Poetry in English and American literature written by philosophers

Hinrichs, Amy Henrietta

Boston University

http://hdl.handle.net/2144/6137

Boston University
BOSTON UNIVERSITY

GRADUATE SCHOOL

Thesis

POETRY IN
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE
WRITTEN BY PHILOSOPHERS

Submitted by

AMY HENRIETTA HINRICH

(A.B., NEWCOMB COLLEGE
OF THE TULANE UNIVERSITY
OF LOUISIANA, 1912)

In partial fulfilment of requirements for

the degree of Master of Arts

1927

BOSTON UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS
LIBRARY
OUTLINE

INTRODUCTION (pp. 1-4)

I. Union of philosophical and poetical in English poetry (pp. 1-2)
   A. Persistence of combination
   B. Keats's testimony
   C. Illustration from Bede

II. Purpose of thesis (pp. 2-3)
   A. To bring together and examine into poetry in English and American literature written by professional philosophers
   B. To discover connection between philosophy and poetry of each philosopher-poet

III. Early examples of English philosopher-poets (pp. 3-4)
   A. Alcuin
   B. Johannes Scotus Erigena
   C. Robert Grosseteste

PHILOSOPHER-POETS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE (pp. 4-80)

I. The Shakespeare-Milton century, or from the birth of Bacon to the death of Hobbes (1561-1679) (pp. 4-28)
   A. Francis Bacon (pp. 4-8)
      1. Poetry in his essays
      2. References by contemporaries to Bacon's poetry
         a. Stow and Howes
         b. Edmund Waller
      3. Poetical works of Bacon
         a. Expansion of a Greek epigram
         b. Sonnet on queen's visit to Twickenham
         c. Devices written for the Earl of Essex
         d. A Translation of Certaine Psalmes into English Verse
      4. Tributes to Bacon as a poet
         a. Shelley
         b. Macaulay
         c. Bulwer-Lytton
         d. Coleridge
      5. Correlation between Bacon's poetry and his philosophy

   B. Herbert of Cherbury (pp. 8-12)
      1. His crowded and versatile life
      2. His identification with other famous philosophers and poets
         a. "Gloomy John Donne"
         b. Ben Jonson
         c. Thomas Carew
         d. Descartes
         e. Locke
3. His posthumous volume of poetry
   a. Cavalier titles
   b. Typical quotations
   c. Suggestions of Shakespeare in Herbert
   d. Slight references to Herbert's philosophy in his poetry
      1'. The Idea
      2'. A Meditation upon His Wax-Candle
      3'. An Ode Upon a Question Moved Whether
          Love Should Continue For Ever
      4'. Elegy Over a Tomb
      5'. Emphasis on certain ideas
          a'. Color black
          b'. First cause
          c'. Origin of evil

4. Importance as a philosopher

C. General survey of richness of poetry by English philosophers in century from birth of Bacon to death of Hobbes (p. 14)
   1. Unity of period
   2. Diversity of authorship
      a. Bacon
      b. Herbert of Cherbury
      c. Fulke Greville
      d. Robert Greville
      e. Sir John Davies
      f. Sir Kenelm Digby
      g. Joseph Hall
      h. Jeremy Taylor
      i. Thomas Stanley

D. Fulke Greville (pp. 15-17)
   1. General survey
   2. Consideration of poems
      a. Caecilia in CK Sonnets
      b. Two tragedies
         1'. Mustapha
         2'. Alaham
   3. Appraisal of Greville's poetical accomplishment

E. Robert Greville (p. 18)

F. Sir John Davies (pp. 18-21)
   1. His three great poems
      a. Rosce Teipsum
      b. Hymns to Astraea
      c. Orchestra

   2. Discussion of Rosce Teipsum
   3. General characteristics as a poet
   4. Hymns to Astraea, or sonnets to Queen Elizabeth
   5. Orchestra
   6. Appraisal as philosopher
      a. Shrewd worldly wisdom
      b. Poet with a metaphysical bent

G. Sir Kenelm Digby (pp. 21-22)
   1. His importance
2. Critical works
3. Poems from Sir Kenelm Digby's Papers

B. Bishop Hall (pp. 22-24)
1. A clerical satirist
2. Bishop Hall's literary work
3. Analysis of satires
4. Other works
   a. Prose theological works
   b. The King's Prophesie or Weeping Joy
   c. "Metaphrasing" of Psalms
5. Estimate of literary value

I. Jeremy Taylor (pp. 24-27)
1. Festival Hymns as example of his work
2. Illustrations of his poetical deficiencies
3. Slight value as poet

J. Thomas Stanley (pp. 27-28)
1. Author of first History of Philosophy in English
2. Patron of literary men
3. Discussion of his poems
4. Relation between his poetry and his philosophy

II. Hobbes and the transition to the modern scientific period (pp. 28-31)

A. Hobbes as a writer of verse (pp. 28-29)
1. His poetical works
   a. Hexameters describing the Derbyshire Peak
   b. Historia Ecclesiastica in elegiac verse
   c. Autobiography in Latin measures
   d. Translations of Iliad and Odyssey
2. Lack of connection between Hobbes's poetry and his philosophy

B. The transition from the Elizabethan Age to the modern scientific period (pp. 30-31)
1. Summary of relation between philosophy and poetry in Elizabethan Age
2. Trend away from poetic to scientific expression of philosophy

III. The Cambridge Platonists (pp. 31-36)

A. General characteristics (p. 31)

B. Discussion of their poetical work (pp. 31-34)
1. Dr. Whitchute
2. Ralph Cudworth
3. Simon Patrick
4. John Norris

C. Poetical work of other lesser poets of period who were not Cambridge Platonists (pp. 34-35)
1. John Fordage
2. Joseph Glanvill

D. Henry More, the greatest of the Cambridge Platonist poets (pp. 35-36)
IV. Locke and his non-mystic contemporaries (pp. 36-38)
   A. No poetry by Locke himself (p. 36)
   B. Two philosopher-poets among his contemporaries (pp. 36-38)
      1. John Sergeant, a detractor
      2. Mrs. Catherine Cockburn, a defender

V. Bishop Berkeley and his contemporaries (pp. 38-45)
   A. George Berkeley (pp. 38-40)
      1. His altruistic career
      2. His one poem: "Westward the course of empire takes its way."
      3. Illustrations of the essential poetry of his nature
   B. The deists (pp. 41-42)
      1. Natural divergence between deism and poetry
      2. Three deist poets
         a. John Toland
         b. Bolingbroke
         c. William Wollaston
   C. Samuel Clarke (pp. 42-43)
   D. Bernard de Mandeville (pp. 43-45)
      1. Discussion of his two hundred lines of doggerel, The Fable of the Bees
      2. Other works
   E. William Warburton (p. 45)

VI. Philosopher-poets of the earlier period of scientific emphasis (pp. 45-51)
   A. No poetry from the pen of Hume (p. 45)
   B. Adam Smith's poetical connections (pp. 45-46)
      1. Editor of poems of William Hamilton
      2. Contempt for blank verse
   C. Abraham Tucker's curious work in verse (p. 46)
   D. Joseph Priestley (p. 46)
   E. James Beattie (pp. 46-48)
      1. Relation between his philosophy and his poetry
      2. Discussion of literary value of his poetry
   F. Sir James Mackintosh (pp. 49-50)
   G. Thomas Brown (pp. 50-51)

VII. Poetry of the utilitarians (pp. 51-57)
   A. Their natural lack of poetic interest (p. 51)
   B. Bentham (pp. 51-52)
   C. Sir Samuel Romilly (p. 52)
   D. English verse-writing in John Stuart Mill's
training (pp. 52-53)

E. George Grote's love verses (p. 53)

F. William Godwin's verse tragedies (p. 53)

G. Sir John Bowring (pp. 53-57)
  1. Tremendous activities as translator of verse
      a. Batavian Anthology
      b. Specimens of the Russian Poets
      c. Poetry of the Magyars
  2. Author of hymns
  3. Connection between his poetry and his philosophy

VIII. Sir William Blackstone as poet (pp. 57-58)

IX. Carlyle as poet (pp. 58-60)
   A. Discussion of Fractions (pp. 58-59)
   B. Verse translations (pp. 59-60)

X. Coleridge (pp. 60-69)
   A. Coleridge as philosopher (pp. 60-64)
      1. His importance through Hazlitt's estimates
      2. Steps in his philosophical development
      3. His four services to English philosophy
         a. Introduction into England of German Transcendental philosophy
         b. Acute critical judgments on prevailing philosophy
         c. Supplying logical foundations for traditional religious and political views
         d. Influence on other philosophers
      4. Distinctions in his philosophy
         a. Reason and understanding
         b. Fancy and imagination
   B. Incomplete state of Coleridge's work (pp. 64-65)
   C. Discussion of poetry with regard to four points of contact with his philosophy (pp. 65-68)
      1. Emphasis on the supernatural or transcendental
      2. Emphasis on the validity of intuition
      3. Tendency to envisage vast vistas and moralize therefrom
      4. Subjective interpretation of nature
   D. Estimate of Coleridge as an artist (pp. 68-69)
      1. Tragedy of his inability to work steadily
      2. A wish that he had followed the lead of philosophy
   E. Thomas Taylor, mystic, contemporary of Coleridge (p. 69)

XI. Period of the evolutionary trend (pp. 69-76)
   A. Five major philosophical emphases (pp. 69-70)
      1. The "philosophy of the conditioned"
      2. The emphasis on political economy
      3. Renewed emphasis on pure logic
      4. The positivist cult
5. The religious emphasis

B. Henry Longueville Mansel and his connection with Henry Aldrich (pp. 70-71)

C. Sir John Frederick William Herschel (p. 71)

D. William Whewell (pp. 71-72)

E. William Thomas Thornton (pp. 72-73)

F. Harriet and James Martineau (pp. 73-74)

G. Frederic Harrison (p. 74)

H. John Henry Newman (pp. 74-78)
   1. Growth of his Roman Catholic conviction
   2. His philosophical purpose
   3. His poetry
      a. Youthful work
      b. Verses on various occasions
         1'. The Dream of Gerontius
         2'. Lead, Kindly Light
         3'. Characteristics of minor poems

XII. Definite emergence of philosophy as science (pp. 78-80)

A. Characteristics of period (pp. 78-79)

B. Two later Victorian philosopher-poets (p. 79)
   1. Lewes
   2. John Veitch

C. Contemporary British philosopher-poets (pp. 79-80)
   1. Bernard Bosanquet
   2. Edward Douglas Fawcett

XIII. American influence on British philosophy (pp. 80-81)

PHILOSOPHER-POETS IN AMERICAN LITERATURE (pp. 81-106)

I. Position of poetry in Puritanism (pp. 81-83)

A. "The sly dissipation of writing verses" (pp. 81-82)

B. The elegy as a legitimate effort (pp. 82-83)
   1. Elegy by Uriah Oakes on the death of Thomas Shepard
   2. Cotton Mather as poet
      a. Elegy on the death of Uriah Oakes
      b. Elegy on the deaths of seven young ministers
      c. His other verse efforts

C. Richard Mather's connection with the Bay Psalm Book (p. 83)

II. Later colonial poetical efforts by philosophers (pp. 83-84)

A. Edward Holyoke (p. 82)

B. Johann Conrad Beissel (pp. 83-84)

C. Ballads of Franklin's youth (p. 84)
III. Two philosopher-poets of Revolutionary days (pp. 84-87)
   A. William Livingston (pp. 84-85)
      1. Philosphic Solitude, or the Choice of a Rural Life
      2. Verses to Eliza
      3. Two serious minor poems
         a. A Funeral Elegium on the Rev. Aaron Burr
         b. A Soliloquy
   B. Timothy Dwight (pp. 85-87)
      1. The Conquest of Canaan
      2. Patriotic lyrics
      3. Greenfield Hill
      4. The Triumph of Infidelity
      5. Hymns
      6. His essentially philosophic character

IV. Post-Revolutionary philosopher-poets (pp. 87-88)
   A. Poetic reconcilers of the Bible and science (pp. 87-88)
      1. Edward Hitchcock
      2. Taylor Lewis
      3. Andrews Norton
   B. Thomas Cogswell Upham (pp. 88)

V. The Concord group (pp. 88-95)
   A. Alcott (pp. 88-89)
      1. Ion, a Monody
      2. Sonnets and Canzonets
      3. New Connecticut: an Autobiographical Poem
   B. Thoreau (pp. 89-90)
      1. Poems in the Dial
      3. Discussion of individual poems
         a. Sympathy
         b. Sic Vita
         c. Inspiration
   C. Emerson (pp. 90-94)
      1. Discussion of Emerson's "lapidary" style
      2. Three causes for absence of consistent brilliance in the settings of his gems
         a. Deficiency in feeling
         b. Lack of dramatic or epic instinct
         c. Absence of conscious art
      3. Four reasons for lack of metrical perfection in Emerson's verse
         a. Lack of sure instinct for poetical diction
         b. Jarring rhymes
         c. Unnecessary inversions
         d. Obscure meanings
      4. His poetical accomplishment illustrated by quotations
      5. Emerson's value as a philosopher
   D. Franklin Benjamin Sanborn (pp. 94-95)
VI. The St. Louis group (p. 95)

VII. Three foreign-born American philosopher-poets of the later nineteenth and early twentieth centuries (pp. 95-106)
A. Hugo Münsterberg (p. 95)
1. Poem of his childhood
2. Constant poetical interest
3. Volume of verse published in Germany

B. Paul Carus (pp. 95-97)
1. Truth and Other Poems
2. A Selection from the Rhymes of a German Mystic
3. K'ung Fu Tze
4. Sacred Tunes for the Consecration of Life

C. George Santayana (pp. 98-106)
1. His philosophy
2. Contrast with Bertrand Russell
3. Limited appeal of his philosophy
4. His poetry
   a. General discussion
      1'. Fine artistic qualities
      2'. His use of English
   b. Discussion of poems
      1'. Sonnets
         a'. First series
         b'. Second series
      2'. Other Verses of the 1896 volume
      3'. The 1901 volume
         a'. Two mediaeval tales
            1"'. A Hermit of Carmel
            2"'. The Knight's Return
         b'. Excellent verse translations
            c'. Convivial and Occasional Verses
5. Santayana's philosophy considered as poetry

VIII. Other living American philosopher-poets besides Santayana (p. 106)
A. How many?

B. Publications of Professor Hartley B. Alexander

CONCLUSIONS (pp. 106-108)
I. Philosophy not inconsistent with writing of poetry (p. 106)
II. Seventy-seven philosopher-poets in this paper (p. 106)

III. Types of philosopher-poets (p. 107)
A. In English literature
1. The "prodigious Elizabethans"
2. Classically trained philosopher-poets
3. Native singers

B. In American literature
1. Those under traditional influences of classical scholarship and religion
2. Followers of Emerson
3. Santayana
a. Native gift
b. Pyrenean influence

IV. Lyric emphasis of philosopher-poets (pp. 107-108)
V. General statement (p. 108)
The genius of the English race is, in keeping with Teutonic inheritance, at once philosophical and poetical. Except when some lightsome fashion has held sway in a period of slight spiritual emphasis or when foreign influence--Italian or French--has injected fantasy and gayety into a native imagination that could of itself produce the somberness of the Beowulf, the majesty of Milton, and the gloom of Donne and Herbert, English poetry, even of the most tenuous web, has never been merely fanciful. Always there has sounded through it a note of questioning or of contemplation, the materials of which philosophy is made. Even Keats's Ode on a Grecian Urn--than which what purer poetry?--is compounded from beginning to end of music, imagination, and philosophy. Indeed, the end of this poem is itself a glowing testimony, from one whose poetic temperament should, in spite of his youth, have qualified him to know, to the mystic union of beauty and truth, poetry and philosophy:

"'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'--that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

Some would say that the philosophizing is native to the Anglo-Saxon race and that the poetry is ingrafted or cultivated. Yet who shall say that there is more philosophy than poetry in that very early expression of the transitoriness and the mystery of life with which the second of the king's counselors
admonished his sovereign at the conference at which Edwin, king of the Northumbrians, embraced Christianity? The "Venerable Bede" relates the story:

"Another of the king's chief men, approving of his words and exhortations, presently added: "The present life of man, 0 king, seems to me, in comparison of that time which is unknown to us, like to the swift flight of a sparrow through the room wherein you sit at supper in winter, with your commanders and ministers, and a good fire in the midst, whilst the storms of rain and snow prevail abroad; the sparrow, I say, flying in at one door, and immediately out at another, whilst he is within, is safe from the wintry storm; but after a short space of fair weather, he immediately vanishes out of your sight, into the dark winter from which he had emerged. So this life of man appears for a short space, but of what went before, or what is to follow, we are utterly ignorant. If, therefore, this new doctrine contains something more certain, it seems justly to deserve to be followed.""

The ancient counselor's recognition of the evanescence of life may have been philosophy; his expression of its transitoriness was certainly poetry. It is not too free an exercise of the imagination to call this unnamed adviser of the Northumbrian king in the year 627 the first philosopher-poet in English literature, even though he spoke in what is technically prose.

If we attempted to trace this companionship of the twin sisters Philosophy and Fancy throughout English poetry, including, of course, American, we should soon find that we had engaged in a task of encyclopedic dimensions. The purpose of this paper shall be, not to analyze the work of every English poet who philosophized, but to bring together and examine into the poetry in English and American literature written by professional philosophers. In the case of the major philosopher-poets, our examination shall attempt to discover correlation, or ascertain the lack of it, as regards subject-

---

Footnotes:

matter and treatment between a given philosopher's poetry and the
type of life expounded in his philosophy. We shall ask whether,
if a philosopher have the gift of song, his metaphysical system
imposes itself on his poetry, so that that poetry is simply
another expression of his point of view, or whether his poetical
output is a thing apart, whether, in short, he is a philosopher
and a poet, instead of a philosopher-poet.

If we interpret English literature to include poetry
written in Latin by Englishmen before the ascendancy of the
vernacular was conceded, we may claim Alcuin, apostle of
culture to the Franks, as perhaps the earliest philosopher
successor to the poetically-minded counselor to the Northum-rian king. After pointing out the importance as Carolingian
sources of Alcuin's three hundred eleven extant letters,
M. Christian Pfister of the Sorbonne, writing in the
Encyclopaedia Britannica (Eleventh Edition), says: "His poetry
is equally interesting. Besides some graceful epistles in the
style of Fortunatus, he wrote some long poems, and notably
a whole history in verse of the church at York: Versus de
patribus, regibus et sanctis Eboracensis ecclesiae!" The next
in line of succession, though his name may at first surprise,
has well-authenticated claims to inclusion in English litera-
ture and to classification both as philosopher and as poet:
none other than Johannes Scottus Erigena, whose poetry, in
Latin, of course, has been edited by L. Traube in Monumenta
Germaniae historica, Poëtae Latini sevi Carolini, iii. (1896).

The vernacular was slow indeed in coming into its own.
We have in the period of Norman ascendancy at least one
French poem supposedly written by a philosopher in England.
It is *Le Chastel d'amour*, and the Caxton Society is authority for its ascription to Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln.

Putting aside the fantastically supported claims that Francis Bacon is the greatest poet in English literature, this philosopher-scientist, first writer of philosophy in the vernacular in England and father of experimental science, has enough poetry of authentic authorship to his credit to entitle him to classification as a poet. There is a sort of irony in the fact that Bacon, who committed all his work that he considered of consequence to Latin so that it should live, should be the initial stylist in English. His style is, of course, best known through his *Essays*. Analysis of those essays reveals not only that they are a repository of the practical wisdom of his scientifically reasoned philosophy, but that they are full of nuggets of imaginative conception and poetical phraseology. Mr. George Stronach, in the *Fortnightly Review* for March 1905, has indulged in what must have been the delightful exercise of turning some of Bacon's prose into verse without altering a word. The result is really quite convincing. As the reader intones the quotations which Mr. Stronach gives from the essay *Of Adversity*, for instance, they seem echoes of contemplative Shakespearean lines in the voice of Sothern or Forbes-Robertson:

"Virtue is like precious odours,  
Most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed;  
For prosperity doth best discover vice,  
But adversity doth best discover virtue."

"All rising to great place is by a winding stair," further quotes Mr. Stronach. Surely a pleasing conception, such as Banquo might cautiously have offered to Macbeth. All this is not, however, evidence that *Bacon is Shakespeare*, though Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence might construe it so. It is simply evidence that
the philosopher Bacon was possessed of poetical instinct.

Bacon's extant poetry is very slight; but there are significant references by contemporaries. Mr. Stronach enumerates:

1. Stow and Howes, in their *Annales*, published many years before Bacon's translation of the *Psalms*, list Bacon "among our moderne and present excellent poets."

2. Edmund Waller, in dedicating his works to Charles I's queen, Henrietta Maria, puts Bacon in distinguished poetical company: "Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Francis Bacon as nightingales who sang only with spring; it was the diversion of their youth."

Thomas Farnaby, three years after Bacon's death, gave to the world a poem by Bacon which is an expansion of a Greek epigram supposedly by Poseidippus. The opening lines are certainly comparable to "All the world's a stage:"

"The world's a bubble; and the life of man
Less than a span,
In his conception wretched; from the womb,
So to the tomb;
Curst from the cradle, and brought up to yeares,
With cares and fears.
Who then to frail Mortality shall trust,
But limes the water, or but writes in dust."

The poem ends with:

"What then remains, but that we still should cry
Not to be born, or being born, to die?"

Bacon himself is authority, in the *Apology* for his action in the case of Essex, for the statement that he once wrote a sonnet to signalize Her Majesty's dining at Twickenham Park. The sonnet is not extant. Bacon's clause, "although I profess not to

be a poet," used in this passage, is rendered of trivial consequence by a contradictory phrase in a letter to Sir John Davies in 1603, the year of James's accession. Bacon there speaks of himself as "concealed poet." But even Spedding, Baconian authority and enthusiast, can discover nothing that was "concealed" except a few masques or Devices written for the Earl of Essex. In one of these masques is a tribute to England which Stronach thinks similar to the famous lines of praise which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of John of Gaunt in Richard II, the passage beginning:

"This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise."

Bacon's tribute is:

"Seated between the old world and the new,
A land there is no other land may touch,
Where reigns a Queen in peace and honour true;
Stories or fables do describe no such.
Never did Atlas such a burden bear,
As she in holding up the world opprest;
Supplying with her virtue everywhere
Weakness of friends, errors of servants best.
No nation breeds a warmer blood for war,
And yet she calms them by her majesty;
No age had ever wits refined by far,
And yet she calms them by her policy.
To her thy son must make his sacrifice
If he will have the morning of his eyes."

With all respect to Mr. Spedding and Mr. Stronach, this proves that Bacon was not Shakespeare.

The only other extant poetical work of Bacon is A Translation of Certaine Psalms into English Verse, 1624, "written on a bed of sickness," as Mr. Stronach says, and dedicated to George Herbert. All the discussion about the artistic merits of these exercises seems indeed "much ado about nothing." The fact probably is that the convalescing Bacon wrote them for pastime in a period of enforced inactivity, as other invalids play chess or checkers or even dominoes! Mr. Spedding's well-intentioned enthusiasm to the contrary, these Certaine Psalms.
with a few pleasing exceptions, differ from the Bay Psalm Book
only in that they contain fewer awkward inversions. The "pleasing
exceptions" among Mr. Stronach's selections are:

"Thou carriest man away as with a tide:
Then down swim all his thoughts that mounted high;
Much like a mocking dream, that will not bide,
But flies before the sight of waking eye;
Or as the grass, that cannot term obtain
To see the summer come about again." (Third through fifth
verse of the 90th Psalm.)

"Teach us, O Lord, to number well our days,
Thereby our hearts to wisdom to apply;
For that which guides man best in all his ways
Is meditation of mortality.
This bubble light, this vapour of our breath,
Teach us to consecrate to hour of death.

"Return unto us, Lord, and balance now,
With days of joy, our days of misery;
Help us right soon, our knees to Thee we bow,
Depending wholly on Thy clemency.
Then shall Thy servants, both with heart and voice,
All the days of their life in Thee rejoice." (Same Psalm,
verses 12-15.)

We wonder how Bacon and Mr. Spedding smeared that last line!

It is truth, and not paradox, to say that Bacon's best
poetry is his prose. It was, no doubt, the cameo-like style of
the essays that elicited extravagant praise for Bacon as a poet
from fellow-craftsmen of the caliber of Shelley and Coleridge.
Shelley's eulogy, quoted by Mr. Stronach at the beginning of his
article, is decidedly euhemistic, and one is surprised to learn that
it is from Shelley's pen. Macaulay and Bulwer-Lytton, both
qualified critics, also sound high praises of Bacon the poet.
Coleridge, astutely rather than naively, we may be sure, observes:
"Bacon was not only a great poet, but a great philosopher." Bacon
seems indeed to be the "poet's poet" in prose.

It is generally conceded, as suggested above, that Bacon's
essays reflect the practical wisdom of his formal philosophy.
Certainly the poetry which we have reviewed furnishes very little
from which to generalize; but in the lines in praise of England,
in the Poseidippus epigram, indeed even in the psalm, "Teach us, O Lord, to number well our days," is there not an emphasis on shrewd worldly wisdom, on practical considerations, on policy, on expediency, in short, on the things that the practical philosophy of Lord Bacon is generally interpreted as emphasizing? The slight evidence that we have, then, indicates distinct correlation between Bacon's poetry and his philosophy. We therefore conclude of the first great philosopher-poet in English literature that he was not philosopher and poet, but, no less an authority than Coleridge to the contrary, that he was primarily philosopher, and secondarily philosopher with a gift for artistic expression.

The crowded life of Bacon's contemporary, Edward Herbert, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Titanic as Bacon's in the sheer bulk of its accomplishment, has yet to its credit a volume of indifferent poetry. Herbert is Elizabethan indeed in the variety and intensity of his activities; almost scholastic in his metaphysical and theological disquisitions; and thoroughly of the Restoration in his frequent crudity of expression and the tendency to sensuality in his poetry, and in the possession and display in his work of invention as differentiated from creative imagination. Study at Oxford and in France, participation as a soldier of fortune in numerous European wars, addiction to dueling to the extent that at the mature age of thirty-eight he let love for a challenge cost him his ambassadorship to France, amours the relation of which seemed to him to demand a large part of his autobiography; all of these things were in addition to extensive activities as peer, diplomat, courtier, and historian, and metaphysical and theological speculations that might well have demanded the quiet and leisure of a monastery. And still he
found time for poetical composition! The versatility of the man is truly amazing; indeed, it extended even to mechanical invention, involving improvements to warships and gun-carriages and the erection of a floating bath palace on the Thames!

The number of other famous philosophers and poets with whom Herbert is identified in one way or another is equally astonishing. "Gloomy John Donne" was intimately associated with the Herbert family and addressed a poem to Lord Herbert. Even "rare Ben Jonson" "was much in his society," to quote from the Dictionary of National Biography; in fact, these two "rare" geniuses exchanged a number of poetical compliments. Thomas Carew, "a congenial acquaintance," to quote again from the Dictionary of National Biography, was among his retainers when he set out for his ambassadorship in Paris. At least two of the great philosophers, not only of his own time, but in all the history of philosophy, Descartes and Locke, have honored his views with their criticisms. He entertained Grotius, and visited Cassendi. It seems rather odd that Herbert nowhere refers to the work of Bacon.

The contribution to English poetry of Herbert's brother George, the "holy Mr. Herbert" of the Isaak Walton biography, is distinguished.

What manner of poetry, then, came from the muse of this versatile and distinguished man, of Elizabethan activity and Santayana-like culture? The volume, which was published after his death, it is fair to say, is neither inspired nor distinguished. It is very patently a courtier's exercise in verse in an age when it was the fashion for courtiers to versify. In spite of the facts that Herbert is generally considered a disciple of Donne, that his treatment is often

1 Descartes died two years after Herbert's death, and Locke was sixteen years old at that time.
decidedly in the manner of "Doctor Darn" and of "holy Mr. Herbert," and that he seems to have written an elegy for every person of quality who died in his time, many of his titles are of the Cavalier type: Upon Combing her Hair, A Vision, A Lady Combing Her Hair, Kissing, To Her Eyes, To Her Hair, To a Lady Who Did Sing Excellently, Melander, Supposes he Love Susan, but Susan Did Love Ann, To His Mistress for Her True Picture. In his use of conceits and of such devices as the echo Herbert is, too, consistently of his time. Subject-matter not considered, Pegasus certainly limps through most of Lord Herbert's poems. Still, occasionally there is a line that gives one pause.

"Then think each minute that you lose a day.
The longest youth is short,
The shortest age is long; Time flies away,
And makes us but his sport,
And that which is not Youth's is Age's prey."

Surely this stanza from Ditty in Imitation of the Spanish Entr'Acte El'Avril, except for the last prosy, antithetic line, compares favorably with "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may."
Reminiscent of Herbert's contemporary Lovelace are these lines from Another:

"Dear, when I did from you remove,
I left my joy, but not my love;
That never can depart."

"Methinks Death like one laughing lies,
Shewing his teeth, shutting his eyes."

is good imagery. This is from Epitaph Laecil-Boulfer.

"Tears flow no more, or if you needs must flow,
Fall yet more slow."

strikes a pleasing, even if melancholy, note.

How well, if at all, did Herbert know the plays of Shakespeare? Was it after he had seen Macbeth that he wrote, in To His Mistress for Her True Picture:
"Sleep, Nurse of our life, Care's best repose,
Nature's highest rapture, and the vision giver.
Sleep, which when it doth seize us, souls go play,
And make Man equal as he was first day."

Not dissimilar are the characterizations in Shakespeare's list:

"the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

Was

"Our life is but a dark and stormy night,
To which sense yields a weak and glimmering light,"

from the same poem, suggested by:

"Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing"?

Herbert the philosopher does not seem to have usurped much of a place in Herbert the poet's verses. Indeed, the poems as a whole furnish practically no clue to Herbert's philosophical system, and there are, if we except his one English poem that avowedly discusses a philosophic subject, _The Idea_, only scattered passages that show his interest in things metaphysical. One can cull a few passages that seem to have pantheistic bearing. Such, for instance, is, from _A Meditation upon His Wax-Candle Burning Out._

"the world's common soul,
Which in it self and in each part is whole."

A preoccupation with the question of immortality also manifests itself in Herbert's poems, notably in _An Ode Upon a Question Moved Whether Love Should Continue For Ever_, in which, however, he rather begs the question, for, after postulating that good things are immortal because the soul is, he comforts "Celinda" with:
"Were not our souls immortal made,
Our equal loves can make them such,"

Closely associated with Herbert's references to immortality there are, in a number of his poems, remarks that might be interpreted as revealing his meditations upon the subject of the conservation of energy. He dwells upon the fact that the earthly beauties whose passing he laments are not lost, but transformed. Something deeper than poetic fancy seems back of his question in *Elegy Over a Tomb:*

"Tell us at least, we pray,
Where all the beauties that those ashes ow'd
Are now bestow'd?"

and his answers that they may have become parts of the glories of Nature. An interest in Herbert's poetry that probably should be classified as psychological rather than philosophical is that in the color black. When he writes *To Her Eyes,* they are black eyes; *To Her Hair,* it is black hair; and he has besides a *Sonnet of Black Beauty* and *Another Sonnet to Black It Self.* He seems to expound a sort of "light in darkness" theory in all of these poems. Indeed, dark is light, whose

"spark

Of light inaccessible,"

we do not perceive because we are

"upward blind
With the Sun-beams below."

Two other ideas which recur in Herbert's poetry and for which his philosophic bent no doubt accounts are the ideas of "first cause" and of the origin of evil. He gives both quite orthodox treatment.

Herbert's philosophical poem *The Idea is,* as John Churton Collins says in his introduction to the edition of *The Poems of*
Lord Herbert of Cherbury which he published in 1681, "well worth attentive perusal." It is undoubtedly among the better ones of Herbert's poems; perhaps Collins's commendation is not extravagant: "Rarely have the doctrines of pure Platonism been more skillfully applied, rarely have philosophy and sentiment been more ingeniously blended." The poem is not, however, an exposition of Herbert's philosophy. Perhaps the broadest hint of the author's philosophy in this poem, indeed in any of his poems, is contained in the last clause of the stanza:

"Fair is the Mark of Good, and Foul, of ill,
Although not so infallibly, but still
The proof depends most on the mind and will."

For, as a philosopher, Herbert's emphasis is on the subjective. Through his De Veritate, which is, according to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, "the first purely metaphysical treatise written by an Englishman," "Herbert influenced, and to some extent anticipated, the characteristic doctrines of the rationalist or intellectualist school of thought," to quote Sorley.' Herbert's importance in the history of philosophy is attested by facts that able investigators find "strikingly Kantian" elements in his work and that at least one hostile critic, C. Kortholt, in a book De Tribus Impostoribus, published at Kiel in 1690 and at Hamburg in 1700, placed him in very distinguished company, Hobbes and Spinoza being the other two "impostors": We shall leave Herbert, then, with the conclusions that he is a philosopher of considerable distinction and a poet of far lesser distinction; that his philosophy and his poetry are both functions of the man's amazing versatility and vigor, neither of the other; but that his poetry does, nevertheless, contain passages that must be attributed to his philosophical studies.

The brilliance of achievement of Englishmen in the Age of Queen Elizabeth has overshadowed the persistent gleam of earnest scholarship, discerning contemplation, and felicitous expression of a literal host of philosopher-poet luminaries whose light shines unremittingly through the century from the birth of Bacon (1561) to the death of Hobbes (1679). These dates are arbitrary limits, but they are chosen not without reason. Hobbes was born the year of the Armada (1588); Bacon was twenty-seven then; there are a number of men whose names are significant in English literature and philosophy who, contemporary with Bacon, yet lived on into Hobbes’s young manhood. And so the span seems to have a unity which justifies its consideration as a distinct period. Regarding it so is simply using other terminology to characterize the century from the birth of Shakespeare to the death of Milton. The fact that the great Puritan singer for eight years breathed the very air that was laden with the sweet songs of the bard of Avon and with the spring-like influences that urged forth his songs, this fact has long been considered in literary history as furnishing reason for continuity in treatment there. Shakespeare and Milton, Bacon and Hobbes are the boundaries. Between there lies a rich country, largely unexplored by the majority of cultivated readers and average students, a country in which there are refreshing wells of contemplation and flourishing fields of expression. Aside from Herbert, whose recognition as a poet and importance in the history of philosophy seemed to justify the separate treatment given him above, those philosopher-poets whose works make up this rich country are: Fulke Greville, first Lord Brooke; his adopted son and heir, Robert Greville, second Lord Brooke; Sir John Davies; Sir Kenelm Digby; Joseph Hall; Jeremy Taylor; and Thomas Stanley.
Fulke Greville, first Lord Brooke, practically contemporary with Bacon, was that favorite of Queen Elizabeth of whom it has been recorded that he "had the longest lease and the smoothest time without rub of any of her favorites;" the friend of Sir Philip Sidney; and entertainer of Giordano Bruno when that prince of mystics came to England; another of the prodigious Elizabethans, of whom we wonder that one short life could encompass all he did, equally man of contemplation and man of action. Fulke Greville is primarily not metaphysician, but political philosopher, and often he preferred to write dissertations on the nature of the state and the divine right of kings in verse rather than in prose because he was an ardent student of the classics and classical students in Elizabethan England delighted in composition in classically-modeled verse. Greville's principal works are: Poems of Monarchy, A Treatise of Religion, A Treatise of Warres, A Treatise of Humane Learning, An Inquisition upon Fame and Honour, Calixa in CX Sonnets, two tragedies, and his very celebrated Life of the Renowned Sir Philip Sidney, which is really a medium for the expression of the author's views on government.

Calixa in CX Sonnets is the usual sonnet cycle or sequence of the time, in which, however, the word "sonnet" is given a very liberal interpretation. The most distinguished of Fulke Greville's poetical achievements are his two tragedies, distinctly in the classical tradition, Mustapha and Alaham. These plays were not intended to be acted. Their conventional classical plots furnish

1 Bacon (1561-1626); Greville (1554-1628).
simply a slight framework on which to hang philosophical dissertations, as when the chorus takes the form of a dialogue between
Time and Eternity, and aristocratic justifications of the divine
right, as when Mustapha asks, when he is warned of the designs of
his royal father against his life:

"Is it in us to rule a sultan's will?"
and adds:

"Our gods they are, their God remains above;
To think against anointed power is death."

An outstanding feature of Greville's poetically clothed philosophy
is, however, his uncompromising insistence on absolute rectitude,
even for kings. One rejoices to come upon such lines as:

"Princes! take heed: your glory is your care;
And power's foundations, strengths, not vices, are."

"In all which, error's course is infinite."
and

"That fortune's still must be with ill maintained,
Which at the first with any ill is gained."

Incidentally, as one reads these last two lines, one is quite
vividly conscious of the great gulf that is fixed between balanced,
antithetic classicism and picturesque romanticism, as the thought
conjures up:

"O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive."

Poetical analogies are as alluring as false etymologies. Poe was
fond of delving into obscure writers. Is there a connection or just
accidental similarity between the following speech of Solyman in
Mustapha:

"God may forgive, whose being and whose harms
Are far removed from reach of fleshly arms;
But if God equals or successors had,
Even God of safe revenges would be glad."

and Poe's plaintive cry in Israel:
"If I could dwell
Where Israel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky!"

As poetry the accomplishment of Fulke Greville is decidedly not of the first water. In spite of typically Elizabethan profusion of ornament and natural obscurity, there are promising passages. But the promise often dies ere a third line is complete, as witness the following description of the minds of the virtuous:

"Their minds grow strong against the storms of Fortune,
And stand, like rocks in winter-gusts, unshaken;
Not with the blindness of desire mistaken."

But the blindness of desire mistaken" becomes arch poetry when pitted against:

"Yet Virtue, I am thing, for thy sake sorry
---
---
That I cannot with more pains write thy story."

Often a Pope-like couplet surprises:

"To hell below, or to the sky above,
The way is easy where the guide is love."

or:

"Kill not thy sister; it is lack of wit
To do an ill that brings no good with it."

"As far as the East is from the West"—indeed farther—is most of Greville from Shakespeare. Yet there is really more foundation than merely the suggestion of Charles Lamb and similarity of plot between Alaham and Lear for our feeling that Caelica and Camena, the chief women characters of Alaham and of Mustapha respectively, are really Shakespearean portrayals. The impression that Caelica is Cordelia-like is particularly persistent.
Robert Greville, cousin, adopted son, and heir of Fulke Greville, was an active and brilliant member of the parliamentary party, an ardent Puritan of mystic temperament. Famous in his own right, he was eulogized by Milton for his toleration. His great philosophical work is The Nature of Truth; in it he follows the line of thought later elaborated by the Cambridge Platonists. The writing of verse was one of his minor literary activities.

Sir John Davies was fifteen years younger than Fulke Greville and died two years earlier. The contrast between the works of the two may be adequately described by remarking that Fulke Greville was a courtier who wrote poetry and that Davies was a poet who was knighted. Davies's great poems are three: Noscæ Teipsum, a lengthy philosophical poem on the nature of the soul and the certainty of immortality; Hymns to Astraea, that is, "Elisabetha Regina;" and Orchestra, unfinished, genuinely graceful verse, after the manner of Spenser, which praises dancing, proves the inheritance of rhythm in the universe, and again conveys well-turned compliments to Queen Elizabeth, who is here designated "Cynthia."

Comment on Noscæ Teipsum varies all the way from the charge that it is plagiarized from Democritus to the enthusiastic commendation of Dr. Grosart: "the most remarkable example of deep reflective-meditative thinking in verse in our language or in any language."

As a matter of fact, there is a sort of naive charm and genuine spontaneity about it that makes one read it with zest. Yet, when one has read, one does not feel that Sir John Davies has made any very great contribution to philosophic thought. He makes no discoveries; he really is not very deep; and much of what he says is platitudinous. His work shows distinct Platonic, Aristotelian, and Socratic influences. His "proofs" of immortality are nothing more

1 See Nichols, Literary Illustrations, pp. 549-550.
than soothing assurances. Summed up, they amount to "Man is immortal because he thinks he is," and "The soul must be immortal because it aspires to 'eternitie.'"

"But who so makes a mirror of his mind,
And doth with patience view himselfe therein,
His Soule's eternitie shall clearly find,
Though th' other beauties be defac't with sin."

The Motion of the Soule:

"----How can shee but immortall be?
When with the motions of both Will and Wit,
She still aspireth to eternitie,
And never rests, till she attaine to it?

"Water in conduit pipes, can rise no higher
Then the wel-head, from whence it first doth spring;
Then sith to eternall God shee doth aspire,
Shee cannot be but an eternall thing."

Since he is an Elizabethan, Davies is bound to speak often in fancies, conceits, and analogies. Yet his style could hardly be called euphuistic. His analogies and his phraseology more often than not are happy. His verse is melodious; in fact, other poets have high praise for his skilful handling of certain poetic forms, for instance, quatrains of heroic measures, as in Mosse Teipsum, and the seven-line stanza of Orchestra. Many passages in which he enunciates "Mosse teipsum" are really impressive in their artistic simplicity:

"Study the best, and highest things, that are,
But of thy selfe, an humble thought retaine."

"And to conclude, I know my selfe a MAN,
Which is a proud, and yet a wretched thing."

Like Greville, but less often, Davies sometimes falls from poetic diction. Wordsworth's celebrated "machine" is certainly no less poetic than the "torch-light" and the possibility of being "hud-winkt" that are chronicled in the last two lines of the following:

"And if thou, like a child, didst feare before,
Being in the darke, where thou didst nothing see:
Now I have bringt thee torch-light, feare no more;
Now when thou diest, thou canst not hud-winkt be."
If there is rightful questioning about the suitability of the subject-matter of Nosce Teipsum to be conveyed by a poetic medium, the graceful, courtier-like, conceit-filled lyrics to Queen Elizabeth are sufficient to redeem the reputation of Davies as a poet. We shall simply quote Hymne V, To the Larke, as evidence of genuine poetic charm:

"Earley, cheerfull, mounting Larke,
Light's gentle usher, Morning's clark,
In merry notes delighting;
Stilt awhile thy song, and harke,
And learn my new inditing.

"Beare up this hymne, to heav'n it beare,
Even up to heav'n, and sing it there,
To heav'n each morning beare it;
Have it set to some sweet sphere,
And let the Angels heare it.

"Renownd Astraeca, that great name,
Exceding great in worth and fame,
Great worth hath so renownd it;
It is Astraeca's name I praise,
Now then, sweet Larke, do thou it raise,
And in high Heauen resound it."

I do not know a more delightful minor poem by a minor poet than Orchestra. It might be called the apotheosis of the dance. Its thesis is that everything in the universe dances. The sea dances about the earth; the moon dances as she looks on; words dance from our lips; and "Logick leadeth Reason in a daunce." The views expressed are compounded of a sort of Cartesian indestructibility of motion and the music of the spheres. The poem is unfinished; in that fact lies a moral: Life still "daunces" on. "Only in the Elizabethan age," says Grosart, "could such a great effort of intellect, learning, and fancy have arisen from the trifling incident of asking a lady to dance." He forgets that it is a philosopher who, through the medium of the character Antinoks, is asking the lady to dance.

That Davies can be a practical philosopher on occasion is evidenced by the shrewd worldly wisdom, the humor, and even the
powerful sarcasm of some of his minor poems. More or less coarse epigrams, published, oddly enough, in the same volume with Marlowe's translation of All Ovid's Elegies, 3 Books, rather surprise, until we remind ourselves of the versatility of the Elizabethans. A modern American would probably do one or the other; both the brain of an Elizabethan could body forth the delicate charm of Orchestra and the semi-vulgar, or at least wholly rough and coarse, Epigrams.

As we try to appraise Davies as predominantly either philosopher or poet, the conviction is borne in upon us that the truest characterization is "poet with a metaphysical bent." As suggested above, he has made no striking, nor even very original, contributions to philosophy. His accomplishment is that he has turned into quite readable poetry a considerable portion of the common stock of philosophical ideas of his day. Therefore he is primarily a poet. Had he been just a poet, however, and not a poet with metaphysical inclinations, he would most certainly have sought other subject-matter, and our literature would have been the poorer for the absence of the quaint charm of Nossor Teipsum and the intricate philosophical "dancing" of Orchestra.

Sir Kenelm Digby (1603-1665) cannot properly be called an Elizabethan; but for variety of interests, intensity of activity, and bulk of accomplishment, he certainly carried on the tradition of Herbert of Cherbury and of Fulke Greville, and of his own father, Sir Everard Digby (1578-1606), who was executed for his connection with the Gunpowder Plot. A poem which he wrote before his execution is preserved in The Gunpowder Treason, by Thomas Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, 1679. The son's literary taste spent itself in philosophy and in poetry. Digby was an ardent champion of Catholicism; and his two philosophical treatises, Of Bodies
end Of the Immortality of Man's Soul, are important in the history of British philosophy as showing a combination of rationalism with Roman Catholic orthodoxy. His interest in poetry was somewhat minutely critical: he published, at the age of forty, when his taste was formed and his judgment reliable, Observations of the 22nd stanza in the 9th canto of the 2nd book of Spenser's "Faërie Queen." The critic was also original artist, however; Poems from Sir Kenelm Digby's Papers were published by the Roxburghe Club in 1877.

Diligence in scholarship, breadth of scholastic interest, and versatility combined with a certain perfunctoriness in poetizing: these seem to have succeeded in the latter days of Queen Elizabeth and the reigns of the first two Stuarts the restless physical activity and abnormal interest in brilliant accomplishment that characterized the days of Raleigh and Drake, of Herbert and Greville. It was as though the national energy that formerly spent itself in physical exploits now sought outlet in the quieter channels of investigation, study, and the exercise of mental ingenuity. Many of these new intellectual adventurers, so to speak, were clergymen. Whatever the shortcomings of the church of England which needed, or at least furnished the occasion for, the panaceas of Puritanism, the easy livings of a complacent state church furnished leisure for study. At the stage at which culture was in those days, the expression which study engendered was almost certain to be classically-modeled poetry. Mr. Warren, in his analysis of Bishop Hall's Satires, aptly refers to "the general taste of an age when every preacher was a punster."

Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, was one of the most versatile and splendidly endowed of the post-Elizabethan clerical poetizers. Hall's life is not without its pathetic, almost tragic, aspect. Suspected by the church for Puritanic leanings, he was persecuted by the Puritans for his stubborn advocacy of episcopacy. Joseph Hall is self-styled the first satirist in English literature. At the confident age of twenty-three, he announced to the world:

"First adventure, follow me who list
And be the second English satirist."

He is generally admitted to be the first formal satirist in English in the sense in which Juvenal and Horace are satirists in Latin. So charming is the undisguised self-confidence of the venturesome future bishop that the reader, just as self-confidently, finds himself considering the acceptance of that invitation with The Original English Satirist as his subject!

Bishop Hall's satires are nine. They embrace the usual subjects of social satire: the "rabble of zymesters new;" lack of appreciation of the younger generation for the fine things secured through the wisdom and liberality of their ancestors, as for instance the ancient piles of the universities; perversion of justice where injustice is profitable; the catering of the physician to "the sickly ladie, and the gowtie peere;" the servile condition of the preceptor in the household of the squire; the economy of ancient times as contrasted with the luxury and waste of the present; the vanity of rich monuments; ostentatious piety; the humor of humbled dignity (as when a fine gentleman loses his wig in the wind!); the gallant who will be ultra-fashionable even though he starves; the wickedness of "modern" manners; the ridiculousness of over-estimating the value of contacts secured in foreign countries in the education of a nation's youth; the hollowness of too
great pomp and pageantry in worship; the oppressive exigencies of landlords. It is evident that Bishop Hall's meditations covered a wide range. Besides his prose theological works, which entitle him to classification as a religious philosopher, Bishop Hall wrote also a volume of congratulatory verse on the accession of James I entitled The King's Prophecy or Weeping Joy, and "metaphrased" certain of the "Psalms."

Bishop Hall's poetry is purely of historic, not of aesthetic interest now. There is the precision of his classical models in his wording, and yet his meaning is often impenetrably obscure. His versification is animated and energetic; his style partakes sometimes of elegance and often of humor; yet a certain roughness frequently spoils his lines, and his satiric humor all too often degenerates into scurrility. In justice to the good Bishop of Norwich, who was really, in his daily life, very genial and charitable, it will be fair to recall Pope's comment, in connection with his modernizing of Donne, that he "wished he had seen Hall's Satires sooner," and to quote Fuller's summary, in the Worthies' Library, of the bishop's merits:

"He was commonly called our English Seneca for his pure, plain, and full style. Not ill at controversies, more happy at comments, very good in his characters, better in his sermons, best of all in his meditations."

Another of the clerical philosopher-poets of the age of the Stuarts and the Puritan ascendancy we have long known and honored in a different connection: none other than Jeremy Taylor, author of The Rule and Exercises of Holy Living and The Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying, often reprinted together as Holy Living and Holy Dying. His poems are comparatively few, and can be fairly judged by the Festival Hymns which take up the
last twenty pages of *The Golden Grove*, a really excellent
devotional volume of the type common at the time. The complacency
of Jeremy Taylor's religious outlook is indicated by the
amyness of the sub-title of the manual: *A Choice Manual Containing What
Is To Be Believed, Practised, and Desired, or Prayed For*. What
more could inquiring sinner want? If Taylor's title to fame rested
solely on his hymns, he surely would not be the well-known divine
that he now is. Obvious effort, awkward inversions, an abundance
of artificial conceits, little genuine emotion or original thought—
these are quite patent characteristics of the hymns. A few quo-
tations will suffice to show that Taylor is no poet:

1. In *A Dialogue Between Three Shepherds* on the occasion of
the first Christmas:

   "But he hath other waiters now,
   A poor cow,
   And ox and mule stand and behold,
   And wonder
   That a stable should enfold
   Him that can thunder."

2. The prosaic, almost irreverent suggestion of Christ as
the prince of taxpayers:

   "It was the time of great Augustus' tax;
   And then he comes
   That pays all sums,
   Even the whole price of lost humanity."

3. A perfectly material heaven is indicated in the plea in
*A Hymn upon St. John's Day*:

   "O let thy gracious hand conduct me up,
   Where on the Lamb's rich viands I may sup."

One of the outstanding qualities of Taylor's style in *his*
devotional prose is the readiness with which he uses pleasing and
consistent analogies. That he was not, however, gifted with the
imagination of a first-class poet is abundantly shown by the very
absurdity of a number of quite striking analogies and conceits in
the \textit{Festival Hymns}. No doubt he lacked a sense of humor also. Certainly a first-class poet with a sense of humor would not have sent the babes whom Herod slaughtered to heaven by "a milky, and a bloody way"! The bonds of the flesh seem prosaically mundane as we breathe Taylor's prayer:

\begin{quote}
O end the strife,  
And part us, that in peace I may \textit{Unclay}  
My wearied spirit,--.--.
\end{quote}

It is difficult to imagine just how "Hallelujahs, hymns and psalms,  
And coronets of palms"

\textit{could}

"Fill thy people evermore."

The concluding lines of \textit{On the Conversion of St. Paul} will serve to give us an atrociously thrice-mixed metaphor and a final line that is as poetical as the multiplication table—but, no, the multiplication table can be sung:

\begin{quote}
Lord, curb us in our dark and sinful way  
We humbly pray,  
When we dome horrid precipices run,  
With feet that thirst to be undone,  
That this may be our story.
\end{quote}

We shall dismiss Taylor's poetical pretensions with the following from \textit{On Good-Friday}:

\begin{quote}
His Father's burning wrath did make  
His very heart, like melting wax, to sweat  
Rivers of blood  
Through the pure strainer of his skin.
\end{quote}

The conclusion is fair that Taylor, always casuist, not metaphysician, systematic theologian, or technical philosopher, hardly deserves mention as a poet. Indeed, his prose is far more poetical than his verse, which is accounted for by the simple fact that he lived in an age when every scholarly clergyman

turned a few verses.

We now come to one who, neither clergyman nor critical philosopher, was the scholar par excellence of his age, a poet of real merit, and the author of the first History of Philosophy in English. Thomas Stanley was also the friend and wealthy patron of other poets and literati, notably William Hammond, Richard Lovelace, and William Fairfax. Stanley's original poems were last reprinted by Sir S. Egerton Brydges in an edition of only one hundred fifty copies in 1614. This has been their only issue since he himself collected and reissued them in 1651. Five of them are available in Grierson's Metaphysical Lyrics and Poems of The Seventeenth Century (Donne to Butler). Of these five, three, The Repulse, To Celia pleading want of Merit, and The Divorce, analyze the feelings of the rejected lover, who finds solace in scorn on the part of his beloved, since, if he has never had her love, he has lost nothing, nor been cast aside for another.

"Now I have not lost the bliss
I ne'er possess;
And spite of fate am blest in this,
That I was never blest."

La Belle Confidante extols Platonic friendship as contrasted with "a wanton flame" based on the "narrow laws of Sense." The last stanza of The Exequies is very fine in the artistic restraint with which it expresses the abandon of metaphysical cheerlessness:

"Yet strew
Upon my dismal Grave,
Such offerings as you have,
Forsaken Cypress and sad Ewe;
For hinder Flowers can take no Birth
Or growth from such unhappy Earth,
Weep only o're my Dust, and say, Here lies
To Love and Fate an equal Sacrifice."

These five lyrics, and indeed the two quotations here given, show that Stanley did have the true lyric gift. He is as far removed from Taylor's "poor cow, and ox and mule," babies that went to
heaven by a milky way, and "feet that thirst to be undone," as Keats is from Hampty Dumpty. One point of historical interest about Stanley's poetry is that in his creditable use of the stanza of In Memoriam he furnishes another link in the history of that venerable stanza. Many of Stanley's poems, after the manner of the time, celebrate the charms of fictitious ladies with romantic names, like Chariessea and Doris. Stanley's translations are valuable; his Anacreon, which is especially meritorious, was reissued by Bullen as recently as 1892.

Stanley rightly takes his place among English philosophers by virtue of his History of Philosophy. Yet the interest in philosophy that initiated its production was a scholarly interest in the lives of "those on whom the attribute of Wise was conferred," not at all the instinct of an original philosopher. So we conclude, as in the case of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, that the poet Stanley and the philosopher Stanley are simply different aspects of the scholar Stanley, with little mutual influence.

"They that take for poesy whatsoever is writ in verse," to quote Hobbes himself in The Answer to the Preface to Condibert, may experience a thrill of discovery as they browse through the life and works of the great English thinker who is the only philosophical colossus in Britain between Bacon and Locke, for, yes, Hobbes wrote poetry, or at least verse. There are among Hobbes's Latin works some five hundred lines of hexameters describing the wonders of the Derbyshire Peak, which date from his fortieth year. This is, however, nothing more than an exercise of a classical scholar. From this time until his eightieth year, the philosopher Hobbes did not essay poetry. At the venerable age of four score he produced a Historia Ecclesiastica in elegiac verse, and at eighty-four he actually wrote his autobiography.
in Latin measures. But if these achievements seem phenomenal, the translation of the whole of the Iliad and the whole of the Odyssey at the age of eighty-seven is Heraclean. In his preface to The Iliads and Odysseys of Homer Translated out of Greek into English, by Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury, the aged translator puts and interestingly answers a pertinent question: "Why then did I write it? Because I thought it might take off my adversaries from showing their folly upon my more serious writings, and set them upon my verses to show their wisdom." Novel strategy! Whatever the effect on the adversaries, Alexander Pope found the poetry of Hobbes's translations "too mean for criticism." The substance of the Homeric epics is, however, vastly more accurately rendered by Hobbes than by Pope himself, of whose translation, we remember, the scholarly critic Bentley said: "A fine poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer"! Hobbes's translation is in iambic pentameter in four-line groups with alternate rhyme. It really reads smoothly enough; but it lacks inspiration or exaltation.

Hobbes's poetry is of purely historical interest, and has no significant bearing on Hobbes the philosopher. The lack of connection is indicated by Hobbes himself, again in The Answer to the Preface to Condébert, when he points out the mistake of regarding natural philosophers like Lucretius as poets and distinctly states that "the subject of a poem is the manners of men, not natural causes." It sometimes seems that the thesis "There are no unqualified materialists" is quite easily tenable. Hobbes, in the Answer already referred to, in the preface To the Reader, concerning the Virtues of an Heroic Poem prefixed to his Homeric translations, and elsewhere, enunciates and upholds such high ideals for the characters of an epic poem that he will allow no inconsistent vices except in unnatural creatures like Centaurs.
A period of great activity like the Elizabethan is also a period of intellectual keenness. There may indeed be men of action who are such because they do not analyze, but there are also individuals who, as they stand on the side lines and watch, have their wits quickened by the very abundance of material for analysis. We have seen, too, that in the Elizabethan Age there were in England a number of intellectual giants among the nobility who, because the feudal system under which they lived gave them leisure, could assume the roles of actor and observer practically at will. Then, too, because the tendency of the age was expression and because in that day of renaissance even the man of action was likely to be a classical scholar, it was perfectly natural that the observing mind should seek to record its observations. Then, since it was an age of action and of the free play of imagination and since lyric and rhythmical elements are inherent in such a life, the record inevitably tended to the poetical. Motives were perceived, but they were also gloried in and sung about. Thus the two essential elements of poetry, emotion and rhythm, determined the form of much that such men as Herbert of Cherbury and Sir John Davies wrote. The prevailing optimism of an age of action, too, would tend to find vent in "the tumult and the shouting" of poetry rather than in the reasoned balance of prose.

Even when, in the succeeding age, action and adventure became less roccato, the poetical vein persisted, and we find, as in the ornate prose of Jeremy Taylor, for instance, unmistakable evidence of its presence. Gradually, however, as the world of England, indeed of Europe, settled down to intrigue, after an orgy of adventure and brilliant accomplishment, the observer became solely observer and scholar; he was no longer also man of action; now he analyzed only; there was little or no emotional admixture; and
so the analysis was written in prose. It was reason to the front.
The evolution of modern science after the sleep of the Dark Ages
and the awakening of the Renaissance had begun. Henceforth
philosophical expression tends toward the scientific, and is, for
the most part, except in the cases of great seers, who are always
poets, and of men of extraordinary literary culture, sharply
differentiated from the poetical.

Somewhere in the borderland between the Elizabethan Age of
Poetry and the dominance of modern science, we come upon the
Cambridge Platonists. They exalted reason, even as scientists do,
and they dwelt in the realms of the mystic, even as poets do.
Their was an age of controversy. They and others, chiefly those
who, like some of them, had taken orders in the Church of England,
answered Hobbes and Locke. They wrote now against the High Church
tendencies of Archbishop Laud, now against the undignified
vagaries of the non-conformists. They disputed with one another;
they "answered" with philosophic pen the objections of learned
contemporaries not of their circle. It was the age of the con-
troversialists. It may not be an irrelevant suggestion to say that,
other things not considered, "answers" had to be framed too
quickly and too abundantly to allow time, even if there had been
inclination and ability, for poetic polishing. There are a number
of incidental writings in the history of the Cambridge Platonists
that should be recorded as of curious interest in a complete
bibliography of English verse written by philosophers; but there
is just one poet of considerable merit. The poet is Henry More.
Let us dispose of the poetical curios first.

The good and generous master of the Cambridge Platonists,
Dr. Whitchcote (1609-1683), he who said, "I will not break the
certain laws of charity for a doubtful doctrine or of uncertain
truth," has a little poetry to his credit. He was one of the
contributors to Oliva Facis, a volume of verse composed by mem-
ers of Cambridge University to celebrate peace with Holland in
1654 and dedicated to Cromwell. Occasional verse, to be sure, but
worth mentioning for the sake of completeness. It does not make
Dr. Whiccheote a poet, but it testifies to the essential kindness
of his nature and to his ready culture.

Ralph Cudworth (1617-1688), too, "generally regarded as the
leading member of the Cambridge school," was a contributor of
such occasional verse. The diversity of the occasions is not
evidence of timeserving, but rather of the tolerance which he
advocated. He contributed to the Oliva Facis in 1654, and when
the Restoration came wrote Hebrew verses for a volume of congratu-
laratory poems to Charles II that was issued from Cambridge. Cud-
worth had also contributed some poems to the Carmen Notabilium,
published in 1656.

Simon Patrick, Bishop of Ely (1626-1707) was far more man of
action and poet and less of controversialist than many others of
his group. Man of action—he held four services every day and had
such large offerings that he didn't know what to do with them,
according to the Dictionary of National Biography! He wrote The
Parable of the Pilgrim, a sort of Pilgrim's Progress, but un-
deniably independently conceived. That perhaps would be suf-
ficient to stamp him as of poetic temperament. His Advice to a
Friend is a charming example of poetic prose. There are also to
his credit some very good poems included in Poems upon Divine
and Moral Subjects, Original and Translations, by Bishop Patrick
and other Eminent Hands, published in 1719, twelve years after his
death. Two of his verse translations are singled out by the
Dictionary of National Biography for special praise; his versions of Aquinas's *Upon the Morning we are to receive the Holy Communion* and of the Alleluia! Dulce Carmen. A great and good man, it would seem, whose inclinations were essentially religious, a philosopher when those inclinations asserted themselves intellectually, a poet when they asserted themselves emotionally and sympathetically.

John Norris (1657-1711), though disparagingly styled "an obscure, enthusiastic man" by Locke and Molyneux, in their correspondence, is really important in the history of philosophy as the stanchest disciple of Malebranche in England. His system, like that of his master, is built around the idealistic conception that we "see all things in God." The most popular of his works is his *Miscellanies* (1687). It includes religious poems which are quite in keeping with his philosophy. One, *The Parting*, is remembered for the line about "angels' visits, short and bright" which was subsequently used by two other poets: Blair, in his *Grave*, and Campbell, in his *Pleasures of Hope*. Norris is one of the last of the Cambridge Platonists, their "heir," says the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, "the last offshoot from the school of Cambridge Platonists, except so far as the same tendency is represented by Shaftesbury," says the *Dictionary of National Biography*. His general temper is also indicated by the *Britannica's* placing him "in the succession of churchly and mystical thinkers of whom Coleridge is the last eminent example" and by Tulloch's comparing him to Berkeley. Norris's work is a strange combination of logical reasoning and mystic contemplation. Sorley calls attention to the fact that "his argument

would sometimes break off into devotional reflection, or into verse." His poetical talent is further attested by *Poems and Discourses occasionally written*, 1684, and by a *Pastoral Poem on Death of Charles II*, 1685, and his poetical interest by his translation of *Hierocles upon the Golden Verses of the Pythagoreans*, 1682. Very closely allied are his poetry and his philosophy, and the tie that binds them is mysticism.

John Fordage (1607-1681) is not one of the Cambridge Platonists, but he is one of the most curious of the curious mystics of the period. Follower of the great German mystic Boehme, he made of his family and some sympathetic outsiders an idealistic community in which the members held "visible communion with angels" and called one another by scriptural names. Fordage himself was "Father Abraham"! His *only connection with English poetry is problematical. It is a Sacred Poem, whose full title is Mundorum Explicatio, or the explanation of an Hieroglyphical Figure.....being a Sacred Poem, written by S. P., Armig. The "S. P." is commonly supposed to be Samuel Fordage, the poet son of this strange, perhaps unbalanced mystic; but its more than three hundred pages of poor poetry and muddled mysticism quite probably betray the hand of the father. Greater credence is lent to this view by the statement in the preface that the hieroglyphic "came into my hands, another being the author;" but, since the preface is unsigned, we cannot speak positively of its intent. Dryden's line, referring to Samuel Fordage, in the second part of Absalom and Achitophel, is interesting because of its characterization of his father:

"Lame Mephibosheth, the wizard's son."

Reprinted in the *Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies*

Library, edited by Dr. Grosart in 1871.
Neither was Joseph Glanvill (1636-1680) a Cambridge Platonist. He was an Oxford man who rebelled against the scholasticism and Aristotelianism of that university and looked with envious longing to the broader culture and more generous tolerance of the Cambridge group. Close association with More followed naturally from their common belief in witchcraft. Indeed they virtually founded an association for "psychical research." Three slight links connect Glanvill to the history of English poetry. When a certain Robert Crosse had worsted him in an argument about Aristotle, he resorted to the convenient weapon of privately circulated ballads to re-establish his prestige as a philosopher. He contributed a poem to Letters and Poems in honour of---the Duchess of Newcastle, 1676. His Vanity of Dogmatizing, in which, by the way, he inconsistently insists on credence of witchcraft and similar superstitions, contains a passage from which grew Matthew Arnold's great poem The Scholar Gypsy.

But the greatest of these is Henry More (1614-1687). Pure-souled, though with impractical leanings that tended toward the theosophic and showed undeniably Neo-Platonic and Cartesian influences, he struggled to counteract the hedonistic materialism of Hobbes. He elaborated a system of ethics that derives its sanction from a "boniform faculty," which is really the ethical manifestation of the intuitive principle of "Divine Sagacity," for which he argues. He declined preferment because he thought high office incompatible with contemplation and genuine service. He sought the companionship of those who could share his mystic joys. It is not surprising that such a mind should have sought expression in verse. "God," he said, "reserves his choicest secrets for the purest minds." He gives the lyric cry of his own exalted and yet sympathetic and restrained soul in Psychologia.
Platonica: or, a Platonical Song of the Soul, consisting of foure severall Poems, 1642. This was afterwards included in a complete collection of his Philosophical Poems, 1647. His poetical achievement is not of first rank; yet it is sincere and genuinely lyrical, and entitles him to a permanent place among philosopher-poets. His poems were reissued as late as 1678, by Dr. Grosart in his Chertsey Worthies Library. Composition in verse belongs to More's earlier years. He turned to prose and used it exclusively for the last forty years of his life. It is fair to say, however, that the philosophy of his prose is a fulfillment or a development of that expressed in his poetry, not a breaking away from it.

After all, one should expect mystics to be poetical, and the Cambridge Iklatonists were mystics. Thirty years of occasional residence at scholastically-dominated, tradition-bound Oxford were not sufficient to warp Locke's scientific spirit. From the beginning he rebelled against the restrictions of classicism. He did not, as Hobbes had done, seek refreshment from the exactions of philosophy in the translation of classical poetry. Nor did he essay original composition in English verse, as he might have done simply because he was an educated man of consequence, had he lived a century earlier. There may be significance in the fact that he grew up in Puritan environment. By his time we have come a long way from the romance of the Age of Elizabeth. At any rate, Locke, first serious student of epistemology in English philosophy and follower of Bacon and Hobbes in his application of scientific method, cannot legitimately be brought within the bounds of this paper by so much as an occasional poem.

Careful search among Locke's philosophical contemporaries, both defenders and detractors, does not reveal very much even of incidental or curious interest in the way of poetry besides the
work of John Norris and Henry More already discussed. One detractor and one defender seem to warrant slight mention. The detractor is a Roman Catholic priest; the defender is a woman. John Sergeant (1622-1707) was a rather eccentric and violent-tempered controversialist of the Roman church for more than forty years. His rather ambitious and not ineffective criticism of Locke is Solid Philosophy asserted against the Fancies of the Ideists, published in 1697. In 1641 he had contributed some verses to the Cambridge University collection of poems on the king’s return from Scotland. Since the interval was fifty-six years, we shall not seek connection between Sergeant’s poetry and his chief philosophical contributions: The lady in question, Mrs. Catherine Cockburn, began her poetical career early, at the age of fourteen in fact. Her philosophical or religious career was somewhat checkered or oscillating. A convert to Catholicism, she returned to the fold of the English church partly because of her sympathy with the views of Locke. Her claim to inclusion as a philosopher is based on her anonymous defense of Locke’s theories against Thomas Burnet, master of the Charterhouse, who had charged Locke with materialism. Inasmuch as Thomas Burnet was the author of Telluris Theoria Sacra, “which,” according to Dr. Samuel Johnson, “the critic ought to read for its elegance, the philosopher for its arguments, and the saint for its piety,” it would seem that the lady’s philosophical status is established. Her philosophical astuteness is questioned, however, by those who wonder how she could at the same time champion the logical-necessity, mathematically-ruled ethical theory of Samuel Clarke. But their astuteness is in turn questioned by those who see common elements in the ethical theories of Locke and Clarke! The edifice of her poetical reputation rests on less sure foundations.

She wrote verses on Congreve's *Mourning Bride*, and Farquhar paid her high compliment when he sent her his first play *Love and a Bottle* "to stand its trial before one of the fairest of the sex and the best judge." The *Mourning Bride* was Congreve's first tragedy, however, whereas she had produced her first tragedy two years earlier, and Farquhar's play was the first attempt of a struggling young dramatist. These two incidents prove nothing, therefore. Her plays are five: *Agnes de Castro*, *Fatal Friendship*, *Love at a Loss*, or most Votes carry it, revised as *The Honourable Deceiver*, *The Unhappy Penitent*, and *The Revolution of Sweden*. *Fatal Friendship* at least was successfully produced. Mrs. Cockburn is represented in *Nine Muses; or Poems written by as many Ladies upon the Death of the late famous John Dryden, Esq.* The *Dictionary of National Biography* informs us that "Some of her poems, including the lines upon 'the busts in the Queen's Hermitage,' originally published in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for May 1737, will be found in 'Poems by Eminent Ladies,' 1755, i. 228-23." The title *Nine Muses* recalls Mrs. Anne Bradstreet's *Tenth Muse Lately sprung up in America*. Complete indulgence of their literary talents was prevented for both ladies by large families and small means. It is doubtful, however, whether easier circumstances would have enabled either lady to escape the oblivion from which we must now unearth her literary product.

One of the most genial natures and lovable personalities upon whom we come in our quest for philosopher-poets is George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne. Though he was born in Ireland, he was of English stock, only lately emigrated; so we cannot ascribe his romantic impracticality, rivaling Goldsmith's indeed, to Hibernian nativity. Perhaps the environment of Erin was favorable to the development
of his trusting, altruistic idealism; at any rate, he did not go
to England until he was twenty-seven. With Berkeley "esse is
percepi." The perceiving mind, or person, is the important factor;
"all other things are not so much existences as manners of the
existence of persons." Those persons, then, must be worth
developing to the fullest, even if they were negroes and Indians
in the Bermudas. The bishop's far-famed and much-ridiculed plan
to found a Christian college in the Bermudas was, after all, no
more Quixotic than thousands of successful missionary enterprises
of the Christian church today are. The trouble was not with the
intention, nor yet with the place, but rather with the time in
which the bishop happened to live to suggest a college in the
Bermudas. That anything should come of an attempted plantation of
culture in Rhode Island, or New England, for that matter, must have
seemed as fantastic to Berkeley's worldly-wise contemporaries as
the Bermuda scheme, which the good bishop thought was only deferred
as he waited at Newport for the grant which Walpole had promised.
From the Newport sojourn came, however, the tangible results of the
foundation of scholarships at Yale and of gifts of books to both
Harvard and Yale, and the very important influence of the sojourn
philosopher on Jonathan Edwards.

Bishop Berkeley wrote one poem. He is modest enough to say

Verses on the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America.
It is certainly less than indifferent poetry, and would probably
have been long since forgotten except for that striking and now
well-nigh immortal line with which the last stanza begins:

"Westward the course of empire takes its way."
The whole last stanza seems prophetic:

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first Acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

Indeed the whole poem has a prophetic tone. The third and the
fourth stanzas (there are six) ring out the promise:

"In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools:

"There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts."

Mr. Alexander Campbell Fraser, who has edited Berkeley's works for
the Clarendon Press and written his life in Blackwood's Philosophi-
cal Classics, expresses the opinion that, "His dream of future
American Empire has not been without its influence in promoting its
own fulfilment in these latter times."

Certainly it is not difficult to see that Berkeley's single
poem is one with his buoyant disposition, visionary outlook, and
idealistic philosophy. Of one piece with his life, his philosophy,
and his poetry, too, was his request, about two years before his death,
to be relieved of his bishopric so that he might move to Oxford to
be with his son. The king's peremptory and politic reply to this
unprecedented request was that he might live where he pleased, but
that he should die a bishop. What could better illustrate Bishop
Berkeley's human sympathy, his trust in God, and the essential
poetry of his nature than his comment on the death of his dearly
loved fourth son, William, aged fifteen:

"I had a little friend, educated always under my own eye,
whose painting delighted me, whose music ravished me, and whose
lively gay spirit was a continual feast. It has pleased God to
take him home. God, I say, in mercy hath deprived me of this
pretty gay plaything."

That is a real poem, even though it is written in prose.
Among Berkeley's contemporaries, one looks in vain for great or abundant poetry written by deists. The reason is not far to seek. Lack of poetic imagination was the very quality that made those hard-headed controversialists such good disputants as they were. The very keynote of their conceptions both of the derivation of religion and of what its content should be was reasonableness. Such minds, of course, are not the soil in which poetry grows. I have found mention of only three deists who wrote any poetry at all, excepting, of course, Herbert of Cherbury, who is called the "Father of Deism," but who died six years before the birth of Charles Blount, the first of the group, belonging chiefly to the second half of the eighteenth century, specifically referred to as deists. John Toland, author of Christianity not Mysterious, wrote one poem: Clito; a Poem on the Force of Eloquence.

The brilliant, unscrupulous Bolingbroke, whose deism is 1 "feeble" and "flimsy," and who affected philosophy when past forty to display rhetoric, according to Sir Leslie Stephen, writing in the Dictionary of National Biography, and contributed the philosophy for Pope's Essay on Man, has a number of poetic trifles to his credit—or discredit. Some verses by him were prefixed to Dryden's translation of Virgil. These same verses, slightly altered, were afterwards prefixed to the Chef-d'Oeuvre d'un Inconnu, by Saint-Hyacinthe. The discredit here may be simply in the poetic puerility which suggested duplication. The discredit is more patent in the ode Almahide, which calls one of his mistresses to task for her unfaithfulness. This and a few other "poems" of similar worth are to be found in Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors.

William Wollaston's Religion of Nature Delineated (1722) enjoyed a large measure of popularity while the deistic controversy was engaging the attention of the philosophically-minded in

1 Encyclopaedia Britannica (Eleventh Edition)
2 Dictionary of National Biography
England. It is really quite important in the history of ethics. It is also quite important in the history of America's forging to the front. Benjamin Franklin was employed as compositor on it. Wollaston seems to have turned to poetry, or at least to verse, when he needed the "consolations of philosophy." When the world rebuffed him he evened the score by means of poetic outbursts. Ridiculing his college dean at Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge, brought him into official disfavor, which in turn brought demand from the dons that he write some verses, which they intended should furnish material for a return of ridicule. The score in this instance was evened not only by verses, but by verses written in Hebrew, which none of the revenge-seeking dons understood! The dons had a more effective weapon than Hebraic verse, however; they withheld a fellowship. Little daunted, the poetically-endowed Wollaston wrote a Pindaric ode on the way home to "vent his melancholy." Again, when he found it necessary to help improvident brothers to the extent of his own suffering, he sought solace in turning the book of Ecclesiastes into another Pindaric ode. The full title of this poetical bid for comfort, which Wollaston published anonymously in 1691 and which he afterwards attempted to suppress is: On the Design of the Book of Ecclesiastes, or the Unreasonableness of Men's Restless Contention for the Present Enjoyments, represented in an English Poem. Since this poem is intended to show the Unreasonableness of Men's Restless Contention for the Present Enjoyments, it is really just another expression of Wollaston's philosophy, which exalts reason as the guide to happiness and the arbiter of morality.

In emphasizing logical necessity as the basis of moral law, Wollaston showed himself a follower of Samuel Clarke, who was, says Sir Leslie Stephen, the greatest English metaphysician in the quarter of a century after the death of Locke, which occurred in 1704.
Virile, versatile, attacked by Pope and Bolingbroke, and admired by Voltaire, by the very versatility and energy of his comparatively short life (he died at the age of fifty-four), Samuel Clarke seems a reversion to the Elizabethan combination of scholar, philosopher, and man of action. Founder of a school of ethical teaching, he yet found time to translate in poetical form, which was highly praised by scholarly contemporaries, at least fifteen books of the Iliad. Twelve books he himself published. Another three and part of a fourth were credited to him by a son, also Samuel Clarke, when he brought out a translation of the last twelve books of the Iliad three years after his father's death. It is not at all surprising that a man of such highly intellectual characteristics and such scholarly attainments as Clarke should have delighted in the task of translating the Iliad and should have done it worthily.

Of coarser grain was Clarke's exotic contemporary, Bernard de Mandeville, Dutch physician resident in England, whose facile use of English led to his being constantly mistaken for a native. He is known to have consorted with distillers, who paid him for writing in favor of the use of alcoholic drinks. Yet his conversation gained him entrance into the circle of Addison, whom he dared to designate "a parson in a tye-wig," and was the occasion of Benjamin Franklin's describing him as a "most entertaining, facetious companion," the "soul" of his club. His chief title to fame is a piece of oft-published "dogrel," two hundred couplets, variously called The Fable of the Bees, or Private Vices Public Benefits, and The Grumbling Hive, or Knaves Turn'd Honest. Some critics regard the Fable as purely occasional. It was written in 1705, and is supposed to be, at least in partial intent, a political satire on conditions in England when Marlborough and the Whigs advocated continuing the war with France and the Tories cried for
peace. The better-founded view seems to be, however, that Man-
deville's "poetry" is really the medium of a very sensual,
materialistic, ignoble philosophy. The "hive" is, of course,
England. Fraud, corruption, luxury, vice, discontent invaded the
hive. Jove swore, "He'd rid the bawling hive of fraud; and did,"
when, lo, there succeeded to the banished vices decline in
wealth, commerce, population, power, industry, and arts. The few
"Spartan" bees who were left

"-----flew into a hollow tree,
Blest with content and honesty."
The moral is that the "content and honesty" are really stagnation,
or that progress is the outgrowth only of vice:

"Then leave complaints; fools only strive
To make a great, an honest hive.
I enjoy the world's conveniences,
Be fam'd in war, yet live in ease,
Without great vices, is a vain
Utopia, seated in the brain-----

"So vice is beneficial found,
When 'tis by justice lopp'd and bound;
May, where the people would be great,
As necessary to the State
As hunger is to make 'em eat;
Bare virtue can't make nations live
In splendour."

With Mandeville the springs of action are always and wholly
selfish. Man is a passion-dominated creature, whose passions
engender "private vices," the catering to which stimulates soci-
ety to "public benefits" ranging from commerce through intellec-
tual activity. "The moral virtues are the political offspring
which flattery begot upon pride," is a favorite quotation from
Mandeville. This "poetry" is not really poetry at all. To do its
author justice, he himself said of the couplets of the Fable, "All
I can say of them is that they are a story told in dogrel." That
one of his favorite "private vices" must have been the writing of
such "dogrel" is attested by the fact that he is the author of three other "poems:" Typhon: a Burlesque Poem, Aesop Dress'd, or a Collection of Fables writ in Familiar Verse, and The Planter's Charity, a Poem. The stir which Mandeville's "dogrel"-conveyed materialism made in his own day is evidenced by the numerous replies to his cynicism. Even the great Berkeley sought to counteract its sinister influence, in Alciphron. Perhaps, nevertheless, that influence "cleared the ground for the coming utilitarianism."

Of Berkeley's contemporaries whom we have discussed—Toland, Bolingbroke, Wollaston, Clarke, and Mandeville—no one had a more voracious intellectual appetite than William Warburton, anti-deist Bishop of Gloucester. His poetical connections are products of his learning. At the age of twenty-five he published Miscellaneous Translations in Prose and Verse from Roman Poets, Orators, and Historians. The verse is indifferent. He will be longer remembered for his defense of Pope's Essay on Man and his edition of Shakespeare (1747), which included, with due credit, notes from an earlier edition by his friend Pope, now three years dead.

Our theory that, as philosophy grows more scientific and less literary, the poetical product of philosophers grows scantier, would seem to be borne out by the absence of any attempt at metrical expression on the part of Hume.

Whether founder or not, Adam Smith was certainly a mighty advancer of the science of political economy. He, too, was no poet. Yet he probably edited the poems of William Hamilton, the Scotch poet (1704-1754), which the printer Foulis of Glasgow published without the author's permission in 1748; he certainly wrote the preface to the volume. This and his expressed contempt for blank verse, which Boswell quickly reported to the similarly-minded Encyclopædia Britannica (Eleventh Edition).
Dr. Johnson, are the only links by which the name of the great economist can be connected with the subject-matter of this paper.

Among the curios which our search for poems written by philosophers has unearthed is Vocal Sounds, by Edward Search, privately printed in 1772; "an attempt to fix the sounds represented by letters, with a queer specimen of English hexameters." The characterization is Leslie Stephen's, in the Dictionary of National Biography. "Edward Search," it will be remembered, is one of the pseudonyms used by Abraham Tucker, kindly pursuer through seven volumes of The Light of Nature Pursued.

Verily the scientists are not poets. Joseph Priestley, non-conformist minister and chemist, once wrote—or tried to write—a hymn for a charity occasion; but it was not accepted—it was too poor. It is, however, preserved in the Disciple (Belfast), 1881, page 151. In 1790 Priestley and William Hawkes edited a collection of Psalms and Hymns. It was used in Birmingham and Manchester; but its chief claim to distinction is that the psalms and hymns were "grievously altered from their originals." Scientific accuracy does not seem to have functioned as poetic restraint! We shall not, therefore, charge Priestley with being a poet, but shall honor him for his very valuable contributions to chemistry and philosophy.

Among Thomas Reid's apostles of Common Sense there is one, almost exactly contemporary with Priestley, who was a sort of knight-errant in philosophy, whose very charm seems to be his lack of common sense or at least of a sense of proportion. James Beattie, poet who deliberately turned philosopher with the august purpose "to overthrow scepticism, and establish conviction in its place," a purpose which he deemed "less amusing indeed than poetry and criticism, but not less important." His flawless confidence in his own ability unaided to accomplish these worthy
philosophic ends is delightful. He turned poet again after he had completed his panaceae treatise: *Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth in opposition to sophistry and scepticism*. This formidable Essay, critics agree, has practically no value or significance in the history of philosophy. Yet perusal of Beattie's poetry brings the reader gently, imperceptibly, but nevertheless firmly to the conviction that Beattie is essentially philosopher rather than poet. He was professor of moral philosophy at Marischal College, Aberdeen. He writes poetry, not because he must performe sing, but because he wants to philosophize leisurely and in popular vein and, since he can manage verse with dexterity and has a flexible vocabulary, poetry is a ready medium. In his best poem, *The Minstrel*, the narrative of the life of the bard is simply an excuse for Beattie's comments on such topics as the influence of environment, solitude, and beauty in molding impressionable life. It is significant that the first song that Edwin, the minstrel, sings teaches immortality. Beattie announces this poem as: "a poem in the Spenserian stanza," wherein he proposed to be either "droll or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical, as the humour strikes." In support of the contention that Beattie sought a vehicle for philosophic monologue and not an artistic whole, we have only to adduce the fact that he stopped writing when he had finished two books, though he had only well begun the minstrel's career. He had written elaborate expositions of his purpose, but stopped at the end of the second book, saying, "I am resolved to write no more poetry with a view to publication, till I see some dawnings of a poetical taste among the generality of readers, of which, however, there is not at present any thing like an appearance." The truth is he had by that time philosophized as much as inclination dictated.
A fair sample of Beattie's poetry is the following, stanza I of Book I of The Minstrel, reminiscent of "For now we see through a glass, darkly," and of Rabbi Ben Ezra's adjuration to "see all:"

"One part, one little part, we dimly scan Thro' the dark medium of life's feverish dream; Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan, If but that little part incongruous seem, Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem; Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise, O then renounce that impious self-esteem, That aims to trace the secrets of the skies! For thou art but of dust; be humble, and be wise."

Beattie's mediocrity is shown throughout his work by sudden lapses from poetic diction and by crudities in verse structure. Nowhere are they more obvious than at the very beginning of Book II:

"Of chance or change O let not man complain, Else shall he never never cease to wail."

That Beattie's main purpose is philosophic and not artistic is indicated also by two very well-managed verse fables: The Hares and The Wolf and Shepherds. The Hermit is generally regarded as his best poem. It begins:

"At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still, And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove, When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill, And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove: 'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar, While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began; No more with himself or with nature at war, He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man."

Through the word "afar" we seem to be reading real poetry; but "symphonious" has an effect at variance with its etymology, and "began"—"man" is a clumsier rhyme than we can tolerate. The end of the poem, however, reinstates Beattie as poet, even as it establishes him as prophet of immortality:

"On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending, And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."
He is a very wise philosopher, no doubt, who desists when he finds that he cannot really be a poet. Sir James Mackintosh (1765-1832) was a pupil of Dugald Stewart, author of the only adequate answer to Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution*, and target, because of his one important philosophical article, for the attack of James Mill in his *Fragment on Mackintosh*. There is record of a number of poetical trifles in his early life. He lived with his grandmother during his summer vacations from college. A lady in the village wrote a prose satire on grandmother's
neighbors. He added zest to the occasion and to the lawsuit that it precipitated by turning the satire into verse! His reputation thus established, he took a collection of verses to college (King's College, Aberdeen), where he was promptly dubbed the "Poet." The Dictionary of National Biography chronicles the rest of his poetical career in these words: "His poetical talents were devoted to the praises of a young lady with whom he fell passionately in love. He courted her for three or four years, but she married another." With his Pegasus halted by Cupid, then, he desisted from poetical expression; and there is, of course, no significant connection between these youthful effusions and his mature philosophy.

Thomas Brown (1776-1820), Dugald Stewart's colleague in moral philosophy at the University of Edinburgh, is an interesting example of the type of individual who exalts his accomplishment in a field in which he achieves only commonplace or indifferent results, while denying first place in his interests to the thing in which he really excels. Brown was the last vigorous representative of the Scotch "Common Sense" philosophy of Thomas Reid, on which he tried to graft Humean and associational elements. His work on cause and effect is valuable. But Brown thought he was a poet. He wrote his lectures, which enjoyed, however, a deserved popularity, under high pressure, often finishing them just before they were delivered; but he devoted a great deal of time to the writing, editing, and publishing of his quite mediocre poetry. His poetical talent had shown its gleam very early in his life. When he was at preparatory school, Chiswick, a poem on Charles I which he wrote was inserted in a magazine by one of the masters. In 1804 he published two volumes of poems. He did not publish poetry again until 1814, though he was engaged in writing it in the interim. In that year appeared his Paradise of Coquettes. Then followed in rapid succession in 1815,
1816, 1817, 1818, and 1819 respectively the Wanderer in Norway, 
Vorsienig, the Power of Spring, Agnes, and Emily. When a collected 
edition was published in 1820, the year of his death, Brown's 
poetical output had reached the generous proportions of four 
volumes. The influence of Pope and Akenside is most apparent in 
Brown's poetry; indeed the relationship is that of actual modeling 
or imitation. The subject-matter is often metaphysical, as in Pope's 
Essay on Man and Akenside's Pleasures of the Imagination, a three-
book abstraction in blank verse and involved periods whose heavy 
style Brown does not rise above. Brown's poetry is not a consistent 
revelation of his philosophy. He regarded his work in verse as a 
distinct activity, not at all as a medium for disseminating his 
philosophical views. He could not, however, entirely dissemble poet 
and metaphysician. For this reason and because of the examples of 
Pope and Akenside, his poems are invested with a metaphysical 
character.

We should hardly expect to find the utilitarians writing 
poetry. On first thought, one might conclude that the enjoyment of 
poetry and the ecstasy of bursting forth into song were closely 
allied to the pleasure principle which furnished the criterion of 
utilitarianism; but the very practicality which led the Benthamite 
to center their chief interest, not in metaphysics as such, but in 
the government, in economic advance, and in social reform, is no doubt 
the spiritual antithesis of poetic imagination. Theirs was no mystic 
envisioning of impossible Utopias, such as have been the dreams of 
poets. Theirs was microscopic examination of economic theory and 
studied approach via the route of logic to political and social 
 improvement. It is recorded of Bentham that at Westminster School 
he "acquired a reputation for proficiency in Latin verse." It is
also a matter of record that at the age of thirteen he composed
"an indifferent Latin ode" to commemorate the death of George II
and the accession of George III, which no less an arbiter than
the great Dr. Johnson himself said was "a very pretty performance
of a young man." Yet more significant perhaps is the mature
Bentham's stricture on his youthful effusion: "It was a mediocre
performance on a trumpery subject, written by a miserable child."
Bentham freely admitted when he "put away childish things" that
he disliked poetry as "misrepresentation." Still he sought to
impress his criteria for the measurement of pleasure by the
following mnemonic lines:

"Intense, long, certain, speedy, fruitful, pure—
Such marks in pleasures and in pains endure.
Such pleasures seek, if private be thy end:
If it be public, let them wide extend.
Such pains avoid, whichever be thy view:
If pains must come, let them extend to few."

A hedonistic philosopher should bear pleasurable effects in mind to
better purpose when he attempts to clinch his teaching in verse!

A sort of Sir Walter Raleigh character in romantic interest
and sad appeal is the sweet-tempered, much-loved Sir Samuel Romilly,

1 Dictionary of National Biography.
grandson of a French refugee after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Friend of Bentham he was and compiler and editor, with Dumont, for him. The world owes him gratitude for the literary rescue, as it were, of much of Bentham's thought; England owes him gratitude, besides, for pioneer work in eliminating the death penalty for minor offenses which had so long disgraced the English law. It would seem that of all the utilitarians he ought to afford poetic possibilities. All the poetic mention that research reveals in his career is, however, the statement that, as a young man, he "assiduously practised verse and prose composition in both languages [English and French], and began to contribute to the press."

Part of John Stuart Mill's abundant youthful discipline was of the same tenor. His extraordinarily exacting father did require English verses as exercises in composition, though he particularly did not require composition in either Latin or Greek, since his sole object in teaching those languages was to insure for his son acquaintance with the very extensive literatures embodied in them. Mill, like Bentham, admitted the contempt of his group for poetry. It is an interesting tribute to the power of poetry that, in the 1 Dictionary of National Biography.
period of his great unrest, Wordsworth furnished solace, and later Coleridge and Goethe.

Sometimes even the utilitarians turn to poetry when they are in love. The youthful love of George Grote, the famous historian whose philosophy was utilitarian, and Harriet Lewin, who became his wife, ran the gamut of a deceiving rival, interfering fathers, five years of suffering, and elopement. Says Professor George Groom Robertson in writing the life of Grote for the Dictionary of National Biography: "Some verses printed for private circulation by his widow in 1872 ('Poems by George Grote,' 1815-23, pp. 40) belong almost wholly to this period."

William Godwin, the whose Enquiry concerning Political Justice and its Influence on Morals and Happiness influenced many others as profoundly as it did Shelley and whose inconsistent conduct toward Shelley has brought his name into lasting disrepute, tried his hand at tragedy in verse as well as in prose. Antonio, a Tragedy in five acts in verse, 1809, was "hopelessly damned," says Lamb, when Kemble yielded to persistent entreaty and put it on at Drury Lane. It was sufficient warrant for Kemble's emphatically refusing its successor Abbe, King of Persia, 1801.

The "poetry" of the utilitarians, it would seem, does little more than furnish exhibits in a sort of museum of literary curios. That is true, except for the really tremendous achievement in poetical study and translation and the quite commendable original output of Sir John Bowring, friend and literary executor of Bentham. As we read the list of languages, Asiatic as well as European, with which he was thoroughly conversant, indeed our wonder grows that any head "could carry all he knew." Even a partial list of his poetical translations is amazing: Specimens of the Russian Poets (1821-1825), Batavian Anthology (1824), Ancient Poetry and Romances of Spain (1824),
Specimens of the Polish Poets (1827), Servian Popular Poetry (1833), Poetry of the Magyars (1830), Chekian Anthology (1833), Manuscript of the Queen's Court: a Collection of old Bohemian Lyric-e Gospel Songs, with other ancient Bohemian Poems (1843), translations from the Hungarian poet Alexander Petöfi (1866). Bowring's phenomenal linguistic accomplishment made him a fitting envoy to China and Siam, as well as to Italy.

Bowring's Batavian Anthology, though among his earlier work, is typical. The translator's choice of Dutch poems, covering the period from 1200 through 1707, and his comments on his selections are indexes of his catholic interests, broad sympathy, and wholesome philosophy. The Specimens of the Russian Poets, says the compiler in an introductory Advertisement bound with the book, was intended as a sort of test volume. Besides relieving the general ignorance concerning "the state of letters in the north of Europe," it would serve to ascertain how far similar efforts to introduce to English readers the bards of other countries, who have as yet found no interpreter, would probably meet with encouragement."

The encouragement must have been forthcoming, for, as we have seen, the Russian collection was followed by numerous other anthologies of foreign verse. As one glances over the Russian anthology, one wonders whether the preponderance of somber titles is explained entirely by the natural gloom and pessimism of the Russian character or whether the choice of subject-matter was dictated in part by Bowring's religious leanings. The greater sprightliness of the Batavian Anthology, published just a year later, would seem to place the onus of gloom on the Russians. The lack of fire in the poetical style of the translations from the Russian may be, too, a manifestation of Russian bleakness; yet we are probably not unfair to Bowring when we say that his style in general through-
out his works is creditable and sustained, but not inspired.

The volume *Poetry of the Magyars* (1830), like the Batavian Anthology, is of a warmer, more spirited sort than the Russian anthology. These poems have their origin in a kindlier, more vibrant life than the Russian. The *Poetry of the Magyars* shows, too, that the translator's ability to handle gracefully a variety of meters has grown. The Magyar volume is thoroughly charming in both subject-matter and form; and, had Bowring done no more to enrich English poetry than translate the *Hungarian Popular Songs* which fill the last third of the volume, he would still be a worthy contributor. He introduces the Russian poets of his first venture by four original stanzas, of which the last two are:

"Within our temple many a holy wreath,
Hallowed by genius and by time, is hung:
At our altar many a harp has sung,
Whose music vibrates from the realms of death.

"I may not link your lowlier names with theirs—
The giants of past ages—but to bring
To our Parnassus one delightful thing,
Would gild my hopes and answer all my prayers."

The many delightful things which he has brought from afar "to our Parnassus" certainly entitle Sir John Bowring to the honor which is due enlightened scholarship, even if he is not entitled to the greater glory which original genius may claim.

But it is as the author of a number of very familiar hymns that Bowring is now remembered. Countless multitudes who have never heard of a Benthamite philosopher and would not know what a Batavian anthology is have thrilled to the singing of *In the cross of Christ I glory*. Bowring published two volumes of hymns: *Matins and Vespers* and *Sequel to the Matins*.

When we seek the connection between Bowring's philosophy and his poetry, we find it in the avidity of his scholarly mind. He is neither a poet turned philosopher nor a philosopher using poetry as
a medium. He is the I-have-taken-all-knowledge-to-be-my-province type of intellectual giant, such as we have seen that Bacon himself and Cherbury and Greville were, with whom poetry and philosophy are two parallel avenues of expression, because the legitimate subject-matter of both is contemplation of the mystery of life.

If the utilitarians were averse to poetical expression, not so with that distinguished jurist and philosophical systematizer of English law, Sir William Blackstone, the publication of whose Commentaries on the Laws of England, popularly, almost affectionately known as the Commentaries, furnished forth the occasion for Bentham's Fragment on Government, which was launched as a refutation of Blackstone's nicely constructed system. It is, of course, not remarkable that Blackstone should have received a gold medal for some schoolboy verses on Milton. The persistence of his interest in the writing of poetry is indicated by the fact that he wrote at college a number of "originals and translations," which are supposed to have been collected in an unpublished volume. To quote from the account of Blackstone in the Dictionary of National Biography: "From the pieces which can still be traced to him, and which are full of the strained and stilted mannerisms of the period, we can judge that nothing has been lost to English literature by Blackstone's seeking in poetry only a relaxation." Even the espousal of law was not accomplished by the poetically inclined Blackstone without a parting flirtation with "Poesy." The Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse was the first brief which the newly qualified barrister drew up. This poem has long been regarded as a major literary curio, and can be found in Dodsley's A Collection of Poems by Several Hands, volume iii, in Southey's Specimens of English Poetry, and in Irving Browne's Law and Lawyers in Literature. Once again the legal muse burst forth into unbecoming song.
The great lawyer thought it well that she should appear in disguise. Accordingly his poem on the death of Frederick, prince of Wales, in 1751, bore the name of his brother-in-law, Chitterow. This, too, is a major literary curio for those who seek a connection between

"The bird of day

'Gan morn's approach with clarion shrill declare,"

and the reference in Gray’s Elegy, published the same year, to "the cock's shrill clarion." There is, of course, no abstruse connection between Blackstone’s philosophically developed jurisprudence and these decidedly "occasional" poems; there is, however, a very obvious consistency between the figure of Law in his farewell poem and the organic, purposeful conception of English law which is developed in the Commentaries.

Carlyle was essentially a poet, but he did not write in verse; it might almost be said that he was tone-deaf. "Of imagination all compact" he was indeed; yet his few original poetical attempts and the verse translations which appear in his rendering of Goethe’s Wilhelm Meister and in some of his essays on German literature are as irregular as the jerks and wrenches of his vigorous prose style. In the days of his youth, before his genius had settled upon the medium through which it could best express itself, Carlyle contemplated an epic poem; and the first proposal he made to London booksellers, without result, was for a complete translation of Schiller. Carlyle’s scant original output in verse consists of eight very slight contributions to Fraser’s Magazine at various times from 1823 to 1833. They are now grouped as Fractions. The first is the Tragedy of the Night-Moth, with the motto Magna Hostis. It is the familiar story of the attraction of the moth to the flame told in verse no more insipid than the following:
"But see! a wandering Night-moth enters,
Allured by taper gleaming bright,
-----------------------------
She darts, and--puff!--the moth is dead!"

There is a moral, of course; the "Moth of a larger size, a longer
date" only dashes into "death more slow." There is only one line in
this fraction that has something like a genuine poetic ring:

"Some fan she seemed of pigmy Queen."

The second fraction, Cui Bono, expresses a vanity-of-vanities
philosophy in language that is just trivial:

"What is Man? A foolish baby,
Vainly strives, and fights, and frets;
Demanding all, deserving nothing;--
One small grave is what he gets."

The Sower's Song reflects Carlyle's longing for the soil, and Adieu
has an attempt at a refrain. Fraction 7, Today, is the most worthy,
and will bear quotation in toto:

"So here hath been dawning
Another blue Day;
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.

"Out of Eternity
This new Day is born;
Into Eternity,
At night, will return.

"Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did;
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

"Here hath been dawning
Another blue Day;
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away."

Of the verse translations, H. D. Traill, in his Editor's Introduction
to the Scribner edition of Carlyle's Wilhelm Meister, singles out a
couplet from Meister's song at the beginning of Book III as the height
of our rugged philosopher's poetic achievement. Careful search reveals
no higher elevation; it only makes us stumble into such depressions as:
"And marble statues stand, and look me on,"

and:

"Cannot know what I deplore," (to rhyme with sore)!

I think I see genuine poetic appreciation and tolerable poetic expression in the translations from the Nibelungen Lied which dot the essay on that subject. Carlyle apologizes for them, saying that they are "as literal as might be," but that they "now, alas, look mournfully different from the original." Yet they seem rather felicitous, and breathe the true spirit of old German folklore. The following stanza, chosen almost at random, is typical:

"As they, from East-Franconia,
    The Salfield rode along,
    Might you have seen them prancing, a bright and lordly throng
The Princes and their vassals,
    All heroes of great fame,
The twelfth morn brave King Gunther unto the Donau came."

Carlyle's poetry, it is evident, deserves no fame in its own right; it is interesting only as Daniel Webster's desk chair or Whittier's old hat is—simply because it belonged to a celebrity. As to philosophy, even the Fractions reek, if things so unimpregnated can be said to reek, with characteristic pessimism. The connection is, of course, only Carlyle.

Coleridge is the only writer with whom we have yet had to deal who is equally professional philosopher and poet of the first rank. Emerson and Santayana are the only others who approach him in those combined capacities. Still, none will gainsay that Emerson the philosopher far outstrips Emerson the poet, and most will deny first place to Emerson the poet; and no present evaluation of Santayana's work can be regarded as final. It is a question just how far Coleridge's dallying in both philosophy and poetry prevented his attaining highest eminence in either. Hazlitt's felicitously expressed summary is perhaps just: "If he had not been a poet, he would have been a powerful logician; if he had
not dipped his wing in the Unitarian controversy, he might have soared to the very summit of fancy. But in writing verse, he is trying to subject the Muse to transcendental theories: in his abstract reasoning, he misses his way by strewing it with flowers." In fact, Hazlitt says a number of other things about Coleridge that are at once gracefully worded and quite true; for instance, "His mind was clothed with wings; and raised on them, he lifted philosophy to heaven;" and again the passage in which, after applying the adjective tangential to Coleridge's mind, he explains, "There is no subject on which he has not touched, none on which he has rested;" and then that fine summary of Coleridge's ultimate development: "He walks abroad in the majesty of an universal understanding."

Before Coleridge was able to walk abroad in "universal understanding," he had to travel to it by slow approaches, and the path was often devious. It began in the clearing of Unitarianism; soon it was lost in the trackless wilderness of Pantheism. Then he began making tracks, with Hartley, by the method of associationism, in the originally uncharted human mind. Somewhat later the cheerful idealism of Berkeley was his polar star. Then, to quote Hazlitt again, he "wandered into Germany and lost himself in the labyrinths of the Hartz Forest and of the Kantean philosophy." And, lo, in the years at Highgate he found himself on the tableland of Christian orthodoxy, suffused indeed with the bright sunlight of liberalism, but still the plane on which many of the fathers had stood. It is fair to state that some think that the "sun of liberalism" becomes intense glare which reveals striking

In the essay Mr. Coleridge in The Spirit of the Age.
inconsistencies and shameless reversions to the false gods of his youth, particularly "the great god Pan."

The truth is that it is almost impossible to state accurately Coleridge's exact philosophy at any period of his mature life or to rear a philosophic system from the fragmentary expressions which he has left us even of his supposedly final conclusions. Yet, had he never written a line of poetry, he would still deserve a place in the front rank of English philosophers for at least four distinct services in the development of English thought. The most tangible of these was his part in the introduction into England of German Transcendental philosophy. Coleridge was by nature fitted to espouse the philosophical creed of mystic meditation of values beyond the evidences of sense perception. Furthermore, the time was ripe for a new prophet to cry out and point the way to living springs in the arid wilderness of the unspiritual British philosophy of that generation. Utilitarianism had undoubtedly been of great practical value, but it had failed to supply that spiritual refreshment for which John Stuart Mill himself in 1835 expressed yearning, when he deplored the fact that English philosophy was falling more and more into disrepute and great ideas and noble inspiration into desuetude. Coleridge did not give systematic expression to his German findings, but he deserves credit for being largely responsible for the initial injection of Kantian idealism into British thought.

Coleridge's logical faculties are often obscured by his mysticism and lack of systematic expression. His very acute critical judgments of the prevailing philosophy of the time, that of the Hume, Bentham, Mill tradition, constitute the second of his four great services as a philosopher, a service not un-

acknowledged by the Benthamites and Millites themselves.

The third of Coleridge’s philosophical services is, I think, the most signal; indeed, it is almost unique. It consists in his conservative cherishing of the old and tried after all manner of philosophical vagaries and his well-directed endeavors to supply logical foundations for the traditional, both in politics and in religion. After his radical enthusiasm over the French Revolution and his violent breaks with traditional theology, his ultimate reaction in both politics and religion is a fairly conservative interpretation, for which he attempts to establish sanctions of philosophic certitude. Such bases for "the ordered liberty of constitutional government" we find in his "lay sermon," The Statesman’s Manual, and in Church and State, the last of his works published in his lifetime. Such bases for the orthodox religious tenets which he re-embraced are defined much more systematically than Coleridge usually defined things in his Aids to Reflection and in his posthumously published Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit, which is really a qualified plea for the inspiration of the Scriptures. He argues against a literal or amanuensis-like inspiration, but most fervently puts forward the thesis:

"What you find therein coincident with your pre-established convictions, you will of course recognize as the Revealed Word, while, as you read the recorded workings of the Word and the Spirit in the minds, lives, and hearts of spiritual men, the influence of the same Spirit on your own being, and the conflicts of grace and infirmity in your own soul, will enable you to discern and to know in and by what spirit they spake and acted,—as far at least as shall be needful for you, and in the times of your need." 2

He would "duly distinguish the inspiration, the imbursement, of the predisposing and assisting SPIRIT from the revelation of the informing WORD." 3

1 Quoted from Encyclopaedia Britannica (Eleventh Edition).
2 Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit, Letter IV.
3 Ibid., Letter VI.
Coleridge's fourth great service as a metaphysician is his influence on other philosophers. As the "Sage of Highgate" he exerted, through the sheer force of his inimitable conversation, an influence truly Johnsonian; and he specifically contributed to the intellectual crystallizations of metaphysical writers of the succeeding generation, notably Maurice and Shadworth Hodgson, the latter of whom declared: "A living spirit breathes from Coleridge's pages which I at least can find in no others," and testified that he learned his most distinctive principles from Coleridge, especially from Aids to Reflection.

The technical details of Coleridge's metaphysics are hardly of interest now. There is a great deal of logical finesse in his finely drawn distinctions between "the reason and the understanding" and between fancy and imagination.

Such is Coleridge the philosopher, as consistently drawn as we can make his unsatisfactory, formless, perplexing career. If ever there was one other of whom it might be said truthfully and without the least suspicion of blasphemy "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," that one was Coleridge. Carlyle's characterization of him was a "much-suffering man." A study of the ineffectual reachings, intentions without accomplishment, of his tremendous, but uncontrolled mentality is enough to wring our very hearts. As we read, the pity of it makes us echo the Mariner's shocked cry:

"That ever this should be."

We look upon the poetry--so much of it poetic fragment--of this master mind that could not attain the mastery of itself as though it were a shattered vase. The pity of it! What it is! What it
might have been!

We shall not attempt any detailed analysis of Coleridge's literary merits. We shall consider his poetry only in the light of possible relationship to his philosophy. The four obvious points of contact are: emphasis on the supernatural or transcendental; emphasis on the validity of intuition; a tendency to envisage vast vistas and moralize therefrom; and what might be called the subjective interpretation of nature, that projection of the self into the manifestations of the universe which Emerson later, carrying on the same philosophical tradition, developed so characteristically.

Of course, the endowment which, above all other gifts, made Coleridge a poet was his remarkable imagination. The merest amateur of a critic would discover that unaided. It was, no doubt, that same quality which lured him as a metaphysician to try the transcendental reaches of German mysticism. It is a perfectly natural combination, then, that the embodiments of his poetic imagination should be such as the various spirits of The Ancient Mariner, the quite unaccountable witch Geraldine in Christabel, and the almost liqudly dissolving images of Kubla Khan.

As we have already suggested, Coleridge makes much of intuition in his philosophy and theology. In his poetry, too, the individual mind is portrayed as sacred and, in its hidden recesses, infallible in its power of interpretation, for it bears natively the impress of the divine. Like Emerson, he preaches in philosophy and poetry, the indwelling of the Spirit in the humblest. In Dejection: An Ode, stanza IV, is a lovely embodiment of the creed of intuition:

"Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the Earth--"
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!"

It is fitting that in his lines To William Wordsworth, "composed on the night after his recitation of a poem on the growth of an individual mind," there should occur reference to

"What may be told, to the understanding mind
Revealable; and what within the mind
By vital breathings secret as the soul
Of vernal growth, oft quickens in the heart
Thoughts all too deep for words!"

Even a casual reading of Coleridge's poetry would impress one with the fact that a favorite method of the author's is conjuring up before the mind of the reader vast and magnificent views and drawing from these Transcendental lessons. We might almost make an anthology—a "collection of flowers," indeed—of such passages. As he sits at home, "this lime-tree bower my prison," while his friends, including Charles Lamb, roam abroad, he pictures for himself and us "the many-steepled tract magnificent," "the wide landscape," that they are viewing, finds compensating small beauties in his lime-tree bower, and draws the lessons

"That Nature ne'er deserts the wise and pure,"

and that there is

"No plot so narrow, but Nature there,
No waste so vacant, but may well employ
Each faculty of sense, and keep the heart
Awake to Love and Beauty!"

It is on the "sea-cliff's verge," with pines above and "the distant surge" beneath, that he finds the "spirit of divinest Liberty" which the throes of France had failed to bring to earth. In his Reflections on Having Left a Place of Retirement, he recalls his impressions when first he climbed to the heights overlooking the place and cries out in ecstasy:
"Oh! what a goodly scene! Here the bleak mount,  
The bare bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep;  
Gray clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields;  
And river, now with bushy rocks o'erbrowed,  
Now winding bright and fall, with naked banks;  
And seats, and lawns, the abbey and the wood,  
And oaks, and hamlets, and faint city-spire;  
The Channel there, the Islands and white sails,  
Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills and shoreless Ocean--  
It seem'd like Omnipresence! God, methought,  
Had built him there a Temple; the whole World  
Seemed imaged in its vast circumference;  
No wish profaned my overwhelmed heart.  
Blest hour! It was a luxury,—to be!"

That was in 1795. Oh, that there might have been many such ecstasies  
and no need for an ode to Dejection! The Hymn Before Sunrise  
in the Vale of Chamouni gives a veritable panorama of magnificent  
views which transcendentally resolve from sight to sound and  
become psalms that thunder forth the praise of God.  

The theme of the subjective interpretation of Nature rings  
through Coleridge's poetry like a clear bell. Almost every critic  
quotes from the fourth section of Dejection:  

"O Lady! we receive but what we give,  
And in our life alone does Nature live;  
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!"

That is the poet's conclusion after the plaintively expressed  
third section:

"My genial spirits fail;  
And what can these avail  
To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?  
It were a vain endeavor,  
Though I should gaze for ever  
On that green light that lingers in the west;  
I may not hope from outward forms to win  
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within."

A few lines farther down, he continues that, rightly to interpret  
Nature, one must experience a shining forth of the God-given light  
within. These are the lines beginning,  

"Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth,"  
which we have already quoted as a statement of Coleridge's creed  
of intuition. In the Lines Written in the Album at Elbingerode, in
the Haunted Forest, he records his conviction

"That outward forms, the loftiest, still receive
Their finer influence from the Life within;--
Fair oracles else."

There are many other passages that might be cited to show that
Coleridge, like Emerson, following Berkeley, regarded interpre-
tation of Nature in the light of reflection or projection from the
mind of man.

Coleridge's poems are full of metaphysical ideas, but their
presence does not detract from his art, for the simple reason that
he is too much a poet to fall short of the most exquisite music
and soul-stirring beauty in his execution. With Coleridge the
metaphysical and the poetic are two gifts. If they had been truly
aspects of the same endowment, surely his prose, much of which is
undeniably tiresome, rambling, and involved, would be more inspired
and artistic. His gift of song enforced exquisite melody when
Coleridge sang at all; but he was not equal to the infinite labor
which is an inescapable condition of exquisite prose. The tragedy of his
life is that he did the easy things, evanescent conversation and
prolix, unsystematized prose, while he allowed that "bull,pain,"
grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear," for whose quicken-
ing he cried out to the raging storm, to steal away his "shaping
spirit of Imagination." There is no more poignant cry of pain in
all literature than Dejection: An Ode, in which Coleridge help-
lessly chronicles his consciousness of his spiritual unworthiness.
The picture which the howling wind seems at one time in that poem
to make its theme is a piece of self-portraiture, an apt character-
ization of the poet's own soul;

"Tis of a little child
Upon a lonesome wild,
Not far from home, but she hath lost her way;
And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,
And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear."
It reminds us of Tennyson's

"An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry."

The difference is that Tennyson, at that stage in his development, was not absolutely certain that there was somebody to hear the cry, whereas Coleridge, implying the certainty of an auditor in "Make her mother hear," despaired because of the feebleness of the cry, that is, of his own will.

We turn from Coleridge with scared hearts. The much that he has given us is still so little of the magical promise of his youth. An archangel, indeed, not slightly, but greatly damaged. We might well wish that for him Philosophy, "a matron now of sober mien," as he describes her in The Garden of Boccaccio, in 1828, had kept the "faery" form which was hers when "she bore no other name than Poesy," and that he might have followed her lead more consistently as she sought to guide his life.

Contemporary with Coleridge was Thomas Taylor, a somewhat erratic genius of mystic temperament, who has been variously styled "the Platonist," the "modern Pletto," and "England's gentile priest." He deliberately devoted himself to the study of philosophy after he had studied for the dissenting ministry, contracted an imprudent marriage, tried commercial life, and secured two good patrons. He has a place in this paper by virtue of the fact that he translated, among other things, the Orphic Hymns. He had rather freakish notions of the authorship of these hymns and novel ideas about their uses.

The interval between the death of Coleridge and the advent of Herbert Spencer and the consequent evolutionary trend in

1 In Isaac Disraeli's Curiosities of Literature and in his novel Varrion. (Noted in Encyclopaedia Britannica, Eleventh Edition).
2 In Mathias's Pursuits of Literature. (Also noted in Britannica.)
philosophy was a period of five major philosophical emphases: the "philosophy of the conditioned," whose chief expounder was Sir William Hamilton; the emphasis on political economy, for which John Stuart Mill, as the heir of the utilitarian tradition, was chiefly responsible; the renewed impetus which Mill gave to writing on pure logic; the growth of the positivist cult; and the religious emphasis, represented in three different aspects by John Frederick Denison Maurice, of the Anglican persuasion, Newman and his associates in the Oxford Movement, and James Martineau, the Unitarian. There could not have been five emphases had there been a dominant idea, or a unifying flame of zeal or inspiration which swept all things into its own bosom. Since there were five, there was, naturally, controversy. Just as naturally those who wielded the unbending weapons of intellectual warfare had, for the most part, neither the inclination nor the talent for wielding the more graceful and flashing blades of pure poetry. Newman is the exception; and even he unsheathed the poetic blade infrequently, its two noteworthy brandishings being actually thirty-two years apart. As we have observed before, however, the intellectual discipline which is the condition of a philosopher's emergence often carries within itself the urge to poetic expression.

Henry Longueville Mansel, the rather conservative dean of St. Paul's, who wrote on logic and on The Philosophy of the Conditioned, published at the age of eighteen a volume of poems: The Demons of the Wind and other Poems. In that year, 1838, he was awarded a prize for English verse at the Merchant Taylors' School. The only result of this youthful poetic promise was "a brilliant brochure, in the form of an Aristophanic comedy,
entitled *Phrontisterion* (republished in *Letters, Lectures and Reviews*, 1873), in which academic reformers and German philosophers are satirised. Was it poetical affinity or common interest in logic that led Mansel to edit the *Artis Logicae Rudimenta* of Henry Aldrich (1647-1710), which, in this revised edition, was used as a textbook at Oxford long after 1850? Aldrich had won fame, not only for logic and architecture, but also for anthems of genuine worth and for Latin humorous verses!

Even he could hardly be said to exceed in versatility one of the noblest of modern spiritual knights, Sir John Frederick William Herschel (1792-1871), astronomer, chemist, pioneer in photography, philosopher, and translator of poetry. Sir John's poetical accomplishment is thus chronicled and explained in the article in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*: "Perhaps no man can become a truly great mathematician or philosopher if devoid of imaginative power. John Herschel possessed this endowment to a large extent; and he solaced his declining years with the translation of the *Iliad* into verse, having earlier executed a similar version of *Schiller's Walk*." Herschel's *Iliad* was done in "English accentuated hexameters", which the translator defended in an article in the *Cornhill Magazine* for May 1862. His versatility within the field of translation was as marked as the diversification of his genius. He translated also Bürgers *Lenore* and the first canto of Dante's *Inferno*, the latter in *terza rima*. His volume of *Essays*, 1857, contains some poetical pieces, too.

Herschel's translation of *Schiller's Walk* was included, in 1847, in *English Hexameter Translations*, published by another great and versatile philosopher, William Whewell (1794-1866).

In 1814 Whewell won the chancellor's English medal at Cambridge for a poem upon Boadicea. His unwillingness to be interested in Coleridge seems strange when it is considered in connection with the facts that his admiration for Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea was so enthusiastic that he translated it and that Verse Translations from the German (1847) contained, among other things by him, translations of Bürger's Lenore and of Schiller's Song of the Bell. Translation is not, however, the extent of Whewell's poetic accomplishment. There are two volumes of original verses, Sunday Thoughts and Other Verses, printed privately and anonymously in 1847, contains passages from Carlyle's Chartism done into hexameters! The volume of elegiacs, also printed privately, in 1855, after his wife's death, proved the strength of his affection and at least his inclination to be a poet. His interest in hexameters is attested, too, by a review of Evangeline. No one claims for Whewell eminence as a poet. His fondness for private and anonymous printing certainly shows that he himself had no false estimate of his poetical importance. The wonder is that in his busy life as master of Trinity College, Cambridge, philosopher, and logician, he should have found time to cultivate the acquaintance of the muses at all.

Another philosopher whose scholarly inclinations led him into the by-paths of classical poetry was William Thomas Thornton (1815-1880). Thornton's interest in metaphysics was indeed slight; his only contribution in that field was a volume of essays Old-fashioned Ethics and Commonsense Metaphysics (1873). His chief title to a place in the history of philosophy is as a student of economic questions, particularly with reference to Ireland. He worked in the East India House with John Stuart Mill, on whose career there he wrote an article. His poetical accom-
plishment is three-fold, and not, of course, of lasting value. A poem The Siege of Silistra, published in 1854, was followed in 1857 by a volume: Modern Manichaeism, Labour's Utopia, and other Poems. In 1873 he published a quaint literal verse translation of Horace's Odes, called Word for Word from Horace. There is an interesting criticism of it by Professor Robinson Ellis in the Academy, 29 June 1873.

Harriet and James Martineau are sister and brother who achieved, working independently, equal fame in English philosophy. The case is probably unique in the history of British metaphysical thought. It would be interesting to follow the causes that led them, starting from identical religious inheritance and environment, as they did, to reach diametrically opposite conclusions. Miss Martineau went from Unitarianism via a comparative study of Eastern religions, the outcome of a tour in Egypt and the Holy Land, to an implied philosophic atheism. Then she dabbled in mesmerism, to which she believed she owed what relief she got from manifold physical ills. In addition she published a condensed English translation of Comte's Philosophie Positive. This was a really scholarly piece of work and was not without its influence in establishing the vogue of that exotic cult in England. James Martineau did not relinquish the Unitarian principles to which he had been bred; he synthesized them into a singularly noble and beautifully ideal system. The sister published, in her Unitarian period, a volume of Devotional Exercises and Addresses, Prayers and Hymns. The brother compiled at long intervals, the first in 1851 and the last in 1873, three hymn-books which saw actual service in Unitarian congregations. Three hymns, two contained in his second hymn-book and all three in his last, are of his
authorship. At the age of twenty-five Harriet "wrote some melancholy poems." Reason enough she had: her fiancé had died and her own wretched health could hardly have been worse. Her brother's eightieth birthday was the occasion that he signalized by writing some really good Latin verses in reply to an old friend who was also a hymn-writer, Thomas Hornblower Gill. Neither Martineau wrote enough poetry to justify our ascribing it to the romantic influence of French ancestry; yet the inclination of both brother and sister to metaphysical speculation may easily be part of their Huguenot inheritance.

One of the most prolific philosophical writers of the nineteenth century, though certainly not a very profound one, was Frederic Harrison. He lived over into the twentieth century for twenty-three years, and it is chiefly for his abundant accounts and discriminating interpretations of the Victorian Age that he is remembered. A "polygraph," Saintsbury calls him. Mr. Saintsbury wonders, and so do we, that one so sane and so practical should have espoused "the curiously intangible and unsucculent thing called Positivism." A "prose laureate," Mr. Morton Luce, writing in the Nineteenth Century for March 1923, would call him; but the only justification for his inclusion in this paper is a verse tragedy, *Nicephorus*, published in 1906. It is simply a play for reading, the writing of which was no doubt dictated by Mr. Harrison's rather extensive classical scholarship, and was never intended for the stage.

Harrison had come under the influence of the Tractarians at Oxford. "But," says Mr. Saintsbury in the Fortnightly article

1 Frederic Harrison, Fortnightly Review, March 1923, by George Saintsbury.
already referred to, "Harrison was not a man to have his course decided by spiritual nervousness like Newman, by temporal ambition like Manning." Whether "spiritual nervousness" is a just or sufficient characterization or not, John Henry Cardinal Newman is an interesting example of persisting sameness in astonishing variation. Change indeed it was from the Calvinism of his youth via the via media which he and his fellow Tractarians sought to define to the position of cardinal in the church of Rome. Yet many critics see in this almost unique variation the always underlying idea of a quest for the perfect church which is logically the earthly agent of God. We think we discover defective premises and defective method in Newman's logic, but that he had the technical equipment for approaching his problem logically is indicated by the fact that he rendered material assistance to Richard Whately, afterwards archbishop of the Church of England in Dublin, in the composition of his Logic. Whately is responsible for more than an opportunity for Newman to cultivate logical method; it was from him that Newman acquired the idea ever afterwards dominant in his thought of the Christian church as a distinct entity or autonomy apart from any secular political organization. The thesis that Newman sought to prove to others after he had found rest in its acceptance himself was: "that the communion of Rome alone satisfies the conception of the church as a divine kingdom in the world." Some would even compare him with Kant in respect to looking inward, into the depths of man's moral nature, for a philosophical starting point. It is the voice of conscience, says Newman, that gives revelation; revelation in turn establishes Christianity; with Christianity
established, acceptance of a church which is the outgrowth of the early church is inevitable. From Newman's point of view, the Roman Catholic Church was the only legitimate outgrowth of primitive Christianity. The word "outgrowth" is significant. Had he interpreted it liberally, he might have seen that other institutions besides the church of Rome could conceivably be regarded as "outgrowths" of the faith of the fathers. Be that as it may, it is rather remarkable that, conservative as he was, one of his two important contributions to religious philosophy is his Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine, which practically applies a theory of evolution to the growth of the church. This pre-Darwinian examination into the organic growth of Christianity was written in 1844-45, was the last of Newman's Anglican works, and definitely decided him to cast his lot with the institution that seemed to him at once the vehicle and the goal of that development.

Newman's other important philosophical treatise is his Grammar of Assent. Published as it was about midway between his espousal of Catholicism and his death, it may be taken as the expression of his mature philosophy. It is a plea for his belief that ultimate Reality is apprehended through a native and inexplicable assent which transcends objective experience and the proofs of reason. In his hostility to the findings of unassisted reason Newman is unrelenting. It was his mission, he felt, to be a sort of bulwark against the encroachments of modern science. The purpose of much of his poetry, too, is the exaltation of faith.

His poetry marks Newman as notable among the lesser English poets, but he is hardly distinguished even in their ranks. In his youth, before he was twenty-one, he published with J. W. Bowden, in two cantos, St. Bartholomew's Eve, a Tale of the Sixteenth Century.
Huguenot tradition in his mother's family is thought to have suggested the subject. Subsequently Newman published hymns and other poems at intervals from 1854 through 1868. The volume which he published in the latter year, Verses on various Occasions, comprises what he considered the best of his previously published poetry. The poem in that volume that was at once the longest, the most significant, the best, and the most recently published was The Dream of Gerontius. The Dream of Gerontius is an enchantingly musical poem. Nobody who likes poetry can deny that. The solemn organ-like cadences of its chants must awaken a responsive chord in the heart of any but the most narrow-minded dissenter. The theme—the transition of a righteous man from life to death or from the here to the hereafter—is certainly of universal appeal; but the details of subject-matter, the theology, and the treatment are too emphatically Roman Catholic to make the poem unreservedly popular.

One poem of Newman's has unreserved popularity in spite of obvious defects in structure. It is that devout, soul-lifting lyric Lead, Kindly Light, which Newman himself called The Pillar of the Cloud. The critics may point out the absurdity of praying for light even while one abjures "the garish day;" but, as long as English lasts, humble worshipers will probably breathe the prayer of that hymn with fervor akin to that which made Newman unmindful of rigid consistency.

Most of Newman's other poems are formal and uninspired. The preponderance of abstract titles and of titles based on biblical references is noticeable. The title Humiliation is an illustration of an abstract title, and the following lines from the poem of that name are an example of Newman's uninspired mediocrity:
"For what is rule but a sad weight
Of duty and a snare?"

What could better illustrate the difference between the poetry of genius and versifying than a comparison of these two lines with

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown"?

Even a cursory reading of Newman's minor poems reveals intrusion of his philosophical or theological ideas into his verse. In *Isaac* there is a practical characterization of what might be called the theology of expediency of the Roman church:

"So we move heavenward with averted face,

And saints are lower'd, that the world may rise."

In *Heathenism* there is hint of one of Newman's favorite ideas, that of the church as a development:

"If such o'erflowing grace
From Aaron's vest e'en on the Sibyl ran."

After Newman there is no British philosopher of even considerable importance who wrote poetry of consequence. Newman was a sort of breakwater against the on-rushing tide of modern science. His age was also the age of Darwin, of Spencer, and of Huxley; and the tide of scientific philosophy seems to have submerged at once faith founded on authority alone and the poetic instincts of philosophers. The trend away from philosophy as a literary avocation to philosophy as a scientific pursuit has become quite well-defined. We note that, whereas among those who have achieved distinction as philosophers there were formerly many literary men, there are now many mathematicians, many writers of textbooks on logic, and some who are both mathematicians and formal logicians. The philosopher no longer content with speculation, meditation, and theorizing as methods; he seeks to solve the riddle of Being in his laboratories— he has a psychologi-
cal as well as physical laboratories. He seeks to establish laws of probability by mathematical processes. He seeks to reduce to systematic presentation a logic that simply transcends the old worship of the syllogism. In a world of such philosophers, we need not look for poets in the sense of writers of verse. In another sense, they are all poets, writing the facts of life instead of figments of the imagination, commanding that Imagination be the forerunner of Truth instead of the Handmaiden of Fancy.

For the sake of completeness, however, we shall chronicle the two verse writers besides those already discussed among the philosophers of the later Victorian Age. Their poetical works or attempts are literary accidents or curiosities and have no significant bearing on or dependence from their philosophy. In addition to literary criticism, George Henry Lewes wrote a play, The Noble Heart, and made adaptations from the French drama. Even science could hardly drive poetry from the Scotch border. John Veitch (1829-1894) was a professor of logic, metaphysics, and rhetoric in two Scotch universities, St. Andrews and Glasgow. Writer of a number of books on philosophy, remembered chiefly for historical writings on the Scotch border, he is also author of original poetry and of critical writings on Scotch poetry. He published three small books of verse: The Tweed, and other Poems, Hillside Rhymes, and Merlin and other Poems. Professor R. M. Wenley's summary of his poetic achievement is just: "The poems are less successful than the prose works. Occasionally they reach a high level, but always within a limited range."

Of contemporary British philosophers, two at least have published poetry. Bernard Bosanquet, who died in 1925, in 1919 published with his wife, Helen Dendy Bosanquet, herself a writer of distinction on social problems, a little book of verse which
they modestly called "small." Professor Bosanquet's translations occupy two-thirds of the sixty-page booklet. His wife's third contains very good original verse; some of it is reprinted from *Punch* and *The Westminster Gazette*, and most of it was occasioned by the World War. The interest of the philosopher is evident in Bernard Bosanquet's choice of material from German literature, chiefly Goethe, and from the classics. Some of the translator's best philosophical work was done in the field of logic; the first translation, from Goethe's *Faust*, is an effective setting forth of what logic can and cannot do. Most of the titles that follow suggest philosophical meditation. The translator's skill in handling verse is commendable. Good taste and poetic appreciation characterize all the short selections. The one long piece, *To Joy, or Freedom*, from Schiller's *An Die Freude*, is less convincing.

Edward Douglas Fawcett, English philosopher now resident in Switzerland, where he delights in mountain-climbing, has, according to his own testimony, come through a long period of trial and error to his present philosophy of "Imaginism." His two books, *World as Imagination*, 1916, and *Divine Imagining*, 1921, because of their change of viewpoint, made necessary the withdrawal of his earlier philosophical works. It is not surprising that a thinker who seizes upon imagination as the fundamental reality of the universe should have written two volumes of poems. They are not likely to achieve lasting fame; but they are interesting as a literary by-product of a very unusual man of letters.

Santayana, of course, though now making his home in "merry England," must be considered in the history of philosophy as belonging to America. In terminating his book *A History of
English Philosophy with the end of the nineteenth century. Professor Sorley notes as a distinguishing feature of the era just dawning in British philosophy the increasing weight of American influence. The emphasis on the practical of this trans-Atlantic contribution is its outstanding characteristic. It would be interesting to show that American philosophy, in all its varying moods, has always been practical. If one's theology teaches at once the certainty of "sinners in the hands of an angry God" and the possibility of their redemption, it is certainly an eminently practical consideration to try to obviate the anger by removing the sin. The Puritans did not go so far as to try to remove the offending individual from the hands of God. The deists afterwards did—-to their own satisfaction.

Franklin was so practical that he is regarded as materialistic, or at least as non-spiritual. Jefferson's practical deism sometimes threatened to hamper his political success. John Dewey and his pragmatists are, of course, the very essence of practicality. Even Santayana, impractical, poetical, and even fantastic as some of his ideas may be, still has the practical aim of defining the good—or best—life as a life of culture. This very practicality, if it is not responsible for, is at least consistent with a marked dearth of poetry written by American philosophers. It shall be our purpose now to go back and discover just how much American poetry of such authorship we can find.

We should hardly expect to find the Puritan philosopher writing poetry. The pure joy of unrestrained song was foreign to his temperament; the drama was anathema; and narrative poetry was superfluous, since the dignified narratives of the Bible satisfied epic yearnings. Yet the poetic instinct of noted Puritan divines was not quite crushed by the weight
of learning, though its products were obscured by the volume and somberness of Puritan theological and philosophical writings. New England Puritans wrote inspired poetry, but almost all the educated among them found relief from the restraint which their religion imposed in what Professor Tyler calls "the sly dissipation of writing verses." John Cotton, if you please, wrote English verse in Greek characters in his almanac.

The elegy was a legitimate verse effort. Uriah Oakes, who, president of Harvard, at Cotton Mather's graduation, prophesied his greatness, is the author of an elegy on the death of his intimate friend, Thomas Shepard, minister of the church in Charlestown. It is supposed to be the earliest poem both written and printed in America. It consists of fifty-two six-line stanzas, and is really, if we make some allowance for metrical defects and for the intrusion of theological passages, a fair poem. A few quotations will show, however, that it is neither great nor even very good. Pope-like lines are often spoiled by metrical jarring. The second line of the following couplet is worthy, but we wonder how its author scanned the first:

"Ah! wit avails not, when the heart's like to break; Great griefs are tongue-tied, when the lesser speak."

The dignity and pleasing melody of the first lines of the following is certainly spoiled by the rhyme "secure—sure" and the triviality of the close, "I'm very sure":

"If to have solid judgment, pregnant parts, A piercing wit, and comprehensive brain; If to have gone the round of all the arts, Immunity from death could gain; Shepard would have been death-proof, and secure From that all-conquering hand, I'm very sure."

Oakes himself was honored by an elegy from the pen of that youth whose inevitable greatness he foresaw. It was four years after his graduation from Harvard and when Cotton Mather was only
nineteen years old that he wrote *A Poem Dedicated to the Memory of the Reverend and Excellent Mr Uriah Oakes*. He wrote several other eulogies of "atrocious badness," to use Professor Bronson's phrase, notably one on the deaths of seven young ministers. There is authority for the statement that Cotton Mather wrote, in his youth, many other poems, which have not been preserved; but verse had no further attention from his ponderous intellect until 1718, when he published a blank verse version of the Psalms, *Psalterium Americanum*; which was, however, printed as prose.

Cotton was not the first Mather to attempt a rehabilitation of the Psalms. His venerable grandfather Richard was one of the compilers of the *Bay Psalm Book, The Whole Booke of Psalms Faithfully Translated into English Metre*. The modern reader sighs, "Faithfully, yes—that is all that can be said for it."

Edward Helyoke (1689–1769), colonial philosopher who became president of Harvard and the first Dudleyian lecturer, is the author of the first poem in *Pietas et Gratulatio Collegii Cantabrigenis Novanglog*, published in 1761. One cannot, of course, say positively that careful search or chance will not reveal still other early poems of philosophic authorship; but, except for the work of Johann Conrad Beissel, German mystic who founded a famous colony at Ephrata, Pennsylvania, there seems to be no other colonial poetry of philosophic parentage. Beissel deserves mention as the author of the earliest volume of German poetry published in America, *Gottliche Liebes- und Lobestone* (1730). He also published several collections of hymns whose fantastic titles lend them a curious interest: *The Voice of the Lonely and Forsaken Turtle Dove—that is, of the Christian Church; by a*
Peaceable Pilgrim traveling to Tranquil Eternity (1747) and Paradisaical Wonder-play (1766). The curious interest of the second volume is increased by the fact that it contains a Brother Song of two hundred fifteen stanzas and a Sister Song of two hundred fifty.

The ballads of Franklin's youth are of historical interest only. It is interesting to recall that, following an old custom and a profitable one for a printer's apprentice, he sold two of them on the streets of Boston: The Light-House Tragedy and a ballad celebrating the capture of Blackbeard, a notorious pirate. Their ambitious author wisely followed the advice of his discerning father, who pronounced the ballads "wretched stuff" and counseled the would-be minstrel to confine his efforts to prose.

There are two philosophical giants of Revolutionary days who wrote poetry of enduring fame. One was a rather ponderous Puritan of the Cotton-Mather type; the other was in the thick of the fray and a man of the world, rather to be compared to the great Elizabethans who, as we have noted, were philosophers for diversion. This latter, William Livingston, hero of the Revolution and first governor of New Jersey, devoted his philosophical thunder to two main practical purposes: keeping King's College (Columbia University) from the control of the Church of England and preventing the appointment of an Anglican bishop for America. He wrote voluminously and edited several journals. His chief poem, Philosophic Solitude, or the Choice of a Rural Life, belongs to his youth. It shows clearly the influence of Pope. Its subject-matter is a sort of Deserted Village longing for the joys of rural life. The light, Herrick-like Verses to Eliza show still another side of this versatile
philosopher's nature:

"Soon as I saw Eliza's blooming charms,  
I longed to clasp the fair one in my arms.  
Her every feature proved a pointed dart  
That pierced with pleasing pain my wounded heart;  
And yet, this beauty--it transcends belief--  
This blooming beauty is an arrant thief."  

After rehearsing her thefts, such as:  

"Her voice, enchanting to the dullest ears,  
She pillaged from the music of the spheres,"

he says that she could not—or did not have to—steal her  
"inward graces," for "God gave them." Her crowning theft was of his heart, which he will forgive  

"if she will but incline  
To give me half of hers, for all the whole of mine."

Two serious poems, written respectively when he was thirty-four and forty-seven are: A Funeral Eulogy on the Rev. Aaron Burr and A Soliloquy. Livingston was one of the prominent early members of the American Philosophical Society. He was highly praised by that man of weighty intellect whom we shall consider next, the elder President Timothy Dwight of Yale.

The caliber of Dwight's mind is indicated by his deliberate attempt to write the great American epic, which he began at the age of nineteen. It is The Conquest of Canaan, which persistently and monotonously runs through ten thousand lines of heroic couplets. "Eleven dreadful books," Professor Tyler calls them, and he adds that it "is such an epic as can be grappled with in these degenerate days, by no man who is not himself as heroic as this verse assumes to be." The subject-matter is the wars of Joshua. The author takes astonishing liberties with the biblical narrative and introduces encomiums of American heroes with charming disregard of time and space. Solid qualities indeed has St. Timothy," as he is
known at Yale, but a sense of humor is not among them.

The publication, in fact the composition, of The Conquest of Canaan was interrupted by its author's brilliant service in the Revolutionary War and his composition of stirring and useful patriotic poems. Chief among them is Columbia. Bombastic it is; yet what American is so highbrowed that he does not thrill to:

"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and child of the skies!
Thy genius commands thee; with raptures behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime.
Let the crimes of the east ne'er encurse thy name,
Be freedom, and science, and virtue, thy fame!"

Dwight's pastoral poem Greenfield Hill is far more poetic than his cumbersome epic; but none the less shocking because frankly admitted are its patent imitation in particular passages of Thomson, Goldsmith, Beattie, Edward Moore, and Gay, and its evident copying in general scheme of Sir John Denham's Cooper's Hill, Ben Jonson's Penshurst, and Pope's Windsor Forest.

"Fair Verna, loveliest village of the west,
is the counterpart of

"Sweet Auburn! Loveliest village of the plain."

For all its lack of originality, however, this poem is more indicative of Dwight's philosophy than any other of his compositions in verse except The Triumph of Infidelity, for it is really a description and glorification of the author's conception of permanent values and worthy ideals. The Triumph of Infidelity, as ambitious as a satire as The Conquest of Canaan is as an epic, by implication at least shows forth Dr. Dwight's philosophy, for it is a vehement fulmination against atheism in general and deism in particular. It is ironically dedicated to Voltaire. The essence of successful
satire is caustic wit. We have already observed the absence among Dwight's characteristics of any quality related to humor. The Triumph of Infidelity is really quite a futile thrust at Voltaire and Hume.

One other claim to fame Dr. Dwight has. He has written hymns which are still sung in all Protestant churches. One particularly is very well known:

"I love thy kingdom, Lord, the house of thine abode."

This is included in his revision of Watts's Psalms which he published in 1800 and to which he added original hymns and translations of his own.

"St. Timothy's" ponderosity is only a trifle less appalling than Cotton Mather's. The difference is accounted for by the fact that he really has some outlook; in a sense he is a man of the world. He frequently came out of his study into life; Cotton Mather never did. His appreciation of the beauty of external nature, as in Greenfield Hill, is genuine and considerable. His career as president of Yale proves executive ability, too. Still, he is essentially a heavy Puritan philosopher; witness Theology Explained and Defended in a Course of 175 Sermons (five volumes), which went through a score of editions in this country and enjoyed remarkable popularity abroad.

Edward Hitchcock (1793-1864), president of Amherst College and eminent geologist and philosopher, who made geological surveys of Massachusetts, New York, and Vermont, probably regarded as the most important phase of his work his zealous attempts to relate geology to revealed religion. Of his numerous publications, those for which he is most widely known are: Religion of Geology and its Connected Sciences (1851)
and Religious Truth illustrated from Science (1857). Hitchcock began his teaching career as principal of Deerfield Academy. His first publication belongs to this period. It is a poem of five hundred lines entitled The Downfall of Buonaparte (1815). The youthful author was twenty-two. The poem is of interest only in view of his far greater work in unrelated fields.

Another stout reconciler of the Bible and science, Tayler Lewis, launched forth into poetic seas when, in 1870, he published a Rhythmetrical Version of Ecclesiastes. One of his important works bears the title of obvious intent The Bible and Science. It would almost seem that poetic imagination is a correlative of that imaginative sweep of intellect or breadth of view that prompts a man to undertake the union of religion and science. Andrews Norton (1786-1852), opposer at once of stern Calvinism and the blatant naturalism of Theodore Parker, "was also the author of fugitive poems."

Thomas Cogswell Upham (1799-1872) was a metaphysician of note who wrote poetry between the time of Dwight and the advent of the famous Concord group, Alcott, Thoreau, and Emerson. His American Cottage Life, a series of poems, went through a second edition in 1850. It follows the tradition of Dwight's Greenfield Hill, and is of the same general type as The Cotter's Saturday Night and Snowbound.

Emerson is by far the most important of the Concord group. His two philosopher friends, Alcott and Thoreau, because of their erratic lives and highly original methods of transforming their philosophy into action, claim the heightened interest that always attaches to the bizarre. Alcott has been aptly styled "transcendental.

1 The Appleton Cyclopaedia of American Biography.
rhapsodist" and "traveling priest of Neo-Platonic transcendentalism."
He is the author of poetry which is of a piece with his Orphic
Sayings, inspired, impractical, beautiful in its childlike trust.
His Ion, a Monody, on the death of Emerson, Alcott's last finished
poem, is well known. Surely it is fitting that one Transcendentalist
should speed another with such words as:

"Ion hath vanished from our clouded sight,--
But on the morrow, with the budding May,
A-field goes Ion, at first flush of day,
Across the pastures on his dewy way."

Alcott had written poetry all through his life. A great deal of it
is unpublished. In his extreme old age, however, the visionary
philosopher published Somnets and Canzonets (1882) and
New Connecticut: an Autobiographical Poem (1887). Quite character-
istic was Alcott's admission concerning the sonnets, "choice
sonnets, and tender, too."

Thoreau was, of course, no technical metaphysician. He was
rather an impractical tester of the homely philosophy of the
simple life. He has left us characteristic and charming journals,
in which are recorded in minute detail, with unique sympathy and
appreciation, the life of forest and stream. Life in the midst of
Nature, untrammled by the restraints of Society, has nowhere
more whole-hearted championship. Thoreau was only forty-five when
he died. Through his thirtieth year, he frequently turned to verse
as a medium for recording his meditations or his admiration in the
presence of some natural phenomenon. Many of these poems were
published in the Dial, and some were reproduced in his first
volume, A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers. Thoreau's
contributions to the Dial were miscellaneous and considerable.
Among them was a whole metrical translation of Prometheus Bound.
Poems of Nature, by Thoreau, have been selected and edited by
1 American Thought, Woodbridge Riley, p. 44.
2 ibid., p. 249.
H. S. Sailer and F. B. Sanborn. Thoreau is no metrical artist. His poetry is not inspired; in fact, it does not seem to breathe, as his journals do, the veritable exaltation of his intimacy with nature. His rather enigmatic poem *Sympathy* is thought by some to refer, under the guise of the "gentle boy," to a Miss Sewall, said to have been the object of Thoreau's unrequited love. *Sic Vita* is a rather melancholy poem in which the poet affects to see a resemblance between himself,

"a parcel of vain strivings tied
By a chance bond together,"

and a bunch of plucked violets held together by "a wisp of straw."

This poem has a pathetic interest because it was read at Thoreau's funeral by Bronson Alcott. The poem *Inspiration* rather grows on one through successive readings; yet it is really very poor verse. Its seven four-line stanzas are marred by unpoeitic diction, clumsy inversions, and the atrocious line:

"'Tis peace's end, and war's beginning strife."
The fact is that little of Thoreau's verse is really better.

Emerson is neither an inspired poet of the first order. Of him more than of any other philosopher whom we have considered is it true that his philosophy and his poetry are one. Once when Emerson expressed doubt that he could write poetry, his friend Franklin Benjamin Sanborn of Concord replied, "Mr. Emerson, some of us think that you can write nothing else." That is true if we think of poetry in the sense of runic emanations from the mind of a seer; for from Emerson's prose as from his poetry there shine forth, as when bright sunlight glitters upon a stream, sparkling flashes of Transcendental philosophy. The idea of the Over-soul; the oneness in divinity of God, nature, and man; nature as mystic teacher and comforter; the sure, unsought guidance of intuition; the grandeur and the duty of self-
reliance; the certainty of compensation; idealism, sometimes Platonic, sometimes Berkeleyan; a persistent optimism; the moral nature of beauty; the abiding spirituality of true friendship; all these are themes of Emerson's poems as well as of his essays. It would be an easy task to make a collection of literary gems on these subjects from the poems. The chief criticism of Emerson's essays is that they lack organization; there is not a critic but admits, however, that they are veritable mines of diamond-like quotations. We remember that Emerson himself referred to his "formidable tendency to the lapidary style." His poetry has the same characteristics; but, comparing now with polished stones, we are inclined to aver that the brilliance of the gems is sufficient reason for overlooking frequent lack of luster in the settings.

There are three fundamental causes for this absence of consistent brilliance in the settings. One is deficiency in feeling. Emerson is preeminently the thinker. He shows no depth of emotion; he is not profoundly stirred by human failure or woe or wrong or grief. Through the medium of Transcendental thought, he sees that there are no woes except of one's own creation, or at least of one's own tolerance. In his deepest personal grief, he can still

"see the genius of the whole Ascendant in the private soul,"

and bring the Threnody to the Transcendental conclusion:

"House and tenant go to ground, Lost in God, in Godhead found."

The second reason for comparative dullness of setting in Emerson's poetry is the absence in his constitution of a dramatic of epic instinct. He is not a narrator. No one would ever have called him "Tusitala," teller of tales. His poetic
instinct is lyrical, descriptive, and introspective. He has insight into the workings of mind and outlook toward the beauties of nature, but he has not the creative imagination of the story-teller or the supreme poet, nor even fancy. He describes familiar scenes quite accurately and he effects a nice correspondence between natural phenomenon and mental state; but there is no sweep of the imagination to give us vast vistas, as in Coleridge, nor is emotional response evoked by the contemplation of nature, as in Byron or Wordsworth, Shelley or Keats.

A third consideration accounts, not only for dullness, but for actual crudity in the settings of Emerson's poetical gems. It is the absence of conscious art ormetrical skill. Emerson's theory of art, so far as he had one, was that clear and beautiful thought would enforce fit and musical expression. He says in his essay The Poet: "For it is not metres, but a metre-making argument, that makes a poem—a thought so passionate and alive that, like the spirit of a plant or an animal, it has an architecture of its own, and adorns nature with a new thing." To an extent, yes, provided that the poet is a poet in the sense of a native singer, one endowed with the gift of melody and a sort of metrical instinct. But most of the great who were so endowed have testified of perfection of form that "This kind can come forth by nothing, but by prayer and fasting."

Four defects contribute to the lack of metrical perfection in Emerson's verse. Emerson has not a sure instinct for poetical diction. It is not unusual for him to lapse into language as ill-chosen as most of the words in the following stanza from Holidays, written in 1842:

"Whither went the lovely hoyden? Disappeared in blessed wife; Servant to a wooden cradle, Living in a baby's life."
Jarring rhymes are very frequent. Inversions are often more awkward than necessary. Most serious of all, for this is a fault by Emerson's own standard, there are passages of obscure meaning in practically all of the longer poems and in many of the shorter ones.

In spite of these obvious defects, however, it is no small accomplishment to have embedded for delighted discovery such gems as:

"All are needed by each one;  
Nothing is fair or good alone."

"When Duty whispers low, Thou must,  
The youth replies, I can."

"If eyes were made for seeing,  
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being."

"I go to the god of the wood  
To fetch his word to men."

"For Nature ever faithful is  
To such as trust her faithfulness."

"I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,  
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;  
For what are they all, in their high conceit,  
When man in the bush with God may meet?"

Besides, some of Emerson's short lyrics are gems in themselves. Such are Forbearance and Days.

It is the content, then, and not the form of his poetry that entitles Emerson to classification as a significant, if not a supreme, poet. As we have already indicated, his work, both prose and poetry, makes him perhaps the best example among English and American philosophers of his own statement: "the true poet and the true philosopher are one," if we interpret both terms in the sense of seer. His real service to mankind is, no doubt, as Matthew Arnold said after pointing out the structural defects of Emerson's work that "He is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit." "Friend and aider," not "master and leader," for he
founded no system, propounded no reasoned philosophy. He looked within and reported what seemed to him obvious facts. They are really not conclusions in the logical sense. He repeatedly admitted that he could not prove or establish logically what was revealed by the pure light of intuition. Almost pathetic is his admission in a letter to Dr. Ware:

"I have always been—from my very incapacity of methodical writing—a chartered libertine, lucky when I could make myself understood. I could not give an account of myself, if challenged. I could not possibly give you one of the arguments you cruelly hint at, on which any doctrine of mine stands: for I do not know what arguments mean in reference to any expression of a thought. I delight in telling what I think: but if you ask me how I dare say so, or why it is so, I am the most helpless of mortal men."

Indeed, it is not an exaggeration to say that, for all his peering into the hidden recesses of the soul, where the Divine is concealed, Emerson really affected a certain indifference to ultimate questioning. He did not seek to answer, "Whence, whither wilt?"

But most positively was he concerned with the "whence" of thought. His great purpose was to wrench American thought from the anchorage of tradition, usage, and the servile following of opinion. He is the great American apostle of independent thinking and of self-reliance; as such he has rendered noteworthy service.

That genial chronicler of philosophic life at Concord and editor of Thoreau's poems, Franklin Benjamin Sanborn, himself one of the lecturers in the "Concord Summer School of Philosophy and Literature," wrote a number of creditable lyrics. Emerson included three in his Parnassus: Anathemata, River Song, and Ode on the Consecration of Sleepy-Hollow Cemetery. The interest of the last-named lies, of course, in the fact that Sleepy-Hollow Cemetery is the resting place of Emerson and Thoreau, Hawthorne, and the Alcotts, father and daughter. Anathemata is a good poetical plea for courageous living, and the River Song is a love lyric of no inferior quality of dancing lilt and spontaneous expression of
Sanborn was interested in the celebrated St. Louis group of philosophers, some of whom moved over to Concord under the influence of Bronson Alcott. The St. Louis group was responsible for the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, famous as the first philosophical periodical in America, whose existence ran through twenty-six years, from 1867 to 1893. Scanning the early volumes of that series shows one that Miss A. G. Brackett, a philosophically inclined lady of St. Louis, could be relied on as a space-filler to furnish poems of a metaphysical cast. Her zeal is none the less praiseworthy that her muse did not reach very lofty heights.

It is interesting that three major American thinkers of the later nineteenth and early twentieth centuries who indulged in poetry were of foreign extraction. Hugo Münsterberg, though he is better known for his work in psychology, was fundamentally a philosopher. He should have earned the lasting regard of every American who is interested in American scholarship when he decided to stay to develop experimental psychology at Harvard when he had a call to the chair of philosophy once occupied by Immanuel Kant at Königsberg. Among his great works there is no poetry; but there was evidence of distinct poetic leaning in his youth, such as a poem written at the tender age of seven and inspired by the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War. His biographer in the Appleton *Cyclopaedia of American Biography* is authority for the statement that "the muse of poetry Meyer deserted him throughout his busy life, although his life work was concerned with scholarship rather than literature." Münsterberg actually published a volume of verse in Germany after his first sojourn at Harvard. He used the pseudonym "Hugo Terberg."

Paul Carus, another German, and one of Titanic physical
proportions and of catholic and multitudinous intellectual interests, who came to Illinois and established the far-reaching activities of the Open Court Publishing Company and The Monist, attempted to add poetry to the prodigious bulk of his literary and philosophical work. With him, truly, there was no spontaneous poetic outburst; his "poems" are simply tenets of his philosophical creed turned into verse, because having, Bacon-like, "taken all knowledge to be his province," he saw no reason why he might not appropriate all media. His volume Truth and Other Poems, published in 1914, contains philosophical meditations or rather preachments on such subjects as truth, time, love, and death. The philosophy is that combination of evolution and mysticism that its creator has denominated "the religion of science," and the poetry is like this:

"Life-plasm builds up cells varied in kind,
The tender germs unfold their gathering life
And teem in myriad hordes after their kind.
The promptings of life's many needs create
Various responses with divided labor.
'Tis by cooperative work alone
That functions slowly into organs grow,
Developing the life of organisms
With nobler rule upon a higher plane.
The hyperphysical is bursting forth
From night's sensationless rigidity.
Precursor of a spiritual day
Of consciousness and purpose-guided will."

Santayana would probably gather up his poetic skirts in holy horror at such a comparison; but, even at the expense of disproportionate quotation, we must note how Santayana-like is the philosophy of the following from Death:

"When we have tasted of the seeds of life,
Breathed in the bracing air of comprehension,
Enjoyed the pleasures of accomplishment,"

1 The Appleton Cyclopaedia of American Biography, Vol. IX, says: "His literary output was prodigious; the bibliography of his published writings filling a book of over 200 pages."
When we have felt the glow of happiness,
The thrill of love, of friendship, of endeavor,
When we have borne the heat of day and sweated
Under the burden of our tasks, we shall,
Weary of life's long drudgery, be glad
To sink into the arms of sleep, to rest
From all our labors, while our work lives on.
As at the end of day we greet the night,
So we shall tire of duties, pains and joys
And gladly quaff the draught of Lethe's cup."

Another accomplishment in verse by Dr. Carus is his
translation of A Selection from the Rhymes of a German Mystic,
namely, Angelus Silesius or Johannes Scheffler. We cannot blame
Dr. Carus for the "crude rhymes and archaic language" of the
original, but no genuine poetic impulse would have dictated such
lapses from artistic excellence as "tranquilization" in the
rhyme on Old Love:

"Young love storms like new wine
In wildest fermentation.
Old love is still and clear,
Strong through tranquilization."

A third poetic offering from the prolific pen of Dr. Carus
is K'ung Fu Tze, A Dramatic Poem, in which "the author's main
object has been to work out for the English-speaking public
a presentation of the Chinese religio-ethical world-conception
in the dramatized life of its founder, K'ung Hi, commonly called
K'ung Fu Tze, who has moulded the history of China and is still
the main factor in the public and private life of his native
country." So the author himself informs us in his Foreword. It is
as well that there are other sources of information about the
great and good Confucius.

The poetic repertoire of Dr. Carus also includes a special
hymn-book for the "religion of science:" Sacred Tunes for the
Consecration of Life. The author is composer of some of the
melodies, too, in the arrangement of which, however, he was
assisted by kind friends.
Considerations of the extent and value of Dr. Harms's influence aside, it really does seem sacrilege to discuss him as an artist in the same breath with Santayana, the third of our three of foreign birth. Santayana was born in Spain, and came to America when he was nine years old. Only an artist could have written Santayana's sonnets, comparable to Shakespeare's, and have reared that nicely-articulated structure of imagination and hopelessness that he calls his philosophy. Before we examine too deeply or apply logical tests too rigidly, we are charmed by the filmy, mirage-like appearance of the structure and by its apparent squaring with the facts of life. We think we have found in its builder a sort of less bitter occidental Omar Khayyám who sees with keenest perspicuity through the vain shams of a tradition-burdened world. He has Omar's gift of poignant phrase, too. In his poetry or his prose it is the same; one finds perfect knife-thrusts of incisive thought. It is the part of wisdom, he says, "to dream with one eye open; to be detached from the world without hostility to it; to welcome fugitive beauties and pity fugitive sufferings without forgetting for a moment how fugitive they are." Since that is so,

"We'll cheat the lapsing hour
And close our eyes, still smiling, on the dance."

"The relapse of created things into nothing is no violent fatality, but something naturally quite smooth and proper." "Unity somehow exercises an evil spell over metaphysicians.----it is not well for One to be alone." "The goal of all life is death," and he seems to prove it, too. "The end of an evening party is to go to bed; but its use is to gather congenial people together, that they may pass the time pleasantly." "I myself have no passionate attachment to existence, and value this world for the
intuitions it can suggest, rather than for the wilderness of facts that compose it. To turn away from it may be the deepest wisdom in the end. What better than to blow out the candle, and to bed?" "Existence involves changes and happenings and is comic inherently, like a pun that begins with one meaning and ends with another." "For everything in nature is lyrical in its ideal essence, tragic in its fate, and comic in its existence." "It [this world or life] is a great Carnival, and amongst these lights and shadows of comedy, these roses and vices of the playhouse, there is no abiding." "The earth has its soul [the life-giving elements in water and air] outside its body, as many a philosopher would have wished to have his." Such are the strains that run through Santayana's philosophy. Even in an Easter Hymn he can sing:

"Ring wildly, Easter bells; ye ring
For Christ arisen, and hope dead."
The skylark singing In Grantchester Meadows is to him
"A little joy in an immense despair,"
and points the reflection:
"But whose life is his choice?
And he who chooseth not hath chosen best."
Before a Statue of Achilles he comes to the materialistic conclusion:
"The perfect body is itself the soul." If that is so, is it not as well to say, at the end of life:
"Now thou hast drained the wine
Shatter the glass.
The music was divine,
Let the voice pass!"
Oblivion is better than immortality if immortality could welcome only a
"wailing ghost
That shivers and remembers
The haunts he loved, where he hath suffered most."

Santayana's philosophy is often compared with that of Bertrand Russell. With both matter is aimless, time and space are infinite, and the laws of nature inexorable, ruthless, and utterly indifferent to human aspirations. Russell's reaction is unyielding despair, a sort of "kicking against the pricks." Santayana accepts, as though in a comforting sort of way acquiescence saved the trouble that independent enterprise on the part of an adventurous "psyche" would involve. He even enjoys, at times with almost unmannerly joy, like a guest who knows that he will be invited only this once, the feast of essences that he conceives to be spread before him.

It is significant that Santayana himself says in many places that his philosophy, by its very nature, cannot attain universal or even very general acceptance. His latest expression to that effect is in the Preface to his Poems, Selected by the Author and Revised, published in 1925:

"My own moral philosophy, especially as expressed in this more sentimental form[the poems as contrasted with his prose], may not seem very robust or joyous. Its fortitude and happiness are those of but one type of soul."

What type of soul is that? Highly-cultured? Many highly-cultured souls cannot countenance the conclusion that Santayana's realm of essence is the ultimate. Perhaps aristocratic, rather than cultured, of the type of aristocracy that considers itself not very seriously, and the common run of humanity not at all, for there is little sympathy in Santayana. His is a sort of nothing-matters philosophy which furnishes neither incentive nor reason for altruistic endeavor. The idea is sometimes advanced that the Santayanan
"type of soul" is the Latin soul, or again the Roman Catholic soul. The philosophy of Santayana would never satisfy the passionately, almost violently emotional soul that is generally understood when we say typically Latin. The stateliness, the aloofness, and the seclusion of the Pyrenees Mountains may have given to that typically Latin soul an austerity, a detachment, and a self-sufficiency that have tempered the passionate emotion into ineffectual romantic contemplation and imposed a restraint that makes a dilettante in philosophy where there might otherwise have been a votary in religion. It would sometimes seem that his love of color and insistence on harmony as the ideal of the well-ordered life should satisfy the soul whose yearnings, under other circumstances, would be quenched by the Roman Catholic variety of mysticism. The very finality of Santayana's essence-world is a denial of the need for mysticism. No, the soul that can be at peace in Santayana's Realms of Being must be aristocratic to the point of snobbishness and cultured to the point of artificiality. There is no life-giving power in those realms. The reflected light of sophistication shows all things therein as chaste and cold and unfriendly and the realm itself as uninhabitable except by those tenuous souls who can abide the lack of human sympathy and divine effulgence.

Santayana's poetry, as we have indicated, is of a very high order. It is really first-rate in what we might call the poetry of intellectualized imagination. Of emotion, deep feeling, there is little. Of dispassionate dissection of individual, not universal, experience that makes us feel, "O the pity of it," not "O the tragedy of it," there is much. The form is often exquisite. Santayana is an artist. The oft-repeated comparison of a fine poem to a finely cut cameo can with justice be applied to most
of his In several places, as again in the Preface to the recent volume of Poems, he apologizes for his use of English, since it was not his mother tongue, saying, for instance: "its roots do not reach to my centre. I never drank in in childhood the homely cadences and ditties which in pure spontaneous poetry set the essential key. I know no words redolent of the wonder-world, the fairy-tale, or the cradle." Perhaps discriminating study has given him a more nicely differentiated vocabulary than habit permits even the educated native. Certain it is that often the specific reason for poignancy of appeal in his poetry, particularly in his sonnets, is his selection of just the right word, one that the reader recognizes as right, but would hardly have thought of unaided.

The sonnets, of which there are two series, 1883-1893, twenty sonnets, and 1895, thirty sonnets, seem to be largely personal and autobiographical. The first series chronicles the religious struggle that took their author away from the ancient faith of his Spanish heritage to the dispassionate recognition of himself as a finite and dying detail of nature. In sonnet I we read:

"My sad youth worshipped at the piteous height
Where God vouchsafed the death of man to share;
His love made mortal sorrow light to bear,
But his deep wounds put joy to shamed flight."

The series ends with:

"The soul is not on earth an alien thing
That hath her life's rich sources otherwhere;
She is a parcel of the sacred air,
She takes her being from the breath of Spring,
The glance of Phoebus is her fount of light,
And her long sleep a draught of primal night."

In sonnet IX he still talks of the "love of God," whose nature is not defined, however, but the last two lines show that he is already convinced of the certainty of mortality:

"Having known grief, all will be well with thee,
Ay, and thy second slumber will be deep."
He is already conscious of his own aloofness and detachment:

"And some are born to stand perplexed aside
From so much sorrow--of whom I am one."

By sonnet XIII his mind is made up to be spectator, not worshiper:

"Farewell, my burden! No more will I bear
The foolish lead of my fond faith's despair,
But trip the idle race with careless feet.
The crown of olive let another wear;
It is my crown to mock the runner's heat
With gentle wonder and with laughter sweet."

The evident disappointment in love in the second series is as baffling in its details as the celebrated tangle of the Dark Lady. Is it the purely literary love of the old sonnet sequences developed from the mediæval convention of courtly love, or is the author's submissive attitude as spectator the result of steeling a naturally ardent heart whose ardor had been unfeelingly crushed?

"But, O ye beauties I must never see,
How great a lover have you lost in me!"

closes the first sonnet of this series, sonnet XXI. Small is the consolation offered in sonnet XXV:

"As in the midst of battle there is room
For thoughts of love, and in foul sin for mirth;
So in this great disaster of our birth
We can be happy, and forget our doom."

Occasionally there is a ring of hope, the perennial hope of love, in spite of cheerless philosophy:

"Each buried seed lacks light as much as thou,
Wait for the spring, brave heart; there is no knowing."

(Sonnet XXVII)

"Out of the dust the queen of roses springs;
The brackish depths of the blown waters bear
Blossoms of foam."

(Sonnet XXVIII)

"A perfect love is nourished by despair."

(Sonnet XXXIII)

The characteristic Santayanan calm is reached in the sonnet before the last:
"Bear me, great love, to mine eternal rest.
Heaven it is to be at peace with things."

The series closes with:

"Hath not the night-environed earth her flowers?
Hath not my grief the blessed joy of thee?
Is not the comfort of these singing hours,
Full of thy perfectness, enough for me?
They are not evil, then, those hidden powers:
One love sufficeth an eternity."

We have quoted enough to show that Santayana's is really poetry, the verse of the genuine artist. There is good work among the Other Verses included in the little 1896 volume of Sonnets and Other Verses. It is interesting to note that the avowedly anti-church ones have been omitted from the new edition of the poems. Such are Easter Hymn and the Good Friday Hymn. Their omission by no means indicates a change of heart, however. The soothing arrangement of the church in King's College Chapel is included. Perhaps the author felt that the two shorter lyrics did not measure up to strict poetical standards. They are too obvious. Do the same reasons account for the omission from the later volume of the dramatic poem Lucifer, with the sub-title A Prelude, with which the early booklet closes? Lucifer has some very good lines and telling comments, but as a whole it is amateurish and even blustering. It may have been omitted simply because the author has never completed the whole which A Prelude necessarily promises. It would be interesting to have a Santayanaan Paradise Lost!

A third of Santayana's 1901 volume of poetry is devoted to two mediaeval tales told in dialogue: A Hermit of Carmel and The Knight's Return. They are interesting, but not exceptional. They seem to be narrative purely. There are no implications or hidden
preachments, not even in the sacrifice of the hermit in not revealing his identity to his knight-errant brother. He seems to make it chiefly to facilitate the knight's return to his waiting lady and her fluttering nurse, whose solicitous comments bring forcibly to mind the hoverings of Juliet's old nurse. This volume contains excellent verse translations on very Santayana-like subjects. There are also Convivial and Occasional Verses, which are generally regarded, and justly so, as the weakest of Santayana's poetry.

There has been no poetry from Santayana's pen since this 1901 volume. He himself is authority for the statement that his poetry and his philosophy are of a piece. He says in the Preface of the new volume, as elsewhere: "I think the discerning reader will probably prefer the later prose versions of my philosophy; I prefer them myself, as being more broadly based, saner, more humorous. Yet if he is curious in the matter he may find the same thing here nearer to its fountain-head, in its accidental early setting, and with its most authentic personal note." In another sense, too, his philosophy is of a piece with his poetry. He is essentially poet even when he calls himself philosopher. Could a philosopher who took himself seriously as a philosopher refer to his findings as more humorous? The whole structure of his philosophy, as we have suggested above, is reared of a sort of intellectualized imagination. In Chapter XXIV of Scepticism and Animal Faith, Santayana denies scientific value to modern philosophy. He makes the sweeping assertion: "The whole of British and German philosophy is only literature." We shall go a step farther and say that the section of "British" philosophy which he has contributed constitutes a section of very artistic poetry in that literature. The function of such poetry is to furnish
aesthetic enjoyment for the cultured; it does not reach down into
the very depths of Being to furnish spiritual sustenance for all
who seek, some without knowing that they do, the "consolations
of philosophy."

There may be other living American philosophers who have
written poetry. With one exception, there do not seem to be others
who have published their verse, at least in book form. Professor
Hartley B. Alexander of the University of Nebraska has published
verse. One of the most interesting results of his literary labors
is The Mystery of Life, A Poesization of "The Hako"--A Pawnee
Ceremony, published in The Monist, Volume 22, 1912. The arrangement
of the Poesization reveals him not only as a faithful and sympathetic
translator, but as one of true poetic temperament.

The inevitable conclusion must be that there is no quality
of the philosophic mind that precludes the writing of poetry. We
have found exactly seventy-seven philosophers in England and
America who wrote poetry of one kind or another. Our search has
been careful; but it cannot pretend to be final or exhaustive. The
quotation from Plato on the title page of the Appleton Cyclopaedia
of American Biography is in place here:

"As it is the commendation of a good huntsman to find game
in a wide wood, so it is no imputation if he hath not caught all."
The philosopher-poets included are in all cases individuals whose
names occur as philosophers in recognized histories of English and
American philosophy. Lest the writer be accused of oversight where
reflection has brought forth deliberate intention; the Wesleys and
Watts, whose hundreds of hymns might seem entitled to classification
as "poetry written by philosophers," are nowhere classed as
philosophers or metaphysicians; and Milton is certainly a poet who
happened to write treatises on logic and on government, not a
formal philosopher or technical metaphysician who turned poet.
As has been already observed, only three of the philosopher-poets discussed—Coleridge, Emerson, and Santayana—can be included in the first rank of English poets even when boundaries are liberal. Of the others we have noted several distinct types. There were the "prodigious Elizabethans," for whom both philosophy and poetry were two details in almost inconceivably many-sided lives. Somewhat later there were philosopher-poets whose poetry and philosophy were parallel growths from their scholarly training, the roots of which reached down into the church and into the classics. Later, when philosophy became economic, scientific, and logical, the classical culture still persisted, and so there were sporadic poems written by philosophers. After that the philosopher-poets are only individual native singers, and not at all perfunctory classically educated versifiers. They would have sung under any conditions. Of such was Coleridge; of such perhaps was Newman.

In America the early philosopher-poets burst forth into song because of two influences: traditional classical scholarship and religion. The new influence which Emerson initiated, composite as was its origin, perhaps derived its most distinctive characteristics from Plato and from the Orient, and thus was replete with poetry. If Santayana's poetic gift needs any other explanation besides an individual and personal one, his Pyrenean inheritance will furnish it.

It is no mere coincidence, but a significant fact that almost all of the poetry written by philosophers which we have found is lyric poetry. There are few great narrative poems and no great plays in the total. The Ancient Mariner and Christabel are brilliant exceptions; but they are the greatest of the few major English poets who were also philosophers. Santayana's two mediaeval narrative poems are not his best work. The plays that we have found, too, are largely
lyrical, not at all stirring dramas of action. Such are Fulke
Greville's Mustapha and Alaham. The metaphysical or philosophical
thinker, as a rule, lacks the creative imagination that would make
a Chaucer or a Shakespeare. The contemplative imagination of the
philosopher is essentially lyric. It broods over the mystery of life.
The reasoned thought of the brooding mind is the thinker's philosophy.
The articulate cry of the brooding soul is a lyric poem. The cry may
be plaintive questioning, or exquisite, self-pitying melancholy, or
rapturous ecstasy. All are at once the results of philosophical
contemplation of the emotional or literary type—we have seen that
philosophers of the distinctly scientific type did not usually
write poetry—and the materials of lyric poetry.

It is no mean accomplishment, then; seventy-seven English
and American philosophers who wrote poetry. All of it is interesting
in one way or another; much of it is creditable verse; and some of
it is worthy of a place among the best.
SUMMARY

INTRODUCTION (pp. 1-4)

The genius of the English race is, in keeping with Teutonic inheritance, at once philosophical and poetical. Always there have sounded through the poetry written by Englishmen notes of questioning or of contemplation, the materials of which philosophy is made. To trace the companionship of philosophy and poetry throughout the history of English poetry, beginning with Anglo-Saxon times and including American literature, would be a task of encyclopedic dimensions. The purpose of this paper shall be, not to analyze the work of every English poet who philosophized, but to bring together and examine into the poetry in English and American literature written by professional philosophers. In the case of the major philosopher-poets, our examination shall attempt to discover correlation, or ascertain the lack of it, as regards subject-matter and treatment between a given philosopher's poetry and the theory of life expounded in his philosophy. We shall ask whether, if a philosopher have the gift of song, his metaphysical system imposes itself on his poetry, so that that poetry is simply another expression of his point of view, or whether his poetical output is a thing apart, whether, in short, he is a philosopher and a poet, instead of a philosopher-poet.

Even before the ascendancy of the vernacular was conceded in England, three important philosophers of English birth wrote poetry: Alcuin and Johannes Scotus Erigenea in Latin, and Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, in French.
Putting aside the fantastically supported claims that Francis Bacon is the greatest poet in English literature, this philosopher-scientist, first writer of philosophy in the vernacular in England and father of experimental science, has enough poetry of authentic authorship to his credit to entitle him to classification as a poet. The style of Bacon's prose essays exhibits distinctly poetical features. His extant poetry is very slight; yet significant contemporary references to Bacon as a poet and his own characterization of himself as "a concealed poet" are matters of record. Bacon's extant poetry consists of an expansion of a Greek epigram by Poseidippus, several masques, and A Translation of Certaine Psalmes into English Verse. There is distinct correlation between Bacon's poetry and his philosophy. Both place emphasis on shrewd worldly wisdom, on practical considerations, on policy, and on expediency. It is fair to classify Bacon, then, as a philosopher with a gift for artistic expression, rather than as philosopher and poet.

Herbert of Cherbury (pp. 8-13)

The crowded life of Bacon's contemporary, Edward Herbert, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Titanic as Bacon's in the sheer bulk of its accomplishment, has yet to its credit a volume of indifferent poetry. This poetry is very patently a courtier's exercise in verse in an age when it was the fashion for courtiers to versify. In his use of conceits and of such devices as the echo Herbert is consistently of his time. Herbert the philosopher does not seem
to have usurped much of a place in Herbert the poet's verses. Indeed, the poems as a whole furnish practically no clue to Herbert's philosophical system. Yet there are passages that show pantheistic leanings, a preoccupation with the question of immortality, and meditations on the subjects of the conservation of energy, the color black, the "first cause," and the origin of evil. Herbert's philosophy and his poetry are both functions of the man's amazing versatility and vigor, neither of the other; but his poetry does, nevertheless, contain passages that must be attributed to his philosophical studies.

GENERAL SURVEY OF RICHNESS OF POETRY BY ENGLISH PHILOSOPHERS IN SHAKESPEARE-NILTON CENTURY, THAT IS, IN CENTURY FROM BIRTH OF BACON TO DEATH OF HOBBES (p. 14)

The brilliancy of achievement of Englishmen in the Age of Queen Elizabeth has overshadowed the persistent gleam of earnest scholarship, discerning contemplation, and felicitous expression of a literal host of philosopher-poet luminaries whose light shines unremittingly through the century from the birth of Bacon (1561) to the death of Hobbes (1679). In addition to Bacon and Herbert, those philosopher-poets are: Fulke Greville, first Lord Brooke; his adopted son and heir, Robert Greville, second Lord Brooke; Sir John Davies; Sir Kenelm Digby; Joseph Hall; Jeremy Taylor; and Thomas Stanley.

FULKE GREVILLE (pp. 15-17)

Fulke Greville is primarily not metaphysician, but political philosopher, and often he preferred to write dissertations on the nature of the state and the divine right of kings in verse rather than in prose because he was an ardent student of the classics and classical students in Elizabethan England delighted in composition
in classically-modeled verse. Greville's principal works are:

Poems of Monarchy, A Treatise of Religion, A Treatise of Wars, 
A Treatise of Humane Learning, An Inquisition upon Fame and Honour, 
Caelica in CX Sonnets, two tragedies, and his very celebrated 
Life of the Renowned Sir Philip Sidney, which is really a medium 
for the expression of the author's views on government. As poetry 
The accomplishment of Fulke Greville is decidedly not of the first 
water. In spite of typically Elizabethan profusion of ornament and 
natural obscurity, there are promising passages; but the promise 
often dies ere a third line is complete.

ROBERT GREVILLE (p. 18)

The writing of verse was one of the minor literary activities 
of Robert Greville, philosopher who wrote The Nature of Truth, 
which anticipates the line of thought later elaborated by the 
Cambridge Platonists.

SIR JOHN DAVIES (pp. 18-21)

Sir John Davies's great poems are three: Nosce Teipsum, a 
lengthy philosophical poem on the nature of the soul and the 
certainty of immortality; Hymns to Astraea, that is, "Elisabetha 
Regina;" and Orchestra, unfinished, genuinely graceful verse, 
after the manner of Spenser, which praises dancing, proves the 
inherence of rhythm in the universe, and again conveys well-
turned compliments to Queen Elizabeth, who is here designated 
"Cynthia." Davies is not predominantly either philosopher or 
poet; he can be best characterized as "poet with a metaphysical 
bent."
SIR KENELM DIGBY (pp. 21-22)

Sir Kenelm Digby carried on the tradition of Herbert of Cherbury and Fulke Greville. His interest in poetry was somewhat minately critical; he published, at the age of forty, when his taste was formed and his judgment reliable, Observations on the 22nd stanza in the 9th canto of the 2nd book of Spenser's "Faerie Queene." The critic was also original artist, however; Poems from Sir Kenelm Digby's Papers were published by the Roxburghe Club in 1877.

JOSEPH HALL, BISHOP OF NORWICH (pp. 22-24)

Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, is generally admitted to be the first formal satirist in English in the sense in which Juvenal and Horace are satirists in Latin. Bishop Hall's nine satires embrace the usual subjects of social satire, and are now of purely historic interest.

JEREMY TAYLOR (pp. 24-27)

Jeremy Taylor, celebrated author of Holy Living and Holy Dying, wrote a few poems, notably Festival Hymns, which cover the last twenty pages of the author's Golden Grove, a devotional manual. Obvious effort, awkward inversions, an abundance of artificial conceits, little genuine emotion or original thought—these are quite patent characteristics of the hymns.

THOMAS STANLEY (pp. 27-28)

Thomas Stanley, author of the first History of Philosophy in English, was a lyric poet of considerable merit. Five of his poems are included in Grierson's Metaphysical Lyrics and Poems.
of the Seventeenth Century (Donne to Butler), published by the
Oxford University Press.

HOBES AND THE TRANSITION TO THE MODERN SCIENTIFIC PERIOD (pp. 28-31)

Hobbes, the only philosophical colossus in Britain between
Bacon and Locke, wrote some verse. Among his metrical achievements
are: five hundred lines of Latin hexameters describing the wonders
of the Derbyshire Peak, a Historia Ecclesiastic in elegiac verse,
his autobiography in Latin measures, and translations of the whole
of the Iliad and the whole of the Odyssey. Hobbes's poetry is of
purely historical interest, and has no significant bearing on
Hobbes the philosopher.

A period of great activity like the Elizabethan is also a
period of intellectual keenness. In such an age, men of action
and thinkers who are merely observers both have their wits
quickened by the very abundance of material for analysis. Because
the tendency of the age was expression and because in that day of
renaissance even the man of action was likely to be a classical
scholar, it was perfectly natural that the observing mind should
seek to record its observations. Then, since it was an age of
action and of the free play of imagination and since lyric and
rhythmical elements are inherent in such a life, the record
inevitably tended to the poetical. Motives were perceived, but
they were also glorified in and sung about. Thus the two essential
elements of poetry, emotion and rhythm, determined the form of
much that such men as Herbert of Cherbury and Sir John Davies
wrote.

Even when, in the succeeding age, action and adventure
became less roseate, the poetical vein persisted, and we find
as in the ornate prose of Jeremy Taylor, for instance, unmistakable evidences of its presence. Gradually, however, the observer became solely observer and scholar; he was no longer man of action; now he analyzed only; there was little or no emotional admixture; and so the analysis was written in prose. The evolution of modern science after the sleep of the Dark Ages and the awakening of the Renaissance had begun. Henceforth philosophical expression tends toward the scientific, and is, for the most part, except in the cases of great seers, who are always poets, and of men of extraordinary literary culture, sharply differentiated from the poetical.

**THE CAMBRIDGE PLATONISTS (pp. 31-36)**

Somewhere in the borderland between the Elizabethan Age of Poetry and the dominance of modern science, we come upon the Cambridge Platonists. They exalted reason, even as scientists do, and they dwelt in the realms of the mystic, even as poets do. There are a number of incidental writings in the history of the Cambridge Platonists that should be recorded as of curious interest in a complete bibliography of English verse written by philosophers; but there is just one poet of considerable merit, Henry More.

The Cambridge Platonists whose slight poetical product is a matter of curious interest are: Whichcote, Cudworth, Simon Patrick, John Norris, John Pordage and Joseph Glanvill, contemporaries of the Cambridge Platonists, enjoy a similar curious interest by reason of similarly slight poetical contributions.

It is not surprising that one of the mystic temperament of Henry More should have sought expression in verse. His poetical achievement, *Philosophical Poems*, 1647, is not of first rank;
yet it is sincere and genuinely lyrical, and entitles him to a permanent place among philosopher-poets.

LOCKE AND HIS NON-MYSTIC CONTEMPORARIES (pp. 36-38)

John Locke did not, as Hobbes had done, seek refreshment from the exactions of philosophy in the delights of metrical composition. One detractor and one defender of John Locke seem to warrant slight mention for their poetry. The detractor was a Roman Catholic priest, John Sergeant; the defender was a woman, Mrs. Catherine Cockburn.

BISHOP BERKELEY AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES (pp. 38-45)

One of the most genial natures and lovable personalities upon whom we come in our quest for philosopher-poets is George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne. Bishop Berkeley wrote one poem, Verses on the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America; and that poem is remembered only because of the one well-nigh immortal line: "Westward the course of empire takes its way."

Among Berkeley's contemporaries, one looks in vain for great or abundant poetry written by deists. The reason is not far to seek. Lack of poetic imagination was the very quality that made those head-headed controversialists such good disputants as they were. Besides Herbert of Cherbury, who is sometimes called the "Father of Deism," three of the deists wrote poetry: John Toland, Lord Bolingbroke, and William Wollaston.

Samuel Clarke, who was, says Sir Leslie Stephen, the greatest English metaphysician in the quarter of a century after the death of Locke, translated fifteen books of the Iliad.

Bernard de Mandeville, a Dutch physician resident in London, has a place in English literature and philosophy because of his
Fable of the Bees, or Private Vices Public Benefits, which can be described as "dogrel"-conveyed materialism, Mandeville's pernicious contention that progress is the outgrowth only of vice elicited numerous indignant replies from philosophers. Among them was Berkeley's Alciphron.

Another of Berkeley's contemporaries, William Warburton, published some indifferent verse, but will be longer remembered for his defense of Pope's Essay on Man and his edition of Shakespeare (1747), which included, with due credit, notes from an earlier edition by his deceased friend Pope.

PHILOSOPHER-POETS OF THE EARLIER PERIOD OF SCIENTIFIC EMPHASIS (pp. 45-51)

The theory that, as philosophy grows more scientific and less literary, the poetical product of philosophers grows scantier, would seem to be borne out by the facts that Hume and Adam Smith wrote no poetry at all. Adam Smith, however, did some editorial and critical work involving poetical inclinations.

Among the curios which our search for poems written by philosophers has unearthed is Vocal Sounds, by Edward Search, privately printed in 1773. "Edward Search," it will be remembered, is one of the pseudonyms used by Abraham Tucker, kindly pursuer through seven volumes of The Light of Nature Pursued.

Joseph Priestley, non-conformist minister and chemist, wrote some very poor hymns.

Among Thomas Reid's apostles of Common Sense there was one, almost exactly contemporary with Priestley, who was a sort of knight-errant in philosophy and a writer of verse, including the considerable poem The Minstrel, in which the narrative of the life of the bard is simply an excuse for Beattie's philosophical remarks on such topics as the influence of environment, solitude,
and beauty in molding impressionable life.

He is a very wise philosopher, no doubt, who desists when he finds that he cannot really be a poet. Sir James Mackintosh (1765-1832) desisted from the composition of verse after writing a number of poetical trifles in his early life. There is, of course, no significant connection between these youthful effusions and his mature philosophy.

Thomas Brown (1778-1826), Dugald Stewart’s colleague in moral philosophy at the University of Edinburgh, is an interesting example of the type of individual who exalts his accomplishment in a field in which he achieves only commonplace or indifferent results, while denying first place in his interests to the thing in which he really excels. Brown was a philosopher, but he thought he was a poet. He wrote four volumes of poems. The subject-matter of his poems is metaphysical, but his poetical work is not a consistent revelation of his philosophy.

POETRY OF THE UTILITARIANS (pp. 51-57)

We should hardly expect to find the utilitarians writing poetry. The very practicality which led the Benthamites to center their chief interest, not in metaphysics as such, but in government, in economic advance, and in social reform, is no doubt the spiritual antithesis of poetic imagination. Among the utilitarians who wrote some very minor poetry are: Jeremy Bentham, Sir Samuel Romilly, John Stuart Mill, George Grote, and William Godwin. The "poetry" of the utilitarians, for the most part, does little more than furnish exhibits in a sort of museum of literary curios. An important exception is the really tremendous achievement in poetical study and translation and the quite commendable original output of Sir John Bowring, friend and
literary executor of Bentham. Even a partial list of his poetical translations is amazing: Specimens of the Russian Poets, Batavian Anthology, Ancient Poetry and Romances of Spain, Specimens of the Polish Poets, Servian Popular Poetry, Poetry of the Magyars, Czechian Anthology, Manuscript of the Queen's Court; a Collection of old Bohemian Lyrico-epic Songs, with other ancient Bohemian Poems, and translations from the Hungarian poet Alexander Petőfi. Bowring also published two volumes of original hymns, the best known of which is the very famous In the Cross of Christ I glory. With Bowring poetry and philosophy are two parallel avenues of expression, because the legitimate subject-matter of both is contemplation of the mystery of life.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE AS POET (pp. 57-58)

Sir William Blackstone, distinguished jurist and philosophical systematizer of English law, wrote a number of occasional poems whose only claim to fame is the distinction of their authorship.

CARLYLE AS POET (pp. 58-60)

Carlyle was essentially a poet, but he did not write in verse; it might almost be said that he was tone-deaf. "Of imagination all compact" he was indeed; yet his few original poetical attempts and the verse translations which appear in his rendering of Goethe's Wilhelm Meister and in some of his essays on German literature are as irregular as the jerks and wrenches of his vigorous prose style. Carlyle's scant original output in verse consists of eight very slight contributions to Fraser's Magazine at various times from 1823 to 1825. They are now grouped as Fractions.
Coleridge is the only writer with whom we have yet had to
deal who is equally professional philosopher and poet of the first
rank. It is a question just how far Coleridge's dallying in both
philosophy and poetry prevented his attaining highest eminence in
either. Although it is almost impossible to state accurately
Coleridge's exact philosophy at any period of his mature life or
to rear a philosophic system from the fragmentary expressions which
he has left us even of his supposedly final conclusions, yet four
great services of Coleridge in the development of English thought
must be recorded. They are: his part in the introduction into
England of German Transcendental philosophy; his very acute
critical judgments of the prevailing philosophy of the time, that
of the Hume, Bentham, Mill tradition; his conservative cherishing
of the old and tried after all manner of philosophical vagaries
and his well-directed endeavors to supply logical foundations
for the traditional, both in politics and in religion; and his
influence on other philosophers.

The points of contact between Coleridge's philosophy and
his poetry are also four: emphasis on the supernatural or
transcendental; emphasis on the validity of intuition; a tendency
to envisage vast vistas and moralize therefrom; and the subjective
interpretation of nature.

The much that Coleridge has given us is still so little of
the magical promise of his youth that we turn from him with
seared hearts. We wish that he might have followed more
consistently the lead of Philosophy as she sought to guide his
life.

Contemporary with Coleridge was Thomas Taylor, a somewhat
erratic genius of mystic temperament, whose poetical accomplish-
ment was translation, notably of *Orphic Hymns*.

**PERIOD OF EVOLUTIONARY TENDENCY (pp. 69-78)**

The interval between the death of Coleridge and the advent of Herbert Spencer and the consequent evolutionary trend in philosophy was a period of five major philosophical emphases: the *philosophy of the conditioned,* whose chief expounder was Sir William Hamilton; the emphasis on political economy, for which John Stuart Mill, as the heir of the utilitarian tradition, was chiefly responsible; the renewed impetus which Mill gave to writing on *pure logic*; the growth of the positivist cult; and the religious emphasis, represented in three different aspects by John Frederick Denison Maurice, of the Anglican persuasion, Newman and his associates in the Oxford Movement, and James Martineau, the Unitarian. This was an age of controversy; yet there were in it seven philosopher-poets besides John Henry Cardinal Newman: Henry Longueville Mansel, Sir John Frederick William Herschel, William Whewell, William Thomas Thornton, Harriet Martineau, James Martineau, and Frederic Harrison.

Cardinal Newman is the greatest of the philosopher-poets of this period. The thesis that Newman sought to prove to others after he had found rest in its acceptance himself was: "that the communion of Rome alone satisfies the conception of the church as a divine kingdom in the world." The purpose of much of his poetry is the exaltation of faith. Of the volume *Verses on various Occasions,* in which Newman, in 1868, collected the best of his previously published poetry, the narrative *The Dream of Gerontius* and the hymn *Lead, Kindly Light* are at once the best and the best known.
DEFINITE EMERGENCE OF PHILOSOPHY AS SCIENCE (pp. 78-80)

After Newman there is no British philosopher of even considerable importance who wrote poetry of consequence. The trend away from philosophy as a literary avocation to philosophy as a scientific pursuit has become quite well-defined. Many of the philosophers now are mathematicians or logicians or both, not literary men. There is, therefore, little verse written by philosophers at this time. For the sake of completeness, however, we shall chronicle the two verse writers besides those already discussed among the philosophers of the later Victorian Age. Their poetical works or attempts are literary accidents or curiosities and have no significant bearing on or dependence from their philosophy. They are George Henry Lewes and John Veitch.

Of contemporary British philosophers, two at least have published poetry: Bernard Bosanquet and Edward Douglas Fawcett.

AMERICAN INFLUENCE ON BRITISH PHILOSOPHY (pp. 80-81)

In terminating his book A History of English Philosophy with the end of the nineteenth century, Professor Sorley notes as a distinguishing feature of the era just dawning in British philosophy the increasing weight of American influence. The emphasis on the practical of this trans-Atlantic contribution is its outstanding characteristic. This very practicality, if it is not responsible for, is at least consistent with a marked dearth of poetry written by American philosophers. Examination reveals, however, much that is interesting and some things that are valuable in American poetry of such authorship.
PHILOSOPHER-POETS IN AMERICAN LITERATURE (pp. 61-106)

POSITION OF POETRY IN PURITANISM (pp. 81-83)

We should hardly expect to find the Puritan philosopher writing poetry. No New England Puritans wrote inspired poetry, but almost all the educated among them found relief from the restraint which their religion imposed in what Professor Tyler calls "the sly dissipation of writing verses." John Cotton wrote English verse in Greek characters in his almanac. Uriah Oakes and Cotton Mather wrote elegies. Cotton Mather also published a blank verse version of the Psalms, Psalterium Americanum. His venerable grandfather Richard was one of the compilers of the Bay Psalm Book.

LATER COLONIAL POETICAL EFFORTS BY PHILOSOPHERS (pp. 83-84)

Later colonial philosophers who wrote poetry are: Edward Holyoke, president of Harvard and first Dudleyian lecturer; Johann Conrad Beissel, German mystic of Pennsylvania; and Benjamin Franklin, whose youthful ballads are of historical interest only.

TWO PHILOSOPHER-POETS OF REVOLUTIONARY DAYS (pp. 84-87)

There are two philosophical giants of Revolutionary days who wrote poetry of enduring fame. One was a rather ponderous Puritan of the Cotton-Mather type, Timothy Dwight; the other was in the thick of the fray and a man of the world, William Livingston.

The latter, William Livingston, hero of the Revolution and first governor of New Jersey, devoted his philosophical thunder to two main practical purposes: keeping King's College
(Columbia University) from the control of the Church of England and preventing the appointment of an Anglican bishop for America. He wrote voluminously and edited several journals. His chief poem, *Philosophic Solitude, or the Choice of a Rural Life*, belongs to his youth. The light, Herrick-like *Verses to Eliza* are an indication of Livingston's versatility. Two serious poems, written respectively when he was thirty-four and forty-seven, are: *A Funeral Eulogium on the Rev. Aaron Burr* and *A Soliloquy*. Livingston was one of the prominent early members of the American Philosophical Society. He was highly praised by that man of weighty intellect whom we shall consider next, the elder President Timothy Dwight of Yale.

The caliber of Dwight's mind is indicated by his deliberate attempt to write the great American epic, which he began at the age of nineteen. It is *The Conquest of Canaan*, which persistently and monotonously runs through ten thousand lines of heroic couplets. The publication, in fact the
composition of *The Conquest of Canaan* was interrupted by its author's brilliant service in the Revolutionary War and his composition of stirring and useful patriotic poems, chief among which is *Columbia*. Dwight's pastoral poem *Greenfield Hill* is far more poetic than his cumbersome epic; but none the less shocking because frankly admitted are its patent imitation in particular passages of Thomson, Goldsmith, Beattie, Edward Moore, and Gay, and its evident copying in general scheme of Sir John Denham's *Cooper's Hill*, Ben Jonson's *Fenshurst*, and Pope's *Windsor Forest*. *The Triumph of Infidelity*, as ambitious as a satire as *The Conquest of Canaan* is as an epic, by implication at least shows forth Dr. Dwight's philosophy, for it is a vehement fulmination against atheism in general and deism in particular. Dr. Dwight is also the author of hymns, best known of which is:

"I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abide."

**POST-REVOLUTIONARY PHILOSOPHER-POETS** (pp. 87-88)

Four Post-Revolutionary American philosophers who died before 1875 made contributions to American poetry of philosophical parentage. Edward Hitchcock, president of Amherst College and eminent geologist and philosopher, and Tayler Lewis, another stout reconciler of the Bible and science, by their poetical aspirations lend plausibility to the speculation that poetic imagination may be a correlative of that imaginative sweep of intellect or breadth of view that prompts a man to undertake the union of religion and science. Andrews Norton (1786-1852), opposer at once of stern Calvinism and the blatant naturalism of Theodore Parker, "was also the author of fugitive poems." Thomas Cogswell Upham (1799-1872), a metaphysician of note, wrote *American Cottage Life*, which follows the tradition of
Dwight's Greenfield Hill and is of the same general type as The Cotter's Saturday Night and Snow-Bound.

**THE CONCORD GROUP (pp. 88-95)**

Emerson is by far the most important of the Concord group. His two philosopher friends, Alcott and Thoreau, because of their erratic lives and highly original methods of transforming their philosophy into action, claim the heightened interest that always attaches to the bizarre. Bronson Alcott, "transcendental rhapsodist," "traveling priest of Neo-Platonic transcendentalism," is the author of poetry which is of a piece with his Orphic Sayings, inspired, impractical, beautiful in its childlike trust. His most important poem is Ion, a Monody, written on the death of Emerson.

Thoreau frequently turned to verse as a medium for recording his meditations or his admiration in the presence of some natural phenomenon. Many of his poems were published in the Dial, and some were reproduced in his first volume, A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers. Thoreau is no metrical artist. His poetry is not inspired. Only three of his lyrics are usually included in collections of American poetry: Sympathy, Sic Vita, and Inspiration.

Of Emerson more than of any other philosopher whom we have considered is it true that his philosophy and his poetry are one. The idea of the Over-soul; the oneness in divinity of God, nature, and man; nature as mystic teacher and comforter; the sure, unsought guidance of intuition; the grandeur and the duty of self-reliance; the certainty of compensation; idealism, sometimes Platonic, sometimes Berkeleyan; a persistent optimism; the moral nature of beauty; the abiding spirituality
of true friendship; all these are themes of Emerson's poems as well as of his essays. The poems, like the essays, contain brilliant passages that lend themselves easily to quotation, but lack organization and consistent excellence. There are three fundamental causes for this absence of consistent brilliance in the settings of Emerson's poetic gems: deficiency in feeling, the absence in Emerson's constitution of a dramatic or epic instinct, and his lack of conscious artistic or metrical skill. Emerson's failure to achieve metrical perfection is attributable to four shortcomings in his qualifications as a poet. Emerson has not a sure instinct for poetical diction, he frequently uses rhymes that jar, he resorts to inversions more often than necessary, and he often mars otherwise good work with obscure passages. It is content, not form that gives value to Emerson's poetry. He is the great American apostle of independent thinking and of self-reliance. His method, if he can be said to have had one, was to peer into the hidden recesses of the soul, where the Divine is concealed, and report what he saw. He made no claims to a logically developed philosophy or to a perfected art.

Franklin Benjamin Sanborn, resident of Concord and lecturer in the "Concord Summer School of Philosophy and Literature," himself a writer of poetry, is a link between the Concord philosophers and the celebrated St. Louis group of philosophers.

THE ST. LOUIS GROUP (p. 95)

The St. Louis philosophers founded the Journal of Speculative Philosophy, the first philosophical periodical published in America. Miss A. C. Brackett, a philosophically inclined lady of St. Louis, often furnished indifferent poetry to it.
It is interesting that three major American thinkers of the later nineteenth and early twentieth centuries who indulged in poetry were of foreign extraction. Hugo Münsterberg published a volume of verse in German after his first sojourn at Harvard. He used the pseudonym "Hugo Terberg."

Paul Carus, another German, identified with the far-reaching activities of the Open Court Publishing Company and The Monist, attempted to add poetry to the prodigious bulk of his literary and philosophical work. Dr. Carus's verse is almost incredibly devoid of genuinely poetic features. It is really courtesy rather than truth to call it verse even; scarcely a line can, under any circumstances, be considered poetry.

The third of our philosopher-poets of foreign birth is an artist in the highest sense of the word. Santayana's sonnets are comparable to Shakespeare's. His philosophy is reared on artistic, rather than logical bases. In Santayana's prose as in his poetry, passage after passage is a perfect knife-thrust of incisive thought and poignant phrase. His conclusions are neither positive nor constructive; he can penetrate no farther than that it is the part of wisdom "to dream with one eye open; to be detached from the world without hostility to it; to welcome fugitive beauties and pity fugitive sufferings without forgetting for a moment how fugitive they are."

Santayana's philosophy is often compared with that of Bertrand Russell. With both matter is aimless, time and space are infinite, and the laws of nature inexorable, ruthless, and utterly indifferent to human aspirations. Russell's reaction is unyielding despair, a sort of "kicking against the pricks."
Santayana accepts, as though in a comforting sort of way acquiescence saved the trouble that independent enterprise on the part of an adventurous "psyche" would involve.

It is significant that Santayana himself says in many places that his philosophy, by its very nature, cannot attain universal or even very general acceptance. "Its fortitude and happiness are those of but one type of soul," is a recent statement to that effect. It occurs in the Preface to his Poems, Selected by the Author and Revised, 1925. It is hard to define the type of soul that is susceptible to the Santayanan appeal. The highly-cultured soul, the Latin soul, and the Roman Catholic soul have been suggested. But many highly-cultured souls cannot countenance the conclusion that Santayana's realm of essence is the ultimate; Santayana's philosophy has an austerity, a detachment, and a self-sufficiency, derived perhaps from the stateliness, the aloofness, and the seclusion of his ancestral environment, the Pyrenees Mountains, that are at variance with the demands of the passionately, almost violently emotional soul that is generally understood when we say typically Latin; and the very finality of Santayana's essence-world is a denial of the need for mysticism, which is one element essential to the satisfaction of the Roman Catholic soul. It would seem, then, that the soul that can be at peace in Santayana's Realms of Being must be aristocratic to the point of snobbishness and cultured to the point of artificiality. There is no life-giving power in those realms. The reflected light of sophistry shows all things therein as chaste and cold and unfriendly and the realm itself as uninhabitable except by those tenuous souls who can abide the lack of human sympathy and divine effulgence.
Santayana's poetry, as we have indicated, is of a very high order. It is really first-rate in what we might call the poetry of intellectualized imagination. Of emotion, deep feeling, there is little. Of dispassionate dissection of individual, not universal, experience that makes us feel, "O the pity of it," not "O the tragedy of it," there is much. The form is often exquisite. Santayana is an artist. The oft-repeated comparison of a fine poem to a finely cut cameo can with justice be applied to most of his poetry.

Santayana's use of the English language, in spite of his apologies for it, is remarkable. Perhaps discriminating study has given him a more nicely differentiated vocabulary than habit permits even the educated native.

The sonnets, of which there are two series, 1883-1893, twenty sonnets, and 1895, thirty sonnets, seem to be largely personal and autobiographical. The first series chronicles the religious struggle that took their author away from the ancient faith of his Spanish heritage to the dispassionate recognition of himself as a finite and dying detail of nature. The evident disappointment in love in the second series is as baffling in its details as the celebrated tangle of the Dark Lady.

A number of poems included in the little 1896 volume of Sonnets and Other Verses have been omitted from the 1925 revision. The omissions were probably decided on in the interests of artistic excellence.

Santayana's two mediaeval tales told in dialogue, A Hermit of Carmel and The Knight's Return, are interesting, but not exceptional. They are purely narrative and quite obvious. The volume in which they appeared, that of 1901, contains also verse translations on very Santayana-like subjects and
**Convivial and Occasional Verses**, the latter regarded, and justly so, as the weakest of Santayana's poetry.

Our own judgment confirms Santayana's statement that his poetry and his philosophy are of a piece. He is essentially poet even when he calls himself philosopher. The whole structure of his philosophy is reared of a sort of intellectualized imagination. The value of his work, then, consists in aesthetic enjoyment for the few, not in spiritual sustenance for all who seek the "consolations of philosophy."

**OTHER LIVING AMERICAN PHILOSOPHER-POETS BESIDES SANTAYANA** (p. 106)

There may be other living American philosophers who have written poetry. With one exception, there do not seem to be others who have published their verse, at least in book form. Professor Hartley B. Alexander of the University of Nebraska is the exception. His work indicates true poetic temperament.

**CONCLUSIONS** (pp. 106-108)

**PHILOSOPHY NOT INCONSISTENT WITH WRITING OF POETRY** (p. 106)

The inevitable conclusion must be that there is no quality of the philosophic mind that precludes the writing of poetry.

**SEVENTY-SEVEN PHILOSOPHER-POETS IN THIS PAPER** (p. 106)

We have found exactly seventy-seven philosophers in England and America who wrote poetry of one kind or another.
TYPES OF PHILOSOPHER-POETS (p. 107)

As has been already observed, only three of the philosopher-poets discussed—Coleridge, Emerson, and Santayana—can be included in the first rank of English poets even when boundaries are liberal. Of the others we have noted several distinct types. There were the "prodigious Elizabethans," for whom both philosophy and poetry were two details in almost inconceivably many-sided lives. Somewhat later there were philosopher-poets whose poetry and philosophy were parallel growths from their scholarly training, the roots of which reached down into the church and into the classics. Later, when philosophy became economic, scientific, and logical, the classical culture still persisted, and so there were sporadic poems written by philosophers. After that the philosopher-poets are only individual native singers, and not at all perfunctory classically educated versifiers. They would have sung under any conditions. Of such was Coleridge; of such perhaps was Newman.

In America the early philosopher-poets burst forth into song because of two influences: traditional classical scholarship and religion. The new influence which Emerson initiated, composite as was its origin, perhaps derived its most distinctive characteristics from Plato and from the Orient, and thus was redolent with poetry. If Santayana's poetic gift needs any other explanation besides an individual and personal one, his Pyrenean inheritance will furnish it.

LYRICAL EMPHASIS OF PHILOSOPHER-POETS (pp. 107-108)

It is no mere coincidence, but a significant fact that almost all of the poetry written by philosophers which we have found is lyric poetry. There are few great narrative poems and no great plays in the total. The plays that we have found are largely lyrical,
not at all stirring dramas of action. The metaphysical or
philosophical thinker, as a rule, lacks the creative imagination
that would make a Chaucer or a Shakespeare. The contemplative
imagination of the philosopher is essentially lyric. It broods
over the mystery of life. The reasoned thought of the brooding
mind is the thinker's philosophy. The articulate cry of the
brooding soul is a lyric poem.

GENERAL STATEMENT (p. 108)

It is no mean accomplishment, then: seventy-seven English
and American philosophers who wrote poetry. All of it is interesting
in one way or another; much of it is creditable verse; and some of
it is worthy of a place among the best.
BIBLIOGRAPHY

For history and subject-matter of English and American philosophy:


Some Influences in Modern Philosophic Thought, Arthur Twining Hadley, Yale University Press, MCMXIII.

For biographies of all philosophers mentioned in the foregoing:

The Encyclopaedia Britannica (Eleventh Edition).

The Dictionary of National Biography.

The Appleton Cyclopaedia of American Biography.

The Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics.


The New International Encyclopaedia.

The Americans.

The Catholic Encyclopaedia.

Who's Who.

Who's Who in America.

General reference:

For history of English literature:

The Cambridge History of English Literature.


Halleck's New English Literature, Reuben Post Halleck, American Book Company, 1913.

For history of American literature:


History of American Literature, Reuben Post Halleck, 1911.


American Literature, Roy Bennett Pace, Allyn and Bacon, 1923.

General reading:


The English Utilitarians. Leslie Stephen, 1900.

Movements of Religious Thought in Britain During the Nineteenth Century. John Tulloch, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1868.


Anthologies searched for possible poems written by philosophers:


American Mystical Verse, An Anthology, selected by Irene Hunter, Preface by Zena Gale, A. Appleton and Company, MCMXV.


May Days, An Anthology of Verse from Masses-Liberator, chosen and edited by Genevieve Taggard, Boni & Liveright, MCMXV.


Standard English Poems (Spenser to Tennyson), selected and edited by Henry S. Pancoast, Henry Holt and Company, 1899.


or other poems

Searched for possible hymns written by philosophers:

Following articles in Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics: Philosophy, Poetry, Hymns, Literature, Drama, Devotion and Devotional Literature, Mysticism.

Searched for possible hymns written by philosophers:

The Hymn as Literature, by Jeremiah Bascom Reeves, The Century Co., New York, 1924.

The Hymns and Hymn Writers of the Church, An Annotated Edition of the Methodist Hymnal, Nutter and Tillett, Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham, 1911.


Looked through complete files of following philosophical journals for possible poems or possible articles relating to any connection between philosophy or philosophers and poetry:

Gibber Journal
Journal of Philosophy
Journal of Speculative Philosophy
Mind
The Monist
Philosophical Review

BACON:


HERBERT OF CHELSEA:


FULKE GREVILLE, FIRST LORD BROKE:

SIR JOHN DAVIES:


JOSEPH HALL:

See above, second item under SIR JOHN DAVIES.

JEREMY TAYLOR:


HOBES:

Hobbes, in Blackwood's Philosophical Classics, by George Croom Robertson, J. B. Lippincott Company, 1886.


BERKELEY:

Berkeley, by Alexander Campbell Fraser in Blackwood's Philosophical Classics. J. B. Lippincott Company.

Three Men of Letters. Chapters in Literary Biography and Criticism Devoted to George Berkeley, Timothy Dwight, and Joel Barlow. Moses Coit Tyler, G. F. Putnam's Sons.


MANDEVILLE:


English Thought in the 18th Century, 11, 33-40.

BEATTIE:


SIR JOHN BOWRING:


CARLYLE:


Hösbungen Lied. pp. 296-354 of Critical and Miscellaneous Essays; Collected and Republished by Thomas Carlyle, in Four Volumes, Vol. II. New York: Published by Hurd and Houghton, 459 Broome Street, 1867.

Literary Leaders of Modern England (Carlyle, pp. 189-218), by W. J. Dawson, The Chautauqua Press, MCMII.


University Press, Cambridge, U. S. A.
COLE RIDGE:


Biographia Literaria in the same edition.


FREDERIC HARRISON:


Nineteenth Century, Vol. 95, March 1923. Frederic Harrison, Morton Luce.
NEWMAN:

Living English Poets. Roberts Brothers, Boston, 1882-3.


TIMOTHY DWIGHT:


FRANKLIN:


ALCOTT:


A. Bronson Alcott, His Life and Philosophy, by F. B. Sanborn and Wm. T. Harris. In Two Volumes. Boston, Roberts Brothers, 1893.

EMERSON:


American literatures already mentioned under History of American Literature.


Santayana

Sonnets and Other Verses. Stone and Kimball, 1896. N. Y.
A Hermit of Carmel and Other Poems, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1901.
Sense of Beauty. Scribner's, 1904.
Winds of Doctrine. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Egotism in German Philosophy. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1916.
Poems by George Santayana Selected by the Author and Revised. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1925.

Magazine Articles by Santayana:
The Materialism and Idealism of America, Living Age, Mar. 8, 1919, pp. 589-595.
The Comic Mask, Dial 70, June '21.
Marginal Notes on Civilization in the United States, Dial, Vol. 72, pp. 553-566.
A Minute on Reaching the Age of Fifty, Century, Vol. 105, Mar. '23.

Articles on Santayana:


Some Contemporaries (of which Santayana is first one), pp. 65-75, Part II, Why We Should Read------, by Stuart Petrie Brodie Mais. London. Grant Richards Ltd. 1931.

Mr. George Santayana, in Figures in Modern Literature, J. B. Priestley, pp. 165-187. Dodd, Mead and Company. 1924.


Carus:


Truth and Other Poems. Chicago. The Open Court Publishing Company. MCMXIV.

K'un'ng Fa Ts'ie, A Dramatic Poem. London, Chicago. The Open Court Publishing Co. 1916.

Bosanquet:


Bentham: