. 1</td>
<td>p.546</td>
<td>May 1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edinburgh Monthly Review</td>
<td>Vol. 3</td>
<td>p.591</td>
<td>May 1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>British Review</td>
<td>Vol. 17</td>
<td>p.360</td>
<td>June 1821</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Indicator</td>
<td>No. 42</td>
<td></td>
<td>July 1820</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**f) Prometheus Unbound**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Journal/Magazine</th>
<th>Volume</th>
<th>Page(s)</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>London Magazine</td>
<td>Vol. 1</td>
<td>p.706</td>
<td>June 1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blackwood's Magazine</td>
<td>Vol. 7</td>
<td>p.679</td>
<td>Sept 1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Literary Gazette</td>
<td>Vol. 4</td>
<td>p.380</td>
<td>Sept 1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gold's London Magazine</td>
<td>Vol. 2</td>
<td>p.306</td>
<td>Sept 1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Oct. 1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monthly Review</td>
<td>Vol. 94</td>
<td>p.188</td>
<td>Feb. 1821</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quarterly Review</td>
<td>Vol. 23</td>
<td>p.168</td>
<td>Oct. 1821</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Examiner</td>
<td>No.750</td>
<td>- 752</td>
<td>June 1822</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**g) Adonais**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Journal/Magazine</th>
<th>Volume</th>
<th>Page(s)</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Literary Chronicle</td>
<td>Vol. 3</td>
<td>p.751</td>
<td>Dec. 1821</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blackwood's Magazine</td>
<td>Vol. 10</td>
<td>p.696</td>
<td>Dec. 1821</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Literary Gazette</td>
<td>Vol. 5</td>
<td>p.772</td>
<td>Dec. 1821</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Examiner</td>
<td>No.754</td>
<td></td>
<td>July 1822</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**h) Epipsychidion**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Journal/Magazine</th>
<th>Volume</th>
<th>Page(s)</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Blackwood's Magazine</td>
<td>Vol.11</td>
<td>p.236</td>
<td>Feb. 1822</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**i) Posthumous Poems**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Journal/Magazine</th>
<th>Volume</th>
<th>Page(s)</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Edinburgh Review</td>
<td>Vol. 40</td>
<td>p.494</td>
<td>July 1824</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edinburgh Magazine</td>
<td>Vol. 15</td>
<td>p.11</td>
<td>July 1824</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Literary Gazette</td>
<td>Vol. 8</td>
<td>p.451</td>
<td>July 1824</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knight's Quarterly Magazine</td>
<td>Vol. 3</td>
<td>p.183</td>
<td>Nov. 1824</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**j) General Articles**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Journal/Magazine</th>
<th>Volume</th>
<th>Page(s)</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Literary Magnet</td>
<td>.</td>
<td>Vol. 3</td>
<td>p.161</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**CHAPTER VI**

**a) Articles in Blackwood's Magazine**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Article Description</th>
<th>Journal/Magazine</th>
<th>Volume</th>
<th>Page(s)</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ditto</td>
<td>ditto No.II</td>
<td>Vol. 2</td>
<td>p.194</td>
<td>Nov. 1817</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Letter from Z to Leigh Hunt</td>
<td>Vol. 2</td>
<td>p.414</td>
<td>Jan. 1818</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hazlitt's Lectures by A.Z.</td>
<td>Vol. 3</td>
<td>p. 75</td>
<td>Apr. 1818</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| Letter from Z to Leigh Hunt | Vol. 3 | p.196   | May 1818 }
On the Cockney School of Poetry Vol. 3 p. 303 June 1818

ditto ditto No. IV Vol. 3 p. 453 July 1818

Hazlitt Cross-Questioned Vol. 3 p. 549 Aug. 1818

On the Cockney School of Poetry Vol. 3 p. 550 Aug. 1818

ditto ditto No. V Vol. 5 p. 97 Apr. 1819

Leigh Hunt's Pocket Book Vol. 6 p. 6.70 Oct. 1819

Extracts from Mr. Wastle's Diary III Vol. 7 p. 365 Sept. 1820

An Hour's Tete-a-Tete with the Public Vol. 8 p. 30 Oct. 1820

Letter to Christopher North by Dr. Olinthus Petre Vol. 8 p. 207 Nov. 1820

Ayrshire Legatees (Reply to London Magazine) Vol. 8 p. 259 Dec. 1820

Familiar Epistles to North from an Old Friend III Vol. 10 p. 247 Sept. 1821


Hazlitt's Table-Talk Vol. 12 p. 157 Aug. 1822

On the Cockney School of Poetry Vol. 12 p. 775 Dec. 1822

Letters of Timothy Tickler No. VIII Vol. 14 p. 212 Aug. 1823


ditto ditto No. II Vol. 16 p. 438 Oct. 1824

On the Cockney School of Poetry No. VIII Vol. 18 p. 155 Aug. 1825

Noctes Ambrosianae Vol. 36 p. 272 Aug. 1834

b) Articles in the London Magazine

Keats's Endymion Vol. 1 p. 360 Apr. 1820

Lord Byron...and the Magazines Vol. 1 p. 492 May 1820

Hunt's Poetry by A. Keats's Lamia and Other Poems Vol. 2 p. 45 July 1820

Blackwood's Magazine Vol. 2 p. 315 Sept. 1820

The Mohock Magazine Vol. 2 p. 309 Nov. 1820


The Mohocks Vol. 3 p. 2 Jan. 1821

Keats' Obituary by L. Vol. 3 p. 76 Jan. 1821

Scott's Peveril of the Peak Vol. 7 p. 205 Feb. 1823

Reply to Blackwood's Mag Vol. 10 p. 355 Oct. 1824

c) Reviews of Hunt in other Periodicals

1) Story of Rimini


Eclectic Review New Series Vol. 5 p. 360 Apr. 1816

Augustan Review Vol. 2 p. 474 May 1816

British Review Vol. 7 p. 452 May 1816

Edinburgh Review Vol. 28 p. 478 June 1816
d) Reviews of Keats in other Periodicals

1) Poems 1817

Champion
European Magazine Vol. 71 p. 454 May 1817
Examiner 6th & 13th July 1817
Edinburgh Magazine Vol. 1 p. 254 Oct. 1817

2) Endymion

Quarterly Review Vol. 19 p. 204 Apr. 1818
Literary Journal Vol. 1 p. 114 17 May 1818
British Critic, New Series Vol. 9 p. 549 June 1818
Champion 7th June 1818

3) Lamia and Other Poems

Monthly Review Vol. 32 p. 305 July 1820
Literary Gazette Vol. 4 p. 423 Aug. 1820
Literary Chronicle Vol. 2 p. 421 29 July 1820
Indicator Vol. 4 p. 337 2 Aug. 1820
Edinburgh Review Vol. 34 p. 233 Aug. 1820
Edinburgh Magazine Vol. 7 p. 107 Aug. 1820
British Critic Vol. 14 p. 257 Sept 1820

e) Other References

Edinburgh Magazine, On Hazlitt's Table-Talk Vol. 4 p. 352 Nov. 1817
**CHAPTER VIII**

**Tennyson**

**a) Poems Chiefly Lyrical**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Magazine</th>
<th>Volume</th>
<th>Page(s)</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Spectator</td>
<td>Vol. 3</td>
<td></td>
<td>Aug. 1830</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Monthly Magazine</td>
<td>Vol. 33</td>
<td>p. 111</td>
<td>Mar. 1831</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blackwood's Magazine</td>
<td>Vol. 24</td>
<td>p. 721</td>
<td>May 1832</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**b) Poems 1832**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Magazine</th>
<th>Volume</th>
<th>Page(s)</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Spectator</td>
<td>Vol. 5</td>
<td>p. 120</td>
<td>Dec. 1832</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monthly Repository</td>
<td>Vol. 7</td>
<td>p. 30</td>
<td>Jan. 1833</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Monthly Magazine</td>
<td>Vol. 37</td>
<td>p. 69</td>
<td>Jan. 1833</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quarterly Review</td>
<td>Vol. 49</td>
<td>p. 61</td>
<td>Apr. 1833</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>London Review</td>
<td>Vol. 1</td>
<td>p. 402</td>
<td>July 1833</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**c) Poems 1842**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Magazine</th>
<th>Volume</th>
<th>Page(s)</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Examiner</td>
<td>N. 1791</td>
<td>p. 340</td>
<td>May 1842</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spectator</td>
<td>Vol. 15</td>
<td></td>
<td>June 1842</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Athenaeum</td>
<td>Vol. 14</td>
<td>p. 700</td>
<td>Aug. 1842</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tait's Edinburgh Magazine</td>
<td>Vol. 9</td>
<td>p. 502</td>
<td>Aug. 1842</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quarterly Review</td>
<td>Vol. 70</td>
<td>p. 385</td>
<td>Sept. 1842</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Literary Gazette</td>
<td>Vol. 26</td>
<td>p. 788</td>
<td>Nov. 1842</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edinburgh Review</td>
<td>Vol. 77</td>
<td>p. 372</td>
<td>Apr. 1843</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
APPENDIX C

BOOKS OF REFERENCE

A PERIODICALS

Analytical Review 1788 - 1799
Annual Review 1802 - 1808
Anti-Jacobin or Weekly Examiner 1797 - 1798
Anti-Jacobin Review and Magazine 1798 - 1821
Athenaeum 1828 - date
Augustan Review 1815 - 1816

Blackwood's Magazine 1817 - date
British Critic 1793 - 1843
British Review 1811 - 1825

Champion 1817 - 1818
Christian Observer 1802 - 1877
Critical Review 1756 - 1817

Eclectic Review 1805 - 1868
Edinburgh Magazine 1817 - 1825
Edinburgh Monthly Review 1819 - 1821 cont'd. as New Edinburgh Review 1821 - 1823
Edinburgh Review 1802 - date
European Magazine 1782 - 1826
Examiner 1808 - 1881

Fraser's Magazine 1830 - 1882

Gentleman's Magazine 1731 - 1907
Gold's London Magazine 1820 - 1821

Indicator 1820 - 1822
Investigator 1820 - 1824
Imperial Review 1803 - 1805

Knight's Quarterly Magazine 1823 - 1824

Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review 1819 - 1825
Literary Gazette 1817 - 1862 inc.with Athenaeum
Literary Journal (Baldwin's) 1803 - 1807
Literary Journal (Christie's) 1816 - 1819 cont'd. as Literary Chronicle (above)

Literary Magnet 1824 - 1827
Literary Panorama 1806 - 1819
London Magazine 1820 - 1829
London Review (Cumberland's) 1809 - 1810
London Review 1835 inc. with Westminster Review

Monthly Literary Recreations
Monthly Magazine 1796 - 1843
Monthly Review 1749 - 1845

New Monthly Magazine 1821 - 1879

Quarterly Review 1809 - date
Spectator 1828 - date

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine 1832 - 1862

Universal Magazine 1804 - 1815

Westminster Review 1824 - 1913

B GENERAL WORKS

ARNOLD Matthew Essays in Criticism 2nd Ser. (Lond,) 1886
ARNOLD Matthew Culture and Anarchy (London) 1869
BATHO E.G. The Later Wordsworth (Cambridge) 1933
BLUNDEN Edmund Keats's Publisher (London) 1936
BLUNDEN Edmund Leigh Hunt (London) 1930
BLUNDEN Edmund Leigh Hunt's Examiner Examined (London) 1928

BOSWELL James Life of Johnson

CAMPBELL Roy William Gifford (New York) 1930

CARLYLE Thomas Life of John Sterling

COCKBURN Lord Life and Letters of Francis Jeffrey (Edinburgh) 1852

COPINGER W.A. Authorship of the First Hundred Numbers of the Edinburgh Review (Manchester) 1895

CORNELIUS R.D. Two Early Reviews of Keats's First Volume in Publications of the Modern Language Association 1925

CRUSE Amy The Englishman and his Books in the Early Nineteenth Century (London) 1930

DE QUINCEY Thomas Reminiscences of the English Lake Poets

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY

ELIOT T.S. The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism (London) 1933

ELTON Oliver A Survey of English Literature (1780-1880) (Lond.) 1912

ELWIN Malcolm Thackeray. A Personality (Lond.) 1932

ELWIN Malcolm Victorian Wallflowers (Lond.) 1934

GALT John The Literary Life of (Edinburgh) 1834

SMITH Elsie  An Estimate of William Wordsworth  
by his Contemporaries (Oxford)  1932
SOUTHEY C.C.  Life and Correspondence of  
Robert Southey (London)  1849
STEED H.Wickham  The Press (Penguin Books)  1938
STEPHEN3 Leslie  Studies of a Biographer (London)1902
STYLES John  Early Blossoms. Biography of  
...Daniel Parken (London)  1819
SWANN Elsie  Christpoher North (Edinburgh)  1934
THOMAS W.B.  The Story of the Spectator  
1828 ≠ 1928 (London)  1928
YOUNG G.M.  Victorian England (Oxford)  1936
ZEITLIN J.  Robert Southey's Contributions  
to the Critical Review in Notes and Queries  1918